Community College Moment

Generations

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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.

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Community College Moment

Volume Thirteen
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Editors' Notes

In this 13th volume of the *Community College Moment*, Dennis Gilbert reviews books by Martha Biondi and J.M. Beach. Biondi's *The Black Revolution on Campus* chronicles the success of activists a generation ago in establishing black studies programs, while Beach's *Gateway to Opportunity? A History of the Community College in America* questions whether, at a time when the gap between rich and poor is widening and Americans are less economically mobile than Europeans, U.S. community colleges are equal to the task of promoting social equity.

While the issue was in production, Martha Biondi spoke at Lane Community College's new Downtown Center and joined a panel discussion with Michael Sámano, Mark Harris and Jessie Ellison. In response to a question about the current relevance of ethnic study programs, Biondi echoed Beach by noting that while discriminatory policies and educational barriers driving 1960s activism have been addressed, new barriers due to lack of economic mobility supplant them.

The challenge to this generation of community college educators is not merely to provide access to study but to illuminate achievable pathways to meaningful success for all our students.

Exemplifying this work, Alice Louise Warner begins the issue with her essay on promoting the success and social mobility of students transitioning to college from incarceration. Mary McGrail turns a critical eye on the strategies and structures of for-profit colleges while extracting some lessons for public institutions. Sandy Brown Jensen and Anne McGrail address the impact of new digital forms and disciplines. Bonnie Simoa contemplates the erosion of cultural traditions from one generation to the next and relates her own transformative cross-cultural adventure in learning and preserving a traditional Balinese dance. Carl Best, Eleanor Whalen Carducci, Demetri Liontos, Julie Fether, Carol Watt, Don Macnaughtan and Alice Lamoreaux in one way or another explore inter-generational legacies within families, while Bill Woolum notes generational shifts in our conception of liberal education.

Altogether, 28 contributors join the conversation, creating what we hope you will agree is a lively and timely discourse.

Russell H. Shitabata and Ben Hill
Community College Moment editors

Essays

If you look deeply into the palm of your hand, you will see your parents and all generations of your ancestors. All of them are alive in this moment. Each is present in your body. You are the continuation of each of these people.

– Thich Nhat Hanh

Generating Transitions: From Incarceration to College

Alice Louise Warner

Preface

This is a study in progress. I am a curious observer and learner, but not an expert. I owe a great debt to people who have shared their wisdom and experience. All ignorance is mine.

Introduction to the Never2Late2Learn Project

Community colleges are the place where we make the transition from who we are to who we want to become. Through observation, reading, trial, and heaps of error I have come to better understand my students' lives and the impact their experiences have on their learning. I began this project to make sense of the transition students undergo from incarceration to college. I have come to see that students making that transition have much in common with their classmates. I am now in search for universal designs to benefit all of my students, including this unique group.

My interest grew out of teaching Effective Learning and Developmental Reading and Math. Many of my students are new both to Lane and to college. I am the first college instructor they meet, and it falls to me to choreograph their first college experience.

I stumble into all things fascinating by making mistakes. Some time ago I joined a small group of students discussing a news article about Jeremiah Masoli, a University of Oregon football player kicked off the team after pleading guilty to several crimes. Confusing Masoli with UO teammate LaMichael James (who pled guilty to different crimes), I commented that the player's behavior demonstrated that he was "not a good person."

This crude, ignorant remark brought me anxious days and nights. I faced the contrast between my knowledge of one of the members in the small group, a dedicated student and class leader who was just beginning the transition from incarceration to college, with my snap character assessment of Masoli, a stranger. My own comment was morally reprehensible, hard evidence that I was "not a good person."

I looked for an opportunity to make amends but couldn't reach her by telephone or email. My anxiety climbed when the student skipped the next class. The student did return, to my intense relief, and I had the chance to speak to her after class. She asked if her friend could stay and listen. I agreed, and said I needed to apologize for a comment I had made. My student said, "I don't remember you saying anything bad; what did you say?" I repeated my comment about Masoli, adding my realization that it does not fall to me to

judge other human beings, especially not to make judgments based on stories that come to me third-hand. My student's friend turned to her and said, "See! I told you it would be worth it to come back to class!"

On the first day of the next term this forgiving soul delivered a friend to the door of my class, opened the door, and leaned in to announce to the whole group, "You're in the right place — you're in good hands with Alice!"

This experience put me on the path of this research, which I call the Never2Late2Learn project. Although the title could refer to my students, it includes me.

My stumbling with this first openly transitioning student gave me a new lens to observe the classroom. What followed reminded me of a familiar experience watching birds: you identify a new bird with the feeling that it has never been in your yard before, only to find, now that you know what it looks like, that the bird and its kin have been living in those bushes the whole time. I started to hear more student stories about their incarceration or the incarceration of family and friends. As I learned more and began to tinker with my teaching, more of my students became comfortable sharing these experiences.

Meanwhile, I found that Lane Academic Advisor Leslie Soriano-Cervantes was having a similar experience. She too was concerned about how to help this group of students. I searched educational and social science literature with little success. As a result of four decades of "getting tough" on criminals I could find very little literature specifically addressing the learning needs of people coming to college from incarceration. Leslie made the excellent suggestion that we could gain insight by interviewing students. With advice from Lane faculty member Mark Harris, I avoided public announcements and flyers, seeking volunteers by word of mouth. This brought me several student volunteers, expert advice from a psychiatric nurse working in a federal prison, and the chance to observe students and other participants at work during a session of the Federal Re-Entry Court. These volunteers have gone out of their way to share experiences and wisdom in the hopes of making a better transition for those to come. If I had not promised anonymity I would thank each one profusely here.[1]

Comparing the Environments of Incarceration and College

College can feel unstructured. In prison and jail you wake, sleep, eat, exercise, work and socialize in a predictable routine controlled by the authorities. In sharp contrast, college courses require a minimum of time on campus in the classroom, and students need to plan and structure the rest of the day and week.

Moreover, the visual environment of college life may be overwhelming. Incarceration means you spend most, if not all of your time in places where nothing changes. If you can see outside the room you are locked in, the view doesn't change. The places you go,

the clothing people wear, the people you come in contact with, and the food you eat are predictable. Not so with college. Just riding the bus to college presents a new visual scene every few seconds, inside the bus and out of the windows.

The classroom often feels unsafe, especially at the start of the term and the start of college. This is a foreign habitat. Teachers and classmates are strangers, and they may behave unpredictably. We have changed the learning routines. In a former era, when lecture predominated, students could cope by sitting silently at the back. But today most instructors emphasize constructivist, student-centered learning, requiring our students to actively participate and work hands-on during class. We ask students to work in groups, both in the classroom and between classes.

Such active participation exposes students' vulnerability. Learning in public and with others means making mistakes openly. This runs counter to the social paradigm of incarceration, where it's dangerous to show weakness.

I had little idea of how unsafe my students could feel until I encouraged students in the back row to move forward and join more actively. A student told me he had to sit with his back to the wall in a place where he could see the door. He was already a successful member of this academic community. Nothing out of the ordinary had occurred that term. It was week eight.

Our constructivist teaching routines also throw students into social and cultural immersion. Prisons and jails have a social structure — with predators seeking to identify and dominate prey. In college, we ask students to interact socially in ways that are unstructured. Or, we provide a structure that can be uncomfortable. On the first day we might say things like, "Turn to the person next to you and talk with them about your hobbies," or "Tell your partner about the last time you ...." What seems to us like a soft pitch request requires students to sift rapidly through their experience to find something to talk about that is both socially acceptable and emotionally safe. On the first day of the term, one student pulled me aside after my third request to work with classmates. "I've been in a place where we don't do this much," he said. "Can I work by myself?"

College life forces students to mingle socially across cultural lines: sitting in the classroom waiting for class to start, leaving class, or working in pairs or groups. Transitioners tell me that Lane students strike up conversations about their children, hobbies, television programs, electronic gadgets, video games, and sports. Oregonians are famous for chatting with strangers.[2]

How can transitioners manage in this unfamiliar dance of mingling and chatting? After being locked away, you lack the cultural common ground that gives you safe topics to share. If you are living in a halfway house, the details of your current life will bare your history. Where do you live? How did you come to be at Lane? What were you doing before

school started? What kind of work do you do? Do you have a family? If you answer, revealing slices of personal history, you become vulnerable. You take the risk that classmates will make negative judgments about your current character based on your past mistakes. If you don't answer, you miss the chance to form interdependent peer relationships that could support your academic success.

Additionally, we may take academic preparation for granted. If you experienced incarceration in middle or high school, your preparation may show it. "English class" at a youth prison facility might be a group of prisoners crowded into a mobile classroom, using outdated texts, in the midst of chaos. When a college teacher opens the class in the first week with, "We're going to review this first material quickly — you should know this already," you'll know that you are already behind, and you'll quickly get the idea that you won't be able to catch up. What about teachers like me, who use Moodle? You've got a new language to learn and you may need to ask for help. This adds to your vulnerability. You have to ask for help learning things that grade-schoolers mastered while you were away.

The Impact on Student Learning

The prison psychiatric nurse gave me a label for what I saw: the experience of incarceration creates post-traumatic stress. "Stressed brains don't learn the same way," writes John Medina, molecular biologist and author of *Brain Rules*, a layperson's guide to brain function.[3] Stress affects your brain's ability to remember, think logically, and learn. Thus feeling unsafe prevents you from learning and from remembering what you try to learn.

