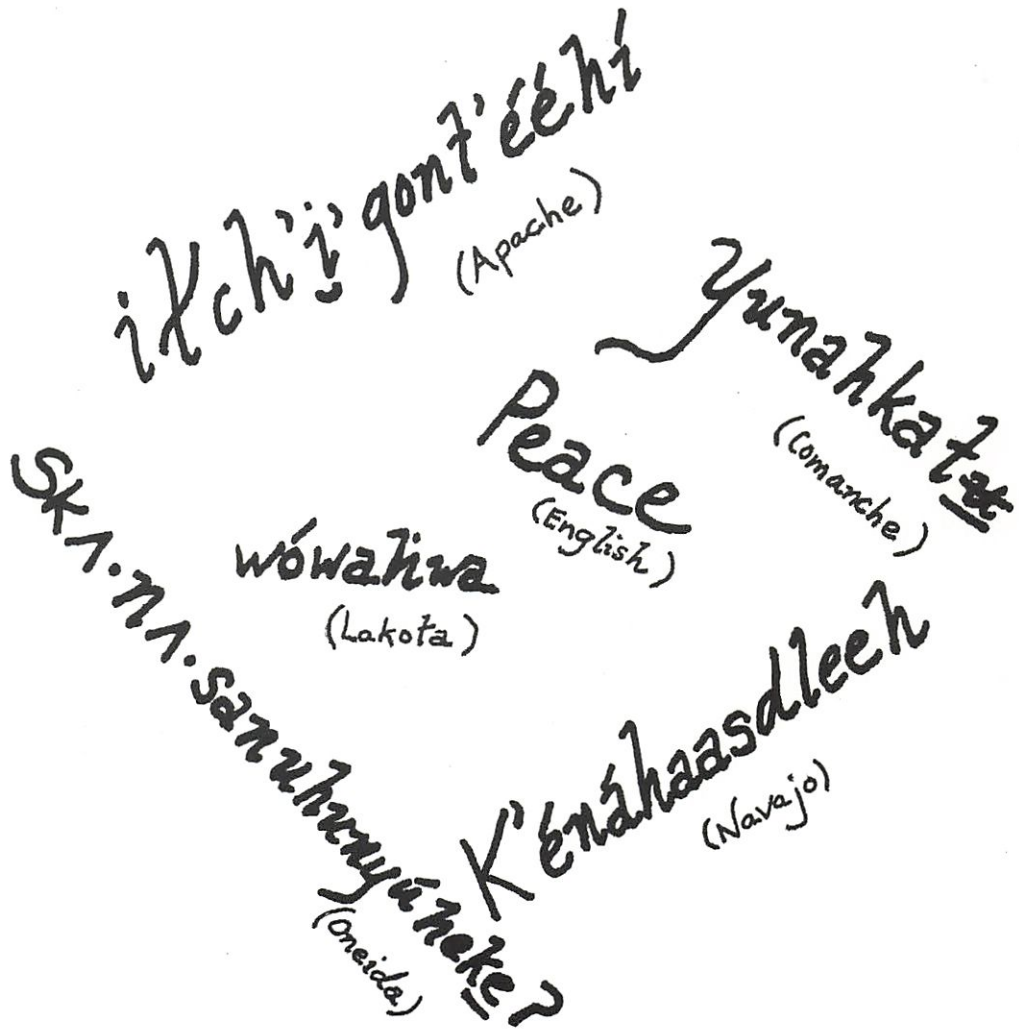
# The Community College Moment

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**Front Cover:**
Thanks to Don Addison for the cover idea and the Native American Language translations.

# The Community College Moment

Spring 2004

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 Four**
**Spring 2004**

**The Community College Moment**
***Volume Four, Spring 2004***



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*Peace*

# Introduction

*Maurice Hamington and Tracy Henninger*

Martin Luther King Jr. captured the imperative of peace in the modern world when he said, "The choice today is no longer between violence and nonviolence. It is either nonviolence or nonexistence." In the long shadow of the events of September 11, 2001, we wanted this issue of the *Community College Moment* to explore a broadly defined notion of peace. We have dedicated our opening section to peace—peace in the world, peace at work, peace in our relationships, peace in our lives.

Mary Spilde, President of Lane Community College, opens our special section on peace with an excerpt from a speech she delivered at the start of the 2003-2004 academic year. She uses a litany of quotes from important thinkers to remind us that in the face of what sometimes seems like overwhelming tragedy, the nation and the world needs the vision of transformation espoused by community colleges now more than ever. Community Colleges are committed to making "a difference in peoples' lives particularly when they come to us wounded or convinced of their ability to fail." In "The Gift of a Circle," Janet Macha personalizes a peaceful transformation by describing how Esmeralda overcomes a long-standing wound with the help of an old friend—herself. In particular, an apparition of her 15-year-old self helps Esmeralda face a pain that has tormented her.

Of course, nothing inflicts widespread pain like war. It's a simple three-letter word but it entails so much emotion and so many consequences. During the "war to end all wars," World War I, after her efforts to keep the United States out of the conflict had failed, future Nobel Prize winner, Jane Addams wrote *Peace and Bread in Time of War*. A pragmatist activist, Addams recognized that even in the face of terrible destruction, people must be fed and cared for. Our special section on peace contains three independently written poems that pick up on themes of bread making and sharing as juxtaposed against violent conflict. "Why We Bake" by Sandra M. Jensen describes the sensuous process of making bread and the peace that it brings. In an exploration of human nature, Bob Hicks' poem, "Starve War" transposes the notion of the lust for violence with bread that satisfies a hunger for peace. Leslie Rubinstein constructs an image of the devastation of war by describing bread made of grass shared by starving children in her poem, "The Picture." Perhaps there is a doctoral dissertation embedded in this seemingly natural response to war imagery with bread imagery.

In "A Dish Served Cold," Maurice Hamington reviews the bestseller, *Revenge*, a compelling personal story by journalist Laura Blumenfeld who explores the nature of revenge and its rich cultural heritage while reconciling her own need for avenging an attempt on her father's life. Blumenfeld connects personal and social acts of violence with their consequences, as does

Stephen McQuiddy in "The Patience to Change." McQuiddy discusses how his life changed during the post 9/11 era and how it will, and must, continue to change. In another poem from Leslie Rubinstein, she describes a different kind of change and a different kind of peace. Rubinstein recognizes the dangers of habits of materialism in "Eastern Title: Enlightenment, Western Title: Paean to God." The long standing mantra of the feminist movement, "the personal is political" seems appropriate to our explorations of peace as questions of peaceful existence appear to be neither exclusively personal or exclusively political. Amy Gaudia finds peace in her life by "Asking the Perfect Question" at various points in her career in order to find the appropriate balance.

Only in the *Community College Moment* can one find a poem about the laws of physics, which, furthermore, has implications for peace. Rich Ross provides the physics prose in "The Law of Conservation of Energy" but he asks questions that can be categorized as metaphysical. In "How It Feels to Be An American," Drew Viles answers questions that are too infrequently asked. In the face of the patriotism that arises with war, Viles explores how the word "American" is used in this country and elsewhere given the diversity that the term envelops. Bill Woolum's poem "World Lit" addresses a diversity of a different sort in the myriad of brand names entailed in even the simplest of tasks. Can peace and brand identification coexist?

In "Sampo (The Re-generator)" artist Lee Imonen gives an account of how he came to create a massive 10-ton sculpture in Salem, Oregon. Images appear in the text but they hardly do justice to the work and you will have to go to Salem to appreciate the dynaminism of this piece. The *Community College Moment's* de facto resident artist, Jerry Ross, contributes a haunting portrait, "War Widow." This image sets the tone for the final selection in this special section on peace. You may recall the biographies of the Twin Towers' victims published in newspapers across the country. These biographies allowed us to make empathetic connections to the lives lost. Kate Rogers Gessert creates empathetic connections to our war "enemy" by providing a series of anecdotal accounts of Iraqi civilian casualties of war in "In Memoriam."

In a section devoted to "Beginnings" we have a collection of submissions that address new starts—an appropriate topic for the spring season. In "Droughts" Drew Viles uses poetry to describe the beginnings of any written work, which are more than ink on paper. Sandra M. Jensen chronicles the start of a new academic year in "Dreamcatcher." Jensen employs a lighthearted manner to characterize the hopes and fears of a writer who teaches writing (not the other way around—you will have to read it to see what we mean). What would a section on beginnings be without a birth? Dan Armstrong's "To Jacob" captures the joy of becoming a grandfather in the notion of gift. Armstrong's use of language is always a gift—to us.

Another group of submissions we characterized as "Discovery." In "From Holden Village to the New Haven Green: On the Journey to Transformation in Community" Margaret Bayless describes how her sabbatical experience reinvigorated her passion for teaching while blending

theory and action in such a way that gives her direction in creating and practicing transformative education. Bayless's personal odyssey seeks and ultimately concretizes the educational vision that Spilde implored for in the opening article. In "The Doomed as Siletz" Viles spins a dark tale of family myth making—and forgetting. Viles continues the theme of family discovery in "Poem for Two Siletz Voices." Finally, Donna Zmolek discovers modern feminism in the pop cultural phenomenon *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*. Zmolek suggests that powerful women dominate this television show with empowering themes in a manner accessible to a new generation of women who must fight the dark forces of sexism again and again.

As always, this edition of the *Community College Moment* contains a section devoted to "Works-in-Progress." These are provocative pieces that may not be fully formed but are worthy of discussion. In "On Freedom in a Determined Universe," Ben Hill offers us his musings on the paradox of freewill: if the material of our bodies conforms to the physical laws of the universe, how can we be truly free to make decisions? (You might want to flip back to Rich Ross's poem if the paradox gives you a headache). Musicologist Don Addison wants you to use your freewill to purchase and enjoy, "Native American Style Bahai Songs." His review of the CD provides not only a comprehensive background but gives us insight to the intricacies of the aesthetics as well as an appreciation for the intersection of culture and music.

Please read the inside covers of the *Community College Moment* carefully. We ask that you give a mental note of appreciation (if not a personal acknowledgment) to the hard work of the Editorial Board members. These volunteers read a stack of articles and provide extensive feedback to authors. They also have to make difficult decisions about what is included and what is not included for each issue. The quality of the *Moment* is a testament to their efforts. A big thanks goes to Roka Walsh who has been our web goddess from the journal's inception. Finally, we must acknowledge the Administration and Faculty Professional Development of Lane Community College that make the *Community College Moment* possible.

*Tracy Henninger & Maurice Hamington*

**A confession:** I was on sabbatical for the fall 2003 and winter 2004 academic terms which means that my work on this issue consisted of a few cameo appearances at meetings. Although I am listed as co-editor, Tracy Henninger did the vast majority of the work in putting this issue together. As always, she does a terrific job and has a wonderful sense of style, even in the face of adversity.

*Maurice Hamington*

Peace

# Looking Out

*Mary Spilde*

*An excerpt from the Fall 2003 in-service opening address at Lane Community College, edited for written form. September 24, 2003*

In the midst of all the human suffering that goes on in our world and in our community and with everyday routines that overwhelm us, it is easy to become exhausted and lose sight of the important work we do in community colleges. For many of our students, indeed for many of us, coming to the community college is a respite from all the intractable problems "out there." This calls us to make our colleges places that do not ignore what is going on but provide safe havens to focus on learning; to create places where we can be sure that the work we do will contribute to lessening the kind of trouble going on in the world; to build a field of expectations that education can mitigate hate and destruction; and to build communities that model peaceful, respectful environments where there is a spirit of inclusion, a spirit of liberation, a spirit of learning and a spirit of possibility. Easily said, but how do we stay energized and enthusiastic, focused on the difference we are making? How do we acknowledge the reality we live in, yet not let it distract or dishearten us? How do we build a hopeful learning community?

Focusing on our own learning reconnects us with students' experiences thus increasing our empathy and insight.

We start by exchanging a long glance with our calling and remember that our vocation is not about our career, it is about our life and how we live it. The Latin root of vocation is *vocatus,* to be called, and *vox,* meaning voice. At some point we felt this call and gave it voice through preparation for the work we do as teacher, electrician, support person, or manager. We must continually remind ourselves of that calling and why we chose the work we do. We need what William Blake calls a "firm persuasion" in our work so that what we do is right for ourselves and good for the world.[1]

We must put ourselves in the role of learner on a daily basis. I spent some time learning this summer. I went to a cooking school with my daughter. I have always thought of myself as a pretty good cook and I was sure I knew how to cut an onion! But when I was asked to step up to the table and cut the onion, it became clear pretty quickly that I didn't know much. My knife skills did not meet the standard. As the chef told me to do this, then that, I found myself tensing up. I felt like a fool and an abject failure. I thought if I feel like this, when ordinarily I am a fairly confident person and my whole future does not depend on whether my knife skills are good, what is it like for our students whose learning experiences at our community colleges can affect their whole lives? Focusing on our own learning reconnects us with students' experiences thus increasing our empathy and insight. It reminds us that "If education is about any-

thing it is about creating a joyful ability to live at the frontier of our own learning where everyone is different and we can speak uniquely to each student."[2]

Another way to make a positive difference is to recognize that good ideas come from everyone in the organization. As an organization it is easy to get caught up in the hierarchy and give greater value to the ideas of one group of people over another. That is not in keeping with the values of community colleges. You have probably heard this story of Cesar Chavez: When he was trying to organize the farm workers in California, he became very despondent about how to get the workers out of the camps to talk to them. He called a meeting to discuss this and several ideas were batted around. After a while a very old lady at the back who was not recognized as a leader said, "What if we set up a shrine or altar just outside the gates of the camp and when they come to pray we can talk to them?" At first, people did not know whether to take this idea seriously because it came from an unexpected place. But as the idea was discussed everyone realized that it was the way through the problem.

For me, this story illustrates that good ideas can come from anywhere or anyone in the organization. We need to pay attention and not ignore an idea because we think the person doesn't know enough; to be open to the best ideas whether they come from a student, the community, support staff, faculty or management. None of us has the corner on good ideas. As Martin Luther King said, "Everybody can be great because anybody can serve. You don't have to have a college degree to serve. You don't have to make your subject and verb agree to serve. You only need a heart full of grace, a soul generated by love."[3] When a person knows that—the classroom is different, the office is different, the college is different, and the community is different.

Recommitting to the vision and mission of community colleges is another powerful way to create a hopeful learning environment. Meg Wheatley has stated: "There is no power for change greater than a community discovering what it cares about."[4]

I think we who work at community colleges do so because of the fundamental belief in our mission. We are committed to these colleges built on principles of social justice and equity. We are committed to students who come to us from all classes, ethnic and racial groups, with different sexual orientations, religions, physical challenges. We work in these community colleges not because we always get the best and the brightest (although that frequently happens) but because we can make a difference in peoples' lives, particularly when they come to us wounded or convinced of their ability to fail. But if they make it to our colleges, and we get a hold of them, they find they have a brain, develop an aspiration and say, "yes, I can be successful. I can complete a two-year degree, or transfer to the university, or move to the next level of developmental math."

Affording this access to the dream of higher education and building a sense of community has the capacity to truly transform lives and keep us energized. We need to be clear that

We work in these community colleges... because we can make a difference in peoples' lives, particularly when they come to us wounded or convinced of their ability to fail.

everyone can impact that student. We never know exactly what will make that difference—the response to a request for directions, the crisis intervention, the classroom experience, the provision of comfortable spaces and helpful support.

Community goes far beyond our face-to-face relationships with each other as human beings. In education especially, this community connects us with what the poet Rilke called "the great things of the world and with the grace of great things."[5] I think that this great community college mission has the power to do that for us. When we recommit to this vision and mission and our students, the rewards are tremendous.

Another thing we can do is to work together at the organizational level. Robert Greenleaf says that organization kills spirit.[6] Our colleges can be places that depersonalize the people they were created to serve. Instead of looking at our institutions in a mechanistic way we must understand that they are living systems. This world view calls us to understand the whole system and the interrelatedness and interdependence of all parts of the organization. Martin Luther King said, "We are all tied to a single garment of destiny caught in an inescapable network of mutuality. Whatever affects one directly affects all indirectly. I can never be what I ought to be until you are what you ought to be. This is the interrelated structure of all reality. There are things we can accomplish together that we cannot accomplish apart."[7] All of us have a role to play in building the community. As inhabitants of the organization we owe it to ourselves and to each other to do everything we can to contribute to a healthy organization that nurtures rather than diminishes spirit.

Affording this access to the dream of higher education and building a sense of community has the capacity to truly transform lives and keep us energized.

We must be aware that building a hopeful community takes time; transformation takes time. Many of us are impatient to get things done, to solve a few more problems immediately. It is true that we can't wait around forever but we need deep attention and focused intention. We need patience and imagination. David Whyte talks about having the right touch at the right time in the right place. The right word at the right time in the right place. Effort and will used only at pivotal moments. Whyte says "the key seems to be to find a restful yet attentive presence in the midst of our work, to open up spaciousness in the center of our responsibility. To find some source of energy other than our constant applications of effort and will. If we attempt to engage the will continually, it exhausts and prevents us from creating a pattern that endures."[8] That is what I think we must do. First see the larger pattern (our vision, mission and strategic directions) and with the least pressure possible create something that will endure.

Finally, what might help the most is for us to wage peace. I mean that not only in our larger world but in the community and within our colleges. And that only happens if we start in our own hearts. Peter Block said, "Lasting improvement does not take place by pronouncements or official programs. Change takes place slowly inside each of us and by the choice we think through in quiet wakeful moments lying in bed just before dawn."[9]

It's important for all of us to have those "wakeful moments" perhaps thinking of a kaleidoscope and turn the prism to look at things in a different way. I read a quote from a 6 year old Afghani child in a refugee camp. He said, "I don't know what peace is, but I love it." I feel the same way in some respects but I think we have an advantage. We do have an inkling about what peace would look like. Instead of living in the controversy, and I am well aware that is a place that some people like to inhabit, could we do it differently?

By waging peace we can build colleges that are models of healthy work and learning – communities where work is meaningful, relationships are imbued with respect, and personal and professional growth is supported. We can have the conditions where we can all do our best work. That is not to say that we agree on everything. Of course not. Disagreement is a sign of a healthy organization. It recognizes the diversity of opinions and beliefs that should exist. But we can develop a different world view that is less harsh, more positive, inviting and engaging—one that takes an appreciative perspective and focuses on what we want more of. The poet, Rilke said: "The great renewal of the world will perhaps consist in this, that man and maid, freed of all false feelings and reluctances, will seek each other not as opposites but as brother and sister, as neighbors, and will come together as human beings."[10]

I am sure Rilke was thinking about something far larger than community colleges, but I can't help thinking that the change we need to make first is right here at home, within our own hearts. If we can't get it right here when we have a common vision and mission that beckons us, where can it be successful?

Clearly, there is much work to be done to build hopeful learning communities. For now, as we face turbulent times we must keep that future firmly planted in our minds and make sure our actions are taking us there. It is worth the effort to be part of a place that transforms lives. To be the one spark that inspires, who greets with an encouraging smile, to change ourselves and one another. Each of us individually must take that first step knowing that the start of a better world is to believe it is possible. And it is possible to create the kind of colleges we want. The wisdom we need is within us individually, but especially collectively. As we set out on this journey to create hopeful communities of learning we should celebrate that our calling brought us to education and to community colleges. Where else can we meet with people who share our vision and the exploration of learning and in so doing really earn the title of educator?

***Mary Spilde***
*has spent twenty-four years as an educator in community colleges and now serves as President of Lane Community College in Eugene, OR. Two themes guide her work: Creating the conditions where people can do their best work and placing learning at the heart of the college. She participates in a number of initiatives to develop a culture of innovation that will lead to improvements in the learning environment.*

**Notes**

[1] Whyte, D., *Clear Mind Wild Heart.* (Langley, WA: Many Rivers, 2002)

[2] Whyte, D., *The Teacher's Vocation: Nurturing the Imagination of Others.* (Langley, WA., 2001)

[3] King Jr. M.L., The Drum Major Instinct in C. Carson and Holloran, P., (eds.) *A Knock at Midnight:* (New York: Warner Books, 1998)

[4] Wheatley, M., The Promise of Paradox of Community in M. Wheatley and M. Kellner-Rogers, *The*

*Community of the Future* (San Francisco: Jossey-Bass, 1998)

[5] Rilke, R.M., *Rodin and Other Prose Pieces* (London: Quarter Books, 1986)

[6] Greenleaf, R., *The Power of Servant Leadership.* (San Francisco: Berrett-Koehler, 1998)

[7] King Jr., M.L., Remaining Awake through a Great Revolution in Carson, C. and Holloran, (eds.) *A Knock at Midnight.* (New York: Warner Books, 1998)

[8] Whyte, D., *Clear Mind Wild Heart* (Langley WA: Many Rivers, 2002)

[9] Block, P., *Stewardship* (San Francisco: Berrett-Koehler, 1993)

[10] Rilke, R. M., *Letters to a Young Poet,* (New York:Norton, 1993)

# The Gift of a Circle

*Janet Macha*

You never know what might be gained in a quiet moment, when the world is whirling around, outside. For Esmeralda, it all began when she got fed up with crying over an ancient loss. *"What is the matter with me?"* she wondered. *"It happened decades ago; haven't I grieved long enough?"*

Apparently not, because tears would burst out of her periodically with such intensity, as if a part of her remained inconsolable. And she could feel this fear of inconsolable loss intruding on her attempts to establish loving, open relationships. It was still hard to ask for help, at times; still hard to say, "I love you."

She was sick of it, frankly. Esmeralda was a strong person who enjoyed life. She was happily married, slept well, and suffered only occasional bouts of mild depression, which she combated easily by cleaning the house. She and her sisters had overcome the trauma of their parents' separate, unexpected deaths, the years of poverty and loneliness, and had managed to become reasonably competent adults. In particular, Esmeralda had triumphantly changed from feeling like she belonged nowhere, as an orphan, to a confident woman who fit in nearly everywhere she went. In fact, people at potlucks used to mistake her for the hostess, so comfortable was Esmeralda in other people's houses. Eventually, she learned to carry her energy differently, to leave some of that feeling behind in her own home before going out.

It is one thing to feel alienated from other people because of differences; there is always the hope of meeting someone, someday, with whom you click. It is quite another to feel disconnected from the earth itself because of losing your home. There is a slippery hopelessness about it, day after day; no way to find your footing. The only place Esmeralda ever escaped from that lost feeling was when she tucked herself into the corner of some wild, neglected garden.

She would never forget the day she recovered her sense of belonging-in-the-world. It came from something she realized after reading a book during her last year in college. This realization pulled her from the bottom of the ocean—a tomb where the true part of her had been hiding for seven years—up, up, up through the watery depths . . .

*(the notes flowed up, they spoke of rising and they were the rising itself)*
out into the sunlight . . .
(it was a sunburst of sound, breaking out of hiding and spreading open)
and onto warm, dry land . . .
*(it was the song of an immense deliverance)*
. . . the ground restored at last beneath her feet.

She would never forget the day she recovered her sense of belonging-in-the-world.

The world came back to her in a rush that day, friendly and welcoming, as if it had never been gone. Her heart exploded into joy and soared into the sky like an eagle, propelled by the luminosity of a Rachmaninoff concerto. Suddenly, every place she could see from that vast height was hers; it was all Esmeralda-land. The joy of coming home was so profound that it flooded every atom of her being and would console her for the rest of her life.

Truly, there is no substitute for belonging.

A few unexpected gifts also emerged from the stormy sea of those difficult years. When the winds died down and the sun came out again, Esmeralda discovered that she knew some things. She had learned the value of words like resiliency, adaptability, and perseverance, and taken their meaning deep inside her where they could never be lost. She had learned that hard work and a sense of humor count for more than sheer intelligence. Her intuition snapped into focus, and from across a room she could perceive who was trustworthy or how much emotional pain people had suffered simply by the way they moved. The intuition also revealed a probability window where she could look out and see what was unfolding in the near future. When she tried to talk to friends about this deeper way of seeing, they usually didn't understand.

Of course, there were sharp edges, too; most survivors have them. Esmeralda was not alive by accident any more. She had made the choice of her own free will, around age 20, to stay in the game and make what she could of her life, and that frame of reference just didn't allow putting up with any bullshit. So at times she could be cynical or impatient; even fierce, if someone pushed her too far. But on the whole, she was remarkably well-adjusted. What remained from the difficult past was this odd thorn in her side of inconsolable loss; as though part of her didn't know she had survived it.

*What can I do?* she asked.

She considered counseling but, having no insurance to cover the cost, decided on the next best thing: searching the Internet. Normally, she would turn to a book. She believed in the power of stories to change lives, and so much had been published about healing. But she was convinced that, beyond a certain point of living, the format of self-help literature no longer works. Better just to read what you love, talk to a friend, go for a walk.

So Esmeralda began searching the net, enjoying the independence of it. And one day in March, she discovered a university site on coping with grief. It contained a sentence that jumped out at her like a giant clue: *Healing occurs when loss becomes integrated into an individual's set of life experiences.*

*Could that be it?* she thought excitedly. Some part of her was inconsolable because she had never integrated the loss? Tingles ran down her arms, suggesting she was on the right track. Perhaps a chunk had broken off—become *dis*-integrated—because of extreme loss and the total *disintegration* of her old way of life.

This theory appealed to Esmeralda because it seemed to fit. Clearly, part of her was stuck. Whenever she remembered the day her mother died, for example, she could never manage to do it with any comfortable distance. Instead, she was right there in the house again, at age 15, hearing the wail of the approaching ambulance on a clear Sunday morning, and feeling waves of shock that would soon thaw into first-degree panic over losing another parent without any warning.

Esmeralda rolled her eyes at this persistent flashback panic. She longed to be at peace with the past.

One evening in April while her husband was working, Esmeralda sat in her green velvet rocking chair, the one that fit her body just right. She wasn't meditating, just sitting quietly. And very soon, she got a picture in her mind of a girl coming towards her. The girl was running as fast as she could on a path through the woods, surrounded by a gray, icy mist. She had long hair, a tense face, and the uneasy grace of a frightened deer. As she approached, Esmeralda shivered: it was her 15-year old self. And suddenly she understood that this girl, this part of her, had taken off like a shot the moment her mother had died and had been running ever since.

