

COMMUNITY COLLEGE MOMENT



TEN YEARS

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Community College Moment Spring 2010

The *Community College Moment* is a faculty-led journal offering a forum for high quality progressive works that reflect a new vision of scholarship at the intersection of academic, activist and community interests. The *Moment* seeks to encourage and enhance the vital, inclusive scholarly culture uniquely possible at a comprehensive community college.

The *Moment* is published at Lane Community College in the spring of each year, and is available for single-copy or subscription purchase. Address all correspondence to: Community College Moment, Lane Community College, 4000 E. 30th Avenue, Eugene, OR 97405. Visit us on the web at <https://teach.lanecc.edu/ccm>

Thanks to the Review Panel members, who volunteer their time and expertise reading submissions and offering extensive feedback to authors. Special thanks to President Mary Spilde, Donna Zmolek, Tamara Pinkas, Steve McQuiddy, and to Elizabeth Uhlig of Archives for her tireless help. A steady thank you to the Moment Board of Directors, and the countless faculty, office staff, and other members of the Lane community. And thanks to the editors' department, and to Dean Carkin who continues to support an environment that makes this *Moment* possible.

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COMMUNITY COLLEGE MOMENT



Volume Ten
Spring 2010

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Ten Years Ago, and Ten Years Ahead

Ten years. One decade. Half a generation. We so often use ten-year increments — those conveniently round numbers — as marking points, special anniversaries, opportunities to remember the past and consider the future. And so the theme of this tenth issue of the *Community College Moment* has inspired many reflections on past events at Lane within the time frame of recent history. In this issue you will find longer, thought-provoking pieces remembering the Technology Think Tank, the Strategic Learning Initiative, bargaining and process re-design, along with short historical and more current glimpses of diversity, sustainability, bond construction, technology, and the Longhouse. We offer as well one ironic take on a possible future for higher education. We hope that these versions and visions of Lane's history provide you with a *Moment* full of institutional memory and useful insights gleaned from critical reflection. At the same time we recognize that all the writings here are just that, versions and visions of a complicated time, and we hope they serve, not as perfect recordings of events, but rather as prompts for discussion, for query, for further reflection, and for responses that will, hopefully, fill these pages for ten years to come.

Russell H. Shitabata and Ken Zimmerman
CCM editors

ESSAYS



The charm of history and its enigmatic lesson consist in the fact that, from age to age, nothing changes and yet everything is different.

Aldous Huxley

Here On the Edge

Steve McQuiddy

Author's Introduction: *The following excerpt is the opening chapter from Here On the Edge: How a small group of World War II conscientious objectors chose art over war and influenced a generation. It focuses on one camp situated on the Oregon coast in 1943-46, Civilian Public Service (CPS) Camp No. 56. As home to the Fine Arts Group at Waldport, the camp became a center of activity for artists and writers from across the country who chose to take a condition of penance (compulsive labor for refusing to serve in the military) and put it to constructive ends. Their focus was not so much on the current war, but on what kind of society might be possible when the shooting finally stopped. "Here on the edge," they wrote, "we can only watch; watch and prepare; and bide on the time when what we are, and that for which we have taken this stand, can be tangent again to the world."*

In the daylight hours, they worked six days a week — planting trees, crushing rock, building roads, chopping wood and fighting forest fires — for no pay, just room and board. At night, they published books, pamphlets, periodicals, and broadsides under the imprint of the Untide Press. They produced plays, art, and music — all during their limited non-work hours, with little or no money and resources. Perhaps most distinctive is the amount of sheer talent gathered in this tiny group, a number of whom went on to significant achievement and fame: poet William Everson; Adrian Wilson, fine arts printer and recipient of a MacArthur "Genius Grant"; Kermit Sheets, founder of Centaur Press and San Francisco's Interplayers Theater; architect Kemper Nomland; William Eshelman, editor of the Wilson Library Bulletin and president of Scarecrow Press. Other notables published by or involved with the Fine Arts Group include artist Morris Graves, poet William Stafford, fiery antiwar poet Kenneth Patchen, and iconoclastic author Henry Miller.

After the war, camp members went on to participate in the San Francisco "Poetry Renaissance" of the 1950s, which heavily influenced the Beat Generation of Jack Kerouac, Allen Ginsberg and Gary Snyder — who in turn inspired the likes of Ken Kesey and his Merry Pranksters, leading the way to the 1960s cultural explosions epitomized by San Francisco's 1967 "Summer of Love." But a deeper current runs here. Not only were members of the Fine Arts Group and Camp 56 engaged in creative acts, they were also plowing ground for the next generation, when young people, facing a war of their own in Vietnam, would populate the massive peace movements of the 1960s. Here On the Edge is forthcoming in 2011 from Oregon State University Press.

Part 1: An Unusual Gathering

In January 1943, a little more than a year after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, William Everson boarded a bus in Fresno, California, headed for a camp in a place he'd never seen. Earlier, he'd missed the call for his scheduled departure, lingering with his wife, Edwa, as if they could somehow hold off their coming separation. He didn't want to go, yet he knew he must. When the next bus came, it was a scene like those played out all across America — the hugs, the tears, the goodbye waves through windows grimy with exhaust and road dust — as the country mobilized to take on Hitler, Tojo, and a world at war.

Except William Everson wasn't going to war. He was one of more than 50,000 men during World War II who were conferred status as conscientious objectors, or COs.¹ About half of them were inducted into the armed forces to perform some manner of noncombatant work, nearly 14,000 were classified as unavailable due to medical or other conditions, and about 12,000 like Everson were classified IV-E, eligible to do "work of national importance under civilian direction."² Rather than fight or otherwise engage in war-related activities, Everson would spend his conscripted years at a CO work camp in Oregon — Camp #56 at Waldport, one of more than 150 scattered across the country for the Civilian Public Service (CPS) program, part of the Selective Training and Service Act passed by Congress in 1940. Some of the men in CPS were assigned to work in such places as mental hospitals, or volunteered as human guinea pigs for medical experiments. The majority, though, were sent to remote rural areas, where they did work similar to the type done by the Civilian Conservation Corps, a major 1930s New Deal program. Many of the CPS camps were in fact originally CCC camps, ready and waiting for the conscientious objectors. The camp spaces and equipment were provided by the U.S. government, with camp funding and administration handled by one of the three "historic peace churches" — the Brethren, Friends (or Quakers), and Mennonites. The COs would generally work eight-and-one-half hour days, six days a week, with no pay but a \$2.50 monthly allowance. They had Sundays and Christmas Day off, and their conscription would last the duration of the war, plus six months. Depending on a camp's location in the country, the work might be in forestry, soil conservation, agriculture, dairy, fish and wildlife management, or even weather research. Camp 56, just south of Waldport, on Oregon's central coastline in the heart of logging country, would naturally focus on tree planting.

The thirty-year-old Everson, raised in the hot, dry expanse of central California's agricultural San Joaquin valley, rode for two days, up through the farming towns to San Francisco, then over the Golden Gate and past the rolling hills and fields of the Mendocino country, into the timeless redwoods hugging California's northwest corner, and then two hundred miles through the slashing wind and rain of winter on the Oregon coast. Arriv-

ing a day behind schedule in Waldport, a town of some 630 people whose business was seafood, tourism, and logging the adjacent Siuslaw National Forest, Everson got off the bus and realized he'd gone about four miles beyond the camp. He telephoned there for a ride, then waited under that peculiar small-town combination of curiosity and suspicion. "I must have stood there, being eyed, for almost two hours," he said, "when a closed-in pickup, the laundry-wagon type, came up. It was full of new arrivals being driven to the doctor, and I was taken along."³ After a long wait and then short examinations by the doctor, the new men arrived at the camp just in time for supper; they were taken directly to the mess hall, where the other camp members were already seated. "It was certainly an unusual gathering," Everson wrote Edwa later that night. "The faces were largely of the plain, placid farm-boy type, with beards and off-style hairdos noticeable, but here and there a fine brow, or nose, or a sensitive mouth. Some of the men seem to be of a very high type, and many are the simple fervently religious."⁴

For the next three years, these would be his people. Everson was a poet, a published poet, and he looked like one — tall and thin, with serious eyes made larger by glasses, and an introspective tilt to his head. As a young man back in the San Joaquin valley, he'd worked in the vineyards, orchards, irrigation ditches and industrial fruit canneries. During the Great Depression, he joined the Civilian Conservation Corps, clearing trails in Sequoia National Park. While a student at Fresno State College, he discovered the poems of Robinson Jeffers, prompting what he called "an intellectual awakening and a religious conversion in one."⁵ Publication in *Poetry* magazine followed, as did two thin volumes of his work, printed in California. An acquaintance with the highly respected UCLA librarian Lawrence Clark Powell became a friendship well-documented in letters, and led to another friendship with author Henry Miller, whose notorious *Tropic of Cancer* was banned from sale in the United States. Married in 1938 to Edwa, his high-school sweetheart, Everson spent the next few years balancing the agrarian and literary life — growing grapes for raisin companies like Sun-Maid and writing poetry for the literary journals. When the draft board called, he declared himself a pantheist, stating that America should pull out of the war so that "men of the future would say: here was finally a people in all the bloody past who loved peace too much to fight for it."⁶ Now, at Camp 56 in Waldport, he would walk with other poets and writers, artists, actors, musicians, creative types — and also with scholars, engineers and other professionals, machinists, philosophers, religious proselytes and absolutists, and those "plain, placid" farm boys whose convictions and curiosity were defined by what they had been taught from the Bible. They were an unusual gathering, indeed. Men from literally all regions of the country, all economic and social classes, with differences in age, race, prejudices and understanding. All with really only one thing in common: They refused to take up arms in the name of one nation against another.

They were also isolated. Like most CPS camps across the country, Camp 56 was isolated on purpose. The less contact between the unpopular COs and the general populace, the better — from the administrators' perspective, at any rate.⁷ A few miles south of Waldport and just across Highway 101 from the shoreline, the camp was no tourist destination. Most of the year the region was wracked by storms, battered by rain, or draped in fog. Driftwood, giant logs, the occasional fishing boat, and sometimes even a ship or a whale, were tossed by the indifferent Pacific like matchsticks and toys onto the short strands of beach cut by rocky headlands and rivers tumbling out of the forested hills. Salal, huckleberry and rhododendron comprised a thick green wall between the coast road and the beaches, in some places so dense that the access path was literally a tunnel people had hacked through the brush. Once you got to the beach, the ocean, fed by currents from Alaska, was freezing and full of flotsam and heavy ropes of seaweed. This was not a place for suntans and swimming. As one camp member, Charles Jehnzen, put it many years later, "These camps are really just prisoner of war camps. . . just a place to keep us out of society."⁸

The camp itself was a recently constructed CCC compound, carved out of the woods at the edge of the national forest, just off the highway and down a short road called Quarry Drive. Set up in a quadrangle, it was bordered on one side by four dormitories, the long buildings stacked in a row with ends facing the open area. The opposite side was defined in a similar manner by buildings that housed camp offices and administrators' quarters, a library, infirmary, and a chapel. The dining and recreation halls filled in the other two sides, a tall flagpole marked the center, and, as one camp member described it, "in between, mud."⁹ A few outbuildings and a water tower completed the picture, and this was home, to the extent such places can be. The buildings were portable shells, "barn-like affairs with no appointments or improvements," wrote Richard Mills, the camp director.¹⁰ Heavy storms in November and December had twice blown down the garage buildings; telephone lines were severed and electric wires damaged, making it impossible to pump water — creating the irony of a camp without potable water in a region drenched by rain.

Rain or shine, the men worked their fifty-plus hours a week, with tasks divided into two main categories. "Overhead" was the camp work: cooking, cleaning, record-keeping, health care, and directing education and other programs. "Project" work was outdoor labor the men were sent off in trucks to do. At Camp 56, that focused on three things: tree planting, road building, and wood cutting. The reforestation efforts were on the Blodgett Tract, 9000 acres that had been clear-cut during World War I to build airplanes, and in 1936 scorched by a forest fire. Sixty men put in their eight-and-a-half hours "on the dreary hillsides," Mills wrote, planting an average 400 to 500 seedlings at eight feet apart. From

October 1942 (the beginning of what in Oregon is called the “rain year”) to the following April, they planted more than 1.25 million trees.¹¹

Another group of men worked crushing rock. They gathered boulders, pounded them down to manageable size with sledge hammers, and dumped them into carts that were hauled to a rock-crushing machine located on a hillside five miles from the camp; the aggregate was then spread along the muddy roads to make them passable for the tree-planting operations during the six-month rainy season. Day after day, the men traveled “a five-mile stretch of muddy road in a period of about two hours,” Mills wrote. “Month after month, the men poured tons of crushed rock onto the road leading to the planting area, only to have it disappear in the mucky ooze that was called a road. It was not until spring came and the rains lessened that it was possible to travel the five miles’ distance in the normal time of fifteen or twenty minutes.”¹²

The men settled into the work, the daily toil of manual labor. Everson, although familiar with hard work from tending the vineyards and laying concrete irrigation pipe back home, noted to his librarian friend, Lawrence Powell, “The work is quite hard; we are crushing rock for a road, and heap fragments on a truck to be hauled to the crusher. The weather is cold, an icy wind has persisted, and rain falls. These factors would make any exposure uncomfortable, and handling the heavy and ragged stones with icy hands becomes a kind of drudgery. I look through the hours to the evenings in the warm barracks.”¹³

The source of that warmth was, of course, wood. The barracks and other buildings were heated by woodstoves, and the kitchen cooking was done with wood. The camp might burn three or four hundred cords per year, according to one member’s recollection.¹⁴ The woodcutters weren’t loggers, though, clear-cutting hillsides and taking good trees. They went out with Forest Service rangers and felled snags — dead or dying trees usually damaged by lightning, fire or windstorms, often with the top section missing and the remaining trunk beginning to hollow out. Once the wood was brought into camp, a crew of six to eight men spent their days cutting it into pieces small enough to fit the stoves. Certainly enough campers on the detail didn’t feel that splitting wood was exactly work “of national importance,” but, like the rock crushing and road building, it supported the work of planting trees. This was their work, and it had to be done. And no one kidded themselves that CPS was generally viewed as anything but a kind of punishment.¹⁵

The role of weather on the Oregon coast and its effect on the inhabitants cannot be stressed too much. The Pacific Northwest’s weather is often “born” in Alaska’s Aleutian Islands, an archipelago sometimes referred to as the “Smokey Sea,” for the region’s perpetual cloudiness.¹⁶ The storms swirl up and are carried by the jet stream southeast along Canada’s British Columbia coast, gathering water and power until they hit Washington’s Olympic Peninsula, where landforms have earned such descriptive names as Destruction

Island and Cape Disappointment, then sweep down to Oregon. About a hundred miles inland, though, stand the Cascade Mountains, a string of volcanoes rising 10,000 feet and higher, running from southern Canada to northern California. These peaks give the eastbound storms a kind of gut punch, stalling them just long enough to dump a load of rain in the valleys and snow at higher elevations, thereby providing the Pacific Northwest its reputation as a dreary rainforest.

Seattle, Portland, and Eugene receive their share of rain all right, but the coastline takes the brunt, with one hundred inches or more falling in some areas. Waldport lies somewhere in the high middle of this scale. At twelve feet above sea level, it has a generally moderate climate with average annual temperatures of 37 degrees for the low and 66 degrees for the high. It rarely snows here, but the region gets more than seventy inches of rain each year,¹⁷ the bulk of it falling between October and April.

"In the fall of 1942," wrote Mills, "the rains began and descended in more than their usual precipitation."¹⁸ Forrest Jackson, a new camp member from Kansas, was a touch more hyperbolic. "It rained sixty days from the time I got there. . . an inch a day! I tell you, it was muddy!"¹⁹

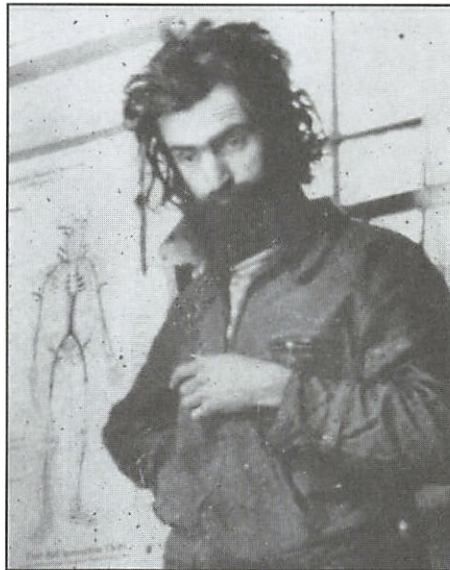
The lack of Vitamin D from the shortage of sun is enough to visit depression on even the most optimistic soul. But a life of wood cutting, rock crushing and tree planting, all immersed in a steady rain, ubiquitous mud, and the heaviness that attends a world that can never quite dry out, turns a mind almost inevitably inward. Introspection, reading and reflection — and their offspring, creativity — can become not just a choice but a matter of survival.

Mills wrote of attempting to forge a community spirit around what he determined were the three main groups of conscripts: those with strong authoritarian religious teaching, those who had formed personal convictions based in religious philosophy, and those who objected to what he called "the State's War Machine." The religious zealots, he said, withdrew "from all Camp meetings which they feared might have humor in them or in which they might be requested to vote."²⁰ The others, though, were encouraged to participate in holiday programs and special evening meals with short theater skits and humorous stunts. "Those possessing unusual ability were requested to perform for the group on numerous occasions and those with vocal abilities were asked to lead the group in community singing."²¹

Everson, not particularly inclined toward skits or stunts, battled homesickness and depression through conversation with two younger COs, Harold Hackett and Glen Coffield. Hackett, a twenty-two-year-old born and raised in Japan, who'd attended graduate school in Minnesota, shared Everson's enthusiasm for poetry and criticism. He possessed, Everson

said, “a fine mind . . . well trained in thinking. . . . But has also an irritating sense of rebellion and irresponsibility.”²² They would become close friends — a bit too close later on.

Coffield was, Everson wrote to Lawrence Powell, “a Missourian with a great beard and a fine, high-domed head.”²³ A photo of Coffield at the time shows him looking positively wild — like a kind of unwashed mendicant with shoulder-length, tangled hair and a dark, thick beard sticking out like an overused whisk broom. He could be a cross between a Great Depression boxcar rider and a 19th-century Russian philosopher. His actions, too, stood him apart. “Everyone stands in awe of him, and when his exploits are summed up it makes for something incredible,” Everson wrote Edwa a week after arriving. “I admit this is largely fostered by his rank and uncombed beard, his shock of hair, and his incredibly ragged clothes. He has, I hear, a master’s degree. He was a ‘little All-American’ in football. He won second place in a national American Legion contest on peace. He appeared on the radio program Hobby-Lobby with a home-made instrument. He walked 300 miles to his first CPS camp. He never complains, though he bears privations that would floor most men. He is also a basketball star, and the boys have organized a team on the spur of the moment and are, without practice, playing the Coast Guard at Waldport tonight. Coffield with his beard and head of hair is going to be a riot, especially if he’s good.”²⁴



Glen Coffield at Waldport, 1944.

A couple facts about Coffield have since been clarified. He earned a bachelor’s degree, not a master’s, in 1940 from Central Missouri Teacher’s College. There has been no confirmation of his All-America status in football; he did play on a national championship basketball team in college.²⁵ The legend of his walking from his home in Missouri to his first CPS assignment at Camp #7 in Magnolia, Arkansas has been neither proved nor disproved. There is no record of how the basketball game with the Coast Guard turned out. Yet Everson’s observations are well-taken: Coffield was experienced, outspoken, uncompromising and apparently fearless.