Matching transitioners' descriptions with cognitive brain science gleaned from reading, I started to visualize students' brains with a kind of cover plate made of an old-fashioned radar screen, the kind where a line moves clockwise around the four quadrants of a circle, continuously. Transitioners' brains are processing their surroundings in an instinctive, protective cycle, assessing moment to moment, whether the situation is safe or dangerous. During incarceration, a background hum of routine noises signals calm, but both sudden silence and loud noises signal danger. Silence signals that something dangerous has just happened; noise signals that something dangerous is happening right now. The variety and unpredictability of classroom noises makes it hard to stop protecting oneself and pay attention to stimuli provided by other senses.

Even under normal circumstances, our brains receive more sensory input every moment than we can make sense of. We decide what is safe by sampling. We compare the sensory input in the sample from the situation we're in now to the samples we stored during past experiences. If a situation is new or unpredictable, I'm guessing that my brain has to take more samples to arrive at the safe/unsafe verdict. How do you stop this habit

when it has safeguarded your survival in the past? Transitioners report that they are often in sensory overload or "overwhelmed."

There is another brain-related challenge for students who have spent time in prison. According to the psychiatric nurse I spoke with, many prison inmates leave incarceration with traumatic brain injuries sustained during physical conflict with guards and other inmates.

Lack of sleep and interrupted sleep further disrupts students' brain function. Medina's rule for optimum brain functioning is "Sleep well, think well."[4] Getting a good night's sleep may be difficult, if not impossible, for transitioning students. The nightly incarceration routine alters your sleep patterns, making it tough to sleep when you are released. A student described how guards check to see if every prisoner is in their cell every few hours — for example, at 10 p.m., 2 a.m., and 6 a.m. At each check a guard walks by the front of your cell, flashing a light inside. If you move, the guard walks on. If you don't, the guard bangs on the door to wake you (or to find out if the figure on your bed is fake). Even if you move with the light, though, if another prisoner doesn't, you will still be woken up by the banging. I know from personal experience that anxiety can keep you awake as well. These sleep problems can persist for years.

Work From Strengths

Yet the stories of students making the transition are not tales of weakness, as all this talk of brain stress and environmental challenges might suggest. Transitioners bring personal and cultural strengths to college, too.

One noticeable strength is the ability to accurately infer another person's message from the context and their actions, which is needed to function in a "high-context" culture. Culture can be defined, conceptually, as "a program for survival."[5] Thus cultures and micro-cultures can be created through common experience. I get a strong sense from students that the experience of incarceration creates a "high-context" culture in which actions and context communicate more strongly than oral or written language, or, as the saying goes, where "actions speak louder than words."[6]

Students tell me that incarceration requires you to assess situations and people in fractions of an instant, sensing intent, motivation, and mood. Your safety depends on this skill. In peaceful community life we also draw conclusions about people and the way they will react, but we have more social and visual cues and more time to decode them.

Relying on listening to monitor safety strengthens use of audio cues. According to the prison psychiatric nurse I interviewed, people who have experienced incarceration use their sense of hearing to "see" others, drawing conclusions not only by words but the voices

used to say words. It seems logical that with fewer visual cues your ability to use perceptions of sound and to appreciate finer distinctions in sound would increase.

Attitude is another source of strength. Students entering college after incarceration are standing at the crossroads of personal transformation. I have noticed that transitioning students, especially those who have had drug or alcohol treatment, embrace the belief that human beings learn by making and learning from mistakes (Dweck's "growth mindset" [7]). I have seen transitioners engage emotionally and intellectually with an inspiring combination of persistence and motivation. While other students may struggle to find a connection between their coursework and their futures, transitioning students in my classes are often able to see and articulate this path. Through the power of their work ethic, growth mindset, and life perspective, transitioning students can make a strong and positive contribution to their classmates' learning.

Universal Design

Ever since I became aware that my ignorance of the transition from incarceration made it harder for students to learn, I have been searching for ways to make it easier. Years of working with struggling, "average," and gifted students have taught me the wisdom of universal solutions. For example, I could put materials in 11 point font, but size 12 and 14 make the text and print sharper and easier for everyone to see, no matter who is in the class that term. I could allow students to cross-talk during discussions, or make noise during reading or testing. However, if I hold the floor for one voice at a time, and make reading and testing silent activities, it's easier for distractible students to focus. This detracts only slightly, if at all, from the experience of the others in the room.

The notion that the classroom is made up of a majority of "average" students with a "normal" complement of brain strengths is a myth. The human brain relies on scores of neurodevelopmental functions to learn, but none of us is strong in all of them.[8] The variations in our wiring are infinite, as cognitive brain scientist Medina confirms.[9] Work backwards from any measure of success, whether you take Steve Jobs, Frida Kahlo, Michael Jordan, Lady Gaga, or your serene elderly neighbor who grows the best tomatoes, and you won't find a straight "A" student, the person strong in the dozen or so brain functions measured by schools and used to separate "normal" from "special education" students. What you will find is an infinite variety of combinations of strengths. Nowhere is the fallacy of the "average" person more obvious than in community college classrooms filled through open enrollment. Thus I see my mission as setting up and purposefully managing environments that can draw on all of my students' strengths.

Serendipity strengthened my search for universal solutions. After interviewing students who have been incarcerated, a student coming straight from active duty in Iraq shared her

experience of college. The themes were the same: adjustment to an unstructured life, sleep deprivation, sensory overload, anxiety over personal safety, emotional isolation, and social alienation.

This connection gave me another, different lens to observe my classroom. If I considered the situation of each of my students, how many were experiencing a life transition? Almost all.

We have veterans returning to school after tours of duty in Afghanistan, Iraq, or both. We have men and women coming to college after disability, loss of livelihood, a change in family structure following divorce or custody orders, after survival of sexual violence or other abuse, and in recovery from addiction. Even the students enrolling straight from high school and on their way to four-year degrees are adapting to a setting where the responsibility for learning is shifted from teacher to student. My observations tell me that most students are making a significant emotional and psychological transition at the same time. I ride my bike past the posters: "Student Success Starts Here" and "Lane Community College: Transforming Lives through Learning." Knowing what I have come to know and appreciate about students' life paths, this has taken on special meaning — our promise to students is that this is the place where you will transition from your old self to a new one who can be successful. To do this for all students I look to principles of universal design.

Design Principles and Ideas

What follows is a handful of theoretical principles and design ideas that come out of my understanding of student needs, and my philosophy, which is constructivist and student-centered. The ideas you choose will depend on your academic discipline, your teaching philosophy, and the setting. Classroom design ideas are for dreaming up, testing, sharing, and debating. What works for me may not work for you, and vice versa.

Cultivate a Strong Teacher/Student Relationship

Interviewees say that the most important characteristic in classes where they succeed is the quality of the teacher's commitment to their learning. This is consistent with high-context culture — personal relationships form the context in which nonverbal and verbal communication is understood. This is a culture that pays more attention to what we do than to what we say.

What I take from this is that I have to demonstrate my commitment to teaching each student. Preparing and delivering lessons, grading papers, and holding office hours — these are actions I take to manage the class as a whole. To create a strong teacher/student relationship, I need to find and use opportunities to observe and support the learning of each student.

While pondering this I had the good fortune to experience it as a student in Laura Ahola-Young's Introduction to Drawing. Laura presented concepts and techniques to the whole class, and we worked on common assignments in class and at home. In addition, she closely observed our individual progress in drawing and stepped in, one-on-one, when we had difficulty. I struggled to complete a still life. I would draw the shapes I saw, but when I came back to the place I started the pieces didn't fit together. Laura observed me and then taped a spot on the floor for me to stand upon. A kinesthetic learner and a restless one at that, I was moving constantly. I saw, and drew, a new set of shapes every time I moved.

From kindergarten to doctoral degree I have never been in such a close learning partnership, or made such dramatic learning gains. My final project is so different from the work I made in week one that I scarcely recognize it as my own. My classmates shared similar experiences.

Laura, though, was teaching in an art studio. Can I partner with students this way in math, reading, or education? I want to find out. This term I'm trying out Adrienne Mitchell's flipped classroom design, which turns class into a sort of math studio. In Reading and Effective Learning I've been assigning students to meet with me briefly at office hours — Barbi McLain-style, as she does with Lane students from her writing classes. I'm trying to make Exit Tickets routine in each of my classes, so that I can check for student understanding and find error patterns.

Personal Introductions

In this culture we begin relationships with friendly eye contact, a handshake and by exchanging first names with our students. We can do this before class starts on the first day, or during the first half hour, or with Moodle messages and e-mail.

Veterans and students coming out of incarceration find this laughably long. Students assess the learning environment in seconds, and their impressions are remarkably accurate, according to educational researchers.[10] "If I took that long to size up a situation I'd be dead," a veteran of the war in Afghanistan told me. We are under observation from the moment we appear on the first day. What we choose to do counts. In K-12 settings some teachers greet students at the door on the first day of class, using research suggesting this enhances learning. A college version of this tradition is to welcome students warmly to the class and make this a habit when we enter the room, before settling our things or turning our backs to write on the board.

Get to Know Students in Context

We can give students the immediate opportunity to educate us about who they are and where they are going. Lane has a new web-based mechanism called the Online Student Profile (OSP), where students answer questions about their academic life in context and

can explore their learning styles and personality characteristics that affect learning. We can also use Moodle to gather context.

