

**WOMEN'S STUDIES CELEBRATION**  
Women's History Month 2006

**NOMINATION: Papers and projects done in completion of course work for Spring, Summer and Fall 2005 eligible for nomination. Students do not need to be enrolled Fall 2005 or Spring 2006 to be eligible.**  
(Students are encouraged to identify works they would like nominated and approach their professor to initiate the process.)

Instructor Robert A. Nowlan Dept. English

Course Number and Name \_\_\_\_\_ Semester completed \_\_\_\_\_

Title of Nominated Work Joan Jelt Made me write this

Pick one-  
**CATEGORY:**

- Sampson:**  
 Undergraduate Research Paper  
 Undergraduate Project  
 Graduate
- {  
} See  
} Olson  
} Kessler  
} Turell  
} Belter

(The judges retain the right to reassign categories for all nominated works.)

**STUDENT INFORMATION:**

Name Tony Eichberger  
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**\*\*WHY DO YOU, THE INSTRUCTOR, RECOMMEND THIS AS AN EXEMPLARY STUDENT PAPER/PROJECT? (Attach a separate sheet.)**

As the nominating instructor, please notify the student and ask them to turn in the paper, or attach to your nomination form.

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**Awards are sponsored by the UW-Eau Claire Foundation, Helen X. Sampson Fund, and by private individuals. Research involving human subjects must conform to the guidelines given by the Institutional Research Board. Contact Research Services, 836-3405, with questions.**

**Submission deadline is February 13, 2006.**

Tony Eichberger asked me to nominate his poem, "Joan Jett Made Me Write This" for a Women's Studies award. I've read the poem and I'm glad to do this for Tony. It is a thoughtful set of reflections on what it means to be a young man today from Tony's own unique perspective that is characteristically open, honest, and sensitive to the complexity of the issue he is addressing. It also seems to me, although I don't consider myself an expert on poetry, to be well-crafted. Tony, as he has done elsewhere, in this poem shows considerable interest in the complicated ways in which multiple identities intersect to form a person—and to how he is positioned, according to present dominant standards, both on the margin and in the center. I've taught Tony as a student, years ago, in Introduction to Film, and currently am teaching him as a student in Queer Theory and Culture. I've also known Tony through his work with *The FlipSide*, The LGBTSA/Spectrum, and MOSAIC on this (UWEC) campus.

 2/12/06

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## **"Joan Jett Made Me Write This"**

I promised myself I wouldn't get political  
That I would simply describe what it's like to be a male  
So I will take a moment to qualify my words  
and emphasize how this quaint little poem  
still cannot represent all boys and men  
from a variety of  
ethnicities,  
nationalities,  
ages,  
religions,  
sexual orientations,  
racial experiences,  
occupations,  
aptitudes,  
disability statuses,  
political ideologies,  
philosophical stances,  
socioeconomic backgrounds,  
body types,  
intelligence levels,  
emotional thresholds,  
or  
sartorial preferences.

So let me just apologize beforehand  
How sorry I am to interrupt those of you who are too busy  
Watching *American Idol*,  
Spending your money on fast food  
every day of the week,  
Censoring movies and video games  
except for the ones you prefer, of course,  
Driving around in your SUVs,  
Pointing out everyone else's flaws,  
Attempting to make me feel ashamed  
for being a white boy with a penis,  
Or lobbying your congressperson to codify discrimination  
by raping the U.S. Constitution.

As for the rest of you,  
I sincerely thank you  
for your time and patience.  
But I promised myself this wouldn't be a political rant  
So allow me to convey a few pretentious metaphors  
with deep hidden meanings that none of you can decipher.

Disenfranchised herds of brontosauri  
marching through prehistoric valleys against their will.  
Slaves in the shadow of sadistic, oblivious pharaohs  
who ascended to power by frivolous disposition.

The autistic child fired from a Confederate cannon  
in a fiery blaze of expedient propulsion.

A wiggling, clueless, panic-stricken amoeba  
trying to find its way  
through a discombobulated sea of protons, electrons, and neutrons.

Now you're probably wondering  
where all the rhyming is,  
Well, since this is a poem  
not a mattress made of foam,  
Let me take some time  
to crank out a rhyme.  
I don't think I'm stupid  
My name isn't Cupid,  
I know the difference between a guy friend and a boyfriend  
And I'm not going to pretend  
that I couldn't use a stipend.  
I'm not very tall  
My college campus is small,  
Amongst my student body  
I can claim to be a minority by a 1 to 2 ratio  
But that doesn't really help a boy to get fellatio,  
I do think about more than just sex too  
But don't cross me, or I'll put a hex on you,  
That's probably more than you wanted to hear  
But that's too bad, so go grab yourself a beer.

Now let me tell you some more about men  
(and young boys) . . .

No, we are not "simple" creatures

Many of us

do ask for directions

Many of us

do shed tears

Many of us

do get self-conscious

We can be shy

We can be sensitive

But when we express it

we're told not to be so emotional

because that's a "girl thing"

apparently.

We have dreams and wishes, just like anyone else

I wish my waist was skinny

I wish I had the nipples of Adonis

I wish my hair could be blonder, or redder,  
or a color other than brown

I wish I had muscles,

not too bulky, but moderately toned

I wish I looked good in a wifebeater

I wish I didn't have to shave so often

I wish my skin was a little drier

I wish that semen tasted like chocolate

so I wouldn't be afraid to swallow

I wish I wasn't still a virgin

I wish I could be normal

I wish I could be extraordinary

I wish that I was a deity

I wish that I could get over myself

I wish that other people could get over themselves

I wish that nudity wasn't such a taboo

I wish that other guys wouldn't feel so uncomfortable around me

Is most of this unrealistic?

Probably

But isn't that the point

of enjoying life?

I could go on and on,  
and I think I will . . .

I wish I wasn't so full of hatred  
I wish I wasn't so naïve  
I wish that Alan Keyes  
and Pat Buchanan  
and Gary Bauer  
would quit cloning the American electorate.

I wish the wealthy would give some of their money to me  
so I could use some of that very same money  
to help out people who need a hand.  
I wish I had teleportation powers  
so I wouldn't have to worry about being late  
and I also wish I could levitate.

I wish I could summon a league of banshees  
to promptly swoop in  
and drown out the shrill voices  
of those who waste their vocal chords  
on gratuitous rhetoric  
and self-aggrandizing choices.

I wish for clarity  
I wish for agility  
I wish for coordination and precognition  
I wish I could walk on ice  
I wish I could be a fairy prince  
I wish for invincibility.

Call me greedy, call me superficial  
But what I would give to shake a dozen genies out of their bottles  
and immerse myself in my selfishness  
Asking and receiving,  
Basking and deceiving,  
Multi-tasking and conceiving,  
Maybe then I could obtain  
an ounce of happiness for a change.

But that's just a summary  
in 900 words or less,  
Of the  
Incredible,  
Edible,  
Hedonistic,  
Sacreligious,  
Tyrannical, botanical, non-puritannical,  
Uncensored,  
Self-conscious,  
Raunchy,  
Riveting,  
Ditzy, glitzy, depressed, oppressed, fed-up,  
Get-out-of-my-world-and-don't-let-the-door-hit-your-ass-on-the-way-out,  
Unbridled,  
Unapologetically Pagan,  
Independent,  
Sexually-liberated,  
Fiesty,  
Restless,  
Focused and unfocused,  
Essence that is the  
Gleeful, woeful, wonderful me  
Oh, and in case you were wondering . . .

Yes, I like twinkies.