Shortly before Everson arrived, Hackett and Coffield and another CO, Larry Seimons, had begun publishing a clandestine newsletter as a satire and protest against the official

camp organ, *The Tide*. Like many religious and social organizations, the church administrations viewed themselves as inclusive, tolerant and supportive — open to a wide range of perspectives and attitudes. Nearly every camp produced some manner of bulletins, papers, or magazines dedicated to the life and concerns of the men in CPS.²⁶ And, like most officially sanctioned products, *The Tide* generally offered benign informational bits, overarching platitudes presented as inspiration, and allowed the occasional opinion or creative statement, but never really provoked or dissented.

Hackett, Coffield and Seimons unleashed the complete opposite, right down to the name of their rag: *The Untide*. The four-page, half-sheet folded, mimeographed pamphlet showed up on tables, bulletin boards and desktop file baskets in the wee hours of each weekend. Beneath the title on its masthead, a motto proclaimed, “What is not Tide is Untide,” and by way of explanation said the newsletter would “offer expression to the literary and artistic talents of the campers.”²⁷ Yet it also intended to “expose in an impish way the failings of our society, to encourage discussion, to lead in action, to entertain.” An editorial written by someone calling himself The Mole was rich in metaphor and symbolism: “I am The Mole. I seldom come above ground. My claws are sharp for digging in soft dirt. People say I am blind, but I work with a purpose. . . .” He doesn’t state that purpose explicitly, but calls it “the same purpose that fills all of existence.” Some want to trap him, he says, but “they forget that earth is my element, just as water is the element of fishes, and air is the element of birds. . . .” Subversion is never mentioned, but “. . . I am very active — undermining, digging in under. I am seldom killed.”

Most of the material was light, poking fun at the bureaucratic system and the ironies of a life centered on crushing rocks and planting trees so they can later be cut down. “99 Ways to Have Fun on Project” suggested taking part in pranks and games: mud fights on the tree-planting crews (including a clever use of saplings as catapults for the mud clods), sliding down riverbanks like otters by using a shovel blade as a surfboard, hiding in the trees and pelting unsuspecting coworkers with chunks of rotten wood. “Safety Suggestions” took satirical aim at ignorance and incompetence: “Always put 32 men in one truck and 12 in another so that one truck is not overloaded.” And: “Always carry explosive and dynamite caps in the crew trucks. We can always get new crews. . . .” The “Goldbricker Award” went each week to whomever in The Mole’s estimation took the art of loafing to newer and greater heights.

A lot of the stuff was downright cornball, full of inside jokes and adolescent digs at fragile egos — and if that had been the entirety of it, *The Untide* would likely have resided in history’s dustbin. The journal itself, Everson recalled decades later, never actually subverted anything. It’s real value, he said, was that it got some creative minds working together outside the official camp channels.²⁸ Everson, already recognized as a serious poet

of some repute, quickly aligned himself with the looser, anarchic *Untide* rather than the stodgy *Tide*. He contributed poems, particularly his new “War Elegies,” which gave voice to the feelings of many COs, judging not only from reactions in Camp 56 but also responses that filtered back from other CPS camps that had received *The Untide* by mail.

This was an important detail. The CPS camps shared publications and communications of all kinds — including the standard official newsletters like *The Tide*. When *The Untide* showed up, it both literally and figuratively bucked the tide. For other COs across the country to see that some fellow conscripts not only felt as they did but were creatively addressing their condition provided the necessary sense of kinship and understanding that inspires people to act and not just observe. And while there were many forces at work in this world consumed with war, and the vagaries of chance often play as strong a part in history as any calculated or conscious choice, something prompted Everson to sit down one evening, about six weeks after he’d arrived in the isolated soggiess of the Pacific Northwest rainforests, and pen the following piece for the March 13, 1943 issue of *The Untide*.

HERE ON THE EDGE

If you come by night you will see nothing. The camp, from the road, will be hooded and dark. It faces the sea, the western sea and the Eastern war, and the war imposes: puts blinds on our windows, darkens the lights of the creeping cars. The beach is patrolled.

But if you come from the hills to the east, our lights would be friendly, each window alive, its streaming shaft extending outward against the dark. That way lies home, the states and the nation, and the continent’s breadth. The mountains are there, the tillable valleys and the distant towns we now do not know. Our people before us came out of the east, the rolling wave of colonization that poured out of Europe and crossed America, to break against this ultimate shore, and spread back on its course, filling the farms. That is the quarter we have known, and toward which we shall turn.

But at night in the camp we can hear the sea, stamping and beating upon the shore. We look out on that waste, and remember that Drake once travelled those waves, his lonely ship binding together an unknown world. But, looking, we are also made aware that what gathers there now, the vast event, is shaping the future as Drake could not shape it, pulling within its merciless orbit the millions of lives, and the subsequent order of half the globe.

Here on the edge we look east to the West, west to the East, and cannot resolve them. We can only watch; watch and prepare; and bide on the

time when what we are, and that for which we have taken this stand, can be tangent again to the world.

That time would come, about twenty-five years down the road, as a new generation, embroiled in another war, would look for alternatives to destruction, and find answers in creativity and art. For now, though, the members of Camp 56 were truly “on the edge,” talking about a world of peace during the greatest war the world had ever known. Everson could hardly have anticipated how the words he was writing that night would resonate far beyond the borders of this backwoods camp.

Endnotes

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22 Everson to Powell, March 23, 1943, *Take Hold Upon the Future*, 369.
23 Ibid, Jan 28, 1943, 353.
24 Everson to Edwa, Jan. 29, 1943, Bartlett, 41
25 Glen Stemmons Coffield Papers 1943-1981, University of Oregon Special Collections, 1.
26 Sibley and Jacob, 193.
27 All quotes in this and the following paragraph are from *The Untide*, vol 1, nos. 1-12, Jan. – March, 1943.
From Coffield Papers, folder 21.
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“I’ve Seen It Raining Fire in the Sky”

Sunrise Ranch, Eden Valley,

Loveland, Colorado, New Year 1973

Sandy Jensen

Author’s Introduction: From 1972 to 1992 I was involved with a spiritual group called *The Emissaries of Divine Light* <www.emissaries.org>. The Emissaries began in 1932 at the instigation of a charismatic leader named Uranda. In 1945 he and others purchased Sunrise Ranch in Loveland, Colorado, which centers EDL worldwide activities. When Uranda died in 1954, leadership continued under British Lord Martin Exeter, 7th Marquess of Exeter (d. 1988). Living in intentional communities has always been a core practice of the Emissaries. This essay is a chapter from my memoir-in-progress called *Special, Gifted, Divine: Twenty Years of Emissary of Divine Light Intentional Community*.

On New Year’s Eve and Day of 1972-73, Steve Bodaness, Gary Doehrman, and I drove a stake-bed truck out of Phoenix, Arizona with a delivery of fresh fruit from the Valley of the Sun bound for Sunrise Ranch, Eden Valley, Loveland, Colorado, a charmed triple beat of place names that held power, potency, and psychic sway over me for the whole double decade to come.

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I had first heard those emphasized triple beat place names when I was a senior at the University of Washington, living for a few months at my parents’ house in Richmond Beach. In 1968 or so, Mom and Daddy had made a trip to Phoenix, where they had met a charismatic ex-Methodist minister, George Emery. He’d been out on the reservation doing peyote ceremonies with Native Americans and was a generally revved-up kind of guy, spiritually speaking. Mom had always been a Serious Seeker, reading books by the newest of the popular New Age writers Annalee Skarin and Joel Goldsmith, holding séances in our dining room, and trying to convince Jehovah Witnesses that the Earth is a sentient being. In George Emery, she seemed to meet a soul as intensely committed to the spiritual pursuit of truth as she. Mom had renewed this old acquaintance with George, who was now a spiritual recruiter for something called Ontology.

George was giving a talk to a few friends of Mom’s in the living room. I sat on the stairs drinking a beer and listening in. George’s 23-year-old wife, Joelle, some twenty years his junior, sat in the front row beaming at him like a thin, pale angel; indeed, he had the whole group in the proverbial palm of his hand getting the good news. George Emery was

a spellbinder. His blue eyes burned with the hot fire of a true believer, and his voice rang with the hypnotic conviction only religion or multi-level marketing can give.

At age twenty-two, I wasn't too old to fall for the lure of such a voice and the winds of change that were a'-blowin' all over this land. With bright blue eyes shining out of a nut-brown face, the peculiar color self-tanning lotion produced in the days before the cosmetics industry started to take it seriously, bracketed by prominent jug ears an Etruscan urn or a forest satyr could be proud of, George painted a verbal picture of a mythical Center of Centers, "Where people live who they *are* in Expression what they *are* in Reality." This place was improbably called, "*Sunrise Ranch, Eden Valley, Loveland, Colorado.*" When he and Joelle had first driven up to the small collection of buildings under the rim rock, he assured us he had turned piously to Joelle, clasped her hands, gazed into her eyes, and said, "Dear, I'm home." Sometimes in this story as he told and retold it over the years, Joelle turns to *him* and says, "Dear, I'm home."

...

George was the leprechaun with the lucky charms who piped hundreds if not thousands of lost kids in our 20s away from the broken dreams of Viet Nam-era America into the Never-Never Land of the Emissaries of Divine Light. We followed him in droves after being on the receiving end of his benign form of fire and brimstone cheerleading for The International Institute of Applied Ontology. That was the front name in those days, to be followed by a string of others. George explained that Ontology meant, "The art and science of being who you really are." This fuzzy Platonic message had great appeal on the college campuses all over the world where he appeared; the EDL church took a tasteful back seat and only became visible as such after the "Responding One" had taken a few steps deeper into the mystery of all that love.

The "Dear, I'm home," story was always an affecting moment for the audience. From there, George went on to weave a mythology of Sunrise Ranch. For those of us just beginning to turn on, Sunrise took on legendary stature. The story he told was of a man back in the 1930s named Lloyd Arthur Meeker, who was born and raised in Colorado by a tyrannical, dirt-poor, Christian father and sweet, patient, abused wife. Lloyd left home, wandered around the country and finally had a profound experience of the numinous. As happens in these cases, the scales fell away from his eyes, and he saw God. He also saw a good deal more, which he promptly began to write down. In this process, he restructured evolution, all of human prehistory, the shape of the solar system, and at least one galaxy. He discovered his spiritual name, Uranda, founded Emissaries of Divine Light more or less on the spot, and dated this event September 16, 1932.

A series of adventures and successive marriages brought this charismatic speaker (another spellbinder with a hypnotic, chocolate brown voice) and his small band of followers

to buy a dry farm in a rim rock valley southwest of Loveland, a very beautiful location below Green Ridge in Eden Valley. It is an important piece of the legend that Sunrise Ranch was primitive in those days. Those early inhabitants were always referred to as “pioneers,” although their privations seem no worse than those experienced by my own sharecropping grandparents. Sunrise flourished with good organic land stewarding funded by the flow of cash from outlying regional EDL centers and worked by volunteer labor from “Responding Ones.” “The serendipitous building of the Big Thompson Canal across the back of the property was announced as a sign from God with much quoting from the Bible about how water came to dry land, the desert blooming as a rose.

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Gary, Steve, and I left Phoenix in sunshine, pulled into a Flagstaff snowstorm in time for a quick dinner at Denny’s. It was essential the fruit in the back of the stake-bed didn’t freeze although crates and tarps protected it. The men changed drivers, and, by 10:00 p.m. we had plunged back into the storm, an all-nighter straight through to Gallup, New Mexico. I remember the tunnel of headlights through blowing snow, the rhythm of the windshield wipers, the low-level sexual attraction to both of these men only a little older than me, all of us in our early 20s. I was wedged between them listening to their stories of how they had gotten involved with EDL.

These stories were always told whenever Emissaries got together. Each narrative shimmered with meaning, as one goes over and over the first encounter with the beloved with whom you will spend the rest of your life. Each story held the power of myth, for after a person became an Emissary, there was the sense that his or her soul deepened and opened to something larger, a grand, Whitmanesque sense of belonging not to a national identity, but to a global family of like-minded people. This was a real feeling. I cannot even from the distance of time, experience, and irony, deny my fascination with these primal stories.

The clouds broke up, dawn crested in radiant rose apricot over a pristine white desert. Fortified with coffee and pancakes, we cranked up the radio and sang along to John Denver’s “Rocky Mountain High.” “I’ve seen it raining fire in the sky,” spoke to this fiery dawn. We were headed for the Center of the Known World in a stake bed truck full of food, singing at the top of our lungs, and I don’t ever again remember being so purely, completely, serenely anticipatory. I felt this was a great moment, this driving to Sunrise Ranch for the first time, and I was not disappointed. “Remember this,” I told myself, and so it is I still see the wet black road twisting away between the luxurious, folded-back cream of snowy desert on either side, the white fields flooded with strawberry and carotene dawn light, the Rocky Mountains rising in the approaching distance. Everything was there in that moment; my life would open like a delicious pear on either side of the knife blade of this road.

We reached Sunrise Ranch at dinnertime, after the early darkness had fallen, and the snow begun again in earnest. It had been a while since I could see any landforms, so I was disoriented geographically and disoriented the way a road trip will always jar me into a new alertness or tired receptivity.

Steve popped the truck door, and I stiffly unwound myself from around the gearshift and clambered down. An open door in a low building spilled light and voices out into the snow. Close by was another building with someone opening the door to a short flight of steps leading into the dim cavern of a cold cellar. Voices called one to the other with laughter as bundled up figures formed a line between the back of the truck and the cellar door. "Heave ho, here we go!" and the crates of fruit flew out of the truck from the arms of one man into the arms of a second, tossed lightly to the next, efficiently brigaded into the cellar. "Avocados! Oranges! Grapefruit! Manna from heaven!" The job quickly done, Steve and Gary drove off, and the workers dispersed back into the dining hall.

A kind-faced lady with winged silver hair and cold-nipped pink cheeks stood at the cellar door and called to me, "You must be Sandy Brown. I'm Dorothy de Winton. Would you like to help me in the cellar for a moment?"

Glad to have something to do, I hustled across icy tracks left by the truck, shouldered off the snow, and followed her down the stairs. We were in a low-ceilinged cave with two bare bulbs giving us low-wattage light. Dorothy gave me a smile and a quick tour. "Everything we grow here is organic. Potatoes in the bins, four kinds, carrots, turnips, rutabagas." The pale tubers blinked sleepily up at me when she lifted burlap sacking to show their faces. "We raise turkeys and exchange them for food from other Emissary centers in different parts of the country, as we did with you folks in Phoenix. We dry, freeze, and put by everything we possibly can."

Summer in a peach jar, autumn in tomatoes, I thought, knowing the many hours of labor that went into producing the deep rows of jarred fruits, vegetables, and jams. "We make our own pickles and sauerkraut." Dorothy pointed to the fermentation barrels, and the first bite of vinegar hit the back of my nostrils. "We raise herbs for teas and for cooking." Gallon jars labeled rose hip, spearmint, dandelion, hyssop, and chamomile disappeared behind each other on the stacked shelves. "Let's get these oranges into a bin. Tomorrow we can make a place for the lettuce in the walk-in cooler, and you can make yogurt with the cooks if you'd like?" she added on a note of inquiry, and "Yes," I said, "oh yes." For one look at a cold cellar, at the amount and ways the food had been put by for the winter had told me maybe not everything, but almost everything I needed to know about the values of this spiritual community. This cellar, this cave beneath the voices in the dining hall spoke to me of people in small task groups picking berries, snapping beans, working together to fill hot jars, the care with the boiling water bath, the rows and rows of

jars cooling under evening light, the final musical pops of sealing lids, peaches still sweet with summer's warmth spilling out into a white bowl, spooned over with yogurt and granola, fueling again those same workers in the field. There it was again, a vision of my life as a bottle of peaches just now spilling into that white bowl.

"My, I'll bet you're hungry for dinner," Dorothy said as we settled the last box of grapefruit in its pine-slatted bin. I followed her back up the stairs, turning off the light, flipping the icy-cold aluminum hasp closed on the heavy wooden door. We moved toward the dining room. The abundant cellar with its many faint smells, its library of meanings lodged in my most primary memory of first arriving at Sunrise Ranch.

The snow came down harder as we made the short dash over to the dining hall, and indeed, our proposed overnight stay extended to a four-day snowbound weekend.

The windows of the dining hall were fogged up and running freely from all the body heat inside. I saw people of all ages, oldsters who I would learn had lived at Sunrise since those dry farm days of the 1930s, families with small children, teens flocked together at one table, plenty of unattached young people like me, male and female, flirting, laughing, seated companionably at long tables. Gary and Steve had already gone through the food line and found seating with the single women.

What wasn't to like? I couldn't get the smile off my face as Dorothy introduced me to one person after another, the names now blurred away in the sure erasures of time, the flashing faces like transparencies flipping through a slide projector, the smiles and friendliness remaining like the emulsion you stare through when you hold each little frame up to the light. Like so many before me and so many after, I felt profoundly at home, as if I had indeed come to the heart of the heart of the country, the Center of Centers, as George Emery had promised.

It was that cellar and what it symbolized that drew me back to Sunrise Ranch again and again over the next twenty years. That first night, I slept in a barn that had been converted to housing and dubbed Stable Gables. Labor from Sunrise residents and visitors to classes had built an apartment complex around a swimming pool; it was somewhere out in the dark. Over the next twenty years of my visits, the hall known as the West Chapel was replaced by one of the largest geodesic domes to be built in the United States (called the Dome Chapel — it seats 472 people); and my old dining hall with its detached root cellar was replaced by a Dutch Provincial building called the Pavilion, a 20,000 square-foot dining room/kitchen complex. Many private homes were added over time, the grounds tended until the whole physical plant looked like what it was: a well-off conference and retreat center.

...

In those days, I felt genuine warmth and concern flowed from every helpful encounter, for these people, as George impressed upon us at the height of his myth making, really were trying very hard and somewhat successfully to “be who they really are.” My view, of course, became more complex as I began to know individuals who lived long-term at Sunrise. I learned of its repressive politics, injured feelings, unconscionable practices, all the jostle of ego and personality reasonably expected from a large, self-contained intentional community governed hierarchically. The pain of it was that we all expected what George had promised, that this really could be that place where “people were in action what they were in reality,” a very tough job description. A lot of innocence was lost stumbling over this one ill-defined idea. I learned enough about how the old-style patriarchal system worked at Sunrise to know I would never want to live there — I cannot abide being told what to do — but for all that, I never saw the laughter leave the dining hall. I never felt less than 100% welcome, a visiting princess from a faraway land.

I know the words “*Sunrise Ranch, Eden Valley, Loveland, Colorado*” have lost their sparkle for many who left angry, disappointed, disenfranchised, but for me, it is a place caught in the peach jar amber of 1973, a safe haven from the very cold snowstorm of Viet Nam-era America.

Lamentation

Carolyn L. Litty, Ph.D.

We were standing on the sand of the Wadi Rum Desert waiting for instructions from Abdullah, our Jordanian guide. Never had I experienced weather like the present. Khamsini weather had hit the Kingdom in full force. It was dusty, hot and dry with temperatures reaching 28 C during the day. The annual Khamsini phenomenon is a dusty, hot cyclonic-type wind that originates in the Atlas Mountains that stretch from Morocco to Tunisia. The wind occurs over 50 days between March and early May and affects North Africa, the Arabian Peninsula and the Levant. Keeping the dress code for women, of having my whole body covered, made the heat even more oppressive for me.

Adding to the external sources of heat was my internal emotional state. I felt excited about the day's activities. We were driving across the Wadi to a Bedouin tent to have a meal. The 4X4 trucks pulled up and everybody started jumping into the cargo spaces. Suddenly, I realized there wasn't any room left for me. Abdullah realized the same thing. He asked a couple of the men if they would ride up front, in the cab, with the driver. Politely, the men refused. My sister called out to me, "You should ride up front. Remember your bad back." I started feeling anxious about this situation, because we were in a Moslem country, with a male, Bedouin driver. Moslem men aren't allowed to sit by women who aren't their wives. Everywhere we had traveled, the women were together, in separate groups, from the men, in restaurants, on the streets and in shops. Although Jordanians are reputedly the most willing to forgive foreigners who innocently break the numerous points of social etiquette, I was feeling uncomfortable.