Esmeralda shouted, "Esmé, Esmé" as she streaked by, but the girl didn't stop.

That was all Esmeralda got the first time, but she felt encouraged and decided to continue. She didn't talk to anyone about it.

She longed to be at peace with the past.

About a week later, after sitting quietly again, more understanding came through and she wrote it down in a shaky hand: *I know why she's running...it's what you do when an earthquake starts breaking up the ground beneath your feet... in order not to fall into the abyss you have to run. No time to rest, no time to look behind you...no time to grieve. Just keep going.* And the grown-up Esmeralda began rocking and crying, healing tears this time, from the truth of it.

She felt encouraged and decided to continue. She didn't talk to anyone about it.

During the next few months, Esmeralda followed her normal routine of work and school and family. But off and on, she would think about the girl who was running. She wanted to slow her down, help Esmé stop running and be there to catch her as she fell ... because of course she would. When the ground cracked open beneath her she would finally have to face the pain of that loss, and Esmeralda feared it would be overwhelming, even traumatic. *There must be some way I can help her,* she thought. *Maybe now I should look for a counselor, having come this far.*

But the grief was too private, and she didn't talk to anyone about it.

Finally, summer arrived and Esmeralda became determined to make more progress. The bright, leafy days and fragrant flowers gave her hope. She opened the windows, sat quietly in the green rocker, and looked for the girl. There she was, still running on the path through the gray, icy mist. Esmeralda tried to get her to slow down and immediately sensed the girl's panic. Esmé was terrified of being overwhelmed by the big black void; and who could blame her?

So Esmeralda asked her higher self, *How can I make it safe for Esmé to slow down?* And HS answered: a circle. *What do you mean?* Esmeralda asked. HS explained, She is running in a circle. She's been running in a huge circle around this loss since it happened. She just doesn't realize it. So it's OK to slow down, the disaster cannot catch up to her.

Esmeralda liked this imagery and tried to explain it to Esmé.

"I'm already out as far as I can be? I can't go any farther?"

"No, because you went out as far as you could right after it happened."

"Oh," Esmé said, letting it sink in. "Well. OK ... I can see that, I guess."

And she slowed down and began walking beside Esmeralda instead of running.

They talked a little, and Esmeralda tried to convey that there are more interesting things to do in life than run around in circles. She embraced her younger self, and Esmé curled up by the side of the path and fell asleep. Finally, she felt safe enough to rest. Esmeralda noticed that the gray mist was starting to lift. She imagined Esmé being able to get off the circle, perhaps soon, drifting away in a new direction and leaving most of the pain behind.

Breakthroughs can't be ordered like a #9 on a Chinese menu.

Esmeralda opened her eyes from this non-meditation session and looked at the shining world outside the window. She wrote down what she'd experienced, but didn't talk to anyone about it.

The last step, thought Esmeralda, is helping Esmé face the void. She must do that in order to know she can survive it. Although Esmeralda was certainly living proof, somehow that wasn't enough—Esmé had to learn it for herself. But how? Breakthroughs can't be ordered like a #9 on a Chinese menu. Esmeralda's capacity for patience had been well-honed over the years, however, so she didn't give up, but kept her eyes open, and waited.

One month later, Esmeralda tried to rescue Esmé from the path. This time, she got some extra help.

Esmeralda was explaining her past to a friend and inadvertently began to cry. Wilbur advised her to breathe into the part of her body that hurt. Breath is spirit, he said, and old hurts can be cleared by breathing spirit-energy into the parts that are still aching. Healing is certain.

Esmeralda decided to try it right then and there, nothing to lose in the privacy of her friend's quiet, backyard garden; and the spirit-breathing seemed to help. Wilbur held her hand. He asked what the pain of the loss felt like, and she whispered, *like being stabbed in the heart.*

What a surprise! It was something she'd never admitted to herself. Esmeralda even saw a clear picture of daggers stuck into her heart.

After breathing and crying for a while, most of the daggers fell out. Esmeralda told Wilbur about Esmé and asked for advice on how to help her face the void.

"I don't think that's necessary at all," Wilbur said gently.

And Esmeralda sighed, hugely relieved. In her mind, she went to the girl on the path and held her in her arms. Esmeralda understood that she didn't want to be there anymore.

Wilbur suggested, "Pick her up and tuck her into your heart. That's where she belongs."

Ahh, belonging. Esmeralda enfolded Esmé into her so they would no longer be separate, where she could feel safe and be loved. And as she did so, the scene of the path where Esmé had been trapped for so long dissolved into grains of sand and blew away, and the rest of the daggers fell out of Esmeralda's heart and disappeared. In the garden, a rush of wind caressed her face and tickled her hair, making her laugh.

Sitting with eyes closed, a vision came to Esmeralda of her healed heart, one that had become beautifully strong, full of unstoppable love and without a trace of emotional scarring. This glowing vision traveled toward her like a beacon and a promise.

She opened her eyes and smiled at her friend.

* * * * *

There's more work to be done, of course. And more courage needed to face those lingering fears of abandonment that cause pot-holes on the road to intimacy. But the sun is shining, and Esmeralda is hopeful. You never know what might be gained in a quiet moment when the world is whirling around, outside.

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***Janet Macha Douglas*** *is a marketing assistant for the Business Development Center at Lane Commuity College. She is originally from Texas, a big-sky place of burning heat where she lost everything except her sisters, her sense of humor, and her capacity for joy. She relocated to Oregon in 1988. Janet has a degree in business but her real love is language. Currently, she is writing the first of four books about a girl in a magical kingdom, and studying French as time permits. She lives in Eugene with her husband, daughter, and beautiful granddaughter.*

*Sandy Jensen's photo and biography can be found on page 59.*

# *Why We Bake*

*Sandra M. Jensen*

The ways I follow go among
the intricacies of my kitchen
and processes of bread.
This road takes me inward to where
wild yeast grow and graze
on fields of organic,
unbleached white flour. It takes me
back in time to a chia seed harvest,
to days spent pounding and leaching bitter acorns
to sweet meal mixed with
creek water and baked
upon stone. The ways
I follow lead me far into dry
yellow hills where
startled by ancient brick oven
I drop to my knees and stare
into remembered fire. These loaves,
richly black and crusted with rosemary
say what is durable and good about our people,
and where there is no bread
are lonely places of famine and war and illness—
the fish-ribbed child in the mother's arms, those
tragic, uplifted eyes—you know
the place. You know the fear
of what is loose in this world
unfed and ravenous.
That is why we bake, hand hot
crusts to outreached fists
of the child, the woman, and that old man
with warm brown eyes:
Bread for the peaceable feast.

# A Dish Served Cold[1]: The Gender of Revenge and Breaking the Cycle

*Maurice Hamington*

In 1998, *Washington Post* journalist Laura Blumenfeld began a two-year odyssey that few people would have the inclination, time, or resources to pursue. Blumenfeld sought revenge. However, she did not simply wish to avenge a previous wrong, although that was part of her motivation. Blumenfeld sought to confront and understand revenge both as a concept and as a personal endeavor. To this end, she traveled to Iran, Italy, Turkey, Albania, and the heart of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict in Ramallah. She interviewed religious leaders, activists, politicians, philosophers, and common folk. Blumenfeld even risked her own life by going undercover to mingle with the family of a terrorist. Blumenfeld tells her story in *Revenge: A Story of Home*, published in 2002. The combination of the personal project with the epistemological quest makes this book ripe for feminist philosophical analysis. In this paper, I will recount Blumenfeld's search for revenge with a particular concern for the gendered dimension of her trek as well as an analysis of how caring and understanding perceived enemies can diffuse the cycle of violence. I am ultimately interested in how care ethics might impact themes of revenge.

...why is humanity so captivated by revenge?

Why was Blumenfeld so fascinated with revenge? One can just as easily ask why is humanity so captivated by revenge? Although revenge is often a matter of interpretation and semantics, given that one person's idea of justice might be another person's ideas of revenge, a case can be made that revenge remains a pervasive theme in society. Many popular action movies use revenge as an implicit or explicit plot formula. Athletes use revenge to motivate their efforts. International conflicts can easily be read as driven by revenge, no matter how convoluted the rationale, as in the Bush Administration's obsession with throttling Saddam Hussein. Laura Blumenfeld had a personal reason for wanting to understand revenge. In 1986, her father, David Blumenfeld, a 51 year-old conservative rabbi, had been shot by a Palestinian while visiting Israel. Walking through a shopping district a single bullet was aimed in his direction and fortunately, it only grazed his head causing superficial wounds. Had the shot been ½-inch lower, David Blumenfeld would have been dead.

The perpetrator of this act of violence was Omar Khatib, a twenty-three year old member of a Jerusalem death gang described by the police as "one of the most dangerous and well organized territory cells in recent memory."[2]

Twelve years after the shooting, David Blumenfeld's family had psychologically moved on. It had been a shocking, disturbing event but Omar Khatib had been subsequently caught and imprisoned, and everyone was in a hurry to put the experience behind them—all except David's daughter, Laura Blumenfeld. In 1998, Laura was a successful journalist and recently married to an equally successful attorney. Her future appeared materially and personally bright. Yet, she harbored decade-old thoughts of revenge. For Laura Blumenfeld, the shooter was part of a recurring nightmare of revenge that she could not escape from. She fantasized, "what would I do when I find the shooter? . . . I would shake him so hard, he would become someone else. It was feeble, but it was as close as I could come to hitting someone. He was a stranger. He was a nightmare. He was evil imagined."[3] Laura Blumenfeld became so obsessed with avenging her father's violation that she made a decision to confront the shooter. She felt a not uncommon emotional drive toward free-floating revenge. Blumenfeld had no idea what form the revenge would take, but proximity to Omar Khatib was crucial. She intended to go back to Israel and meet the shooter despite her family's request to abandon the project. Her odyssey would be both a geographic one and a philosophic one, as she wanted to understand the nature of revenge as well as her own thirst for it.

. . .revenge is a *paradox* because it is stubbornly pervasive yet simultaneously a taboo topic. . .

Blumenfeld explores cultural revenge traditions as well as religious revenge found in the Judeo-Christian and Islamic teachings. She describes a number of lessons learned from these traditions. One lesson that Blumenfeld learns is that revenge is a *paradox* because it is stubbornly pervasive yet simultaneously a taboo topic in modern culture[4]: "Revenge is one of those seedy impulses that upsets one's self image as a civilized being. In America, even in death penalty cases, even when our military launches retaliatory strikes, we feel compelled to say, 'we want justice, not revenge.'"[5] Blumenfeld has identified the insidiousness of revenge in that it is often an unidentified or unspoken impulse and often masked by righteous calls for justice. Another lesson concerning revenge that Blumenfeld explores is *interpretation*. If one does not perceive wrongdoing as a matter of personal affront, then revenge may not be called for. As Blumenfeld remarks, "I had wanted revenge because my interpretation of events demanded it, though I was increasingly conflicted about it as a goal. But there might be another plausible interpretation."[6] The key aspect of interpretation is intentionality. Accidental injury seldom invokes the level of vengeful emotion that purposeful attacks do.

Of all the lessons discussed in her book, perhaps one of the most provocative aspects of revenge that Blumenfeld explores is its gender.

### The Gender of Revenge

When Blumenfeld was in Italy, a Jesuit priest told her, "If you don't take revenge, you're like a woman."[7] She found that many cultures excluded women from the equation of revenge. Masculinity and revenge are intertwined, with women existing on the periphery. In Albania, Blumenfeld found, "Women serve the role of revenge cheerleaders, chanting funerary dirges, shaking the victim's blood-soaked clothes like macabre pompoms. They lacerate their own faces until they trickle red, boosting the men toward vengeance. Most cultures with robust codes of honor exclude women from revenge."[8] Albanian women only partially participated in revenge traditions: they could seek it but could not be the object of revenge.[9] Revenge is part of the construction of masculine identity. For example, sports are an outlet for this identity and it too is replete with revenge themes. Blumenfeld describes attending an important Israeli soccer match. After the game, she interviewed one of the star players on the winning team who couched his team's victory in revenge language: "'it's revenge against everyone who is not me,'" he said. In the background Blumenfeld describes, "we could hear the fans singing: 'The whole league is sitting on my dick [. . .] O what great dicks we have!' the fans sang."[10] This masculine sports consciousness is mingled with phallocentric imagery: Victory equates with getting revenge, which equates with having a longer penis, which equates with power. Of course, women like Laura Blumenfeld can and do seek revenge, but it is clear that femininity at least in the societies she explores has not been socially constructed to value revenge in the same way that masculinity has.

Revenge is part of the construction of masculine identity.

### A Plan that Breaks Down

After a great deal of soul searching and world traveling, Blumenfeld settles on a not-so-fully-formed plan. She decides to use her skills as a journalist to infiltrate the family of Omar Khatib with the ultimate goal of confronting Khatib about what he had done to her father. Khatib was in an Israeli jail and his family was in Ramallah. If she were going to contact the man who shot her father, she would have to do so through his family. Under false pretenses, Blumenfeld convinced the family to smuggle letters to Khatib in jail. However, despite her great reluctance and personal agonizing, Blumenfeld's relationship with Khatib's extended family grew. Hospitality is an important social obligation in Arab cultures and Blumenfeld would end

up spending hours in the shooter's family home with every letter delivered. Because she was posing as a journalist writing about the shooter, she had license to ask many personal questions, which accelerated the relationship. Her knowledge and understanding of Khatib and his extended family grew but this knowledge came with a personal and emotional price: caring.

Blumenfeld had spent years fantasizing about the evil shooter and what revenge would be like. Suddenly, the abstract evil assailant was becoming concrete. Mingling with Khatib's family, she saw many photos of him that revealed he was not so threatening. The letters received from jail demonstrated how articulate Khatib was and she learned that he was college educated. She found out that he was a vegetarian. Most importantly, Khatib believed that he was fighting for the freedom of his people.[11] He wrote political essays, poetry and was very self-reflective. Omar was not the only person Blumenfeld got to know. After spending so many hours with the Khatib family, she became involved in the comings and goings of their lives. Mutual affection grew. At one point, the shooter's brother told Blumenfeld that she was, "part of the family now" and the shooter's sister-in-law gave her a silver ring to wear symbolic of their connection. The same sister-in-law, who was pregnant, told Blumenfeld that if the child were a girl she would name the baby, "Laura."

Her knowledge and understanding of Khatib and his extended family grew but this knowledge came with a personal and emotional price: caring.

The relational transformation taking place was not lost on Blumenfeld. She describes, "Revenge depends on the externalization of hate. It is something that you do to others, not to your own kind."[12] Blumenfeld had begun to care. The distance between "self" and the "imagined other" had broken down. Knowledge became the pathway to morality or what pragmatist philosopher and Nobel Prize winner, Jane Addams refers to as "sympathetic knowledge."[13] The more Blumenfeld knew about Khatib, the more human he became. His humanity surprised Blumenfeld and the details of his life caused her to care. With knowledge comes the possibility of understanding and connection. According to Blumenfeld, "Revenge demands division. Us versus them. It is a simple principle that avengers understand. If they humanize the enemy, blood revenge becomes killing, which is no longer an honorable response."[14] Blumenfeld demonstrates a sophisticated understanding of the challenge of alterity and otherness:

> Why did I call Omar 'the shooter'? It turned him into the other. It simplified our roles—he was the bad guy; I was the good guy. It reduced his life to a single act, a tensed finger pulling the trigger forever. I probably would have continued to think of him that way had I not also been a journalist. As a reporter, my most important tool was sympathy. As an avenger, it was my greatest threat.[15]

Blumenfeld is describing attributes of what has been come to be known as care ethics.

## Care Ethics

A major thrust of feminist ethics since the 1980's, care ethics is an approach to morality that emphasizes the significance of relationships, values the concrete over the abstract, promotes personal growth and recognizes the importance of the affective dimension to ethics. Care ethics is a challenging and burdensome approach to morality because it does not rely entirely on principles, duties, rights, or consequences nor is it only concerned with adjudicating right and wrong in individual circumstances apart from ongoing entanglements. This is not to say that such aspects of traditional morality are unimportant but for care ethicists, they do not capture the entirety of what it means to be moral. Care ethics is not formulaic but demands a response to individual people in their own complex circumstances.

While in the heat of her revenge, Laura Blumenfeld is in a comfort zone of ethical deliberation. As long as Omar Khatib is the hated evil other, kept at the arm's length of ignorance, he can be the object of simple revenge—an easy target for violence of some kind. As such, Khatib is not a real person but a caricature—a kind of abstraction. As Blumenfeld learns more about Khatib and his family, the abstraction is harder to maintain. The knowledge she gains through prison correspondence and the stories his family tells are not mere facts but have an affective dimension. She is all too aware of what is happening and resists it. As Noddings describes, "the caring person...dreads the proximate stranger, for she cannot easily reject the claim he has on her. She would prefer that the stray cat not appear at the back door—or the stray teenager at the front. But if either presents himself, he must be received not by formula but as an individual."[16] As the object of revenge, Blumenfeld could respond to Khatib in a formulaic way but as he came into focus as a person with full subjectivity, she began to care about him. This care does not entail excusing his action of shooting at her father. Blumenfeld still wanted to confront him and reconcile the past, but she lost the will to simply strike back. Revenge is no longer so simple.

"As a reporter, my most important tool was sympathy. As an avenger, it was my greatest threat."

## Derailing Revenge

I imagine that as I was presenting this discussion of revenge you were thinking of instances of revenge. It is a prevalent theme in our society as it has been part of the human condition throughout history. One can see several revenge themes in the current U.S.-Iraq war. Was President Bush avenging his father? Was the Administration seeking revenge (albeit misplaced given that they are entirely different entities) against the attack on the World Trade Center? Whatever the case, the leadership of this country was able to garner enough support to make an attack possible. The Bush Administration coalesced public perception around a belief about righteous indignation. In her exploration of cohesive revenge, Blumenfeld spoke to one Bedouin scholar who viewed revenge as the ultimate instrument of collective identity.[17] It is a rallying

cry for patriotic feelings as we have seen around this war and every other war that the U.S has fought.

Is there any hope for breaking the cycle of revenge? Trudy Govier in her booklength treatment of the subject answers in the affirmative. She argues that forgiveness is the key. Govier sites examples of unilateral and bilateral forgiveness that do not abandon justice but are capable of breaking the cycle. For Govier, "forgiving someone who has done a serious wrong requires the capacity to empathize enough, and reframe enough, to distinguish the wrong doer from the wrong."[18] Govier has described one of the outcomes and complexities of caring: The caregiver is able to see past the individual act and care for the person behind the act. This can only come through knowing the other person because a person cannot care for that which they do not know. As Noddings describes, caring exists when we see "the other's reality as a possibility for oneself."[19] Knowledge, care, and forgiveness exist in a dynamic relation to one another if we choose to utilize them. Revenge is a simplistic response; what Hanna Arendt might call, "the banality of evil," whereby human beings are reduced to stereotypes and caricatures. Caring still might inspire righteous indignation and the call for justice but never at the price of mitigating someone's humanity.

Caring responses hold the other's situation as a possibility for self.

There may be ways to employ care to geopolitical conflict but it would require a radical shift in the use of diplomacy as well as developing habits of caring responses. Facing the popular prospect of U.S. entry into World War I, Jane Addams and the Women's Peace Party tirelessly argued against aggression. A rising tide of jingoism and patriotism, not unlike the present situation in the U.S., served to marginalize Addams' voice. One of the key planks of the Women's Peace Party was the notion of "continuous mediation" among an international body of participants.[20] Addams believed that ongoing discussion and contact in times of war as well as in peace would lead to better understanding and mitigate the chance for military aggression. These encounters help remind the participants that they are dealing with human beings like themselves and it would facilitate the development of habits of care among political leaders. Caring responses hold the other's situation as a possibility for self. Repeated caring responses can develop into behavioral habits just as revenge appears to be a habitual response for some. As Noddings describes, "In encounter, obligation happens. But one needs practice in responding with care to what arises in encounters."[21] This is the kind of moral approach that can help derail the cycle of revenge that we see played out in so many international arenas.

## Conclusion

Despite revenge's pervasiveness, Blumenfeld's book remains hopeful. It concludes with a dramatic court room scene where Omar Khatib is up for parole. There is an absurdity to this scene that smacks of reality because no one would have written such a romantic ending. Although no testimony was supposed to be allowed, Blumenfeld's mother blurts out in court, "I forgive Omar for what he did . . . And if the Blumenfeld family can forgive Omar then its time for the state of Israel to forgive him."[22] This sets in motion a reconciliation fest including hugging and kissing that violate cultural standards of personal decorum. The dramatic conclusion is high in emotional content with individuals from different worldviews realizing how much they have in common if they choose to recognize it.

The book ends on an ominous note. A short while after completing the manuscript, the Twin Towers were destroyed in Blumenfeld's home of New York. She notes that President Bush used the word "revenge" in his discussion of a response until an aide had him change his terminology to "justice." It is easier to change a word than the intention behind it. Laura Blumenfeld asks, "If the terrorists had known their victims—sat down with their children, drank tea with their wives—could they have done this? If they had come to like their victims could they have killed so coldly?"[23] If we are to have hope in humanity, we must answer these questions negatively and resolve to integrate caring into our institutions and actions to make violence and revenge less of a possibility by making caring behavior our habitual response.

### Notes

[1] Taken from the Sicilian proverb, "revenge is a dish best served cold."
[2] Laura Blumenfeld. *Revenge: A Story of Hope.* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2002), 11.
[3] Ibid., 23.
[4] See for example, Peter Waldmann, "Revenge Without Rules: On the Renaissance of an Archaic Motif of Violence." *Studies in Conflict and Terrorism* 24:435-450, 2001.
[5] Blumenfeld, 75.
[6] Ibid., 258.
[7] Ibid., 71.
[8] Ibid., 78.
[9] Ibid., 83.
[10] Ibid., 148.
[11] Ibid., 249.
[12] Ibid., 250.
[13] Jane Addams, *Democracy and Social Ethics,* (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 2002), 7.
[14] Blumenfeld, 250.

***Maurice Hamington*** *received a Ph.D. in Religion and Ethics and a Graduate Certificate in Women's Studies from the University of Southern California and a Ph.D. in Philosophy at the University of Oregon. He is the author of* Hail Mary? The Struggle for Ultimate Womanhood in Catholicism. *(1995),* Embodied Care: Jane Addams, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, and Feminist Ethics *(forthcoming) and is co-editor of* Revealing Male Bodies *(2002). Hamington is writing a book on the philosophy of Jane Addams and co-editing an anthology titled* Socializing Care. *He co-founded the* Community College Moment *with Anne McGrail. Hamington currently teaches philosophy at Lane Community College.*

[15] Ibid.
[16] Noddings, *Caring*. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1984), 47.
[17] Blumenfeld, 145.
[18] Trudy Govier, *Forgiveness and Revenge*. (London: Routledge, 2002), 58.
[19] Noddings, 14.
[20] Jane Addams, *Peace and Bread in Time of War*, (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 2002), 7.
[21] Nel Noddings. *Starting at Home: Caring and Social Policy*. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 2002), 50.
[22] Blumenfeld, 362-363.
[23] Ibid., 369.

# Starve War

*Bob Hicks*

There is as much hunger
for peace in this world
as there is for bread.
War starves us all.

There is as much love
in the home of your enemies
as there is in your own.
Love unites us all.

There is as much need
for understanding in this world
as there is for forgiveness.
Reconciliation can save us all.

To satisfy the world's hunger for peace,
feed yourself with good judgment,
feed your government with good advice,
and feed all others with tolerance, goodwill,
compassion and respect.

To satisfy the world's hunger for peace,
starve war.

***Bob Hicks***
*was nominated for the 2002 YMCA Canada Peace Medal for his efforts to promote world peace through the Toastmasters organization. As President of Mansion Toastmasters Bob organized a special meeting for "Peace Talks." It was an evening of speeches about peace that provoked people to think more about the importance of peace and the meaning of peace in the new millennium. Bob hopes that more "Peace Talks" will take place throughout the world and that through a meeting of minds and hearts we can pave the way for a peaceful and just future for all people.*

# The Patience to Change

## An appeal to the American people in a time of hope and fear

*Stephen McQuiddy*

I am uncertain today. I am more uncertain than I ever have been in my life. I am uncertain about what is going to happen in the world and in my country, about what is going to happen to my friends and loved ones, about what is going to happen to me. A number of seasons have passed since that fateful September 11, but I still notice things I hadn't before. I go out for coffee in the morning to a quiet local establishment, not a high-profile national chain. I do my banking at a small credit union, not in a tall building. I buy vegetables from local growers at the weekly farmers' market. I don't go to big sports events or concerts, I'm no longer part of the big-city rush and frenzy, and the place where I live now, a town in Oregon, can hardly be worth the trouble for someone to attack.

You can almost fill in the blank for your favorite fear and call it a threat to national security.

Or can it? The truth is I cannot say. I have no idea who might decide to strike where, in what way, or for what purpose. This is what that day brought to us as never before. An uncertainty, an unknown, a fear. It seems that since then the world has gone mad; almost every action our government takes seems based on fear. Fear of another attack, fear of information falling into evil hands, fear of weapons, any kind of weapons, fear of people outside our country, fear of people inside our country, fear in the neighborhood, fear at home. You can almost fill in the blank for your favorite fear and call it a threat to national security.

I admit that in those first weeks after the attack, I was at times seized with a kind of panic, not so much from raw fear as from disorientation. Everything was uncertain, everything unknown. Tools had become weapons, the daily mail brought death, anything could suddenly become something else. We were forced to face things we had never imagined. Who wouldn't be afraid?

But also within those weeks following the attack, I found that I was hopeful, almost optimistic. I was hopeful because I sensed something alive, something vital, something I had thought may be dead. I sensed possibility. I sensed the possibility that not only could we overcome immediate dangers to our security and way of life, but that we could do more — that we could halt the inertia of complacency that had come to define our lives, that we could transcend the limitations of laziness and ignorance, that we could effect real and lasting change, and set the stage for truly great things to come.

I thought of those things for the first time in many years, because, for the first time in many years, I heard a question being asked across America. I heard people asking, "What can I do?" I heard it spoken not rhetorically and with resignation, not with frustration born of helplessness, but with sincerity and conviction. With a belief, if you will, that we *could* do something.

