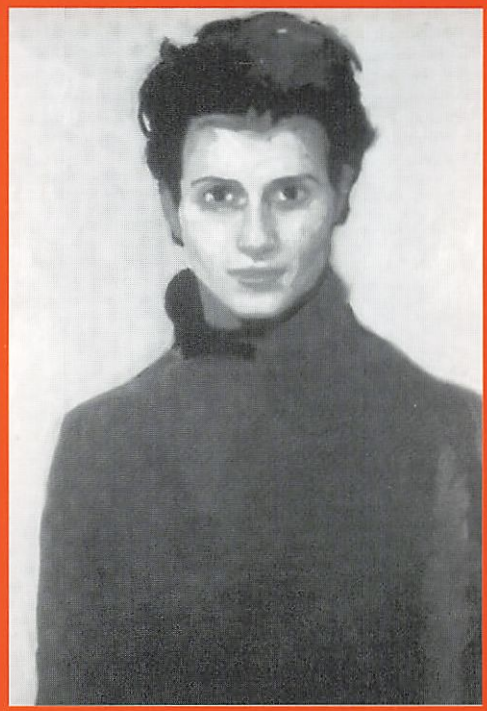

The Community College Moment

Spring 2003

Front Cover:
"Silvia"
Oil Painting
by Jerry Ross.

The Community College Moment
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The *Community College Moment* is a faculty-led journal committed to offering a forum for high quality progressive articles of interest to community college instructors, administrators, and staff that reflect a new vision of scholarship at the intersection of academic, activist, and community interests.

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The Community College

Moment

Volume Three
Spring 2003

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Introduction

Maurice Hamington and Tracy Henninger

"Grammar can change a life. It's business. It's church. The classroom is a sacred space where rituals in writing, reading, reflection, and growth take place." These words from Trista Cornelius' article, "Nouns and Verbs: Feeling the Love" demonstrate the kind of passion that community college teachers can have. The first special section titled "Classroom Dynamics" includes articles indicative of the character that the *Community College Moment* has established in its first two issues: it's eclectic, it's nonspecialized, and full of passion. After Cornelius' article, Tamara Pinkas addresses how we cannot take anything for granted in "Singing Springs." On a routine cooperative education visitation, Pinkas is awestruck when she realizes that she is witnessing an ancient indigenous language brought back from the brink of extinction in her own students' classroom. What could be more dynamic? Of course, not every class is so momentous. In the poem "The Displaced Homemaker," Velma Jesser recounts a more mundane miracle story that occurs on the campuses of community colleges every term: a woman returns to school after years of working at home. The transition from great trepidation to comfort is a familiar one. The final two selections in the special section on classroom dynamics are love stories. The first, "Three Books, Three Authors, A Single Message: Parker Palmer, Alfie Kohn, Richard Allen" by Merrill Watrous is an intellectual love story and book review rolled into one. An experienced educator, Watrous shares how the work of these passionate pedagogical theorists kept her approach to the classroom dynamic and fresh. The second love story is both literal and literary. In "Roadkill and Wilderness," Sandra Jensen relates her love for Peter Jensen as well as her love for literature as she guides students through comparative analysis in her classroom. One comes away from the articles in this section sharing the sentiment that the classroom is indeed a sacred space.

As a transition, and a fitting complement to Sandy Jensen's article, Peter Jensen offers a whimsical look at writing style in "A Researcher's Prayer" which for anyone who has had to look up where the commas and periods go and in what order, is sure to bring a smile.

While the first special section on classroom dynamics was planned, the second special section on "community college moments" emerged from the resonance of two articles. The first is an address by the Executive Director of the American Association of University Women, Jacqueline Woods titled, "Building Global Partnerships" delivered to the National Education Association Higher Education Group on March 3, 2001. In attendance at that meeting was Dennis Gilbert of Lane Community College who brought the address to our attention and we

obtained the permission to reprint it. This address reads like an international "State of the Community College" that situates trends and experiences at U.S. community colleges in an international framework. Similarly, Jerry Ross' "Global Technology Education In The Context Of The Gramscian World-View" integrates discussions of technology, world education trends, and the philosophy of Italian Antonio Gramsci in a provocative vindication of innovation on community college campuses.

As another interlude, Bill Woolum's poem, "Saturday" is a reminder of the power of poetry. In the right hands, poetry can disrupt our lives and, with the barest economy of words, take us to another place, if even for just a moment. Woolum gives us pause on how the meaningful so quickly shifts in our lives.

The last special section is the largest because it is eclectic and only loosely tied together by the theme of "transformations." The section begins with a biographical introspection by Anne McGrail titled, "Reading and Sinning." One cannot help but think of the five-year-old McGrail as the New Eve participating in the Fall of humanity as she describes "the moment of recognition '*I can read*' is so inextricably linked to the recognition '*I can sin*' that I will always think of reading as a fall from a state of blissful ignorance and abundance into the human condition of chastened knowing and want." While McGrail draws attention to a single moment of transformation, David Rothgery's article on "Centers" points to a number of moments of transformation as one seeks a *center*. For Rothgery, there are no clear answers about what it means to find a center and perhaps that is the point: the quest for a center constitutes the center, a dictum remindful of Plato's mandate for an examined life. Perhaps, to find one's center, one must destabilize their life. In Drew Viles' "Altered States" the experience of Native American sweating is vividly explored. For Viles, sweating is clearly a transformative experience as is writing, which he explores in the following piece titled, "Why I Write." Viles employs a great deal of body imagery in his works for this section, but Leslie Rubinstein takes us on a "fast of the mind" in her first poem, "The Silent Weekend." Rubinstein describes a transformation that everyone in higher education would like to take about midway through the term. Bojana Stefanovska's short story, "Ascent to the Light" employs luminescent imagery to tell a fantasy story about a young girl's transformation. After reading Bojana's postscript, we invite you to explore the juxtaposition of Rubinstein's second, untitled poem, personifying grief. In stretching the notion of transformations, we decided to take a chance and include an article more quantitatively oriented than we are used to. In "Using a Method of Division to find Greatest Common Factor or Least Common Multiple," mathematician Benedict Nmah demonstrates how to transform a difficult process into an easier one. Do not let the mathematical notations scare you. Give it a try.

In another first for the *Moment*, Don Addison contributes a book review of *Clearing a Path: Theorizing the Past in Native American Studies*, edited by Nancy Shoemaker. Native American Studies is a burgeoning field of study and Addison believes that this collection of articles makes a number of important contributions.

The *Community College Moment* has been dedicated to giving voice to ideas that may be in their nascent stages but are still worthy of consideration. This is accomplished in a section we call Works-in-Progress. In this issue, Drew Viles contributes an article titled, "Made of Money" that explores the morality of body and donor economics.

We close this issue of the *Community College Moment* by taking a trip on the famed Empire Builder Amtrak train route that stretches from Chicago to Seattle. Our conductor is Dan Armstrong, but he uses a poem instead of a train; and yet he does not miss a beat with his keen eye for the detail of the experience.

Framing all of the written work are a series of portraits by Jerry Ross, an author and artist who should be familiar to regular *Community College Moment* readers. These portraits give face to the dynamic written works in this issue.

—Tracy Henninger & Maurice Hamington

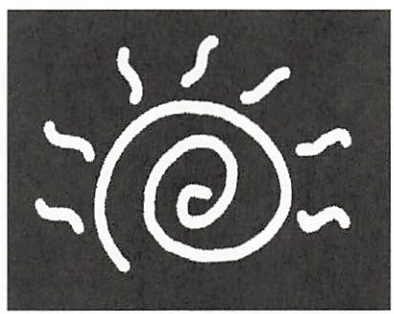
* * *

There is one more transformation of note in this issue. One of the founding editors of the *Community College Moment*, Anne McGrail, has been recognized for her writing talents and moved on to other projects. However, Anne has promised to keep in touch with the *Moment* as witnessed by her contribution of "Reading and Sinning" for this issue. Anne was largely responsible for the look and feel of this new academic journal. She helped the *Moment* persevere thorough its challenging first two years. She will be sorely missed.

Tracy Henninger, an instructor in the English as a Second Language Department at Lane Community College and a published author who has years of editing experience, has stepped in as Co-Managing Editor. Tracy has already demonstrated enthusiasm and creativity that will take the *Community College Moment* in exciting new directions. Welcome aboard, Tracy.

—Maurice Hamington

Classroom Dynamics



Nouns and Verbs: Feeling the Love

Trista Cornelius

This essay describes the experience of a returning, non-traditional, first-generation college student as seen through the eyes of an English instructor who is substantially younger.

"As I have suggested, there is no simpler, more direct, or more important determinant of human welfare today than educational attainment. In almost every way, people with more education enjoy a higher standard of living. They live longer, have better health, and are happier and more productive than those with less education (The single downside is anxiety: better-educated people report more stress, perhaps because they have many more choices in life than the less well-educated.)"[1]

A colleague told me about an article that appeared in *The Oregonian*, over a year ago, that measured aptitude and attitude. This article found that the more competent the worker, the less confident they felt. As in Mortenson's parenthetical statement above, better-educated people report more stress. The more knowledge we acquire, the less sure of ourselves we become. The more educated we are, the more complications and threats we perceive.

I woke up sweating, crying, and shaking. My heart constricted, and I felt the absolute certainty of doom.

I see this in my students. I tell them that if they feel frustrated at some point during the term, that's a good sign. The ones who waltz in on a calm, cool breeze each day of the ten-week term are the ones who have something to worry about. They're not getting it, not digging deeply enough, not thinking it through.

I also see this in myself. On the first day of this term, when I woke up in a ball of inescapable anxiety, I believed that ignorance would be bliss. After a three-week holiday, I faced the beginning of the winter term. Without any warning, I woke up sweating, crying, and shaking. My heart constricted, and I felt the absolute certainty of doom. I don't know why. My syllabi were in order, classes would start on Tuesday, and I had Monday to prepare. I loved teaching. My knowledge and experience worked against me. I couldn't start the term with a blind leap of faith as I had all the times before. This was the middle of my second year of teaching English at a community college. I knew how much work lay ahead. I knew I would face demands, problems, unknowns, and I would face my fears while standing in front of a room

This article first appeared as "Grammar Changes Lives" in *Teaching English in Two Year Colleges*, March 2003.

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full of strangers looking to me for knowledge. I couldn't get out of bed, and the shaking only subsided when I thought about quitting. I wanted to go back to my summer-time college job as a one-hour photo lab technician and leave all this "academe" behind. I wanted to do anything but show up to teach class.

In the six weeks since that anxiety, however, things have happened: I have a nun (a Catholic sister wearing a traditional habit each day) in one of my classes who is afraid of grammar; I have an African-American student who has put vague theories about race into concrete and powerful terms (he said that when he walks downtown in Lake Oswego he feels a "thing piercing the back of my head" as eyes follow); and I had one student who needed to sit under the table while writing in class because she felt so vulnerable putting her life into words that others could read—she hasn't shown up for over a week now.

Most significantly and seemingly unrelated to the classroom has been the death of my aunt.

* * *

Two days after my aunt's funeral, my mom and I visited my aunt's husband and her son, Jeff, who is about eleven years older than me. I didn't know much about her son, my cousin. Just Hollywood stories about a rough life, hunting, country music, family fights—a life of indefatigable conflict.

On the morning we visited, Jeff sat at a card table set up beside the kitchen. A Styrofoam cup of coffee, an open can of beer, and a perpetually lighted cigarette formed a half-circle to his right. Caffeine, alcohol, nicotine, all self-medication or basic nourishment for a life hammered out rough. Jeff's thick graying hair stood on end. His friend stopped in to update Jeff about some work on the farm. He wore tight Wrangler jeans and boots as pointy as the ends of his thick mustache. A deep line cut vertically into his cheeks and he spoke in a raspy, smoky voice. After he passed through the kitchen, he came back to sweep up the dirt his boots left behind on the linoleum.

Amidst all the supplies on Jeff's card table sat a grammar workbook for a "Writing Skills Class."

"I'm behind in my studies," Jeff told me. "Been dealing with the death of my mother." Now he's two chapters behind and confusing his cigarette for a pen.

He's returned to community college after an attempt last fall that overwhelmed him with newness—learning how to register, how to find his classrooms, how to know what books to buy. He can find his way through a dark woods, track and kill a wild animal, but at the

Now he's two chapters behind and confusing his cigarette for a pen.

community college, he was as lost as I would be if I joined him on one of his annual hunting trips—everything foreign and therefore threatening.

In his rough Marlboro Man voice, he told me about his Writing Skills class. He likes his teacher because she smiles. He explained grammar rules to me:

"You can put 'the' in front of a noun, but not a verb," he said with concentration. "But sometimes, a verb can also be a noun. See, like here, 'I love you.' That's a verb. But then, 'I feel the love,' that's a noun."

He made a note in his workbook while holding his yellow highlighter in the same hand. He told me he still had other "studies" to do but only four hours left to work. He leaned back in the folding chair and held his stomach.

"I get this anxiety," he said.

I told him about my first-day anxiety, like being tangled in barbed wire. I told him how much I loved teaching and how much it terrified me.

He said he'd love for someone to call him "teacher" at his age.

* * *

"...See, like here, 'I love you.' That's a verb. But then, 'I feel the love,' that's a noun."

The contexts of our lives have been completely opposite—his filled with challenges and violence and pain, mine filled with support and opportunities and kindness—and yet we share similar values, ambition, and the same anxiety.

Lately, he's been sending me email. I don't know if he agonizes over each sentence, muttering grammar terms under his breath, or if he writes freely to me. Either way, his rapidly developing prose breaks my heart. In straight-forward sentences from a physically tough and weathered man, he tells me he misses his mom, is worried about his dad, sees the same look on his dad's face that he saw on his mom's before she died, and that he is scared.

His emails tell me he's getting "high marks" and nice comments on his papers. He accidentally did all ten journal prompts in his workbook when he was only required to do one. ("Took me all day! Sh*iii*t. . . .") He sends me one of the stories in which an image of an abandoned work boot symbolizes the loss of his mother. As good as Raymond Carver.

I watch this man transform himself one step at a time—enroll in classes, find the classrooms, find time for his "studies"—and I see him learning about himself and expressing his insightful view of the world through thick blue script that dents pages three chapters ahead in his grammar workbook. He promised his mother that he would keep working at school. He wants to do well for all the right reasons. He honestly cares about grammar rules, wants to

understand them, explains them to me as if I know them all as comfortably as I know how to breathe. But I don't know these rules the way he is getting to know them. This skills class is his first step toward a new life. As he acquires words and techniques, he gains a voice. As he writes about his life experience and shares it with me, with his teacher, his family, he writes his way into the world, makes room for himself in a society that has most often left him on the fringes.

Statistically, I bet Jeff is not supposed to succeed in college. Experts might assume the years of trouble and disappointment outweigh the motivation and effort of today. But they don't. He is charging ahead with a goal because it is what he wants to do. Through the cigarette smoke, his eyes show eagerness and hope. Maybe he is not transforming himself as much as he is cultivating who he has been all along.

In one of Jeff's last emails, he tells me that my aunt loved me very much, and now he knows why. He tells me that even though we haven't seen each other much in our lives (we've conversed more in the last two weeks than in my entire 29 years), he can see why she cared about me so much. He tells me that I have a big heart, like her.

I tuck the email away to read again and again. I think of my anxiety, ambitions, fears, and hesitations. I think of my aunt, of our big hearts, and of her wishes for peace in the family. That makes me think of Jeff's story and his image of a lone boot hanging from a tree in the woods. This reminds me of the threat of tears and the thread of anxiety that returned to me in class on Thursday when not one of my twenty-seven morning class students seemed to care at *all* about *a-n-y-t-h-i-n-g*. I stood at the front of the room on Thursday and faced a wall of silence, of apathy, of total disinterest. The blank faces staring at me, unmoving, no intention of working that morning, brought back the constriction of my chest and the shaking in my limbs.

Now, however, I visualize the heart and soul Jeff pours into that grammar book, and I decide to teach to him. I will make the image of him at the card table holding his stomach and feeling anxiety while striving to do well be the mark to which I set my course.

I won't feel embarrassed anymore, ashamed of my passion for writing and teaching and my "un-scholarly" belief that writing changes, even saves, lives. Grammar can change a life. It's business. It's church. The classroom is a sacred space where rituals in writing, reading, reflection, and growth take place. People transform their lives in the classroom. They deserve my openhearted enthusiasm even if they don't respond with easy smiles and agreement. The ones who pull their baseball caps low and defend their minds with muscular grunts of apathy, are protecting themselves from terrifying unknowns.

I won't feel embarrassed anymore, ashamed of my passion for writing and teaching and my "un-scholarly" belief that writing changes, even saves, lives.

Trista Cornelius *teaches writing and literature at Clackamas Community College in Oregon City, Oregon. She has published a variety of essays, articles, and research while self-publishing a bi-monthly 'zine called* Reflections. *Currently, she is writing and reading creative nonfiction and exploring the possibilities of the personal essay.*

Despite my ball of anxiety at the start of the term and my wish for ignorance, I no longer envy those students' apathy, even though it seems like it would be easier, safer, less painful. Our moments of frustration offer us growth and wisdom if we don't succumb to the fear.

We have all seen how out of destruction and filth rises strength and beauty. In my mom's mulch pile of chicken bones and coffee grounds, a clump of iridescent bell-shaped flowers sprout angelically. Jeff sprouts out of his environment of loss, tension and conflict, alcohol, nicotine, and insurmountable challenges. My knot of panic is sprouting into opportunities, connections, and a wider, more cheerful view of my self. My fear forced me to look in unconventional places for answers, and it gave me insight into the life, mind, and dire ambition of a community college student who is also my cousin.

Maybe people with more education live better and happier lives as Mortenson claims, but I don't know. It isn't the end result that matters. A college degree may or may not change a life. The moments of learning are what matter, and sometimes the most profound lessons start with nouns and verbs. Now, when my anxiety returns to hover around the top of my stomach, I visualize my students. Next to this image, I remember Jeff sitting at the card table by the kitchen and concentrating on his grammar book, smoking his pen.

Notes

[1] Thomas G. Mortenson. "Poverty, Race, and the Failure of Public Policy: The Crisis of Access in Higher Education." *Academe.* 86.6 (Nov/Dec 2000): 38-44.

Singing Springs

Tamara Pinkas

After five hours of driving in the growing heat of a late June day, I find myself creeping along a one-lane road. Cautiously navigating the blind curves, deep potholes and sheer drop-off to my left and unsure of my exact destination, I worry that I may hit an unheard car or find that I am totally lost. Around a particularly sharp curve I spot, almost incidentally, a small hand-lettered sign nailed to a weathered, split-rail fence. "AIL Workshop," it reads, and with relief I follow the directional arrow another 50 yards down a sloped gravel drive toward a mowed grassy expanse where a tipi and backpacking tents are clustered. I have safely arrived at the Singing Springs Resort in Agness, Oregon to begin a 24-hour visit with eight of my Cooperative Education students at the American Indian Languages Workshop, a collaborative effort of the Confederated Tribes of the Lower Rogue and Lane Community College.

Indian . . . American Indian . . . these are still uncomfortable words for me. Until a few months ago I thought "Native American" was the appropriate and respectful way to refer to the first people of this continent. However, I have learned that many terms are used almost interchangeably: Native American, American Indian, First Peoples, First Nation, Indigenous people, and Aborigine. The Indian faculty, staff, and students at Lane told me they prefer to be known as Indian or American Indian. So, Indian it is.

Parking near a long bungalow, slightly above the grassy area, I approach the open-air kitchen. Behind it about 15 people, mostly adults, are seated in a circle under a large white canopy beneath a stand of mature oak trees. An elderly Indian, speaking first in Tututen, one of the ancestral languages of the Lower Rogue, and then in English, is conducting a language lesson. I perch on the end of the picnic table bench at what I hope is a respectful distance. I wonder if it's OK to watch, thinking that I may be committing a cultural *faux pas*. No one asks me to move, so I observe the lesson in progress. I focus my attention on my students, who are scattered around the site, engaged in their self-selected roles—videographer, children's teacher, and participant. We are all here to support descendents of the Tutudeneh people as they learn Tututen, the language of their ancestors, a dialect from the family of Athabascan languages also known as Tututni.[1] This is a language, I later discover, that was on the verge of extinction—until now. And, this is my students' classroom.

The language lesson continues, and I think about the students and what they will be learning because, although I've been a faculty in cooperative education for almost 15 years, I've never

facilitated an experience quite like this one. Yet, is this one really different? The elements are here—student, work site and college—creating a formal educational partnership for student learning in primarily off-campus businesses and organizations. I have always enjoyed working in cooperative education (co-op) because, at its best, it challenges students to be independent learners who build connections between what they have learned on campus with what they observe and experience at the work site. Like other classroom settings, co-op combines guided and self-directed learning to help students achieve more than a narrow set of skills. To help my students take advantage of their co-op class, I assist them with the development of individualized learning objectives, ask them to keep a journal, and have them evaluate their own learning at the end of the term. In most ways, the American Indian Language Workshop appears to be a typical cooperative education experience, but my intuition tugs at me, suggesting it could be something more.

I look around the pastoral setting, which, I was told, is about 500 yards from an historic village site along the Rogue River, the traditional home of the Tutudeneh people. The lesson ends and several of my students wander over to say hello. I meet one of the workshop facilitators, Wendy Campbell, and she introduces me to the other facilitator, John Medicine Horse Kelly, Ph.D., Director of the Center for Aboriginal Education, Research and Culture from Carlton University in Ottawa, Canada. I meet Gilbert Towner, the Tutudeneh elder leading the lessons, one of a very small number of living individuals who spoke Tututen as a small child. I then spend a few minutes with Jerry Hall, a Lane faculty member and descendant of the Tutudeneh people, who has been instrumental in bringing us all together.

She greets me with "*jalla*," the informal way to say hello in Tututen...

Since language lessons are over for the day, most people scatter and I volunteer to assist one of my students with dinner preparations. Dubbed "Cookie" by Gilbert due to her visibility in the kitchen, this student is responsible for the logistics of organizing many aspects of the workshop including feeding over thirty people for two weeks. Months before, she began planning collaboratively with a small group of Lane faculty and students and served unofficially as one of the group's sources of energy, commitment and vision. She greets me with "*jalla*," the informal way to say hello in Tututen and we begin to make the evening meal. As we work, she tells me about the first four days prior to my arrival and explains that many of the learners have already developed enough Tututen vocabulary to hold simple conversations, amazing progress for four days.