Mutual Respect

Respect is currency in prison. Showing lack of respect has serious implications. Mutual respect between students and between student and teacher is an important factor in learning for all students.

Knowles' theory of andragogy[11] teaches that adults need to know why they are learning what we ask them to learn, and how the learning will benefit them. We can explicitly teach adults that the goal of the community is to make a place where all students can feel safe to learn by trial and error. I start here in my welcome, and come back to it in week two. As part of a self-assessment of progress towards learning objectives, I ask students to assess whether they feel safe to make mistakes in this community, whether they feel respected by other students, and whether they feel the instructor treats them with respect. By week two students have experienced the environment and each other, and it's early enough to address a problem.

Create Safety by Building a Community

We can't make mistakes in front of strangers. That means one of the first jobs of the learning community is to turn strangers into classmates. Every member needs to know the names of the other members. I argue for making this an explicit learning objective in weeks one and two.

Rituals also have a deep impact. Shared experiences contribute to creating classroom culture. A ritual is something that "we" do. It comes to define this group of people coming together to learn at this time for a purpose. In many terms I start the week in my Reading class with a "Reader's Cafe." Students sit at tables covered with tablecloths, sharing material they choose to read. Some people play music as students enter, using ritual to create mood. I use humor to attract the brain's attention.[12] Our talking stick is a huge yellow pencil from Hiron's joke aisle. My silly Hiron's headband with antennae welcomes anxious students arriving at my office for their first solo reading conference.

Increase Structure and Predictability

We have many options for increasing structure. I pair this with the andragogy objective of telling adults what they are learning and why. One simple way to address both objectives is to visually display the learning objectives in class. This orients students, offers an intellectual structure they can refer to and helps them find a reason to engage with the details. Another way to incorporate structure with learning objectives is to use content-based units, instead of time, to chunk the course. This pushes students to think about the content and the way it fits together.

Routines increase predictability and decrease the amount of teacher instructions (procedural knowledge) that a student has to master on the way to learning content. We can use a repeating format for an exercise, or have an activity that repeats weekly or daily. If we want to be truly kind and respectful of students' time we would standardize Moodle shells wherever possible, so that Moodle navigation is predictable from course to course and term to term.

On a smaller, daily level, we can structure student-centered learning by visually displaying the directions for new multi-step activities. We can form and rotate groups and pairs in predictable and neutral ways, such as by counting off. We can hold students accountable for participation in structured and neutral ways by creating a card deck of student names for cold call questions.

Normalize Error

We make great progress in learning when we find the pattern of errors and use it to change our approach. I was teaching this out of my own experience and my instinct when Lane faculty mentor Merrill Watrous led me to consider Doug Lemov's advice on "normalizing error"[13] and to connect that thinking to the theories of Carol Dweck.[14] I find talking with students about error-making and the uses of errors in learning is especially resonant for people coming from incarceration. This concept can help them affirm and redeem the value of their lives — reframing past mistakes as necessary steps in a positive life journey.

Dweck recommends helping all students identify and examine their mind-set. She identifies two ways of thinking: growth mindset, where people believe that they can achieve success through their efforts, and fixed mindset, where people believe that success is the result of talent and fate. Last term, I asked students to write a reflection using examples from their experience, following that up with a very short reading about Michael Jordan from Dweck's book. This set the scene for a small group discussion and a whole group synthesis of student experience. Michael Jordan was not born with the many skills he uses. As Dweck describes, Jordan was no stranger to failure and challenge. He got cut from his high-school team and didn't get recruited by the college he wanted to play for. With each of these setbacks he set about learning new skills through practice and conscious effort.[15]

But perhaps the best way to support students in making mistakes is to own mine. In Math I would like to develop a habit of making mistakes and asking students to walk me through the correction to lower their fear of making mistakes publicly and bust the myth of effortless perfection. When I reflect on what my first openly transitioning student taught me it comes back to this: I'll own my mistakes, and I'll leave you to deal with yours.

Listen to the Audio Feed

Students need an engaging environment with enough quiet to think. Last term I asked Reading students to introduce each other on day two and to describe what helps them

learn and keeps them from learning. The response startled me. The most common barrier to learning they identified? Classroom noise. I knew from my interview with the prison psychiatric nurse that audio feed could make a big impact on students coming from prison. I had no idea how much this affected the rest of my students.

We can rigorously maintain the "one voice" habit — requiring all students to give their undivided attention to the speaker. Using a talking stick makes it visually obvious who has the floor. We can require full silence during testing, reading and thinking moments. We can structure in small amounts of quiet thinking time. Instead of, "Turn to your partner and talk about ...," we can say, "Please think for a moment about ..., and then ...." We can ask students to be silent for a moment before they respond. This deepens the discussion with a very slight delay, serving the community's purpose in the long run.[16]

Another thing to consider is the tone and register of our voices. For students relying on context to absorb communications from me, the audio feed is a critical part of the context. My research has taught me that people I want to reach are highly tuned to distinctions in sound. Am I stressed? Irritated? Hurried? Which of my emotions is leaking out in my voice, and do I intend those emotions to become part of the teaching relationship? I might think about the visual impact of the clothing I wear to teach, but what voices do I "wear" to class? Which choice has more impact? I asked the psychiatric nurse what would make a difference in teaching students coming out of incarceration. She said you have to be grounded, and students need to hear that grounded-ness in your voice.

The Socio-Political Imperative

We live in the Age of Incarceration. In 2008, one in 31 American adults was either incarcerated, on parole, or on probation, according to a report by the Pew Charitable Trusts' Center on the States.[17] An estimated seven million prisoners will re-enter American communities over the next ten years.[18] This is the result of a nation-wide incarceration boom and four decades of criminal justice policies emphasizing punishment. Many people attempting re-entry take community college courses to qualify for living-wage jobs. If these students succeed, research shows they are less likely to return to prison. Indeed, liberal arts education is the only intervention known to make an impact in recidivism. University courses are "the single best mechanism available to increase post-prison success."[19]

The staggering cost of re-incarceration drains public resources available for education. In the 1990s correctional spending increased 521%,[20] and has expanded 305% over the past two decades.[21] The 2011 Pew study estimated that "total state spending on corrections is now about $52 billion."[22] Roughly 40% of the people attempting to re-enter civilian life after incarceration are re-incarcerated within three years.[23] The cost of community college

tuition, fees and room and board expense was less than half the average annual cost of incarceration in state prisons, as measured in 2001.[24]

People making the transition from incarceration to college may carry with them scars of "excessive failure" and the stigma of criminal conviction, on top of lack of literacy, rusty or missing job skills and social skills. Before arrest an estimated 19% of federal prisoners are illiterate, 40% are functionally illiterate, 13% struggle with a mental health problem, and 31% are unemployed.[25] 89% of inmates have never attended college.[26]

There is no way to know how many people make the transition to college from incarceration at any one moment. Students have the legal right to keep their experiences private, and stigma motivates many to protect themselves. However some students become comfortable enough in the classroom to share their stories and the stories of incarcerated family members and friends. Listening to student stories and observing the process of their "re-entry" into the community, I have seen a pattern: many motivated, dedicated and inspiring learners are people I have come to think of as "transitioners."

Endnotes

[1] To protect volunteers' privacy I have mingled details, as needed.

[2] "If you've had a lengthy telephone conversation with someone who dialed the wrong number, then you live in Oregon ... If someone in a Home Depot offers you assistance and they don't work there, then you live in Oregon ..." OregonLive, *The Oregonian*, "Well, at least we aren't rednecks." Last modified 2011. Accessed January 13, 2013. http://blog.oregonlive.com/edge/2011/08/tuesdays_edge_well_at_least_we.html.

[3] John Medina, *Brain Rules, 12 Principles for Surviving and Thriving at Work, Home and School*, (Seattle: Pear Press, 2008), 169-96.

[4] John Medina, *Brain Rules, 12 Principles for Surviving and Thriving at Work, Home and School*, (Seattle: Pear Press, 2008), 149-68.

[5] James A. Banks, *Teaching Strategies for Ethnic Studies*, (Boston: Allyn & Bacon, 1997), 63.

[6] Edward T. Hall, *Beyond Culture*, (New York: Anchor Books, 1976).

[7] Carol Dweck, *Mindset: The New Psychology of Success*, (New York: Ballantine, 2006).

[8] Mel Levine, *A Mind at a Time*, (New York: Simon & Schuster, 2002).

[9] John Medina, *Brain Rules, 12 Principles for Surviving and Thriving at Work, Home and School*, (Seattle: Pear Press, 2008), 49-70.

[10] Ken Bain, *What the Best College Teachers Do*, (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2004), 14.

[11] Malcolm S. Knowles Ph.D., Richard A. Swanson Ph.D., and Elwood F. II Holton Ed.D., *The Adult Learner, Seventh Edition: The Definitive Classic in Adult Education and Human Resource Development*, (Burlington: Butterworth-Heinemann, 2011).

[12] John Medina, Brain Rules, *12 Principles for Surviving and Thriving at Work, Home and School,* (Seattle: Pear Press, 2008), 71-94.