Our government leaders told us we must have patience and resolve; we nodded our affirmation and listened carefully for more. This alone was stunning—Americans showing patience and resolve. Americans listening, paying attention. This, in the land of instant access, immediate gratification, mind-numbing computer games, cable TV, three cars in every garage, and pills, potions, patches and suppositories for every conceivable condition available on demand. Americans paying attention to anything for longer than a few seconds was a shock. But to see it happen so suddenly, so effortlessly, as if it were there all the time, simply waiting and not dead, seemed nothing short of miraculous. Yet there it was. Patience and resolve. We listened carefully for more.

A few months passed, and then a few more. Some began to say that we had learned nothing. They said that once the initial shock wore off, once the baseball season had ended and we quit singing "God Bless America" during the seventh-inning stretch, once the winter weather took its toll on the flags flying from our rooftops and front porches, and the paper posters of the Stars and Stripes had faded on the windows of our pickup trucks, family vans and sport utility vehicles, and once we had flattened a country on the other side of the world and set our sights on others, once we had amended our laws due to suspicions and fears within our own borders, we would simply slip back into our path of ignorance and exploitation until, like all such civilizations before us and likely all those to come, we would quietly expire.

This alone was stunning—Americans showing patience and resolve.

Others said that we were fighting evil. They said there were devils in this world who envied our successes, who feared our freedoms and wanted to see us destroyed. They used the word "terrorists" as a catch-all term to define those who were against them. This is a war, they said, a new kind of war — a war of targeted search-and-destroy missions, a war of economic and social as well as military goals, a war that required constant and persistent effort to stamp out completely all threats to our security, beliefs, values and way of life. America is a great country, they said; they vowed that we would not be intimidated, and that in the end we would prevail.

It continues today. As I write, the military and political events shift too rapidly to address here. History will have to judge the wisdom of our wars; I do not know what it's verdict will be. But I do know that many of us have come to believe that the answer to our problems need be neither despair nor destruction. Perhaps we are ready to look somewhere else.

* * * * *

About two weeks after the attack, I was driving from my company's main office in the San Francisco Bay Area to my home in Oregon. It's about a nine-hour drive, and after September 11, the time difference between flying and driving door-to-door wasn't very much. I was on an open stretch of Interstate 5 that runs straight and flat through the Sacramento Valley, up the middle of northern California. It's an arid but irrigated land, some 200 miles long and almost

100 miles wide, and you drive past peach and plum and cherry orchards, olive groves, garlic and asparagus fields, rice paddies and countless other crops laid out between ditches and canals. This is one of the breadbaskets of America, where redirected water, migrant labor and gasoline are the lifebloods of an industry. The irrigation canals and standing water pools attract millions of insects and birds, and during migration season you'll see huge flocks of starlings, blackbirds and geese overhead, and closer to the ground, swirling clots of bugs. I was driving at eighty miles an hour on a beautiful clear afternoon when I suddenly hit a cloud of butterflies. They were small, bright yellow, and I could see them flap crazily for a moment before they spattered on my windshield like tiny explosions of yellow dust and eggs. I ran my wipers and washer, but the water gave out and only smeared it worse. It was a mess. I got off at the next exit about twenty miles up the road and pulled into a gas station. I took the washing stick from a bucket of dirty water and scrubbed my windshield while yellow jackets hovered around the front bumper and headlights, picking off the butterfly meat. "Bad day for bugs," I said to the cashier inside. "I took out a swarm of butterflies down the road." He rang up the sale.

Our lives are messy, our actions hypocritical; none of us can be pure.

Back on the highway I wondered how many butterflies I'd killed, and I wondered if all our cars and trucks out there would have killed less if we had obeyed the posted speed limit. I wondered if this was a good or bad year for the butterfly population, and if we had been part of a natural harvest that would help the species survive the coming winter, or if our little massacre out on the freeway today was the final mathematical variable that defined their inevitable extinction. I knew that I would never know the answers, and I knew that, like nearly everything else in the world, it was a matter of degree, of intensity, of numbers.

Perhaps it isn't only what we do, but how much we do it, and how we go about doing it, that compels others to applaud our actions or rebel. Perhaps it isn't the material things alone of America — the machines, the money, the mass marketing, distribution and consumption — but rather its pervasiveness throughout the world, its relentless advance, and the indifference of its administrators to the costs of these things in human terms. Perhaps it is easy to confuse the shortcomings of capitalism with the underlying freedoms that make it possible when all you see are the arrogant symbols of the race for excess profit. Surely those things we hold dear — free speech, free trade, the right to criticize without censure, to live, eat, work and sleep wherever, however and with whomever we please — must seem as the hydra head of an all-devouring monster when the cold realization hits that you are powerless to stop Coca-Cola, that there is no escape from Marlboro, Kraft Foods or Miller Beer, that Ronald McDonald will find you.

Our lives are messy, our actions hypocritical; none of us can be pure. We speak of freedom and yet most of us are slaves to our jobs. We buy machines for convenience and speed, then spend most of our time sitting in our cars on packed highways, or trying to figure out how to program the VCR. We drink mountain spring water and natural fruit juices and throw away the

plastic bottles; we buy organic vegetables from our local farmers' market, then drive home in vehicles that each year pour literally tons of solid filth into the air. We speak of the necessity of educating our children, yet we vote down school bond tax measures and pay instead to build more jails.

Beyond our borders the record is appalling. Even the most cursory look into the available information sources shows that our government has participated in, supported, or tolerated assassinations, totalitarian regimes, human rights atrocities and outright murder of civilians; and has displayed a general arrogance in the use of its technological, economic and military superiority throughout the world. How strange we must sound when we say we honor life of all kinds, and yet our history is one of conquest, callousness and annihilation.

* * * * *

It is natural at this point to protest and say, "What about the good things in America? Surely they must have some weight." And surely they do; that is part of what makes life in America so messy. Nowhere else in the world can people so freely say the things we do; nowhere else can you criticize the common tastes in society, government, business, faith and morals with such indignation, righteous or otherwise. Nowhere else is discontent and debate not only tolerated, but considered part of the process, and delivered with such pride in our ability to do so. You might say that the right to be an American means the right to bellyache, to have our say when and where we want, to declare ourselves who and what we are, no matter what the neighbors think. This, perhaps more than anything, is what we fight to defend in America, and it is why others fight to come here. But fighting alone won't keep it alive. We must keep it healthy, strong, able to accommodate all manner of assault, amendment and manipulation. To do this we must allow it to change and grow. And that means we must change and grow.

You might say that the right to be an American means the right to bellyache. . .

"What can I do?" we ask. It is true that none of us can fix the entire world with a single act; most of us don't expect to make even a discernible change. But each of us has certain talents and abilities; each of us is capable of doing something that someone else cannot or will not do. And it is not only our right as individuals in a free society, but our responsibility — our duty — to identify and develop our unique talents and abilities, and then put them to good use.

How we go about doing that is of course different for each of us. For some, the action is fundamental. It may mean quitting your job and going back to school to train for the work you always dreamed of but never thought you could afford to do. It may mean becoming a painter or teacher, devoting your life to the study of botany, economics, literature, science or math. It may mean running for political office, or joining the campaign of someone you want to support. And it *will* mean becoming the best you can in whatever field your natural abilities lie, and then going to work with an understanding of what that means to the world.

***Steve McQuiddy*** *is a writer and lecturer based in Eugene. He has been associated in various ways with Big Time Poetry Theatre,* Salon, Mother Jones, Houston Chronicle, Seattle Times, *the Mythorealist movement of 1987,* Emergency Horse, *Oregon Cultural Heritage Commission, Lane Community College, and the Society of Professional Journalists.*

For others, the starting point may be found more in the daily workings of your lives. It may mean getting out of your car and talking to your neighbor instead of waving as you drive by. It may mean voting for local political candidates based on what they say and do, and not on their looks or the sound of their name. It may mean leaving work early to make the PTA meeting, logging on to the Internet and searching out news from different sources because you know the headlines on TV are unreliable. It may mean asking questions where questions are uncomfortable, or forcing yourself to listen respectfully to views different than your own. It may mean walking to the corner store instead of driving, planting vegetables and sharing them at harvest time, recycling paper and plastic and glass every day. It may mean sitting in the woods and listening to its inhabitants, or simply pulling out a pen and writing down a list of the things that make you feel human. Yes, we all must make a living; we all must deal with distractions that take up our time. But anyone who has ever followed their heart knows that the smallest honest action makes far more difference than the largest labor bought with money or the whip. "What can I do?" we ask. I think we know exactly what we can do.

It will take patience and resolve — those same words we have heard from our leaders in their reports on campaigns to destroy those who are called enemies. I can't help thinking, though, that if we can be patient and resolute in our efforts to punish and destroy, then surely we can put these same qualities to *con*structive as well as destructive ends. Surely we have the patience to change.

Perhaps then, in that inexplicable and marvelous manner of the human spirit, we may find that we also have the patience to reach further, to rediscover and bring to light those underlying truths that make America not just a nation but an ideal, the place where it truly seems possible to create that world of freedom, decency and peace — of which we speak so much, but as yet remains a dream.

# *Eastern Title: Enlightenment*
# *Western Title: Paean to God*

*Leslie Rubinstein*

For the first forty years
of my life,
I was building up
my ego,
habit by habit,
thought by thought,
here and there a neurosis
and a small sprinkling of self-doubt thrown in
for good measure.

And, every few years
when a flock of images came by,
I'd grab one
and stick it on,
my ego shiny and clean
like a new coat
I'd just bought
at Walmart.

It fell apart;
it was a piece of junk,
but I blithely brought home more and more
(good American consumer that I was)
piling on the outerwear like
way too many strings of Christmas lights wrapped haphazardly around
a small tree.

You see, I was wearing everything: numbers, labels, failures, feats,
my projections, your expectations,
and for dress-up, I put on those glittering recriminations-
I mean, it got so crowded in there that
I needed a building permit
to enlarge
my ego.

Yes, for the first forty years
of my life
I was building up
my ego.

Its deconstruction
may take longer
until, perched on the edge of death,
ego dissipated,
I am just a bent body
illuminated
from within.

**Leslie Rubinstein**
*teaches developmental reading and writing courses in the Core College program at Lane Community College.*

# The Perfect Question

*Amy Gaudia*

It was June in Taos, New Mexico, and the heat had a way of making everything stick. Time seemed to pass slowly, almost surrealistically in the desert surrounding the Mabel Dodge Luhan Retreat Center. Perhaps that explains to some extent, the reason for my lingering intrigue with a question that was asked of me during a clearness committee.

The clearness committee is a process of discernment practiced by Quakers, dating back to the 1600's, and sometimes incorporated into professional development workshops like this one. The focus person describes a situation in which they are seeking clarity, answers or deeper understanding, and the group members allow that to unfold through a unique method of inquiry. The issue I presented to my entrusted committee, related to my role as a teacher/faculty member. Yet midway through the process it morphed into something now long forgotten, except for the moment of the prize-winning question —

'If you were to write a song about this, what would the whole song be?'

"Amy, if you were to write a song about this, what would the title be?"
uhmmm... *"Don't know where I'm going but I sure am enjoying the ride."*

All night long, the song title cycled through my mind. The clearness committee technically ended, yet I continued to dismantle and reinvent the initial conundrum. Later in the week, we engaged in an art activity and blue watercolor paint seemed to take control of my whole being. The entire sheet of paper was a swirling indigo and misty colored puddle. After the facilitator kindly helped me paint a small boat in the center, I sat there gazing at myself in the middle of the vastness. The question had now morphed into, 'If you were to write a song about this, what would the whole song be?' Fortunately Dougie Maclean, a Scottish folk musician, had already accomplished this many years ago with absolute perfection and named it "Ready for the Storm."

Throughout June and July, it seemed as though the engine of the clearness committee was still running, fueled by that persisting question. Songwriters can be extremely obsessive, but actually it had been quite awhile since I had engaged in the craft, or even played the guitar and sung at all. The last time was at the memorial service for a teacher and friend of mine. After the brief performance, I laid the instrument in its case, closed it, and there it remained for three years. The muse was allowed to disappear, barely noticeable, except that now I realized a vital part of my life had been missing. The void became salient for me. The question had a mind of its own, with a hidden agenda and an entertaining image. I had several requests for a framed copy of the tiny boat in the big blue sea. Then humming along through a lazy hedonistic

summer, a verse emerged, and a chorus with the words *"drifting along, drifting alone on the sea, white caps are breaking my heart, then suddenly..."*

Suddenly, one August morning I woke up and thought to myself, "I think I will get my Masters degree." Yes — the train just jumped the track. And that is the beauty that lies within the creative forces. You can't focus on the product; you must simply stay with the driving energy of whatever has bitten you. I had always taken a somewhat twisted pride in myself for having been hired onto a community college faculty with only a bachelor's degree. While everyone else was going to grad school, I was composing, performing and recording three albums of original music, painting murals, and laughing heavily everyday. Nevertheless, I dialed up the university and asked for the quickest cheapest way to get the letters M.S. after my name. My pathetic little verse and chorus energized me as I plowed through 30 credits. And with no regrets about the time or money expended, I have been pleasantly surprised to find that writing papers can be very enjoyable.

During the winter and spring months, as the political world became an increasingly distorted mess, I sculpted over 150 peace symbols and gave them out to every friend, family member and new acquaintance. It became a meditation practice, and so did completing a Masters in Education. I often found myself thinking about what an amazing and disturbing time it is to be alive, and I attempted to express those feelings in the second verse –

> *"Why is paradise still not enough, why do you hunger on and on?*
> *What if all we're supposed to do is learn to love all the world?..."*

It is a nice Eugene-style folk song, but I wonder if I will ever be as active in the music scene as I once had been. However, the muses have returned, and it seems that I owe it to that perfect question, posed at just the perfect moment.

***Amy Gaudia***
*is currently on the faculty at Lane Community College in the ABSE (Adult Basic and Secondary Education) department as tutor coordinator, instructor, division council representative and "fun-meister." She has been teaching for over 13 years, and has been a musician and artist in various capacities since she was in the womb.*

*Rich Ross:*

1. *A southern lady once told me of the great peace in my eyes.*

   *White-frilled charming was she, half looped and half yankee, I asked why.*

   *Of course no answer came, what she could see could not be explained.*

2. *I also write children's stories.*

3. *My shark ate my homework.*

4. *Does spelling count?*

5. *Is that going to be on the test?*

6. *An "E" can be sent to rossr@lanecc.edu.*

# *The Law of Conservation of Energy*

ENERGY CANNOT BE CREATED OR DESTROYED
IT CAN ONLY BE CONVERTED FROM ONE
FORM TO ANOTHER

*Rich Ross*

Please take a moment to ponder this thought
That the physics masters have taught.

The very first Law of Thermodynamics,
As proven by physics and mathematics,
States energy can't be created or destroyed,
It can only be changed or redeployed.

The energy you've enjoyed, that surges your soul,
Cannot be destroyed so where will it go
When your body quits earth's shimmering show?

Will it disperse and scatter, or blend and combine
With some other energy from some other time?

Will it stay behind confined to earth
Or strike out for galactic rebirth?

Will it sail a breeze on soft stellar seas
Or lie black hole cold until the big squeeze?

Will it will or won't it weave
And help to cleave a brand new Eve?

Will it make a comeback, a monster pop-eyed,
Number One with a bullet, when worlds collide?

Your energy's a song and it never ends,
Only transposed to the key of transcend.
So what do you think, which way will it bend?

Will it grace the lips of a poet or zen
Or expedite cataclysm?
Please share **your** thought, just send me an "E,"
On where it will go, your energy

# How it Feels to Be American

*Drew Viles*

The last person who ventured to ask me about being Indian was a colleague at work.

"So, Drew. I didn't know you had Indian in you! One wouldn't know by looking at you. What percent are you? A sixteenth?"

I did not scream, "Oh, my goodness. There's an Indian in me! Call the hospital!"

Rather, I very calmly ... well, maybe not very calmly. Okay, I was not calm at all on the inside. On the inside, my heart started to race. My breathing was beginning to become shallow. Now, as I recall the episode, I was getting into a flight or fight mode.

I pretended to be calm as I replied as follows: "Well, you know I've had different responses to that question in my life ..." My colleague, a woman, patiently heard me through to the end of my canned response.

"Oh, yes," my colleague then responded. "When people ask about me, I respond in a weird way, too."

That's how I feel being an American. It's a weirdness.

On the one hand, I feel special. It must be similar to the feeling a person gets after getting locked up in a maximum security prison.

It's the same feeling a flea gets when a dog starts to shake.

I feel as special as rat in a cage full of coyotes.

I feel as special as a coyote in a field full of farmers.

I feel as special as a cockroach in a house full of hens.

I feel as special as a mouse in a cage full of cats.

It's like a moment is a century. Nobody moves for a century. Nobody is moving. Nobody is still moving. Nothing is changed. It is safe now. Now it must be safe. Nothing is changed but nothing is moving. I can move now.

That's how special I feel when I say that I'm an American because when I say I am an American I'm not thinking red, white and blue. Just red.

It feels special to say the word American because when I say American I mean to unite myself with the peoples of the America's.

All the peoples of two continents, I say, let us call ourselves American.

Let the peoples of these lands call ourselves Americans.

Let us unite.

Americans.

But the only people close enough to hear me are the ones who borrowed an identity for themselves. So I feel special, on the one hand.

"Oh, my goodness. There's an Indian in me! Call the hospital!"

On the other hand (which maybe is the same hand), I feel self-righteous. My urge is to pontificate. I feel compelled to point out that the primary definition of the word American in *Webster's Third International Dictionary of the English Language* is this: Indian of North or South America.

They used to call us American sometimes. Now they don't. It never happens. I call myself American and people wonder what I'm talking about. I call myself an Indian and everybody knows what I'm talking about except me. I'm not from India. How can I be Indian?

We got terminated as Americans just about the time the people from England began thinking of themselves as Americans. This is the second definition of the word American in *Webster's Third International Dictionary of the English Language*: citizen of the United States.

I feel proud to be an American because these other people who are applying the nickname American to themselves are paying me homage. *Yeah. Right.* I feel resentful. I feel like I should not have to explain. I want to be like Mary Poppins who says up front, "The first thing, Mr. Banks, that you must realize is that I offer no explanations." I don't want to explain myself.

Here's the explanation!

I'm not from India. How can I be Indian?

I think I feel a little like a Jewish person who hears a Christian talk about the "Old Testament."

I think I feel a little like a stay-at-home mother who hears the praises sung of a man who is taking care of a child and maybe even doing the laundry.

I think I feel a little like anybody who saw *Silence of the Lambs*–that scene when that guy literally dresses up in the skins of his victims and does his little dance.

I feel scared. I feel envy. I feel anger. I feel resentment. I feel sad.

When I hear the word American, I feel crazy. I feel isolated and alone. I feel like someone trying really hard not to fart at a party. I feel like a spider scurrying across the bare floor amidst a hundred giant boots. I feel like a cockroach justifying itself to a chicken.

I feel like a little child whose ice cream has been taken away going up to the bully who took it and asking for it back.

When I hear the word American, I feel like I'm about ready to get beaten.

I feel like I'm recovering from having gotten a beating.

I feel like beating somebody up.

I think I feel a little like African-American rappers watching Eminem win a Grammy.

I feel dazed. I want to remember the denials. I want to study the lies. I want to be on the same page. I want to stop being crazed and crazy about this name.

It is a name. It is an identity. America. Did it come from the Americas? There are two stories about that one. The one some people like to tell goes like this: *The name America is as European as the people who said they were Americans. America–North and South–was named after Amerigho Vespucci, an Italian. That is where America came from.*

Here is the other story I know–the one I like to tell in America. *The name America is as American as a bald eagle with a rattle snake in its mouth perched upon a cactus. It comes from a name of a people and a place in present-day Nicaragua. The people are known as the Amerrique tribe, and they live near the place where European navigators came sailing shortly after Columbus founded the trade route in 1492. A mountain range is called the Amerrique, too. That's where the name America comes from. It is American.*

My people are the Siletz people. We stopped being recognized as Siletz people in the 1950s for a time. The U.S. government said that our lives would be easier if we stopped identifying and being identified as Indians. This was many years after we had stopped being identified as Americans. That happened in the years after the English colonies revolted from England. Up until then, the colonists had been known as English. Then they were known as Virginians and New Englanders. But they lacked a name of unity. They lacked a collective identity. So they took on a name that was already there: American. They took it as a nickname. They borrowed it from the peoples of North and South America. They borrowed it, and it has never been given back.

Man, it is not likely that it is going to be given back, either. Is that reality? I can't make them give it back. I want to make them give it back. It is our name. It is a name of unity for us. We can unify with that name, like the Africans in South Africa unified under the name African National Congress starting in the 1920s. Up until then, those Africans were dispersed and cursed under any number of nicknames given them by the Afrikaners (i.e. Europeans in South Africa who had borrowed a name and did not like to give it back. Afrikaner and American are nicknames of the same political and historical feather).

American is not a name of unity for the people who have borrowed it. Even people in Canada speaking English hear how arrogant the name American sounds when it is used as a nickname. Only in one country (the nation whose identity formed around a borrowed name) is the name American used as a term of exclusion. In all other lands, the name American is used as a name of inclusion. When people in Mexico want to identify with people in Peru, they call themselves Americans. The same holds true for people in Guatemala and Columbia and Bolivia and Chile and El Salvador. The same holds true for all the peoples of these lands. "We are all Americans." What American means mainly is unity.

The only ones who do not get in on the unity are the ones who surround me.

Maybe it is not a case of getting it back. Maybe it is as simple as taking it back.

We are Americans. The peoples of this land are Americans. All of us. Everywhere.

We are proud to be Americans even as we wait hopefully for the day of the founding of the National American Congress.

***Drew Viles***
*lives in Eugene, Oregon with his five children and their mother. Before starting work at Lane Community College as an instructor of English in 1999, he served as an Associate Tribal Court Judge for the Confederated Tribes of Siletz Indians of Oregon.*

***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.*

# *World Lit*

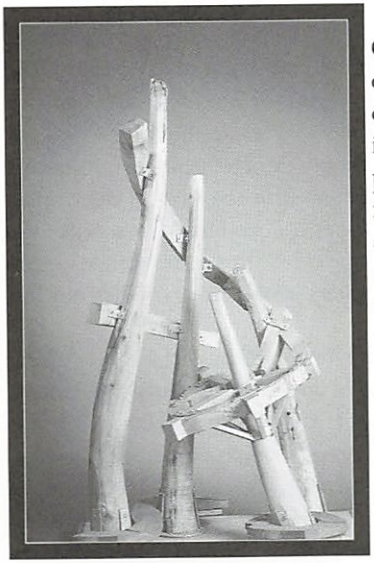
*Bill Woolum*

Last night
Nick drove Tiffany and Brittany
To their mom's house
After the school harvest pageant
Ran an hour over
And Cyndy wanted to talk about why they were late
And child support
And whose turn it was to pay for
Tif's croup pills —
And then Cyndy went on and on
About Nick going to junior college
About how bad the battery was
In the Capri
And how she'd drove to Home Depot
To use a coupon to buy those cute Kermit the Frog
Shower rings
And the Capri wouldn't start
And why had he let the Triple A coverage go
And if it weren't for this nice guy in the parking lot
She'd still be there
Trying to get that goddamn motor to turn over
And she started to start in on why he took the girls to Taco Bell again
When Nick tried to explain
That he'd just cleaned the corrosion off the battery contacts
But that he'd told her when they were married
That a Capri built in '78's a shit rig
And hadn't she said that she was gonna pay the Triple A
Because he covered the last dentist bill for Britt
And he'd talk with her later because he had to get to the cedar shake mill
For graveyard shift.

This morning
Shift in,
Eyes red,
Yanks cap pulled low,
Nick sits
Waiting for the bus
Chewing Skoal Classic,
reading ***Madame Bovary***.

# *Sampo (The Re-generator)*

*Lee Imonen*



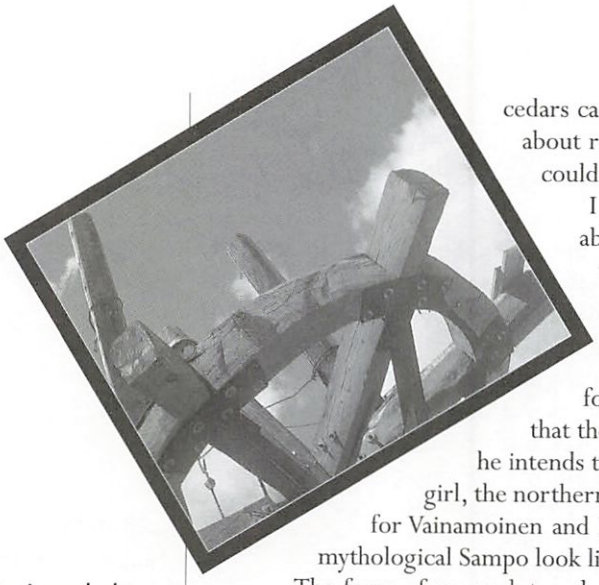
On my way out of the Art building of Lane Community College on a Friday afternoon in April 2002, I saw a flyer on the bulletin board out of the corner of my eye. It was a call for artists for a new Oregon state office building. Having recently received a rejection in the mail for a different public art project, I knew that I already had the paperwork in hand. I have received many rejections over the years, and although not unusual, it does make you think twice about your career choices. I typed up a letter of interest, and dropped some slides in the mail. Fifteen minutes of work and not another thought.

Several weeks later, I received a phone call from the Visual Arts Coordinator at the Oregon Arts Commission. I had been selected as one of six finalists based on our previous work, and now they wanted a specific proposal. I had to dig out the original call for artists, because I couldn't quite remember what I had applied for this time.

The North Mall Office Building plans look much the same as most of the other non-descript state buildings in Salem: big, white, and blocky. After further reading I came to realize that the concept behind this building was what set it apart. Following a mandate by then Gov. Kitzhaber, all new state buildings were to be designed using the architectural principles of sustainability. This was the first such "Green" building to be designed for the state, and the construction had already begun. Now I remembered why I was interested in applying for this commission in the first place.