That evening I come to understand what she means. A group is drumming under the canopy and one of my other students, himself of Tutudeneh ancestry, is encouraged to sing a Tututen

song, a gift that in Tutudeneh culture arrives from the Creator fully-formed. He has been gifted with many songs and poems in the Tututen language over the last several days, but this is his first public presentation. The song concludes with an enthusiastic outpouring of clapping, whistling and the high-pitched "lu lu," a distinctive and intense single-tone sound that the Indian women offer in appreciation. The significance of what I am witnessing strikes me instantly. According to Gilbert, no one has used Tututen in daily life or sung a Tututen song at an Indian gathering here, at his families' village site on the Lower Rogue, in nearly a century and a half. All that existed of this language four days ago resided either in the memories of three tribal elders–one who spoke the language only up to the age of five, one in failing health, and one who refuses to speak the language today; or in a stack of 60-year-old audio tapes of interviews with Tutudeneh elders. A language has been brought back from extinction. And this is happening in my students' classroom.

A language has been brought back from extinction. And this is happening in my students' classroom.

The rest of the evening, participants in small fluid groups practice dance steps, drum, and learn to "lu lu." The mood is effervescent and laughter is everywhere. Darkness finally brings the evening gathering to an end. Alone in the guest tent, ready for sleep, I am both exhilarated and exhausted.

The next day, after a late breakfast, lessons begin with the learning group assembling once again under the canopy. I begin the process of systematically spending time with my students as they work or take breaks. Two students are videotaping all the language lessons as well as other events of each day. They want to keep an eye on the camera while we talk, so we sit a short distance from the learners and speak in almost a whisper. We discuss the challenges of videotaping with limited equipment under difficult lighting conditions. From the beginning, it has been understood, they explain, that for archival purposes the camera needs to stay focused on Gilbert and the learners, except when lessons are not in session. A pair of osprey call overhead, and one student expresses disappointment that she can't catch them on video; their presence are a confirmation for her that the Creator is supporting the workshop and her participation. I optimistically suggest that the birds may show up later.

One student has been noticeably absent from most of the daily activities, appearing briefly at meals and disappearing again. When I inquire where Wendy is, I am told she is working with John Medicine Horse Kelly in one of the bungalow rooms that has been set up as a computer lab. During lunch I catch up with her and make arrangements to visit with her and John. At the appointed time, I mount the few steps into the bungalow, enter the darkened room, and see John seated in front of an array of electronic equipment–computer, sound mixing board, audio-tape player and printer–with my student off to the side, writing tablet and pencil in

hand. The summer heat has made this room almost unbearably stifling, even with the windows and screen door open. Yes, it has been like this all week, they tell me, but so what? The work must be done.

I am given an overview of their task by my student, who has learned and can perform each step. The old audio tape recordings of interviews with tribal elders are carefully digitally re-recorded using special techniques that ensure all original sounds are preserved; a copy of the unaltered digital recording is saved onto a high-quality gold or silver CD and is set aside for future generations. Using one or more specifically designed editing programs, a second copy is edited to eliminate background noise and boost sound quality; the new filtered recordings are completely cataloged; and, as useful language phrases are identified, they are copied for transcription by Wendy to be reviewed by Gilbert each morning before the day's language lesson. Ultimately, each learner will be given a CD that has been made of the words and phrases from the lessons so that learning and review can continue long after the workshop ends.

John and Wendy have developed this process through extensive experience with Canadian tribes, assisting each to learn and to teach its own language to tribal members. However, this is the first time they have attempted to work with a language so close to extinction; the challenge was daunting at first, John confesses. They have had to utilize the existing Tututen language tapes much more than expected, he explains, which presents some challenges. The tapes were primarily done by linguists and tend to focus on subtle variation in pronunciation and sentence structure, critical information about any language. Unfortunately, everyday language, needed to help learners gain an immediately useful conversational vocabulary as well as words relating to cultural content, are frequently absent. To illustrate this point, John plays for me part of a tape in which Ida Bensell, Gilbert's aunt, is asked to say "The beaver ate the chicken egg." Ida willingly recites the sentence in Tututen and immediately begins to chuckle and then laugh. We laugh too. It seems like such a silly thing to have someone say–everyone knows that beavers don't eat chicken eggs. My student tells me that Ida's laughter, heard frequently in her taped interviews, has been an inspiration to Gilbert. The first time Gilbert listened to Ida's laughter, she reports, a broad smile appeared on his face and his mood became one of optimism for the revival of his first language.

Gilbert's aunt, is asked to say "The beaver ate the chicken egg."

John shares with me the intense, 10 to 12 hour-a-day work schedule he and many of my students have been keeping. Since much of the language on the tapes is unusable for teaching purposes, they are barely able to identify a sufficient number of phrases and words to help Gilbert prepare for lessons on the following day. I am keenly aware that every moment spent

with me impedes their progress, so I ask to stay and observe as the two of them return to work. We begin to listen to a tape that they are halfway through and without explanation the sound drops away. John adjusts some controls on the filtering software and runs the clip again with no success. More adjustments, additional trials and then, faintly, the interviewer's voice becomes understandable; she is asking Ida to say "medicine man," but we are unable to understand Ida's response. The computer shows there is sound, but it is too muted to decipher. My student's frustration is evident. Finally, a very important cultural word is found on the tape, and it is inaccessible. John's best guess is that either the volume was accidentally turned down during the original recording or that the tape they are working from is a misrecording of the original. For forty-five minutes he struggles to pull this word from oblivion. It doesn't happen. Disheartened, we talk about the hope that future technology will allow someone to recapture this word.

It is early afternoon and cartons of ice cream bring a much needed cooling break. During the workshop, cultural activities have been planned for most afternoons and today's won't begin for a while. In the interim, several students and I walk over to the nearby Agness Museum, an old one-room building filled with local artifacts. Our Indian singer of the previous evening and his sister, who is also my student, have joined us, and we chat about their family history that is prominently displayed, especially pictures of their great-great-great-grandmother, one of a group of three Indian women who managed to avoid being forcibly sent to a reservation in Siletz in the 1850's.

We return and everyone is asked to gather under the canopy where Gilbert begins to share stories of his life at Chemawa, the Indian boarding school in Salem, Oregon, where he lived from the age of five through high school. Another elderly man and his wife arrive and join us. He too spent his childhood at Chemawa, and the two of them keep us enthralled for almost two hours with charming stories of young-boy antics and details of the daily life of a residential school where over 900 students from 90 different tribes endured harsh English-only rules and were prevented from practicing traditional ways.[2] Aware that I may be missing cultural meaning imbedded in their comments, I am amazed that I perceive no anger or resentment from them as they speak of their early life, and wonder at the absence of either sentiment.

Today is the last day of the workshop before a two-day break with many attendees planning to leave the site for short trips home. Gilbert brings the first week to a close with a heartfelt speech thanking the Creator and the Ancestors for their support, for the success of the workshop's first week, and the help of everyone who assisted on site. In family fashion we take group photos, wish everyone a safe journey and say we will see each other soon.

What began as a routine cooperative education site visit became an historic event that both awed and inspired me.

Tamara Pinkas *is a Cooperative Education Coordinator at Lane Community College in Eugene. Tamara was Faculty Council Chair, a member of College Council, and participated in the development of the college's Strategic Plan. She is a member of Lane's Strategic Learning Initiative's Service Learning Team, Vice President of Professional Technical Faculty for the faculty union, and Lane's Representative to the League for Innovation. Pinkas served as project manager for Lane's Institutional Self Evaluation for the League and was project manager and a chapter author for the Oregon Work-Based Learning Manual. She holds a Master's degree in Art Education, University of Oregon and a B.A. in Aesthetic Studies from the UC-Santa Cruz. Prior to joining Lane Tamara coordinated the Oregon Imagination Celebration, an outreach program of the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts and authored* Eugene's Public Art: A Field Guide.

Several hours into the drive home, I pull into the deserted parking lot of the Dean Creek Elk Viewing Area near Reedsport, Oregon. Half a dozen Roosevelt elk are calmly grazing in the lush meadow grass, accustomed to the cars traveling along the narrow highway beside them. It is dusk and the coastal chill raises goose bumps on my arms. Grabbing a sweater, I walk the short distance to the platform and lean along the railing. I reflect on these two days as I watch the elk and am struck by how important this experience has been for both my students and me.

It has been a privilege to spend time at the AIL Workshop and an honor to work with Gilbert, John, Wendy, Jerry and others who generously shared their knowledge and offered an understanding of how this moment fits into the larger context of Indians reclaiming their heritage. The workshop did, indeed, provide successful cooperative education learning experiences for my students; they gained knowledge and skills that will help them in their education and their careers. Nevertheless, the students told me clearly, their contributions to the revival of Tututen hold the most meaning for them.

Through my students I gained a new connection and a deeper appreciation for Indian culture. I gained a sense of hope for the Tutudeneh people and the Confederated Tribes of the Lower Rogue. And, I became part of a community of faculty and students at Lane dedicated to developing the first American Indian Language program at an Oregon community college.

For me, I am surprised by the strength of my own feelings about this experience. What began as a routine cooperative education site visit became an historic event that both awed and inspired me. I regret I will not be returning to witness the continued restoration of this language and this culture. Turning my car onto the highway back to Eugene, I am aware that Singing Springs has been my classroom, too.

Notes

[1] Jeff Zucker, Kay Hummel, Bob Hogfoss, *Oregon Indians: Culture, History and Current Affairs, An Atlas and Introduction*. (Western Imprints, The Press of the Oregon Historical Society, 1983).

[2] Carolyn J. Marr, "Assimilation Through Education: Indian Boarding Schools in the Pacific Northwest." Retrieved November 1, 2002, from http://content.lib.washington.edu/aipnw/marr/marr.html

The Displaced Homemaker

Velma Jesser

She stepped into class the first day
not knowing where to sit
or what to do.
Nothing reminded her of home,
the place with her routines,
the home of her children, the safe place to be.
She knew no one.
She wasn't sure if she could even come here again tomorrow.
She sat quietly, without moving, without breathing.

The term went quickly, so much new, so much to do.
I watched my students, helped them question,
prompted their answers, recommended solutions,
encouraged thoughts and accepted failures
when failure provided new wisdom.
I watched student confidence grow
with pride—theirs and mine.

She came during final exams
and timidly asked me,
"What are you teaching next term?"
We both smiled.

Velma Jesser *received her Ph.D. from the University of Oregon and is a management instructor at Lane Community College in Eugene, Oregon. She has received the Innovator of the Year award from the League for Innovation in the Community College and has been nominated by students for excellence in teaching and included in the 1998, 2000, and 2002 bi-annual editions of* Who's Who Among America's Teachers. *She has received international and regional awards for her participation in Phi Theta Kappa activities, the academic honor society for community college students. She is the editor of a German-Russian cultural newsletter distributed in Oregon and Washington and writes poetry featuring students as well as animals and nature.*

Three Books, Three Authors, A Single Message: Parker Palmer, Alfie Kohn, Richard Allen

Merrill Watrous

I wrote this as a gift to the Lane Community College Dental Health Faculty after a shared conversation about the Art of Teaching during the spring of 2002. Their letters inspired me. They asked me for the names of books about teaching that might continue our conversation. Here are a few of my favorites . . .

After years of teaching the teaching of writing at the graduate level in a master's degree program for teachers and all subjects at the elementary level in a fifth grade immersion classroom, I became a full-time college instructor whose subject is the Foundations of Education. I teach teachers-to-be about the art of teaching; mine are the classes they take before they take any methods classes. As a cooperative education coordinator, I teach in two types of classrooms, one at Lane Community College and the other on-site with children out in Lane County's public schools. What were once, for me, peripheral questions are now matters I consider on an almost daily basis. (What are effective teaching strategies to use when dealing with diverse learners in a blended classroom? How does the nature of authentic assessment vary according to the age and experience of the learner? What exactly is meant by the expression "the art of teaching?") As I've read, written and reflected on this very art, three scholars have spoken to me with voices I found particularly memorable: Parker Palmer, Alfie Kohn, and Richard Allen. Though books on education fill whole walls in my home and office, I own multiple copies of books by only these three authors. I find I cannot easily loan out a copy of *Courage to Teach* or *Punished by Rewards* or *Impact Teaching* to a student or colleague without knowing that I have a backup copy available in my office "on reserve."

Most of us teach in isolation.

Most of us teach in isolation. At the college level, a department chair might visit as often as once or twice a year; they are busy people and we are asking them to do more and more with less and less in these difficult times. Peer feedback may be offered to us and welcomed by us but usually it's a rare occurrence when a colleague sits in purposefully to observe a class. So we spend many working hours alone, wondering if we're doing it right. Politicians and voters seem to see teachers as "the problem" – and the hammer of "accountability" continues to fall heaviest on the shoulders of those who least need the prodding. We take ownership, at least partially, of the failure of each unsuccessful student as well as celebrating the successes of

those who soar. And yet we cannot meet all the needs of all of our students all of the time. We cannot. Teaching is a risky business. No one affirms this more eloquently than Parker Palmer in *Courage to Teach*.

As good teachers weave the fabric that joins them with students and subjects, the heart is the loom on which the threads are tied, the tension is held, the shuttle flies, and the fabric is stretched tight. Small wonder, then, that teaching tugs at the heart, opens the heart, and even breaks the heart—and the more one loves teaching, the more heartbreaking it can be.[1]

Since teaching involves both heart and mind, evaluating student progress is never simple or straightforward. So, if learning just to get the "A" or to pass the test is not enough, how do we encourage *all* students to learn? Alfie Kohn explains the costs of working for extrinsic rewards at all levels of education. The higher the inherent interest of an activity—like reading—the greater the loss to students when that activity is tied to an extrinsic reward. Joy Hakim wrote a ten-volume series on American history, *A History of US*, which is just good reading. I remember that before I required my young students to read her books, many read them on their own for fun. Of course, nonfiction is dense with information and all of that information may not be retained when one reads a book just "for fun." When I began to ask students to remember a large body of information from one of Hakim's books, I started using a "test" which was not really a test. I reviewed material with students using a quiz I administered but did not collect or grade. I simply reviewed the "tested material" aloud with students after asking each question. Testing students in this way, I highlighted for them what I perceived to be the most important points in the readings. I continue to use this "untest" method with adult students. Ungraded review tests help students to mentally organize what they've read. Related public speaking, writing, and art projects help students synthesize information. Essay exams provide closure and help students see the big picture. But the grade itself—or a score on a test—cannot be the primary instructional or learning goal, as Kohn explains so eloquently in a number of his books. We have to grade. They have to care about those grades. But that cannot be all of it . . .

Kohn writes about the importance of delivering specific and detailed feedback rather than the empty praise students are used to hearing. The first requires mindful attention and knowledge of our students as people; the second is quick to administer and requires little thought. How does encouragement sound different from praise? Imagine a high school English teacher stopping to talk with a student between classes. This girl, a shy freshman, gathers up her courage to ask, "Ms. Jones, did you have a chance yet to read my essay on Sojourner Truth?" The teacher might be tempted to respond: "Yes, Maria—I read all fifty essays last weekend

I learned to walk away from a student responding to a question or making a comment rather than walk toward him, which is what we instinctively do.

and I'm sure yours was great. I'll get it back to you about it next week." Or, if the teacher had just read one of Kohn's books (and slept well the night before), she might respond with "Maria, I actually remember reading that essay night before last. Your essay stands out in my mind because of the way you introduced Sojourner's story by connecting her story to the story of your own dear mother and how she struggled for years as a migrant worker supporting young children. I'd like to talk with you further about this with your essay in hand to refresh my memory—so that my response is more meaningful. Are you free third period?" We cannot respond to every student every time in a truly encouraging fashion. But our students do need to connect, really connect, with at least one teacher regularly. And maybe as teachers we too need to connect with students on a deeper level on that same regular basis. To do so, I know I need to slow down and to become a more reflective practitioner of my art. Palmer celebrates the idea of the subject-centered classroom where teaching is truly multidirectional, where we listen to our students and teach them to listen to one another. In this kind of a classroom we focus on and honor together one field of inquiry.

Many of us were called to teach by encountering not only a mentor but also a particular field of study. We were drawn to a body of knowledge because it shed light on our identity as well as on the world. We did not merely find a subject to teach, the subject also found us.[2]

Along with Palmer and Kohn, Richard Allen speaks to the art of teaching in his book, *Impact Teaching*. After twenty plus years in the classroom, I find I have much to learn from Allen as he examines a teacher's smallest, almost ritualized actions and shows us how to refine our craft. When I think I am already using every moment to its best advantage, Allen shows me that I am not. I learned from him to bring more movement into my classes and to make them more interactive by paying attention to simple things like how I pass out papers and how I design state changes. I knew "all about" state changes before reading *Impact Teaching*, but from Allen I learned to plan for them at least every 15 minutes—since I teach adults. I learned how to layer oral directions since few of us can process more than one direction at a time effectively if that direction involves the movement of people or materials. I learned to walk away from a student responding to a question or making a comment rather than walk toward him, which is what we instinctively do. Why? When a teacher maintains eye contact but walks away from a student while he is speaking, the student's voice will rise and her gestures will become wider. What could have turned into a tête-à-tête between the teacher and a "favored" respondent becomes instead a conversation which includes the whole class—just because of what the teacher does with his body. Allen's book is filled with tips such as these as he examines what teachers do every day and how we can refine what we do.

I am rich in friends; they color my life and make it worth living. Many of them are public school teachers or college and university professors. A few I have only met between the covers of a book. Palmer, Kohn, and Allen have changed the way I think and therefore changed the way I teach. Each writer reaches out to the learner within the teacher. Each writer offers his readers a hopeful message about all that is possible in the student-teacher relationship. Each writer affirms the teacher's calling to teach. As a reader, I am grateful to all three of these authors for the wisdom they've share in these books and for the artistry of their teaching.

Notes

[1] Parker Palmer and Rachel C. Livsey, *The Courage To Teach: A Guide For Reflection and Renewal.* (San Francisco: Jossey-Bass, 1999), 9.

[2] Ibid., 25.

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Merrill Watrous *taught in K-12 for over 20 years. For five years, she taught in the graduate teaching program at Pacific University and served as the Chair of the Research Committee for master's students. Watrous teaches full-time at Lane Community College in Eugene, Oregon, where she works with undergraduates and graduate students who take her seminars in the Foundations of Education and are then placed as practicum students in K-12 classrooms. Watrous' expertise in education has led to frequent speaking engagements including delivering the keynote and three different talks on the teaching of American History through the arts at the Lane Education Service District's History Institute this upcoming summer. In 2003, her article about teachers and self-assessment, "Do we fire them up?" will be published in* The Magazine of American History.

Roadkill and Wilderness: Teaching Three Writers on One Theme by William Stafford in the Collaborative Classroom

Sandra M. Jensen

When I fell in love with Peter Jensen in the fall of 1993, his book, *Confluence*, co-authored with David Johnson and Erik Muller, was a finalist for the prestigious Oregon Book Award. Although a native of Washington State and a University of Washington graduate, I had only recently moved back to the Northwest, having taken the long road home through California and Colorado. It was exciting to me as a working writer to listen and talk to poets like Peter, Dave, and Erik, who were so intimately involved with the history and spirit of Oregon literature. Then, at the 1993 Oregon Book Awards ceremony, all the buzz was about the Oregon Literature Series, which all these people had in common. I married Peter, started teaching the OLS in the classroom, and I was hooked on Oregon literature.

One of the privileges of marrying a poet who has been writing in and about Oregon for thirty years is access to a rich storehouse of published and unpublished materials. In the summer of 1994, I was teaching "Introduction to Fiction" at Lane Community College in Eugene using *The World Begins Here, An Anthology of Oregon Short Fiction*. I had just read Molly Gloss' "The Doe," and I was preparing a lesson comparing it to William Stafford's poem "Traveling Through the Dark" in *From Here We Speak, An Anthology of Oregon Poetry*; a short story and a poem both about a motorist who stops for a road kill deer and "her fawn [that] lay there waiting, / alive, still, never to be born."[1]

Looking over my shoulder, Peter said, "Oh, I love that poem. I wrote an elegy for Stafford using that roadkill and wilderness theme."

"Can I see it?"

"Oh, yeah, sure, I have it here somewhere." He rummaged through journals and files and finally fished out a poem out from a pile on the floor by his computer. I read:

The Wilderness is Listening
for Bill Stafford 1914-1993

Darkness has thickened to include old friends, people
whose hands I've touched, voices like Bill Stafford's
on the phone, and those who exchanged letters like love,
as well as cries of birds startled at night.

I, too, have winced at road kills and knelt down
stroking the fur of a river otter on Highway
99 south of Monroe. My amber signals
blinked to warn all to slow down at dusk

if only to enjoy driving through golden lit farm land
as the sun played mock forest fire in the Coast Range.
As I knelt, I wondered a while about all that is wild
listening to our every expansionist move,

and then I pushed the soft otter over
with my ritual hand into the ditch, perhaps
for someone to skin, and drove on to a reading
in Corvallis. But I saved this coiled up form,

this sleek fish snatcher curled around its final pain,
to end this elegy for a man of Oregon,
who heard the wilderness listening and now
leaves us for that wild place where we go.[2]

I put the poem on my desk beside Stafford and Gloss and read all three one after another. What a feast to put before my students!

Nor did they fail me. They were as excited as I was by the way three texts spoke back and forth to each other. To begin with, it was a good way to demonstrate to students how important a poet William Stafford was—that other writers would honor him not merely by throwing accolades his way, but in a truer, more meaningful way by grappling with, expanding, and

...all three pieces were about being momentarily stopped on the road of life as we rush through the woods toward our final destiny.

making their own a central theme of his. The roadkill theme was one all the students could relate to and tell their own stories about. We had studied the paradigm of the hero's journey, so right away someone said that all three pieces were about being momentarily stopped on the road of life as we rush through the woods toward our final destiny.

"Okay," I said, "Let's think about that. Molly Gloss' story, 'The Doe,' is about a woman, Kate, who is returning home from the beach because she can't find a place to stay. 'The fourth annual Kate-needs-some-time-alone weekend was now officially a washout.'"[3] So here's this woman who already knows she needs to slow down and think about her life. She's driving at night through the coast range. Can anybody show on the big map of Oregon where she's at?"