I had developed a deep respect for our guide, as he had an artful way of handling the various cultural situations we had encountered. He had taken good care of us. So, as usual, Abdullah took charge. He turned to me and said, "Do you have a bad back?" I replied, "Well, no, not really. I have only a weakened back, as I had back surgery 16 years ago." He said, "Good! Bad back." He walked to the cab and talked, in Arabic, to the driver. He came back to me, smiling, and told me that everything was fine. He said to keep my head covered and not to speak to the driver, unless he spoke to me first. Hesitantly, I opened the door and sat down in the cab. Out of the corner of my eye, I could see a young, thin, handsome male, dressed in a traditional long, black robe, with a Jordanian head scarf and sandals. He had a short, neatly trimmed beard. There was a rolled prayer mat on the seat, between us, and a large, thick, decorative book on the dashboard. The driver looked straight ahead, started the engine and took off fast. Due to the heat, to lack of sleep and to my hunger pangs, my mind started to drift off to thoughts about the events of the last week.

On Sunday, April 5, 2009, the following news item appeared in *The Jordan Times* in Amman:

MARCH MARKS KING'S ASCENSION TO THE THRONE
AMMAN (Petra)- A march was held Saturday on the occasion of the 10th anniversary of His Majesty King Abdullah's ascension to the Throne and the 60th anniversary of diplomatic ties between the U.S. and Jordan. A delegation from the Global Peace Initiative representing 28 countries took part in the march, organized by the Jordanian Interfaith Coexistence Research Centre and the Greater Amman Municipality. Participants in the march, which took place between the 3rd Circle and Sports City, also commemorated the anniversary by planting trees in Ghamadan Public Park.

When I was sitting in my room at Le Meridien, a hotel in downtown Amman, reading that article, I had felt grateful to have been one of the delegates in that march. At Ghamadan Public Park, I had planted a tree and dedicated it to Lane Community College.

The week before, we had another memorable experience. Each person in our delegation had received a formal, printed invitation that read:

Under the patronage of
His Majesty King Abdullah II Ibn Al Hussein
On the occasion of the 10th Anniversary
Of His Majesty assuming constitutional powers
& 60 years of diplomatic relations between
The Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan and the United States of America

The Jordanian Interfaith Coexistence Research Centre
&
People to People International
Global Peace Initiative in Jordan
Request the honor of your company for the opening banquet dinner
At the Grand Ballroom-Le Meridien Hotel
Saturday, 8 p.m. March 28th, 2009

As the 4X4 lumbered along the bumpy desert, sadness came over me. Now, in retrospect, I was struck with the peculiarity of all of these events. We were accompanied on the peace march by the Jordanian Army, each soldier carrying a machine gun. At the park, soldiers were visible on every path and road. At the hotel, a tank was stationed outside. All

guests had to go through a security system, similar to those in airports, to enter the hotel. Royalty had arrived quite late to the banquet, in security vehicles, surrounded by many guards. At my dinner table, a Tongan couple were talking about being in Jordan, three years ago, at a hotel that was bombed. For me, the sadness was my realization that peace, among nations, was just as complicated, in Jordan, as it was anywhere else in the world. There was no respite from the fear of violence or threat of harm to anyone, anywhere.

My sadness deepened when I thought about another anniversary that would occur soon. This anniversary wouldn't be covered by any newspaper, marked by any tree planting or celebrated at a gala royal banquet. In fact, few people, if any, would take any notice of it or remember it. It was the eighth anniversary of our College losing our Arabic Aviation Maintenance Technology students.

In the mid-1990s, Lane Community College entered into a contract with Saudi Arabian Airlines to send students to our school for training in airplane mechanics. The contract was historic and was a coup for us. We had competed against other FAA approved training programs in America and won the contract. However, due to the horrific events that happened in New York, the on-going fears of terrorism, and the reach of the Department of Homeland Security, the contract was ended by political forces beyond our control. The intermediary agent, in Texas, who managed the contract, was informed that his position had been eliminated. The last group of students wasn't allowed back into the country to graduate. I didn't get to say "Good luck" or "Good bye" to any of them. They disappeared back somewhere into their Arabic world, without a trace. On an emotional level, I believe my trip to Jordan was an attempt on my part to come to some type of closure about my unresolved, conflicted feelings over losing these students. They had come into my world for a time and now I would go into their world for a time.

All of a sudden our 4X4 stopped. We had arrived at Jebel Rum, the highest peak in Jordan, on the Wadi Rum, one of the most extraordinary desert landscapes in the world. To this day, I can't find the right words to describe this place. To me, it was like most of Jordan, beautiful, mysterious, isolated, strange, different, inviting and unfamiliar. I can see the unbelievable view still in my mind. Back in the 4X4, we started off again, but soon we stopped. One of the other trucks was having mechanical difficulty and our driver got out to help. Amazingly, with no tools, they got the truck running again. We continued on with our journey.

Again, my feelings saddened, as my mind wandered back to memories of when we were waiting for the first group of Arabic students to arrive. I didn't know what to expect, other than knowing that the group would be all male. I didn't know any Arabs. Very soon, after their arrival, I realized that I had a steep learning curve ahead of me. In my naivete, I thought of the students as a group. Very quickly, it became clear they didn't function as

or see themselves as a homogenous group. On breaks, lunch times and study halls, they formed their own groups — groups that didn't mingle. In fact, two students didn't associate with any of the others.

The first thing we had to decide was where to place their prayer room. Finally, we figured out that Room 216, in Bldg. 12, faced in the right direction and was private and quiet enough to meet their needs. The next issue that surfaced wasn't easy to resolve. There was conflict over use of the bathroom in Bldg. 10, among the Arabic students. We were told the group was diverse. It was made up of several different nationalities, tribes, socioeconomic levels, religious sects, westernization tolerances and ties to royalty. Therefore, they couldn't use the same restroom. Also, certain students couldn't be in work or study groups together. Also, of course, they couldn't be in groups with female students.

When I saw the Arabic students, one-on-one, they seemed to be more like our other students, than different from them. One man was homesick, as he had never been anywhere outside his village. Another one missed his family, especially his mother, and found any excuse to come to my office every day. A couple of the students weren't fluent in English and were struggling, academically. One man spoke and wrote in four languages and was an excellent student. He performed, above the rest of the class, particularly in doing perfect rivets and other mechanical skills. An unusual student told me that he had fallen in love with America and didn't want to go back home. Due to the drastic changes in diet and weather, two students were having many health problems and were prone to developing illnesses. They wore many layers of clothing, trying to cope with the damp, cold weather in Eugene. I felt tenderness for the student that was suffering from depression and anxiety, unacceptable medical conditions in his culture. Perhaps the most interesting student was the one that functioned as the religious policeman. It was obvious he was deferred to and respected by the others. I was impressed by the endurance of these students, as they worked, studied and attended classes, with no food or beverages, not even water, from sunrise to sunset, during Ramadan.

A few people have asked me if I thought any of these Arabic students are or were terrorists. I have no way of knowing, of course. However, it seems highly unlikely to me that they posed any threat to our security. All-in-all, they behaved as civil, hard-working, polite students. A few of the students had come into America, with their wives and children, and they brought them to school to meet all of us. It was obvious how proud they were of their families, as they introduced each person and told us something about them. Some of the wives gave us a special treat by bringing food to share a meal with us.

Being preoccupied with my memories and sad feelings, I was startled when the driver of our 4X4 spoke to me. He asked, "How old you?" I had to take a moment, in order to get back to the present, and remember my age. I replied, "68." Immediately, his face

brightened up. Finally, I had found an advantage of old age. My driver could talk to me. He said, "How old me?" He looked quite young to me, but then everyone looks young to me. I just took a guess and replied, "27." He told me I was right. He started asking me more questions. Did I think he was married? I didn't know at what age Bedouin males married. Again, just guessing, I said no. I was wrong. He was married. Did I think he had children? I said no. I was wrong. He had a two year old son. He appeared to like it better when my guesses were wrong, rather than right. Now that was a piece of very useful information. He proceeded to tell me about himself. His name was Mohammed. He was a son of the tribal chief in the last village we had travelled through on our way to the Wadi. He held his father in great esteem and saw him as a very successful man. He wanted to do as well as his father, who had four wives, but he thought it would be difficult for him to be as successful. Although he had attended the German-Jordanian University, he wasn't making enough money to have a second wife. He had started working two jobs this year, while living in his father's house.

I couldn't believe my luck! Due to a "bad back," a few non-gallant males, and a skillful tour guide, I was having a conversation that, under normal circumstances, never would have been possible.

I was looking at the book on the dashboard, as the art work, on the cover, was outstanding. I remarked how beautiful the book was, and asked if it was his Koran. As he confirmed it was his Koran, I realized he had interpreted my remarks about beauty to mean the contents of the Koran, not the decorative cover. He started asking me questions about my life. He wanted to know my religion. I told him I was a Roman Catholic. He didn't know what that was and asked me to explain. I was embarrassed, when I realized I wasn't sure how to explain to him what a Roman Catholic was. After my explanation, I realized all he wanted to know was that I was a Christian. He asked me if I had attended college, to which I replied I had. He said he didn't think women should go to school. In fact, he wouldn't allow his wives or daughters to go to school. Instantly, I felt angry, as he had just invalidated most of my life. I wasn't sure if my anger had to do with his being a male, an Arab, a young person, a violator of women's rights, or, maybe it was all of those factors.

Some men raced by us, riding camels. I asked him if we would be riding camels today. He said I could, if I wished. When I asked him for instructions on how to ride a camel, he reacted as though I had insulted him. He said he didn't ride camels; he worked for the government of Jordan. Off in the distance, the desert looked like a big lake to me. I told Mohammed I was excited, as I had seen a mirage. He wanted to know what the word "mirage" meant. After my feeble explanation, he said a mirage didn't make sense, as anyone knows there is no water in the desert. He proceeded to tell me to be careful about buying things. I would be told that something was very old and would cost many dinars and it

wouldn't be true. I guess he concluded that anyone who thought they saw a lake in the desert needed guidance. I didn't have the heart to tell him his advice was too late. I had already purchased a reportedly very old Bedouin dagger.

Soon, in the distance, we saw the tents, where we were to have a meal. Mohammed asked me if I had met any Jordanians, before travelling to the Kingdom. I told him I had met a few Jordanians at my college. He seemed pleasantly surprised, asking me what they studied. I told him they had learned how to repair airplanes. His smile vanished. He wished there were no airplanes. I started feeling sad again. He felt airplanes had caused all of the present troubles in the world. At first, I thought he had faulty logic. However, maybe, he had a point. Maybe, it would be easier just to blame airplanes, after all, than to grieve over students, wars, safety and peace in the world.

After he parked the truck, he turned to me, pulling his tunic sleeve over his hand, and shook my hand. I smiled at him, as I was speechless, participating in such a generous gesture.

When I arrived back at school, I parked my car and started walking toward Bldg. 12. I looked over at Bldg. 10 and felt an irresistible urge to go inside. I unlocked the door and stood among the airplanes. I smiled at Issam, Sae'd, Yousef and Bashar, as I saw them in my mind's eye, standing there. I waved to Haytham, Shadi, Ali and Hassan. I said "Shukran" to Medhat, Ahmad, Khaldoun, and Abdul. I called out "Salam" to Samer, Saeed, Hussein and Abdallah. As I left the building, I relocked the door, carefully. The locked door was not to keep others from entering, but to keep my memories from exiting.

Reflections on Health, Life, and Work

Bill Woolum

Illness changes how I move in the world and how my mind works.

When I'm in good health, I have a variety of ways to measure time. Sometimes I measure time by how many papers I have to read and grade.

Other times I measure time by how much money is left in my bank while playing slot machines.

I measure time by when I meet class, what I can expect to accomplish in a two hour class meeting; I measure time by the length of movies, pages in a book, the Bejeweled Blitz clock, when to feed the dogs.

When healthy, the ways of measuring time are endless.

When I'm sick, though, time gets measured in ways directly related to the illness.

How many times did I vomit in the last 24 hours?

How about visits to the thunder jug? Every hour? Two hours? Am I going more frequently? Less?

Be sure to take your blood pressure at the same time every day.

Take Flagyl three times a day.

Florastor twice.

Lisinopril once.

Tryliptol twice.

It's time to draw blood again.

It's time for another X-ray.

Time is measured by physical energy.

How long can you walk before getting winded? Two minutes? Five? Twenty?

How many hours did you sleep today?

The calendar is defined by illness: you've been sick since April 2nd? For two weeks? Four weeks? The whole spring quarter? 80 days? That's two Lents, man.

How soon do the doctors think you'll be recovered? I wish you a speedy recovery.
I hope you are up and at them in no time.

You are still sick? How long's it been?

There's nothing wrong with the way time gets measured in terms of illness
when I'm sick.

It's simply illustrative of how a continuing illness comes to dominate everything.

My self-identity over the last two and half months has been anchored in sickness. Who I am, what I can do, what I can plan on, how I regard myself, how others regard me, think about me, say to me: it's almost all been shaped by being sick.

Success is measured in different ways. Gone are the professional measures of conducting a stimulating class meeting or the personal measures of listening to others or turning a good deed.

In their stead are measures like whether my fever came down or whether I was able to keep my dinner down or if I was less winded after the 4 o'clock visit to the bathroom than I was at 2 o'clock.

It reminds me of how happy my mom and I were in the last days of Dad's life when he finished eating a popsicle. To us, Dad enjoying a popsicle constituted a huge success.

A phone call:

- Hello?
- How's Pert doing?
- Great! He ate a popsicle today!
- That's wonderful! He must be feeling a little better!
- Yeah! He sat up and everything.

My sense of reality has been so defined by sickness that I have wondered if it's the only way to experience things.

In fact, I've wondered if my condition of being sick is actually what it feels like to be healthy.

Illness exacerbates self-doubt.

Am I faking it? Am I really healthy? Am I just weak? Why do my friends tell me I'm looking good? I feel weak, worn out. Shouldn't I feel as good as I look? What's wrong with me?

So much in my life gets measured by productivity, especially in my profession where workload is determined by how many hours I'm in the classroom, how many hours I spend preparing for classes, how many essays I assign, how long it takes to read those essays, and how much time I spend in service to the operation of the college, through committee assignments, meetings, and as an adviser for different student activities.

Being sick erases this productivity. It erases many of the standards by which I measure my worth as a person and a professional.

It compromises financial responsibility. I was late paying some bills.
I was too sick to do our taxes.

Illness breeds anxiety.

For a while, I couldn't do anything to help around the house. Fortunately, for a couple of weeks or more, friends brought meals over, helping relieve the Deke of the overwhelming task of teaching fourth graders all day, coming home to a sick husband, and having little or no help with tasks around the house or taking care of the dogs.

Above all, illness is contagious. Yes, in a physical sense, but even more so in an emotional or spiritual way. My illness has exhausted the Deke. It has depleted our home of joy. While I've been ill, a pall has hung over our home life.

This has been true when I've suffered my worst bouts of mental illness/depression and has been true as I've been sick with pneumonia and three bouts with c-diff.

Our assumptions regarding how to live well, how to relate to each other,
how to perceive and understand the world around us, and how to properly
do our work are all centered around being healthy.

Illness erodes these assumptions and we are often ill-equipped to deal
with the feelings, perceptions, and other realities that take their place
when sickness settles in.

Having health restored is more than feeling better.

It means having the many dimensions and assumptions of one's world,
of reality itself, back again.



The Technology Think Tank: Dilemmas of Innovation

Bob Barber

Organizing and learning are essentially antithetical processes, which means the phrase “organizational learning” qualifies as an oxymoron. To learn is to disorganize and increase variety. To organize is to forget and reduce variety.

Weick, K. E. and Westley, F. (1996) “Organizational Learning: Affirming an Oxymoron.” In Clegg, S.R., Hardy, C., and Nord, W. R. (Eds.) *Handbook of Organizational Studies* London: Sage Publications, p. 440).

Introduction

This is a personal retrospective on an entity that was active from 1994 to 1998 at Lane Community College in Eugene, Oregon. The many people who were involved have their own perspectives on the experience of the Technology Think Tank, and mine is only one. As it happens, I was the one who organized the first meeting, and most of the 21 or so that followed. So I have an extensive, although incomplete, knowledge of what the Think Tank did, or didn't do, and some responsibility for it, for better or worse. By preparing this retrospective, I hope that others may find it motivating to think again about how complicated it is to bring about “change” and to what extent, if any, the Think Tank was “successful” in doing so.

In this piece, I refer to a number of people, but I will use only functions or titles. Again, my knowledge and memory are not complete, and I don't want to overlook or misstate anyone's individual participation or contribution. For the most part, the “lessons” of the Think Tank are independent of the individuals involved. I should also remind readers that the scope of the Think Tank covered primarily instructional technology and not the use of computer information systems for administrative functions or student registration systems.

It is quite possible there will be inaccuracies in specific dates or descriptions, as again, although I have good files on the Think Tank, they are not complete, nor infallible. Anyone who has a correction to make should please speak up.

A Quick History

The Technology Think Tank at Lane existed from the Fall Term of 1994 to the Spring Term of 1998. During these four school years, at least 21 meetings and major activities took place, involving anywhere from 10 people to 65 or 70. Most regular meetings involved 10-20 people. The Think Tank's purpose was to provide a forum and activity center for those most involved and interested in how technology was impacting the teaching and

learning environment at the college — the fashionable name at the time was “early adopters.” It became a place where faculty and other staff and administrators from many departments shared and compared experiences about using technology in instruction. A great variety of things were happening and a desire to share experiences emerged quickly. The Think Tank also became a vocal lobbying force toward the college administration, calling for greater planning and investment of resources in technology. Among the results of its efforts were the establishment of an Instructional Technology Center where faculty could develop technology based learning activities, the establishment of a set-aside within the curriculum development funding process for technology-based curriculum development, and the creation of an Experimental Classroom with a wireless computer network within a physical classroom. In addition, more formal college-wide processes emerged from the Think Tank’s concerns and efforts.

Activists from many departments were involved, including (using the names of the time): Adult Basic Education; Adult Basic and Secondary Education; Business; Business Development; Computer Information Technology; Computer Lab staff; Computer Services staff; Continuing Education; Cottage Grove and Florence campuses; Counseling; English, Foreign Language, and Speech; English as a Second Language; Family and Health Careers; Health and Physical Education; KLCC radio; Library; Math; Mechanical Technologies; Media Arts and Technology; Science; Social Science; Study Skills; Telecourses; and the Vice Presidents of Instruction and of Operations.

In this essay, I will try to identify the forces that led to the formation of the Think Tank and the energy that kept it going for several years. I will review its main activities and accomplishments. I will also speculate on why it more or less self-dissolved, in the same way that it self-formed. In the years since the Think Tank, of course, many things have evolved and changed in the technology arena at Lane. Addressing those is far beyond what this essay could usefully attempt.

Looking at It Now vs. Being There Then

I start with the observation above by organizational theorists Karl Weick and Frances Westley because I think they highlight a very important tension that is usually overlooked in all the enthusiasm for organizational learning. There is tension between “learning” and “organizing.” Learning involves exploring, experimenting, introducing variety into the way things are done. Organizing involves deciding how the best way is to do things, and leaving aside most else — forgetting, reducing variety.

The Technology Think Tank was caught on both horns of this dilemma. It was an expression of, and a center for, learning in this sense — exchanging ideas and trying things out, at a time when technology was still very “new” in the academic environment. (The first e-mail and Internet access came to Lane during those same years.) At the same time,

its participants recognized that in order for anything to happen that would take advantage of the new technologies, there had to be serious “organizing” — in the form of planning and resource allocation. As we made our way forward in this context, the emphasis on organizing prevailed. Was this inevitable, or the result of good decisions, or bad decisions?