For several years, I have been working with re-used and reclaimed materials as a source for my sculptures. While working out of a studio in Portland I had begun a relationship with several men who work the rivers, salvaging old timbers and log booms. Most of my larger outdoor sculptures have been made from these salvaged

...all new state buildings were to be designed using the architectural principles of sustainability.



cedars caught floating in the Willamette. I then began thinking about re-use not only as a material, but also as a concept that could be incorporated into a sculpture.

I was reminded of a story, which I had heard as a child about a mythological machine built by the gods which would help the people of the North harvest their land. The tale is from the Finnish book of mythology: The Kalevala. Vainamoinen convinces his brother Ilmarinen, the smithy, to create the Sampo as a gift for the people in the far north. He neglects to mention that the Sampo is actually a dowry for the hand of the woman he intends to wed. Long story short, Vainamoinen doesn't get the girl, the northerners are delighted to have the Sampo, and it takes years for Vainamoinen and Ilmarinen to mend their brotherhood. What did this mythological Sampo look like?

I designed the sculpture that we determined would weight close to 20,000 pounds.

The form of my sculpture began as a series of drawings. I knew that I wanted to represent dynamic movement, mechanization, and a feeling of upward directional movement. The sketches evolved into a series of vertical timbers, staggered in height, which lean in towards each other. Suspended in the middle was a large wheel/cog structure, tilted on an axis. The line of the edge of this wheel spins off as a rising spiral linking the verticals. The sculpture would stand 36 feet high, and cover an area of 15X20 feet. The base of the sculpture would create a space for viewers. They would be able to walk into and around the sculpture, as well as rest on the integrated seating. I made a scale model of the sculpture and submitted my ideas to the design review committee. They commissioned two artworks: the Sampo and a large painting for the buildings lobby by James Lavadour.

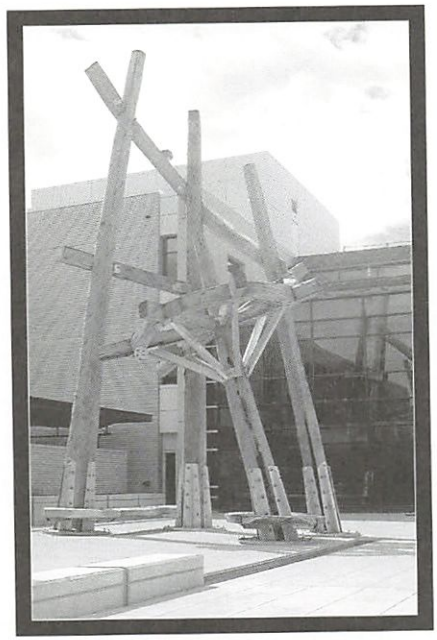
I then began the year-long process of planning and building the sculpture. Engineers were employed, and the material choices were verified for safety. We also devoted a large amount of energy to re-designing the plaza, due to the underground parking structure, which sits directly below. This was an issue I was not aware of while I designed the sculpture that we determined would weight close to 20,000 pounds.

Another surprise was the difficulty in finding the cedar logs in the river. It seems that without an occasional flooding, these logs are much less available. I did eventually find a source for logs that had been salvaged from a fire near Roseburg. 10,000

pounds of second-use steel was cut and delivered to my studio, and I went to work with two assistants. Saber Rom, Daniel Donovan and I worked for 4 months of the spring and summer towards an installation date of August 4th. The steel brackets were trucked to Portland to be galvanized and then trucked to Salem where the logs were delivered. In the first week of August we worked with a 105-ton crane for two days. They lifted the sculpture section by section over the side of the building and into the plaza. For the rest of the week we worked to re-assemble the sculpture and overcome the challenges of parts which didn't quite fit the way they did at the studio in Eugene.

The sculpture is finished now and sits in the back plaza of the North Mall Office Building. If you are passing by 775 Summer St. NE in Salem, I hope you will stop by and take a look. It is a public building, so don't be shy.

I thoroughly enjoyed the challenges of working on this public commission, and hope that I am offered the opportunity to create more public work in the future. In the meantime, I am looking forward to some quiet time in the studio working on something small—and light.



***Lee C. Imonen***
*was raised in Honolulu, Hawaii. He recieved a B.A. from Willamette University and an M.F.A. from the University of Oregon. He has exhibited his work internationally and has work in several national collections. In the summer of 2003 Lee represented the U.S. at the Inami International Woodcarving Camp in Inami, Japan. He currently teaches art at Lane Community College.*

*Leslie Rubinstein's biography can be found on page 33.*

# The Picture

*Leslie Rubinstein*

It was a beautiful picture:
a young child shares bread
with her even younger brother.
Bread of grass.
It was all there was to eat
in Bonavash.

Perhaps you'll win an award,
Mr. Lukasky,
for this journalistic coup:
best starvation photo
of the war
on Afghanistan.
Did you share your lunch with them
when you shot them?

We are all brothers,
all of us who have preyed
on that land.
Does it matter what flags we wave,
what photos we frame
when children
eat grass
for dinner?

Perhaps it was just
punishment
for not being us...

And also, sir, I want to ask:
in this big picture
who is sharing?

# War Widow

*Jerry Ross*

***Jerry Ross*** *earned a BA in Philosophy from the University of Buffalo, and an MA in Interdisciplinary Studies from the University of Oregon. Ross, who appreciated painting and the history of art from childhood and studied art in Europe, is member of the New Zone Gallery in Eugene, Oregon and served as president of the New Zone Art Collective, an experimental artist cooperative. His art works have won several awards in Oregon and Italian competitions. Ross was Manager of Education and Documentation for Lane County Regional Information system from 1984 to 1993. He has taught computer science at Lane Community College since 1993 where he also coordinates faculty professional development. In 2002, he delivered a paper on Gramsci for the Global Business and Technology Association in Rome. Presently he has been active founding the Downtown Initiative for the Visual Arts (DIVA) which seeks to revitalize downtown Eugene through visual arts activities.*

# *In Memoriam*

*Kate Rogers Gessert*

*Before we get swept away by Bush/Rumsfeld's next military adventure and our own need to figure out what to do, let us mourn Iraqi civilian casualties of the war, estimated as of April 2003 at between 1252 to 2325 dead and 5100 wounded. Here are a few of the people:*

**March 24:** Nada Abdallah was 16 years old and newly married. She and her husband were spending their honeymoon at a friend's farmhouse near Diyala Bridge, away from Baghdad and the bombs. After prayers on March 24, everyone was drinking tea in the living room when a bomb landed, killing Nada, another young woman, and 8-year-old Fateha. Eight others were injured by shrapnel, glass, and flying debris. Nada's husband could not stop crying.

**March 26:** Faris El Baur made cushions for car seats, working in his shop in Al Shaab market in north Baghdad. Because schools were closed for the war, his 11-year-old son Saif was helping him. When two rockets struck the market, father and son were crushed and burned. More than 20 other people died, including a mother and three small children, incinerated in their flipped-over car, and a young man named Tajir, decapitated in a water-heater shop.

**March 28:** 12-year-old Duha was buying pencils in Baghdad's Al Nasser market when a missile exploded, driving pieces of metal through crowds and house walls, amputating limbs and heads. Duha has a head injury and may lose his leg. 58 people died, 47 were wounded, including many children.

**March 29:** Failing to realize that their village was inside a "kill box," a free-fire zone designated by U.S. military, cousins 12-year-old Ibrahim and 17-year-old Jala walked to their neighbor's house for lunch. A U.S. pilot bombed and killed them.

**March 30:** With two friends, 14-year-old Arkan Daif was digging a trench in front of his Baghdad house to protect his family from bombing. A bomb tore off the back of his head. He was a boy "like a flower," his father said.

**March 31 - April 1:** Azor Waled, 20, sat in Babylon Hospital with a wounded leg, holding her baby daughter, whose head was injured. Her other two daughters were dead, bombed near Hillah. 5-year-old Nader stepped on a cluster bomblet that blew out his left eye. Showers of cluster bombs killed 60 Hillah civilians and wounded 460.

**April 1:** Razek al-Khataj was driving north with 15 members of his family to escape fierce fighting in Nasiyirah. A rocket from an Apache helicopter blew their truck apart. Razek lost his wife, six children, his father and mother, his three brothers and their wives.

**April 2:** 8-year-old Aisha Ahmed was playing in the garden when a missile struck her family's farm in Radwaniyeh, near Baghdad airport. Her 4-year-old brother died. Her mother, father, older brother, and sisters were critically injured. Aisha lost an eye; her face and body were peppered with shrapnel. She kept asking, "Mommy! Where is my mommy?"

**April 5:** Abid Hamoodi invited his three grown children and their families to stay with him in his strong concrete house in Basra. Anglo-American forces bombed and the walls collapsed, killing Abid's wife and nine other family members. He saved a daughter and two of her children.

**April 6:** Nadia Khalaf, 33, had just finished her psychology PhD. She and her sister were at home in Baghdad, talking and laughing, when a missile came through their window and drove Nadia's heart out through her chest.

**April 7:** Sena Hassad, 36, and her daughters Rana, 10, and 7-year-old Maria, lived in Mansour neighborhood, Baghdad. Neighbors tried in vain to help Sena's husband, Abdil, dig his family out of the rubble created by four 2000-pound precision-guided bombs.

**April 8:** In Baladiyat, Baghdad's eastern edge, a U.S. plane fired at the home of Wael Sabah, her 12-year-old daughter Noor, and her 4-year-old son Abdel. They died in Kindi hospital while another son, stunned, sat on the floor beside his mother in a puddle of her blood. Nearby, 2-year-old Ali Najour lay soaked in blood with a tube in his nose. Both his parents had been killed. 11-year-old Safa Karim died slowly, bleeding internally from a bomb fragment in her stomach and writhing in pain.

**April 9:** Children were playing in an olive tree grove near the remote northern village of Fathlia. When bombs fell, 6-year-old Hansa Omar was decapitated, her sister Jasim also died, and their friend, 10-year-old Ali Ramzi, was crushed against a tree. Abu Salam Gafur, a 16-year-old shepherd, was killed with his sheep.

SOURCES:
Robert Fisk of the *Independent*, iraqbodycount.org, antiwar.com, ccmep.org, *Iraq Peace Team, Guardian, Washington Post, Sydney Morning Herald, Counterpunch, Agence France Presse, Alternet, Asia Times, Reuters, Mirror, Associated Press, B.B.C.*

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***Kate Rogers Gessert*** *is a gardener and writer who teaches reading and writing to E.S.L. students at Lane Community College. She is the author of* Beautiful Food Garden: Encyclopedia of Attractive Food Plants *and is currently working on her first novel. Since October 2001, she has been writing a column called "Undercovered" for the EugeneWeekly. "Undercovered" summarizes news from the world press about war and peace, news that is not covered in local major media. "In Memoriam" was first published as "Undercovered #32".*

# Beginnings

*Drew Viles*
*photo and biography*
*can be found on p. 39.*

# Droughts

*Drew Viles*

The ink flows–jumps
to the page.
It's almost electric
The attraction
Between inky wetness and the parched page of paper.

The page is so dry.
The words are thirsty looking at me now.
My words want water.
They want moisture.

Mildew.
Mold.
Spit.
Blood.

To grow,
The words need water.
So we say them
With saliva dripping from our tongues
With our lips wet with life.

# *Dreamcatcher:*
# *Journal of the First Month of the 2003 School Year*

*Sandra M. Jensen*

**September 19, 2003**

A soft rain all night, and the first division faculty meeting of the new school year gathered under the pure drizzle of a perfect Eugene sky. By afternoon, an autumn blue had broken through, and the streets were all cattywampus with new street stages and booths going up for Eugene's big annual party. At Lane CC, as I looked around the room I saw lots of new faces—Black, Asian, Hispanic, and a couple of distinctly Irish surnames among the new Anglos. The room was waist-deep, if not neck-deep in history as our much-beloved-but-retiring chair, Susan Swan called us all to sunny order. We're all fresh from the summer, the Oregon legislature has finalized its bad news, adjustments have been made, and the Good Ship Lane CC is about to set sail for another cruise around the school year.

Colleague Lance Sparks, who is my husband Peter's best friend, and I take a lunch break off campus at a burrito place about the same time as Roosevelt Middle School lets the screaming hordes out for their lunch. We barely settle by the window when twenty or more eleven to thirteen-year-old boys pour in and begin shoveling down truly staggering amounts of Mexican fast food. They all wear baseball caps, sweatshirts, baggy, knee-length shorts, and sneakers. To me, who never had kids, they all look pretty much the same, but Lance is quick to point out how subtle yet clear their class markers are to each other.

"They're all branded, a perfect market for advertisers," he pointed out[1], "Their lives are consumed with social structure, gossip, power plays, and they are grossly preoccupied by sex."

I looked over at the boys with new curiosity.

"I don't envy their teachers," Lance said, "It takes a very special person to think these kids are any more than little savages scrabbling for dominance in their own little wolf pack."

As I shuddered, he laughed wickedly and reminded me, "In three to five years, they'll be all ours."

Well, some of them will be, but the average age of my students is about thirty-three. This is LCC, Last Chance College, where many of these kids will come to restart their lives after a few years of "wall therapy," hitting their heads against the walls of minimum wage, early families, drug and alcohol abuse rehab, or a mind suddenly ignited by an idea, a cause, a possibility for a future that requires more than a high school diploma.

I teach for Linfield College, a private, four-year liberal arts school, as well as LCC, and the semester started last weekend. Students gathered from all over two states on a Sunday afternoon to begin a three hundred level literature class I'm calling, "What in the World are Your Children Reading? A Guided Adult Tour Through Classic and Best-Selling Fantasy Literature." From now on, all thirty-two of them

Life is short, and I must do only two or three things: take care of my friends, write and teach writing.

will connect with each other and me on-line. I asked them all to drop me an e-mail when they got home, so I could build a listserv.

The messages came pouring in: "My daughter and I are reading *Coraline*[2] out loud and loving it"; "My son told me he wants to be a science fiction writer like Neil Gaiman"; "Here's a reference to Neil Gaiman in an on-line interview at CNN.com."

Then I got an e-mail that said one word, "Robert," the student's first name.

I wrote back, "Hi, Robert! I hope you have more to say in your papers, but thanks for the e-mail!"

Back came, "I didn't realize more was required to assemble an e-mail list."

Ow! Was that a huffy response? Was it cold? Or was it bewildered? That's a problem with on-line classes, although I'm sure I just as often miss more complex cues in face-to-face encounters with students.

But I'm excited about this year. I'm teaching four classes a term, divided among three colleges. Over the spread of nine months, I'll teach two literature classes, two humanities classes, a fiction-writing class, an inquiry seminar in "Deep Reading/Deep Writing," and a full panoply of composition classes, Intro, Argumentation, and Research. Life is short, and I must do only two or three things: take care of my friends, write and teach writing.

Fake bookstores don't let you sit down

**September 20, 2003**

Yesterday I wandered into Black Sun Books seduced by a title in the crowded window, *God's Secretaries*, which turned out to be scholarly research on the people who translated the King James Bible.[3] I scanned it to see how much Shakespeare was mentioned, but decided not enough to warrant a purchase for my Shakespeare-hungry husband.

As I turned to browse, the owner Peter Ogura caught sight of me and lit up, "Weird Shakespeare books," he remembered, coming out from around the data midden of his counter and darting to a small end shelf. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, he fished around busily. "*Who's Who in Shakespeare's England*[4]? No, you have that. Here!" He brandished three books in the air.

I grabbed them and headed for the big, over-stuffed chair between the fiction and the Native Americana. "I love this chair," I told Ogura, "It's what makes a *real* bookstore. Fake bookstores don't let you sit down."

*Shakespeare on Love and Lust*[5] stayed hidden under my purse on the dining room table until Peter got home from a Linn-Benton Community College retreat at Camp Adair. "I've got a present for you," I announced immediately.

Rather than asking for it, he countered with, "And I've got one for you!"[6] He rummaged around in his shirt pocket under credit card receipts and business cards he'd collected, to finally produce a gag computer button that was tomato red and said, "Panic." "I won it at the retreat. We had this great inspirational speaker talking about brainstorming."

Peter's Viking face was animated as a kid describing his first frog dissection. He pulled out a sheaf of notes, and we sat down at the dining room table together. "This guy used to work at Disney. I thought of you because he was on the creative team that designed *The Pirates of the Caribbean*."

I laughed, remembering our many disagreements about Disneyland. I've been there at least twenty times and love it, and I think he'd love it, too. He's never been there, but he is suspicious of popular culture in general and theme parks in specific.

"He had us finish this sentence," Peter continued, "One thing I always wanted to do is _____, but I never have because _____."

"Show me your sentence."

With a thick red marking pen, Peter had written, "I always wanted to act but didn't because I always had to play violin in the orchestra." Below, he had scribbled all kinds of notes about how to stage a sword fight in his Shakespeare classroom, names of colleagues who could help.

"He also told us the rules of brainstorming—how critical thinking and creative thinking are different. Critical thinking says, 'Yes, but...'; creative thinking says, 'Yes, and...?"

Peter gives me every detail of the speaker's lecture, every anecdote and the point it made, glowing with enthusiasm, brimming over with interest. I immediately start to plan in my head how to make that speech to my writing students. They are so often blocked by fear, self-judgment, self-criticism, and, of course, their own quite genuine incompetence. Removing the Censor is an on-going battle between me and The Forces of Evil.

Later, when I gave Peter *Shakespeare on Love and Lust*, he opened it to the index to check sonnet references. He found enough to feed his voracious appetite and said, "Thank you; I accept!"

"Exchange a long glance with your calling. Let's be dreamcatchers..."

**September 24, 2003** ***Lane Community College In-Service***

"Stop," says President Mary Spilde, "Stop and remember why you got into education in the first place. Exchange a long glance with your calling. Let's be dreamcatchers," she says, "catching student's dreams."[7]

This term gives me pause. Other than being the name of Stephen King's 2001 novel and subsequent eponymous film, dreamcatchers are those spider webs knotted out of string and feathers sold at every gift store and trade goods gallery from Taos to Coos Bay. I've seen a lot of them, so for some reason they are in the corner of my brain labeled "gimcrackery." I went home and raced around the internet long enough to upgrade my thinking about this pre-Columbian tribal practice.

France Densmore in her 1929 *Chippewa Customs* first documented dream catchers.[8] The traditional objects of willow hoops about three and a half inches were "woven with a web made of nettle-stalk fiber that was dyed red with the red sap of the root of bloodroot or the inner bark of the wild plum tree."[9] The Ojibwe (Chippewa) knot is very ancient and very specific. Like many of the old ways, the knot was almost lost and had to be recovered. Its champion was White Eagle Soaring, Little Shell Pembina Band, Ojibwe Nation. He appears to be responsible for the explosion of dreamcatchers through his instruc-

tion at the Rediscovery Centre on the White Earth Reservation, and his mass, New Age marketing of a kit that became widely available.

That's not all I learned, and I didn't learn much, but I learned enough to look critically at the dreamcatchers I see as a craft practiced by tribal members and the alternative culture. I see it is a craft with a rich history and degrees of fine craftsmanship and dedication to traditional methods. As so often with the glittery mirrors of commerce, my vision needs education to see beneath surfaces.

Spilde had moved the metaphor out of the traditional catcher of nightmares, though, and into the more modern sense of a dream as a goal, a wish to take action to change ones life. In both sleeping and waking interpretations, I believe Carl Jung[10] would say the dreamcatchers represent liminal experience, that threshold upon which we pause, however briefly, before moving from one room to another, one state of consciousness to another—from waking to dreaming—pause—move forward again. In that pause, that hypnopompic state before fully awakening, we may sort our dreams, choose which to keep, reach helplessly toward the fading mist of another.

My job is to create a safe environment that encourages the large amount of writing practice it takes to get into shape.

Community college may be the clichéd idea of a dream catcher to some, but I am not so sophisticated any more. As I get older, I am less dismissive of the power of a dream to change a life. It seems more true to me now than ever that community college is a liminal world sought and crossed through by many a lost and dreaming person, and that we as teachers must put up the web of our hearts and minds to catch those dreams, anchor the strands in class work, real grammar in real time.

**September 25, 2003**

This evening, Peter told me a story from the Seneca Nation. It's about an adopted boy who is treated well by his foster mother. He becomes a good bird hunter and provider. One day a stone begins to talk to him, telling him something new in the world: stories. There's a wonderful image of the young man with his head bent toward the rock, listening intently. As the story unfolds, eventually the whole village is gathered around and on the boulder, hearing stories for the first time.

The stone says to them, "There was a world before this one, and the stories I am going to tell happened in that world. Some of you will remember every word I say; some will remember part of my words; and some will forget them all. I think this will be the way, but each must do the best he can. Hereafter, you must tell these stories to one another. Now listen!"

The story concludes, "From the stone the Seneca learned all they know of the world before this one. That must be why they are called the People of the Stone."

Carl Jung saw stones as a symbol of the Self. As I listen to this story, my thoughts circle around plans for my fiction-writing class. These students have been listening to the Stone of Self enough to know there are stories they want to tell the world. My job is to create a safe environment that encourages the large amount of writing practice it takes to get into shape. The best way to do that is to build a dreamcatcher of non-judgment and unconditional love. But the system arms me with the smart bomb of the grade, possibly undermining the very soul of student creativity.

Today I need to work on my syllabi because they are legal contracts I make with my students and the institution. The students want to know what's required when; the institution wants to know my objectives in the cognitive realm: what will I teach? Exactly how will they learn it? How will I measure what they learn?

This is academic accountability, but let's be clear: I draw them into that ephemeral spiritual condition we may call a community of writers, my dream-catcher. I model what a person in love with writing looks like, thinks about, does. I write with them, my mind focused, and they enter into that force field.

For there are different kinds of mental force fields. I remember author and psychotherapist Jean Shinoda Bolen's discussion[11] back in the Women's Spirituality Movement of the 1980s, when we were not too self-conscious to read and discuss archetypes, and someone hadn't yet invented the dismissive term "pop psychology" meant to silence women curious to learn more about what makes them tick.

Bolen's good contrasting categories were, first of all, "diffuse attention." A woman can stand ironing, aware of her children absorbed in their play in another room, and the children won't bother her. If she sits down and begins to intently read or write, narrowing her attention to "laser intensity," Bolen's second category, she shuts out the world, and her children immediately appear, demanding attention, breaking her focus. There is a third, intermediate category of mental focus equivalent to simultaneous play, and this is the one created in the classroom when we are writing together. As the leader, I usually can't attain full, laser focus on my writing because I can't afford to have the classroom disappear from consciousness while I'm in it and in charge. However, I try to create a liminal circle of mind where others can, as poet Adrienne Rich put it, "dive deep and surface."[12] Everyone will write, everyone will create, will walk away from the class changed by their own stories told and listened to.

How shall I grade the wind that changed them? How shall I grade the stone they listened to?

[*I solved this problem later by simply walking into the classroom, laying out the problem, and asking them. Five groups of students working independently came up with startling close percentages of grading factors, and they agreed on a whopping 50% for attendance. For the rest of the quarter I had a full classroom every single day. As a result, there was a lot of hard work and a lot on concomitant A's. I'm still shaking my head over the surprising success of that experiment.*]

**September 26, 2003**

This was in my e-mail this morning: "Teaching is the art of leading students into a situation in which they can only escape by thinking."

**September 27, 2003**

When I am asked why I became a teacher, I usually mutter something about rising to the level of my incompetency, but the truth revolves concentrically around a luminous image I never forgot: Mrs. Peel's desk drawer.

Mrs. Peel was my second grade teacher. Naturally, the distance between my little desk and her big desk at the front of the room was an ocean I never dreamed of sailing across. But one day, she called me to the front of the room to show me how to erase a word and rewrite it spelled more accurately. To find an eraser, she slid her desk drawer open. I was pole-axed. Pencils! Yellow pencils, red-and-black pens, a bright orange plastic French curve, a wooden ruler, a stapler, a hole-punch, paper clips, little black clamps. I felt like a freshly sharpened #2 pencil poked a hole in my brain and let the light of the future in. "I'm going to be a writer and a teacher," I said to myself, and never strayed far from that path, although I was probably equally ripe for a career in the office supply industry.

**September 28, 2003** ***Lane Foundation Fundraiser***

These are the last fat days before school starts on Monday. The mornings are cool with the intense clarity of dawn that anticipates afternoon temperatures jacking up into the eighties. I can hear a red-winged blackbird outside my window sounding like a musically challenged gate hinge. Chickadees add their dee-dee-dee to the dawn chorus, and a cloud of golden-crowned kinglets has swarmed into the plum tree with their soft, incessant cries.

I felt like a freshly sharpened #2 pencil poked a hole in my brain and let the light of the future in.

Last Wednesday night Lance roped Peter and me into volunteering our services at the big Lane CC Foundation fundraiser, a harvest banquet for maybe 400 people. This event was an eye-opener for me because I'm not a person anyone tries to fundraise from, and I don't hang out with what Peter calls "timber dollars." That is, the festive banquet room was full of older people who had made their money in the timber industry, mostly back in their pre-retirement days when the forests were wide open for the taking, and the old growth was still flowing into the local coffers like a green river that had no end.

In the large foyer, the crowd gathered for hors d'oeurvres while circulating among many beautiful items laid out for silent auction. New for the 21st century was a strong representation of Native American art, very fine beadwork, basketry and textiles, very collectible. As students of Kwakwaka'wakw, Coast Salish, and Gitsan art, Peter and I travel every summer into the far north to visit repatriated mask collections, to work with First People artists, to investigate, appreciate, and purchase fine tribal art. Because of the devastation done to Oregon's tribal populations, the arts have had a slow recovery. Seeing these fine trade items told me of hearts and hands claiming their renaissance bead by bead.

In the brand new kitchen built last year with bond money, fine celebrity chefs with their sous-chefs, the culinary arts staff, and a raft of volunteers were in control of the four major courses to be served. Peter was sent to the kitchen, and I was blasted into the banquet room where I was assigned to two tables of eight each, including President Spilde's table. All those undergraduate years as a waitress had been waiting inside me, intact. I hit the floor running and never stopped.