Marina, an international student from Argentina, had already worked this out. The class gathered around the map as she traced the "river highway to Astoria," [4] down 101 to Garibaldi and then back to Nehalem. Her slender gold finger that had written about the "disappeareds" in Argentina, now followed the twists and turns of 53, the Necanicum Highway, as it snakes through the coastal forests to rejoin 26. Somewhere along here, Kate hits the deer.

This is a sharp group. They will continue to surprise me all summer.

"I know where Peter Jensen was when he found the river otter," volunteered Rich, who was a waiter at the Bacardi Restaurant in Eugene. "I graduated from Monroe High School, and I've seen otter in the wetlands around where Miller Creek goes into the Long Tom River." He found the place on the map. "It's true, people drive too fast along that road, especially at the time Jensen is there. Right at dusk the animals start moving around, and that's when a lot of them get killed."

"So Jensen's poem doesn't take place at night like the other two pieces, but at sunset. What does that mean?"

"Well, he's writing an elegy for Stafford, who has died. In a way, Stafford has entered the dark ahead of Jensen, and Jensen is looking in after him and thinking about where we go after death." This is a sharp group. They will continue to surprise me all summer.

"Let's locate Wilson River Road, then read Stafford's opening lines and come back to this part of the conversation later," I suggested. Someone located the Wilson River Highway, which is the 6 between Portland and Tillamook. Then I read to them out of one of their favorite reference books, *Oregon Geographic Names,* that Wilson was "an early settler who drove the first cows into [Tillamook] County from Seaside. Wilson was apparently the founder of the great Tillamook dairy industry."[5] The students and I all enjoy the many kinds of diversions our conversations take, but I try to eventually get us back on theme. I asked Yujin, one of three Korean students in the class that summer, to read the first two lines of Stafford,

which was about all the English he was comfortable reading out loud. "Traveling through the dark I found a deer/ dead on the edge of the Wilson River road."

"Thank you, Yujin. So all three of these pieces have in common someone driving through the late day or night and having to stop. Let me read to you the source that all three writers are probably aware they are echoing. These are the famous opening lines to Dante's *Divine Comedy*, written in the fourteenth century in Rome, Italy:

> Midway in our life's journey, I went astray
> from the straight road and woke to find myself
> alone in a dark wood. How shall I say
> what wood that was![6]

"Dante is about to go on a hero's journey, and the great poet, Virgil, steps forward out of the Roman first century BCE to be his guide through a descent into Hell and ascent through Purgatory. This makes it clearer what the spiritual territory of all three writers is, doesn't it? Peter Jensen makes the most explicit use of it when he writes, 'Darkness has thickened to include old friends, people/ whose hands I've touched, voices like Bill Stafford's.' Sure, the poem works if you never heard of Dante or Virgil, but it gets even more interesting if you realize the honor Jensen is paying Stafford by comparing him even obliquely to Virgil."

"Now we have all three writers stopping 'midway in [their] life's journey' and find themselves 'alone in a dark wood' faced with a death of an animal to deal with and think about. All of you have reading journal notes on these pieces, so why don't we divide into three groups, and each group concentrate on a different piece. Compile your notes and your thinking and together draft out a report you can read aloud to the rest of us. We'll work on these reports on Wednesday, then listen to each other on Thursday."

Thursday's session began with a reader's theater: three students read excerpts from "The Doe," and both poems were performed by two other students. The groups had worked hard on their collaborative reports and were ready to begin, the Stafford group to be followed by Gloss and then Jensen.

The groups had worked hard on their collaborative reports and were ready to begin...

The Stafford Group Reports

First of all, we were interested in what was in Stafford that the other writers put in their pieces. All of them are traveling in or near dark through or down the Oregon coast range. All three stop for a road kill, although Kate in "The Doe" is the only one of the three that actually kills it herself. All of them have cautionary lights on. Stafford says, "By the glow of

the tail-light I stumbled back of the car," and "I stood in the glare of the warm exhaust turning red." Gloss has, "in the pulse of the emergency parking lights she walked back along the edge of the road," and later, "So she set flares along the road, spurting their red jets into the darkness...." In Jensen's sunset poem, everything is golden: "My amber signals/ blinked to warn all to slow down at dusk." We think this means that they all see there's something on the road of life that other drivers should slow down and be careful about. That something is death in the form of a dead animal. All three think about the nature of death and responsibility before they take action and resolve the moment.

In reading Stafford, we were especially interested in his hesitation and what it is he's thinking about. The dead deer has a live fawn, and it's really hard to kill Bambi. Somebody in our group thought this poem was about the abortion issue, and we agreed it was hard not to at least reflect on that issue. If it *is* about abortion, then it's about making difficult choices. However, we thought it was more interesting to talk about what he meant by "I could hear the wilderness listen. / I thought hard for us all—my only swerving."

We asked ourselves, what is it the wilderness can hear? A car is the killer, and there could be another coming toward him: "The car aimed its lowered parking lights:/ under the hood purred the steady engine." The narrator hesitates out of compassion and understanding because even though we humans are inside the predatory shell of the machine, our bodies are soft like a doe's. He thinks about the problem, but realizes there's nothing he can do for wilderness. He *can* act for the safety of other humans on the road, and he does. It's an essentially humanistic decision.

We all loved this poem.

The Gloss Group Reports

Our group did the Molly Gloss story. The more we talked about it, the better we found it, because a lot of themes and phrases at the beginning are used over again at the end to mean something different. For example, the italicized "*Ah, God*" on the first page means something different when it's repeated on the last page.

There's lots to talk about in this story, but mainly we thought it wasn't about machines versus the wild, but about Kate's character and how the incident changes her. Dante's lines *really* fit Kate. You know she's midway in life's journey because there's a line, "She didn't feel, what, twenty years older than him"[7] so she's around forty, because we know the second driver is very young, perhaps eighteen to twenty. Also, she's out on the coast trying to have some time alone. That means she wanted to think about her life and what she'd like to change. The

needed change comes through her "first kill" or "first blood," just as it does in some coming-of-age rituals.

We thought that the problem with Kate's character is that she was too apologetic and wishy-washy and afraid of the harsh realities of the world. The word "apologetic" appears four times connected with her. She's afraid to deal with the situation herself, even though she created it. She gets in her car and rolls up her windows. We bet she had been getting into her car and rolling up the windows one way or another all her life. When a guy comes along, she's willing to let a man take care of the killing for her, even though he's only a kid.

Someone in our group said that deer have a hesitating, apologetic quality about them, so to grow, Kate had to kill that symbolic doe inside her. Some of us thought that was too far out, but, whatever, to grow Kate needs to stop apologizing, to stop leaning on men, and to become more proactive. There was one line we talked a lot about: "Instead, simply on the strength of his one forthright statement (or maybe just on the strength of his masculinity) she found she was sliding toward a feeling of dependence and deliverance. It was easy to give up the tidy little happy ending now that someone else had come." We started talking about men and women and stereotyping and the socialization of men and women, and we had to work hard to stick with the story instead of arguing about gender issues.

Kate had to kill that symbolic doe inside her.

Finally, Kate sees that the man is just a kid; she's the adult here; she's the one who hit the deer, so she'll have to be the one to kill it. The story turns when she thinks to herself, "Someone else will have to do it." Yes! Kate gets real! At that point Kate gets out of her protective little shell, I mean her car, and that shows she's not afraid anymore.

Then by *acting* apologetic and naive, Kate gives the kid a way out. It's sort of funny, because she's *imitating* her former self: "It was unexpectedly easy to get the right tone of voice, imploring, apologetic." The kid leaves, and Kate is "alone in a dark wood." She's not patient and wishy-washy any more. She digs up a flat rock with "a sort of fierce impatience." She says to herself, "You'd better not wait. You'd better do it right now. Don't think about it any more."

We liked the contrast between Stafford's line, "I thought hard for us all" and Kate's line "'You'll be better off this way,' she said, for the doe and for herself." Gloss doesn't have Kate speak "for us all" but keeps the focus on Kate's character and what's good for Kate.

Then we thought the language at the end of the story implied both death for the deer and the birth of something new in Kate because of the "delivering the baby" words that are really obvious: "...*Ah, God, God*, rocking back sightless with a wordless outcry of agony and release and completion." On the road through the woods, Kate has found new strength in herself for the next part of her life.

Our final word is: Molly Gloss is cool. Way cool.

The Jensen Group Reports

Our final word is: Molly Gloss is cool. Way cool.

We're the last group, and we're going to talk about Peter Jensen's elegy for Bill Stafford, "The Wilderness is Listening." The title, comes from Stafford's sixteenth line, so right away you know two things: that he's honoring Bill Stafford and that he wants to emphasize the idea of wilderness. The last line of Jensen's poem, "[Stafford] heard the wilderness listening and now/ leaves us for that wild place where we go," tells us that when we die we go somewhere wild and chaotic, which is nature, which is our home.

We talked Tuesday about how Jensen compares Stafford to Virgil, and we think that this sense of respect for the senior poet is shown by the way he includes a lot of images from "Traveling Through the Dark" in "The Wilderness is Listening." Both are on the highway, but Jensen's roadkill is more unusual; he chooses the river otter to represent his memory of Stafford. He removes it from more harm, "perhaps for someone to skin," and he saves the image in his mind, "this coiled up form, / this sleek fish snatcher curled around its final pain." He's trying to save something from death to help him and us remember in life this great man.

Like Stafford, Jensen pauses to think before moving the animal off the road: "I wondered a while about all that is wild/ listening to our every expansionist move." Humans are expanding into wildlife habitat in so many ways that are endangering creatures, and those creatures are "listening" as we move into their territories.

We wondered what "ritual hand" means, and we thought that it's a word that shows respect, a word that honors Stafford and the otter both without hitting the reader over the head with "holy, holy, holy."

Is that all? I think that's all.

***

It was an hour since the reports had begun, and now the class fell into a deep silence.

"Does anyone want to make a synthesizing statement?" I asked.

"How about, 'Writers learn from each other'?"

"Good enough for me," I said. "What shall we do for an encore?"

Notes

[1] William Stafford, "Traveling Through the Dark." *From Here We Speak: An Anthology of Oregon Poetry*. Ingrid Wendt and Primus St. John, eds. (Corvallis: Oregon State University, 1993), 85.

[2] Peter Jensen, "The Wilderness is Listening." Unpublished poem, 1993.

[3] Molly Glass, "The Doe." *The World Begins Here: An Anthology of Oregon Short Fiction*. Glen A. Love, ed. (Corvallis: Oregon State University, 1993), 191.

[4] Ibid.

[5] Lewis L. McArthur, *Oregon Geographic Names*. (Portland: Oregon Historical Society Press, 1982), 916.

[6] Alighieri Dante, "The Divine Comedy." Trans. John Ciardi. *Western Literature in a World Context*. Vol. 2. Ed. Paul Davis, et al. (New York: St. Martin's, 1995), 968-1096.

[7] Glass, "The Doe," 193.

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A Researcher's Prayer: APA Version

Peter Jensen

I issued a citation to each "rare quote"
That thought a lot of itself, that
Wanted to be copied down intact.

And then I split-cited each paraphrase,
Each result I needed to buttress
The cathedral of my holistic claim.

Finally, I summarized my one best,
True source in a "hybrid paragraph"
With Author (Date) signal line lead-in
And (page number) attached
Lovingly in a little pocket at the end.

As I reviewed my documentation,
I made sure I'd wired one I. D. tag
To every dinosaur bone I'd dug up.

Then, like a careful librarian
Re-shelving books, I alphabetized
My list of References on a page
At the end in case someone
(Anyone?) would like to follow up
And read what I had found.

O I hope someone will recognize
How careful I have been to leave
A paper trail of where I walked.

(Jensen, 2001, p. 172)

A Researcher's Prayer: MLA Version

Peter Jensen

I issued a citation to each "rare quote"
That thought a lot of itself, that
Wanted to be copied down intact.

And then I split-cited each paraphrase,
Each result I needed to buttress
The cathedral of my holistic claim.

Finally, I summarized my one best,
True source in a "hybrid paragraph"
With Author signal line lead-in
And (page number) attached
Lovingly in a little pocket at the end.

As I reviewed my documentation,
I made sure I'd wired one I. D. tag
To every dinosaur bone I'd dug up.

Then, like a careful librarian
Re-shelving books, I alphabetized
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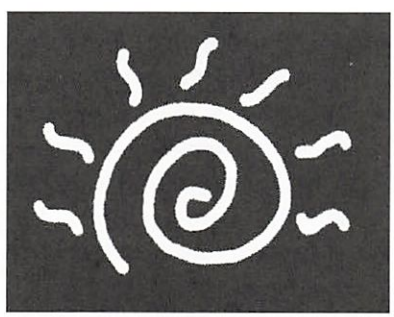
At the end in case someone
(Anyone?) would like to follow up
And read what I had found.

O I hope someone will recognize
How careful I have been to leave
A paper trail of where I walked.

(Jensen 172)

Peter Jensen *is on the English faculty at Linn-Benton Community College where he teaches English Survey of Literature, Native American Literature, and Advanced Technical Writing in addition to Research. Peter's third book of poetry,* Confluence *(with Dave Johnson and Eric Muller), was nominated for the Oregon Book Award in 1993. He is currently working on an analysis of code in Shakespeare's sonnets.*

Community College Moments



Building Global Partnerships

Jacqueline E. Woods

An Address delivered to NEA Higher Education Group
March 3, 2001

I am delighted to be here with you today. This is an exciting time to be in higher education and there are a lot of changes occurring in this business—both philosophically and structurally. I thank you for the invitation to share my views.

'When the spider webs unite, they can tie up a lion.'

Both as the executive director for the American Association of University Women and the former liaison for the U.S. Department of Education on community college issues, I have found that global partnerships are critical to the vitality of community colleges here and abroad. As an Ethiopian proverb says, "When the spider webs unite, they can tie up a lion." Some of you partnering with institutions in China and other countries might already be finding that's true and will have much to add to this discussion.

By the way, I am going to sprinkle proverbs throughout my presentation. They say in Africa that a good proverb "will make you smile and nod your head in appreciation." It may even make you laugh out loud. It will definitely make you think. A proverb is never explained to the listener. If you can't understand it, it is time for you to spend some time listening to the elders of your village.

I have some wonderful adventures about my own global travels that I often share to talk about community colleges. And I have poignant stories of how AAUW's International Fellowships, our International Symposium, and our global sister, the International Federation of University Women, make a difference in schools around the world. I hope to have informal opportunities to share some of those stories later on.

But among the professional topics that often elicit much passion is the dialogue that universally occurs on how best to provide education and training for two groups of citizens: (1) people who are under-represented in the workforce and (2) people who have traditionally been excluded from post-compulsory education systems. I am awed by how much the experiences and challenges of community colleges and further education institutions around the world are more alike than different.

I hope this discussion today will help us stimulate the development of new partnerships and action plans for addressing the challenges before us in providing quality higher education opportunities for the global citizenry that we serve. I'll start by talking about the commonal-

ties we share, the value of global partnerships, and how our community colleges are pivotal to building these partnerships. I'll end my presentation by outlining the new trends and the challenges that lie ahead.

Commonalities

There are several environmental elements that the United States now shares with our counterparts around the world. These commonalties make it essential that we as leaders, faculty, and staff strive more for interdependency and collaboration rather than for competition and isolation.

The **first** commonality comes from our modern-day government structures. As former President Clinton stated in a speech he gave to an international audience, "It is extremely significant that for the first time in history, more than half the world's people live under governments of their own choosing." Given this fact, we are experiencing a phenomenon where the majority of our world leaders are making education and training a priority in their economic and workforce agendas.

Second, the world's nations also now find themselves economically intertwined. Businesses and corporations have reached far beyond their local or national borders and begun building multi-national conglomerates to develop and disseminate their products and services.

Third, the changing demographics of all of our countries are creating profound challenges for our educational, economic, and health services systems. This fact was clearly highlighted for me at a two-year college global conference in Birmingham, England in 1999, where 10 countries met to discuss common issues in community and further education development. We found that all were dealing with similar challenges in trying to merge our old and new world orders to create climates that foster the contemporary growth and prosperity needs of our collective countries.

Value of Global Partnerships

In addition to the commonalities internationally, there has been much discussion, some publications, and a great number of alliances formed to emphasize the necessity of global education. Let's consider the following information:

- More than 1/3 of U.S. corporations realize large portions of their profits from exported goods and services.
- By the year 2005, there will be no American cities listed in the world's top 10 most populated cities.

- Monumental political and economic events are taking place in industrialized, newly democratic and/or developing countries, which have impact on our politics and economies.
- We go "global" every day. We've come a long way from Coca-Cola's "I'd liked to teach the world to sing in perfect harmony" jingle. From e-mail pals to Internet research to cell phones at flat rates, we move oh-so-easily around the virtual world.

If any U.S. educational sector is going to be considered the leader in creating effective partnerships with global communities, my bet is on community colleges to step up to that plate.

A survey last year found that community colleges are the vital education link in providing the quantity and quality of workers needed to fuel the exploding technology industry. Students are turning to community colleges for education and upgrades. Nearly half of all undergrads attend two-year schools, and an even higher percentage of older, minority, and disabled students.
(American Association of Community Colleges and ACT)

AAUW research shows that people who work, students with children, and adults transitioning from work to college say that community colleges offer what they want and need: flexibility, practical training, a good value for the money, and quality instruction comparable to that of four-year institutions.
(Gaining a Foothold)

Even honors high school students' sense shifts on the higher education landscape, realizing that throughout their lifetimes they will profit from many types of institutions, including technical schools.
(Gaining a Foothold)

It's no surprise, then, that the U.S. community college system provides the major model for many of the world's developing and industrialized countries that are striving to provide academic and career education, skill training and retraining, lifelong learning, and basic literacy opportunities for their adult learners. Yes, the major model. Because:

Your admission practices, flexible and affordable curriculum formats, and mantra of ethnic, gender and social diversity parallel many of the issues and challenges facing these nations.

Your focus on creating programs and services designed to meet local needs and expectations is often the object of inquiry with international visitors.

Your skill and success in partnering with local community-based organizations, with the small and medium-sized businesses in our communities, and with other educational sectors are often cited as relevant to the developing or industrialized country's workforce development efforts.

Your expertise in establishing and implementing state-of-the-art vocational and skill-training programs in areas like computer engineering, paralegal support, health care, child care and development, and waste and environmental management and using technology to increase operational and academic effectiveness is of major assistance to countries around the globe who also seek to acquire and use the latest technologies in these fields, in designing new teaching strategies and in developing public policy and program activities relevant to the workforce development needs of their locales and environs.

U.S. community colleges have become a microcosm of the growing populations of this country. Your 12 million students range from 18-year-old teenagers, fresh from high school, to retirement age—65 to 70, with the average age 27 to 30. Nearly 58% of community college students are women. Almost 30% come from non-Caucasian cultural and ethnic backgrounds, the largest ethnic group being African-Americans followed by Hispanic-Americans and then Asian-Americans. Many of these individuals represent the first generation in their families to attend college, never received high quality basic skill preparation, and rely heavily on the federal and state student financial aid systems to help them with college cost. Most U.S. community college students work full or part-time. Half take courses for credit, half noncredit. A current trend shows that over 10% of the students already hold bachelor's or master's degrees and are returning to school to obtain a technical skill or certification—those lifelong learners we now talk about.

U.S. community colleges have become a microcosm of the growing populations of this country.

Yet U.S. community colleges still have some reform issues that must be addressed.

"Why should it be so important for U.S. community colleges to reform their policies and practices?," you ask. "Didn't you just say that they already provide the major educational models?" Well, a Yiddish proverb says: "If all pulled in one direction, the world would keel over" (or Chinese: "Learning is like rowing upstream; not to advance is to drop back.").

Our community colleges have historically adapted well to the changing demographics and workforce needs of our nation and have aggressively addressed many of the domestic skill needs of our communities. But now, it is time to make sure that community colleges are educating and training globally competent citizens at home, as well.

Although many U.S. community colleges welcome students from abroad and link to the World Wide Web, in too many respects, we haven't gone global enough:

- Too many of our community colleges have not built a global perspective into their own mission statements, public policy agendas, or academic and vocational program offerings.
- They have not created standards requiring that their students be globally competent.
- They have not created mechanisms for integrating their immediate global village—the people in their neighborhoods who bring a wealth of expertise, languages, and customs from around the world into the college.
- They have not required that all faculty develop a pedagogical framework that weaves international and intercultural trends and issues into all programs and activities.
- And they have not forged partnerships with educational institutions in the international community to see what we can learn from them.

...I want you to take away from this ...the urgency for not only forming global partnerships, but for creating global environments domestically...

And, we do have a lot to learn. Visiting Mexico, I learned that they have a national vocational program tracking system via computers much more sophisticated than I have seen here. Sweden and Holland are among the oldest and most sophisticated countries in using renewable energy resources and information technology. The city of Kobe, Japan, uses multimedia technology with an ease and familiarity that has yet to reach our shores. And we can take lessons in community development from several east and west African countries.

But philosophically, no one has answered the question of involvement, for me, better than Nelson Mandela, when in 1993 as the recipient of the first J. William Fulbright Prize for International Understanding, he said: "Why should people in the United States worry about what is happening at the tip of the African continent? It is because we now have produced, in this generation, men and women who are not satisfied with just addressing and solving the problems within the borders of their country. This generation regards themselves as part of humanity. . . . These are men and women who have chosen the world to be the theater of their efforts."

I want to use South Africa as the backdrop for discussing why I want you to take away from this lunch the urgency for not only forming global partnerships, but for creating global envi-

ronments domestically to transform our "we-they" mentality to a more inclusive mentality. The United States and South Africa have a lot more in common than most people know or acknowledge.

We in the United States have had to struggle with our own issues of educational accessibility for historically under-served populations. Our history of opening doors to educational opportunity for all Americans is still relatively new. Only within the last four decades has this been reality, and there remain wide gender and racial and socioeconomic gaps. We still face many challenges in effectively and consistently maintaining our access and lifelong learning philosophies. We are officially a monolingual society but have persons of many different nationalities who have brought their native customs, culture, and languages with them. Our literacy and unemployment rates impair our ability to crow about the academic and economic success we provide for all citizens.