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Continuing the Traditional Balinese Legong Dance: Sang Ayu Ketut Muklen and Putu

Bonnie Simoa

I fell in love with dance during summer school, between sixth and seventh grade, in a Greek folk dancing class. Holding hands and dancing in a circle to music was the first time I had felt a sense of spirituality in community. I had felt spirituality in nature before that … resting in the warm duff under sugar pines at Lake Tahoe, or swimming in the Gulf of Mexico. But this was different. This was not about place. It was about moving and togetherness. Many years later, after getting my MFA in dance and directing a dance company, I still found myself yearning for the feeling of awe and connection I felt in my adolescence.

In 1996, I was living in Davis, California, and had been directing my modern dance company for six years. In the last concert of our season, halfway through my piece titled *Velvet Hand,* I was overcome by a feeling of being alone and disconnected, even though there were six other dancers on stage. In that moment, I knew something was missing in my dance life. The connection that drew me to dance initially was obscured by pressure to make interesting work and the daunting responsibility of keeping the company afloat.

I felt compelled to experience dance in a place where it was valued, integral, and spiritually important. I had heard that in Bali, art and spirituality are intertwined with everyday life. Knowing little else about Indonesia, but ready for an adventure, I decided to go there and learn … something. I disbanded my dance company. I gave up my adjunct teaching post at the University of California, Davis. I put my belongings in storage, and I traveled to Bali for six months with no fixed schedule or pre-arrangement. It was an uncharacteristically bold move that I am very glad I made.

What I had heard about Bali is true. It is a place where dance is a revered art form, inextricably connected to Balinese Hindu spiritual traditions and necessary for the health and prosperity of the culture. Since that first trip, I have returned many times. Bali has come to be my second home. This essay emerges from my participatory research of Balinese dance and culture over the past 16 years.

Much of my time in Bali has focused on learning the Legong Keraton Playon, a 200-year-old, 40-minute dance with complex movement rhythms and patterns. The Legong is an exquisite dance that epitomizes feminine grace. Traditionally performed by pre-pubescent girls who are chosen to become dancers, this particular version of the Legong is the *antik* style.

Sang Ayu Ketut Muklen is from the village of Pejeng. She is the last surviving Legong teacher of her generation and a revered master dancer. She was chosen to become a dancer by the people in her village in 1935, when she was nine years old. Her guru, Nyoman Camplung, a famous dancer from the nearby village of Bedulu, taught Sang Ayu the series of Legong dances.

At times, Sang Ayu's lessons with Nyoman lasted eight hours a day. She has shared many stories with me over the years about how she was bent, kicked, and pushed into the form. Her role was to dance in ceremonies and celebrations, often walking all day from one village to the next, dancing at night and sleeping in the temple, for months at a time. She married at age 20, and it was then that she began teaching the next generation of dancers. In 1976 she began teaching foreign students.

Sang Ayu never learned to read or write, but devoted her life to becoming fluent in the movements of the Legong. Now, at age 85, she holds the complex movements and patterns of the dances and music in her body memory. As the last surviving and most famous Legong teacher of her generation, she teaches the *antik* style with its beautiful weighted stance, wide arms, grounded feet and strong character.

When I met Sang Ayu in 1996, I became one of the many to study with her, but one of the few who learned the entire Legong Keraton Playon and the Legong Kutir. Through my years of practice and research, I have earned her trust and encouragement to perform and teach the Legong.

This was the most challenging thing I have done in my dance career. The complex structure and duration of the Legong pose a challenge to memory and require immense concentration and focus in performance. The character of the dance must vacillate from bold to sweet, back to bold. Applying the heavy makeup takes nearly an hour; donning the costume with its weighty headpiece and layers of fabric that bind the torso takes an additional hour and a half.

Balinese culture is undergoing rapid change. Tourism and the influx of western ideas pose a threat to Balinese arts. Bali is one of the top tourist destinations of Southeast Asia, and one of the products sold is the rich culture and arts. To meet the demand, dances are edited and presented in a revue-like way, often omitting sections. It is not unusual to see a 10-minute version of a 40-minute Legong.

The new generation of dancers, who *choose* dance rather than being *chosen*, often do not have the desire or stamina to dance the longer, older versions. Most prefer the modern style and newer creations. Unlike previous generations, they must balance school and work with their dance practice.

What will happen to the *antik* style of the Legong? It is clearly a concern for Sang Ayu. She refuses to take any students who want to truncate the dance. *Potong-potong* is the word

for cutting in Indonesian. As we rested after our lessons this summer, Sang Ayu shared her frustration about *tari potong-potong* — cut dances. She asked me, "What happens to the pieces that are cut? Where do they go?" She gave me permission to dance the Legong in sections, but only if I preserve their integrity and order. If I dance sections one through three on one occasion, I must dance four through seven the next.

When I first began learning the Legong, Sang Ayu's great granddaughter Putu was two years old. At two, Putu showed signs of a being a good dancer with her big expressive eyes, sweet face, and already dancing hands. She watched Sang Ayu dance and teach, and began studying more seriously at age six. By the time she was 11 she was dancing beautifully. Now at 19, Putu has learned the repertory of Legong dances from Sang Ayu.

I had thought Putu would be the one to carry on the tradition of the *antik* style. But during my trip to Bali this summer I realized that there is no plan in place for this. In September 2012, Putu moved to the city in Denpasar where she is studying to be a midwife. It is questionable whether she will come back to the village and teach, particularly since the likely scenario of marriage would mean she would live in her husband's home.

There are video-recordings of the dances, and there are dancers in nearby villages who know versions of the Legong dances, so it is not likely the dance will be forever lost. However, the specific *antik* style of dancing for which Sang Ayu is known — her wide strong stance, and her fierce bold *agem* (body position) may not be expressed as it has been for the past 75 years through her.

I asked Sang Ayu if there was another teacher who studied with her, who knows and teaches the Legong. She recommended Gung Raka and Gung De Oka from the nearby village of Peliatan, famous for it's own version of Legong.

By perfect chance, which often seems to be the case in Bali, I met Gung Raka and Gung Oka at their art center, Balerung in Peliatan, just after finishing a lesson. They are from the family of performing artists who participated in the first tour of Balinese dance to the US in 1952. They both lit up when I mentioned I study with Sang Ayu. It was clear they hold her with deep admiration and respect. I asked them about Sang Ayu's *antik* style and they explained that it is unique. Sang Ayu's dance character is more bold than sweet, with her weighty stance, her arms held wide, her back straight.

It was absolutely clear to me after talking with Gung Raka and Gung Oka that Sang Ayu is unique. Her style may not rise again.

Sang Ayu is getting old. She talked about this nearly every lesson I had with her this summer. Her memory is not as sharp as it was, her energy is low, she is losing strength, and she is losing her hearing. She said to me one day, "Dancing and music are like husband and wife. Not hearing the music is like not having a husband."

She suggested I study with Gung Raka when I come again if she is either gone or could not teach. That was sad and hard to hear. Her life is dance, and to see her abilities slipping away is painful. She encouraged me regularly to learn deeply: *supaya musuk otak* "in order that it enters my brain" because she may not be there the next time I come.

This summer during my lessons, Putu would often join in, and Sang Ayu would scold her for dancing in the modern style. Over the years in addition to studying with her great grandmother, she has learned many contemporary dances. Her style is more delicate, the curves of her torso more exaggerated, and the character of her dance often sweeter.

Sang Ayu and Putu, photo by the author.

Putu's body and abilities are contemporary. For her to preserve Sang Ayu's style would be like a contemporary Western dancer preserving Isadora Duncan's technique of the early 1900s. The modern style of Balinese dance has more exaggerated hip, eye, foot, and arm movements, and the body that is dancing knows how to ride a motorbike, has a Facebook page, uses a cell phone, and has been through years of sitting at a desk. Putu can teach the steps of the old Legong and can reference the *antik* style, but a more embellished, modern character will always be present in her dance.

I feel a sense of responsibility to Sang Ayu to teach the traditional Legong to my students at Lane Community College. Students appreciate this story of lineage and change, and grow in understanding the impact of modernization and globalization on Balinese dance and on the dances of other traditions.

The feeling I get from Balinese dance is different than the jolt I felt at age twelve, holding hands and dancing Greek folk dances in a circle. It is different, but equally satisfying spiritually. Though I often practice the Legong alone here at home, I feel connected to a lineage and a culture beyond the bounds of time and space, which is more than I could have hoped for when I ventured across the Pacific 16 years ago.

Journal Entry, August 23, 2012

Today's practice was wonderful and hard. For the first time, I felt beauty and comfort in the movement. I did not feel odd, awkward or strange as I usually do. My body finally accepted the weight shifts, shapes and rhythms.

I am so lucky, fortunate. My relationship with Sang Ayu has made me a better person. Learning this old and beautiful dance has changed my life. Each time I walk down the road away from her and her house, I wonder how many more times I will be able to walk this way toward the rice fields, through the bends in the road, across the river and through the market. Sometimes hot, sometimes breezy, full of satisfaction, and always … full of love.

Inexhaustible Energies of the Cosmos

Joseph Campbell's Heroic Ideas and Two Digital Stories of Kim Stafford

Sandy Brown Jensen

I got lucky, that's all. I met someone who changed my thinking, my teaching, and the trajectory of my life. It was the early 1980s when I met Joseph Campbell, a courtly gentleman of an earlier generation. Under the direct and personal mentorship of this great comparative mythologist, I began one of the first "Hero's Journey in Life and Literature" classes in the U.S. at the University of California, Riverside.

