

43. Theodore Sizer, *Horace's Compromise: The Dilemma of the American High School*, Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1984.
44. William Barrett, *The Truants: Adventures Among the Intellectuals*, Garden City, N.Y.: Anchor Press/Doubleday, 1982, p. 7.
45. I have not used this term since I discovered it has a different meaning among teenagers than among theorists.
46. Batcher, "Building the Barriers" above.
47. Quoted from Susan Brownmiller, *Femininity*, New York: Fawcett Columbine, 1984, p. 76.
48. Alice Miller, *Thou Shalt Not Be Aware: Society's Betrayal of the Child*, New York: Meridian, 1986, p. 85.
49. These lovely terms are rather overused, but they still carry a certain meaning, and one still finds them the subject of magazine articles.
50. Barrett, above, P. 6-7.
51. Northrop Frye, *The Educated Imagination*, The Massey Lectures, CBC, 1963, p. 63.
52. John Kettle, *The Big Generation*, Toronto: McClelland & Stewart, 1980, p. 178. We don't necessarily believe him, but it is good to hear it.
53. Batcher, "Building the Barriers" above.
54. Batcher, "Building the Barriers" above.
55. Andrea Dworkin, *Our Blood: Prophecies & Discourses on Sexual Politics*, New York: Harper & Row, 1976. p.43.
56. Deidre Wilson, "Sexual Codes and Conduct," in Carol Smart and Barry Smart (Eds.) *Women Sexuality and Social Control*, London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1978.
57. Wilson, above.
58. Barrett, above, p. 69.
59. Robert Nisbet, *History of the Idea of Progress*, New York: Basic Books, 1980.
60. Steiner, above, p. 30.
61. Gilman, above, p. 247.

## To a Woman Chemist

You study separation.  
 You can measure the distance between atoms.  
 There is so much space between each of them  
 we should be able to slide together,  
 walk through closed doors.  
 I'd like to enter a tree.  
 I imagine a ship battering itself on a shore.

Once I met a psychologist named Jim.  
 He said, "The world is a castle of mirrors.  
 Wherever you look you see yourself."  
 He taught me not to say, "I like you,"  
 but "The Lauren in me  
 likes the Jim in me."  
 He made me lonely for three weeks,  
 then the him that was in me  
 went back to Philadelphia.

This is the jargon of the self.  
 It's been helpful.  
 Now I think I know why  
 in the dark beer bar of us  
 on the Wednesday night of us,  
 I could not always understand you.  
 Your thought had to pass  
 through all the stubborn atoms like a sperm,  
 through the mirrored spheres of two selves.  
 I guess if I could not hear you, it was because I  
 could not hear you.

Now I am walking on a path by the capitol.  
 A yellow bow bobs like a spider  
 tied on a shin-high wire that divides new grass  
 from whatever is not new grass.  
 In the West, two hot air balloons of me are rising.  
 Whoever this day is part of, it is warm.  
 I perceive the I of me is not always lonely.

For example,  
 When the you of me is not in the lab,

L. Bower Smith  
 Iowa