South Africa is a country where 12 official languages, including English, are spoken. More than 70% of the adult population is illiterate and unemployed. South Africans are philosophically and practically trying to move from an existing apartheid-designed educational system (meaning that the levels of educational opportunity available were available to people based on color, with few exceptions) into a community-based educational system for the masses.

Look at other similarities. The U.S. community college system came into existence nearly a century ago when large numbers of high school students wanted to enter the university, but the universities wanted to divest themselves of the many freshman and sophomores who were not necessarily academically gifted. The community college mission at that time was, and still is, to provide access to the first two years of college to adult learners from all walks of life, whether their interest was in academic or career education or both.

South Africa is proposing to develop further education and training systems that will provide basic skill education to those historically denied access. This system would provide people with skills to earn income and to become entrepreneurial, and to empower local organizations to contribute more effectively to the economic stability of the communities.

Just imagine being responsible for the initial vision and creation of the country's community college system—moving from a system of exclusion to inclusion. Imagine having the awesome responsibility of creating funding formulas from scratch and identifying the basic criteria and design of the initial regulatory and programmatic structure of this system. Imagine taking make-do community centers and modifying them to serve as full-fledged educational hubs. Imagine trying to create symmetry and uniformity in an educational process when moving people in and out of townships will initially be difficult because of territorial

These challenges and their solutions are going to take considerable teamwork, new visions, creativity, and new support systems...

turfs and controls, language barriers, and inadequate, unseasoned staffing. Imagine doing this for the very first time in your history with the entire world watching and giving advice and holding its collective breath.

For me, this concept in South Africa and many other nations around the world is both compelling and overwhelming. It challenges mature educational systems like ours to share some of the lessons we learned from the start-up obstacles we stumbled upon, and to provide some concrete public policy and academic counsel and assistance in creating a quality service environment sans many of the encumbrances that come with experimenting with development for the first time. It offers opportunities to explore just how good our technology is and how sound our teaching methodologies are for special-needs populations. It offers opportunities for the professional in us to learn more about these exotic and diverse countries. It offers the civic citizen in me an opportunity to play a significant role in shaping and contributing to the world that our children and grandchildren will inherit. South Africa's, China's, Ireland's, Ethiopia's, Japan's (insert a country) success is our success. Their failure — because of our interconnected and interwoven public policies, technologies and economies — is our failure. As the Hopi Indians say, "One finger alone cannot lift a pebble."

New Trends and Challenges

As our populations become more mobile and our world economies shift from natural resource-based economies to information technology-based economies, there are systemic issues cutting across international borders that significantly impact U.S. community colleges. These issues include:

- The changing demographics and new student support needs of the adult learner seeking entry into our institutions.
- The influence of technology on the teaching and learning processes, institutional infrastructures, and the expectations of the workplace.
- The growing need for new professional development opportunities for existing faculty and the development of innovative recruitment techniques to attract new teaching professionals.
- The need to identify the workforce and economic development priorities of the new century to build responsive and globally-focused curriculum and databases for both colleges and businesses to use in decision making.

These challenges and their solutions are going to take considerable teamwork, new visions, creativity, and new support systems, probably even numerous trial and error efforts before they are resolved. But what institutions *don't* have a lot of is time. Very soon, community colleges must demonstrate that they can create systems and structures to support the learning needs of the new century and cement a prominent position for these institutions in their national education, training, and workforce agendas. Forming strong global partnerships and coalitions will eliminate duplication of effort by legitimate and fly-by-night organizations in addressing many critical, universal issues.

So how do we strengthen existing partnerships and create new ones with educational institutions across the globe?

- We have to want to be in a different philosophical place in the next two, five, ten years.
- We have to want to create teacher, staff, student and program exchanges that are unifying.
- We have to engage in joint fundraising activities to enhance joint workforce development and vocational programs.
- We have to show and tell our stakeholders what the educational, economic, and humane benefits will be of our collaborations.
- We have to take quantitative leaps to go where we say we want to be in creating global citizens.
- We have to want to form new relationships, not just get by with the existing formal, severe and often impractical paper agreements or "big bang" models (as one of our South African colleagues calls them) that we too often offer as our badge of proof of cooperation.
- We have to engage our entire communities in forming broad or collective partnerships that will benefit our students and faculty in music and art as much as our students in mathematics and allied health, our small electronics firms and our large utility companies, our independent farmers and our transportation specialists.

We owe it to our students to redefine the nature and scope of our global education and training relationships. Community colleges in this country have a responsibility and the infrastructure to promote and participate in short and long-term cooperative efforts in the global education arena as necessary to our continued growth and development, competitiveness, and recognition as a world power.

Take the message back to your campuses and communities that there is an exciting world awaiting us. We must be active participants to reap the rewards. And the rewards are many.

As an African proverb says: "Those who get to the river early drink the cleanest water" or as a Chinese proverb says: "Only when all contribute their firewood can they build up a strong fire."

Jacqueline E. Woods *is Executive Director of the American Association of University Women. She previously served as a presidential appointee in the U.S. Department of Education as the Director of the Community Colleges Liaison Office. In this role, she was a major policy advisor to the Secretary of Education and the administration on national public policy issues affecting the nation's 1,200 community colleges. Under her leadership and guidance, the Community College Liaison Office developed a domestic and global outreach agenda that included providing structures for two-year colleges to use in strengthening interactions and recognition within the department and with other federal agencies. Woods has held a variety of other significant administrative and instructional positions throughout her career. She served as the Vice Chancellor for External Affairs for the City Colleges of Chicago. She also served as the Vice President for Institutional Advancement at the Community College of Philadelphia, and earlier in her career held positions at colleges from Michigan to California. Throughout her career, she has authored and edited a number of education publications and served on several education editorial boards. She also has been a member of the American Association of Women in Community Colleges and served as a speaker and consultant for the National Institute for Leadership Development (A Community College Women Presidents' group). In addition, she has been a speaker and consultant for the White House Office of Women and for executive women groups across the country. A native of Detroit, Michigan, Woods received her B.A. degree in Speech Pathology from Michigan State University. She received her M.Ed. and completed her doctoral coursework requirements in Speech Pathology from Wayne State University.*

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Global Technology Education in the Context of the Gramscian Worldview

Jerry Ross

A Gramsci Context For This Century

Gramsci has renewed relevance in today's information society. His comments on the "organic intellectual" (defined below) and the need for effective, humanistic, adult education can be applied to problems we face today in preparing young adults for the digital age.

Antonio Gramsci was born on January 22, 1891 in Sardinia, Italy, the fourth of seven children. In 1911, after graduating from the Cagliari lyceum, he won a scholarship to attend the University of Turin. At the University, Gramsci studied the humanities, the social sciences, and linguistics. In 1915, despite great promise as an academic scholar, Gramsci became an active member of the Socialist Party of Italy (PSI), and began a journalistic career. His column in the Turin edition of *Avanti!,* and his theatre reviews were popular.

In the spring of 1919, Gramsci, together with his associates, founded *L'Ordine Nuovo: Rassegna Settimanale di Cultura Socialista* (The New Order: A Weekly Review of Socialist Culture), which became widely influential. On the evening of November 8, 1926, Gramsci was arrested in Rome and, in accordance with a series of "Exceptional Laws" enacted by the fascist-dominated Italian legislature, committed to solitary confinement at the Regina Coeli prison. There he wrote *Prison Notebooks*, a complex literary work touching on philosophy, linguistics, and many other topics.

After being sentenced on June 4, 1928, with other Italian Communist leaders, to 20 years, 4 months and 5 days in prison, Gramsci was consigned to a prison in Turi, in the province of Bari, which turned out to be his longest place of detention (June 1928 - November 1933). Gramsci's intellectual work in prison was not recognized until several years after World War II, when the Communist Party began publishing scattered sections of the *Notebooks* and some of the approximately 500 letters he wrote from prison.[1]

Gramsci has renewed relevance in today's information society. His comments on the "organic intellectual" and "hegemony" and the need for effective, humanistic, adult education can be applied to problems we face today in preparing young adults for the digital age.

The global community college and its innovative progress have been proposed as a model for technical education in a globalized and changed world.

The need for mass technical education is based on the many revolutions taking place, especially the application of information technology in a global business environment. The "digital divide" in which the "haves" enjoy global connectivity and telecommunications services and the "subalterns" have limited, if any, access, is a reality under increasing scrutiny. Critical pedagogy can provide theoretical material needed to remake technical education and training according to the humanistic vision of Gramsci,who espoused an education informed by political and cultural leadership.

The global community college and its innovative progress have been proposed as a model for technical education in a globalized and changed world. Global mass technical education can be advanced through implementation of the goals of the Bologna Declaration combined with serious efforts to prepare students for meaningful work in the digital future.

There is a binary nature to the Gramscian analysis of education: one aspect is critical, while another aspect is affirmative. The critical side consists of Gramsci's concept of hegemony and the organic intellectual. The affirmative and positive side relates to opening up educational opportunities and possibilities for underserved and economically challenged populations.

By hegemony, Gramsci meant that the socio-economic elites governed through a subtle but sophisticated control imposed by the cultural superstructure. On a more profound level, Gramscian analysis challenges "privileged explanations" in the academies and touches upon theories of knowledge acquisition. By organic intellectual, Gramsci meant an intellectual whose brain is at the service of the system (Dr. Henry Kissenger comes to mind) or, perhaps more accurately, those that serve the system without any conscious effort to do so: those whose intellectual efforts are organically essential to the systems of class oppression (teachers, journalists, writers, etc.).

According to Gramsci, hegemony was the result of an organizing principle that, through the very process of socialization, was made both invisible and automatic. The masses internalized into "common sense" the philosophy, culture and morality of the ruling elite until bourgeois consciousness comes to appear as the natural order of things.[2]

On the positive side, through conscious efforts to raise the literacy and intellectual levels of students, especially through specific work in adult education, Gramsci introduces the notion of "educative politics" which is a process whereby workers move from "common sense" to "good sense."[3] In Gramsci's own words:

> What the proletariat needs is an educational system that is open to all. A system in which the child is allowed to develop and mature and acquire

those general features that serve to develop character. In a word, a humanistic school, as conceived by the ancients, and more recently by the men of the Renaissance. A school, which does not mortgage the child's future, a school that does not force the child's will, his intelligence and growing awareness to run along tracks to a predetermined station. A school of freedom and free initiative, not a school of slavery and mechanical precision. The children of proletarians too should have all possibilities open to them; they should be able to develop their own individuality in the optimal way, and hence in the most productive way for both themselves and society. Technical schools should not be allowed to become incubators of little monsters aridly trained for a job, with no general ideas, no general culture, no intellectual stimulation, but only an infallible eye and a firm hand. Technical education too helps a child to blossom into a man—so long as it is educative and not simply informative, simply passing on manual techniques. Councillor Sincero, who is an industrialist, is being too meanly bourgeois when he protests against philosophy. Of course, meanly bourgeois industrialists might prefer to have workers who were more machines than men. But the sacrifices which everyone in society willingly makes in order to foster improvements and nourish the best and most perfect men who will improve it still more—these sacrifices must bring benefits to the whole of society, not just to one category of people or one class. It is a problem of right and of force. The proletariat must stay alert, to prevent another abuse being added to the many it has already suffered.[4]

It is clear that both globalization and technology have been "put on trial"...

Parker Palmer has recently reinforced this democratic humanistic vision of schooling in his book *Courage to Teach* where he argues against the unauthentic and divided learning environment. The individual's sense of isolation experienced when living in an unauthentic culture is overcome by joining communities of like-minded people who are engaged in some sort of opposition to the conditions giving rise to bifurcation.[5]

It is clear that both globalization and technology have been "put on trial" and that there is a significant and growing body of literature critical of the impact of globalization on locally rooted and self-reliant economies. The negative side of globalization has been the focus of much discussion, especially as it relates to the Third World, to the environment, and to women. In academia, the same issues that divide the world are rending many departments dysfunc-

tional as a result of conflicts over ideology and political correctness. Academic discussions regarding the political economies of knowledge production can become political, based on one's stance on issues of deconstruction, feminism, and globalization.

According to the Gramscian world-view, the demonstrations at the annual meetings of the World Trade Organization would be educative for the participants and the focus of that learning could be considered a praxis that desires to build a "global ethical society." The communities represented in the protests constitute a physical network and as well as an electronic one. The participants created a global democratic process, including coordination of tactics and strategy via the Internet. Globalization was no longer simply a top-down, secret, and one-sided affair.

...the American-style community college has to revise its mission and charter to be able to compete with e-colleges, proprietary and non-profit colleges.

A Gramscian analysis can be applied to global technical education. The transformative school of higher education emphasizes the ability of educational experiences to bring about real changes in people and organizations. Networks can also be transformative. Networks of transformation now exist that are helping to build a global civic culture. These networks can also open up education and employment opportunities for peoples throughout the world, assuming that issues of the "digital divide" can be consciously addressed and that all efforts at economic development and infrastructure include extensive budgets for networks, computers, and technical training and education. The "digital divide" here is defined as the growing disparity among social groups in computer ownership and overall use.[6]

The Need For Mass Technology Education: From the Digital Divide to Digital Democracy

Recent trends in higher education include changes in the marketplace, changes in student demographics, and changes in employer needs. The marketplace has become international with an ability to enroll students throughout the world. For example, the American-style community college has to revise its mission and charter to be able to compete with e-colleges, proprietary and non-profit colleges. In addition, students are enrolling at slightly older ages and often have to juggle jobs and family responsibilities with academics. Employers now require the baccalaureate degree and graduates capable of higher-level thinking and problem solving.[7]

With respect to technical education, recent advances in computing technology have given rise to a new collection of technologies that must be learned in short order and taught efficiently if students are going to find timely and meaningful employment in the global economic job market. The list of these technologies is a constantly moving target.[8]

The issue of digital divide is simply the lack of societal technology access on the part of minorities and the poor who must live and compete in an increasingly technology-enabled and connected world. Ever since the Bologna Declaration of 1999, Europe has attempted to address the issue of the digital divide by taking concrete steps to improve and democratize access. The Bologna Declaration was signed by the European Ministers of Education from 28 countries and outlines fundamental changes to higher education. The ministers declared in part:

> . . . a Europe of Knowledge is now widely recognized as an irreplaceable factor for social and human growth and as an indispensable component to consolidate and enrich the European citizenship, capable of giving its citizens the necessary competencies to face the challenges of the new millennium, together with an awareness of shared values and belonging to a common social and cultural space.
>
> Regarding issues of access, they called for a cheaper, faster, and more secure Internet, investment in people and skills, and for new approaches to stimulate the use of the Internet. European Ministers adopted eLearning initiatives with various priorities: improvement in infrastructures and equipment, digital literacy for all graduates, digital literacy for teachers, creation of online learning platforms, access for all workers to digital literacy, and the networking of all schools in Europe.
>
> Yet, despite great efforts, there still exists tremendous unevenness in development between northern and southern Europe and, in addition, an unfathomable gap between the haves and have-nots worldwide. Indeed, if we listen to Noam Chomsky, the globalization enterprise if allowed to proceed on the basis of unrestrained capital, will result in the globalization of poverty and the restoration of colonial patterns. The result might not be a benefit to the general population but rather a framework for a world of growing inequality with a large majority consigned to suffering and despair in the interests of narrow sectors of privilege and power.[9]

It has already been pointed out that the other side of the information age is inequality, poverty, misery, and social exclusion and that unless we redefine social development in the information age to mean a massive investment in people and communities worldwide[10], we cannot be assured that the social transformations now taking place will have a positive result.

The issue of digital divide is simply the lack of societal technology access on the part of minorities and the poor...

All people must become valued producers and consumers, and they must be recognized as human beings.

It will take a dramatic investment in overhauling the educational system everywhere, through cooperation between national and local governments, international institutions and lending agencies, international and local business, and families ready to make sacrifices for a tangible improvement of their children's future. It will require the establishment of a worldwide network of science and technology, in which the most advanced universities will be willing to share knowledge and expertise for the common good. It must aim at reversing, slowly but surely, the marginalization of entire countries, or cities or neighborhoods, so that the human potential that is being wasted—and particularly that of children—can be reinvested. All people must become valued producers and consumers, and they must be recognized as human beings.[11]

A New System Of Knowledge Acquisition

The Sorbonne Declaration of May 25, 1998 expressed a European desire to reform the structures of its own higher education system to ensure wider access, lifelong learning opportunities, and provision for practical and employable skills.

In the following year, the Bologna Declaration called for the introduction of new, meaningful undergraduate degrees based on shorter, flexible, and more relevant courses. This European interest in a cycle of shorter studies and a 2-tier degree structure is interesting because it is precisely what the community college movement in the States has been doing for years, with great success.

An important parallel phenomenon in the USA is the network of hundreds of community colleges across the country—schools that predominately serve the less privileged stratum of local communities and yet, simultaneously, provide a modern and global-based education at a relatively low cost. The League for Innovation in the Community College has established a model schools program that spotlights best practices in learning and teaching in the community college.

The League for Innovation was originally created for the purpose of promoting computer technology in the community college. This organization holds an annual Conference on Information Technology (CIT), which creates an environment that fosters globalization in national and international communications among community college educators. The Conference also sparks multiple exchanges of ideas for enhancing the teaching and learning process and offers a path to support the human side of technology while helping break down barriers and fears about technology.

The League consists of 20 outstanding community college districts throughout North America. The League Alliance includes more than 700 community and technical colleges from around the world. The purpose of the League for Innovation is to encourage new practices, experimentation, institutional transformation, and the continuing development of the community college movement internationally. Many of these innovations, like the establishment of multidisciplinary learning communities, recognize the need for multidisciplinary and interdisciplinary approaches.

In addition, the League's Foundations Project seeks to "enable community colleges to create transformative communities of faculty, staff, administrators, trustees, community partners, and students. The Center strives to foster communities of the heart by working with colleges committed to supporting individual and institutional formation.

The simultaneous revolutions taking place in the marketplace, in organizations, and in technology require a radical departure from past educational forms of delivery. There is an increased need for both educational breadth and depth: skills will be needed in areas beyond technological subjects and the "multidisciplinary nature of technology" will require multidisciplinary degrees.[12] Cogburn argues that the existing educational model needs to be replaced by a new system of knowledge, education, and learning to embrace a new focus on abstract concepts like modeling and non-linear, holistic approaches to learning. Students' abilities to manipulate abstract symbols must be enhanced as well as their general ability to acquire and utilize abstract knowledge.[13] Although such changes in pedagogy constitute a critical pedagogy and a much-needed break from formal "single loop" problem solving and the "surveillance-based" education of the past, it needs a practical form to have any real effect.

The simultaneous revolutions taking place in the marketplace, in organizations, and in technology require a radical departure from past educational forms of delivery.

For example, the League of Innovation's 21st Century Learning Outcomes Project supports colleges that have demonstrated interest in defining, developing, delivering, and documenting student learning outcomes. The project goal is to increase the capacity of community colleges to define and document the acquisition of the critical competencies that students need to succeed in the workplace, in transfer education, and in today's society.[14] Grant Support was provided by a three-year grant from The Pew Charitable Trust, a major philanthropic organization.

A Reciprocal Process for Democratic and Transformative Global Technical Education

It is possible to view these "critical competencies that students need to succeed in the workplace," as a neo-liberal conspiracy to create a compliant workforce meeting the needs of globalization and capitalistic restructuring.[15] If we define hegemony according to Gramsci as a "social condition in which all aspects of social reality are dominated by a single class," then

adult education, especially adult community college education, is certainly constrained by hegemony; any hopes for a "transformative" education are mitigated by this limitation.

Despite this ubiquity of hegemonic domination, a two-way reciprocal process is possible whereby faculty members engage with the logic of "the system" and a discussion takes place on competing perspectives in community college education.[16] Part of this process requires engaging with faculty across the political spectrum. Learning about and respecting faculty entails understanding their material conditions, especially in times of organizational downsizing known as "institutional restructuring." For many faculty members these material conditions are the "abyss" of unemployment and insecurity, rather than the bright springtime of renewal.

A "transformative pedagogy" under such circumstances can unwittingly "downshift" from liberation to domestication and what Paulo Freire calls "banking education," that is, a top-down approach to knowledge acquisition and transmission, a non-reflective mode of learning where the student is the passive object rather than the subject of the learning process.

In the same way, faculty can be made into the passive "objects" of organizational structuring when the process has been driven by naked market and political forces. The concept of participation has been appropriated into a neo-liberal context in which the government abdicates its responsibility for ensuring quality educational services, and abandons any pretext of being guided by the principles of equity and entitlement.[17]

The offloading of social responsibilities to the family, the individual, and the community in the circumstances characterized by stringent budget cuts has its parallel in the request that faculty "participate" in their own restructuring. This is problematic to say the least. To quote Jane Thompson, a theorist on transformative adult education:

> There is no such thing as a neutral education process. Education either functions as an instrument which is used to facilitate the integration of generations into the logic of the present system and bring about conformity to it, or it becomes the "practice of freedom," the means by which men and women deal critically and creatively with reality and discover how to participate in the transformation of their world.[18]

It is difficult, if not impossible, to separate issues such as salary, benefits, working conditions, and governance from discussions regarding curriculum, teaching and learning processes, and innovation.

I continue to hope that transformative solutions are possible. The problem is that participants need to feel safe as they experiment responsibly, whether we are talking about the class-

room or about organizational change. People do not feel safe. Outcomes are uncertain or are prescribed by the administration. Community College faculty often feel that there has been little real group participation. Just as we criticize class time domination by the teacher using a "delivery model" of teaching, it seems that our organizational change has been external to us—the result of a reification or prescription of values.

Currently global technical education at the community college level is part of a renaissance in learning in which the "black art" of teaching is being reinvented and understood as both an art and a science. For example, scholars associated with the League for Innovation have stressed the following topics for professional development of faculty:[19]

- Teaching vs. learning
- Assessment and TQM (Total Quality Management)
- Improving opportunities for underprepared students
- Transformative faculty development
- The community college faculty as scholar
- Use of learning communities
- Technology enhanced education
- Collaborative and group learning
- Experiential and service learning
- Distance learning

In addition to figuring out how to bridge the digital divide, instructors will increasingly be discussing how to implement this more humanistic, more effective approach to teaching and learning. A technology-based renaissance in pedagogy is emerging that holds great promise for its applications to global technical education and training. Whereas the Renaissance looked back towards antiquity for inspiration and a rebirth of learning, our neo-Renaissance looks Janus-like, simultaneously backwards and forwards — into the future of an information age and the possibility of an associated global participatory democracy.