I was very much the eager student of his seminal books, *The Hero with a Thousand Faces* and the *Creative Masks of God* series. During the time I was privileged to call Joseph Campbell mentor and friend, he was rocketing to fame through a series of influential, widely seen, and much discussed programs on television. By the time he died in 1987, it seemed there weren't too many intellectuals in the world who didn't know who Joseph Campbell was.

Over the double decade plus since then, the power of Campbell's insights into the essential unity of all human storytelling has never left me. I tracked the Hero's Journey movement into Hollywood via George Lucas' adding onto his *Star Wars* trilogy. Robert McKee adapted Campbell's ideas in his widely-attended workshops and his book called *Story: Substance, Structure, Style and the Principles of Screenwriting.* There are many other examples of how Campbell's thought has permeated the popular and academic cultures of the ensuing generation of moviegoers and scholars.

So it is with a sense of shock that I survey my 21st century classes to ask who knows who Joseph Campbell was and get no raised hands from anybody under, say, forty at the youngest. But Campbell's ideas are not just for a lost, pre-digital age. His ideas about how each of us plays out in modern themes the primeval cosmogonic round of the legendary heroes still very much matter.

I myself have moved into the creation and study of a new generation of myth-making called digital storytelling. Digital stories are brief multimedia videos characterized by the presence of a voiced-over narrator telling his or her story. The multimedia is typically drawn from the storyteller's personal house of ephemeral treasures: photographs, letters, home videos. Though associated with an earlier generation of storytelling, Joseph Campbell's theories still offer a powerful set of analytic lenses.

To serve as an example of what I mean, I have chosen two digital stories by another mentor and friend, who is also an eloquent influence on Oregon arts and letters in many media, Kim Stafford, Director of the Northwest Writing Institute at Lewis and Clark College in Portland. I use Campbell's lenses to take a closer, almost frame-by-frame look at what is revealed about the art and the artist, connecting the ideas of one generation, Campbell's, to the new media stories of another generation, Stafford's.

Two Stories, Both Alike in Dignity

"Deep in every life there dwells a place called Eden," begins Kim Stafford's digital story, *Eden Garden of Dreams*. His lyrical voice comes after a visual prelude of his son Guthrie playing along the salt sea edge of Puget Sound. A child, a crab, a starfish, and a deep male voice induce the listening trance in the responsive viewer.

"The human heart, for all its virtues, is not big enough to hold the beauty of the olive grove at dusk," begins a second digital story by Stafford called *Dream at Assisi*. Bird song, running water, wind through the grass, and then the distant tolling of chapel bells create the introductory soundscape for Stafford's first-person voice-over in this story.

Both *Eden Garden of Dreams* and *Dream at Assisi* are available on YouTube.com. See Works Cited for URLS.

As the two stories — created a year and a half and a world apart — unfold, words, images, and structural elements repeat like visual and verbal equivalents of objects arranged and rearranged on a personal altar. Some of these may be viewed as archetypes of the unconscious, as Carl Jung has taught us; others are idiosyncratic and yet grow in luminosity as the storyteller shows them to the viewer over and over in differing lights and shadows of meaning. A deep reading, using the magnifying lenses of such mythologists and archetypal analysts as Joseph Campbell and Carl Jung and their cohorts, increases both my understanding of and my pleasure in Stafford's work.

Who is Kim Stafford?

Kim Stafford is a noted figure on the Northwest literary landscape. Born in 1949, he lives in Portland, Oregon, and teaches at Lewis and Clark College. He founded the Northwest Writing Institute, and he is his father's literary executor: William Stafford was one of Oregon's poets laureate. Kim Stafford has written two major books of memoir and many books of essays and poetry from chapbooks to published collections. Additionally, he is a singer-songwriter with two released CDs, an editor and contributor to other books and projects, and, most importantly for my purposes here, a digital storyteller with a PhD in Medieval Literature.

I asked Kim in an e-mail about the back stories of each of the two digital stories I am examining, and he replied, "*Dream at Assisi* was written, photographed, and created while

we were staying at the Convento de San Antonio in Assisi in August of 2011. I made the film as a gift for the sisters there, who were very kind to us."

"Eden Garden of Dreams I made for the parents of a classmate of our son Guthrie, after they had invited a number of classmates and their parents to a retreat on Hood Canal last June, 2012."

"So both were created when I was pretty far along in my play with this medium, when it had become a recurrent way to savor an experience I am having in the moment, and then out of that pleasure of seeing and savoring to make a gift for someone in that place."

I know of many uses for digital storytelling, often involving the shaping of personal identity, and it has many chronicled uses in the healing and educational arts, but perhaps one of the most sublime is the creation of a digital story as a gift, as Stafford states his are. This is the action of a self-realized adult seeking to create and give a creative synthesis of emotion, thought, words, and images in return for something he feels he was given — perhaps hospitality or permission to walk a landscape or enter into a sacred space such as a convent.

"For some reason," he continues to write, "[My conception of my digital stories] reminds me of a kind of artifact often found where Paiute people camped in ancient time. It seems they often left a small stone with an image scratched on the surface that has been called 'an apron' — a rounded vertical rectangle, with a series of parallel lines inside. No one knows what this means, but I feel I know what it is for: Gratitude to Earth."

With this background in mind, I turn my attention to the structure of the two digital stories, which is remarkably similar given the distance in time and space in which they were created.

Enter Joseph Campbell

Eden Garden of Dreams begins with what Joseph Campbell identifies as a "Call to Adventure." The viewer is addressed in the second person pronoun "you." "You" are reminded of a personal spiritual place metaphorically referred to as a "genesis garden of dreams," "the journey," "the island in time," and "a place that secretly thrives inside you" (Stafford *Eden*).

The next action induces movement into a zone of heightened awareness, and archetypal figures appear: a "woman with a wand," "fire in a little chapel," and a "bear in the bathroom."

Additional dream images emphasize that the action of the story is in the spirit world of dream. The storyteller locates the viewer's sense of self in this "origin point," and the next step is to "wake" to a creative state of daily mindfulness. "You may be alone for a time ... then you may meet another ... and from this meeting, who knows what may then begin?"

Dream at Assisi also begins by locating itself in a sacred site; this time, an olive grove. The locus of awareness is once again the dream; once again, "you" are called to the soul's high adventure; you are being taught by nature to "listen, look, turn" (Stafford *Dream*).

"The heart," says the storyteller, "figures out the problem of magnitude and devotion." This digital story implies that St. Francis and St. Clare showed the way to release the external world in order to come closer to the ineffable, as may the viewer: "Lie down upon the earth. Look now into the beauty you will be. Become the beauty you have known."

Themes and images repeat in both of these stories: the dream, memory, the journey, the path, the empowered agency of the natural world including the sea, the forest, the mountains, the olive grove.

The great comparative mythologist Joseph Campbell rolls out a vast and figured carpet of interpretive possibility under the feet of the traveler through Stafford's dreamscapes. And I am not referring here specifically to the simplistic diagram of the cosmogonic round which has become the darling of Hollywood (although that is not a reason not to honor it for the insightful heuristic it is); I mean the text of *The Hero With a Thousand Faces* itself and its travels through the world's treasure house of myth and meaning. Campbell offers a panoply of tools useful for understanding Stafford's digital dreams in more detail. Nor does the reader need to do more than begin with Chapter One "Myth and Dream," the very stuff of the topic at hand.

Campbell begins by saying that from Africa to China, from Greece to the Arctic, the stories that are told "will be always the one, shape-shifting yet marvelously constant story that we find, together with a challengingly persistent suggestion of more remaining to be experienced than will ever be known or told" (3). It would not be too much, he continues, to say that "myth is the secret opening through which the inexhaustible energies of the cosmos pour into human cultural manifestation" (3). It is my conviction that Stafford's digital stories do just that.

After establishing the hologrammatic nature of myth, Campbell notes that in contemporary Western society, although comparatively barren in terms of a tribal myth system, the ancient themes of myth are with us yet. "In the absence of an effective general mythology, each of us has his private, unrecognized, rudimentary, yet secretly potent pantheon of dream" (4). The unconscious, as both Jung and Freud and others have discussed, sends all kinds of images up into the conscious mind. Campbell warns that "they are dangerous," because they rock the boat of everyday life with fears of "resisted psychological powers we have not ... dared integrate into our lives" (8). But they are compelling, as well, "for they carry keys that open the whole realm of the desired and feared adventure of the discovery of the self. Destruction of the world we have built ... but then a wonderful reconstruction, of the bolder, cleaner, more spacious, and fully human life" (8). This speaks directly to the

spiritual trajectory of both of Stafford's digital stories, which move immediately from the natural world of the everyday into that "wonderful reconstruction ... [of a] fully human life."

Kim Stafford/Digital Storyteller, Mystagogue, Guide of Souls

Campbell then introduces another idea, that of the mystagogue or Guide of Souls, which is very pertinent to my thinking here about Stafford: I believe Stafford the Digital Storyteller plays this role of psychopomp, whose function it is to mediate between the conscious and unconscious worlds of the engaged viewer of his digital stories.

The power of Campbell's ideas of every person as the hero of his or her own life story does not dwell completely in the familiar "call to adventure" followed by the "road of trials," the dark time in "the belly of the whale," followed by resolution of father/mother issues and final "magical return flight." That is the outer pattern describing an inward experience. "The first step, detachment or withdrawal, consists in a radical transfer of emphasis from the external to the internal world, macro to microcosm, a retreat from the desperations of the waste land to the peace of the everlasting realm that is within" (17). This is the threshold crossing over which Stafford as psychopomp guides the dreamer/viewer.