As we explore this contradictory experience, it’s useful to be reminded of some of the larger-scale developments happening in society and at Lane CC with regard to computers and information technology.

In the early ’90s, the personal computer “revolution” was gaining steam and computer networks were emerging as the logical extension of the underlying technology. It was exciting, but scary. Full of possibilities, but threatening. In the instructional framework, faculty and other instructional staff were intrigued with possibilities and eager to experiment. No one really knew where it was all headed.

Outside of Lane, other faculty and staff at community colleges around the country were also experimenting with technology in instruction. Annual technology conferences held by the League for Innovation in the Community College provided a national cross-roads where the same spirit of sharing ideas and experiences allowed Lane faculty to pick up on ideas from others and share theirs from Lane. League representatives and faculty and other staff from League-connected colleges also came to our campus to share their ideas and experiences.

During the same time period as the Think Tank, the first modem-based courses were developed and offered by faculty in credit and non-credit areas. The Vice Presidents of Instruction ensured the distribution of PCs to all faculty and other staff offices. The first campus-wide network was installed by Computer Services and the first Internet and e-mail services became available on the desktops of all staff. The first Internet courses were offered to students.

During that period the Strategic Learning Initiative (SLI), a joint faculty-administration project, was established through the faculty union contract, and additional efforts to bring technology into the learning process began. One was the Instructional Technology Initiative (ITI), which worked to establish a faculty-based technology infrastructure to use in instruction. Another was the Faculty-Student-Technology (FST) project, which addressed a variety of ways in which technology could change the way faculty and students interact among each other, and provided opportunities for early online instructors to meet and share concerns and experiences.

Policies regarding distance learning courses were negotiated into the faculty contract. On the administrative side of Lane, Process Redesign and Students First were also leading to extensive computerization of interactions between and among students and college staff. And the first “computer standards” were developed, stating what hardware and

software would be supported by the college, implying that other hardware and software would not be. This occurred in the context of larger trends in the technology industry, where market power was accruing to a fewer number of larger companies like Microsoft, eliminating competitors like WordPerfect and thus reducing variety. The move over time toward a standard online interface (e.g. WebCT or Moodle) is reflective of the same tendency. Within the college, limitations on resources strengthened the argument that “not everything” could be supported. The “necessity” for standardization in Lane’s computer environment was, I think, the harbinger of one of the critical forces that brought an end to the Think Tank.

Highlights of the Think Tank

By the time of the first Think Tank meeting in September 1994, technology was already being brought into the classroom in various departments, and a system of computer labs had been established to provide students with computer tools and learning opportunities.

Some departments, of course, had a technology focus, but across the campus there was interest as well as apprehension about how to approach the capabilities offered by computers. Some faculty wanted to ensure that they didn’t have to use computers in their classes, if they didn’t think they would be useful. But workshops offered by instructional computer lab staff drew intensely interested faculty members. President Moskus had already brought in a consultant from a League for Innovation college to identify ways Lane could move forward with technology.

Early in 1994, in my second year as a part time computer instructor, I wrote a paper called “Technology and Professional Development” and submitted it to President Moskus and the Faculty Professional Development Committee. The co-chairs of FPDC suggested I organize a workshop at the upcoming Fall In-service and form a “Technology and Teaching Think Tank.” So I did. Twenty-seven people signed in, from faculty, instructional support staff, and administration including department chairs and Vice Presidents. We made a list of issues and action items about a mile long, and vowed to continue.

Through the 1994-1995 and 1995-1996 school years, The Think Tank met once a month or so. A typical Think Tank meeting, held at the end of a Friday, might involve a dozen or so faculty members, some instructional support staff, and a few administrators and managers. Everyone was exhausted by the end of the week but found new energy at the Think Tank. The agenda would consist of sharing new developments, some exciting like a new software program, some disappointing, like a delay in following through on a plan. Additionally, several threads of discussion ran through months of meetings. There was hope that a willingness to explore and an open decision-making process would help lead the college into the world of using technology in instruction. In its first year, we:

- Began an inventory of existing instructional technology resources and skills, as they were presently spread somewhat randomly around departments and individuals.
- Began agitating for a physical technology center for experimental development.
- Started discussion of a planning process for instructional technology, along with investigation into plans at other colleges.
- Proposed Technology Priorities to Executive Cabinet, College Council, Faculty Council, Classified Council, the unions, and anyone else who would listen.
- Made plans for the following Fall '95 in-service.

In early 1995, The Office of Instruction announced that \$200,000 was being committed to start an instructional technology center. Also announced was the commitment of curriculum development funds to projects specifically designed to introduce technology into instruction. Several dozen curriculum development projects between 1995 and 1997 were funded across many departments. The Instructional Technology Center opened in June 1995 after equipment was purchased and installed and a part-time instructional technology staff person hired.

In May 1995 a large LCC group (approximately 30) attended a three-day distance learning conference at Chemeketa Community College in Salem. They were way ahead on using the Internet. Many from Lane were excited about the possibilities and afterwards a Modem Courses committee was formed at LCC. Over 16 people attended its first meeting. The first modem-based credit course at Lane was offered a year later.

In June, the Think Tank got involved in the college's planning of how to spend voter-approved Bond funds. The Bond project director attended a Think Tank meeting; a later meeting involved the Bond architects. One result of participating in this planning process was the designation of space in the Building 19 remodel for what became the Experimental Classroom.

Also in June, a new turn occurred when a more formal technology planning process was started by President Moskus. A committee involving Think Tank representatives and the Administration ended up recommending the formation of what became TACT — Technology Advising and Coordinating Team. I'll return to TACT below.

In the Fall of 1995, the Think Tank organized major Faculty In-Service activities. Guest speaker Steve Gilbert of the American Association of Higher Education spoke to 65-70 people on "Technology: What For?" This talk was followed by small group discussions. Workshops were held to discuss technology issues and share what people were doing. Twenty workshop and discussion leaders were on the thank-you list. There was an Open House at the Instructional Technology Center.

In November the Think Tank met with Larry Johnson of the League for Innovation about technology planning. Most of the remaining monthly meetings that second year

focused on getting a good planning mechanism in place. With the increase in curriculum development funds for using technology, more faculty were working on individual projects and would keep each other informed at the Think Tank.

During Fall In-Service of 1996, 38 people signed in to a discussion with the main in-service speaker. The few meetings that year focused on the formation of TACT and support for modern courses. Most energy became focused on making TACT as shared-decision-making oriented as possible, but the charter approved by the administration explicitly re-stated the final authority of administration in all matters.

Fall of 1996 was largely focused on the set up of TACT, and its first meeting was held in February 1997. The energy of some Think Tank activists, including myself, shifted to TACT. Others in the Think Tank thought this was a big mistake. In 1998, the Think Tank met twice, and for the last time. The last recorded meeting was May 15, 1998.

After the Think Tank stopped meeting, TACT conducted a college wide survey on technology issues and priorities, then recommended one-year and five-year priorities. Ultimately it became the entity which made recommendations on the use of funds provided by a new student technology fee. The college hired an information technology executive in the Spring of 2000, and TACT became an advisory committee to his office. In the Fall of 2004, a Technology Council was formed as part of a revision of the college governance system. TACT was officially “retired” as a college committee in the Spring of 2005.

The Strategic Learning Initiative, mentioned above, established the framework for the creation of a new faculty webmaster job description, divided between discipline-based instruction and faculty-wide web-based development. The first was hired in 2000.

From 1998 to 2002, the Faculty-Student-Technology project of the SLI held at least six breakfast meetings to bring together online instructors and support staff to trade ideas and discuss issues of concern in distance learning pedagogy and planning. But aside from that intermittent and not very systematic process, since the late 1990s Lane has not had a center for brainstorming and trading ideas about the use of technology in instruction across departments, disciplines, and functions.

Learning and Organizing

Returning to the dilemma articulated by Weick and Westley, it could be said that from the mid-1990s on, Lane “got organized” about technology. An executive position was created, policies written, advisory committees put in place to make recommendations, equipment made available for course development, a full-time technology trainer hired. The effectiveness of all this would require a collective assessment involving many people that is far beyond the scope of this essay. But I think it is fair to observe that this process of “getting organized” did involve a fair amount of forgetting and reducing variety, as Weick and Westley suggest.

The Technology Think Tank flourished for a time because it involved the opposite – learning and increasing variety — thus acting as a “disorganizing” force. People wanted to learn how to use this new capability. They wanted to use it as it seemed to best fit their needs in their discipline. Different faculty members wanted to do different things in their different disciplines and required varying degrees of support and training to make them happen. Multiple approaches emerged for how to create web page interfaces on the Internet between instructors and students.

At the same time, Think Tank participants had to confront the reality that nothing substantial could happen unless there was coherent decision-making, coordination, and planning, as well as the allocation of funds. In other words, Lane had to “get organized” about technology. Intense debate took place about how much the Think Tank should emphasize negotiation and enter into formal decision making processes and how much it should emphasize its role as a forum for exchange, experimentation, and development. Maybe to oversimplify, should it engage in “learning” or “organizing”?

What can we speculate about the more or less self-dissolving of the Think Tank that occurred in its later two years? Certainly the formation of TACT had a diluting or diverting effect on available energy. But I think the more overwhelming force may have been the incessant drive toward standardization that has characterized the larger technology industry and which any institution is hard pressed to resist. It may ultimately prove to be the case that open source tools and so on provide an escape hatch from this drive. But one clear trend at Lane during the past 15 years has been toward standardization. This had its roots in constraints imposed by limited resources as well as the evolution of technology.

Elements of this standardization include the adoption of single e-mail system (first BeyondMail, then Groupwise), the adoption of MS Office and the ultimate elimination of WordPerfect, and the tussles between faculty and Computer Services over faculty-controlled servers and “non-standard” web development. The student interface has been standardized (first WebCT, now Moodle). And during this process of standardization, development and experimentation have become more a matter of training, which is a different type of learning. Coupled with the fact that the use of technology has become a little more “routine,” perhaps the need for exchange of ideas decreased.

Or perhaps in every cycle of innovation there is a dynamic in which the “early adopters” generate a burst of self-reinforcing energy that ultimately dissipates as the innovation becomes the mainstream. That’s an interesting avenue to explore.

But I think there’s a deeper lesson or two we can learn from the Think Tank.

One concerns the question of why variation is so important in an organization. This is a critical question that is worthy of, and has received, a lot of consideration. A short answer might be because variation is the ultimate agent of change, all the way from the origin of

species to the evolution of organizations. This is why I would personally argue that any entity like the Think Tank that can emerge in any organizational framework should be valued. There is a lot to think about there.

The second thing I learn from the history of the Think Tank has to do with the critical value of cross-organizational communication. The Think Tank tried to find its footing on the shifting sands of innumerable contradictions. These contradictions, I believe, are highly exacerbated by issues involving technology to begin with. We had “Technology is Great” vs. “Yes, But What For?” going on. We had Centralization vs. Decentralization going on. We had Top-down vs. Bottom-Up. We had Grassroots vs. Halls of Power. We had “We All Have the Same Interests” vs. “No We Don’t.” No matter how well or poorly we ultimately negotiated these shifting sands. I believe that the Think Tank was a learning experience. Not just about this technology or that, but also about how we might both “organize” and “learn.”

I’ll end by returning to Weick and Westley.

At the primary level, then, all learning occurs through social interaction. Language is both the tool and the repository of learning. It is the critical tool for reflection at both the interpersonal and intrapersonal levels. And language is a social phenomenon.

Stated differently, learning is embedded in relationships or relating. By this we mean that learning is not an inherent property of an individual or of an organization, but rather resides in the quality and the nature of the relationship between levels of consciousness within the individual, between individuals, and between the organization and the environment. This learning at the individual level (intrapersonal) and at the organizational level (interpersonal or inter-organizational) evolves through a continual process of mutual adjustment. (446, emphasis added)

In the Think Tank there was a high degree of relating and communicating. It crossed lines of department and function. It was an arena for mutual adjustment. The loss of that dynamic might be worse than the loss of variation in software. What other ways might we pro-actively create high quality channels of relating and communicating? Can we “get organized” to promote that? Participation really does take organization and planning.



Changing Decision-making at Lane Community College: Ten Years Ago, Ten Years Hence

Margaret Bayless

During thirty-five years of teaching, my central concern has been to engage with colleagues as we make collective decisions that foster quality education. I understood early in my career, as early as 1971 when I was teaching high school in Baker, Oregon, that the state, the community, the school as an institution, administrators, teaching colleagues, and support staff create a system — an educational infrastructure — which, at its best, provides a positive learning environment for students and a positive working environment for employees. When non-instructors challenged the faculty's expertise, their challenge created roadblocks that my colleagues and I had to maneuver around as we balanced mandated work on outcomes to meet state requirements, negotiated disciplinary goals with a new vice principal, met with frustrated parents, graded 130 English essays every week, and took turns at dance, game, hall, and bathroom patrol duties. At Baker, despite daunting challenges, administration's respect for teachers' expertise was critical to our success.

Now, near the end of my career, I find myself reflecting on how our decision-making system has fared at Lane these last ten years and what it might be like in the next ten years. I feel extraordinarily fortunate to have been at Lane during the years when we created the most positive systemic changes in instruction that I have experienced in my career. The Strategic Learning Initiative (SLI) was a collectively bargained, and therefore binding, agreement that created a faculty-led partnership with administration to enact system-wide changes, including the redesign of technological support for instruction and the implementation of interdisciplinary class offerings, among other valuable innovations. One of my favorite memories of SLI's beginning is a meeting the SLI Leadership Team held to discuss learning communities linking two or more classes across disciplines. We expected thirty participants. Instead, over two hundred faculty held a lively discussion of possible learning communities, a number of them realized in the next five years. In 2002 or 2003, during Fall In-Service, the SLI leadership organized 300+ faculty members into discussions with each other about subject-centered curriculum, which we planned as a central means to promote interdisciplinary projects in technology, scheduling, learning communities and beyond. Large tables of faculty members from different disciplines talked with each other about what they taught and why, which countered the national student-centered dialogue that some administration at Lane and at other colleges were using to critique the uniqueness and centrality of faculty expertise needed to achieve the central mission of the

College. (This critique involved labeling everyone who worked at the College as an educator). The in-depth exchanges and level of respect we developed across disciplines that day was truly remarkable.

After such early successes, each time the SLI charter was renewed by the union and administration, each time we discussed with classified leadership the possibilities of a classified SLI, each time we attended national conferences to spread the word of our successful collaboration between faculty and administration, I thought Lane would be able to sustain this system of instructional innovation. We had created a new framework to replace the benevolent hierarchical model that existed at Lane from its inception in the 1960s. We recognized that there would always be healthy tensions within SLI, but for some time a substantial contingent of faculty and administrators successfully worked out agreements that supported innovation.

However, in recent years, those early successes have been undermined. Learning communities still exist, but they struggle to survive and grow without a faculty-led, interdisciplinary support system anchored in the faculty contract. New innovations are slow in developing, without the energy and excitement that fueled those early years of SLI.

The reassertion of hierarchical decision-making has weakened college-wide instructional redesign at Lane. Faculty collaboration has been replaced by faculty “input” collected through unit plans, a bureaucratic framework designed and evaluated by administrators. We discuss the pressing need to hire more full-time faculty, but we cannot even address this need in unit plans. Meanwhile, the guarantee that the College fill current vacant positions is being bargained away by union leadership. The full faculty has not been involved in setting the framework for discussions, nor is it involved in making final decisions. This input model undercuts faculty expertise and department decision-making — the proven means of maintaining program quality. It’s a model that reduces faculty’s role to passive allegiance or indifference to elected union officials and ineffective complaints about administrative decisions.

Economic hardships and uncertainties do not diminish, but indeed augment the need for faculty engagement in institutional decision-making. Ten years from now there will still be economic and social tensions to contend with in public education. Those tensions will require faculty instructional expertise to resolve if we are to maintain a quality education for students. When I came to Baker in 1971 with other new teachers, a teachers’ strike had failed the year before, the local mill had closed down, and illegal drugs were rife among the high school students. Senior faculty could have perceived a cadre of new teachers as a threat. But instead we formed a supportive community of colleagues, making decisions together about how best to support each other’s teaching. I believe our success was based

on administrative and union leadership respect for faculty expertise, fresh as it was, and knowledge that the institution would not function successfully without our vision.

That same level of respect for faculty expertise has been deeply eroded at Lane even though it is crucial to the central mission of the College, particularly when we face a dramatic drop in the number of full-time faculty similar to the one that happened around the time of SLI's birth. While SLI addressed the need for instructional redesign, Lane's hiring practices were addressed by the Future Faculty Task Force, which was made up entirely of faculty and supported by then President Jerry Moskus. They published the *Future Faculty Task Force Report*, Fall 1995, with recommendations, some enacted and still in place as policy, that enabled faculty to conduct national searches and make the most informed choices of who would be our future colleagues and how many we needed to sustain our programs. Other recommendations, such as establishing faculty-hiring guides to shepherd the hiring process in departments, were agreed to in principle though never enacted.

Contrast this history of collaborative policy setting to a recent event in which faculty and deans had only a few minutes to argue for the necessity of more full-time faculty, while caught in an information vacuum about the final decisions. Not surprisingly, the eventual decision was inadequate.

In the English Department, our full-time ranks continue to fall while part-time numbers have risen dramatically. Over 70% of the composition classes taught at Lane are now taught by part-time instructors, many of whom teach at other colleges to try and earn a living wage. One colleague who shares an office near mine is teaching SIX composition courses this term — three at Lane and three elsewhere. He is not the exception but the rule. The resulting lack of equity and energy make it difficult to maintain a quality program and a dynamic department culture. Yet the administration supports and promotes this corrupted system and can claim faculty participation because they meet with union leadership in bargaining and include a few faculty on governance committees. For shared governance to work, much broader, more meaningful faculty involvement must be sustained over time.

In 2002-03, the union leadership proposed consolidating as many part-time positions as possible to create a substantially full-time faculty. The administration agreed in principle to this with some clear support from the Board of Education. But since that time Lane has moved in the opposite direction.

Tensions will always exist between faculty and administration. The union and joint committees can play a crucial role in mediating those tensions, but only within a culture of collaborative change, an environment where faculty expertise is respected and faculty are directly involved in decisions that affect instruction. As long as Lane's governance follows a model of benevolent hierarchy, perpetuated by the rhetoric and practice of limited faculty

input in decision-making, faculty in the next ten years cannot be assured its passion and dedication will be enough to sustain Lane's reputation as an innovative, instruction-centered college. Yes, we need to acknowledge the hard work that our elected and appointed representatives do and the useful support we receive from administrators. But the kinds of dramatic success we experienced in the Strategic Learning Initiative will not return unless a fully functioning union of faculty recognizes that its collective intelligence and passion can, once again, make Lane an exciting place where we do our best work together.