Conclusion

Gramsci has renewed relevance in today's information society. His comments on the organic intellectual and the need for effective, humanistic, adult education can be applied to problems we face today in preparing young adults for the digital age. The need for mass technical education is based on the many revolutions taking place, especially the application of information technology in a global business environment. The "digital divide" in which

the "haves" enjoy global connectivity and telecommunications services and the "subalterns" have limited, if any, access, is a reality under increasing scrutiny. Critical pedagogy can provide theoretical material needed to remake technical education and training according to the humanistic vision of Gramsci who espoused an education informed by political and cultural leadership. The globe itself is also threatened by environmental destruction. The global community college and its progress in innovation have been proposed as a model for global technical education in a globalized and changed world. Global mass technical education can be advanced through implementation of the goals of the Bologna Declaration combined with serious efforts to prepare students for meaningful work in the digital future.

Notes

[1] Rosengarten, F., "An Introduction to Gramsci's Life and Thought".
< http://www.marxists.org/archive/gramsci/intro.htm> (2002)

[2] Boggs, C., *Gramsci's Marxism*. (London: Pluto Press, 1976).

[3] Coben, D., "Antonio Gramsci and the Education of Adults'" In *Adult Education and Social Change,* a collection of papers presented at the European Research Seminar of the European Society for Research on the Education of Adults (ESREA), Lahti, Finland, August 7-11, 1994.

[4] Gramsci, A., "Socialists and Education." Piedmont Edition of *Avanti!,* December, 24 1916.

[5] Korten D., *When Corporations Ruled the World*. (San Francisco: Kumerian Press, 2001).

[6] McConnaughey, J., "Falling Through The Net II: New Data On The Digital Divide, National Telecommunications And Information Administration" (1997) http://www.ntia.doc.gov/ntiahome/net2/falling.html

[7] Walker, J., International Handbook of Lifelong Learning, David N. Aspin, Judith Chapman, Michael Hatton, and Yukiko Sawan eds., (Kluwer Academic Publishers May, 2001).

[8] These technologies include Advanced Java 2 Platform topics such as J2EE, Multi-tier/distributed Computing, XML, DTD, DOM, Enterprise JavaBeans, 2D and 3D graphics, Advanced Swing GUI components, design patterns, internationalization and accessibility, database SQL and JDBC, servlets, session tracking and cookies, remote method invocation, peer-to-peer web services, wireless protocols, e-business, etc. Just the subject of XML itself requires students to learn some Java, Perl/CGI, and active server page technologies including HTML, XHTML, CSS, DTD, Schema and Parsers, DOM, SAX, Xpath, Xlink, Namespaces, and other related technologies.

[9] Fox, J., *Chomsky and Globalization*. Cambridge: Totem Books, 2001.

[10] Castells, M., "Information Technology, Globalization and Social Development." Paper prepared for the *UNRISD Conference on Information Technologies and Social Development*, Palais des

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[11] Ibid.

[12] Anton, P.S., Silberglitt, R. and Schneider, S., *The Global Technology Revolution : Bio/Nano/Materials Trends And Their Synergies Within Formation Technology By 2015* (Rand Corporation, 2001).

[13] Cogburn, D., "Globalization, Knowledge, Education, & Training." <http://www.unesco.org/webworld/infoethics_2/eng/papers/paper_23.htm> (2001)

[14] The Student Competencies identified by the Project are: 1. Communication skills (reading, writing, speaking, listening). 2. Computation skills (understanding and applying mathematical concepts and reasoning, analyzing, and using numerical data). 3. Community skills (citizenship, diversity/pluralism, local, community, global, environmental awareness). 4. Critical thinking and problem solving skills (analysis, synthesis, evaluation, decision making, creative thinking). 5. Information management skills (collecting, analyzing, and organizing information from a variety of sources). 6. Interpersonal skills (teamwork, relationship management, conflict resolution, workplace skills). 7. Personal skills (ability to understand and manage self, management of change, learning to learn, personal responsibility, aesthetic responsiveness, wellness). 8. Technology skills (computer literacy, Internet skills, retrieving and managing information via technology).

[15] Mayo, P., *Gramsci, Freire, and Adult Education: Possibilities for Transformative Action*. London: Zed Books, 1999.

[16] Ibid.

[17] Ibid.

[18] Thompson, J., "Adult Education and the Woman's Movement" in T. Lovett (ed.), *Radical Approaches to Adult Education: A Reader*. (London: Routledge, 1988).

[19] O'Banion, Ed., *Teaching and Learning in the Community College*. (ed.) (Washington, D.C.: American Association of Community Colleges, 1994), 323 .

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Saturday

Bill Woolum

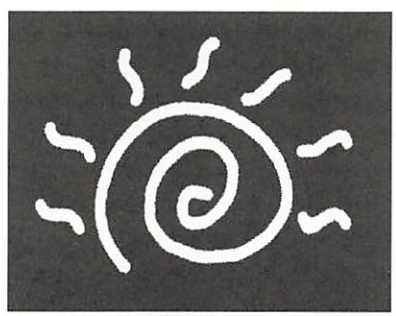
Billy fills two milk crates lashed to his blue wagon
With neighbors' papers. It's Billy's archive.
Monday's front page: Tim Butler ran his Camaro
Clean off Little Bumblebee Road.
Tuesday, human interest photo: Elmer McGraw
Cleans leaves from his gutter.
Wednesday, Mayo Rinaldi died.
Thursday, Beryl Avery.
Friday, at Steptoe Butte, George Wilde
Died at the wheel of the wrestling team bus.
The Galloway kid saw him slump.
He yanked the brake.
He's the town hero now.
At the recycle center they call Turback, "Clean Gene".
He sorts and cleans green and clear glass.
Done it since the Circuit Court in Spokane
Shut down logging up Senator Creek,
Not to mention the Elsie Lake sale –
Before that, Ponderosa Ridge.
Billy's archive won't last long.
Gene feeds the recycle center shredder,
Angry at his clean, soft hands,
Unable to sort it out.

Bill Woolum *is a licensed lay preacher in the Episcopal Church and teaches composition and literature at Lane Community College in Eugene, Oregon. He organizes and hosts the Copia Lecture Series, a joint effort between Lane Community College and St. Mary's Episcopal Church to bring thoughtful presentations and discussions to the community of Eugene.*

Polly Piva

Jerry Ross

Transformations



Reading and Sinning

Anne McGrail

...the moment of recognition "*I can read*" is so inextricably linked to the recognition "*I can sin*..."

Many people may not remember the exact moment in their lives when they found that they could read. Perhaps they learned to read too early, or in such spurts that they cannot locate the moment that the letters—the D, the O, and the G—came to life as DOG. I am lucky, then, because I can remember the very moment I learned to read Palmer cursive writing.

Or unlucky. Because for me the moment of recognition "*I can read*" is so inextricably linked to the recognition "*I can sin*" that I will always think of reading as a fall from a state of blissful ignorance and abundance into the human condition of chastened knowing and want. It seemed to me then, as it does to me still now, that when I moved through the threshold in comprehension from distinct block letters to seamless Palmer cursive, I glimpsed how the clarity of a child's Id becomes the muddiness of an adult's Superego.

The day I walked through that threshold I was still one of eight children (Eamonn, the ninth, would be born two years later). People don't really understand how harrowing it is to get lost in a crowd in your own home. They think of the Waltons or the Brady Bunch, and see a sentimental ideal of collective experience. But growing up as the fifth-in-a-row, I felt cheated out of attention before I had a word for it. I longed to hear my mother call my name out of the group; but usually her addresses were generalized and utilitarian: "Would *someone* please pick up the phone?"; "Is there *anybody* around to get the groceries?"; "*Someone* please watch the baby while I . . . ." My distracted father was no different: needing someone, *anyone*, to get the groceries or mow the lawn, he would stand at the bottom of the stairs to our bedrooms, calling names until one of us—*any* of us—appeared.

This sense of overwhelming "somebodiness" stood in stark contrast to the pure singularity of "Mom" and "Dad" themselves. There was such an only-ness to them, something I am sure we felt differently on each side of the parent/child divide. They must have experienced their singularity and only-ness as a dearth, a sense of overwhelming inadequacy and loss of control. This seemed to find expression in their ritual exclamations, uttered alternately in despair, exasperation, and even hysterical tears of laughter. Looking back, I imagine an absurd lack of correspondence between their singularity and our numbers: As they spoke, each of their "I's"—"*I only have two hands*," "*I can't be in ten places at once*," "*I can only do one thing at a time*"—reached an uncomprehending audience whose eighteen dirty hands moved through space in nine places at once and did many things at a time.

Sometimes being in this audience meant being a target. Because my mother couldn't be in more than one place at any time, she responded to transgressions that happened out of her sight in a general sweep. One time, my mother descended the stairs after counting the number of items on the floor in all of our rooms. She told my father there were 19 items, and so we each got 19 stripes with The Belt. Punishments meted out in this manner left me with a sense of a collective consciousness—even a collective conscience—which I resented and resisted.

The struggle for singularity took many forms in our home, and, as in many big families, the road to individuality was through ownership of a role. As the fifth child, I found that many roles were already taken: smartest girl, smartest boy, athletic one, eldest, namesake. By the time I came along there had been enough superlatives, as one after another of my extraordinary siblings entered the home, and our extended family admiringly placed each in his or her category. Observing my siblings—older, wiser, better than I—I thought if I couldn't be superlative, I could be helpful. I helped my mother out by cooking, cleaning, taking care of my younger siblings. Mostly I helped out by showing interest in the drudgery of her responsibilities. By offering my mother company as she rinsed out a soiled diaper in the toilet I could have *her* company—singularly, as it turned out, since it was, literally, a shitty job and my siblings would not do it.

By the time I was five I already had the reputation of being a "good" daughter—a singular, lonely status in a big family. This identity was to stick with me for the rest of my life.

As with all reputations, it has stuck with me both because of and in spite of my behavior. My first sin was one of the circumstances where my status as "good" flew in the face of my behavior. This was the time that I read my brother Michael's name in Palmer cursive writing on label of a jar above the refrigerator. In the jar was a $5 bill, which in 1966 was a lot of money. I know this was the first moment of reading cursive, because I saw the letters—***Michael***. I didn't know what name it said, but I did know it was a name. The letters formed a familiar but somehow indecipherable picture. As I looked at the label, I convinced myself that I saw distant cousins of the block letters "**MICHAEL**" that I knew and could write. And this distance offered this five-year-old plausible deniability. The amalgam of desire for the money and the ambiguity offered by cursive writing formed a cipher for my eyes—one that gave me an alibi for my singular, individual, and nascently moral conscience.

And so when I found the money inside, I ignored the name and took the $5 and called my little brother Matthew to come downtown with me.

At Woolworth's, our every desire was in front of us. Five dollars was enough to satisfy two kids who usually made do with 10 cents to spend at Zoll's candy store. We combed the creaky

And if reading and knowing would mean I would have to know the difference between right and wrong, I chose to not know.

wooden aisles, cased the bins of candy and toys, and ended up gazing at the Fisher-Price camera. This camera held my attention because it produced a selective simulacrum of life: the flashcube-scenes atop the camera were not real pictures that came out through a viewfinder, but rather prefabricated pictures of a life not seen: on each of the flashcubes revolved a sunny beach pail, a buoyant sailboat, a friendly lion. I loved this camera not because it allowed me to *take* real pictures of what I could see, but because it *gave* me pictures of a life better than my own.

The big, greasy yellow glass box in the corner of the store always gave Woolworth's a carnival smell, which for a five-year-old with five dollars is as close to heaven on earth as could be imagined. On this first day of sinning, I held tight the Fisher-Price camera and stared down the red and blue clown with the 25-cent smile. Showing my five dollars to the clerk, I received the big paper tube of popcorn like Miss America taking her roses down the aisle. Matt and I walked home and ate the popcorn until our bellies swelled and our lips were chapped with salt.

In the moments between buying our purchases and getting caught, the satisfying click and turn of the Fisher-Price camera held its appeal, and we walked down High Street and onto Chestnut, still swept up in the borrowed bliss of unearned treats. Matt was guiltless and happy, but by the time we walked into the hallway, my thoughts were already limned with amorphous and unarticulated guilt. Later, I would sketch out the shape of that guilt—had I actually *read* Michael's name? But for now I reached into the long bag of popcorn that I had let Matt hold and clung to the camera in full view of the mob that greeted us. As I stuffed what I feared would be my last mouthful of popcorn into my mouth, I noted that the atmosphere seemed strangely quiet.

Michael had cried foul play when he went to visit his money and found the jar empty. It must have been obvious to my parents' adult eyes that Matt and I were implicated in the theft. My parents called me into the living room for a tribunal that was both serious and unfamiliarly gentle. This may have been the first and only time my parents caught me doing something that was wrong in the traditional sense of wrong: *I* had taken something not *mine*. The singularity of the deed, its almost adult quality, made me feel grave and grownup even as I felt the blood rush to my face with a still-uncrystallized guilt.

Rereading their response decades later, I think they must have been nonplussed. The ongoing chaos of our home and my parents' unwillingness and inability to run the household caused them despair, and led them to treat us harshly and above all collectively. But here they were confronted by a moral question, with its obvious

singularity—*I* was undeniably one particular child—and *I* had done something. Perhaps this is why they were rather calm and respectful. After asking me seriously if I had taken the money—I quickly confessed—they asked me as they might ask an adult, "Why?"

At the moment of answering their question, I understood what had happened. I actually HAD read my brother's name, but I was young enough and my desire was strong enough that I didn't *want* to have read it. And if reading and knowing would mean I would have to know the difference between right and wrong, I chose to not know. I clung to the ignorance of my five years because those were the only years I would ever know before that moment when I could once and forever read those curly letters "***Michael***" that were linked seamlessly together by the unlifted, adult pen. Letters linked seamlessly to knowing right from wrong.

And so I answered, "I didn't know whose it was." When my parents explained that even so I knew it wasn't mine, I realized that that was precisely the point. In so many ways, we kids were a lump—a mass of noise, energy, needs, wants—understood collectively if at all. It seemed to me that the only time one could be an individual was when something was *yours*—if you had a godmother who gave you money; if you had a camera whose scenes would click around and around for you, then you were your*self*. Otherwise, you were just part of an unwieldy problem that went perpetually unsolved because it was—we were—alive.

Thus my introduction to sinning: once aware that a desire can go unfulfilled when one comprehends the presence and meaning of others, one may not wish to read what one sees.

There is a strange footnote to this story, one that to this day perplexes me. Having been sent to my room as punishment after the incident, I slowly climbed the hall stairs, flushed, chastened and a little stunned. But then I heard my mother call my name and I stopped on the step and turned to her. In her hands she held up a small blue umbrella and a new cloth clothesline, the kind we used as a jump rope. Inexplicably, she had bought them for me that day. Such gifts were extremely rare in our childhoods outside of Christmas and birthdays. And inexplicably, she reached through the banister and gave them to me. With these new gifts in hand, I climbed upstairs to my room to serve out my punishment for taking what was not mine.

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Centers

David Rothgery

...some concepts are too elegant to ignore. *Center* is one such concept.

Once, long ago, I went looking for my *center*. I did not advertise it. There were those who had already begun to wonder about me. Even so, some concepts are too elegant to ignore. *Center* is one such concept.

My introduction to it was a film in which the word is never heard— *Little Big Man* (based on the novel by Thomas Berger). The main character, played by Dustin Hoffman, was Jack Crabbe as a white man, Little Big Man as an Indian. Time and again, when he was most in need of it, he would return to his *center*—the tipi of his Cheyenne grandfather, Old Lodgeskins. Whenever Jack was not in the tipi, when he was selling snake oil, gunfighting as the "Soda Pop Kid," trying to earn enough money to satisfy his termagant wife Olga, scouting for Custer's cavalry, or fighting white men as a Cheyenne brave, he was dissolute, disoriented, disillusioned, anxious, addictive, and absurd, but when he returned each time to Old Lodgeskin's tent, he would immediately be at peace. "Hello, Grandfather," he would say with a smile. "Hello, my son," his grandfather would answer, and they would sit in a kind of supreme serenity, until it was once again time for Jack to leave the tent and get caught up in the maelstrom of the world.

But it wasn't until many years later—in reading John Neihardt's *Black Elk Speaks*—that I understood the phenomenon of Jack and his grandfather in the tipi as a *center* and began to explore and appreciate all that was contained in that word. Lamenting not only the failure of the ghost dance—a months-long desperate attempt to bring back the dead (the slain fathers, uncles, brothers, and sons)—but, more tragically, the ensuing slaughter on December 29, 1890 of his people at Wounded Knee, Black Elk, an Ogallala Sioux holy man and visionary, had this to say:

> When I look back now from this high hill of my old age, I can still see the butchered women and children lying heaped and scattered all along the crooked gulch as plain as when I saw them with eyes still young. And I can see that something else died there in the bloody snow and was buried in the blizzard. A people's dream died there. It was a beautiful dream.
>
> And I, to whom so great a vision was given in my youth—you see me now a pitiful old man who has done nothing, for the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer. . . .[1]

"There is no center any longer. . ." Had he been less metaphorical, he might have said: "More of our Sioux people are dead than alive. Our culture is being destroyed. The buffalo are almost gone. The land that was ours is no longer ours. Too many of our children no longer have fathers, our sisters no longer have brothers, our wives no longer have husbands. We do not know where our future lies, what of our past will survive, etc." But if *center* as he understood it is a metaphor, it is one which requires a greater rather than a lesser care in the examination of its meaning because it may define an essence, a reality, more comprehensively, more acutely than any lengthy, objective, literal description.

Some 100 years after the Wounded Knee tragedy, a scientist—a Nobel Prize-winning physicist to be more precise—wrote of a plight far less poignant, less urgent, but which, even so, speaks to the same sense of frustration, of not-knowing our (all of humanity's) "fit" in the universe expressed by Black Elk. Steven Weinberg, in his *Dreams of a Final Theory*, starts with a piece of chalk. Beginning with the question of "Why is the chalk white?," he works his way through a series of *Why* questions in physics, chemistry, and biology until he comes to the ultimate question which is the *Why?* pertaining to a final theory explaining all the rest: to a master-plan (a God?)—something other than utter randomness and chaos. He writes in the prologue:

> Our present theories are of only limited validity, still tentative and incomplete. But behind them now and then we catch glimpses of a final theory, one that would be of unlimited validity and entirely satisfying in its completeness and consistency. We search for universal truths about nature, and, when we find them, we attempt to explain them by showing how they can be deduced from deeper truths. Think of the space of scientific principles as being filled with arrows, pointing toward each principle and away from the others by which it is explained. These arrows of explanation have already revealed a remarkable pattern: they do not form separate disconnected clumps, representing independent sciences, and they do not wander aimlessly—rather they are all connected, and if followed backward they all seem to flow from a common starting point. This starting point, to which all explanations may be traced, is what I mean by a final theory.[2]

A "common starting point." A beginning. Perhaps even . . . a *center*? But Weinberg admonishes us that we do not yet have a final theory, nor are we likely to discover it soon. And, he wonders, "when we have our final theory, what will happen to science and to the human spirit?"

Where does one find a *center* in infinity?

Thus, the title of his final chapter is no surprise—"So Is There a God?"—pointing clearly to Weinberg's grasp of the implications. A final theory explains not only the universe, but also, the human spirit that gropes to understand that universe. His conclusion: "...though we shall find beauty in the final laws of nature, we will find no special status for life or intelligence. . . .no standards of value and morality. And so we will find no hint of any God who cares about such things."[3]

A Native-American holy man who sees visions, a Nobel Prize physicist who declares, "the more the universe seems comprehensible, the more it seems pointless."[4] Indeed, the universe of physicists such as Weinberg, Hawking, and Wheeler, may not even admit of a *center* in the spatial and temporal sense because that universe may very well be infinite. Where does one find a *center* in infinity? To Weinberg, "the insights of the philosophers seem murky and inconsequential compared with the dazzling successes of physics and mathematics."[5] What then would he say of mysticism, of vision quests? Of the kind of *centers* for which Black Elk yearns?

Weinberg is not a visionary, nor was Black Elk a physicist. But were Black Elk alive and were the two to meet one day along the road, I can't help but think there would be the profoundest respect between them. Between two seekers.

In my search for *centers,* I've come across many such seekers—a Wilder Penfield who reminded neurologists that the brain was not the mind, a Loren Eiseley who saw star throwers when other biologists saw only starfish, a Viktor Frankl whose psychology focused on a "will to meaning" rather than "a will to function," a Steven Weinberg, whose physics recognizes the need of the human spirit to ask the big questions.