I think we can see Stafford/Storyteller himself as the hero "who has been able to battle past his personal and local historical limitations.... Such a one's visions, ideas and inspirations come pristine from the primary springs of human life and thought. Hence, they are eloquent, not of the present, disintegrating society and psyche, but of the unquenched source through which society is reborn" (20). Stafford's digital dreams are located exactly at that intersection between worlds, the crossing over from the everyday world into the zone of heightened power. His stories mediate that crossing for those who have heard the call to self-discovery and self-development, and who have happened upon his digital stories in their quiet corner of Arachne's world wide web, left there like a Paiute apron stone in "Gratitude for the Earth."

Departure, Initiation, Return

Let us look more completely at these stories as multi-modal video productions that also stand at the doorway between the everyday world and the inner world emblemized by the word "dream." Both have three distinct segments: a quiet introduction of natural sound and imagery; the narration itself; and a coda of music or song and additional natural images. Campbell frames Part I of his entire text into the same three parts as Stafford does his stories: Departure, Initiation, Return.

Eden Garden of Dreams begins with video of moonlight on moving water, a campfire in the night, the distant sounds of children as natural as birdcall, the sound of water running, a still image of the beach taken from just inside the forest's edge, then the notes of

a marimba begin and the singing of world-beat musicians Pakwe Pamwi. The rhythmic singing will stop for the narration then begin again in the coda.

Dream at Assisi begins also with a soundscape of bird calls, water running, the wind in the grasses, and chapel bells of differing tones ringing. The music for this digital story will come in the coda with Stafford singing an original folk song.

This opening section of each digital story can be seen as analogous to an invitation to the viewer to quiet herself, depart the ordinary world, and enter into the receptive, meditative state necessary to be transported into that other, inner world where the story can unfold and spiritual action can occur.

The second section of each story contains Stafford's narrative line and symbolic choice of imagery, both video and still. This section correlates with "Initiation." "Once having traversed the threshold, the hero moves in a dream landscape of curiously fluid, ambiguous forms. ... he here discovers for the first time that there is a benign power everywhere supporting him in his superhuman passage" (Campbell 97). This is precisely what we experience as we, the viewers, enter into the heart of this journey. *Eden Garden of Dreams* particularly employs a visual symbol set drawn from the natural objects found on the beach: smooth, nacred shells and brightly polished stones of many colors.

Eden Garden of Dreams

As Kim begins speaking the line, "Deep in every life there dwells a place called Eden," we see his son Guthrie playing in the ocean and holding up a starfish. This gives me a sense that this meditation is for his son and for the next generation, in addition to being a hidden artifact on the World Wide Web for the questing hero/viewer to find by fortuitous encounter. The next phrase, "a time of origin," is connected visually to the sea itself, from whence we are all evolved ("Out of the cradle endlessly rocking," as Walt Whitman, master poet, puts it), emblematic of the deep unconscious and all the creatures that swim beneath the surface of the waters. We are given images of a crab, a starfish, stones, and the sea.

At that point, location has been established, and the rest of the narrative is told exclusively with images of ear-shaped shells — mostly oyster and clam shells. It is worth an aside to remember that shells have a cultural significance to many Native American tribes as wampum, "which was traded within ceremonial contexts, in part for the connections of shell with water and its life giving properties" (Prindle). For Stafford, in this story, shells are the spiritual, symbolic medium of story communication; they constitute their own abecedary.

The early images of shells establish their visual presence as symbol; they are shown to the viewer enough times that I am starting to see a closed-up clam as representing the phrase, "In this place that secretly thrives inside you."

The next sentence idea is "in this place at the edge of the sea, childhood lives on and on," and the image is of a shell containing a couple tablespoons of sea water with dozens of wriggling, squirming creatures, children of the sea and pointing to our own microbial beginnings.

Several fantastical images follow, evoking the most quintessential of dream archetypes: a "woman with a wand," a gathering of healers surrounding "you" when "something cuts your foot" (a shell, perhaps?), and even a "bear in the bathroom," which I take to be analogous to the powerful genital chakra and our most basic animal nature.

Stafford represents none of these evocative images literally. Instead, he arranges and rearranges shells to deepen the trance. The point is not the literal progression of images and storyline; there's something else going on, and the viewer is expected to do her share of the psychological heavy lifting.

Shells are healers circling a central broken shell, which represents "you"; shell shapes include and exclude. With the odd line, "Someone says, 'The temple for children was once a tent for armies,'" there are many shells together and one placed deliberately apart. It takes a beat for the meaning to open up in the receptive viewer/listener/initiate that a violent history may resolve in a peaceful present. The shell set aside is the historical fact, present and acknowledged, but it has been smoothed by time and is no longer actively included in the "temple for children."

One of Stafford's recurring images is a beckoning path. As *Eden Garden of Dreams* shifts gears slightly with the line, "A road is a life seeking beyond," the shells now appear in a new context, arranged and rearranged on the massive rings of old-growth driftwood. They also appear arranged on the gray swirls and eddies of the log's sun-bleached surfaces as we head down this new path where the moon is "a mother humming," a "ghost dog runs through moonlight," where there are "stars among leaves," and "honey bells at the tips of twigs." These images are "origin points" that "return in dreams" and make intuitive sense as shells express a language of shape in the coruscations of the heavily-grained wood.

The viewer by now is so visually in tune with the shell metaphor that when the end comes, I completely believe in the one shell as myself when Stafford says, "You may be alone for awhile." A second person/shell appears when he says, "Then you may meet another." A small, third shell appears between the two as he concludes, "And from this meeting, who knows what may then begin?" That final effect is a tiny flourish subtle enough to make the viewer feel as if she has understood something hidden, been let in on a delightful, profound, procreative secret.

The coda for this story is the rising marimba and song (which is syllabic to Western ears but may be an African language) as the cornucopia of joy opens up in a festive torrent of images: people gathered around a picnic table sharing a meal or standing between the sea

and the shore; again, the path through the woods, children and starfish, a circle of shells, sea-washed stone, rain-drenched salal, a butterfly, ferns, a fern-covered blue tent, honeysuckle, a final wild rose as if the Storyteller cannot bear to stop the exuberant dance of the Magical Flight, the joyous Return to ordinary consciousness.

Dream at Assisi

Dream at Assisi shares many structural features with *Eden Garden of Dreams*. There is a long, initiatory soundscape with images that, along with the title, place the story in Italy.

The narrative begins with images of what must be a very old olive orchard. The black trunks are twisted, thick and gnarled, bespeaking the passage of time and seasonal weather of the tough sort that would produce these dense trunks. "The human heart, for all its virtues, is not big enough to hold the beauty of the olive grove at dusk," Stafford begins. The olive tree is in and of itself a powerful symbolic presence with all its cultural associations as Athena's gift to Athens, the tree of wisdom, peace, hope, night, fertility, health, wealth, and balance for civilizations ranging from the Greeks to the Celts. It is not just the visual beauty of the olive grove that poses a problem to human comprehension, but all its ancient echoes down through the corridors of human history. It is the gigantic World Tree with roots that penetrate into the subterranean abyss and branches that "hold conversation, through its foliage, with the beings of the sky" (Campbell 335).

Stafford's point here, though, is that the long-lived olive tree has a life trajectory that ends in a spiritual transmogrification: "The olive grove ... wants, finally, to be sky." This represents the challenge for the human quester; Stafford says, "The heart remembers how the old trees grow by reaching farther than they can," as we must. The images here are path, path, path, road. The spiritually questing heart "remembers how a path became a road, and wanders up the slope into a village, and then becomes a line of desire climbing the mountain." That climb up the mountain is always the hero's spiritual journey to more rarified air. It is a symbol that occurs pan-culturally. Remember Han Shan, the Taoist/Buddhist hermit who twelve hundred years ago wrote poems on the rocks, trees, and temple walls of China's Tientai Mountains using Cold Mountain as a symbol of spiritual ascent, here translated by America's own Zen poet, Gary Snyder:

> Men ask the way to Cold Mountain
> Cold Mountain: there's no through trail.
> In summer, ice doesn't melt
> The rising sun blurs in swirling fog.
> How did I make it?
> My heart's not the same as yours.

If your heart was like mine
You'd get it and be right here.

Along this soul's high adventure Stafford is guiding us on; three things help "all this become clear." Very much acting as "helpers" on this path, the hero heart is advised by the olive tree to "*Ascoltame!* Listen." A "blue butterfly resting on a blue thistle is saying, '*Vendeme*!' Look here." And the iconic Tuscan sunflowers tracking the sun's passage to zenith, "are saying, '*Gira! Gira!*' Turn." These three helpers are accompanied with representational imagery, which is very different from the shell abstractions of *Eden Garden of Dreams*.

Now Storyteller/Stafford takes the plot trajectory into classic mythic territory — that of the dangerous journey of the soul into a spiritual death and rebirth. To represent death to the old ways of being and rebirth, he uses blackout screens twice. He sets up the tension of the necessary death by saying there is "only one way" to resolve "the problem of magnitude and devotion," and that is, "There must be an end." He even includes the image of a light tunnel, which many people report seeing in near-death experiences. Shamans report the light tunnel as they enter the heightened states of trance, and the hero must often endure a trial involving a tight tunnel transverse emblematic of a second womb and rebirth. Campbell has a long chapter on this very point in the hero's journey, which he refers to as "The Belly of the Whale."

