

Michael Thomas Harbuck
English - Signorina Dotoressa Hawkins
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Sehr geehrte Frau Doktorin Hawkins,

How I would really love to be able to write academically in German again... I guess I will have to wait. There have been some amazing discoveries at the Technical University in Munich, in whose teaching realm I lived and explored. Sometime I will have to show you the data and pictures of all of the fungi which I collected and listed, and attempted to taxonomize accordingly. My last course where with I was able to write in German for a teacher was at the Volkshochschule in Garmisch in 2006, where I attended Italian I and II. I did well, and should really try to finish my novel this weekend, as I have renewed it from the library four times. It is not difficult, and I am well able to comprehend the sentences, however, I feel the need for a very intense period of vocabulary and grammar review. It can never be read or re-ingrained enough.

I try to read many types of materials for different subjects. Writings from the marine institute in Venice, comics called Mr. No from a friend of mine, and Italian brochure advertisements for expensive one of a kind articles, of which a many are produced in Italy. Last but not least, I had my pasta(chuta) for today. Mmm.. The fall is my favorite time of year, with the changes in the plants and animals, and the melancholy of the cool day. The song birds greeted me this morning, and I was fortunate to be able to have them come and play very close. Out of all of the classical music, there is nothing to compare with the avian morning symphony. Why there were so many in the one tree this morning I do not know. But the group of five or six fink like birds, being as diligently working as possible, seem to capture the attention of and mesmerize the red birds, who sat with bewildered notions on a nearby branch. As I always try to mimic and speak to the birds, I was not surprised when a small one landed quite close, and then took a long wondering gander at what I was doing. It must seem really strange that I am not able to fly, and that I am not able to flight about the woods day in and out eating the wondrous numbers of nutritious invertebrates. I only I were able to do so.....

On to school work.

Writing the half of the first essay on a notebook was a change for me, as I usually write at a computer. It did seem to hamper thoughts, or make them more readily fluid, so I will say that I would do the same again. My handwriting is not the best, this I know, in fact it often seems like I do not know which font I want to use, even within a single word. It was much easier when I had a very nice calligraphy pen, and was able to use older characters, but this is not easily understood by most. The extremely organized essay is not something that I write at all, and I am thankful to have the opportunity to practice. I like descriptions, and have tried to improve upon them. There is an author by the name of Theodor Storm, whose descriptions are much better than the photographs they could represent. It is a combination of attitude, view, and passion which vividly evokes images with words, and I hope someday someone would like to read my descriptions. Tone and setting are literary, but the imagery is art, and specifically that which creates the lasting memory by etching the mind's eye with a hint of hopeful fantasy. The essay was not a summary for me per se, but it was rather easy, once I had a good template, namely the perfectly organized essay by the young man who was not required to rewrite. I was inspired by the organization and crispness, but feel that there is so much more that can be added. This addition, however, discredits to a certain limit the readability and credibility within the seriously academic peer range. It is however good practice, to reiterate.

To be able to bring one's thought to paper is the purpose of the literary schooling. Be this in the ultra organized fashion, or somewhere below this structured level. Exercises in class are good, and make one think and do things one would not do outside of the classroom setting. I know it is difficult to incorporate all aspects of writing and thinking into one small course, and believe any exercise is beneficial. A dimension is lost when one tunes out a possibility.

It is 11:50 at night, and I am supposed to be working, but told the boss I needed a hour to do my assignment... no problems., except that I should have done this earlier! (and write more, as I enjoy it so.)

Men and women are not really all that different. The older one becomes, I believe the more the opposite sex seems to be the same. We are, as humans, the same except for differing ratios of hormones. Many of the 'classical' differences are born from mistruths and fallacies, although some have a strength in the natural role based lives of animals, and are strictly functional. All humans base their lives on the same basic needs. My view is that those who grossly exceed a natural life and deviate physically from the natural world, are the same who by the selfish outcome begin to misconstrue communications between the opposite sex, and distance themselves, rather than the difference being a tangible one. I will compare something in my next essay which will bring forth a better understanding of this observation.

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