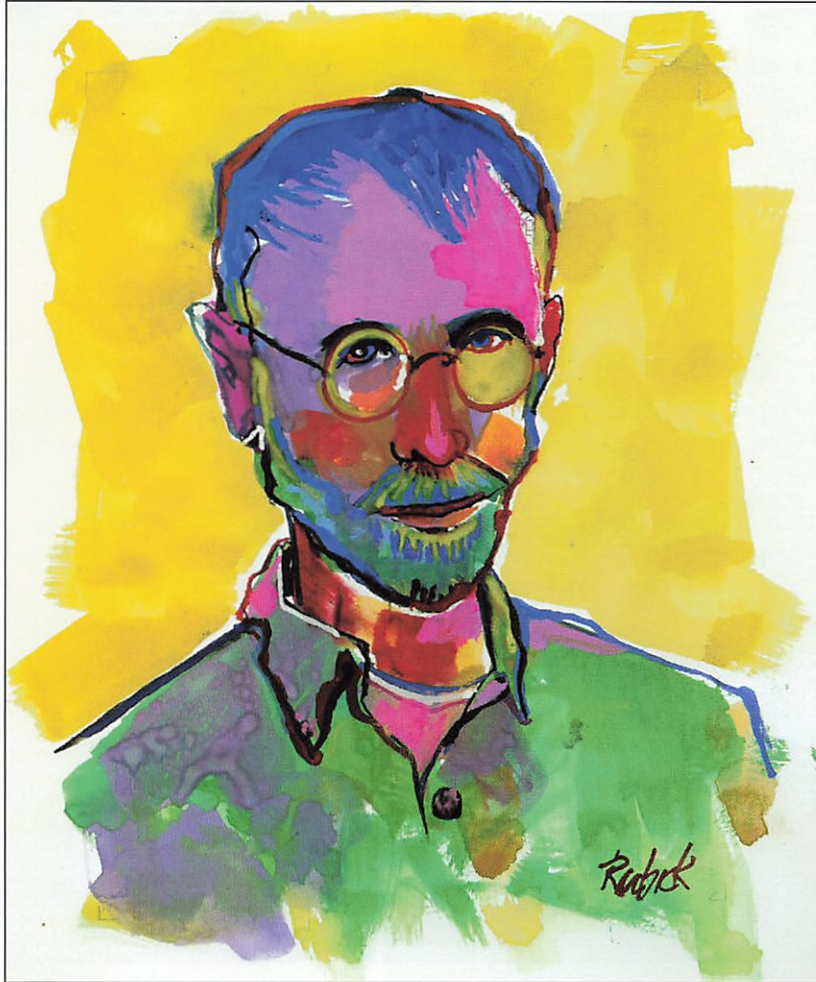
ART



There are more valid facts and details in works of art
than there are in history books.

Charlie Chaplin

Self Portrait



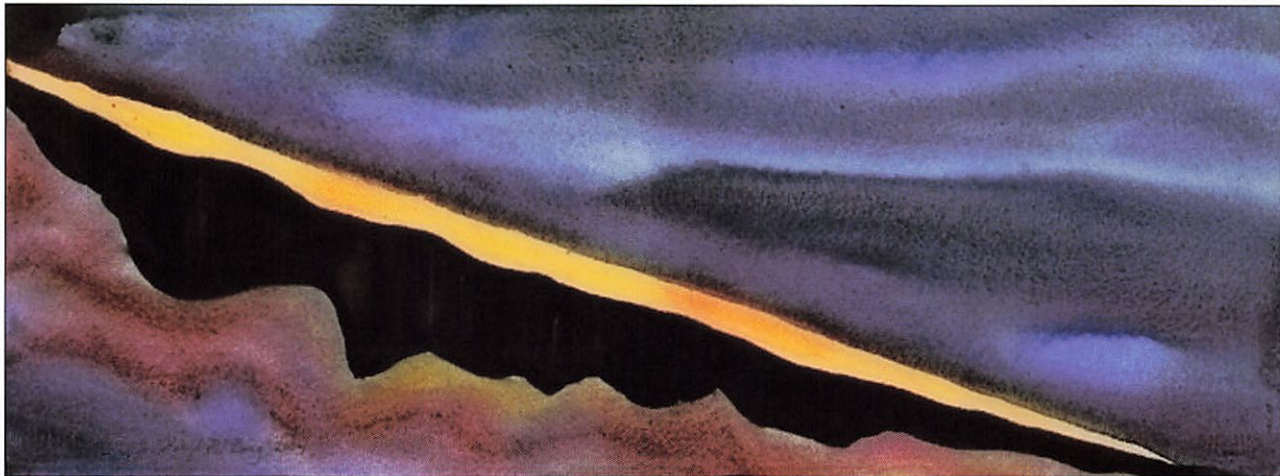
Thomas Rubick
watercolor • 6" x 8"

Shadow Map 2



Kathleen Capario
watercolor, graphite on rag paper • 22" x 30"

Basalt Columns

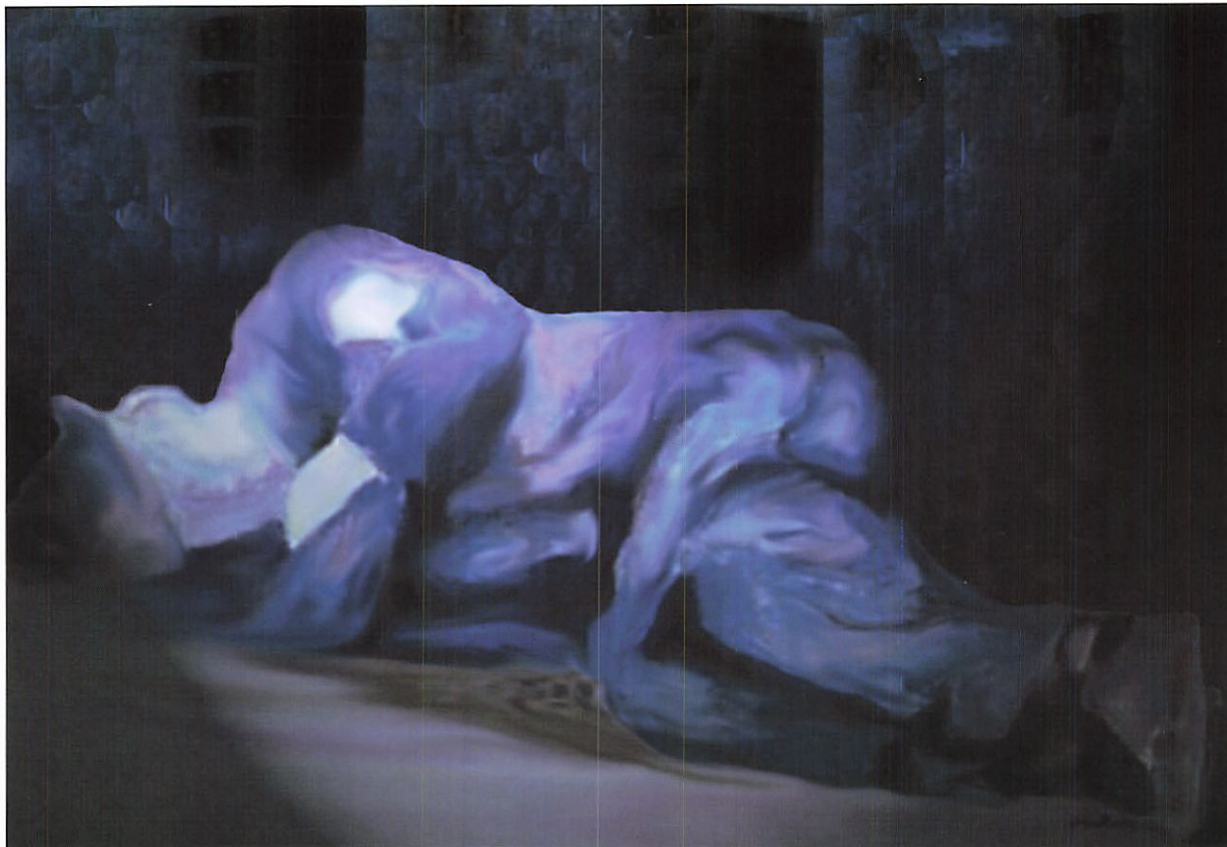


Cheryl Renée Long

watercolor • 10" x 30"

see Sandy Jensen's poem on page 58

Blue Man



Kristen Murphy

acrylic on canvas • 36" x 48"

When Geese Fly Home



Kristen Murphy
composite digital art

Salvataggio



Jerry Ross
oil • 14" x 12"

Riomaggiore



Jerry Ross
oil • 48" x 36"

Prelude



Michael Brinkerhoff

digital photograph of Bonnie Simoa

POETRY



Poetry is finer and more philosophical than history;
for poetry expresses the universal, and history only
the particular.

Aristotle



Continuum

Bonnie Simoa

You are here,
 this is your body.

Alabaster light
Bring the bull with you
Soft Belly
Spreading your palm

Reaching to feel this place
 touch,
 mouth
 much

A glow, a shimmer
a spark, a flush
I fold and
fold again and again

Pieces of my memory
 locked in time
fall from the fabric
and become my bed

Last night
I slept with the beast
its pelt damp from the winter
 rain
Musky sweet breath
he rumbled as he heaved
sighs of consolation
 and shared grief

Nestled in the curve
of his belly,
Draped beneath his
 haunches,

I dissolve into his forest floor

And wake smelling of cedar.

Basalt Columns

(after the painting by Cheryl Renée Long)

Sandy Jensen

At sunset after a rain, cloud cover may move away to the north, and between the vertical black mass of the basalt columns and the high horizon's edge, a slashed wedge of light cracks open the world. If you live here, if you were born here, or if this place is essential to your soul, the slash of molten gold between the butte and storm cloud where sun burns in a blinding instant through, that is your source image, the truest wedge of gold in the world: it means all the West to you — your intuition of distance, your sense of self in the bulk of shadowed stone, your imagination in that primal slash of light, your hearing never sharper than when listening for wind through fox-tail grass. The light is for no more than five minutes — grass on top of the butte melted to sunset fire, the dropping of the sun, the way wind lifts scent of wet sage, then stars come out an impossible distance away. Yet near. We know we cannot know them, yet we do. Closer, coyotes yip yip across sagebrush plain — you can hear new young ones trying their voices in the chorus with older singers. Farther away, so far you wonder if they are climbing up the backside of the basalt column butte to view the stars from the top, wild horses whicker and blow in darkness.

The Magic Hour

Dan Armstrong

In Memory of Nadine Mitchell

In filmmaking, the “magic hour” refers to the last hour of available daylight for shooting outside: after the sun goes down but before darkness. People and spaces photographed then are bathed in light but cast no shadows, creating soft, ethereal images.

You walked
in the half-light
of the emptied theater

too slowly,
making your way
toward the exit
down the long concrete steps

after I'd awakened you
softly
once again
from your noisy snores,

the time before
half way through the movie,
worried you'd disturb the other students.

Upon waking again,
you thought it was
some other movie
than the one we'd seen,
I can't remember which,
but I knew something was very wrong.

The deep, deep sleep
from which you'd risen,
confused as to where you were
and what you'd seen,
was another sleep than I had known.

We watched you,
the projectionist and I,
hobble down the steps,

laboring under your
elephantine weight,

each concrete step
an effort of a sort
beyond your weight or age,

telling me
if I had understood
why we watched

holding our breath
so as not to send you headlong
down those steps,

telling me
if I had understood
that you weren't to be with us
for very much longer.

Oh yes, there had been signs
but I could not read them right
or care enough

beyond my own self cares,
not so small,
but not as great as yours.

Sunset Boulevard, it was,
you'd slept through.
But you followed it so fitfully

in your intermittent,
heavy sleep
and troubled snores

that upon waking
you kept insisting
the title of some other film,
I don't remember which,
except it was all wrong

and meant
you were not well,
even more than I had known.

I see now
that you were already
on the swollen river,

heavy with dreams of another sort
than the ones you used to dream.

Blinded by my own small worries,
I watched you hobble the steps
downward

and wondered at your
struggle to remember
the movie that you'd seen,

descending in the magic hour
of your own twilight film

as you walked through the exit
into a shot without shadows

on a boulevard of broken dreams.

Birthday Visitations

Dan Armstrong

For Julie and Johnny

The giant plug having been pulled,
most of the water is drained from the pond,
and the overheated air above it

no longer sings with the ragged flight
of dragonflies and damselflies,
a quiet, empty air now, but only two weeks before

moist and thick with King Skimmers
looking as prehistoric as their oversized ancestors,
who ruled the air above the waters before the dinosaurs.

Gathered on the covered porch overlooking the pond
to celebrate Julie's 40th birthday,
we watch with a catch in our collective breath

at what Johnny has directed our attention to:
a crouching bobcat, prowling the near bank of the pond,
then the edge of the garden, looking for a mouse perhaps,

something to fill the belly before the long night ahead,
the cat seeming, though, to all of us,
a spectral birthday guest, uninvited, sent as gift and sign.

Beautiful faces turn to smile and laugh,
glasses are raised in toast,
cards are opened and read,

and happy, sparkling talk breaks in the evening air
like bubbles from the champagne of a thousand Julys.
This much is clear: our love for Julie has bonded us together.

But the bobcat has spoken in a strange, silent tongue
that must be deciphered, must be understood,
a voice calling from the wilderness, or perhaps

from what is left of the wildness within us,
the feral places of the heart and the cold, reptile brain
at the back and under, where primal memories prowl.

Later, once again our band of birthday revelers expands,
this time, three young bucks, standing in a ragged circle
atop the hill facing the side of the porch, looking down at us.

And once again Johnny has served from his place
at the head of the table as host and sentinel, calling on us
to attend to an unseen presence in our midst, of wildness.

Rugged racks of antlers pierce the pale blue sky,
rearranging everything on the hillside: trees, brush and rock.
And in our hearts too, now beating in a quiet fever of desire.

Shock and Awe

Leslie Rubinstein

Look:
it's a sin
to misuse words.

Usurping symbols
to breed sheep
deserves the red pen.

Granted,
I teach grammar,
but this is
sacrilege
for you, too.

The first drop
of blood
between
a young girl's legs;
the drop
of salty water
from her mother's
eye.

Do you know
what it is
to open your womb,
to grow a girl
until this moment
of disbelief:
this child,
a woman, too?

That was not shock:
bombs bursting
in hair
gave proof that children
were bleeding,
again.

Not awe:
flare-up of
mindless muscle mass.

No, shock is
a mother struck
by time;

awe is reserved
for creation's fruit,
dawning in a driplet of red.

Now you know.
That is not the way
to use words.

Symbols are the mind's progeny,
not the other way
around.

And I've been thinking:
maybe death control
pills
would improve
your writing.

Long House meets Health and Wellness Building

Brian Kelly

Hello
I guess
we will be
looking at each
other for a little while

What goes on inside you

What goes on inside you is healing

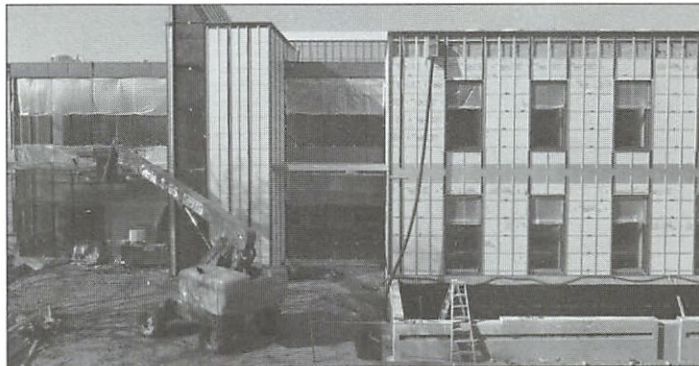
What goes on inside you is kindness

What goes on inside you inspires

What goes on inside you is loud and quiet and shy and brave

I think we will be friends

Health and Wellness



Longhouse



Photos by Russell H. Shitabata

**NOTES FROM CAMPUS:
10 YEARS**



**What experience and history teach is this — that people
and government never have learned anything from history,
nor acted on principles deduced from it.**

Georg Hegel

D-Team Ten Years Ago

Anne McGrail

Soon after I first arrived on campus in 1998, I quickly found out about and joined the Diversity Team, a collection of campus advocates for diversity. While the “D-Team” had the support of the president, membership was voluntary and for the most part based on enthusiasm and commitment — and, in some cases, outrage at the status quo. (This outrage was somewhat tempered by a sense of both hope and urgency surrounding all issues of diversity.)

Two goals of the “D-Team” stand out for me now, ten years later: one was the need for a Longhouse. Several D-Team advocates insisted that a Longhouse was essential, and while we all agreed, the actual *building* of it seemed almost a dream. That early insistence, combined with the abiding commitment and enduring work of champions from within and outside the Native American community, resulted in the building we now see every time we drive up to Lane or home from Lane.

A second goal among D-Team members was a fervent desire to become more fully integrated into the college administrative infrastructure. Like the Longhouse, this too eventually was realized, in the form of the “Diversity Council” and a “Chief Diversity Officer.” While I’m moved by the realization of the dream of the Longhouse, I have to admit I’m still a little wistful for the fervency and engagement of the old D-Team and its band of (not so) merry volunteers.

The Road Taken

Pam Dane

The Road Taken: Lane's last ten years.

**Lane provides quality learning experiences
in a caring community.**

Spice Docs.

New job. New friends.

Terrific students.

So much to do. so little time.

Reading. Writing. Talking. Grading. Committees.

Diversity work.

On line classes

Potlucks. Parties.

Parker Palmer

Transforming Lives through Learning

Transformation. Charters. Business model. Students as customers.

Strategic Learning Initiative.

Faculty connections,

The Moment,

Learning communities,

Afro Blue, Voices and Visions,

Service learning,

Reading together.

Shared governance.

Copia Lectures

Native American Language.

L Numbers.

Diversity Forums.

Teaching forums.

New hires.

The Bond

Think, Plan, Do.

Technology,

Web CT,

Faster computers,
 new hires,
 cell phones,
 no texting,
 no wifi.
 Accreditation.
 Moodle.
 Quality Matters.
 Governance by council.
 Budget cuts.

Change Happens!

Cutbacks,
isolation,
lost jobs,
loss of pay
lost classes.
Unit plans.
Assessment.
Texting.
Googling.
Wifi.

Achieving Dreams:

Dreams of a fulltime faculty,
 of transforming lives through learning,
 of full funding and appreciation of our work.
 And finally the hope of coming full circle
 providing quality learning experiences in a caring
 community.
Spice Docs

Ten Years Ago, Ten Years Hence

Sonja Mae

Over the past ten years I have watched sustainability become a buzz word. I have watched the dialogue transition from the hippies, to the coffee shop intellectuals, to the yuppies, to the local business owner, to the corporate CEO, into our schools and now the government is talking about it. Naturally, this very important and controversial topic is evolving. The dialogue is growing and its concepts are becoming more and more accessible to anyone that wants to know more about it. As a teacher of sustainability I believe that everything relates to sustainability in some way. I recently had some students challenge me to describe to them how meditation and homework related to sustainability. Luckily, I was able to pacify them with the answers I presented. Also, as a sustainability teacher, I am interested in how every teacher can infuse sustainability into their curriculum. How do we keep sustainability evolving, accessible and priority in the dialogue?

I once had a mentor that taught me about “modeling sustainability.” I didn’t quite get what she was saying. I kept imagining some type of tactile collage hanging from the classroom ceiling with pretty pictures and quotes that related to sustainability. I later realized that not only was she trying to teach students about the hard skills, empirical knowledge and philosophies of sustainability, but she was demonstrating sustainability in the way that she spoke, shared information and in the way that she treated each individual student. Her model was antithetical to what I had experienced as an adolescent and as a young adult.

In 1997, I graduated from Caprock High School in Amarillo, Texas. Like many education institutions, students mostly sat isolated in individual desks prohibited to speak, eat, drink, slouch or chew gum. We were expected to make a public announcement that we needed to relieve ourselves in the restroom by way of raising our hands and requesting to meet a basic human need only to be denied at times. Teachers were able to inflict “kids” with institutional power and learning was a hierarchical process. Teachers told students what to learn, how to learn it and then how to test for it. Teachers were also viewed as the sacred keepers of information and ways of learning. It was thought that it was almost impossible that any student could demonstrate such levels of knowledge or learning. Other than teaching, K-12 schools must support the learning process of students with behavior management. If a student is misbehaving, most likely, they are not learning. Like many students I would misbehave by skipping class from time to time. My punishment for skipping out on one hour of learning from time to time was one to three swats via wooden board, facilitated by my 6’2” male principal. I would bend over the office chair and hold

my breath until it was over. It is amazing to think that only 13 years ago I experienced what is now considered illegal in most places.