**September 29, 2003** ***First Day of Classes***

In my dream, I'm standing safely by a building with others looking up at a fire in the woods above. A huge highliner is on fire with giant old-growth logs held aloft in the air. We see the flames engulf the

logs. We're told we're safe, but the cable burns through and the logs are propelled through the air, hit the hillside in an old logging skid and hurtle toward us. They explode, and we run from the fast moving, burning pieces. I dodge and scramble and dive to escape fire and exploding logs.

**September 30, 2003**

The first day just keeps repeating itself until all four engines are started. This is a Tuesday night Writing 121 (Comp) class, and it's going much more smoothly than yesterday. I have three hours to stretch out into. Students are smiling at my jokes, I'm performing, and we're all enjoying. However, they are also all writing and writing a lot. This is when I'm at my happiest. It doesn't matter what time of the quarter it is; it matters that heads are down, and we're writing together. I know the kind of focus they are developing, the sense of pride in accomplishment that comes over them. I'm giving them the gift of time to get to know themselves; for some reason, that's important, supremely important to me. It's the core pleasure of teaching.

This is a particularly interesting group of students. I have already taken note of one woman. She's big, like me, and has snagged a freestanding table, so she won't have to squeeze into these student desks that remind you how small the rest of the world must be. She's wearing cropped denim pull-on pants and a gray tee shirt, sneakers with low socks. She has nappy brown hair pulled back with a scrunchy. No make-up, gold-rimmed glasses slipping down her nose. She writes with her head down, one hand covering the page as she writes, as if she wrote stories she couldn't bear to read herself, as if protecting an unsafe child.

Now it's time for interviews. I got them up on their feet and in a continuum by birth month and date, then counted them off in groups of three. I can overhear the shy but willing beginnings of, "How do you spell your name? Where are you from?" Then I hear this same woman start to talk: "I'm from California, and I'm here because a loony boyfriend kicked down the door. I ran out the back door with a kid under each arm. When I got here I was black and blue all over. When I met my husband, he was walking down the driveway with nineteen-inch arms and a dead deer over his shoulder with the blood dripping down. I'd never seen anything like that, and I said, 'I gotta get me some!'"

"Teaching is the art of leading students into a situation in which they can only escape by thinking."

**October 1, 2003**

I am remembering the evening after the Columbine shootings. I have to teach at LCC in the evening in the computer lab. I'm scared. Dylan walks in wearing a long, black trench coat, Doc Marten's, wrap-around sunglasses. He ignores my class instructions, has a backpack he leaves behind when he abruptly gets up in the middle of the class to go make a phone call. I evacuate the classroom and call Security. Dylan and I have some very serious words later.

I am standing in a Technical Writing class at Linn-Benton Community College (LBCC) discussing new signage that has just gone up over the water fountains that says Do Not. . . I forget the term "spit

your chew," and instead say, "shoot your wad." I am humiliated, writhing, dying of embarrassment, but I just plow on.

I am reading the syllabus on the first day of class at LBCC when a young man stands up and begins shouting at me. Another student, a retired Marine, walks behind the young man, grabs him by collar and pants, and hustles him out into the corridor. Security walks me to my car for a week.

**October 7, 2003**

I am teaching from Kim Stafford's new book *The Muses Among Us.*[13] Peter and I took a class from him at the Northwest Writing Center on the Lewis and Clark College campus a few years ago.

Dear Kim,

I want to give you an update on the evolution of my life as a writer and teacher. Let's see, when we left off I was pissed off not at you, but at teachers who cheated students of full response on drafts. At that time, not only was I overworked, but working hard to take "outcomes" and "multiple modes of assessment" and "rubrics" and "academic rigor" seriously.

On our many long two-hour drives to and from your class, Peter and I discussed what we were learning there. At the end, we agreed that what had been most inspirational and immediately useful to both of us was watching you teach. We both returned to our writing classrooms with a more relaxed approach, did more reading of poems and acres more in-class, guided writing.

However, I was still embroiled in the paraphernalia of the English teaching profession, getting angrier and angrier, although I didn't know why.

We took the summer of 2001 (three months) off to disappear into Europe with journals, backpacks and an Euro-Rail pass, making it home just under the wire of 9/11.

Re-entering the school year through the suffocating airlock of 9/11 and a SNAFU that landed six comp sections on my chest made it almost impossible to breathe. In the Spring 2002, I applied for three possible full time contracts, and after all the interminable work of application, interviews and worry, the school year sputtered to an exhausted close. I realized with a hot wire to the brain that I was 52, and not only was I not getting a full time contract, I no longer wanted one. I have never gotten over my shock that 99% of all writing teachers I meet simply do not themselves write; I'm still staggering around with my head in my hands, trying to absorb the shock! They appear to fill their time with curricular matters and departmental politics. I really want no part of that.

This was a time of struggle, of re-evaluation. I felt another way of understanding Adrienne Rich's diving deep and surfacing. I had to give up my certainty that I

I'm giving them the gift of time to get to know themselves; for some reason, that's important, supremely important to me. It's the core pleasure of teaching.

could be an effective national voice for teachers, that I could design, create and administer an intelligent and humane composition department, that I could be a force for unity in a disparate faculty. For some reason, those gifts are not wanted. "Go down, mud-hen," said the Creator, "bring me the foundation goop of the earth, and I will make you a world."

Near collapse and at a professional crossroads, I took another summer off, 2002, to catch up, recover, rediscover.

That summer, Peter and I attended the National State Poetry Association's Conference in Coos Bay and again watched you, as well as Lawson Inada of SOU, very closely. We wrote, walked the beaches, canoed, bird-watched. I finished up my outstanding academic projects before we went to northwestern British Columbia to study art for a month. Now, finally, I began to turn my face to writing again. By the time school started, I had five pieces on the market and more coming down the pike.

At that time I also read your book, *Early Morning*,[14] and inspired by your story, I vowed never to teach again in a way contrary to the way I like to learn. Now, on the first day of WR 121, I say, "Ready to write?" And we write. Then I read a poem or a story. Then we write again. It's a powerful repeated ritual, and it does exactly what I want it to do. When I catch myself doing something I don't believe in or do myself, even though it's in the composition practices research, I don't do it. I accept fewer classes to teach, and I put my writing first.

It has taken all these years of listening to both Staffords, Peter Jensen, and to myself to finally get the practice of my writing first in place. Not only does it keep me happy doing what I love, but it keeps the teaching profession in perspective. I am now the professional writing coach no longer identified with being an English teacher. I am a writer who teaches, not a teacher who doesn't write.

Turning that ship around began in your class, and you have been yelling instructions across the water to me as I wrestled the wheel ever since; Peter has sailed calmly on, tacking expertly up the wind. But now my little craft has righted itself; the captain has found her peace with the world.

Thank you for being my teacher,
Sandy Jensen

**October 20, 2003**

I must plan a class to catch their dreams in.

***Sandy Jensen*** *received a 2002-03 Faculty Recognition Award from Lane CC; the 1998 Award for Teaching Excellence from Linfield College; and the 1996 Outstanding Faculty Award from Linn-Benton C. C. She specializes in teaching Creative non-fiction, Native American and Oregon Literatures, as well as Women Writers of the West. Her articles have appeared in* Harper's, Northwest Magazine, Oregon Humanities, Manzanita Quarterly, PoemMemoirStory, *and other publications. Jensen's editorship of* Chalkboard, *the professional newsletter for Oregon Council of Teachers of English, won National First Place in a 2003 competition sponsored by the NCTE.*

## Notes

[1] Lance Sparks, author's friend, contracted faculty at Lane Community College. Private conversation with author reproduced with permission. 9 September 2003.

[2] Neil Gaiman, *Coraline* (New York: HarperCollins, 2002).

[3] Adam Nicolson. *God's Secretaries: The Making of the King James Bible*. (New York: HarperCollins, 2003).

[4] Veronica Palmer and Alan Palmer, *Who's Who in Shakespeare's England?* (New York: Griffin Trade Paperback, 1999).

[5] Maurice Charney, *Shakespeare on Love and Lust* (Columbia UP, 1999).

[6] Peter Jensen, author's husband, contracted English faculty at Linn Benton Community College and Shakespeare scholar. Conversation repeated by permission, 25 September 2003.

[7] Mary Spilde, Lane CC President, In-service address, 24 September 2003.

[8] Frances Densmore, *Chippewa Customs* (Minneapolis, MN: Minnesota Historical Society, 1929).

[9] White Eagle Soaring, Little Shell Pembina Band, Ojibwe Nation, "Dream Catcher History." Available online http://www.the7thfire.com/history.htm; Internet; accessed 26 October 2003.

[10] C. G. Jung, *Dreams*. Translation by R.F.C. Hull. (New York: Princeton UP Press, 1974).

[11] Jean Shinoda Bolen, *Goddesses in Everywoman: A New Psychology of Women*, (New York: HarperCollins, 1984).

[12] The phrase was popularized by Carol P. Christ, *Diving Deep and Surfacing: Women Writers on Spiritual Quest.* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1980), but refers to Adrienne Rich, *Diving Into the Wreck: Poems, 1971-1972* (New York: W.W. Norton, 1973).

[13] Kim Stafford, *The Muses Among Us: Eloquent Listening and Other Pleasures of the Writer's Craft.* (Athens, GA: University of Georgia Press, 2003).

[14] Kim Stafford, *Early Morning: Remembering My Father, William Stafford.* (St. Paul, MN: Graywolf Press, 2003).

# To Jacob

*Dan Armstrong*

You swam in the warm water
of your mama's womb, happy
in your salty world, the belly
over which they dangled the gold
wedding ring that said you'd be a girl.

But no! And so, Jacob, I welcome you
into my heart, into my life. Now
that you have shed your gills
and split the harsh air with your cries,
I welcome you into my life, into my heart.

My wish for you, when your turn comes,
after years more of joy than sorrow: that
you too receive the gift you gave to me,
the gift of a grandchild such as yourself
to swim you warmly into your old age.

***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 in 1991 to LCC, where he teaches film studies and composition. Most of his research and publications over the years has been in film studies, but his passion is for poetry.*

# Discovery

# From Holden Village to the New Haven Green: On the Journey to Transformation in Community

*Margaret Bayless*

. . .how do we as instructors ensure students an opportunity to experience and fully describe their transformational experiences in our courses. . .?

Students write in evaluations and tell me when I meet them in town that their lives have been transformed by their experiences at Lane Community College. They describe a new understanding of intellectual possibilities and critical practices for exploring complex concepts developed through writing and discussions about literature that they shared with their classmates and instructor. Their comments always give me great satisfaction, and yet I have taken them for granted until I considered how these statements connect to faculty's discourse on creating our vision of a quality public education.

I took a sabbatical in fall of 2003 to further explore pedagogical theories that provide the foundation for classroom and college practices constructed to support student transformation. A significant focus of my sabbatical proposal was to ask the following three questions: First, how do we as instructors ensure students an opportunity to experience and fully describe their transformational experiences in our courses that will influence the rest of their lives? Second, can we adequately create models of community that sustain transformation, and can these models provide insights into how instructors will evaluate student descriptions of transformation as outcomes for them, for the class, and for programs like learning communities that redefine the college? Third, how do we continuously revise and build on what we do as instructors and leaders at community colleges to ensure student transformation that is profound and, therefore, lifelong?

These questions began to take formal shape in 1997 when I attended the second annual Working Class Studies Conference at Youngstown University. The conference proved to be an enlightening experience because it enabled me to engage with featured speakers and participants from all over the U.S. and the U.K., educators and activists who represented many disciplines and remarkably different life experiences of class dynamics. It was the only time that my working-class background gave me status with a group of professionals whose academic and activist interests directly supported and broadened my own. The experience confirmed my desire to begin the formation of a learning community, with like-minded colleagues at Lane Community College, centered on working class issues. These linked courses could offer students a similar opportunity to recognize and honor their own histories and stories as part of a vital, ongoing dialogue about class in relation to other differences that have defined how they imagine and live their lives.

During this same period, my union work at Lane Community College, as the vice president of credit faculty and later as faculty union president, deepened my understanding of faculty efforts to ensure that our vision of a quality public education prevails in the face of the marketing model of education. The marketing model defines students as consumers and knowledge as product, which is at odds with the kinds of transformation students experience in our courses. As my union and academic experiences continued to inform each other, I began to reconsider how community college students collectively experience school as challenging work (along with outside jobs and family life) and simultaneously as a profoundly transformative time in their lives.

Community college students who are working class, and identified by markers of race, ethnicity, gender, and sexual orientation, often discover that they have limited expectations of a college education. A full understanding of these limited expectations usually has not been considered in relation to issues of class. Also, many of our students have not grown up in families where college success is assumed, and where reading, studying and intellectual discussions are part of everyday life. Because of their earlier experiences, they could not develop the language or consciousness to challenge and redefine their educational opportunities as they enter the community college.

Community college students who are working class, and identified by markers of race, ethnicity, gender, and sexual orientation, often discover that they have limited expectations of a college education.

In the design and teaching of the Working Class literature course within the Fat Cats and Underdogs learning community, and in my World Working Class and other literature and writing courses, the students' lack of adequate language and developed consciousness about class issues directly relates to the class materials and classroom practices. The working class literature and related critical essays provide the students with powerful images and arguments that deepen their understanding of how culturally defined markers of difference in relation to class have limited their possibilities to lead fulfilling lives. They discover emotional, spiritual, and intellectual insights and support from class discussions as they begin to see themselves as significant members in the evolving cultures in which they participate.

Yet, our students, like all of us in the U.S., are influenced by the corporate media's promotion of the individualistic American Dream. This influence presents a challenge for awakening an appreciation of collective experience and a subsequent sense of possibility and power to challenge narrow social and economic opportunities. Exposure to literature and films about collective struggles significantly counters the students' sense of powerlessness, which they often bring with them after years of perceived personal and family failure to achieve or maintain a middle-class status, a status dependent on devaluing or rejecting working-class experiences.

In the American Working Class literature course, the first poem we read is from the final section of the anthology *Calling Home* titled appropriately "Transformations" and focused on literature addressing collective action.

## The Low Road

What can they do
to you? Whatever they want.
They can set you up, they can
bust you, they can break
your fingers, they can
burn your brain with electricity,
blur you with drugs, till you
can't walk, can't remember, they can
take your child, wall up
your lover. They can do anything
you can't stop them
from doing. How can you stop
them? Alone, you can fight,
you can refuse, you can
take what revenge you can
but they roll over you.

But two people fighting
back to back can cut through
a mob, a snake-dancing file
can break a cordon, an army
can meet an army.

Two people can keep each other
sane, can give support, conviction,
love, massage, hope, sex.
Three people are a delegation,
a committee, a wedge. With four
you can play bridge and start
an organization. With six
you can rent a whole house,
eat pie for dinner with no
seconds, and hold a fund raising party.
A dozen make a demonstration.

A hundred fill a hall.
A thousand have solidarity and your own newsletter;
ten thousand, power and your own paper;
a hundred thousand, your own media;
ten million, your own country.

It goes on one at a time,
it starts when you care
to act, it starts when you do
it again after they said no,
it starts when you say We
and know who you mean, and each
day you mean one more.

*Marge Piercy*

This poem is one example of literature discussed at the Youngstown Conference that inspired my work with colleagues to develop the working-class learning community, help create the infrastructure needed at the college to support innovation, and to make plans for a sabbatical.

Six years after the conference, in August of 2003, I left Eugene for the first month of my sabbatical at Holden Village, a retreat 2500 feet up in the North Cascade Mountains. It was a location that guaranteed the solitude and the stimulation necessary for rethinking issues of collective experience and how to create supportive intellectual communities at the college. Holden is a rustic village sponsored by the Lutheran Church, which functions as an intentional community and welcomes academic outsiders. My plans were to spend much of each day reading and writing and still fully experience the Holden community. This month-long experience could expand my understanding of how we create intellectual communities, however tentative and difficult, in our classrooms and generally at the community college. As part of the teaching staff that offered workshops and did basic chores for other staff and short-term guests, I was guaranteed full participation at Holden. My workshops were based on the broad outline of my planned research and possible discussions with other educators and visitors who came to Holden to explore issues of community building.

The second month was in New England with a friend and colleague who is a junior-high English teacher and who keeps up on some of the latest research and teaching methods in English at all levels. We spent many evenings in long discussions about pedagogy and the political challenges facing public education. While in New England, I seized the opportunity to visit museums and strike sites in Lowell and Lawrence, Massachusetts where they honor labor history. I also visited Montgomery College outside of Washington, D.C. to discuss with faculty

We spent many evenings in long discussions about pedagogy and the political challenges facing public education.

and students how their learning communities, interdisciplinary studies and an honors college functioned within an urban community college.

These experiences created opportunities for me to talk with colleagues and people outside of education about the different theories that address human consciousness and transformation and that could help answer my three questions. In the design of the workshops at Holden, I considered the questions in relation to different theories and then reflected on how the workshops provided fresh insights into my present teaching and leadership practices at Lane. The titles of the four workshops are based on a developmental model that could be applicable to classes and to discussions about the innovative structures of a college. They are meant to build on each other and direct the workshop participants to a challenging, holistic vision of community in the final session. The titles are 1. Developing A Liberation Consciousness, 2. Developing a Supportive Intellectual Community, 3. Creating Knowledge-In-Action, 4. Creating Transformational Educational Communities.

. . .we can actually observe the unknown without fear and live with it. . .

The workshop sessions, my eclectic reading list, and conversations with others allowed me to challenge myself as I have my students in writing and literature courses. This challenge involved engaging with theorists, poets and educators whose views continue to reframe my rural and religious upbringing and earlier education and teaching practices. I read the religious philosophers Krishnamurti, Thich Nat Hanh, and Pema Chödrön, environmental theorist David Abrams, educational theorists, Paulo Friere, bell hooks, Parker Palmer, Mary Louise Pratt, Jane Tompkins, and Alfred North Whitehead, and poets Joy Harjo, Jane Hirschfield, Lawson Inada, Audre Lorde, Li-Young Lee, Cherrié Moraga, Marge Piercy and others. My intent was to see how they addressed or creatively imagined the issue of human consciousness and transformation from their religious, intellectual, and artistic perspectives. Often their answers and images presented complex visions of developing human consciousness, with some concrete and many metaphorical or philosophical answers to my questions about transformation. Their visions deepened my appreciation for the profound nature of our students' experiences at the community college.

The first workshop, Developing a Liberation Consciousness, was based mainly on the work of two educational theorists who have had a significant influence on my teaching, bell hooks and Paulo Friere, and, more recently, the religious theorist, Krishnamurti. His assertion that we can actually observe the unknown without fear and live with it; listen without judging, evaluating, controlling or overcoming, which he describes as intelligence, has helped me more fully understand and question the educational theorists. bell hooks, in *Teaching to Transgress*, makes a number of references to Friere's *Pedagogy of the Oppressed*, which gave me the sense of joining in an ongoing conversation between these writers.

hooks defends theoretical academic work as what she calls the lived experience of critical thinking, of reflection and analysis. Theory provided her with the means to explain the hurt of

being an African-American woman who was not welcomed into The Academy and to discover engaged ways of making the hurt go away. She spoke eloquently of how difficult it has been to speak up in ways that were "potentially disruptive to sisterhood and solidarity" with other African-American women, when she challenged what she saw as a false dichotomy between theory and action. She argues that creating theories about liberation practices, built from concrete stories of oppression, is an action, and actually a subversive practice. Friere bases some of his influential pedagogical theory on concrete experiences he had while participating in revolutionary educational practices with peasants in Brazil. From his work, he discovered that to fully engage a problem-posing theory of education is a practice of liberation.

To begin the workshop, I asked the participants to think about some moment in their lives when they had not felt welcome and were confused about their alienation, and then how they came to more fully understand that experience. We then related their stories to hooks', Friere's, and Krishnamurti's theoretical concepts to consider what it means to be conscious of one's choices about how to live a fulfilling life and how much individual influence we have on those choices.

The discussion in this workshop helped me clarify some of the philosophical underpinnings of my evolving classroom practices in the last ten years. I have found that an aspect of liberation for us and for our students is to make the academic theories we hold about our disciplines and about teaching and learning explicit in class, including the rationale for the curriculum, the professional standards we maintain, and how the class functions on a daily basis. I realize that the more conscious I am of the philosophy that supports my professional choices, and the more the students are conscious and full participants in discussions about their own education, the more they can develop a liberation consciousness, including how to define and redefine their educational goals and outcomes.

The second workshop addressed how to develop a supportive intellectual community. I built on personal examples from the participants about times they had experienced a sense of everyone sharing common values, such as at Holden, (if that were true), and times when they had not. We used these examples to explore concepts discussed by Mary Louise Pratt in "Arts of the Contact Zone." She argues for the need to challenge our sense of an imagined nation-community that we sometimes conveniently call upon as if we lived in a unified and homogeneous social world. We assume that the social world has a shared language with "shared values of equality, fraternity, liberty", and religious freedom. In fact, what we often experience when we come together are crossroads of contact where we must deal with legacies of subordination, of people being treated as much less than equal with many aspects of their history suppressed.

We assume that the social world has a shared language with "shared values of equality, fraternity, liberty", and religious freedom.

I brought in examples of responses from students at Lane to working class literature and to other students from very different backgrounds. The literature and the students' descriptions of their personal experiences require everyone in the class, including the instructor, to confront crossroads of contact and imagine ways to respectfully deal with these crossroads. Rethinking what happened in this second workshop has been key to my understanding of how the experience of my sabbatical relates to the experience of my students at Lane. As instructors we create a valuable bridge for students to vital issues, issues they have not been conscious of or fully confronted, and yet that have a profound influence on their lives. The people I had discussions with at the Working Class Conference and on the sabbatical created a similar bridge for me. The teaching workload and political work at Lane during the last twelve years had kept me too busy to be in touch in significant ways with the ongoing conversations in my disciplines. Yet, after returning to Lane from my sabbatical, I have been aware of how eager I am to share my thinking and writing with my colleagues. This desire is similar to how students respond when they engage with powerful literature and with each other about issues that they recognize as significant to rethinking and re-imagining their lives.

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My realization took me back to when I began my own in-depth exploration of working class literature after the Youngstown Conference. I was as stunned as the students in working class literature courses are to read stories and poems about the Triangle Shirtwaist Fire in the early part of the twentieth century and the powerful organized response across ethnic groups to the working conditions of the women factory workers and to their brutal deaths. The poems about the tragedy are often by women who continue to face issues of danger and oppression at work. The students are horrified when they read Maxine Hong-Kingston's novel *China Men* to learn about exclusion laws against Chinese immigrants who built the railroads and were subsequently driven out of the country or killed, while others stayed and challenged the laws. They are also amazed by the stories about the strikes and the solidarity between many ethnic groups in Lowell and Lawrence, Massachusetts. They are moved by the stories from some aged and still passionate activists, in a film about the Wobblies, who speak of organizing in the logging camps in Oregon, and of the state's massacre of union organizers in Everett Washington, which was followed by actions taken against the state militia. This year they will watch *10,000 Men Named George*, a film about the union organizing by black porters who worked the railroads, and read poems and see a documentary, *Justice on the Table*, made locally about how fieldworkers are organizing right now up and down the I-5 corridor.

The success of creating a supportive intellectual community in these literature courses is built on class discussions and shared essays in response to student questions about why no one has told them these stories, this history, their history, and why they don't know what collective activity is going on presently in their community. Or they want to figure out why they have not

had the language and the consciousness to tell their own stories as an important part of these larger stories. They have not known how to fully explain what has happened to them when they have faced judgments based on race, gender, and ethnicity and other differences in relation to class and how to challenge a system that limits their educational opportunities and life choices. They want to figure out how to explain their experiences because they must deal with these markers of difference so they can imagine what it means to succeed within The Academy and support the opportunities for others who face different challenges. Once students perceive their own stories in relation to others, and they more fully understand why what they think and how they think makes a difference in the world, they actively listen to what others have to say, which expands their perceptions and experience of a supportive intellectual community.

The third workshop, Creating Knowledge-in-Action, is based on a phrase adopted from Arthur Applebee's text, *Curriculum as Conversation*, that he uses to challenge the concept of knowledge-out-of-context. He argues that we involve our students in knowledge-in-action when we make it possible for them to participate in the ongoing dialogues about significant aspects of human knowledge and experiences as they are discussed within our different disciplines and within other socially significant conversations. I combined his discussion about how the structure of our curriculum facilitates student transformation with Alfred North Whitehead's discussion, from his 1929 book, *The Aims of Education*, about intellectual progress in terms of three stages: that of romance, precision and generalization. I also included Parker Palmer's concept, developed in *The Courage to Teach*, of the subject-centered classroom, which he argues is the central pedagogical approach that enables us to ensure the formation of a truth community in our classes. I briefly explained these theories to the workshop participants at Holden. I then asked them to consider when they had to mediate between different systems of communication competing for their attention, specifically when they needed to learn something new.

I have found that it helps if students address their underlying assumptions and fears about literature...

The frustrations that the workshop participants experienced in relating their experiences to the theorists illustrated for me the difficulty our students face as they become aware of the different systems of communication in which they are being required to participate. For English courses, I have found that it helps if students address their underlying assumptions and fears about literature and about the practice of the art and craft of writing. Ironically, even students who are fearful as they return to school or when they have failed writing courses earlier, are eager to write about why they "hate English" if they do, or to describe what happened to convince them they are not now, nor will they ever be, writers. Their answers take them by surprise because of the passion and the detailed responses of when and where they became alienated from literature or writing. The more explicit students can be about their fears and underlying assumptions early in the term, the more fully they engage with the concepts, strategies and models necessary to enthusiastically participate in literature and writing disci-

plines. The practice of analyzing literature in discussions and essays, and writing essays in response to challenging theoretical essays, involves the students in what Applebee calls knowledge-in-action.