I met these seekers in libraries. But there were others, and this is some of what they told me about *centers*:

> *The manifestation of the sacred ontologically founds the world. In the homogeneous and infinite expanse, in which no point of reference is possible and hence no orientation can be established, the hierophany reveals an absolute fixed point, a center. . . . It is for this reason that religious man has always sought to fix his abode at the "center of the world." If* the world is to be lived in, *it must be* founded*—and no world can come to birth in the homogeneity and relativity of profane space. The discovery or projection of a fixed point—the center—is equivalent to the creation of the world. . . .*[6]
>
> —Mircea Eliade (in the classic study, *The Sacred and The Profane*)

More words count less
Hold Fast to the Center.[7]
—Lao-Tzu (*The Way and Its Power*)

Centrality. . . is that state of mind wherein one is absolutely unperturbed by outside forces. But it is more than a psychological concept of equilibrium since it is not so much an achieved ideal as a given reality.[8]
—Tu Wei-Ming (*Centrality and Commonality*)

In the mythic beginning of the Lakota world, its sacred and temporal dimensions were one, and the Lakota still recognizes himself as a microcosmic reflection of the macrocosm. If he can live in concert with the holy rhythm of that which causes all life to move, he is then assisting in the ongoing process of creation. To maintain his participation in this process, he needs annually to make the journey to the Center of the World, which is the place of his beginning and the origin of all things.[9]
—Arthur Amiotte (in "The Road to the Center")

The actual crying for a dream occurred in isolation usually atop a high butte or hill. Upon arrival at the chosen place, the seeker ritually prepared an area of earth making it a "center of the earth."[10]
—Elaine Jahner (in "Spiritual Landscape")

The center of the axis. . . is the point where all the specific attributes of the four directions meet. The male and female, warm and cold, benevolent and harmful oppositions of the North-South, East-West axes are joined into one whole at the center. By having passed through the cycle of the four directions, the child is prepared to enter the center which is more than the coming together of all the earthly qualities, for these qualities themselves come down from the upper world and up from the underworld through this point. . . . The center is the focal point of another axis as well. . . . This is the axis of transcendence which is attained through the vision quest and which constitutes the real birth of man.[11]
—Dennis and Barbara Tedlock (*Teachings from the American Earth*)

And V.S. Naipaul, who recently won the Nobel Prize in Literature, wrote a book with the title *Finding the Center* in which he notes that the people of the Ivory Coast were, like himself, "trying to find order in the world, looking for the center . . . "[12]

Even in the field of physics there are those, such as Amit Goswami, a former professor of physics of the Institute of Theoretical Sciences at the University of Oregon, and now a senior resident researcher at the Institute of Noetic Sciences, who believe that consciousness, not

matter, is the primary "stuff" of the universe and is the only way out of the inconsistencies of quantum mechanics and "von Neumann's chain," and, therefore, the proper direction to go for arriving at the "final theory" that Weinberg seeks. Goswami writes of "exalted experiences," "quantum jumps". . .to a "new, never-before-manifested [state] of possibility" described by T.S. Eliot as "the still point."[13]

Indeed, though *center*—the psycho-social-spiritual-figurative *center* drawing metaphorically on the spatial-mechanical-physical-mathematical *center*— is to be found most explicitly in Native American and Eastern religions, it is virtually everywhere and its significations converge around certain shared properties. *Centers* are more of

Enlightenment/Wisdom/Insight than Ignorance
Order/Balance/Unity/Oneness/Interrelatedness than Chaos/Disunity/Randomness
The Sacred than the Profane
Harmony/Peace/Imperturbability than Anxiety/Disturbance/Confusion
Silence/Stillness than Noise/Activity
Death/Rebirth than Life/Exile
Immortality/Transcendence than Mortality
The Ineffable/Wordless than the Explainable/Language
The Profound than the Superficial (Meaning)
The Beautiful (including art) than the Ugly

And if a *center* is not the meaning of life, its properties suggest an essence which moves us into a more profound understanding of the universe

Such properties can become our vectors—our center "principles" or universal truths, which, much as Weinberg's vectors point to "a common starting point," can point us a way to go, to think, to act.

I tried this out not long ago, using the events of a three-day period as my vectors. Each being, in effect, a piece of chalk (since, as Weinberg points out, it should be possible to start with any object—a dog, a dress, a tree—and end up in the same common point). What does a final theory look like? What, indeed, is a *center*? Or: Is there something we might call a *center*?

Certainly, I was not trying, with my three-day experiment, to prove the existence of any tangible *center*, but rather to demonstrate to my own satisfaction that any event could be evaluated by way of the properties for *centers* I delineated earlier. That is, along various axes to know which vectors to trace, *which was the proper direction if one were to move in the direction of a center rather than away from it.* Disparate, everyday events—seemingly disconnected happenings—beneath which might lay some fundamental truth that connects them all. Some absolute "*center*," if you will. Of course, however rational I was trying to make it sound—searching for

vectors in events (vectors pointing to some *center* in the universe)— it would not have been wise of me to share my experiment with others.

In any case, over the three-day period from August 8 to 10, 2000, I followed the usual routine of life—eating, sleeping, shopping—noting which events were more distinctive in nature. The events I chose varied from having to take my daughter to a violin recital and reading more of a novel I'd started, to accidentally running over a squirrel and overhearing a man say ugly things to his wife (or girlfriend) and child outside Fred Meyers. All in all, I looked at some 14 events.

I then grouped my 14 events by way of one or more of the properties of *centers*—i.e., more of Order/Balance/Unity/Oneness/Interrelatedness than. Chaos/Disunity/Randomness; more of Silence/Stillness than Noise/Activity; more of Enlightenment/Wisdom than Ignorance, etc.—not only to, first, be certain that some property of *center* was indeed an essential dimension of that event, but to help determine which action, thereby, would be most appropriate were I to act upon the event in the direction of the *center* (even if *center* is regarded as a hypothetical construct). To illustrate, as I mentioned, I accidentally hit a squirrel that dashed beneath my right rear wheel. He made it across the street and halfway up the tree before falling, and was still alive when I put him in my car to decide what to do with him. Before I got three blocks, he was dead, and I set him in a small grassy crevasse along the side of a road near a middle school. I grouped this event in the Unity/Oneness category—i.e., that the squirrel and I were a part of the same oneness, and therefore I should act both to save the squirrel and, failing that, to demonstrate my respect for the squirrel in how I took care of it after death.

My point is: Whatever the pretensions to a scientific method, this analysis represents at least a mapping out of a seeker's journey. And if a *center* is not the meaning of life, its properties suggest an essence which moves us into a more profound understanding of the universe than everyday experiences usually do.

Later, in my study, I began to look at events which occurred outside the domain of my life—that is, ones whose occurrences I was aware of only through the newspaper or TV. A movement into the less mundane, more exotic, more dramatic, perhaps. Weinberg could have done the same by starting not with a piece of chalk but a rocket ship or an elephant, and he should still have been able to trace through all the theories known today. Besides, no matter what event I chose, it should have had the same *center*—especially if it is truly *the center*. My reason for adding these outside events was to be certain that, among the ones I studied, some at least would represent the sort of thing which by its very nature repudiates the existence of a *center*—the sort of tragedy which gave rise to Black Elk's original lament. In tragedy,

one surely loses any sense of a *center*—at least temporarily. One event I added, for example, related to an incident which had occurred two years earlier and which I read about in a very brief newspaper article. A three-year-old girl, Teresa Fuentes of Warm Springs, Oregon, was the victim of a car accident. Although in a car seat, her body whipped forward in the crash, breaking her neck and leaving her a quadriplegic for life, so that afterwards, she needed a ventilator to breathe and 24 hour-a-day care. It was the kind of tragedy that, like the massacre at Wounded Knee, does not seem to allow for, much less point to, any universal *center*. And like Black Elk, I was tempted to proclaim: "There is no center any longer."

Actual glimpses of a *center* can be achieved primarily, if not only, by indirection.

In the face of such tragedies, who dares to play with a hypothetical construct called a *center*—a standard by which to evaluate events, a point by which to organize chaos? The answer? Someone who believes a *center* is not just a construct, but a real experience. And those someones are not only Native American holy men.

Whatever models I have enlisted or properties I have discovered to give us a direction, I have left one out. Actual glimpses of a *center* can be achieved primarily, if not only, by indirection. One may seek for it by setting out on a pilgrimage to a holy spot, or even aimless wandering; still, the seeker is most likely to find his or her own *center* by stumbling upon it. By indirection. Even the most methodic, deliberate attempt to find the *center* is doomed to failure if the seeker is not open to serendipity. To the unexpected. The not-so deliberate.

With ineffable questions, concepts, one may initially start with reasoned design, but must be willing to ultimately just grope (or even blunder) his or her way.

Indeed when I first began researching *center* at the University of Oregon library, I first found a non-fiction book—a rather remarkable "journey through bereavement" by Jayne Blankenship, who, in response to her husband's sudden death at age 31, took herself to a park, closed for the season, where she took "a random direction" into one of the gardens where "it was silent" (except for birds calling) and where dense planting hid her from the street, and there she describes herself

> ...gagged over into the grass, arms limp at my sides, face pressed directly into the ground. Slow heaving groans rolled through me. I yielded to them, hoping the earth would break and take me in, would push brown grit and tongue, would stuff my throat, and close my ears against the thoughts. Hoping the grass would close over the back of my head so that no one would ever know that I was there. . . .[14]

Eventually, she imagines the park's "desertion is her own," that the "trees. . .released from time. . .[are] turned to stone" and imagines herself "dancing alone in the air, with stone trees all around."

Ultimately her moment in the park becomes a moment of enlightenment, of peace. A kind of. . .*center*.

It struck me how, in truth, *centers* are described rather frequently in literature. In some fiction, what is called an "epiphany" may also be a *center*. I recommend the ending to Raymond Carver's short story "A Small, Good Thing," the vignette entitled "Style" in Tim O'Brien's *The Things They Carried*, Edna Pontilier's final act in Kate Chopin's *The Awakening*, or Trudi Montag's mystical river experience in *Stones from the River*. But in non-fiction as well. Consider this description, from Elie Wiesel's *Night*, of a man who plays a violin in the midst of madness, a death march in the snow out of a Holocaust concentration camp:

> The sound of a violin, in this dark shed, where the dead were heaped on the living. What madman could be playing the violin here, at the brink of his own grave? Or was it really a hallucination?
>
> It must have been Juliek.
>
> He played a fragment from Beethoven's concerto. I had never heard sounds so pure. In such a silence . . .
>
> It was pitch dark. I could hear only the violin, and it was as though Juliek's soul was the bow. He was playing his life. The whole of his life was gliding on the strings—his lost hopes, his charred past, his extinguished future. He played as he would never play again.[15]

The properties are surely there—silence because words fail, peace, harmony, a sense of oneness with the universe that moves one beyond the immediate needs and sensations. A kind of "quantum leap," as Goswami, the physicist, says. They are often brief, but they are there. If in the more mystical forms of yoga, *centers* of a sort are sought and reached by a lifelong discipline, in life and in literature they are most often "stumbled upon." That is, whatever seeking is occurring they usually happen by indirection. When least expected—in extreme conditions of highest frustration or despair or expense of energy.

I dedicated part of a sabbatical to writing a collection of stories and vignettes about people who stumble into *centers*, and one of these describes my own writing of a scene in an unpublished novel I finished two years ago. There is a scene in which a white seventh-grade boy and

a black seventh-grade girl, in a snow-covered vacant lot near a downtown library in Ohio in February 1952, stumble into a *center*. In the process of writing it, I too stumbled into a *center*.

I'm not sure if it was my *center*, or only my characters' *center*, or a piece of ***the*** *center* or perhaps all three. Or if it even matters. Only that it was made of the stuff I'm looking for. It was as though while chipping away at rock—shaping it to my artistic satisfaction—I'd come upon gold dust, and knew that it had to be part of a larger deposit. My characters and I had, somehow, found ourselves in Old Lodgeskins' tipi, where, as Berger's Little Big Man says,

> Looking at the great universal circle, my dizziness grew still. I wasn't wobbling no more. I was there, in movement, yet at the *center* of the world, where all is self-explanatory merely because it is.[16]

Notes

[1] John Neihardt, *Black Elk Speaks*. (New York: William Morrow & Co., 1932), 276.
[2] Steven Weinberg, *Dreams of a Final Theory*. (New York: Vintage Books, 1993), 6.
[3] Ibid., 250.
[4] Ibid., 255.
[5] Ibid., 168.
[6] Mircea Eliade, *The Sacred and the Profane: The Nature of Religion*. (New York: Harper and Row, 1961), 21-22.
[7] Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*. Gia-Fu Feng and Jane English, Trans. (New York: Vintage, 1989), V7.
[8] Tu Wei-Ming, *Centrality and Commonality: An Essay on Chung-Yung*. (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1976), 20.
[9] Arthur Amiotte, "The Road to the Center." In *I Become Part of It,* D.M. Dooling and Paul Jordan-Smith, eds. (New York: Parabola Books, 1989, 246-254): 246.
[10] Elaine Jahner, "The Spiritual Landscape." In *I Become Part of It,* D.M. Dooling and Paul Jordan-Smith, eds. (New York: Parabola Books, 1989: 193-203): 202.
[11] Robin Ridington, and Tonia Ridington. "The Inner Eye of Shamanism and Totemism." In *Teachings from the American Earth*, Dennis Tedlock and Barbara Tedlock, eds.
(New York: Liveright, 1975: 190-204): 198.
[12] V.S. Naipaul, *Finding the Center*. (New York: Knopf, 1984), ix.
[13] Amit Goswami, *The Self-Aware Universe*. (New York: Jeremy Tarcher Putnam, 1993), 194, 225-227.
[14] Jayne Blankenship, *In the Center of the Night*. (New York: Putnam's, 1984), 14.
[15] Elie Wiesel, *Night*. (New York: Bantam. 1960), 90.
[16] Thomas Berger, *Little Big Man*. (New York: Delacorte Press, 1964), 435.

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Altered States

Drew Viles

Sitting alone next to people I hardly knew, touching them even, but all alone in the darkness after the flap came down.

Altered states come to me after sweating. The first time that I sweated was with Al Smith. It was after Snoball Butler had come down to Eugene and kindly remembered me at a sweat being conducted by Al. Al's partner, Jane, who worked at the same university as I, brought me a stone. It was a grandfather stone, she said. And she gave it to me. There seemed nothing else for me to do with the grandfather stone than to bring it back.

It took me a while to bring it back. Just as it had taken a while for Jane to bring it to me. Jane worked at an office near mine, and she left a message for me. And in response to the message, I went one day and picked up this lava stone person which was sent to me at the suggestion of a Siletz man, who came from a family of healers, with the permission of a Klamath elder, who had been conducting a series of Sunday-morning sweats on the banks of Fall Creek.

Going to that sweat was something I had to work up to. And I don't have any particular memory of the first one I went to. I do remember it getting so hot in the sweat lodge sometimes that I bent my face to the ground where the air was cool. I remember the fire. I remember the stones stacked first in the center and the firewood stacked around the stones in the shape of a tipi. I remember the blankets and canvas blocks piled under blue plastic. They all smelled like old blankets, a little ripe. A little sweet with decomposition, some sort of life had taken hold in the material turning the cotton and wool blankets and canvas blocks back to earth. I remember the willow branches planted in the earth like ribs of an animal arcing up beneath the alder limbs. I remember the circle of people who led into the lodge and the pitchfork that carried the stones from the fire pit to the opening where, just to the right, Al Smith always sat. I remember the piling on of the blankets over the willow branches and the layers like a turtle appearing where a hole was taking the place of the head. The important part was to leave one blanket over the hole to serve as a door, to keep the light out, to keep the heat in.

I remember how the warmth felt so cool and so comforting. I remember the warmth being there just before the darkness, the warmth from the stones in the center. The darkness from the earth. The darkness where I was alone. Sitting alone next to people I hardly knew, touching them even, but all alone in the darkness after the flap came down. In other churches I have been, I never experienced that sense of being alone in the midst of others. In the sweat lodge, I felt all alone in the midst of the glowing darkness. In the midst of the songs, in the midst of the smell of burning cedar, the fragrance of burning sage, the glow of the rocks in the center.

The cedar sparkled like stars as it burned. Maybe I felt alone because the water that was put on the stone called out the water in me to join the steam condensing now on my skin. The water merged on my outsides, some from inside. Some from outside. Some water that condensed on me after turning into steam was spooned from a bucket by Al Smith over the stone people in the center. Some water rose from inside me to join the wetness. This water I birthed alone in response.

The water flowed down my sides. Down my cheeks. Down my neck. Down my back. Down flowed the water to mother earth. Down was now mud.

The altered state came after the sweats. After the songs had finished. After the cedar had been burnt. After the last stone had been lifted. After all the water had been poured. After the sweat had all flowed. After the snot in my nose had been blown free. After the mud was made silky smooth on my skin, I crawled out of a circle of people into the light. And then I followed Al Smith into the water.

The cold waters of Fall Creek hold us still and close us up. And there is a silence that comes just then. In the coldness, just as the coldness becomes familiar. Just when the body relaxes in the current in the coldness, the altered state of quietness appears. It feels like a strength. It feels like exhaustion. It feels like the water that came out. It feels like the water that came in. It feels like a oneness. It feels like I am alone and very connected. It feels like a hum. There's a hum I can hear at that moment. It is the hum of life. I know that I am part of that hum. The hum has stayed with me. I can feel it anytime, like a memory of the sweats that Al Smith shared.

Why I Write

Drew Viles

Writing is a way for shy people to shout.

Yellow jackets gnaw on wood and spit it up to make paper. I write to make a place for myself. When there is no home anymore for a person (when home has been taken away and stolen), a person can make a home out of paper. That is what I wrote once about writing, it took the form of a poem.

Writing gives me a place to dream. I like it best when it is paper and I am able to use a pen, but now I'm writing on a keyboard, which is all plastic. What words I've written show up in dark on a white background, not like the old days when the movement of my fingers brought light to a blackened screen.

Drew Viles *is the father of five children and the man of one woman. He has lived in Eugene, Oregon since 1987. A graduate of Blue Mountain Community College, Oregon State University, the University of Michigan, and the University of Oregon, Drew has won awards for his writing from the Native American Journalist Association and* Northwest Magazine. *Drew served as an Associate Tribal Court Judge for his people, the Confederated Tribes of Siletz Indians of Oregon, immediately before becoming an Instructor with Lane Community College's English Department in 1999.*

In those days, writing on a word processing program was like building a fire. First, a little friction then a bright light. Writing is still like that. Writing keeps me warm. The sparks rise out of me when I write, and I'm reminded what it is like to be alive.

Writing is a way to lose weight. Mostly I lose weight by crying, but the movement of fingers and using the mind take calories, too.

Writing keeps me in shape. It used to give me a place to feel pity for myself. Poor, poor, pitiful me. And now it gives me a place to change the tune: Boo, boo, beautiful me.

Writing is a chance to sing a new song. Writing is a chance to try for something more than quiet. Writing is a way for shy people to shout.

The Silent Weekend

Leslie Rubinstein

I was fasting my mind,
a little,

like a juice diet,
something to sip at times
but not the heavy food for thought
that makes me ill.

My mind felt light, and weak.
Unable to exert its normal strength,
its grip let go of me, a bit.

I tripped along,
aware my mind was home,
but in the attic,
singing to itself

while I was happy
clearing out its mess
from years of chatter.

Leslie Rubinstein *has been a part-time instructor at Lane Community College in Eugene, Oregon since 1997. She teaches students who are still learning that reading and writing are inferential activities, and not just a matter of black marks on a white page. Leslie received a B.A. in Liberal Arts from Sarah Lawrence College in 1980.*

Ascent to the Light

Bojana Stefanovska

For Larisa and Glenda

The older one I shall call Cora Lee, the younger one Ornella. When they stood next to each other, invisible yet luminous fibers akin to a spider web would appear between the two of them, stretching as the two women moved apart, shrinking as they moved back towards each other, breaking when the distance would become bigger than the span of an adult's arms wide open for a hug, and then growing back with seemingly no effort or confusion at all when the distance was right again.

Cora Lee remembered the morning tiny Ornella had emerged out of her swollen belly and womb. Those filaments followed on her way out, and at first the tired woman in labor thought they were somehow part of her, or her baby's physiology, or her own placenta, secreting the mysterious matter, a cross between egg white and mercury, which she had once as a child held in her hand after the family thermometer broke, not knowing it was toxic, and in awe of its indescribably elusive consistency. But it wasn't anything tangible, and Cora Lee understood promptly that no one else except her and, it turned out later, her baby, could see them. The filaments didn't go away. They became their faithful companions and with time, first Cora Lee and later little Ornella, learned to read them like other people read clouds, or deep water, or tea leaves for information not readily available to others.

...people thought she was so incredibly attuned to her daughter, which she certainly was, but not any more than any other loving mother, not in any supernatural way...

The color was a white-blue, or was it the luminosity that made them look that way? The color didn't change, but the luminosity certainly did. The first time the baby had colic, Cora Lee noticed they were not as bright as usual and understood immediately where to look to find the cause. From then on, people thought she was so incredibly attuned to her daughter, which she certainly was, but not any more than any other loving mother, not in any supernatural way, which some people seemed to imply. She tried telling a few people about the luminous web, but gave up before long, and somehow kept feeling like she was cheating in an odd way, having those invisible allies lend her their power.

But for many weeks now the filaments were losing their luminosity in a way they never had before. This time it was not a simple chicken pox or ear infection they were diagnosing for her, and Cora Lee was worried not only because they had grown dim-

mer than ever before, but also because they were starting to flicker in a way she had never seen before. Cora Lee knew this time something was different.

What I have forgotten to tell you is that, as little Ornella grew, the filaments, which she had thought of in her earliest childhood as fairy trails, started speaking to her with a meaning; a different message from the one they were giving her mother, though. Well, not entirely different, except that, as she started understanding moods, feelings, and what she learned later the French call "states of soul," she realized the filaments were telling her how her mother felt in response to her childhood ailments, and later bruised feelings as well as knees.

When Ornella first saw the filaments start to flicker, after they had gotten very dull for a long time, she knew her mother was affected very deeply by something new and mysterious, and even though she could not feel that anything was wrong with herself, she figured something must be, since she had long ago understood the dynamics of the messages sent back and forth by those little fiber optics of their souls.

* * *

Ornella was not worried about herself. Yet she could feel that her body had slowly started evolving a logic of its own, obeying laws that she had not read about in her school books or heard from anyone, for that matter. For example, her heart pace was not the flawless clockwork everyone else seemed to be reporting, unless they were seriously ill. Hers would frolic wildly, responding to every single thing that surrounded her. When she was happy, her heart would sometimes follow the beat of a favorite song, or weave its own rhythm, which her brain would not recall, but later the same situation would summon up the same melody and she would recognize it. When she was sad, and both her happiness and sadness were almost exclusively reflections of what she'd be witnessing, her heart would slow down. At truly horrifying news such as mass killings and other horrors of the many wars that affected the planet at any given time, or news of the acts of hatred committed by all the sick people of the world, her heart would stop for long periods of time, and she'd have an internal tug-of-war between her heart and her soul which would try to coax her heart to come out and play again.

Easy for the soul, thought Ornella. She gave words and thought to the battle between her heart and soul, and knew them both well enough to be able to engage in those

When she was happy, her heart would sometimes follow the beat of a favorite song...

strange dialogues: "Easy for you to want to play", the heart would say, "you're above the petty little facts of life and death, above the grief for the dead squirrel, above the tears for the child who just got orphaned. You know how to transcend levels, and if a certain level hurts, you just go higher up, to the next one, and let nothing but beauty in."

"Come out and play", the soul would retort, "it is not necessary to grieve over everything, you just get bogged down by negativity and forget that all will come out all right in the big, cosmic picture. There is a reason for everything under the sun, and it is not for you to know why."

Or her blood would change color according to how she felt.