Like many others, I believed that there had to be a better way of gaining knowledge and supporting positive personal growth in an evolving society. Embodied in that mindset, I grew into my early 20s, envisioning not only a better way to learn, but better subjects to learn about and a better way to live. I became interested in a vague concept called “sustainability.” I read books like “Five Acres and a Homestead” and “How to Live Without a Salary.” I romanticized about churning butter and birthing goats. My personal philosophy of sustainability was developed around the concept of self-sufficient living and decreased environmental impact even though the former and the latter topics can be considered an oxy-moron when used in conjunction with each other. Regardless, I wanted to be a better person, but ten years ago, access to education on how to be more sustainable was not easily available. Getting this type of education would have required me to clear out most of my humble savings account, move to another country and work for free, which I could not afford. As years passed, I always maintained my drive to find out more about sustainability. ten years later not only do I know more about sustainability, I have a lifestyle that embodies the philosophies of sustainability, I have a degree in sustainability and I teach about sustainability.

As my mentor taught me, I currently try my best to model sustainability in the classroom. I have been seeing more and more people and institutions buying into this concept. So, what does it mean to model sustainability? Well, to begin, a fundamental aspect of modeling sustainability is the relationship that changes between the student and the teacher. By modeling sustainability, teachers don’t impose arbitrary or perceived power onto students. Knowledge is not hierarchical. Not only do the teachers teach, but students also teach. They teach each other and they teach the teacher. Teachers more commonly are demonstrating humility and respect for the knowledge that students encompass. The irony in this method is that sometimes, the students don’t buy into it! You would think that all the students would pack their bags and jump on the train, but just like many teachers, students still also believe that knowledge is hierarchical. It is easy and familiar for students to be told what to think and how to think it. In many cases, students that are stuck in this old paradigm will perceive the teacher as flaky or unknowledgeable. My method of dealing with this issue is to address students in the beginning of the term on what I call the “classroom process.” The most important “classroom process” that I try to instill is that students have great power in their current state of knowledge. An important role in my class is to ask the right questions so that students are able to tap their knowledge and apply to present day issues. There is no need to punish students for what they didn’t learn one day and

there is no need to deprive students of daily comforts that may allow them to learn more easily. There is a greater need to make sustainability education more accessible in every classroom and there is a greater need to horizontal learning in the classroom.

The trend for sustainability is that it keeps growing in priority. It is becoming more accessible and it is growing in demand. In ten more years, I know that we will be seeing more of sustainability, not just in the way that we save energy, but also in the way that we treat each other and the attitudes that we bear.

Ten Years Ago, Ten Years Ahead

Alice Lamoreaux



If you work somewhere long enough, things become a blur. I have worked at Lane for over 30 years and the majority of that time has all been spent in one building: The Downtown Center. I began teaching at Lane before the current building existed. When I started, our classrooms were located on the second floor of a building that no longer exists. I remember how exciting it was to when we found out Lane had just gotten the old Wards building, and it would become our future home. My classroom space was an open area off of 11th St. with large windows that had once held finely dressed manikins. The space had no closure to it, just a large open area for students to gather. We had comfortable lounge chairs and couches for students to sit on or big tables around which they could gather. There were no walls so we had freestanding dividers or tall bookcases to divide spaces. The streets of downtown were filled with returning war vets from Vietnam; many of whom were stuck in anger and shouted from the street corners. I remember having two students argue in my classroom over which one of them really was John the Baptist. I had a homeless student who used to come to my night class with a big knife, which he put in my desk drawer upon arrival, and somehow that wasn't scary.

And then came the remodel. I don't remember when exactly that was either, but I do remember having to move out of the building at the end of Spring Term, teach once again on the second floor of a downtown area building, and then have to move back into the newly remodeled building before classes started in September. We didn't get any excused time from the regular in-service activities. It was like nobody really understood what had happened. Somehow we managed. I think there may still be some unpacked boxes from that move lingering around. With that remodel we ended up with the space we have today. I still have windows facing 11th St. but the open spaces have been closed in and divided. Once again, the building felt so special, and so much nicer than before. An "Open House" was held and the building was celebrated.

Over the past several years, I have heard many people comment on the condition of the current Downtown Center. Most of the comments have been unfavorable. The building has become old and frustrating on many levels. Year before last, we had no heat for several weeks at the end of Fall Term and students tried to wear enough clothes to stay warm, but fingers can't write when the conditions get too cold and student attendance faltered. Fortunately, the problem was fixed before we returned for Winter Term. So far this year, the heater is working. But the building remains a special place despite its wear and tear.

It remains a thriving part of the downtown area full of energy and eager students ready to remodel their own lives.

And now it seems in the next ten years we will have a new building to look forward to. The prospect is exciting. The Downtown Center will have a chance to improve the overall quality of the downtown area and in a way give back to the community that has supported it all these years. I plan to stay around long enough to make another move. Experience has taught me what moving in and out of your working environment means, so over the next few years, while we wait for the new building, I will be reducing the load of things to pack and unpack once we get there. I hope there will be large windows waiting once again and maybe some comfortable couches as well.

Sim-Manager:

A Modest Proposal for Institutional Redesign in the Community College

Delivered to Lane's Board of Education, March 3, 2020

Ken Zimmerman

Introduction:

In light of the current financial difficulties at our fine institution, we would like to propose a simple, and, I must add in all humbleness, ingenious response. Our research team has located an ideal out-sourcing solution to the unsustainable cost of administering the college, and we are here recommending it in all seriousness to the Board.

Sim-Manager is a programmable, mobile, anthropoid unit capable of fulfilling many, if not all, of the needed management functions, but at a significantly reduced cost in the long term. While there is a considerable investment initially, within a short time frame Sim-Manager begins to offer a significant ROI in comparison to the rising costs of human managers. This proposal does not suggest that all managers can at this time be replaced by Sim-Managers. But careful modularization of management functions could allow widespread use of Sim-Manager, saving the college money without harming student learning or, more importantly, reducing FTE.

Description:

Here are some of the features of this portal into the technology future of educational institutions — what we now like to call “ed-businesses” or even “e-biz” for short.

Sim-Manager has servo-motor functionality in both head and arms, allowing it to deliver a variety of facial expressions and gestures including smiles, frowns, head nodding as though listening carefully, and the patent-pending “Lost in Deep Thought.” And Sim-Manager can shake hands with an adjustable firmness allowing up to five pre-programmed settings. These capabilities satisfy most committee requirements, while the programmable vocal response function allows realistic and situationally-appropriate interaction.

These response phrases can always be updated via Bluetooth interface, so that, for example, an old-fashioned response like “Yes, we must enrich the teaching and learning environment” can be changed to “Now we must facilitate content delivery and student/media interaction.” In fact, Sim-Manager updates its responses far more readily than human managers. In some instances, Sim-Manager has even functioned in conference settings using this realistic speech technology.

In terms of faculty evaluation, our tests have shown that the awkwardness in the classroom caused by Sim-Manager's manikin-like presence is no greater than that caused by a human evaluator taking notes, while the recordings made by Sim-Manager of the class are much more accurate. The follow-up sessions also tend to go well — as faculty generally have no problems talking to themselves for the required time period.

This 3.3 version of Sim-Manager comes in both male and female models; we recommend purchasing appropriate proportions to satisfy State and Federal guidelines.

Conclusion:

Assessments show an increase in managerial efficiencies using a 67% distribution of Sim-Managers, and the cost savings can be in the millions per year. No drop in institutional effectiveness was recorded in our study.

Clearly, our success over the last two decades in replacing human-to-human instruction with computer-mediated content delivery has demonstrated the cost savings possible using technology to replace people in education. Just as students no longer need instructors to assist in their learning, the organization itself no longer needs human managers in order to function effectively. As we replace instructors with electronic instructional content delivery systems, we can also replace managers with simulated response robots. Such a move would facilitate the college's necessary long-term shift to a more fully part-time managerial pool, and away from less cost-efficient, full-time positions in administration. Some might object that these changes would be difficult for the people in those administrative positions partially or fully replaced by Sim-Managers. But such concerns are not really the issue of the institution. And part-time administrators will likely be able to find other part-time work at nearby colleges to reduce the impact on their lives and broaden their range of experience.

The possibilities for this new technology are literally endless, and the potential cost savings enormous. Perhaps we can even imagine, as the technology advances, the ultimate application, SIM-PRESIDENT, leading our college into a brilliant future.

This committee, by consensus, recommends wide adoption of this exciting new technology — Sim-Manager — and quickly, before the next one comes along.

WORKS IN PROGRESS



In history you have a record of the infinite variety of human experience plainly set out for all to see; and in that record you can find for yourself and your country both examples and warnings.

Livy

Creating the Great Decade Ahead, Looking Back for Clues

Dennis Gilbert

“The Glory Years”

“The glory years,” that’s how Beth Naylor described Lane Community College a decade or so ago in contrast to its relatively sorry state today. While there are still plenty of good experiences to be had, Beth’s comparative description also fits the impressions of longer term classified employees, a number of whom have commented that morale is at the lowest point in over two decades.

The late ’90s was a time when faculty positions were being filled across the college, and colleagues with good job offers elsewhere were choosing Lane based on Lane’s faculty-led partnership to systemically improve learning, the Strategic Learning Initiative. Top-down management was being restructured; and the faculty as a whole was taking on new ownership and responsibilities for strategic decision-making. Real change was happening that positively touched teaching technology, pedagogy and curriculum, learning by our students, and our professional lives. It was an exciting time. Lane was one of twelve colleges in the Vanguard Learning College Project. During one of the yearly conferences of the twelve, one administrator confided to a Lane Vice President, that instead of merely going through the motions, Lane seemed to be actually transforming itself. It was.

This actual faculty empowerment stands in sharp contrast to the situation today, which was summed up by colleague Francis Gray, before she left a few years ago. She shared her observation at a Language, Literature and Communication division meeting that respect for the faculty at LCC was the lowest by far that she had experienced at the five colleges where she taught before coming to Lane. And last year at the Faculty Council, faculty colleagues, who were in discussions with administrators on the future of innovation of instruction, reported that the administration was now opposed to the idea of innovation in instruction being explicitly faculty-led.

My experience over 17 years at Lane is that bureaucratic stagnation, financial crisis year after year, and opposition to faculty leadership, is, in fact, nothing new at Lane, but was successfully confronted in the years leading up to and during Lane’s “glory years,” and led to this great burst of progress. Thus, if we aspire to having much better years to come, it is worth considering how these glory years were created and then declined. As a key participant in this period, I will outline what I consider to be important dynamics. My view is that, while individuals do play important roles, as I had the privilege of doing, in charting a strategy for a better future, one should look at the underlying large-scale dynamics. These

“glory years” contain an important experiment from which much can be learned. It was a time of positive experiences and achievements that can be built upon. And it was a time of venturing into new territory of empowerment, which provides valuable information about what is required to move forward in the future.

Lane moved to a threshold of fundamental change, and then fell back. But that retreat also provides valuable insights into choices that can be re-examined, the consequences of the presence or absence of particular institutional resources that can be taken into account, and the tactics and behaviors of institutional structures that can be better understood to create successful strategies and tactics for moving forward. One observation of the rise and decline of these glory years is that it took place in less than a decade. This, I think, provides reason for optimism that the college can improve quickly, especially if we faculty and classified staff members learn from our history.

Jerry Moskus and the Call for Restructuring

Systemic change involves many parts of an institution and its roots extend far back in time and beyond the institution. Thus, it is always an approximation and a compromise to begin at a particular time and neglect the players and dynamics that brought about this moment. With this apology and acknowledgement, to set the stage for the many threads of forward motion, I will start with Lane’s selection twenty years ago of a new president, Jerry Moskus, in March 1990, following the appointment of an interim president in July 1988. Accounts of colleagues and campus publications at the time herald the Moskus presidency as the one that would be bringing in an era of shared governance, which had been starkly missing up to this point. Accounts by Moskus and education reformer Terry O’Banion with the League for Innovation in the Community College have described the situation when Moskus arrived. Moskus recalled that Lane was an entrenched bureaucracy far beyond anything he had expected. O’Banion gave a comparable account, though obviously from afar.

In January of 1991, the College Council, after some deliberation, recommended principles of shared decision-making that envisioned participation by all stakeholders, sharing of relevant information, timely decisions, the right to know how specific ideas and concerns were addressed, and the making of decisions at the appropriate level. The document, though, did not provide guidance about how the appropriate level was to be determined. This lack of specific direction, in hindsight, is its clear weakness and also probably an accurate reflection that elegant but general talk was about how far Lane was willing to move on its own at this time. And there was no plan of action!

Despite a number of small steps forward, Lane continued to show itself to be impervious to deep change. Thus, Moskus, four years after he arrived as president, in May 1994

delivered a visionary memorandum on restructuring the college, calling in fact for a transition from the “Old Lane” to the “New Lane.”

By that time, I had been at Lane for two years, hired in the first wave of required national searches. Early on, I was recruited to union leadership by Jay Marston, a visionary faculty union leader, who I later found out played a key role in bringing Moskus to Lane. Arriving with nearly 20 years of labor movement experience, I had been spotted by Jay, a Science colleague. Due to the sorry state of the economy when I graduated with my PhD, I had spent a good deal of time in factories, occasional part-time teaching, a visiting position at UO, miscellaneous research for others, and research on my own. Included was a decade in seasonal food processing, which drew me into the national Teamster reform movement to bring democratic practices to union locals across the country and the national Teamster organization and to end pervasive mobbed-up control and labor-racketeering. In addition, I was a leader in community-based labor solidarity that was becoming a national movement, and a leader in attempting to forge an alliance between the labor and environmental movements.

From my experience as an activist in the Teamster reform movement, in which leaders like myself were actively suppressed, I told Jay one evening in the old chicken wire covered offices of the Science Building how much I appreciated his asking me to run for vice-president my first year at Lane. However, didn't he think it was a bit presumptuous? His answer to me was emphatically “No,” and directed that I would run for vice-president that year and president the following year. Both elections were contested, which was the pattern at the time, but in my second year at Lane, I was elected to be LCCEA president. A seasoned, knowledgeable labor movement activist was in a key faculty leadership position just as Moskus released his restructuring memo. In another personal twist of fate, Jay contracted cancer and soon died, which, in my opinion, was a profound and agonizing set-back for the faculty as a whole.

In his memorandum, Moskus was calling for clustering of college units, which would be more self-governing into a linked unit, with the expectation that “Restructuring – changing who reports to whom – has a profound effect in bureaucracies. . . . [However]. . . Organizational restructuring is only the beginning of change at Lane. The vision outlined here requires changes in fundamental values, changes in the way we work and in our work relationships, and training of all employees. . . . Change must be built into our organization; we must become a learning organization Our concept of a ‘job’ must change as well. As we move away from the narrowly-defined jobs that are characteristic of a bureaucracy, workers will be empowered to expand their roles. Individual employees will be able to perform all steps in an entire process. . . . As employee groups are empowered to problem-solve and make decisions in their work areas, managers must learn to be coaches,

advisors and consultants rather than 'bosses' and day-by-day decision-makers. Work teams will assume responsibility for results and be rewarded on the basis of outcomes. Managers will coordinate work teams and facilitate their work. Information must be shared freely and frequently across clusters and work teams. We must work closely with leadership from the unions to facilitate these kinds of changes. . . . The new Lane which is described here will require intensive training for many, if not all, current employees. . . . The success of these organizational changes relies on a fundamental shift in our values. Real responsibility, accountability, and rewards must be given to work teams."

From my connection to struggles and thinking across the country about transforming workplaces, Moskus' call for a New Lane seemed like a real chance for Lane to move forward. The labor movement at the time was much more lively and creative than today, and the impending retirement of the conservative AFL-CIO president George Meany and the economic challenges to the country had produced a widely shared body of experience, analysis and knowledge about what then was called Employee Involvement, which was a major component of Moskus' vision. A person like me was aware that most Employee Involvement projects in the U.S. were failures for clear systemic reasons. Where there was some success in capitalist industrial democracies, in Germany and Scandinavia, for example, it was initiated and sustained by strong left of center social democratic parties absent in the U.S.

As outlined in "Employee Involvement" by Jack Metzger, I understood that the basis for the success of EI programs is actual worker decision-making. Metzger pointed out that this had been summed up since the '40s, and even in 1972 by Nixon's Department of Health Education and Welfare in its report "Work in America," which implicated top-down management as the main culprit undermining the "health, education, and welfare" of all Americans and presented substantial evidence that top-down "bossing" was undermining productivity growth.

Metzger sums up the reason for success or failure of Employee Involvement programs: "The problem is that the key to success in worker-management programs is never cooperation as such but always the genuine participation of workers in decisions from which they have been traditionally excluded." And "the vast majority of existing programs, whether in union or nonunion workplaces, are so heavily encrusted with protections to safeguard management's control and self-esteem that little follows from them." "Worker participation programs that do not challenge management 'right to manage' will not succeed in achieving what management itself says it wants — a more productive and efficient workplace, producing better quality products and services."

Furthermore, commentators like Stephen Marglin in "Catching Flies with Honey, An Inquiry into Management Initiatives to Humanize Work" pointed out the radical conta-

gion of really giving workers even a little more power and clarified that in the capitalist factory, management control and productivity were inherently at odds. "Weaken capitalist control, and productivity increases will likely take the form of higher wages and lower effort, not the form of higher corporate earnings." More actual control over production inevitably gives workers more control over the fruits of greater productivity.

To an observer like me, it was no wonder that Employee Involvement programs in the private sector usually ended up as schemes for management to appropriate the intelligence of the workers while keeping these workers powerless. Since that really doesn't work, these programs didn't last long. Workers were bitter, and the union leaders that went along with Employee Involvement programs were losing their positions right and left.

However, I was also aware that this dynamic wasn't a necessity of the public sector, so there was a chance of real empowerment working. In the public sector, there is a social incentive to copy the employee relations of the private sector, both out of ignorance and to maintain privileges for management and the prestige of governing boards, but there is not the same direct essential profit making imperative. Already, some administrators in the public sector had realized this essential difference from the private sector. The visionary president of Chemeketa Community College in Salem, Oregon, William Segura, in "The Elusive High Performance Organization" had recognized this potential in the public sector: "The private sector manager, no matter how enlightened or caring, is not easily dislodged from a position of ultimate control and responsibility due to owner and/or investor pressure for steady if not higher profit. In government we (labor and management) actually are part owners. We can set aside power and share responsibility and accomplishment if we choose."

And lest anyone think Moskus or Segura were talking at a time of financial prosperity, Moskus stated the context of his vision: "On the state level, passage of Measure 5, combined with the failure of Measure 1, has resulted in a bleak funding outlook for general operations of Oregon community colleges. Lane faces increasing demands for its services at the same time that resources are declining." And from Segura: "Unlike private sector organizations which can often 'skate by' for periods longer than advisable, government units under a Measure 5 scenario face some absolutes in the form of deadlines and limitations. We simply cannot wait to change, and we could just as easily become more effective as become smaller."

Moskus was offering restructuring of work and decision-making. That's why his call to change Lane looked promising to me. The stability of the college against change was, however, also reflected in the culture of the faculty union, which exercised considerable power, but did so primarily in a reactive way. Jay was more visionary and pro-active, but other colleagues and factions of the faculty were not, and this was something to take into

account. Thus, with the OK of the Executive Board, I formulated a strategy to pro-actively unite the faculty as a whole: We would support the restructuring if it was real; we would work to get it over with if it was hype; and we would decide what was real and what was hype. This was our way of uniting cynics, optimists, and the whole of the faculty. In the fall, Katie Morrison-Graham, the LCCEA secretary recruited and elected with me, and I went to every department we could get an invitation to for restructuring discussions. We had a document widely distributed with key parts of Moskus' memorandum, key elements of analysis, including the analysis quoted above and that of other people, and a clear definition of real restructuring and hype.

In particular, the hype:

- Be happy, work harder.
- A few empowered to manage the many.
- Teams formed to carry out decisions of others.