My final workshop, Creating Transformative Educational Communities, focused on how participants could incorporate an awakening consciousness of themselves in relation to their understanding of how the world functions, and move into a supportive community of peers. My working assumption was that we bring about change in ourselves and in the world collectively from within communities, however tenuous and difficult they are to construct and maintain. (An illness prevented me from leading this workshop). While preparing for this workshop, the reading of David Abram's *The Spell of the Sensuous* required me to reconsider my reliance on Palmer's definition of truth community. Palmer defines it as one that supports the belief "that reality is a web of communal relationships, and we can know reality only by being in community with it."[1] Abrams says, "A human community that lives in a mutually beneficial relation with the surrounding earth is a community, we might say, that lives in truth."[2] He wants to make us aware of a "mode of awareness that precedes and underlies the literate intellect" and exists in the sensuous world.[3] To include Abram's perspective means we must consider our participation in the physical world as embodied beings as a vital aspect of our conscious participation in any community.

Many writing instructors recognize that the best writing actually involves the students' critical examination of their personal experiences and beliefs...

In discussions with students or colleagues about how we experience and maintain a sense of a truth community, I would include Pratt's challenges to an imagined, unified community with hooks' and Friere's revolutionary challenges, and then relate them to Abram's definition and Palmer's extended discussion of the values and limitations of different models of community. Palmer defines civic community as dependent on negotiations, compromise and voting. The therapeutic model of community makes intimacy the highest value in human relationships, which is a value that can restrict what we learn from those we experience as Other. The marketing model values education as more product than process, and it fails to consider how the challenge to a student's prejudices and limited vision of the future might not appeal to their goal for immediate satisfaction. He argues that truth community works in The Academy because the subject is at the center of the classroom, and our understanding of reality is constructed through the practices of a particular discipline, which can only be accomplished within a truth community, not in the intimacy of interpersonal relationships, not in negotiations, and not as a product.

Many writing instructors recognize that the best writing actually involves the students' critical examination of their personal experiences and beliefs, and that examination is most transformative when done in relation to challenging theoretical and artistic texts. Some students may find that their peers' responses border on the therapeutic and the use of personal experiences in college essays is not a practical focus that will help them maintain their G.P.A.

or achieve their present job or career goals. Yet most students develop the ability to write complex, effective essays when they are required to create a respectful balance between their analysis and response to writing by challenging thinkers and artists in different fields, their thoughtful use of personal examples to support their ideas, and their responsibility to a larger, engaged community, (a community directly experienced in the classroom). That is knowledge-in-action. These writing experiences, when shared with the class, can create a central link between the students as critical thinkers and the practice of participating in significant, ongoing intellectual conversations in particular disciplines and in the culture.

Discussions with my friend who is the junior high English teacher reminded me of how writing and literature students assume when they enter English classes that reading and writing are solitary acts, which in some ways they are, but in more profound ways they are not. They are ultimately acts of examining mutual problems and interpretations of how to understand life and create knowledge and even wisdom based on discussions that require everyone in the class to speak up. I am reminded of a young man in an Introduction to Fiction class a few years ago who announced to the class in frustration that he had never read a novel. His classmates and I assured him this lack of experience was not unusual for entering students. Later, when we were reading and discussing Ursula Hegi's *Stones from the River*, about life in a German village prior to, during and after WW II, he blurted out in amazement: "Oh I get it! We're reading this so we can figure out why people can be neighbors and still kill each other." His simple response led to a discussion that opened up for him and others in class an examination of moral issues that they had never considered talking about in depth with their peers.

. . .students at every educational level and at any age enter English classes believing that their instructors hold the secret to good writing. . .

Also, students at every educational level and at any age enter English classes believing that their instructors hold the secret to good writing and to the hidden meaning or the one correct literary interpretation, and we will impart that knowledge sometime during the term. What they discover is that we can provide the foundations of effective critical reading and writing, set high academic standards, challenge them to reach those standards, and help create a safe environment so they will take the necessary risks to challenge their firmly-held ideas and beliefs. But learning to improve the art and skills of critical reading and writing requires more than the passion and expertise of a committed instructor. It takes the full engagement of a supportive intellectual community created in class and in the broader college environment that is envisioned as a transformational educational community.

The discussions at Holden, with participants that ranged from Lutheran ministers to kids from drug rehabilitation programs, were rich and helpful in clarifying my research and a fuller sense of what models of community can entail. The discussions and experiences in New England and Rockford, Maryland deepened my understanding of faculty leadership in the decisions about how we structure our curriculum and our institutions to fully support student access to a college education and their transformation after they arrive. Could I have predicted

these specific outcomes from the carefully planned sabbatical? I expected to be taken by surprise and to have many aha! moments. But I could not have made detailed lists of the levels of understanding and transformation that I experienced in the eleven weeks away from regular responsibilities. The fullness of the description may be the best I can do to explain the outcomes of the sabbatical. From our students the fullness of the description that they provide of their transformative experiences may be as close as we can come to understanding where they have arrived in their educational development. That description can include evaluating student learning in relation to hooks' concepts of challenging oppression, Friere's problem-posing concept, Pratt's contact zones, Applebee's vision of integration in on-going conversations, or Whitehead's three stages of intellectual progress.

Meanwhile, we, as faculty, can engage with each other as part of critical ongoing conversations about our disciplines, our evolving teaching practices and our vision of what it means to create an educational environment that supports the transformative experiences of our students.

***Margaret Bayless*** *received her Ph.D. from the University of Oregon and has taught at Baker High School, Portland Community College, the University of Oregon and Butler University before coming to Lane Community College, where she teaches writing and literature courses, including an American and a world working-class literature course. She won a teaching excellence award and served as assistant composition director while she was a graduate student at the University of Oregon. She has been involved in union work from the time she taught at PCC through most of her twelve years at Lane including as vice president of credit faculty for three years and faculty union president for five years at Lane. She has also served on the leadership team of the Strategic Learning Initiative, a faculty-led partnership with administration to support college-wide innovation. She also serves on the Center for Connection and Innovation's implementation team.*

## Notes

[1]David Abrams, *The Spell of the Sensuous: Perception and Language in More Than the Human World (New York: Random House, 1997), 95.*

[2]*Ibid.,264.*

[3]*Ibid.*

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# Poem for Two Siletz Voices

*Drew Viles*

*I thought I was white. You're not white.*

I thought I was white.

*That explains the self-portrait.*

I was raised thinking I was a white man.

*I was raised thinking I was a white man.*

It happened to me.

*It happened to me.*

It happened to me before it happened to you.

*You're my uncle.*

You're my nephew.

*You were never there, or I never saw you.*

You look white.

*You can't be.*

You have blue eyes.

*You have brown eyes.*

You look white enough.

*You look white enough.*

There's a published test to take to see if you're Indian.

*It's the teeth.*

It's the disgust. If you're disgusted enough to feel like denying you're an Indian, then you pass the test.

*My mom wondered how those people she knew*
*who spent a lifetime trying to look white*
*felt seeing me look white and trying to be Indian.*

We lived in Toledo. Siletz was the place with Indians. Toledo was the place with white people.

*Did I cross the border?*

It was our version of the Rio Bravo.

*Somebody crossed the border.*

My grandfather had moved to Toledo.

*Then they were living on the other side.*

That's where we were born and raised.

*You were raised thinking you were a white man.*

My mother was the Siletz tribal council secretary.

*When my mom held me, she saw*
*somebody else's skin.*

**Drew Viles**
*photo and biography can be found on p. 39.*

She saw how she wanted to be.

*She saw how she wasn't able to look.*

Maybe that explains the picture.

*The self-portrait hangs on the wall.*

The self-portrait.

*Mine was made in Toledo not far from Siletz.*

Mine is on a wall in Prineville at my sister's.

*The shame is not our own.*

It is something for us to look at.

*Keep the papers.*

Keep the words.

*Remember the lies we've been told.*

Remember the lies we've told.

# *The Doomed as Siletz*

*Drew Viles*

In my family, there is a story of doomed second sons.

In my family, there is a story of doomed second sons. This story is known to me as a story told about my brother, Daniel Franklin, by my mother. Maybe I'll call and ask her to give the story in her own words. Nope. I'll just tell you just how I remember: "Whenever my mother came for a visit," my mom begins, "she would never call Dan just Dan or Danny or Daniel. It was always 'Sweet Dan' or 'Sweet, Sweet Danny.'" And it bothered me enough that I talked to her about it. I told her I couldn't live thinking that. It was about the only time she and I ever disagreed.

Daniel Franklin was born in 1950 in Portland, Oregon. He was supposed to die in his childhood—this is what my grandmother believed.

My brother Dan did most of his growing up in Prineville, Oregon. My mom had her first child close to home in Toledo, Oregon on the Oregon coast. Her next child was born in Albany. Then came Dan, born in Portland.

My mom was tired of moving around. Plus, she told my father, they were raising a family. She made a deal with my dad, who was born in Denver, Colorado on his family's travel out from some place in Missouri. (It sounds like they just stopped long enough in Denver for my dad to be born before they headed off again. My dad moved around a lot growing up.) The deal was that she would move with my father to any place he wished, but only once more.

My dad picked Prineville because of the hunting and fishing opportunities. Plus, he figured he could work in his chosen field of appliance repair. Prineville was a long way from Toledo. But my grandmother made the trip to visit her daughter and her growing family. And whenever she came, invariably she addressed my brother Dan as the doomed second second: Sweet, Sweet Danny. Sweet Dan.

My grandmother remembered that her second son had died. His name was Jackie, and he rests in a cemetery on a hill outside of Toledo. My grandmother also remembered that her sister Rachel's second son had also died in childhood. This was the reason she was convinced that my mom's second son would also die.

Dan survived into adulthood. He survives yet today. He is still the second son, and the last time I thought about this story was at a funeral here in Eugene. A baby had died. And I remembered the story of the doomed second son. But there was more for me to remember, because several years after my brother Dan survived his childhood, my sister Cynthia, along with my Aunt Jane, had journeyed to Seattle to visit an archive now run by the Bureau of Indian Affairs.

My sister requested documents concerning the family. And one of the documents presented a story the grief of my grandmother's grandmother. She was named Nancy, and everyone knew that she had only two children. But nobody remembered that she had another–a son that died young. Maybe I'm making that part up. But I don't think so. She died herself very soon after giving birth to her children, who were raised by their grandmother. Her name was Julia, and she was one of the people forced to leave homes along the beautiful Rogue River after the bloodshed there in the late 1850's.

The affidavit that my sister collected concerned this maternal ancestor named Julia. It was signed by her friend whose name was Molly (I was nearly named Molly, but because I was a boy, I got another name. My brother Curt who was going to be named Elizabeth named his older daughter that and his younger, Molly). The purpose of the affidavit was to certify that Julia had left no heirs other than my grandmother's mother and her uncle and concerned the disposition of a parcel of land originally allotted under a U.S. federal law known as the Dawes Act designed to break up tribal lands into lands owned by individuals.

Molly swore that she had known my maternal ancestor for as long as they had both resided on the reservation. She also remembered that Julia had a son who was taken by the whites before she came to the reservation. Molly remembered that Julia was always talking about her blue-eyed son who was stolen away from her. Molly remembered that nothing was ever heard from him, but that Julia never stopped talking about her son. Molly also remembered that Julia had a series of sons all of whom died in their youth.

The grief of that woman, whose only child born on the reservation died herself shortly after bringing into the world two children who would survive, over her son taken before the time of dying was not passed down in my family. That story of the stolen boy with blue eyes was not remembered by my family. Instead, there was a story of doomed second sons.

I felt cheated when I read a copy of the affidavit my sister brought to me. I felt that the family had let me down by not remembering important stories. But mainly I felt sad. I felt sad for my mom's grandmother's grandmother who lost her blue-eyed son. I felt sad because I knew the reason she wanted to tell that story all her days. She told the story because she wanted to find her son. She wanted people to remember the story. And people had not remembered. Forgetting makes me sad.

And I thought later that there was too much grief for all of it to be remembered. That's the reason the story of the lost son was forgotten. But somewhere in the back of my mind, I wondered whether the origin of the doomed second son story was not the same as the forgetting of that uncle of mine stolen by whites away from his family.

***Drew Viles***
*photo and biography can be found on p. 39.*

# *Brains, Beauty, Brawn, and Buffy:* An Exploration of Feminism in *Buffy the Vampire Slayer*

*Donna Zmolek*

> In every generation, there is a chosen one. She alone will stand against the vampires, the demons, and the forces of darkness. She is the Slayer.
>
> —Opening voice-over on *Buffy theVampire Slayer*

In this case, the Slayer is Buffy Summers, middle-to-upper-class fashion conscious teenage girl of Sunnydale, California, and star of *Buffy theVampire Slayer*. But the name is purposefully misleading. Who would think that a show featuring a petite blonde with a silly, airhead-type name like "Buffy" would have anything worthwhile to offer viewers? Actually, this show has much to offer in the way of feminism. Contrary to the typical male hero series and even unlike series featuring other female heroes such as *Xena:TheWarrior Princess* and *Alias*, *Buffy theVampire Slayer* delivers feminist philosophy in its most entertaining form.

Buffy must honor her calling by fighting and slaying evil.

The premise of the show is this: ex-cheerleader and potential Homecoming Queen, Buffy must honor her calling by fighting and slaying evil. She is joined by her Watcher, Rupert Giles, the stuffy, British school librarian, and various high school friends and even benign vampires and demons. The series takes her and the Sunnydale crew through seven years of development and maturation. Just about the time she thinks she has it all figured out, there are more demons to slay—both literal and symbolic. It's an interesting, fun, and imaginative concept, but the piece that sets it apart from other television is its depiction of feminist values. The creator of the show, Joss Whedon, is a feminist and "has always found strong women interesting because they are not overly represented in the cinema."[1] Buffy's character, her friends, the stories, and the town of Sunnydale all add to the exploration of feminist concepts.

## *Buffy* Fights Patriarchy

Patriarchal systems and leaders do not have power or privilege, at least for long, in Sunnydale. "As the series has evolved, its central theme has become the danger of ignorance and of oppressive patriarchal power structures."[2] There has even been a website established entitled "Buffy the Patriarchy Slayer"[3] which details various manners in which the show "slays" patriarchy, and the site includes supporting articles and essays.

Over the years, the main and recurring symbol of male power is The Council, a mostly absent, dictating-from-afar group of leaders which supposedly regulates and supervises the Slayer and her Watcher. The rules, ceremonies, and guidelines of The Council are lost on Buffy, who prefers to operate on emotion and intuition. Buffy doesn't play by men's rules, she plays by her own. There are written guidelines for The Slayer, which Giles feels would not work for Buffy:

> Kendra: I study because it is required. The Slayer handbook insists on it.
> Willow: There's a Slayer handbook?
> Buffy: Handbook? What handbook? How come I don't have a handbook?
> Giles: After meeting you, Buffy, I was quite sure the handbook would be of no use in your case.[4]

As Buffy gains confidence, she realizes that The Council is an oppressing, condescending institution which uses her only for her abilities and not for her individuality. Buffy questions and ultimately "quits" the Council in Season 3, and then proves to them that they need her in order to have any type of purpose. She rejoins them on her terms in Season 5.

Buffy doesn't play by men's rules, she plays by her own.

The Initiative, a military operation designed to control and kill demons and vampires, emerges in Season 4. Since the military is perhaps the ultimate patriarchal system, this operation proves to be very problematic for Buffy and her friends. Like she did with The Council, Buffy at first tries to work with the Initiative, only to find that the rules and principles upheld by the Initiative are limiting and do not allow for the flexibility needed to handle the problems in Sunnydale. Even with the military's strategies and high tech weapons, they still cannot improve on Buffy's inherent strength and ability.

The leader of the Initiative is actually a woman, Maggie Walsh. As with most women on the show, Walsh is an exceptionally strong female character. Her plans in the Initiative go awry, and she is murdered by her own man/demon/machine hybrid creation. This illustrates the problems which arise when a woman attempts to establish power within the limitations of a system typically governed by men.

The Mayor of Sunnydale, the villain of Season 3, is another symbol of male dominance. He uses his influence as a father figure to Faith, a vampire slayer who has gone astray. Faith has a deep desire to belong, and Mayor Wilkins capitalizes on her need. The approval of a father figure is something we all crave, and Faith is no exception. Wilkins manipulates Faith by rewarding her for destructive behavior. Even with Faith's help, however, he and the assumed privilege and entitlement he embodies are defeated in the end.

Principal Snyder, a somewhat less threatening yet still male authority figure, also tries to exhibit control over Buffy. He too fails.

Even the loveable, prim and proper Giles represents patriarchy to some extent. Initially, he is the representative of the oppressive Council. Instead of having to be defeated by Buffy and her friends, Giles himself eventually renounces The Council and what it stands for. This is not easy for Giles, whose family has lived with this system for several generations. This signifies society's difficulty in identifying and questioning patriarchy in our culture. Giles finally adapts, and after a few seasons he takes on an advisory role rather than one of authority.

Like the Mayor, Giles also fulfills the role of the father on *Buffy*. Buffy's biological father has been absent since her parents' divorce just prior to the beginning of the show. Unlike the unhealthy Mayor Wilkins/Faith relationship, Giles' connection to Buffy is an example of the possible benevolent nature of male authority. His nurturing and guidance is in contrast to the usual flawed patriarchal systems on the show, and this demonstrates that men's power and influence can be positive and need not be restrictive and suffocating.

*Buffy* counterbalances the idea of the lonely hero with the presentation of a community of friends

**The Buddy System**

Another feminist concept explored in the series is that of the hero as a group. In a display of communal action verses patriarchal succession, *Buffy* counterbalances the idea of the lonely hero with the presentation of a community of friends.[5] Buffy's group of friends, referred to as the "Scooby Gang," is critical to Buffy's success in fighting the forces of darkness.

Unlike sole masculine heroes such as Superman or Clint Eastwood, Buffy needs her friends in order to survive. The show values friendship and discourages sole heroes. In many episodes, Buffy is not the boss. In *Halloween*[6], Willow takes charge as those around her suffer from temporary amnesia because of their cursed costumes. In *The Zeppo,*[7] it is Xander's turn to save the world while his friends battle a no-name demon in the library. Perhaps the best example of the importance of working together is in *Primeval.*[8] In this episode, the four of them—Willow, Xander, Giles, and Buffy—meld together to fight a villain who is neither human nor demon.

In fact, loners on Buffy are destined to fail. Faith, the renegade slayer of the third season, never quite fits into the Scooby Gang, and eventually she rejects them. Faith insists on going it alone, and she makes mistake after mistake. Faith's solitude causes her to be weaker, even though physically she is as strong as Buffy. In her desperation to belong, she joins forces with the dark side. She becomes dependent on the authority of the evil Mayor Wilkins, and she winds up in a coma at the end of the season.

At the end of Season 2 and beginning of Season 3, Buffy runs away from home. As a teen runaway and very much alone, Buffy finds herself literally in Hell. She realizes her error in thinking that she doesn't need or want connections, and she heads back home.

So despite the claim that she *alone* will stand against the vampires, Buffy would not get far without the rest of the Scooby Gang. As a matter of fact, she wouldn't even be alive. (They

bring her back from the dead—*twice*.) In its strongest moments, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* is a show of friendship, not of single combat[9].

### Girlpower

Powerful women are depicted in *Buffy*. Philosopher Sandra Bartky states in her essay "Foucault, Femininity, and the Modernization of Patriarchal Power": "to succeed in the provision of a beautiful or sexy body gains a woman attention and some admiration but little real respect and rarely any social power."[10] The series refutes this statement; Buffy is a beautiful young woman, but she is also legitimately powerful and respected.

Feminists have been known to criticize the show because many of the Sunnydale women are thin and beautiful, following the standard idea of beauty as defined by a sexist society. While the show does depict the "California girl" image, it also dispels the myth that beautiful women are weak, helpless, and intellectually inferior to men. In fact, it was the intention of the show's creator, Joss Whedon, to quash this stereotype.

Whedon wanted to create a story around the beautiful young blonde who saves others rather than needing to be saved herself. *Buffy* rejects the helpless-female image—the girls who got the hero but who never get to be the hero.[11] The main women in Sunnydale are anything but helpless: Willow, an intelligent, powerful witch; Cordelia, a bratty but very honest and headstrong socialite; Anya, an ex-vengeance demon; and Buffy, who is physically stronger than any human, and many demons, on the show. All of these women possess courage, stamina, loyalty, AND beauty.

In its strongest moments, *Buffy the Vampire Slayer* is a show of friendship, not of single combat.

The foundation of the series is set in the opening of the series pilot, which shows us two teenagers breaking into Sunnydale High School. One mischievous teenage boy, and a blonde, timid girl. The scene tricks us into thinking the boy will be taking advantage of the girl, when, all at once, the "timid" blonde girl morphs into a vicious vampire and attacks the boy.

Women have appeared in all roles in the series—as villain, victim, and hero. In the fifth season, the Scooby Gang faces a female villain. "Glory" is a conceited, self-centered woman who also happens to be a god. Like the female heroes of the show, Glory's appearance fits the male standard of typical female beauty. Unlike the stereotype, however, Glory's beauty does not mean that she is frail or delicate. On the contrary, she is a very powerful force to be reckoned with. Actually, she cannot be killed; she has a male alter ego, and it is only his death that stops Glory. Thus, she is eventually defeated, but not before she uses her strength and influence to destroy much of Sunnydale.

Women also play a key role in the making of *Buffy*. Many female writers, directors, and producers have a hand in bringing us our favorite show. Writer, director, and executive producer Marti Noxon is a major influence on the show. Writer and co-producer Jane Espenson

has written many of the show's pivotal episodes. Other female writers and directors over the years include Ellen Pressman, Tracey Forbes, Dana Preston, and Ashley Gable.

**"Because It's *Wrong*"**

When it comes to addressing ethics in Sunnydale, we can clearly see Philosopher Nel Noddings' feminist care ethics at work. *Buffy* approaches ethics as situational, not as universal principle. (Come to think of it, is it even possible for universal principles to transcend dimensions??) Sure, the main objective is to kill the demons, but even that doesn't come in black and white. There are "good" demons on the show: Angel, a vampire, Anya, a vengeance demon, Spike, a vampire, Oz, a werewolf, and even Buffy's best friend Willow is a witch; and there are "bad" humans: Faith, a rogue Slayer, Warren, a high school nerd turned villain, Maggie Walsh, a power-hungry Psychology teacher and Initiative leader, the pitifully ineffective Principal Snyder. Good versus Evil presents a problematic dichotomy proving that each situation needs to be "filled in," as Noddings would say.

Buffy identifies herself in caring relationships with the others in the Scooby Gang.

Also in the style of Noddings, Buffy identifies herself in caring relationships with the others in the Scooby Gang. Those in her inner circle are extremely important to her. She "cares about" the world; she "cares for" her friends.

One of the ethical dilemmas on the show is the death and killing of humans. Whedon wanted the vampires to turn to dust when staked because there would be an awful lot of bodies around to dispose of, and he didn't think it was a great idea to have high school students going around killing people. The dust helps to associate this type of killing with ridding the culture of metaphorical demons, and not actual homicide. Conversely, killing humans is taken very seriously on Buffy. In *Bad Girls* and *Consequences,*[12] Faith kills the deputy Mayor, accidentally staking him, thinking he is a vampire. Buffy is horrified and cannot believe that Faith can just brush it off.

> Buffy: We help people, it doesn't mean we can do whatever we want.
> Faith: Why not? Something made us different. We're warriors, we're built to kill.
> Buffy: To kill demons. But that does not mean we can pass judgment on people, like we're better than anyone else.
> Faith: We are better. That's right, better. People need us to survive. And in the balance, nobody's going to cry over some random bystander who got caught in the crossfire.
> Buffy: I am.
> Faith: That's your loss.

Faith represents Buffy's dark side, and Buffy struggles with the fact that Faith, who is like Buffy in so many ways—ways she doesn't care to admit—could have such disregard for life.

The deputy mayor's death was caused not by a demon, but by the hands of another human. This shift from the killing of metaphorical monsters is significant.

One of the most intense episodes of the series is *The Body.*[13] Written and directed by Whedon, *The Body* deals with the death of Buffy's mother, Joyce, who died from natural causes and not supernatural ones. Since death by natural causes is not a common occurrence in Sunnydale, the Scooby Gang members must find ways of coping with her death through their existing relationships. Each person finds her or his own manner of expressing grief, but Anya identifies some of the more obvious but unspoken issues of death and bereavement:

Anya: [crying] I don't understand how this all happens. How we go through this. I mean, I knew her, and then she's [sniffling], there's just a body, and I don't understand why she just can't get back in it and not be dead anymore. It's stupid. It's mortal and stupid. And, and Xander's crying and not talking, and, and I was having fruit punch, and I thought, well, Joyce will never have any more fruit punch ever, and she'll never have eggs, or yawn, or brush her hair, not ever, and no one will explain to me why.

As stated before, a human's death is taken very seriously, and this episode explores death in relation to human relationships, caring, embodiment, and mortality.

. . .her first love is with Angel, the dark, brooding, undead vampire with a soul.

**Girl Meets Boy**

Romantic relationships are different from the norm in Sunnydale. *Buffy's* portrayal of powerful female characters and sensitive men and its emphasis on relationships mark the television serial as a feminine form.[14] Some of the elements are typical, such as Buffy tends to fall for men who are unattainable (which is mostly due to the fact that they are undead). However, women in the series do not depend on men to make them whole, and they are not identified in relationship to men.

In recounting Buffy's relationships, her first love is with Angel, the dark, brooding, undead vampire with a soul. The balance of power between Buffy and Angel is equal, if not tipped in Buffy's favor because of the fact that she is living and is not limited to nocturnal activities alone. Angel is proud of Buffy—her problem-solving skills, her closeness with her friends, her strength—and he is not intimidated by her. Like the "perfect man" in Charlotte Perkins Gilman's *The Cottagette,* he accepts her for who she is. Eventually, because of the fear that he might endanger her (not to mention the fact that he wants to start a spin-off series), Angel must leave Sunnydale. Buffy is upset, but she maintains her wholeness.

Buffy's relationship with Riley, the midwestern small town, military boy, is much different. Riley loves Buffy, but he can never accept that she does not *need* him in order to be happy. He admires her, but "masculine admiration wars with masculine difficulty at conceding superior strength to a woman."[15] Riley represents the traditional relationship between a dominant man and a dependent woman that just doesn't cut it in Sunnydale. Riley ends up "cheating" on Buffy

by allowing cheap, sleazy female vampires to suck his blood, and then he leaves town after Buffy discovers his "infidelity."