Stafford created this digital story as a gift to the Sisters at the Convento de San Antonio after a visit to Assisi, so both St. Francis and St. Clare are folded into the conclusion of this initiation journey as wise elders who have gone before us on the path to a life of devotion, humility, and service. They learned long ago what they here abjure: "Put flowers on the table"; that is, cultivate a life of ceremony and simplicity and appreciation for earth's beauties. "Look now into the beauty you will be. Become the Beauty you have known," are final lines that faintly echo the words of the Navajo Beauty Way ceremony, which is similarly designed to restore harmony and beauty to the human soul.

Chapel bells and the images of the saints conclude the central narrative of *Dream at Assisi*. Then, as in *Eden Garden of Dreams*, an exuberant coda overflows with images of roses, a chapel, the distant town, sunflowers, and olive groves as Kim sings an original folk song. Yet again, the image of a path recurs. The song ends and the credits roll to the sound of wild bird song.

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Chain-Store U: My Experience Teaching at a For-Profit College

Mary McGrail

Six years ago a friend asked me if I wanted a job. I was unemployed at the time, scrambling for Manhattan temp gigs and awash in unpaid bills. "It's teaching," she said, "we need to fill an English 112 slot." She added that it wouldn't pay much. My friend is that rare thing: a full-time employee of one of the country's largest corporate, for-profit colleges. She and I had gotten MAs together at City College, CUNY, so she knew I had the required credential. I quickly said yes, and asked for subway directions to the Queens, NY, campus.

So began two of the most rewarding — and frustrating — years of my working life. As a for-profit college adjunct, I met smart, hard-working students from backgrounds as varied as the city itself. I bonded with instructors who, like me, were drawn from New York's vast pool of underemployed MAs. I came to see why people love teaching even as they hate it. I also saw first-hand the kinds of problems reported in studies such as Senator Tom Harkin's (D-IA) hard-hitting investigation of the corporate college sector, and heartily agree with the study's recommendations for a system-wide overhaul of the corporate model. Yet my experience also convinced me that CUNY, and other public community college and university systems, would do well to steal a page from the for-profit playbook and recruit students with the zeal and dogged follow-through of my Chain-Store U.

I'm no longer teaching, but when I first told the friend who hired me that I'd be writing about my experience, we discussed everything from the value — or lack thereof — of a corporate college diploma in the job market, to the omnipresent salespeople, to any number of issues surrounding the for-profits. After initially opening up in fascinating conversations about the ups and downs of working at a for-profit, my friend grew hesitant to be named or quoted in this piece. The same held true for another former colleague.

One reason for this discomfort may lie in a brief section of Harkin's Senate report, which notes that "[a] large portion of the faculty at many for-profit colleges is composed of part-time and adjunct faculty."[1] The report links this fact to "questions regarding the academic independence [faculty] are able to exercise to balance the colleges' business interests."[2] Another possibility? Confidentiality agreements signed by every Chain-Store U employee, which may dampen the urge to talk off-the-cuff while on-the-record. In fact, corporate education instructors have about the same rights and autonomy as America's retail chain employees. Like other publicly-traded companies, corporate colleges succeed by delivering value to their shareholders above all else.

That first day, I hopped on the seven train to Long Island City, Queens, and wandered the school's gleaming halls until I found my classroom. Despite my misgivings about the school, as soon as I saw those 22 expectant faces, I was glad I had said yes to my friend's offer. We all introduced ourselves and reviewed my cautious syllabus. Polite, blank stares greeted my first lesson plan. "Let's try an ice-breaker," I said, launching into a "write-five-true-things-and-one-lie" exercise I had been assured would be a hit.

Reflecting Queens itself, the class was spectacularly diverse. My students were older than traditional undergrads, and most were male. At first the veterans and active military sat straight and worked hard to memorize and repeat what I said. Everyone called me Professor, and kept it up when I corrected the error. During class discussions some students seemed reluctant to disagree with me or each other, as if debate was somehow disrespectful.

Over time, we began to write together. The first assignment, a personal essay, opened things up. A young man wrote about firing a pistol when he was 12, how the hot barrel glowed blue in his hands. A shy, older woman who worked as an administrative assistant wrote about fleeing the world trade center on 9/11; members of her family later fled New Orleans' Ninth Ward during Hurricane Katrina. A student from Kingston, Jamaica, described the thrill of once playing in a World Cup soccer match.

True, I was among students who sometimes struggled not just with grammar but with basic English, or who quoted strange, random internet sites in their work. A few simply vanished, including the best writer in the class. "That happens," my friend said, consoling me about the author of the gun story. She explained that our students were nearly all full-time workers with extended families to support. "One family crisis or work demand can take them out." Yet the overwhelming majority of these men and women shared an almost supernatural belief in the value of acquiring knowledge and a college degree. A few weeks into the class, the young man from Jamaica asked me if I had read Edward Said. I strongly suggested he transfer to Brooklyn College, Hunter or another CUNY campus; this despite the fact that since Chain-Store U's credits aren't transferable anywhere, he'd be out some serious money and have to start over from scratch.

Each week, four solid hours of class-time loomed. I hit up friends and family who are academics for teaching tips, exercises, stuff to do. I slogged through textbooks, prepped hard, and scheduled office hours for everybody along with tutoring for those who needed it most. "Fun, right?" my friend said, smiling. And it was.

I enjoyed getting to know fellow instructors and the library staff, comparing notes and advice, feeling part of a caring community. All the while, a steady stream of "recruiters" roamed in the background, there but not there. In the quiet of my cubicle or the library, I'd hear them. The young salesmen in crisp shirts and ties told wanna-be students about our "world class" facilities, the top-paying jobs awaiting Chain-Store U grads, and how

federal student loans would make it all possible. Meanwhile, out on the bustling streets of Sunnyside and Long Island City, fatigue-wearing salespeople scanned for prospects. The feverish sales-pitch seemed less about enrolling future graduates than about making sure lots and lots of people completed the financial aid application package. For a few honeymoon weeks, the Chain-Store U students were as pampered as Ivy League freshmen. Too much paperwork? No problem. A commission-earning "consultant" would be at your home with pizza in one arm and completed paperwork in the other. He or she could even watch your kids while you signed on the dotted line. Once a student was enrolled for 30 days or so, the college drew down his or her federal student aid money, and voila! Everybody was happy, and the risks of steep tuition, high drop-out rates, and student loan defaults were still remote.

For those who own and invest in for-profit colleges, enrollment itself is synonymous with success. The long-term academic success of students is, in a sense, beside the point. Almost everybody I taught was the first in their family to go to college (or high school, in many cases). This and other factors no doubt made them more vulnerable to the sales tactics unfolding in the halls and stairwells, and on the streets outside.

Ironically, it's exactly the unrelenting sales pitch and follow-through of the for-profits that takes into account just how tough it is for low-income working people (many with young children) to successfully complete the college enrollment process. Things like overtime at work or a sick child can make it impossible for a prospective student to spend a day in line at the financial aid office, or on hold for the next available advisor. But while there's little chance that CUNY or any other public university system could compete with a corporate sales army, surely public institutions could do a better job of helping students get through the process. After all, CUNY and other public community college and university systems exist to educate the very same striving immigrants, low-income working parents, veterans, and other "pieces of business" (corporate slang for "students") who are so prized by the for-profits and their shareholders. Public institutions of higher learning need to step up and claim these students — most of whom are incredibly motivated, smart, and ready for true higher education.

Endnotes

[1] Senator Tom Harkin, et al. For Profit Higher Education: The Failure to Safeguard the Federal Investment and Ensure Student Success: Two-year investigation by the US Senate Committee on Health, Education, Labor, and Pensions. July 2012

[2] Harkin, p. 9

Generational Perspectives

Carl Best

My grandmother, Ida Harmony Best had been a school teacher in Wisconsin before the family moved West around the turn of the century, and she was determined to see that all three of her children, Mary, Nell and Charles graduate from college, which they all did.

I found this photo in a box full of old papers that belonged to my Aunts Mary Van Horn and Nelly Best, who passed on back in the 1980s. It shows two generations of my family, and apparently two generations of the plow horse's family. Pictured are my father, Charles Ward Best, who was born in 1910 and died in 1990, and my grandfather, Samuel Ward Best, who was born in 1871 and died in 1918, about three years after this picture was taken. It was taken on the family homestead in a town that no longer exists, called Stauffer, pronounced "staw-fer" by the ranchers and cowboys who live in the area now. Stauffer was located about three miles directly South of Glass Butte, just off Highway 20, near Hampton, Oregon.

My father and his older sisters didn't talk much about their life on the homestead, but I imagine that life was pretty difficult. When my grandfather was killed by a wagonload of lumber which rolled over on him, my grandmother left the homestead and moved to The Dalles, where work was available in the Libby cannery. From there, they moved to Portland, and then to Eugene, where my father attended Eugene High School, which was located at the current site of the Lighthouse Temple at 17th and Lincoln. From 1962-'64, I attended school in the same building, which had by then become Wilson Junior High.