Or her blood would change color according to how she felt. She was glad most people were not able to see her blood, and she tried hiding it from her mother, but to no avail; in her adolescent years she still needed and wanted her mother's care when she was not well, in the usual, mortal sense of unwell, and there had been several occasions her mother had caught sight of her blood. They were camping once, and Ornella was awed by the beauty of the ancient redwoods that surrounded them. She had cut herself slightly while breaking branches to make a fire, and a few drops of silver-colored liquid had dripped from her hand. Cora Lee had looked at her fairly insistently, but the girl had averted her gaze and shifted their attention onto something else.

Cora Lee had not asked anything at that time, or the next; the time Ornella had held, at the park, a couple of twin babies in that particularly adorable stage when they understand and respond readily but in their own, leprechaun-like language. She was barefoot since it was summer, and she stepped on a piece of broken glass. It was minor and she didn't dwell on it, but Cora Lee had had the time to see her wiping away a little bit of bright pink blood from her foot. Ornella didn't know it, but her mother had even caught sight, after that glorious rendition of Handel's *Messiah* they went to hear at Christmas a certain year, of the incredible rainbow-colored streak of blood on her arm, after she brushed against the frozen branches of a rose bush and didn't notice it in her ecstasy.

The same was true of her sweat; the smell seemed to reflect whatever she was thinking of, which was another reason why she loved sharing her joys but not her sorrows. She would crawl into her room and ask, sometimes rather sharply, to be left alone when something was bothering her. But the orange blossom and jasmine scent that would exude from her, like a soft vapor, when she would talk about the vacation they took in that small town of Andalusia the year she had turned fourteen, had the uncanny ability to transport both women there instantly.

Cora Lee knew her daughter was not sick. What she was, was something by far more serious and scary than sick. She was mutating in a manner that the mother did not comprehend at first, because it was unfathomable to the sum of the forces residing in her being, even though they included a powerful connection with the intangible. Cora Lee was used to non-threatening small stuff like the wind chimes on their back porch. She did not consider herself to be any kind of psychic person, no medium at all. It was simply another one of those things Cora Lee could read, like people with no sight read Braille, but it was somehow as if the wind-chime code would order her to decipher it, and she would merely be the technician executing the task. But this was something far more complex.

The chimes were singing these days, not talking intelligibly as she had gotten used to, but singing some strange ancient melodies that she could not understand. After all, she knew nothing about music. And she knew nothing about the strange transmutation that was affecting her daughter.

* * *

Ornella loved to sit at a certain spot on their roof and meditate, entranced by the rivers of green pine and blue spruce around them, glistening in the intense sun reverberated by the snow on the mountain peaks. She had discovered that spot early on, while Cora Lee was still unsure of the coordination of her young hands and feet and was reasonably concerned that she might fall. But Ornella would look her in the eye, smile an ancient smile and say, "Mom, I only need to get some fresh air. It's not going to hurt me." And Cora Lee would surrender, knowing she could trust it. When Ornella would come down, she seemed older, her eyes brighter, her skin darker and her joy stronger. She would take charge of the house. When she was younger, she would decide to clean it and ask friends and neighbors to help by assigning them a task—maybe to paint it, or put a vegetable garden in that sunny corner of the yard, or have the fireplace rebuilt. She seemed to acquire wisdom and maturity at an incredible pace—there actually was something matronly emerging from her; Core Lee was surprised to find herself relinquishing some of the easier tasks at first, then more and more complex ones, until what she actually relinquished was the anxiety and responsibility of being the head of the household. Ornella wanted the responsibility, and Cora Lee trusted her.

Strangely enough, Cora Lee was undergoing simultaneous changes, along with her daughter. For the first time in her adult life, or even in her entire life, when she thought back about things, she wouldn't know whether she was remembering a dream or a real event. At first, it was an annoying feeling, but slowly she came to enjoy precisely not knowing the difference, and later yet, not caring whether the memory was "real" or not. As a result, she found herself attracted to drawing, coloring and other manifestations of creativity, and actually started spending an hour every day on it; not that she was producing memorable pieces of art work, but the childlike enjoyment of being so entirely focused on the universe of shapes, colors and textures made her acquire a voluminous amount of art materials and indulge in them.

She also slept better and longer. Between that and the fact that her eyes were focusing daily on so much beauty, between the artwork and the landscapes, it felt like the early wrinkles of worry and stress that had imprinted themselves on her face were starting to relax and regenerate so well that they were actually erasing themselves from around her mouth and eyes. Cora Lee was worried about her daughter, but in some odd ways she could see that Ornella seemed happy. Cora Lee had thought at first that she had looked unhealthy, especially since she found out that those sessions of hers on the roof were giving her this odd older look, but she had to admit it wasn't the look of an ailing person. Sure, fever can make a person's eyes shine, but not in the calm, strong and humorous way Ornella's eyes shone when she would get back down. So, Cora Lee was waiting, and watching, and breathing.

But those filaments of light were flickering ominously. And that was not the only change the two women were perceiving. On the mother's end, what she could see was that the white-blue luminosity was acquiring a golden glow. That had never happened before, except...yes...there had been that one moment, a fleeting second right at the instant of her birth, but Cora Lee was so tired and mind-altered as it was, and besides, she had not yet grasped this phenomenon that was going to be their constant companion; now that she was seeing it, she was pretty sure it *had* happened, that magical morning...

On the daughter's end, she was starting to perceive something puzzling—the pace of the flickering of the filaments was starting to match the unruly rhythms produced by her own heart. Did it mean her heart was in some way interfering with the filaments' wavelength? But that was impossible, the luminous web was talking to her about her mother's feelings, not her own. Or was it because her mother was opening up to the

perception of a child so that her own heart was actually starting to match the wild joy that already inhabited Ornella?

* * *

The luminous web wasn't white-blue or flickering any longer.

And when it happened, neither woman was really scared; awed, yes, dazed, certainly, and shaken, but not scared. They would have been surprised if they hadn't witnessed the changes, slow at first and then faster and faster over the weeks and even months. The luminous web wasn't white-blue or flickering any longer. It now had a strong golden glow and had gone to pulsating, seemingly stronger and stronger, the fibers swelling to the point of bursting. The day it happened, Ornella had not slept, she had stayed up all night feeling molten gold pulsating in her veins; she had not needed food either, she felt nourished by it. Very early at dawn, she had entered her mother's room very quietly, and Cora Lee had woken up to the feel of a hot wind softly brushing her face. Ornella's eyes were glowing when she told her, "Mother, I need to get some fresh air. It's not going to hurt me." Cora Lee had one last habitual impulse to take her hand and try to stop her, and then she heard, "Mother, have a little faith."

She never figured out what happened and how, but there was a hurricane, an explosion of pure gold, with ancient harmonies drowning out any other sound, the walls of her home temporarily disappeared or turned transparent, but in any case, the golden dust that powdered the whole house was simultaneously inside and out, covering everything.

When Cora Lee finally gathered some of her senses and started looking around for an explanation of what had just happened, she was alone. She wandered through the whole house looking for her daughter and when she finally stumbled into Ornella's room, her eyes fell on the full-length mirror she had given her a couple of years ago. And there she was, standing and looking at her form inside the mirror. All covered with golden dust, Ornella was smiling at her from inside the mirror. Cora Lee, not quite understanding, went to the bathroom mirror and yes, there she was as well, smiling serenely at her. The woman then looked at her arms, legs, body—everything about her looked so young and beautiful, fitting entirely with the radiant young face looking at her. Young, and yet mature, tanned, glowing.

Bojana Stefanovska was born in the former Yugoslavia and spent her childhood there and in French-speaking Africa. She obtained a Master's in Spanish and English at the University of Grenoble, France. She spent time working in social work, teaching, interpreting in cultural and political forums in Belgrade and translating literature, poetry, movie scripts and specialized texts. She spent 3 years in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, as a journalist/translator/announcer for Yugoslav radio, subsequently returning to Oregon to teach and continue working towards a Ph.D. in Romance Languages. Currently, she teaches Spanish and French and coordinates tutors at Lane Community College in Eugene, Oregon. She lives in Brownsville, Oregon with her husband, daughter and many animals.

* * *

They say that the golden dust cloud that shrouded the house never quite went away. They say that the sweet scent of jasmine and orange blossom that from then on permeated the house would linger in the neighborhood for days on hot summer nights. They say that when hunger would strike, the poor and homeless would gather onto her lawn and painstakingly scrape together the gold dust from the grass, the bushes and the fence, which would always buy them a meal at the local diner. But most of all, they say that the daughter dealt very bravely with her mother's death, or ascent to the light as she liked to put it, and never spent a day without sitting at that one spot on the roof where she seemed to be in silent communication with her. Rumor had it that her blood was changing color according to her mood, and that her sweat didn't smell like any other, but of course that was probably only unsubstantiated superstition. But it would make some people whisper that, when her time came, she would probably fly away in a golden storm, just like her mother had, and that, once again, the body would never be found.

Postscript

This story was inspired by and is dedicated to Larisa Caldwell and her mother, Glenda Brooks. Larisa, born on November 14, 1978, died on December 28, 1997, nine months after being diagnosed with a rare yet lethal form of liver cancer. When she found out she had few months to live, she decided, instead of going as a victim, to become a community advocate for dying with dignity and purpose and started, ill as she was, organizing events in Eugene, Oregon and delivering her message. As a touching tribute, about forty people, following her example, got a tattoo of the Chinese symbol for continuation, thus honoring her belief that death is the celebration of another passage. Many people and organizations donated what they could and her memorial was held in Beall Hall at the University of Oregon—a beautiful and moving ceremony. A book of photography entitled Continuation: Honoring and Celebrating the Human Condition, *describing her journey was also published. Despite the obvious heartbreak, Glenda was able to continue giving of herself to the community.*

Untitled

Leslie Rubinstein

I had a date
with grief
today

She wandered in
and knelt
beside the chair
where you once sat

She held my hand
and while I wept
She smiled at me

How there is beauty
in this face
I cannot see

She rose
and blew a kiss
She left
and left the door ajar

and in a moment
or a year
I thought of you
in warm embrace

caressed your lips
and kissed your face

But it was her
come quickly
through the open door

to hold the space
where you once sat

to hold me
now that
your embrace
of time
has changed

Another date
with grief
for me
for you
are there

and there is beauty
in her face

and in this kissing
of the face
of grief

Leslie Rubinstein's *biography can be found on page 77.*

Using a Method of Division to find Greatest Common Factor or Least Common Multiple

Benedict Nmah

Special Editors Note: The Community College Moment *is dedicated to publishing stimulating but not discipline-specialized articles. However, in the spirit of inclusivity, particularly since we receive so few mathematics or science submissions, we decided to publish this original work by a math instructor at Lane Community College. This is an opportunity to take a glimpse into a discipline that many people have a phobia-like reaction to: math. Take the challenge and try to follow the steps presented by Benedict Nmah for a relatively common task: finding greatest common factors or least common multiples. Suppose you are stranded on a desert island and you were forced to combine 1/55 – 3/80 + 7/200, what would you do? Nmah provides you with a method of making the calculation.*

Abstract This paper, which includes three examples, describes a useful and efficient algorithm for finding the greatest common factor (gcf) or least common multiple (lcm) of numbers or algebraic expressions. The author has been using this method over the years in his pre-calculus classes. This algorithm provides an alternative method to the traditional prime division (or prime factorization) method of finding the lcm or the gcf of numbers or algebraic expressions found in many pre-calculus texts.

Introduction In *The American Mathematical Association of Two-Year Colleges Review*, Terence Brenner and Michael Shapira present a method of finding the gcf[1] that is similar to the Japanese method referenced in a dissertation by Lyle Hill.[2] Their method is a modification of the traditional prime division (or factorization) method of finding the greatest common factor. Unlike their method or the method referenced in Hill, the method described in this paper does not use prime division (or factorization) to find the gcf or lcm of numerical or algebraic expressions. Also, when combining fractional expressions, this method is more efficient than either of the methods either presented in Brenner and Shapira or referenced in Hill. Furthermore, the method presented here has attractive convergence properties, and any able person can easily program and execute it on a computer/graphing calculator.

Notation

$\prod_{j=1}^{k} x_j$ ___ the product of x_j $(j = 1,2,...,k)$.

Algorithm

Let k be a positive integer other than 1. To find the gcf or the lcm of the numbers (or algebraic expressions) $n_1, n_2, n_3, ..., n_k$, place the numbers or expressions in row 1 and columns 2, 3,...,k+1, separating each number or expression from another by a commas. Then

(1) Place in row 1, column 1, the largest possible counting number or the highest order algebraic factor d_1 ($d_1 \neq 1$ need not be a prime number or factor) such that d_1 divides n_j, $j = 1, 2, 3, \ldots, k$.

(2) If no such integer or algebraic factor d_1 exists, then place in row 1, column 1, the largest possible integer or algebraic factor d_1 (again, $d_1 \neq 1$ need not be a prime number or factor) such that d_1 divides at least two of the n_{js}.

(3) Divide each of the n_{js} in row i, columns $2, 3, 4,...,k+1$ by d_i $(i > 1)$. If d_i divides each n_j, write the quotient, q_{ij}, in the next row (the same column). If d_i does not divide n_s, for some natural numbers, s copy n_s in the next row (same column).

(4) Repeat steps 1 through 3 until no two of the entries in columns $2, 3, 4,\ldots, k+1$ of the m^{th} row, for some natural number m, have a common divisor other than positive one.

(5) Then the gcf of $n_1, n_2, ..., n_k$, denoted $gcf(n_1,...,n_k)$, is $\prod_{i=1}^{m'} d_i$ where m' is the label of the last row in which d_i divided at least two n_j's in the row. If this never occurred, then the original numbers or algebraic expressions were relatively prime. In such a case, $gcf(n_1,...,n_k)=1$, and the lcm of $n_1, n_2, ..., n_k$, denoted, $lcm(n_1,...,n_k)$, is given by

$$lcm(n_1, n_2, n_3, \cdots, n_k) = \prod_{j=1}^{k} n_j,$$

otherwise,

(6) $$lcm(n_1, n_2, n_3, \cdots, n_k) = \left(\prod_{i=1}^{m-1} d_i\right)\left(\prod_{j=2}^{k+1} q_{mj}\right)$$

where the q_{mj}'s are the relatively prime quotients in row m (the last row).

Benedict K. Nmah *teaches mathematics at Lane Community College in Eugene, Oregon. He has also taught at The University of Liberia, Northern Arizona, Utah State, and New Mexico State University. He received his B. Sc. in Mathematics from The University of Liberia, M.S. in Mathematics from Northern Arizona University, M.S. in Applied Mathematics from Utah State University, M.S.I.E. and a Ph.D. in Mathematics and Industrial Engineering from New Mexico State University. His scholarly articles include: "Faculty Mentoring and Team Building: Where Do We Begin?," "Factoring In A Developmental Mathematics Classroom: Who Needs It?," He is also the author of* Optimizing System Reliability with Integer Programming, *(UMI Publishing Company, 1997). His research interests include discrete optimization, numerical analysis, and education.*

Proposition

Suppose that the $n_{j's}$ are denominators of algebraic or numerical fractions that must be combined. Suppose further that we use the above method to compute the $lcm(n_1,...,n_k)$. Then the following hold:

(i) For each j, there exist d_i and q_{ms} (not necessarily unique) such that

$$n_j = \left(\prod_i d_i\right)(q_{ms}) \quad \text{or} \quad n_j = d_r\left(\prod_j q_{mj}\right)$$

for some positive integers r and s, and

(ii) $$lcd\left(\frac{l_1}{n_1},\frac{l_2}{n_2},\frac{l_3}{n_3},\cdots,\frac{l}{n_k}\right)=\left(gcf(n_1,n_2,n_3,\cdots,n_k)\prod_{j=m'+1}^{m-1} d_j\right)\left(\prod_{j=2}^{k+1} q_{mj}\right)$$

where entries in columns 2, 3, ..., k+1 of the m^{th} row are relatively prime and the l_j's, (j=1, 2, 3, ..., k) are numerical or algebraic expressions in the numerators of the fractions to be combined.

Proof

The proof is calculational and trivial and it is therefore omitted. A full copy of this article along with examples for how to work out this algorithm is available for readers on the *Community College Moment* website at http://teach.lanecc.edu/ccm.

Observations

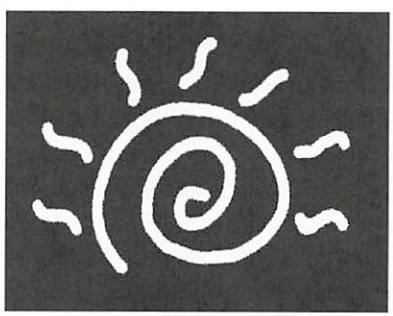
1. This method is easier to use than the traditional prime division (or prime factorization) method.
2. It follows from the proposition that we can easily build equivalent fractions with lcm(n_1, n_2, ..., n_k) as the denominator.
3. With some modifications, this method can be applied to decimal fractions.

Notes

[1] Terence Brenner, and , Michael Shapira. "The Prime Division Method of Finding the Greatest Common Factor." *The American Mathematical Association of Two-Year Colleges Review* 15(1), (Fall 1993): 36-37.

[2] Lyle Hill, *Japanese Students At American University In Japan: An Ethnography*. (a dissertation) (June 1993): 152.

Book Review



Clearing A Path: Theorizing the Past in Native American Studies

Don Addison

This book is a recently published collection of essays that I believe may have a positive (and hopefully) revolutionary impact upon the way people study, write about, and teach American Indian Studies, as well as Indian topics in other fields of inquiry. Students and academic faculty of various disciplines will find this source relevant and useful whether it be in history, literature, language, the arts, ethnic studies, anthropology, archaeology, religion, gender studies, or other social sciences. The book is divided into four sections, each of which presents two well-crafted and enlightening essays; the sections are "Stories," "Categories of Analysis," "Political Economy," and "Tribal Histories, Indigenous Histories."

The subject carefully stitching together this interdisciplinary scholarship, is theory of Native historiography presenting eight different studies which explore ways to understand Native American history. The title, *Clearing a Path,* is a culturally appropriate metaphor. Traditionally, before a pow-wow or other ceremony could occur a path had to be cleared; fallen logs and other obstacles had to be removed before travel and trade could take place between Indian groups and other newcomers (invaders) to the continent. The title also suggests "a clarifying or opening up of ways to see the past."[1] When this is accomplished, a better and more accurate view of the present, and hopefully the future, may be apparent.

Some of the essays in this book present a level of theory and vocabulary that might make them difficult for undergraduates to grasp—while others, written more in layperson's terms, are more easily accessible. The book is thus useful to a broad audience including students and faculty seeking a deeper look into the issues commonly covered in its main categories. For the specialist, it represents some of the latest, best scholarship available.

Theory, however, is viewed in different ways by scholars. Nancy Shoemaker, the editor and author of one of the essays, contrasts how social scientists, for example, make theory "a requisite for scholarly research and writing. In other fields of study, among many historians, for example, theory has about the same standing as certain four-letter words." Further, she clarifies that "even though anthropology in general, as a social science, mandates that research be grounded in theory, works in American Indian anthropology, and in ethnohistory in particular, can be purely descriptive without others challenging them for lack of a theoretical framework."[2]

Another contributing author, James Brooks, who has written on Native American history and borderland issues, carries his analysis of Indian names from former times directly into the 21st century. He discusses how names, in themselves, can be framed into a viable theory, helping the reader understand varying changes in Indian and intruder population relationships over time. He traces this trajectory into the contemporary Indian cultural renaissance many authors have documented, thus supporting Brooks' thesis.[3] For example, the names mixed-bloods "gave themselves, and the names by which they were known to intruders, worked with a degree of autonomy absent in the 20th-century world, yet one that I argue is forcefully reasserting itself in the 21st century."[4]

It would be impossible to understand a discussion of Indian names, and cultural revival, without a clear understanding of how categories work.[5] In her essay on categories, Shoemaker states that categories are "building blocks in the creation of knowledge and in the application of knowledge to situations . . . [which] make a complex world manageable."[6] She then links this to the long-standing habitual use of categories, so that scholars can better understand historical processes. Two case studies in this essay deserve special mention. First is a southeastern Indian story about a ballgame between birds and animals during which an eager bat flies in, disturbing everything by confounding the categories. No matter which side (animal or bird) the bat joins, its physical features bring victory to whichever team it helps, transforming the bat's ambiguous position, between categories, into a source of power. In a sense, the bat almost looks and acts like both an animal, and a bird, giving it power over others. The physical features of bats contrasted with other animals and birds is an allegory for the manner in which physical features figure in Indian or European identity, based upon skin color, hair type and color, and other features. Therefore, the use of power by Euroamericans, and the corresponding lack of it among Indians in their governmental and cultural dealings with the larger Euroamerican society, is understood by the categories in this story.

Shoemaker also uses this story to help us better understand how to reread the history of treaty negotiations. In another context in U.S. history, Euroamerican treaty negotiators refused to deal with Native American female leaders, based upon Euroamerican gender-driven prejudice which accompanied them and their ancestors. Categories of gender (also based upon differing physical characteristics) and political standing, then, greatly influenced U.S. and Indian treaty negotiations, often resulting in Indian spokespersons (who were sometimes female leaders) being unacknowledged as a valid authoritative spokesperson for a tribe or group of Indians during negotiations with U.S. (male) officials.

Shoemaker's second illustration involves an example of a specific treaty, in this case, struck between the U.S. and the Ojibwe. In remembering the negotiations, each side revealed different interpretations of what had happened. The Ojibwes believed they sold only the pine trees, but U.S. officials regarded the terms as meaning all the land itself. Subsequently, in the 1983 Voight decision, the Wisconsin Ojibwe prevailed, using treaty transcripts and later court hearings as valuable sources of persuasive evidence, based mainly upon categories. The chief Magegawbaw (La Trappe) had divided the world into categories which were misread by U.S. negotiators in 1837. In his speech, categories within categories compounded the differing impressions of what was said in the negotiations. When he placed an oak sprig on the treaty table, this small item elicited a number of varying interpretations (by Indian and non-Indian alike), that greatly affected the treaty.