Real progress was characterized by:

- Real transfer of decision making authority.
- Access to tools, information, and training for decision-making.
- Flattening of management.
- Skilling-up of work, more self-management.
- More voice for individuals, teams, and faculty collectively.
- Change in incentive structure to support change in work organization, and equitable (negotiated) sharing of restructuring benefits.

Systemic change of an institution like Lane requires simultaneous change on many fronts and willingness for change among different employee groups throughout the college. From this beginning, there were a number of initiatives, struggles, accomplishments as well as failures joined by forces throughout the college that led to the glory years. These struggles and initiatives shed some light about what it could take to recreate something similar, and more permanent, in the next decade. Briefly, I will recount essential features of a number of threads of struggle and accomplishment that became the fabric of the college, some of which remains intact and in reserve.

The Future Faculty Task Force

Moskus took the initiative, in concert with Marston, to shepherd the convening of a faculty taskforce to define the character of the new faculty. The original LCC faculty cohort, primarily young high school teachers recruited from South Eugene High School, were approaching retirement all at once. Within five years, more than half the faculty would retire. The Task Force was set up before I was LCCEA president, but, as president, I had a place on it when it started meeting.

The origins of the Task Force, in its report, are traced to a fall 1992 request by the Faculty Council to the College Council to appoint a Task Force to address issues related to part-time faculty positions. In the previous five years the number of part-time positions had increased over 300%. At the College Council, the opportunity was seen to address the larger issue of the "faculty of the future." To address these concerns, in Spring 1993, Moskus selected two faculty members (initially including Marsten) to lead the Future Faculty Task Force. From the spring through the following winter, these leaders met with each instructional department, department managers, and the Executive Cabinet to elicit discussion about the role of the Task Force. The eight-member group then worked for over a year until fall 1995.

This task force was a move far more bold and earth-shaking at Lane than I imagined. We were a group of faculty colleagues that was quite diverse in outlooks, backgrounds, experience, and expertise, sponsored through the College Council and convened by Moskus. We had wide-ranging, intense, thorough discussions in which we reached consensus on what were the important components of the new faculty, in general, and in some detail. It was a practical, visionary recommendation to the college concerning the role and composition of the future faculty. We were faculty representatives acting as self-directed professionals, bringing our expertise and values of serving student learning to create our future. The LCC president convened and empowered the group, which was the appropriate management contribution to this effort in the spirit of the New Lane.

To turn these recommendations made in fall 1995 into reality, a Future Faculty Steering Team was created consisting of LCCEA-appointed representatives and administration-appointed representatives. At this point, I became acquainted with the deep dissatisfaction and resistance on the part of lower level administrators and mid-level managers who felt left out of the process. I believe Moskus and Marston were well aware of the important step this Task Force was to make in changing the culture at Lane. From my experience in the group, it was absolutely clear that this was a discussion for faculty members exclusively. It was an environment where clear lines were defined as much as possible and diverse and disparate outlooks, experience, expertise throughout the faculty were openly and freely debated, synthesized and encompassed in a clear document calling for (1) a substantially full-time faculty, (2) hiring processes appropriate to a diverse, professional, high quality faculty, and (3) a structure of professional development and support for the faculty to sustain high quality learning environments for students.

The work of accommodating what managers would offer took place in the Steering Team. It is perhaps logically conceivable that it would have been less work if managers had been at the table in the Task Force, though it would be naive to think that the level of discussion, outcome, or the clarity of the unity would not have been severely compromised

with managers at the table. What was probably appreciated by Moskus and Marston, was that this extra work after the faculty made its decision was part of creating a new culture. Creating this faculty group was the right thing to do, and an act of engaging the faculty in genuine and appropriate decision-making and declining to engage in, in Metzger's words, "protecting and safeguarding management's control and self-esteem." Moving in this direction was also a culture supported by the demographic shift of transfer program faculty increasingly coming with faculty experience in higher education. For example, I had come from nine years at UO, where faculty members had significantly more decision-making autonomy and self-organization than in LCC currently or the high schools where much of the original faculty and community college management ideas originated.

Bargaining, Part I

Based on my study and experience, I brought an understanding that interest-based bargaining was the appropriate form of bargaining for faculty to change the culture and assume pro-active and democratic responsibility in the college. In the same fall that Katie and I were facilitating discussions on restructuring, I led an in-service discussion on interest-based bargaining. Groups of volunteer participants engaged in role-playing of positional and interest-based bargaining, and debriefed the experience for the rest of the audience. Participants included a number of faculty members involved in previous negotiations as well as faculty members previously uninvolved. The stark difference in processes was apparent to those attending, and set in motion more pro-active bargaining on the part of the faculty and wider participation of the faculty at large.

Benefits of bargaining this way were later summed up in a paper Margaret Bayless and I wrote, "Collective Bargaining at a Crossroads at Lane Community College, January 1998." These benefits, briefly put, include the following: The best possible solutions for the college will come from the best thinking and the genuine consideration of interests and concerns throughout the college; and this is best assured through interest-based bargaining. Parties don't have to fight to get issues on the table as is usually the case in positional bargaining. And once issues are on the table, no party has a monopoly on inventing solutions. This gives faculty more power than traditionally available, but it is power to serve every legitimate interest brought to the negotiation, including those brought by the administration. Interest-based bargaining has built-in stability against abuse, because it disallows keeping issues off the table and controlling the range of solutions on the table. The dynamics of bargaining mean that options that meet the needs of all parties generally have more political support and efforts to favor only the interests of one party have less support. Further, the kind of constructive problem-solving of interest-based bargaining is a role model for effective problem-solving outside of bargaining, in which employees are empowered.

The administration and its long-time professional (and legendary) bargaining consultant, Lon Mills, were not in favor of this sort of process. The OEA staff was highly skeptical, as well. In a public sector bargaining conference, the OEA had even sponsored a paper by Mills, "Just Say No to Getting to Yes," the title being a parody of the famous Harvard Business School book on interest-based bargaining called "Getting to Yes." In his paper, Mills lambasted public sector employers for engaging in interest-based bargaining, and outlined his steadfast vision that decision-making power ceded to employees turns institutions away from giving their best service to the public.

Mills had a level of integrity that, though you may not agree with him, you can trust him to be who he says he is. Early on we talked about interest-based bargaining, and he told me he was not going to let faculty and managers work together in joint committees as part of bargaining, because managers would end up agreeing with faculty where they shouldn't. He would simply never let that happen. That was an important piece of information.

I nevertheless convened a group of faculty colleagues to look at a wide spectrum of bargaining issues to prepare for bargaining from an interest-based perspective. We looked at the range of positions we could take, but more importantly the underlying interests and concerns that we were trying to satisfy. This approach would help us create support within the faculty for our positions, but also prepare for bargaining in which both sides present their interests and formulate options, as much as possible, for satisfying interests of both parties. This approach also expanded our sense of what to consider. Interest-based bargaining is well-known to greatly expand the space for resolution beyond the mode of positional bargaining, in which the bargainers look for options in-between the extreme positions brought to the table by each side. This pre-bargaining group also allowed colleagues not comfortable with conflict to play a key role in the bargaining process, something which further mobilized the collective intelligence of the faculty and built support for bargaining.

In addition, since the level of faculty professional development funding was part of the contract, I convened a committee to study faculty professional development and make recommendations for bargaining. At that time, as is still common in community colleges, nominal decision-making on faculty professional development is done by a faculty member appointed by an administrator. While this faculty member was formally in charge, the wishes and constraints of the administrator were on that colleague's mind, and the accountability was to the administrator and not to the faculty as a whole. This parental model seemed just the kind of thing that characterized the "Old Lane," and I also saw professional development as an issue of importance to the younger generation of colleagues

who increasingly took for granted the wage and benefit advances that union organization had helped win for the prior generation.

The “Attempted Coup” — or the “First Big Pushback”

A major event soon interrupted all this progress. Viewed in hindsight, it showed the deeper truth of a statement in Moskus’ restructuring document: “The success of these organizational changes relies on a fundamental shift in our values. Real responsibility, accountability, and rewards must be given to work teams.”

Despite extensive training, and despite verbal imperatives from the president, and support from the faculty and the classified staff unions, the college wasn’t restructuring. Moskus’ account in 1997 is revealing. “The leaders of the faculty union expressed early and strong support for the new vision and structure, and it became clear that they wanted to play a greater role in governance in the future. While the support of the union was welcomed, and its influence in governance did indeed increase, the more aggressive stance of union leaders created tensions that remain unresolved at Lane to this day [1997]. For instance, managers have been reluctant to accede to union requests to take over such traditional management prerogatives as choosing faculty for committee memberships or having the final word on textbook selections.”

Imagine that: resistance to faculty choosing their own representatives! And choosing textbooks! Real restructuring would require so much more than that, and yet relative baby steps were meeting significant resistance. The college actually needed real restructuring, so the strong resistance led to impasse, which then led to stagnation. Stagnation couldn’t last, and it didn’t.

One day, in late 1995, we found out that Moskus had been removed from campus, and the Board of Education was waiting to quickly decide in executive session on matters that could not be discussed in public. What was going on? What should the faculty do about it? Those were the key questions on many colleagues’ minds. I had developed relationships with several Board members, and they absolutely wouldn’t talk about what was going on. The classified union leaders, whom I’d been working closely with, trusted and supported Moskus, but didn’t know what was going on, or wouldn’t tell me if they knew. And they may have known because campus security was involved. Among mid-level managers, however, I saw no support or even sympathy for Moskus. They seemed fed up with things not moving and remaining unclear. Administrators were pretty sharply divided.

What had apparently happened was that Moskus had been removed from campus on an exaggerated pretext involving public safety. The Board was going to meet immediately to discuss the matter in private because the accusations, whether confirmed or not, would be damaging to Moskus if made public and a potential defamation liability to the Board members. However, there was trouble getting all the Board members to meet, so the meet-

ing had to be postponed and postponed. In the meantime, some administrators were building a case to the Board to disregard the public safety issue and discuss in private the bigger issue of whether Moskus should be president. I saw collusion among some administrators and Board members, and my conclusion (and that of other faculty leaders) was that the promise of restructuring was in jeopardy in a big way, and this would not be good for the faculty or the college.

I contacted Moskus, whose account confirmed the general picture I was putting together, though he was advised by his attorney not to discuss any specifics. I expressed my frustration with the stagnation that had been allowed to take place. We talked about specific ways that he as president and the faculty union could work together to get things moving again. With the sense that things could move forward, I contacted the Board President. I said I knew that she was in no position to tell me what precipitated the temporary removal of Moskus, but would she tell me if it had anything to do with the discussion of issues of hiring, affirmative action, and institutional racism that had been raised before the Board. She was glad to say it had nothing to do with these issues of hiring and diversity.

I asked because these issues could have deeply divided the faculty. A small but significant group of faculty colleagues and a few managers believed that the faculty as a whole was responsible for the lack of diversity in its ranks. At the same time, as union president and a participant in the Future Faculty Task Force discussions, I was clear that this wasn't so and I was acting accordingly. The union at the time was in the forefront of criticizing hiring processes and institutional racism, but in ways grounded in the values of the faculty as a whole instead of making the faculty the enemy.

With this question settled, an all-faculty meeting was convened to discuss the situation. I announced Moskus' removal was not about hiring practices, which allowed the faculty to unite. Outside the meeting room I shared with the news media the conclusion of our meeting: We didn't know what precipitated Moskus' removal, but we believed his removal would be an impediment to the progress that Moskus had begun, and we were opposed to the lack of due process with regard to Moskus personally and to matters of running the college. Moskus was sitting on good legal grounds, but the Board was split, the administration was split, and he did not have significant mid-manager support. If the faculty and classified staff had joined managers, it is likely Moskus would have been doomed. By being the only ones that were talking in public to the press, we found a way around the secret coup being carried out. As the faculty at the meeting had also agreed to not support the imposition of an interim presidency, I went to the Board President and naming names of likely interim presidents, frankly (as one describes such communications) assured her that there would be trouble if the Board appointed particular people to act as president.

Especially in hindsight, who should have doubted that creating the “New Lane” in which decision-making was actually changed would not involve some hard struggle. It was naïve to think otherwise, but such naivety is common when entering new territory holding so much promise. When Moskus returned to campus, he invited the two union presidents to join the first meeting of the Executive Leadership Team for discussions on moving the college forward. But some of the executive team, I believe involved in the coup, were extremely distressed about our presence and Moskus compromised with them, and only part of what we were promised was discussed in that meeting before we left. Later, Moskus announced his support for these additional ways of moving the college ahead in front of a meeting of faculty leaders in the Board Room, and before the Board at a Board meeting.

Later, when Moskus met before the college community he received a standing ovation. People were impressed with his ability to come back, but he had been clearly shaken and his concern was more about healing the college community than laying out the next steps of the restructuring. I thought he had the political capital at the moment to do this, but I didn’t fully appreciate that while a visionary, his other strong impulse was to please and hold everyone together, even those who were sabotaging him and his vision. Nevertheless, reforms began largely initiated by others than Moskus.

Process Redesign

Soon the faculty and the classified staff weren’t the only pro-active participants. Administrators and managers with a budget of millions aligned themselves behind a comprehensive restructuring initiative, Process Redesign, and paid big money to a national consulting firm KPMG to help bring it to fruition. Some managers told me they regarded Process Redesign as the most democratic thing that had happened at Lane, even though the leadership team had 18 managers and only one faculty representative and one classified staff representative. That was democracy to these managers and administrators at the time. I was the faculty representative because I was the faculty union president. To be a member of this group I was given a little loyalty test to the effect that I would agree to the scope of the restructuring project. I was upfront that I thought big improvements could be made in instruction. (This possibility was impressed upon me while teaching at the UO during the early phases of truly revolutionary changes in the way physics is taught.) However, I said I did not think this management/consultant dominated group should lead this effort; it should be led by the faculty.

Later, in conversations with a KPMG consultant, I found out that their ambition in this project was to redesign instruction. They had redesigned college operations and student services so many times that they could predict the final product when employees worked in the extensive effort to outline all the processes they do and then reform them into a superior work process. What KPMG wanted to do and get a reputation for doing

was redesigning what the faculty did. This top-down redesign of instruction, of course, seemed to these managers and administrators like just the thing to do. They were phenomenally ignorant of what the faculty at a college really does.

This ignorance, I see as systemic. When LCC was founded, most of the faculty had K-12 experience, and community colleges were under the Board of Education overseeing K-12. These faculty colleagues brought collective bargaining with them, a very positive move that could not have come from higher education at the time. But they had accommodated themselves to being treated better than K-12 teachers but less than self-directed professionals in higher education. Faculty sensitivity to the idea that a consultant could redesign instruction came as part of the new wave of faculty with teaching experience in higher education institutions. We took for granted that we were in charge of instruction; that was simply our job, our considerable expertise, and our profession. Thinking otherwise seemed an ignorant, narcissistic prejudice to support unearned privilege. "Where do these people come from?" was probably a common thought on both sides of this divide, and there is some truth to the idea that I and other faculty colleagues seemed to administrators to be "from another planet." We faculty with higher education experience simply had a different vision, which we knew to be superior and workable. It wasn't personal, but I was well aware that managers were taking it that way.

Process redesign moved along, with its initial task being the redesign of student services, a redesign called Students First! (with the exclamation point, like the militant environmental organization Earth First!). Millions of dollars were spent on this, paying classified staff to work on this, while others filled in their regular work, and to the administrators and consultants. As the plans for Students First! came together, it was getting somewhat clear that redesign of instruction might not take place under KPMG guidance. The money started running out, KPMG was cut loose, and a local consultant was hired.

During this time the classified rep and I had said we needed a binding agreement that no employees would lose their jobs and no faculty positions would be cut as a result of the Students First! plan. Job security is a common demand when such restructuring efforts take place, but the managers and their consultant were relatively clueless. Despite making this demand for months, at the time we sat down to vote, managers and the consultant were sure we weren't serious. But we were, and the plan, which needed a consensus vote, did not pass. Managers were furious, and the new consultant was little help. However, within a few meetings organized by the state RBO (Relationships by Objectives – discussed next) mediators, the necessary binding agreements were worked out in a bargaining process involving the Process Redesign and RBO team memberships.

During this time, on instructional questions, I was consistently among a small group of up to three or four dissenting members that blocked consensus that instruction would

be redesigned by the Process Redesign group. It was a big enough group, that the savvy new Co-Vice President of Instruction and Student Services, Mary Spilde, could see the writing on the wall. She had a professional interest in seeing progress in instruction, which clearly at that moment required faculty leadership. The management-dominated Process Redesign group was divided at this point on how to proceed. One group of managers were trying to change the rules to not require consensus, while Spilde (with the support of Moskus) and I (with the support of the union Executive Board) were working on plans that eventually led to Lane's Strategic Learning Initiative, which made the maneuvering around consensus moot.

Further, the Process Redesign effort reached another impasse when the team-based plans for Students First! did not jell as hoped. The classified employees were asked to design the teams that would lead the work, but instead of something new, they had pretty much rewrote the old command and control management structure. Despite the major organizational development training component of the effort to give people skills for more responsibility, the majority of classified staff would not take the step. This pretty much followed the common critique of organizational development as a way to make change. From that critique, what is needed is a structure of permission for people to move into well-defined and supported new roles. While the faculty had a major role model of respected self-directed professionals in higher education, classified staff had nothing of the sort.

New Lane work relations needed more direction and support or the millions of dollars put into Process Redesign would go down the drain. On the faculty side, with classified union support, and pieces of unity with managers, faculty union leaders supported a "Work Relations Summit," where representatives of the faculty, classified staff, mid-level managers, and administrators would meet in a summit to decide how to transform work relations at Lane. . . .

Editors' Note: This essay in progress covers eight more sections with the headings: RBO Mediation and Two Views of Governance; Bargaining, Part II; The Strategic Learning Initiative; Future Faculty Steering Group; Work Relations Summit; Bargaining, Part III; Two Systems Grinding Against Each Other; and Making Sense of the Faculty Retreat.

READINGS AND REVIEWS



History is for human self-knowledge. . . . The value of history, then, is what it teaches us about what man has done, and thus what man is.

Robin G. Collingswood

An *Avatar* of Our Future

Mark Harris



The thing I like best about science fiction, in movies or in books, is what it says about us, and whether we'll make it. Certainly sci-fi movies were once segregated. The original *The Day the Earth Stood Still* had black people in it. Star Trek, beloved by Dr. King, pioneered not only Nichelle Nichols, but the first interracial kiss in sci-fi if not prime time. Richard Pryor is said to have remarked about the first *Star Wars*, "the future is scary, man, there's no black people in it." (In the digital remake, Lucas inserted a loop of a black man walking outside the famous bar in Mos Eisley.) Now, of course, diversity in sci-fi is established. Generally sci-fi presumes we will all make it in some form, but more importantly science fiction gives us practice imagining impossible things, particularly in politics and religion, as well as other things not mentioned in polite conversations. What are the political possibilities of alien encounters? It changes depending on whether we go to them, or they come to us, as well as with whether the technological playing field is level.

Where we conceive aliens to be powerful and benign, even in human form like Zenna Henderson's peaceful healing, levitating, telepathic, the People, or in either version of *The Day the Earth Stood Still*, it is humans who behave badly, particularly Americans, and in the most recent version we pay a price for it. The aliens of the first *The Day the Earth Stood Still* just said we come in peace, ya'll better play nice, or else, how do you like losing your technology for half an hour? Which brings up politesse: What is the polite way to begin First Contact with an alien species? In the Star Trek canon we have the Prime Directive which we got from the Vulcans who made First Contact with us after the Third World War. The basic value is non-interference with a planet until they develop at least space travel, and then faster-than-light travel, at that. Otherwise, only observe them undetected because knowledge of your presence can cause major catastrophic changes in their civilization.