### Girl Meets Girl

Sexual orientation is studied on *Buffy*. After Oz, the werewolf member of the Scooby Gang and Willow's boyfriend, leaves Sunnydale in Season 4, Willow is, of course, broken hearted, but the stage is set for a new romance. Willow's character has matured considerably in these four seasons, more so than Buffy or any other character on the show. In Season 2, Willow begins experimenting with witchcraft. Her power increases as she becomes a full-blown witch. Willow is what Mary Daly refers to in *The Qualitative Leap Beyond Patriarchal Religion* when she describes "the witch that smolders within every woman who cared and dared enough to become a philosophically/spiritually questing feminist."[16]

Having been a science and computer nerd who never wanted to dress provocatively or too sexily, Willow's character had some masculine qualities during the first couple of seasons. This may be in fact why the writers introduced the witchcraft, as a way to regender Willow and pick up on the association of witchcraft with female sexuality, with power, and with lesbianism.[17]

Single again, Willow meets Tara, fellow shy witch at UC Sunnydale, and after a bit of a bumpy transition in the series for Willow in regards to her lifestyle, Willow and Tara consummate their relationship and become one of the romances on the show for nearly three seasons. While the rest of the Scooby Gang initially have difficulty understanding Willow's "discovery," they accept it as part of who she is, and it is not made a major issue. Willow and Tara's relationship is a loving, caring, nurturing one, and lesbianism is handled responsibly by the writers and cast.

### Feminism is Fun

*Buffy* introduces feminism to younger generations through ways they can understand. The characters challenge typical gender stereotypes and deal with problems and issues from a feminist perspective. The show delivers the feminist "message by working through the desires and concerns of teenage girls rather than trying to preach to them."[18] Buffy makes feminism real to viewers, not only because she and her female friends are strong women, but also because sometimes they are not. Young women can see themselves in the characters through the uncertainty and challenges that they face—they have strength but are still ordinary people with ordinary problems.

Young women aren't the only ones getting a dose of feminism in action. Young men are drawn to the show because of Buffy's beauty, the fighting, and the monsters, and they are unsuspectingly exposed to a different way of thinking about and approaching problems. Whedon argues, "If I can make teenage boys comfortable with a girl who takes charge of the situation

without their knowing that's what's happening, it's better than sitting down and selling them on feminism."[19]

Feminism has had too much of a reputation for being serious and boring. By putting it into contexts such as *Buffy*, we may have found ways to change negative views about it, explore different aspects of it, and have a good time in the process. Charlotte Bunch states in her essay "Lesbians in Revolt", "Although there have been numerous battles over class, race, and nation during the past 3000 years, none has brought the liberation of women."[20] Using the medium of television, *Buffy* fights the metaphoric battle for liberation in every episode. Based on its popularity, perhaps other shows will begin to do the same.

### Notes

[1]Frances Early, "Staking Her Claim: Bubby the Vampire Slayer as Transgressive Woman Warrior" *Skyage: The Online International Journal of Buffy Studies* 6 (September 2002): 2.

[2]Ibid.,9.

[3]http://daringivens.home.mindspring.com/btps.html

[4]Episode *What's My Line* 2, 10.

[5]Rhonda V. Wilcox and David Lavery. *Fighting the Forces: What's at Stake in Buffy the Vampire Slayer* (NY: Rowman and Littlefield, 2002), 4.

[6]Episode *Halloween*, 2,6.

[7]Episode *The Zeppo*, 3, 13.

[8]Episode *Primeval*, 4,21.

[9]Wilcox and Lavery, 6.

[10]Marilyn Pearsall, *Women and Values: Readings in Recent Feminist Philosophy* (New York: Wadsworth, 1999), 167.

[11]Sherry Vint, "Killing Us Softly? A Feminist Search for the 'Real' Buffy." *Slayage: The Online International Journal of Buffy Studies* 5 (December 2001): 1.

[12]Episodes *Bad Girls* and *Consequences* 3, 14 and 15.

[13]Episode *The Body* 5, 16.

[14]Wilcox and Lavery, 159.

[15]Ibid., 125.

[16]Pearsall, 257.

[17]Wilcox and Lavery, 56.

[18]Vint, 2.

[19]Ibid., 4.

[20]Pearsall, 150.

**Donna Zmolek** *is the Administrative Coordinator in the English, Foreign Language & Speech Division at Lane Community College. She received an Associate of Applied Science at Lane, and is currently working on her Bachelor's Degree in Arts & Humanities at Linfield College. Donna has been employed at Lane since 1990.*

# Works in Progress

# *On Freedom in a Determined Universe*

*Ben Hill*

> When it comes to the question of freedom and determinism, I am—like a lot of other philosophers—unable to reconcile the two...On the one hand, a set of very powerful arguments force us to the conclusion that free will has no place in the universe. On the other hand, a series of powerful arguments based on facts of our own experience inclines us to the conclusion that there must be some freedom of the will because we all experience it all the time... There is a standard solution to this philosophical conundrum...[F]ree behavior exists, but it is just a small corner of the determined world—it is that corner of determined human behavior where certain kinds of force and compulsion are absent....I think [this solution] is inadequate.[1]

Pizza occupied my thoughts more often than epistemology...

I may have been ten years old. I was lying on my bed, staring at the ceiling, marveling at the thought of an infinite universe. The idea that space could go on *forever* without end was the most mind- boggling thing I could imagine. Except, it suddenly occurred to me, the alternative! What if space ended? Would there be a boundary? An impenetrable wall? Made of stuff that occupies space? What would be on the other side?

Pondering this, I decided that since the universe contains everything, I must refrain from imagining objects or forces affecting the universe from "outside". Anything interacting or potentially interacting with the universe, I realized, is part of the universe.

Childhood was my most philosophical life-stage. After puberty, the *big questions* somehow seemed less pressing than a legion of little ones cluttering my mindscape. Pizza occupied my thoughts more often than epistemology, and I grew up to be a math teacher instead of a philosopher. I am still given to pondering, however, and on a number of issues I find that my ideas turn on a conceptual seed planted by that childhood epiphany. I am convinced that fallacious notions of extra-universal agents—things standing outside the universe while somehow observing or affecting it—are responsible for a great deal of muddle in the ways we tend to think, not only about the cosmos and God and such, but notably regarding ourselves, our minds, our freedoms and responsibilities.

A classic paradox in philosophy arises between determinism and claims of free will—the apparent impossibility of choice in a determined universe. If the atoms constituting my brain all behave according to physical laws beyond my control, how can I freely choose which kind of pizza to order?

Many contemporary philosophers believe this paradox was resolved by Thomas Hobbes and David Hume, who (to summarize volumes in a clause) made determinism and free will compatible by attributing freedom to a class of choices which are physically determined yet free from certain types of compulsion or coercion, such as gunpoint. Others, including John Searle, quoted above, view such "compatibilist" versions of free will as inadequate. They maintain that the free will/determinism question is unanswered and perhaps unanswerable in a satisfactory way.

On recently rereading Searle's *Minds, Brains and Science* instead of cleaning my garage, it occurred to me that I have resolved the free will/determinism paradox to my own satisfaction, in a manner that seems, to me anyway, more palatable than the "standard" solution. Of course it would be reckless and immodest of me, considering my scant knowledge of philosophy, to just lay out my position under the pretense of having solved a great puzzle of the ages. Here goes.

I think stock theories of both free will and determinism are flawed by an extra-universal fallacy. I think humans do make free decisions, in every reasonable sense of that predicate, and that we do so quite un-paradoxically in an ordered universe.

The general conception of an ordered universe (one where events proceed according to some sort of causal physical law) led the accomplished mathematician Pierre-Simon de Laplace to formulate his argument for determinism: *An ideal observer simultaneously comprehending the characteristics and interactions of all particles in the universe could predict and retrodict the entire history of the universe. Since this would include the accurate prediction of all future human actions, our intuited freedom of will must be illusory.*

During Laplace's life (1749-1827), scientists viewed the universe as a swarm of kinetically interactive particles, a grand billiards shot whose every carom must behave according to strict predictive laws. This fit with his argument since humans and human brains would have to be composed of those rigidly determined billiard balls, hence human action compelled by the same unbending laws.

Subsequently, science has experienced enough paradigm shifts to amount to a paradigm migration. With the arrival of the uncertainty principle and quantum mechanics, the universe according to physics has become *indeterministic* inasmuch as particles are only statistically determined, coming equipped with an array of possible futures chosen among randomly. This does woeful damage to the billiards metaphor, but it does *not* undermine the argument for determinism. The predictions of a modern Laplacian observer might need to be statistical, but they would still not accommodate orthodox free will since will cannot "reach in" to influence the random processes involved. As long as the universe functions according to some law or laws, human action must proceed in compliance with them. Indeed, if the universe has any particular nature at all—if it consists in quarks and quanta, or in energy fields and roulette

If the atoms constituting my brain all behave according to physical laws beyond my control, how can I freely choose which kind of pizza to order?

wheels, if it is a billiards shot, or a movie plot, or a computer, or a steam calliope—human beings are caught up in the mechanics of the thing, and the argument for determinism holds. It is a very strong argument.

But it is an irresistible intuition, some would say a plain fact of experience, that humans possess free will. We are constantly aware of making choices. You say to me, "We'll flip to see who buys the beer. Call it in the air." And I think to myself, *Tails. No, maybe heads this time, because I always call tails, and it is a great principle with me to avoid being predictable. Then again, maybe I should go on calling tails all the time as a sort of quirky affectation and as a hedge against becoming too predictably unpredictable.* Then I think about the argument for determinism, and the coin hasn't even left your hand. *My deliberations are fruitless,* I reason, *because my decision will be arrived at by the laws of physics instead of by me. My internal debate must be staged by a puppet government, and the outcome, heads or tails, waits in a sealed envelope.* Now the coin is in the air, a Jefferson nickel, and I'm thinking, *Fiddle-sticks, of course I am free to choose. I'll say heads. No tails. No heads. I'll say heads.*

Fiddle-sticks, of course I am free to choose. I'll say heads. No tails. No heads. I'll say heads.

"Tails," I say, and buy the beer.

We seem to experience free will, and not just in Hobbe's or Hume's limited sense of freedom from coercion. Things are not necessarily as they seem, of course, but the intuition that we are free is so powerful (or the alternative so distasteful) that Searle and many other thinkers insist that we are free—for some it may be difficult even to imagine that we are *not* free—despite the powerful logic of the argument for determinism. Hence an apparently intractable paradox.

But I think it's not a paradox. I accept the argument for determinism, and I assert the freedom of human will, and I deny that I am being inconsistent. I think the apparent paradox arises not between arguments for free will and determinism but between erroneous interpretations of those arguments. Consider a nutshell version of the apparent paradox: Universal law accounts for everything; therefore, I am constrained from exercising free will. But I intuit that I make decisions which depend only on my own deliberation or caprice; therefore, I am exempt from universal law. The quarrel is between the interpretive therefore's: I am constrained; I am exempt. In fact both conclusions are baldly false. Trace the difficulty to their common subject, *I*.

Just what do we refer to when saying "I"? Sometimes we mean our bodies, but usually we mean the perceiver of our perceptions and experiencer of our thoughts. We vaguely imagine some immaterial inner being, unattached to the flesh but sensitized to it. This *unattached I* surveys the workings of world and mind from safely above the fray, issuing orders which control our actions. It is the "ghost in the machine." It is the possessor and exerciser of free

will and therefore exempt from universal law. Or, under the usual interpretation of determinism, it is a puppet king, constrained by causation but suffering from delusions of grandeur. Exempt or constrained: neither description of the *unattached I* will suffice, the former because it defies logic, the latter because it defies intuition. And the negation of either description implies the other. How may we accurately describe this *I*?

Describe this *I* as nonexistent. Here is the crux of my essay: no such self exists. There is no ghost in the machine, only the matter and workings in themselves of a truly remarkable machine. This is not to suggest that intangible human properties like consciousness, memory, perception, thought, fear, faith, and love do not exist; only that they exist as characteristics of our corporeal selves. Minds are properties of brains in action. Yet habit and language perpetuate this spurious *unattached I*. We say "my arm," meaning this handy device belongs to the *I*. But also we say "my brain, my mind, my ego, myself," as if this *I* were the possessor of all human properties and not itself a human property. Invariably our accustomed *I* amounts to something extra-universal, an absurdity. No self exists independent of my body and brain. Rather I am dependent on all parts and aspects of my organism for my identity. My heart, my hands, my desires, my taste in music—these belong to themselves and each other, and not to some disassociated spirit.

There is no ghost in the machine, only the matter and workings in themselves of a truly remarkable machine.

It may bother you that, in the sense typically attached to the word "soul", I am denying that you possess one. (I am.) But I really do not mean to foist a particular view of soul or self upon the reader, beyond requiring that the view adopted not commit the extra-universal fallacy. (Typical views do.)

As far as I am concerned, you may sensibly define self in any number of ways, depending on where you prefer to draw the line between self and other, so long as the self you designate is real, a part of the universe and participating in its process. If you like, make the separation at skin level; everything inside, its matter, organization, and properties, will be labeled self. Or say that self is mind: the profoundly personal world of ideas and emotions. Even say that self is the brain structure and process we use to self-conceptualize, or the segment of mind arising from that process. Any of these are real enough, and acceptable as definitions if they suit you. I have sometimes preferred to extend the self/other boundary beyond my skin to include the thoughts others have about me, or artifacts I have created—even to include the Earth and Sun, two of my vital organs. Perhaps self is best considered an instantiation of the universe itself, the whole of which participates in every thought and action. Ultimately, the distinction between self and other is arbitrary. It is often a useful distinction, but when made sensibly, the self defined must be integral to the universe.

When the notion of an extra-universal *I* is discarded, the argument for determinism no longer implies constraint of that *I*. And the assertion of human freedom does not carry with it

the proposition that some ghostly inner agency is exempt from causation. There is no ghost to be constrained or exempt. In this context it is possible to build a consistent picture of free will.

A student shops for a used car. Reading windshields at a vintage lot, she hopes to find a blue Karmann Ghia. A salesman approaches, walking softly but wearing a loud suit, and leads her to where two Ghias are parked under a banner proclaiming "pre-owned perfection". One of them is orange. The other is red. Neither is blue. But the orange one has good tires and a spare, little rust, and a price not out of the question. She drives it around the block, testing brakes and transmission. Oh, she has loved these German-cars-trying-to-be-Italian ever since her grandfather owned one. She decides to make an offer.

Consider the mental factors bearing on the student's decision: practical considerations about rust and tires, a preference for blue, the memory of her grandfather's car, a desire to drive to the beach this weekend, and an impulsive mood brought on by a double tall latte. In accordance with a sensible definition of self, these factors are all part of the decision maker, mental attributes that depend on her brain's configuration. Also affecting her decision are a number of properties of the universe at large, like the immediate non-availability of a blue alternative, the salesman's patter, and the fact that she cannot afford a Lamborghini. Because factors integral to her person dominate her deliberation, it seems appropriate to consider her choice an act of free will. Although the argument for determinism establishes that her decision is the result of a purely mechanical process, this does not invalidate the chooser's freedom because her deliberation *is* the mechanical process, and the portion of the universe chiefly involved are portions of the chooser herself.

Perhaps self is best considered an instantiation of the universe itself...

This is my conception of freedom: our physical selves are causally responsible for our actions and choices. The processes by which decisions are reached are entirely governed by universal law. But the nature and outcome of such processes have everything to do with human intelligence, itself a part of the universe. Our tastes and memories and moods, being real, may certainly control our choices causally. So may our impulses. We may even choose to consult an internal random-decider—flip a mental coin—when we can't otherwise resolve ourselves to a course of action. All of this in perfect accord with physical law, but then we are physical beings. Universal law is our law.

This formulation of free will supports our intuition that some decisions are made freely while others are made under varying degrees of influence or compulsion. The agent of all actions is ultimately the universe, but because the universe works with and through us, the extent to which a decision feels free depends on the extent to which it is determined by parts of the universe internal to ourselves, as we choose to define self at any given moment. When, as a confessed cheesecake-oholic, I eat cheesecake while simultaneously declaring "I don't want to eat this," I am viewing my addiction as a part of the universe apart from, and therefore capable of coercing, the real me. At other times, with a more expansive sense of self, I may feel

extraordinarily free in making a decision in the best interests of my family, community, or planet.

Humans exercise free will by being the matter which sustains our decision making processes. Some may feel that this is not true freedom, but just determinism sugar-coated. But this is because they would persist in assigning the property of free will to an extra-universal *I* rather than to a human, that is to an organism and its properties. Some may object that in the sense I am claiming free will for humans it also belongs to a rain cloud, "deciding" when to rain. Indeed the moment the first drop falls depends on the physical make-up of the cloud in much the same way as a decision depends on its decider, but I would attribute free will only to processes involving mind, the product of working brains. In other words, I would attribute free will to the cloud if I believed it was consciously aware of its own inclination to rain. "Will" is not an impulse to action that changes the universe from outside the universe. Rather it is an awareness of one's own brain and body state, and knowledge of how these are likely to interact with the surrounding environment to bring about actions and outcomes.

It may seem that the flesh is constrained by the tyranny of physical law, whether or not we entertain a deluded sense of self. But flesh is realized and empowered by physical law, depending on causation for every action and characteristic. Is a river constrained by gravity because it cannot flow uphill? I would say that downhill flow is part of the river's own nature, and that rivers depend on gravity for their existence. Similarly, our consciousness and personalities arise in accordance with physical law and could not exist without it. Reciprocally, physical law is defined and manifested by physical matter, including the matter in brains. Where human deliberation is concerned, it would make as much sense to say that the laws of the universe are constrained by the thinker as the other way around. The laws of the universe are the laws of the flesh; they constitute our nature, and it would be silly to say that we are constrained by our nature.

...flesh is realized and empowered by physical law...

We expect of free will that it should afford us genuine options, power to choose this action or that in a given situation, and it may strike you that my version of free will presumes only the freedom to choose the particular course of action brought about by physical events—something like the freedom to vote in a one party election. But in a strong sense my conception of free will preserves our options. Just before I called the coin to determine a beer buyer, my intuition that I was free to choose either heads or tails was perfectly consistent with the facts that, 1) my deliberation was still in progress, with its eventual outcome unknown to me, and, 2) my decision would depend crucially on the configuration and action of my own mental machinery, leading up to the moment of commitment to heads or tails. An instant before calling tails I had the potential to choose heads inasmuch as I could not then predict the whim my organism would finally act on. In this way decision making involves constant self-discovery. If Laplace's ideal observer could have predicted my decision in advance, it is only because

**Ben Hill**
*is a mathematics instructor at Lane Community College who likes to write about other subjects. His essays and poems have appeared in* Anthropology *and* Humanism Quarterly, Anthropology and Education Quarterly, Midwest Outdoors, Miata Magazine, Wintercount, *and* North Country.

she knows me better than I know myself. This does not change the fact that I called tails because I wanted to. Having chosen tails, could I somehow return to that moment and reverse my decision? The main difficulty posed by this sort of hypothetical is its own ambiguity. If I could return to the moment with an intact desire to reverse my decision, then certainly I would succeed because my brain would be different than in the original moment. If I could perfectly recapture the moment, unpolluted by the history of an identical event, then it would *be* the original moment in which I freely choose tails. No reasonable conception of free will would allow us to make mutually exclusive choices in the same moment. In implementing a decision we must necessarily collapse the menu of options to a single reality. Wanting free will to be freer than that would be wanting to have and eat one's cheesecake literally.

My conception of free will is simple: we physically cause our choices. This is a palatable freedom considering that physical causation is the only kind there is, something we can appreciate by surrendering ingrained perceptions of ourselves as extra-universal beings.

Human decision making occurs pretty much in the way we intuit, as a process in direct causal linkage with our druthers, that is with our minds and brains and selves. We control our deliberations by being the matter which sustains them, so that everything we are affects our futures. In this way our conception of an ordered universe is wholly compatible with meaningful human freedom.

Notes

[1]John R. Searle, *Minds, Brains and Science* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1984), 86-9.

# *Review of Lorintha Umtuch's CD entitled "Native American Style* Bahá'í *Songs"*

*Don Addison*

Lorintha Umtuch (a member of the Yakama Nation of Washington state) has created a most fascinating new CD of Native American songs which are soprano vocal settings of selected Bahá'í prayers sung in English.[1] These songs, all composed by Umtuch, represent several different Native musical styles and traditions. I shall analyze how these musical settings express key aspects of the texts, which, coming from various published Bahá'í sources, convey some key Bahá'í beliefs—convictions that often are quite similar to traditional Native concepts. Both the music and the texts must be understood together, because these relationships are central to truly appreciating this collection of songs.

## Introduction

Last summer I was privileged to hear some of these songs performed by Umtuch in person, at the Brighton Creek Bahá'í Conference Center near Yelm, Washington. Because I was deeply moved by her performances, I hope to help others to appreciate this creative work which beautifully synthesizes energy from several different cultures and traditions.

## Native music and spiritual traditions

Native peoples have been using music, in many forms and social settings, since long before Europeans arrived on this continent. Most non-Natives, however, assume that powwow music is about the only type of music Native peoples compose, perform, and record. Native composers and singers have been creating and handing down vast numbers of powwow songs,[2] but in addition, songs abound for use in public ceremonies, private prayer,[3] and at special junctures in the performance of oral literatures.[4] Native songs, traditionally, expressed gratitude to the Creator, appeals for assistance in healing or survival; they could recount historical incidences, but most often songs were considered personal property and a mark of generosity could be the giving of a song gift from person to person, or tribe to tribe. Lorintha, therefore, has carried on this tradition by giving these songs to the public—a mark of true Native generosity—that honors the Creator and the community for whom her CD is addressed, i.e., the public at large.

Community and expressions of communal dependence are identified by Drew Viles, who sees the flowing nature of relationships among singers, drummers, dancers, elders, composers, and others. He describes powwow music as "a group activity where people recognize the group

in the activity. Or try to. Or want to. Or believe. Yes, the people believe they can. And people will gladly help one another to make the music better."[5] Umtuch takes us into this world, and deeply within these relationships, but with only one single voice, her voice, and once in a while, the accompaniment of a rattle or a drum.

With her sparse and focused arrangements, Umtuch unfolds for us a number of different worlds, those described in the texts. Therefore, by exhibiting another deeply held musical value for Natives, Umtuch's songs force us to listen carefully to the words being sung, and this, in itself, involves the listener with the oral tradition behind this musical style. Her distinct and pure voice delivers just as dramatic and spiritually uplifting a performance as a whole group of singers at a powwow drum. In these performances, moreover, we are also engaged in a relationship with Native oral traditions, which direct the characteristics of the musical settings as rendered by Umtuch, even though the texts, from the Sacred Writings of the central figures of the Bahá'í Faith, are written, and originate from the other side of the globe.

## The religious landscape in Indian country

I, and some of the students in my Native American ethnomusicology, anthropology, ethnic studies and Native language classes in Universities and community colleges in which I teach in Oregon, have long been fascinated by both the nature of American Indian religions and characteristics of Native spirituality, as well as imported religions found among Native peoples today.[6]

The wide acceptance of imported religions among various Native groups and populations, many believe, is directly related, in some sense, to tribal traditions which, though rarely as intact as they have been in the past, still exert an influence upon Native peoples who convert to non-Indian religions.[7] Some scholars argue that the resulting "religions" or "movements" have been heavily influenced by European—especially Christian—doctrines and practices; yet the Sun Dance, Sweat Lodge, Visions Quests, and others are more often designated Native spiritual belief systems than hybrids.[8]

However, all the religions found among Native peoples were born and developed inside Native communities except for two: Christianity[9] and the Bahá'í Faith.[10] Even though both of these imported religions came originally from the Middle East, they have successfully attracted large groups of Native converts, whereas all the remaining, such as Islam, Buddhism, Hinduism, Judaism, Zoroastrianism, among them, have never successfully attracted Native peoples.[11] Of course, Christianity is over two thousand years old, was introduced through colonialism to Native populations approximately six hundred years ago and is divided up into many contending sects, and splinter groups.[12] Meanwhile, although commencing in obscurity in Persia in the mid-nineteenth century, the Bahá'í Faith has spread remarkably fast throughout the world. Most of its adherents live in South America, Africa and Asia. Those Bahá'í communities in

Islamic countries are often seen as a dangerous threat to Islamic sects and denominations, and the Bahá'ís in Iran have been particularly singled out for brutal and repressive persecution which has caught the attention of human rights organizations and fair-minded governments around the world. In the West, Bahá'í communities are sometimes confused with off-shoots of Islam, but the Bahá'í Faith is not a sect of Islam, or any other religion. It is an independent world religion. The Bahá'í Faith is no more a sect of Islam than Christianity is a sect of Judaism. The Faith's Founder, Bahá'u'lláh, wrote many volumes which constitute Sacred Scripture and His burial site, the center of pilgrimage for believers from around the world, is in Bahji, near Haifa, Israel.

The basic teachings of the Faith of Bahá'u'lláh are: the adoration of one God and the reconciliation of all major religions; the appreciation for the diversity and nobility of the human family and the elimination of all prejudices; the establishment of world peace, equality of women and men, and universal education; cooperation between science and religion in the individual's search for truth; and fostering of joy and radiance, the promotion of human dignity. Among Bahá'u'lláh's many prayers and other writings are to be found the texts which Umtuch set to music on this CD.

...Bahá'í Faith is not a sect of Islam, or any other religion.

**Bahá'íTexts in Native musical expression**

Umtuch, as noted earlier, sings her songs as a solo performance, often a cappella. The solo singing voice, then, helps the singer and whoever may be listening, to engage in a special relationship between the musical lines, the contours resulting from their expressions and characteristics over time, the words in the texts, and the expressive traditions which may go back many centuries in a people's oral traditions. Simon Ortiz (Acoma) explains how Native language conveys sacredness, how words themselves are more than just sounds and letters—a basic concept also shared by Bahá'í beliefs. "We begin," explains Ortiz, "to regard language too casually, thereby taking it for granted, and we forget the sacredness of it . . . . We forget that language beyond the mechanics of it is a spiritual force. Language is more than just a functional mechanism. It is a spiritual energy that is available to all."[13] 'Abdu'l-Bahá, the son and successor to Bahá'u'lláh, expressed in one of his prayers, the hope "that the holy ecstasy of prayer may fill our souls—a prayer that shall rise above words and letters and transcend the murmur of syllables and sounds—that all things may be merged into nothingness before the revelation of Thy splendor."[14] This CD, I believe, gives the reader-listener an opportunity to enter into this rarefied and wondrous world.