Sorting out the discussions, Shoemaker finds that "the oak sprig was a metonymical prop that stood for all Ojibwe subsistence needs, which they refused to cede."[7] U.S. negotiators insisted on dealing with a single Ojibwe nation, with a main leader as spokesperson, but no such things existed then, or now. Ojibwe groups (called tribal bands) successfully brought the lawsuit that ended in their victory because, as Shoemaker puts it, "U.S. treaty commissioners glossed a category based on cultural and linguistic affiliation as a political category."[8]

Relevant to these two case studies, another category, blood degree, has been a major source of confusion regarding who is, and who is not, an Indian. Various criteria plague these discussions, upon which many varied opinions lead to a confusing maze of inconsistent definitions of Indian identity. Shoemaker continues her discussion of the Great Lakes region, noting that "in the 1830s and 1840s [U.S.-Indian treaties] granted or denied 'mixed bloods' special payments [thereby becoming] among the earliest official records to group Indians by degree of blood."[9] This seems to agree with other scholars' findings, including Ward Churchill who states that, "In the 1831 treaty with the Shawnee, the notion of blood quantum was first applied in a formal way to determine who would—or, more importantly, who would not—be recognized by the United States as a 'real' Indian."[10] Mixed-bloods were separated from full-bloods, at times, because the government considered mixed-bloods more competent to manage their own affairs than full-bloods, and Osage "breeds" were specifically granted permission in the 1865 treaty, to be "the only group allowed (or coerced) to remain within a traditional homeland from which the rest of their nation was removed."[11] No Indian group historically used tribal enrollment procedures of any kind to confirm or deny Indian identity, and Indians are the only group in the world forced to abide by such a discriminatory system which both hurts and, ironically, also helps many Native peoples.[12]

Criteria such as blood quantum, community consensus, self identification, etc. further point out the confusion resulting from varying categories, inequitably applied, to define who can call themselves Indian and be eligible for formal tribal membership. These categories also point out to what extent U.S.-Indian relations abundantly consist of failed policies, based upon inadequate information about Indian peoples, propogated by non-Indian missionaries, travelers, politicians, writers, movie producers, historians, and school teachers who continue to perpetuate myths about Indians.

The book seems to deliver what its editor promises, enshrined in her definition of theory: "[T]heories are devices for articulating research questions and zeroing in on important issues. Theories trim away excess information and coagulate details to form meaningful explanations. To fall back on a handy cliché, theories make it possible for us to see the forest through the trees."[13]

The collection of essays in this splendid book, I believe, will go far to address some of these problems, and hopefully help resolve them, as more scholarship such as this is seriously considered by those working in the academy today. I highly recommend this book to students, instructors, and the general public. It is compact reading, by competent scholars, covering a variety of issues central in American Indian Studies today.

Notes

[1]Nancy Shoemaker, "Introduction," in *Clearing a Path: Theorizing the Past in Native American Studies*, Nancy Shoemaker Ed., (New York: Routledge, 2002), vii.

[2]Ibid.

[3]Concerning the present Native American cultural renaissance, see Don Addison, "Native Americans and the Baha'i Faith" in *Community College Moment*, Vol. Two, Issue One, Winter 2002, (Lane Community College), 68-76.

[4]James Brooks, "Life Proceeds From the Name: Indigenous Peoples and the Predicament of Hybridity," in *Clearing a Path: Theorizing the Past in Native American Studies*, Nancy Shoemaker Ed., (New York: Routledge, 2002), 183.

[5]For further information on Indian languages and categories of language families relative to cultural revival, see Leanne Hinton, *Flutes of Fire: Essays on California Indian Languages*, (Berkeley, California, Heyday Books, 1994).

[6] Shoemaker, 51.

[7]Ibid., 53

[8]Ibid., 54

[9]Ibid.

[10]Ward Churchill, "The Crucible of American Indian Identity: Native Tradition versus Colo-

nial Imposition in Postconquest North America," in *Contemporary Native American Cultural Issues*, Duane Champagne, Ed., (Walnut Creek, California: AltaMira Press, 1999), 49.

[11]Ibid.

[12]See for example Devon Mihesuah, *American Indians Stereotypes & Realities.*, (Atlanta: Clarity Press, Inc., 1996, 1997, 1998), 99-100, 125-126. Ward Churchill, *Indians Are Us? Culture and Genocide in Native North America*. (Monroe, Maine: Common Courage Press, 1994). Gerald Vizenor, *Crossbloods: Bone Courts, Bingo and Other Reports*. (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1976, 1990).

[13]Shoemaker, viii.

Don Addison *is an anthropologist and ethnomusicologist who received his Ph.D. from the University of Oregon. He has taught American Indian Studies at Lane and Chemeketa Community Colleges. Being Choctaw Indian, he is active in the Native American community serving as a drummer, singer, dancer, teacher and artist. He has worked as a program coordinator of Native American Arts and Performances for the Smithsonian Institution and has published scholarly articles, original musical compositions, and sound recordings in Taiwan, Hong Kong, Israel, Belgium, and Germany. In 2002, he directed the first Native American "Umista" Rights of Passage program at Lane. His essay "Native Americans and the Baha'i Faith" appeared in the Winter 2002 issue of the* Community College Moment.

Work-in-Progress

Made of Money

Drew Viles

Here is the latest news from the markets: while blood continues to be relatively inexpensive,[1] kidney prices are soaring.[2] The price of human oocytes[3] is also on the upswing, while the cost of sperm[4] is holding steady. No quotes yet today from the ocular, cardiac, and cutaneous[5] fronts although market analysts predict a precipitous increase in the price of eyes and hearts following rumors of reform in the Chinese penal system while a recent glut of skin from the Indian subcontinent has set off fears of impending price wars among skin banks in Europe and the United States.

The context for this discussion above, which may have already appeared on *The Nightly Business Report*, is a metaphor. When people buy and sell parts of human bodies, one major way people have made sense of the activity has been by borrowing terms from the vocabulary of human commerce. For instance, blood banks have been around for many decades. People have also spoken often of sperm banks for more than a few years. The metaphor, in this case is easy to follow: as commercial banks store money, so, too, do these other banks store human bodily fluids.

When people buy and sell parts of human bodies, one major way people have made sense of the activity has been by borrowing terms from the vocabulary of human commerce.

But the magic of language is in full evidence when it comes to such banks as these. For the fact is that nobody has ever thought to speak of "blood libraries," and the reason for this omission is simple. The "banks" which exist to store body parts do more than just serve as repositories. They exist in order to place in commercial circulation something that has existed in private circulation. This is different from traditional banks which nowadays do not produce what they store and never placed into collective circulation material actually collected from and originating in individual human beings. That is, banks first made money themselves (prior to the law that arrogated the issuance of currency to the U.S. government) and then offered to store the money subsequently acquired by individuals. In the case of sperm banks and blood banks, what is stored by banks or government was never the *creation* of banks or government. Banks of the traditional variety serve as points of collection for material articles already in free circulation and which were put into circulation by banks or governments. Blood banks and sperm banks, on the other hand, are points where something like a natural resource, which has previously been mined, is transferred into a pool intended for collective use.

Of course, in common terms nothing like this ever happens. And the reason that to speak of "mines" in the discussion of these particular "banks" appears as a relatively shocking development is as simple as this: the traditional vocabulary of the market is automatically abandoned whenever the discussion turns to a description of the producer of the "wealth." In traditional economics, the producer of value is called "the worker." But within the transfer of body parts from one person to another, the producer of value is called something else. This is not to say, of course, that nobody functions in the role of the traditional worker in this scheme. The people who insert needles into veins, in the one case, and the people who collect reproductive fluid, in the other, have all the characteristics of traditional employees. And like miners who make a living via the collection and refinement of earth parts, these workers make a living via adding value to human parts through the activities of collection and refinement. But in addition to these traditional workers who add value to what is mined, the actual human producers of bodily fluids, whether the fluid is sperm or plasma, are themselves responsible for the extraction of the valuable fluid. This is seen best in the case of paid human sperm transfer where the producers of the valuable bodily fluid are left alone in a room where they themselves are solely responsible for the production of the fluid wealth. But even in the case of blood transfer, it is only through the power of the one-from-whom-blood-is-collected that the valuable flows from vein to receptacle. The well in the case of these bodily fluids is strictly artesian. The person from whom value flows in these cases is both mine and miner.[6]

In common terms, however, the person who doubles as both mine and miner is called "the donor." This is the point where the terms of commerce dare not to go. This is where the metaphor unravels. The people who have tried to make sense of the practice of transferring body parts from one to another for pay have determined that the person from whom the body parts are taken, this person who receives money in compensation for the value of the body part, is the "donor." Hence, the transfer of body parts from one to another where the one is paid and the other is paying is called "donation." [7]

This is too much. This has gone too far. Here is one example were this particular euphemism leads. When somebody comes to the door requesting money for a charity, it is common now, under the appropriate circumstances, to reply as follows: "I gave at the office." That excuse will increasingly become less persuasive if the confusion between "donation" and "exchange of money" from one to another when the one is being compensated for valuable body parts, continues to flourish.

The reason the confusion has flourished is readily identifiable. Calling the one a "donor" who functions as both mine and miner has the advantage of sounding nice. But this is also its

great disadvantage. The talk of "donation" helps obscure the character of the activity. The activity is not nice. The commodification of the human body is not only a sort of dehumanization, it is *the* dehumanization. It is not only a literal objectification; it is the alpha and omega of objectification.

What can be done is a refinement of the activity in words. This would enable a distinction to be made between "donation" of the kind where money exchanges hands and the sort where no money exchanges hands. This distinction already exists in terms of location, at least in the case of human blood transfer. In the case where no money exchanges hands, the donation is made at the Red Cross, which appears to have an exclusive monopoly on this activity. In cases where the producer of the blood is paid for the plasma, the transfer is made at a business routinely described as being part of the "biomedical" industry. "Life medicine" industry is how this translates.

My belief is that the first step toward a more rational distribution of body parts will be the step of adopting a more rational way of talking about such activities. What is needed in order to facilitate a new way of seeing is a new way of saying. My proposal is to listen closely and then to call this new activity what it sounds like most.

All this started with blood. Blood is source of all these other activities. What do you call it in English when somebody lives off the lifeblood of people? What do you call it when somebody lives high while others live way down low and what is being transferred from the powerless to the powerful is human blood? What do you call it when the blood of some is routinely taken by another with the "some" being poor and "another" being quite rich, maybe even so rich[8] as to live way up high on a hill in a castle?

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Notes

[1]In the local area, Seramed Biomedical will swap between $15.00 and $30.00 for about 900 grams of human blood plasma with the exact price dependent upon the number of prior sales made by that individual to Seramed Biomedical and with the exact amount of plasma dependent upon body weight. Dottie who answers the telephone at Seramed Biomedical's facility in Springfield, Oregon, personal interview, 31 October 2001; Melissa who answers the telephone at Seramed Biomedical's facility in Eugene, Oregon, personal interview, 31 October 2001.

[2]The price paid to persons for their kidneys has been reported to range into four figures. Nancy Scheper-Hughes, "Sale of Human Organs on [sic] China," *FDCH Congressional Testimony*, June 27, 2001 (House International Relations Committee), online, Academic Search

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on page 76.

Elite, (October 31, 2001).

[3]The price paid for human eggs, also known as oocytes, ranged from $2,000 to $100,000 in the United States in the year 2000. "Egg Donation: A Risky Business, " *Rolling Stone* (October 26, 2000): 80.

[4]"Fifty bucks a pop" was the reported price being paid for sperm in Berkeley, California in the year 2000. Vanessa Grigoriadis, "Being a Sperm Donor is Hard Work," *Rolling Stone* (October 26, 2000): 80.

[5]Etelka Lehoczky, "Body Bazaar," October 15, 1999, http://www.gettingit.com/big_archive.html (29 October 2001).

[6]In the case of sperm collection, "minor" would also be an apt descriptor given that "[r]oughly ninety percent of all U.S. sperm donors are students." Grigoriadis 77.

[7]Kenneth Baum, "Golden Eggs: Toward the Rational Regulation of Oocyte Donation," *Brigham Young University Law Review* (2001): 107-67 is a work whose title announces that literary works may serve as an adequate guide for the discussion of buying and selling human body parts. This article is accessible online via the Academic Search Elite database.

[8]The mining of human sperm and oocytes was reported to be part of a "$2-billion-a-year" business in the U.S. "Egg Donation: A Risky Business" 80.

Empire Builder

Dan Armstrong

Journey with Amtrak along major portions of the famous trail of Lewis and Clark. Only the Empire Builder can take you on this exciting adventure through majestic wilderness. . . . On the Empire Builder, you'll feel like a pampered explorer.

—"Amtrak Travel Planner 2002"

1

On sparkling streams of fireflies through the sweet summer air
we dreamers on a rail of dreams ride West the Empire Builder,
muted horn blowing a soft song of warning over the famous trail.

Sleepers in Coach, we manage anyway we can, shoehorned
in seats made into beds, parts dangling in the aisle.
Little moans and snores make music with sliding tracks.

"Incoming! Here comes the shit! Stay the fuck down!"
Writhing in seat 32 A, sobbing in his nightsweat,
he's back in Vietnam, two months out of boot camp,

having left only a few hours before the club car in shreds,
women fleeing his obscenities—bursts of leering misogyny
fired at any woman near him and his drunken entourage.

Surefooted, bluecapped, the conductor rides the rocking aisle,
and then with rushing air and racket of clattering tracks,
auto doors swallow him whole, and I fall to awkward fetal sleep.

2

The risen sun is a rolling ball at rest on an empty table, a land
utterly unlike the day before. Then, forests of maple and oak,
and for several miles junked cars parked among all the trees,

a bucolic graveyard for Chevys and Fords, cars sprouting around
the trees like wild flowers and poison oak, colors in a motley bouquet.
How did they get there, I wonder, with no city for miles around?

Coming through North Dakota and Montana, nothing but open land
and a few small towns, where often we stop to pick up and drop off,
listless places strewn along the sides of the track, startled into life with

the blowing of our horn, the clanging of bells and flashing of lights
on fallen gates as we come to a gliding stop at the little stations,
names like Minot, Wolf Point, and Cut Bank printed neatly on a sign.

Fourth of July flags hang a week before in every town along the way
on houses, cars, and poles—signs of Independence, Empire and now 9-11,
visions of Flight 175 slamming into the South Tower hovering.

Somewhere between Devil's Lake and Rugby, I meet a mountain man or
seems to be—bearded, burly, sent by Central Casting for the barroom scene.
But no. Bob Yeats ("Spelled like the poet.") is a classical tuba player,

homebound from some remote town and an opera about its awful past.
In shrieking lamentations, the soprano sings her grief for children
burned alive in a Wobbly hall fire, flames licking up the screams.

3

Nearly noon, we briefly stop in Stanley to deboard and find our land legs
once again. Behind the station, there he stands in stern and weathered
bronze, heavy with his massive dreams: James J. Hill, founder of the

Great Northern Railroad empire along the same route we travel now, robber
baron extraordinaire, clutching an iron bible to an iron breast, peering fiercely
straight down Main Street just beyond his feet at all the shops along the way.

In oxidized copper the plaque beneath his boot declares the Northern his "great mark on the world." He backs it up with righteous, bearded jaw: the emissary of Progress, banishing ignorance and evil in the long sweep west.

No plaque to remember the Northern for the Chinese workers blown to dust lighting fuses to blast through rock. Nothing in that bible or in the Destiny invoked for it to recall proud nations downsized into trailers on the rez.

That night at dinner, I'm seated with Arnie, Nate, and Ed, pilgrims of the rail on their way, as if to Canterbury, to the annual convention of railroad buffs in San Francisco, sharing complimentary wine and arcane railroad lore.

Conversation starts slowly but picks up steam, winding along storied routes and fabled runs, upcoming conventions and those from the past, railroad trivia to stump even buffs, and running comments on the signals and

sidetracks we pass on the way. Nate, it seems, has models in his den of a Northern freighter from 1932 and Winona, Minnesota, where the train pulls in. Before we know it, we're running right along on narrow-gauge tracks,

made to scale, over hill and over dale, round the lake and through the wood, past sheep in the meadow and cows in the barn—into Winona, honest and good, rolling past the five and dime, to arrive at 2:55. Right on time!

4

Big Sky Country. Viewed from above, our tracks make a zipper, a scar.
And our train is a moving silver mark upon Montana, a doppelganger
line between two worlds conjured as a geological freak of nature.

Out my window, a stony, treeless land is tortured into fantastic shapes, low mounds of earth and rock covered with a tough, short grass, and random outcroppings of undulating stone: the bones of a once-vital earth,

long dead and buried, now turned up by erosion—or perhaps those of a sky god, fallen to his death. The overhanging sky is a mass of swollen, boiling clouds rolling like tanks into position on a battlefield.

I'm astonished, looking across the aisle out a window to the south,
to see another world: verdant fields are broken by solid stands of trees,
and a pronghorn doe bounds, as if on springs, at a diagonal away from us.

It is a land, if I squint, that looks like the fertile farmland of the Midwest.
And the sky above it is a vast sea of blue with clouds thinned and polished
by the wind, graceful sailing ships, white sails pulled tight, moving over us

toward some obscure shore. My head is on a swivel as I turn back and forth,
looking out the two windows, undecided which is the real world and which
the faux. I move to a seat across the aisle to better see this other world.

Overhead, a silver fighter jet, streaking west but headed east, makes a mark
in the sky parallel to ours on land, its thin white contrail a trace of intention
to maintain the empire—calisthenics for wars in Afghanistan and beyond.

5

Looking for a vanished wilderness, I sit in the observation car, a room
with a view on wheels for pampered explorers, as three time-travelers walk
the aisle behind me, pilgrims of a different sort than those I met before.

They are young, clean-shaven, Amish men ruled by a strict geometry of hair
and dress: hair in horizontal lines at front and neck with right angles around
the ears, upper body in starched white shirts, lower half in loose black pants,

and suspenders that cut black Xs on the back and parallel lines on the front.
Except for Samuel, whose suspenders are red and who defies stereotype,
working the car for earnest conversations with the rest of us.

He leans over my shoulder and points in the distance to something,
for all my care, I have missed. Under the massive shadow of the Rockies
is a half-circle of eight tipis, Blackfoot I think, white cones on a field of green

with no signs of life whatsoever. Soon we begin to climb the first mountain
in Glacier Park, slowing as we climb, finally stalling beside an alpine
meadow, rolling to a creaking stop facing the highest glacial peaks.

Engine, lights, and air conditioner are shut off, and we sit in complete silence, feeling heavier in our immobility. But as I sit trying to identify the wildflowers, getting lost in reds, yellows, and whites, the train begins to

dematerialize—sides, windows, and seats falling away until I am sitting outside of history on a fallen tree next to the small lake on the far end of the meadow, the sun hot on me and the buzz of life all around.

Later, we are jerked into movement and on our way again. "Flat tire," the drunk across from me lamely jokes. But no. A broken fuel pump has been fixed, and our train has shrunk to the family station wagon on the turnpike.

6

Hardy and independent, a Western woman who doesn't look 85,
Helen Barnes sits sipping herbal tea in the club car, as always facing east,
preferring to watch where she's been instead of where she's going.

She"s quit her work with Fr. Paul giving counsel to unwed teenage moms
and before that homesteading in Alaska ("Too damn cold!"), where she
buried two husbands, fought off a grizzly bear ("Breath stank to heaven!"),

and watched a mother moose give birth under the stop light in town.
Tonight, she's angry about Enron and other corporate crimes that have
cheated workers out of jobs and pensions. "Disillusioned!" she says.

I search her face and voice for traces of irony, surprised to find none.
Returning to coach, relaxed from my glass of wine, I sink into my seat
to sleep—and dream. The late night lights in Spokane change into a

gray day on a farm somewhere "out West." Clouds move overhead,
fast and low, a time-lapse effect condensing days of movement
into a few minutes. A train's horn is blowing softly in the distance.

I stand before a pioneer homestead at the edge of the front yard, a lush
modern suburban lawn leading up to the farmhouse. But this yard
pools and bubbles liquid fire, a smoldering blue at the base with red and

orange blades flickering in places over the tops of the grass.
The land is on fire, and I must crawl over it to reach the house, why I
do not know. As I pull myself along, finally coming close to the house,

I marvel that I suffer no burns. Then I see the barn I missed before,
the dark mouth of it containing an old wagon wheel, a pitchfork hanging
melted over a bale, and a plow with handles and leather straps

meant for man, not horse or mule. I look back to see a farmwife in a calico
dress standing on the porch, watching me. Wordlessly, she walks around me,
softly blowing over the fiery grass as if to quench the fire but only fanning it.

Still, I feel no pain from the fire, and I form a question in my mind before
I jerk awake: "Is it holy, or is it hell?" Looking out my darkened window,
I see it has become a mirror, and I am watching myself watching myself.

7

Coming over the Washington Cascades, I feel back home in Oregon.
The Douglas firs cut a jagged line into a blue sky, a blizzard of green
rolling over the mountains, familiar ferns crowding the forest floor.

Looks just like the Oregon Cascades, except for the rows and rows of poplars
standing tall and straight at attention, leaves winking in the wind. They
stand efficiently in clear cut spaces, ready to serve the economy as pulp.

We pass through Everett, city of sawmills and barges loaded with logs,
where five Wobblies were killed by a posse in the General Strike of 1916,
soon coming to the seven-mile Cascade Tunnel on the way down to Seattle.

We enter the tunnel, the darkness a soft black fur, our windows turned into
mirrors by lights inside the train. I am lost in my own reflection, thinking
ahead to Seattle, fishmonger and architect of cyberworld. I feel the magnetic

pull of the city on our train. I can already see Seahawk Stadium as we pull in,
its gigantic hawk-logo a totem of corporate and military power. And the
high-rise towers of glass and steel that dazzle us into submission.

Dan Armstrong received his Ph.D. from Indiana University and has taught at the University of Arizona, Oakland University, and Oregon State University before coming to Lane Community College, where he teaches English and film studies. He has won the Department of English Award for Teaching Excellence at Oakland University and the prestigious Burlington Award, the top teaching award given annually at Oregon State. In addition to previous publications of fiction and poetry, his publications include an academic article in Cahiers Victoriens & Edourdiens *and articles on film studies in* Film Quarterly, Cinema Journal, Quarterly Review of Film and Video, *and* Film Criticism. *He currently lives with his wife and son in Eugene, Oregon, a city dubbed "The People's Republic of Eugene" by a local conservative talk-show host.*

The Community College Moment
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