Avatar projects 144 years into our future. In that world we have not been contacted by aliens, we're still alone in the universe, until we find the Na'vi on Pandora. We've not solved our economic or ecological problems on Earth. Most particularly, when we feel we have an advantage, we don't curb our addictive tendencies with power. We don't play nice with others and share, particularly when those others actually have the better end of the deal. Multinational corporations are not simply people; they have simply gotten bigger and interplanetary in scope. The largest being RDA, the Resources Development Administration, which began life as a Silicon Valley startup in someone's garage — sound familiar? We've just reached the solar system nearest to us, and found intelligent non-star-faring life on a water world, which means of course, the potential for new and exciting frontiers . . .

hmmm? With frontiers come natives, who might not be interested in “blue jeans and lite beer” and making real estate deals, like swapping your sacred lands for megatons of rocks from a mine. This is not your *Star Trek* universe where racism, sexism, poverty, and war, have been eliminated after first contact with friendly tech-bearing aliens. There have been wars in Venezuela and Brazil. There are ecological dead zones on earth, and nearly no forests. One nearly needs the re-breather mask featured in the movie *Avatar*, on Earth. Space travel is taken up by global corporations, responsible for the pollution on Earth. No clean warp drive powered by di-lithium crystals here, we’re using dirty (it’s “empty” space, who cares) anti-matter/matter reaction drives which only push us at .7c (70% of the speed of light) to the nearest world 4.37 light years away, (41.5 trillion kilometers) a trinary system known as Alpha Centauri. (Centauri A&B, and Proxima, a red dwarf).

Cameron supposes a gas giant planet, around ACA slightly smaller than Saturn, with a much bigger single planetary storm system than Jupiter’s Great Red Spot. Like other gas giants with satellites, some of the satellites are nearly as big or bigger than Earth. Pandora, is a water world, like Earth, but like Io, has prominent volcanoes, and being so close to its gas giant parent, prone to magnetic tube fluxes — think of being microwaved, after being struck by continuous lightning, on the surface of the planet at the poles. Everywhere else you see evidence of the massive electromagnetic flux present on the planet. Stone arches of weathered solid iron in the shape of the magnetic field lines that formed them when the planet was molten. Floating mountains as big as ten miles around. Abundant plant and animal life flourishing in an atmosphere with about the same amount of oxygen as Earth, 20%, but also with 20% carbon dioxide, 1% hydrogen sulfide, and other elements, but the hydrogen sulfide is toxic to humans even below 1%. The Pandoran atmosphere cannot be breathed for longer than 20 seconds, and death occurs after four minutes. Humans need a breather mask, or isolation from the atmosphere, to carry out mining operations of unobtainium. Unobtainium is an engineering/sci-fi inside joke about any material that doesn’t exist, but is needed for bridging some impossible feat. It would have to be impossibly strong, incredibly light, or malleable and adaptable, and of course expensive.

In *Avatar* Unobtainium is a crystal with magnetic superconducting properties which make it nifty for space travel, by facilitating powerful magnetic shielding for anti-matter engines in space, maglev trains on Earth, facilitating global commuting, powerful hyper-chips in computers, indeed the fuel for Earth’s economic engine. On Pandora it also creates an intense magnetic field which connects the lifeforms of Pandora in a seamless web of interspecies communication. Such a field already exists on Earth albeit more subtly, according to the traditions of many indigenous human populations. Since it is a water world, the fauna breathe oxygen, therefore the Na’vi have red blood, (iron based), and gene splicing is somewhat possible giving rise to the avatars. Each avatar is grown with a mix

of Na'vi and human DNA resulting in smaller eyes, and five fingers to the Na'vi's normal eight. The consciousness of the operator is maintained through a device like an MRI.

In *Avatar* the usual colonial corporate American script rules: a young white marine inhabits a colored alien body to learn the ways of the “blue monkey” native savages so they can be moved, assimilated, exterminated, in the name of corporate profit, uh . . . progress. The subtext is that of the magical negro (Zoe Saldana, Zac Alonso, CCH Pounder) and the noble savage (Wes Studi), which all of the characters are, who principally revolve around the white indigenously-challenged Marine, Jake Sully. They must show the ignorant white man the error of his ways, and then conveniently die, or spiritually enlighten him enough so that he can get the girl. While conservatives have talked about the anti-military tone, the military has never been known for racial harmony, or multicultural competence, except as a tool for military cohesion in the accomplishment of the primary mission.

On Pandora, the atmosphere supports lots of plant life and animals, many of them highly toxic and poisonous, but of course they are very useful as well, because of why they're toxic: they filter and concentrate toxins from the atmosphere and soil, so that other life can thrive. What *Avatar* says about us has something to do with our ability to deal with our own toxicity, and the chance we have to heal it.

Let's say *Avatar* is a representation of how we think of ourselves in the future by projecting the now onto and into the future. We haven't encountered a species that can or will squash us like bugs without a thought, so there are no external checks and balances on politesse. So we move into an alien ecosystem and think we can exploit it, just like European nations crossed the Atlantic, and formerly American transnationals crossed the Pacific, the Caribbean, and the Atlantic. The distance to Pandora, is across a gulf of space, but the attitude is similar, even down to the xenobiologists having schools to teach the young to speak English, as if, we can't or won't become fluent in Na'vi. From Tacitus, (historian who followed the Roman conquest of the British Isles) to De Casas (priest who followed Columbus), we get a narrative (in terms of our toxicity) of a “superior” culture's machine/infantry-based war technology meeting “primitive” bows and arrows with ill effects. In *Avatar*, we want the rocks under their trees, so they should move to another tree. And if the tree isn't just a tree — it's a CPU node in a planetary neural net — who cares? We napalm their tree and tear gas them to move.

In *Avatar*, the Na'vi are more compassionate and accepting to aliens than we are. They made no schools of indoctrination, established no missions, sent no missionaries. There is nothing they need from us, nothing to take from us. We're the ones coming with 'dozer and rifle in hand. What it says about us is that we haven't learned enough about our bloody history to not repeat it, even across the gulfs of space/time.

But maybe our future can still turn out better than the history that brings us here.

Contributors' notes

DAN ARMSTRONG received his Ph.D. from Indiana University and taught at the University of Arizona, Oakland University, and Oregon State University before coming in 1991 to LCC, where he taught composition and film studies until his retirement in 2008. He continues to teach one course a year at LCC and enjoys more time to write poetry.

BOB BARBER taught introductory computer classes, application software, and computer user support in community colleges for 20 years, including 15 at Lane Community College from 1992-2007. He was an active participant in the activities discussed in this essay, and in many other faculty and college-wide issues. He earned a PhD in Educational Leadership from the University of Oregon in 2002 and maintains an ongoing interest in organizational development and evolution.

MARGARET BAYLESS has had the privilege of teaching literature and writing at Lane for 18 years and working with extraordinary colleagues in the English Department. She has focused for the last nine years on continuously developing the American Working Class literature and film course, taught now for six years as a learning community, with Bill Woolum teaching composition.

MICHAEL BRINKERHOFF: Michael's work can be seen at www.michaelbrinkerhoff.com

KATHLEEN CAPRARIO: "Growing up in New Jersey, the only 'canyons' I experienced were the alleys between buildings. Since moving West in 1977, I have developed my voice as both a studio artist and educator. I have exhibited my work widely including the Portland Art Museum and the Microsoft Collection, and in the 2010 juried exhibition 'On the Cutting Edge,' Coos Art Museum, Coos Bay, OR. I was recently awarded an Artist Residency from the Morris Graves Foundation."

PAM DANE: "Reading Jane Austen, writing, teaching Lane students, knitting socks, traveling whenever I can, eating good food, and family time: That's me. There's no more to be said."

DENNIS GILBERT is a faculty member in Physics at Lane Community College and has served as faculty union Vice-President, President, Past-President, and Bargaining Chair; on a state-wide level as Vice-President, President, and Past-President of the state-wide Community College Council of community college unions affiliated with the Oregon Education Association (OEA); and as OEA Liaison to the Office of Community College Services. He has been a faculty leader in systemic college innovation efforts including Lane's Strategic Learning Initiative, and its Vanguard Learning Colleges Project Leadership Team. Currently he is a Co-Chair of Lane's Faculty Council.

ADAM GROSOWSKY graduated from Evergreen State College in Washington in 1981, and earned an MFA from the University of Iowa in 1985. Grosowsky dismisses much of the work seen nationally in the past decade as meaningless intellectualism, and has aligned himself with a small but influential group of realist painters who have continued to work as though conceptual art and deconstructionism never happened.

MARK HARRIS writes music, prose, poetry, and researches historical and cross-cultural relations, and at Lane teaches classes in cultural recovery, addictions, and ethnic studies. In one of his

six impossible things to believe before breakfast, we are definitely not alone in the universe, he is a resident alien cultural attaché from a water world somewhere in the Pleiades, and the human race will survive to one day again travel peacefully amongst the stars.

SANDY JENSEN is a poet, writer, independent scholar and community college writing teacher. She is the author of a book of poems, *I Saw Us in a Painting* (Walking Bird, 2006). Jensen has won many national poetry prizes and has published widely in other genres, including memoir and fiction. <http://sites.google.com/site/sandramardene/>

SAM KARP photographed the deployment of Charlie Company while on assignment for *The Torch* in 2000. After serving as *Torch* photo editor for a year he worked as a photojournalist for the Springfield News. Sam graduated from the School of Journalism and Communication at the University of Oregon in 2006. He most recently worked as a design and photo editing consultant for the NFL Players Association in the DC area.

BRIAN KELLY has had the wonderful experience of working at Lane Community College since 2005. He lives in Dexter, Oregon with his wife and two daughters, two dogs and a cat. Together they conspire to grow vegetables, play hide and seek, read books and take long walks.

ALICE LAMOREAUX tells us, "I began working at Lane in 1976 as a teaching assistant. At that time, I was also a student at Lane working on an A.A. degree. In some ways, I have grown up at Lane and changed alongside it. I have spent my career working at the Downtown Center teaching adults returning to school to complete their GED, build skills to pass College Placement Tests, improve skills for the workplace, and head off to chase their dreams. I know Lane's Downtown Center makes a difference in the lives of students, and that makes me proud of where I work."

CAROLYN LITTY received her Ph.D. from the University of Oregon and has taught Human Relations classes in the Counseling Department for 25 years at LCC. She is a Psychiatric-Mental Health Nurse Practitioner, having received her M.N.S. degree from the University of California, San Francisco. She is the mother of two sons and grandmother of six. She loves her global family.

CHERYL RENÉE LONG is a professional artist and art instructor living in Kent, Washington. She paints from her home studio surrounded by her garden, her roses, her husband, a golden retriever, and one cat. Her inspiration comes from the people and the poet/writers in her life, wild and sacred landscapes, and the Earth sciences. Cheryl is represented by the Carnation Gallery in Carnation, WA. cherylrlong@comcast.net

SONJA MAE teaches Introduction to Sustainability at Lane Community College,

ANNE MCGRAIL is one of the founding editors of the *Community College Moment*. She recently presented at the national Conference on College Composition and Communication entitled, "Not Your Gramma's Grammar Quiz: Going 'Old School' Online."

STEVE MCQUIDDY has two forthcoming books: *Here On the Edge* (excerpted in this issue) and the historical monograph, *The Fantastic Tale of Opal Whiteley*. He is a former editor of the *Lane County Historian*, and an Honorary Director of the Oregon Cultural Heritage Commission. He has

received awards from the Society of Professional Journalists, and his publication credits include *Salon*, *Mother Jones*, *Houston Chronicle*, *Seattle Times*, and *Best Essays Northwest*. He is a full-time instructor in Academic Learning Skills at Lane Community College.

KRISTEN MURPHY says of herself, “Although primarily self-taught, I studied art at Humboldt State University. In 1994 I moved from California to pursue my interest in architecture at the University of Oregon. My journey, however, took me to Lane to study graphic design. In 2005 my acrylic on canvas, “Memories in Hand” won the Juror’s Choice Award at the Eugene Mayor’s Art Show, Hult Gallery, in Eugene, OR. Other works have hung in the Emerald Art Center, Springfield, OR, the Robert Canega and Maude Kerns Galleries in Eugene, and the Lake Oswego Festival of Computer Art exhibition in Lake Oswego, OR.

JERRY ROSS: Born in Buffalo, NY, Jerry is influenced by the I Macchiaioli and verismo schools of Italian painting. He founded the Salon des Refuses art show and served as a board member of DIVA. Jerry has won awards locally and abroad, and recently exhibited at the Springfield Museum.

LESLIE RUBENSTEIN teaches GED preparation for adults at Lane Community College.

THOMAS RUBICK graduated from California State University at Long Beach and held a master’s degree in Graphic Design from Kent State University. An adjunct professor at the University of Oregon School of Journalism and Communication, he was hired in 1988 as the Coordinator of the Graphic Design Program at Lane Community College. He was diagnosed with cancer in 2008 and passed away in 2009. Thomas was a lifelong artist, working in a wide variety of media. His last exhibition was a four-person show at Eugene’s Opus6ix Gallery in October of 2007. Those paintings can be seen at <http://www.thomasrubick.com/TheLastExhibition/index.htm>

RUSSELL H. SHITABATA teaches composition and literature at Lane Community College. He is co-editor of the *Community College Moment*, and next year takes on the role of managing editor.

BONNIE SIMOA is the director of the dance program at LCC. She received her MFA in Choreography and Performance from Mills College in Oakland, CA and is a certified Continuum Movement teacher. She has been teaching and performing dance on the West Coast and beyond for twenty years. In 1996 Bonnie began her long-term, long-distance love affair with Balinese dance and culture. This spring she returns to Bali to investigate the concept of “Taksu” — the divine force that runs through the dancer. Of “Continuum” she says, “I wrote this poem a year ago, at a Continuum Movement workshop in Santa Monica, CA. This is what fell from pen to page, after three days and two nights of moving in the dark, without language or light, using only the sounds of my breath to place myself in space.”

BILL WOOLUM has taught English at Lane Community College since 1989. He keeps a blog: kelloggbloggin.blogspot.com.

KEN ZIMMERMAN: After four years as co-editor and managing editor of the *Community College Moment*, Ken is stepping down in order to concentrate on teaching and his own writing. Ken wishes to honor the many, many colleagues, writers, artists, and friends whose efforts have made this work a constant joy, and without whom this journal would not be possible. Thanks!

Community College Moment: Call for Submissions

The *Community College Moment* invites articles, interviews, photographs, artwork, academic and creative writing, and other original work relevant to the community college mission and environment. Submissions should provoke meaningful, progressive inquiry that will appeal on a local and/or national level to an educated, but not specialized, audience. Each issue of the *Moment* may be thematically organized, all or in part, providing multiple perspectives on a given topic. Past themes have included Democracy, Technology & Society, Sustainability, and Diversity.

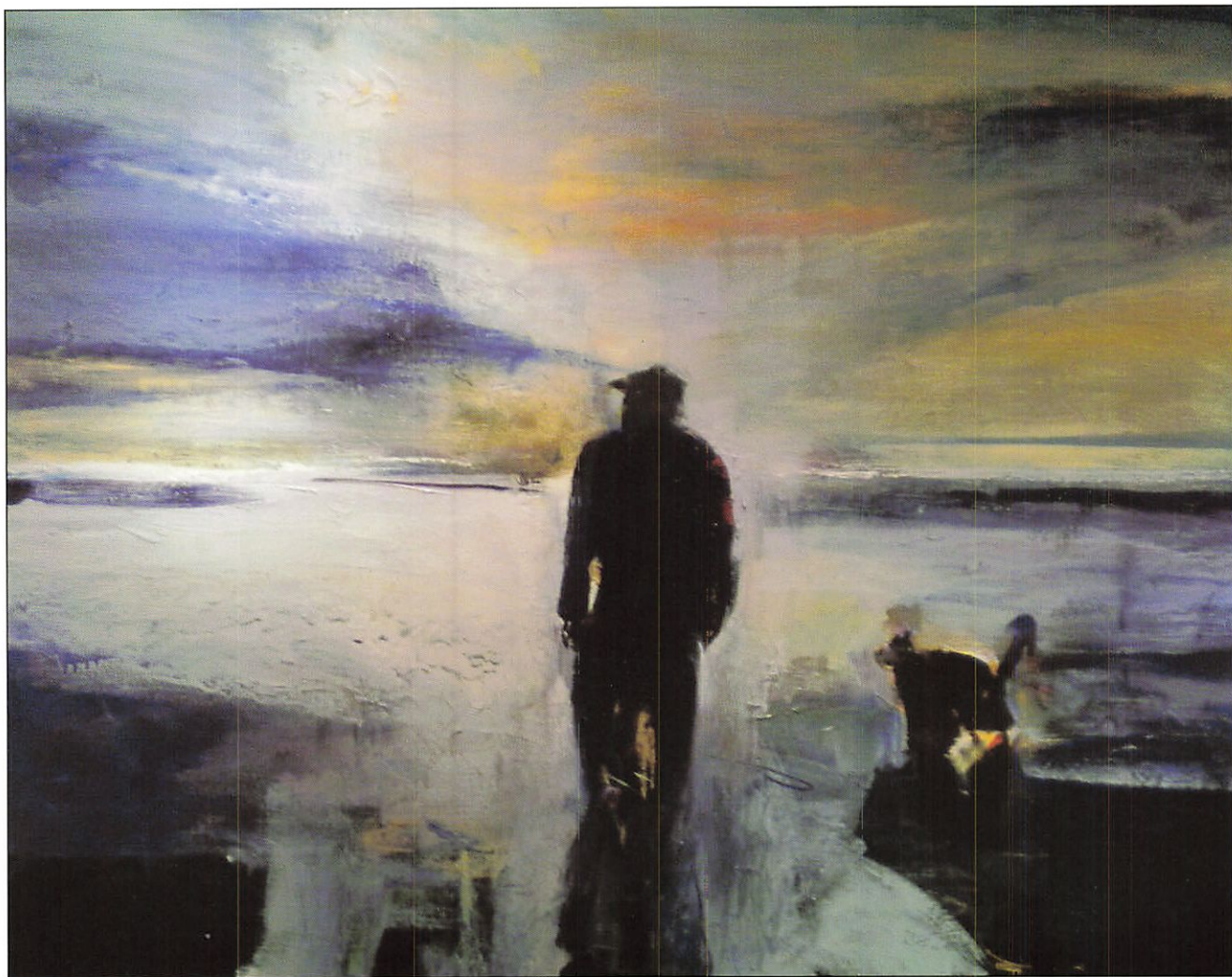
The *Moment* is open to a variety of submission formats, including: articles (under 5000 words; languages other than English welcome), sabbatical research summaries, plans and reflections on innovative pedagogies, artwork (paintings, photography, sculpture, choreographic projects featured through photographs, musical compositions, etc.), fiction and poetry (relevant to *Moment* audience), works-in-progress (provocative ideas not fully worked out), collaborative projects, web-based and multi-media projects. We also invite submissions of short reviews that offer insight on books and other materials relevant to our audience. Queries welcome.

2011 Theme: Recovery

Given the prominence and far reaching effects of the nation's recent/current economic crises, *The Community College Moment* theme for next year's issue will be "Recovery." Contributors may choose to focus on the financial recovery of people, institutions, government, as well as the debated routes to the best means to recover (such as regulation versus free market). However, submissions need not be restricted to the economy or fiscal matters. Recovery also applies to personal or individual recovery from crisis. Recovery can apply to resolving addictions. Recovery can refer to the renewal of familial ties or lost friendships. "Recovery" as a theme is only restricted by the writer's ability to imagine its possible applications.

Submissions are accepted year-round. Check our website for full submission guidelines and further information on special themes and deadlines. <https://teach.lanecc.edu/ccm/>

Community College Moment
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moment@lanecc.edu



Vaya con dios

oil on canvas

60" x 48"

Adam Grosowsky