**The CD selections**

Ortiz and 'Abdu'l-Bahá help us hear what is happening in Umtuch's music. She treats these words of her song texts with characteristic loving care and respect. Musically, Umtuch uses her

voice in various ways consistent with a number of Native singing styles in various regions of the country. The CD jacket identifies selection two as Saskatchewan style, five as Coastal style, and four as NAC style (meaning the Native American Church, or Native peyote religion musical style).[15] The latter, more fully discussed in the note below, is an intertribal musical style, being found in the Southwest, in the Great Lakes, and other regions as well—not confined to a particular tribal culture.[16] Selection two and four have the same texts (the "Remover of Difficulties") but two is sung in a Saskatchewan style and four, in the NAC style.

She sings the words in a straight forward, unclouded manner, as if the words are meant to be heard clearly, but they are presented in a musical manner, and they are never simply read out loud. The rhythm of the vocal lines when sung (and, if present, of the drumming lines) aligns with the rhythm of the text. Most often, Umtuch's rhythmic patterns are varied, and jointly determined by both textual and musical priorities. The rhythmic patterns, therefore, are rarely single beats, evenly spaced, throughout a song, although in selection number four, the drumming and rattling rhythm is a continuous even meter, and very quick paced. This latter is typical of the Native American Church (identified as NAC on the CD jacket) music. Musical studies on the NAC abound, noting the quick drumming and rattling musical rhythmic styles as characteristic of this music.[17] A major difference, however, distinguishes Umtuch's NAC-style song, and that is her use of lexical song texts, in this case, a Bahá'í prayer written by The Báb, and known popularly as the "Remover of Difficulties."[18] NAC texts are almost universally vocables.[19]

Umtuch's rhythmic patterns are varied, and jointly determined by both textual and musical priorities.

The first selection on the CD is a prayer written by Bahá'u'lláh in Arabic, and translated into English as "Sweet Scented Streams." A few non-Indian musical settings of this same prayer in the West have appeared in written musical notation, the most well-known being a soprano vocal setting with piano accompaniment by Charles Wolcott,[20] who was a dedicated Bahá'í. Wolcott was a Euroamerican composer who wrote in the style of light classical settings, common in concert halls, radio and film music of his day. His musical compositions, both among Bahá'í and non-Bahá'í audiences, were well loved and highly respected, but his style of music was quite different from Native American musical styles.

Umtuch has taken the whole text and divided it comfortably into nineteen sections. A single line of the prayer corresponds to two of these sections. Each section of music, in characteristic Native musical fashion, commences on a high pitch. While she sings the words, one after another, her melodic line descends, as Native prayers and songs of many Native musical genres do; this melodic contour scheme is especially common in intertribal powwow songs in several parts of the country. The next melodic line again commences at the top pitch (called a "push up" in powwow music), and descends until the words conclude again on the lower level. Musicians might choose to call the highest pitch a "do" (of the European do-re-me system) or "tonic" (the main pitch level of any particular scale) and the lowest pitch, the tonic an octave below the

beginning pitch. Umtuch, therefore, has taken what is normally a whole sentence of text, and divided it into two sections. The melody commences at its highest point (the tonic above the lowest pitch). The text, however, is infused with short groups of words at the close of each half of the full line of text, during which Umtuch again follows typical Native musical compositional practice by singing these words beginning usually at the "fa" or subdominant (fourth scale degree), then descending back to the lower tonic.

The first line of the prayer, and a visual representation of the vocal line, follows. The song text begins: (A) "From the sweet-scented streams of Thine eternity give me to drink, (B) O my God, (C) and of the fruits of the tree of Thy being enable me to taste, (D) O my Hope!" At points A and C, Umtuch's melody uses the highest pitches of her melody, i. e., at the highest "tonic" points of the scale, and she uses the tonic an octave lower to set the words "to drink" and "to taste" as she descends down the melodic contour or scale. At the points B and D, she begins at mid-way point, and then descends back down to the tonic. This results in a tonal representational scheme that appears: (A) Higher tonic—descends—to lower tonic. (B) Mid-point—descends—to lower tonic. (C) Higher tonic—descends—to lower tonic. (D) Mid-point—descends—to lower tonic. This complete melodic scheme (in two halves) characterizes each complete line of the prayer's text.

As Umtuch distributes the sections of her text in a distinctly Native framework with the rise and fall of the vocal movement, the resulting nineteen sections coincidentally form an important pattern number for Bahá'ís around the globe.[21] Nineteen is the number of Bahá'í days in each month, and the number of months in the Bahá'í calendar, and during the first day of each Bahá'í month takes place the most important spiritual gatherings called the Nineteen-Day Feast, around the world.[22]

Umtuch has also added a soft rattle in a slow pace with the meter of the text starting in section 8. Eight, of course, is double the most common Native pattern number, four. Her design for setting this prayer to music follows, therefore, both Native and Bahá'í cultural and expressive practices. At section 15, the rattle begins double time during the singing of the words "To the heaven," resulting in an impression of acceleration, equally consistent with musical practices of many Native traditions.

As the text draws to a close, Umtuch stops the singing on the last word, with the rattle, an act reminiscent of the powwow drummers, singers and dancers all stopping their performance together, on the last beat of the drum, in most powwow traditions around the country. Umtuch then adds a typical Native "after-thought" with a short, very quick burst of rattling to conclude her performance. Although clapping after a concert performance is typical for Euroamericans, it is not for Native peoples. However, after some musical performances, a short section of meterless "drumrolls" or a concluding quick burst of sounds on the rattle gives the perfor-

While she sings the words, one after another, her melodic line descends, as Native prayers and songs of many Native musical genres do...

mance a sense of closure. Umtuch consistently employs Native musical traditional practice in her skillful rendition of these recorded Bahá'í prayers.

The second track is the "Remover of Difficulties" referred to earlier as a representative of the Saskatchewan musical style.[23] Umtuch divides her performance into ten complete renderings of the prayer of The Báb. During the first five, each beginning of the musical line commences a little lower in pitch, resulting in descending tonic pitches four times. Then she reverses, and each of the last five renditions follows an ascending pattern. Five descending tonics of the melodic lines are mirrored by the last five ascending to the song's conclusion.

This scheme then imitates an arc descending, then an arc ascending, through her musical design. An important structural principle in the Bahá'í teachings, the arc of ascent and the arc of descent are symbolic of a number of significant concepts. The arc of ascent is symbolic of a human's quest for the Creator, supposedly reaching heavenward. The arc of descent represents the move or appearance on earth of the Prophet or Manifestations of God. These Messengers or founders of the world's religions—including Native religions—"descend" from the divine realm of the Creator to humanity where they serve as spiritual teachers and law givers. This design is also reminiscent of earlier descriptions of Native musical forms where melodies only begin (in some genres of music) at a high pitch, and as the melody continues, it descends until it reaches the lower pitch levels. In this sense, most powwow songs represent, in a musical structure, the arcs of ascent and descent, and Umtuch has shared that aspect of Native musical cultures on this CD.[24] The circle, represented by joining ascending and descending halves, is one of the most powerful symbols in Native cultures and belief systems, a paradigm shared equally by Bahá'ís. Nader Saiedi explains the revolutionary implications of Bahá'í concepts that challenge the linear European paradigm, and states, "What was a static, linear view of life and society, culminating in an end of history (as Europeans interpret Christian doctrines of "return" and "end of the world") becomes reoriented (in the Writings of Bahá'u'lláh) to a dynamic, progressive, and nonlinear concept of historical and social advancement through a sequence of qualitatively new states of spiritualization."[25]

Umtuch stops the singing on the last word, with the rattle, an act reminiscent of the powwow drummers, singers and dancers all stopping their performance together, on the last beat of the drum...

Umtuch's musical structure in the second selection can also be likened to the arcs or circle halves which form the circular physical structure of the Medicine Wheel or Medicine Shield, important circular pieces of regalia often carried by Native dancers. This symbology is linked by Saiedi from the circle of the Medicine Shield to the ontological circle of Bahá'u'lláh's mystical discourse. Since Umtuch uses prayers of Bahá'u'lláh for her CD, the link between both Native and Bahá'í sensibilities or cultural expressions can be all the more understood by considering the following conclusion from Saiedi: "The divine design of creation can be described schematically as an *arc of descent* and a corresponding *arc of ascent*. The arc of descent comprises the stages of creation, while the arc of ascent delineates the path of return to God. Together these arcs form a "circle" which encompasses all the levels of being and existence. This

concept, which may be termed the *ontological circle*, is central to Bahá'u'lláh's mystical discourse."[26]

Selection number three is a well-known prayer from 'Abdu'l-Bahá ("Refresh and Gladden") which she sings with a drum accompaniment whose rhythmic patterns are quite varied and influenced by the rhythm of the text. Her melodies hover around a tonic or home key, while she moves briefly above and below, always returning in a circular manner, to that same home key or tonic pitch. The text is:

> O God! Refresh and gladden my spirit. Purify my heart.
> Illumine my powers. I lay all my affairs in Thy hand. Thou art
> my Guide and my Refuge. I will no longer be sorrowful and grieved; I will
> be a happy and joyful being. O God! I will no longer be full of anxiety, nor
> will I let trouble harass me. I will not dwell on the unpleasant things of life.
> O God! Thou art more friend to me than I am to myself. I dedicate myself to
> Thee, O Lord.[27]

Absent here are the recurrent high pitched melodic entrances which continually descend to the octave lower, as described elsewhere.

Selection number five ("Triumph of the Cause"), in a coastal style, is unique because of the character and tuning of the intervals in the musical setting. The melody is built on only three pitches, which technically can be described as the tonic, flat third and flat fifth, or, at the pitch level of Umtuch's recording, the following keys on a piano: B flat, D flat and F flat (technically E natural). The outer pitches form what Europeans call the "tritone" (a diminished fifth) which was superstitiously avoided in music of many centuries of European compositional history, because it sounded out-of-tune to their composers.[28] Of all the songs in Umtuch's collection, this melody contrasts the most with standard European musical theory and diatonic practice, but is well-liked and, in fact, flouishes throughout the traditional Native coastal communities of the Northwest.

Selection number six's text is comprised of two languages, English and Arabic. The beginning is "Oh God, My God, My Beloved, My heart's desire," during which the drum imitates the varying rhythm of the text. At the commencing of the Arabic section, the drumming becomes regular and even metered. The "text" here is nine repetitions (another significant pattern number for Bahá'ís)[29] of a phrase called "The Greatest Name." The Greatest Name is "Bahá" which means "Glory" in Arabic, and is a reference to the name of Bahá'u'lláh. To render the superlative form, "Bahá" (meaning "Glory") becomes "Abhá" (meaning "Most Glorious"). The complete phrase, "Yá Bahá'u'l-Abhá," means "Oh Glory of the Most Glorious" and in a sense, is a short prayer in its own right. Umtuch gives this song a very energetic, typically descending

Umtuch's musical structure in the second selection can also be likened to the arcs or circle halves which form the circular physical structure of the Medicine Wheel...

melody, one of her clearest expressions of the merging of Native cultures and Bahá'í sensibilities.

Selection seven is a short healing prayer with an even steady drum beat. The prayer is sung only once through, but Umtuch sings the name of Bahá'u'lláh twice, at the end.

The last selection is the same coastal style as number five, with rattle.

**Conclusion**

The unassuming and inviting character in this music, Umtuch's delightful vocal qualities, and the variety of musical production all add to the power of the words and melodies. Umtuch is a dedicated woman whose music brings cultures together, yet she is not a "professionally trained musician" in the Western or Euroamerican sense of the term. She is the acting chief judge at the Fort McDowell Yavapai Nation's Tribal Court in Arizona.

Umtuch's CD appears to be a meeting of cultures, and sensitivities, both Native and Bahá'í. However, it is misleading to assume that the Bahá'í world view is either a Western, or Eastern cultural perspective nor is it based upon Persian culture—rather it is international, multicultural and multifaceted. Bahá'u'lláh said He did not come for any one nation.

Umtuch is a dedicated woman whose music brings cultures together...

Native peoples in the Bahá'í Faith do not mix their Native cultures with the Bahá'í sensitivities in the same way Native peoples joined cultures in the Christian churches. Historically Christian missionaries condemned Native cultures as uncivilized and many Native peoples tried to forget their Native ways and convert to Christianity.[30] This censure of Native spirituality, language, and culture by Christian missionaries was essentially a major aspect of the colonial process.

In contrast, members of Bahá'í communities do not view—nor do they seem to treat Native cultures as "colonized," nor as less valued than other ethnic cultures, Euroamerican or Persian. Evidence that the Baha'i Faith and its institutions are patronistic with regards to Native spirituality and peoples would be difficult, if not unlikely to find. Baha'is view a colonial mind-set regarding indigenous cultures as offensive—whether in application to Native American traditions or any others around the globe.

Umtuch's music is not Persian; her life as a Native musician, composer, tribal court judge, etc., does not become negated, or in any way compromised, as a Bahá'í. Quite the opposite: it enhances it. Evidence of this in other Native Bahá'í lives, for example, can be gleaned from Kevin Locke, a Lakota musician, dancer and educator, whose dedication to the Bahá'í Faith has not threatened his dedication to his Lakota ways.[31]

And finally, James Lavadour, a member of the Confederated tribes of the Umatilla Indians, has made a brilliant career as a Native artist; his Bahá'í activity has not led him to set aside his Native culture in some synthesis of Native cultures and Bahá'í sensitivies that implies relegating Native elements of his work to secondary importance.[32]

Umtuch, Locke and Lavadour all serve as clear examples that synthesizing Native music with Bahá'í influences does not mean mixing Native and Persian cultures. Rather, Native Bahá'ís further their Native cultures while being members of an international Bahá'í community which celebrates diversity.[33]

Joy Harjo (Creek writer) honors these Native artistic traditions and those who create them, while not losing their individuality. Rather than homogeneity, Umtuch's CD seems to illustrate the goal as unity in diversity. Harjo says, "We are all creators. We breathe. To speak is to form breath and to make manifest sound into the world. As I write I create myself again and again. Re-Create. And breathe. And I see that I am not one voice, but many: all colors, all sounds, all fears, all loves."[34]

## Notes

[1]For an introduction to the relationship of Native Americans and the Bahá'í movement, see Christopher Buck, "Native Messengers of God in Canada?: A Test Case for Bahá'í Universalism" in *Bahá'í Studies Review* 6 (1996): 97-133. Don Addison, "Native Americans and the Bahá'í Faith" in *Community College Moment*, Vol. Two, Lane Community College (Winter 2002): 68-76.

[2]See, for example, Don Addison, "The Native American Sneak-up Dance Song," in *Proceedings (of the) Society of Dance History Scholars*, Twenty-First Annual Conference, University of Oregon, Eugene, 18-21 (June 1998): 215-225.

[3]See, for example, Luke E. Lassiter, *The Power of Kiowa Song: A Collaborative Ethnography*. (Tucson, The University of Arizona Press, 1998). William K. Powers, *War Dance: Plains Indian Musical Performance*. (Tucson: The University of Arizona Press, 1990). Judith Vander, *The Musical Experience of Five Shoshone Women*. (Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1996). Virginia Giglio, *Southern Cheyenne Women's Songs*. (Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1994). Bruno Nettl, *Blackfoot Musical Thought: Comparative Perspectives*. (Kent, The Kent State University Press, 1989).

[4]For an introduction to the study of Native American literatures, both historical and contemporary, and the characteristics of oral performative traditions, see Susan Berry Brill de Ramírez, *Contemporary American Indian Literatures and the Oral Tradition*. (Tucson, The University of Arizona Press, 1999). I wish to credit Brill's work for inspiring much of my discussion of relationships in this paper. Her work on the theory of conversive relationality in the study of American Indian literature, she notes, was inspired by the work of Ludwig Wittgenstein.

[5]Drew Viles, "Music That's Easy," in *Community College Moment*, Vol. Two, Lane Community College (Winter 2002): 60.

[6]The distinctions drawn by some between Native "religions" and/or "spirituality" and "spiritual traditions" (or even "cultural expressions") are beyond the constraints of space and time in this article. In one sense, any Native "culture" traditionally can be considered one's "religion" and Native "religions" are rarely conceived of as a Church or Temple or Mosque, as they are in other world religions. This sense of religious community or spiritual complex or society with shared beliefs, rather than formal religious

**Don Addison**
*is an anthropologist and ethnomusicologist who received his Ph. D. from the University of Oregon. He has taught Native American Studies for the last eleven years and began teaching American Indian language courses at Lane Community College since last year and has recently established the same program at Chemeketa Community College in Salem. He teaches Native American Music and ethnomusicology at the University of Oregon and Portland Community College. Being Choctaw, 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. He just returned from one month of teaching Native language and music on the Navajo Reservation at the American Indian Baha'i Institute in Houck, Arizona, during the winter break.*

association with a building and all its attendant historical associations, characterizes most Native and Bahá'í communities. This is not to deny the use of a Sweat Lodge or Sun Dance Arbor, for example, or Bahá'í Center or 'Temple' (called a Mashriqu'l-Adhkár). For further information, consult R. Jackson Armstrong-Ingram, *Music, Devotions, and Mashriqu'l-Adhkár*. Studies in Bábí and Bahá'í History, Volume Four. (Los Angeles: Kalimát Press, 1987).

[7]See, for example, Vine Deloria Jr., *Spirit and Reason: The Vine Deloria, Jr., Reader*. Eds. Barbara Deloria, Kristen Foehner, and Sam Scinta. (Golden, Colorado: Fulcrum Publishing, 1999). Lois Crozier-Hogle and Darryl Babe Wilson, *Surviving in Two Worlds: Contemporary Native American Voices*. Ed. by Jay Leibold. (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1997). Joel W. Martin, *The Land Looks After Us: A History of Native American Religion*. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2001). Joseph Epes Brown, *The Spiritual Legacy of the American Indian*. (New York: Crossroad Publishing Company, 1986). Esther Black Elk DeServa, Olivia Black Elk Pourier, Aaron DeSersa Jr., and Clifton DeSersa, *Black Elk Lives: Conversations with the Black Elk Family*. Hilda Neihardt and Lori Utecht, Eds. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2000).

[8]Regarding the Sweat Lodge traditions, see, for example, James R. Walker, *Lakota Belief and Ritual*. Raymond J. DeMallie and Elaine A. Jahner, editors. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1991), and Raymond A. Bucko, *The Lakota Ritual of the Sweat Lodge: History and Contemporary Practice*. Studies in the Anthropology of North American Indians. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1999). For the Ghost Dance, see Judith Vander, *Shoshone Ghost Dance Religion: Poetry Songs and Great Basin Context*. (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1997).

[9]This does not mean to overlook what are widely regarded as synthesized or hybrid religions, such as the Native American Church, representing religions based upon beliefs and practices of both Native historical traditions and Christianity. See, for example, Weston LaBarre, *The Peyote Cult*. Yale University Publications in *Anthropology*, No. 19. (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1938). Carolyn N. Long, *Religious Freedom* and *Indian Rights: The Case of* Oregon v. Smith. (Lawrence, Kansas: University Press of Kansas, 2000).

[10]Although written by Native and even some non-Native Bahá'ís, the following are Bahá'í books which point out Native beliefs and prophetic traditions whose fulfillment by the Bahá'í Faith is implied by their authors, but never directly stated. These eschatological and descriptive materials, therefore, provide insight into some of the documented relationships between Native religions and the Bahá'í Faith. Annie Kahn, Olin Karch, and Blu Mundy, *Four Remarkable Indian Prophecies*. (Healdsburg, California: Naturegraph Company, 1963). William Willoya and Vinson Brown, *Warriors of the Rainbow: Strange and Prophetic Dreams of the Indian Peoples*. (Happy Camp, California: Naturegraph Publishers, Inc., 1987). David V. Villaseñor, *Tapestries in Sand: The Spirit of Indian Sandpainting*. (Happy Camp: Naturegraph, 1966). Vinson Brown, *Voices of Earth and Sky: The Vision Life of the Native Americans*. (Happy Camp: Naturegraph, 1993).

[11]Perhaps to date, the most widely assembled information on the growth of the Bahá'í Faith among Native peoples is Patricia Verge, *Angus: From The Heart*. (Cochrane, Alberta, Canada: Springtide Publishing, 1999).

[12]Among the many well-documented studies of the history of Christianity among Native peoples are the following. Lee Irwin, Ed., *Native American Spirituality: A Critical Reader*. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 2000). John E. Kicza, *Resilient Cultures: America's Native Peoples Confront European Colonization 1500-1800*. (Upper Saddle River, New Jersey: Prentice Hall, 2003). James Axtell, *After Columbus: Essays in the Ethnohistory of Colonial North America*. (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1989). Margot Liberty, Ed., *American Indian Intellectuals of the Nineteenth and Early Twentieth Centuries*. (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 2002). Philip Weeks, *Farewell, My Nation: The American Indian and the United States in the Nineteenth Century*. The American History Series, John Hope Franklin and A. S. Eisenstadt, series editors. Second edition. (Wheeling, Illinois: Harlan Davidson, Inc., 2001).

[13]Simon Ortiz, quoted in Brill de Ramírez, 203-204.

[14]Abdu'l-Bahá in Bahá'u'lláh, The Báb, and 'Abdu'l-Bahá, *Bahá'í Prayers: A Selection of Prayers Revealed by Bahá'u'lláh, The Báb, and 'Abdu'l-Bahá*. (Wilmette, Illinois: Bahá'í Publishing Trust, 1991), 71.

[15]The Peyote musical style on this CD should not confuse the reader-listener into thinking that the Bahá'í Faith in some way is similar in the practice of ingesting the sacred medicine of the peyote cactus. Bahá'ís believe that the words of the Creator are "sacred medicine," and that the peyote is a physical symbol of an inner spiritual reality, therefore, Bahá'ís do not physically ingest peyote. Native members of the NAC who work in law enforcement, because of restrictive laws on peyote ingestion, also refrain from ingesting the peyote during tepee meetings, although symbolically they likewise "ingest" the medicine or spiritual inspiration and power during the songs and the prayers at the peyote meetings. The latter is a practical example consistent with Bahá'í beliefs as well.

[16]For a discussion of how various regional NAC musical styles differ, but yet certain song requirements are observed, see Bruno Nettl, *Heartland Excursions: Ethnomusicological Reflections on Schools of Music*. (Urbana, University of Illinois Press, 1995), 114. Nettl acknowledges some NAC songs are either "stock" songs, meaning they are a group of pre-composed, learned songs, known to the community, or composed "in the appropriate and distinctive Peyote musical style, newly composed . . . by the singer of the moment." (114) This "newly composed" type in the NAC style is exactly what Umtuch uses, but with a Bahá'í sacred text.

[17]See Bruno Nettl "Observations on Meaningless Peyote Song Texts" in *Journal of American Folklore* 66:161-164. 1953. In Nettl's *North American Indian Musical Styles* (Philadelphia: American Folklore Society, 1954), two examples of Arapaho Peyote song transcriptions appear on page 47, without vocables transcribed. The style of the songs, however, is similar to Umtuch's—an intertribal sharing of musical styles, celebrating relationships between peoples and cultures.

[18]"Is there any Remover of difficulties save God? Say: Praised be God! He is God! All are His servants, and all abide by His bidding!" The Báb, *Bahá'í Prayers*, 28. This is probably one of the most well-loved prayers by believers throughout the world. It has been translated into more languages probably than any other. The Báb was the fore-runner of Bahá'u'lláh.

[19]For a discussion of vocables and lexicals as well as their uses in Native American languages and song, see Leanne Hinton, *Flutes of Fire: Essays on California Indian Languages*. (Berkeley, California: Heyday Books, 1996), 42-43 and 145-151.

[20]See, for example, Charles Wolcott, "From The Sweet-Scented Streams" in *The Bahá'í World: A Biennial International Record.* Volume XI. (Wilmette, Illinois: Bahá'í Publishing Trust, April 1946-1950), 803-812.

[21]For a discussion of pattern number, see Hinton, 37. Three is the most common for Europeans, four (or sometimes seven or nine) is common for many Native peoples.

[22]For a discussion of the Nineteen-Day Feast and community activities, see William S. Hatcher and J. Douglas Martin, *The Bahá'í Faith: The Emerging Global Religion.* (Wilmette, Illinois, Bahá'í Publishing Trust, 1985, 1989, 1998), 154-155.

[23]See footnote 18.

[24]See John S. Hatcher, *The Arc of Ascent: The Purpose of Physical Reality II.* (Oxford, George Ronald, 1994).

[25]Nader Saiedi, *Logos and Civilization: Spirit, History, and Order in the Writings of Bahá'u'lláh.* (Bethesda, Maryland: University Press of Maryland, 2000), 173-174.

[26]Saiedi, 53.

[27]'Abdu'l-Bahá, *Bahá'í Prayers*, 152.

[28]Don Michael Randel Ed., *The New Harvard Dictionary of Music.* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1986), 874.

[29]For a discussion of the number nine and its prophetic significance to traditional Navajo religion, see Joseph O. Weixelman, "The Traditional Navajo Religion and the Bahá'í Faith," in *World Order*, Vol. 20, Issue l:47.

[30]Although this is well documented, see in particular Lee Irwin, *Native American Spirituality: A Critical Reader.*

[31]See, for example, Jacqueline Left Hand Bull and Suzanne Haldane, *Lakota Hoop Dancer.* (New York: Dutton Children's Books, 1999).

[32]Vicki Halper, *James Lavadour: Landscapes.* Northwest Museum of Arts & Culture. (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 2001).

[33]"It (the Bahá'í Faith) allows Navajo Bahá'ís (or any other indigenous peoples) to be part of the modern world yet makes no demands that they leave their culture behind." Weixelman, 50.

[34]Joy Harjo in *Dancing Voices: Wisdom of the American Indian.* Rex Lee Jim Ed., (White Plains, New York: Peter Pauper Press, Inc., 1994), 12.

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