Bridging the Generations

Gail Stevenson

Years ago when I was six months pregnant with my third child, I was also working as an in-home nursing assistant for the elderly. Sometimes I was little more than a glorified babysitter, offering relief to an elderly spouse-caregiver. Other times I was part of an around-the-clock team attending a terminally ill patient.

As part of one of those teams, I tended to Mr. R. who was dying at home. He was an architect and engineer who had designed bridges and buildings, not only in the vicinity of Portland, Oregon, but also all over the world. I could sense his prominence from the art on the walls and the photographs of him standing with well-dressed, distinguished-looking people.

As I soaked up his history, he rested uneasily in a hospital bed in the room at the end of the hall, his bony legs purplish black, his lungs filled with fluid. Airways had to be kept clear. Death was in his room, death and the glowing six-month orb in my belly.

Remembering touching, soothing, tending this fragile dying man while my babe kicked for more room still sends a chill through my being. I had never felt so enmeshed in the web of life, my feminine instincts intensifying as the burst of life within me imbued Mr. R's death chamber. I felt a power beyond myself to care for this wonderful man as he moved away from life.

When I looked at Mr. R., I imagined him as a baby, a boy, a young man, and for some moments I could see traces of those former selves playing upon his sunken cheeks and shadowy, sightless eyes. A life was flickering out in front of me while another, yet to be lived, kicked inside me. I felt I was a bridge between worlds. In those moments I experienced in my head and in my heart an understanding of being somewhere in the middle, of being connected to the most basic of processes.

Now, all these years later, I can't say I have had this depth of experience again, and yet it has stayed with me. I tend to see people within the whole lives they are living. I catch myself imagining adults as babies or looking at babies and seeing them as old, old people. Before this experience, I tended to think there were big gaps between the generations when, in reality, we are living similar lives whatever stage or generation we are in.

The Celtic Thread

Eleanor Whalen Carducci

As many women of a certain age do, I find myself in the unenviable position of arranging for my mother's confinement in a nursing home or, as she in her inimitable Irish wit titles it, "the *Gael*." While sorting through the contents of my mother's gabled attic, my hand touches a dusty red leather volume: a novel by Father Will W. Whalen. I have often heard stories about my cousin, who was the son of Irish immigrants, the first of thirteen children referred to within our family as the "tribe of Mike." Will was a writer/priest and renowned among the Whalen clan for his creative pursuits and his unique approach to his vocation by constantly outraging the bishop with his avant-garde behaviors. Sitting down in the soft dust of my mother's attic, I begin to read Will's novel, *The Red Lily of Buchanan Valley*. I am captivated by the descriptions of a generation of Irish men and women who sailed on rickety ships with as many as ten or more children and no comforts to sustain them. I am drawn to the stories of poverty and struggle with a large dash of heroism. These are my ancestors, these solid human beings who rarely had time to reflect on their deeds of everyday valor.

They did, however, tell stories, and I listened. I vividly remember the stories of my maternal grandfather, an immigrant who took pride in being Irish and Irish American. I heard Irish anecdotes from my mother who survived the depression and World War II through hard work and lots of hope. I listened, and I never doubted the Irish origins of the gift of the gab, the belief in miracles, and the knowledge that the world would break our hearts. Why did I continue the tradition of Irish pride, the rituals of religion, celebrating both the living and the dead, and the love of the written word? More importantly, why did I perceive that these stemmed from my Irish ethnicity? My answer is that the tapestry of Irish ethnic identity is stitched into the fabric of my being with a strong thread that has resulted in a deeply rich, yet complicated tapestry. It is easy to stereotype the Irish as drinkers, partiers, and kissers of the Blarney Stone. But down through the generations in my family, the Irish were also spiritual, ritualistic, brave, strong, and devoted to family. Yes, I have been to Irish wakes where the alcohol flowed into the morning hours; I have seen the bitterness of some who never could get meaningful work and despaired. I have known families with ten or more children who only stopped being born when Mother went through menopause. It is all there for the seeing, the discussing and the embracing.

I see my 96 year old Mother tap her foot and smile when I put Irish music on her tape deck. Her walls are decorated with shamrocks and pastoral landscapes. She yearns in her lucid moments for an Ireland she has visited once. She cherishes the ethnic identity with

which her father, a first generation Irish American, raised her. My grandfather sang and told tales of the Old Sod even on the day he died. The Irish disdain funeral homes as cold places with no sense of celebration of the life of the deceased. So my mother opened our home for his wake, and the evening reverberated with Irish stories, singing of "Danny Boy," and the quaffing of quite a few pints as the community bid farewell to a man to whom the world was not always kind, but who never lost the integrity of his soul.

My siblings and I discuss what it means to be Irish American. We agree that our love of language, belief in the possibility of miracles, and devotion to family may stem from being Irish. We know the sounds of dark laughter, the eternal guilt, the love of learning, and Saint Patrick's Day still unites us as descendants of a unique culture. Yet, we no longer wake the dead in our homes or sing the songs of *Eire* at every celebration. Our children celebrate their Irish ancestry as one thread of their blended ethnicities.

I sense my Irish ethnicity evaporating in a globally interconnected world. Can it be preserved in memory from stories of the past hundred years? I think of my elderly mother in the nursing home, myself, and my daughter, about to be married, and I wonder: will the complex threads of the Irish tapestry remain in our collective memory or fade away as I hold my mother with my right hand and my daughter with my left?

Remembering Nouna

Demetri Liontos

I remember her now, not as she was at the end but as she entered my life over sixty years ago in Montreal. My mother told me to call her "Nouna," which means godmother in Greek. Dutifully, I'd look up to the well-dressed lady with the nice smells and say thank you for the treats she always brought. Candy, toys, clothes, anything was likely to come out of Nouna's big, bright red bag, and a boy of six was easily pleased.

My family was not well off then, but of course like most children I didn't know life could be any different. Yet on days when Nouna came, I felt a surge of joy and anticipation: what would come out of her big bag today?

One day near Christmas, she arrived wearing a soft fur collar with the head of a fox on one end. I timidly kissed her cheek, rosy and cold from the winter air, and came face to face with the beady eyes of the fox head. When I recoiled, Nouna laughed heartily. "My goodness, don't be scared," she said in her heavy accent. "It won't bite you. It's dead!" I wasn't so sure. Soon she pulled out a large, shiny package from her bag. I quickly tore through the wrapping and cardboard box. Inside was a large, toy fire engine, its sides painted gleaming red with gold letters. My mouth was agape.

"Don't you like it?" she asked. Like it? It was what I wanted most that Christmas. I jumped up and hugged her. "Ah, now you not so scared of fox, eh?"

One summer on a hot, humid Sunday we went to have dinner where she lived on Delormier Street in Montreal's East End. It was a long walk across Lafontaine Park, where I often played with my friends, but it was a special day because my father wasn't working. When we got to her house, I realized it was much grander than where we lived. We climbed the stairs and already I could smell the wonderful wave of her cooking — borsht, roast chicken, stuffed cabbage — as she greeted us in her warm manner. Inside, a feast had been laid out, and I noticed a group of men in the corner playing cards and drinking beer. She introduced them, and soon we all sat at the table eating, laughing, with Nouna orchestrating the proceedings.

She had emigrated from the Ukraine before World War II and married a friend of my father's. She'd brought little with her other than her cooking skills and boundless energy. In time, she taught herself some Greek, and we conversed in a mixture of English and Greek. Years later, I reflected on how difficult it must have been for her not only to learn the English and French required to function in Montreal, but also to learn the Greek of her husband's heritage. Nouna seemed to plow happily through these languages, not worrying much about pronunciation or errors, communicating just fine.

When Nouna retired from the restaurant business that she and my godfather owned, she moved to Val-David in Quebec's lovely Laurentian mountains. Over the years, my brothers and I found many excuses to "drop by" and swim in Golden Lake, a small but sublime body of water next to her rustic cabin.

One warm day, Nouna returned from the village on foot, sweating and carrying her groceries. "What happened to your car?" I asked.

"Oh, *Maria* (her name for the aging Volvo) wouldn't start, so I left her there to rest. I'll go back tomorrow when she not so tired."

A few years ago, my older brother telephoned from Montreal to tell me that my godmother had died. My Nouna dead. It hardly seemed possible.

If anyone could have lived forever, it would have been her. She was 96, had led a good life on her own terms, and had shown us all what it means to be fiercely independent. Whenever I think of Nouna now, I always remember the rosy-cheeked, smiley-faced lady who wore a fox around her neck and had the good sense to give me a shiny red fire engine when I needed it most.

My Dzedo's Paska and Nut Roll

Julie Fether

I was a freshman in high school. It was the end of March, after the green holiday hoopla of Saint Patrick's Day, but before let's-go-to-church-and-kneel-for-a-week-and-then-eat-candy Easter. I was in the fragile beginnings of teen-hood, sarcastic, cynical, 14-years-old-cool wearing a '50s necktie. But that phone call one morning — before I headed to the bus, braced against the Pennsylvania chill, the phone rang. I typically challenged my mother by answering before she could. That phone call changed my life.

"Julka!" My Ukrainian name. "JULKA! Dzedi's dead!" My grandmother, Baba, was on the other end of the line, 200 miles away but as close to me as ever. Dzedo, my grandfather, was dead. He was gone in a split second from a stroke "just like that" while he shoveled coal into the furnace of their affectionately called "Pink House" in Eastern Pennsylvania. Just like that.

There was no schooling that day. There was packing and traveling and crying. There was numbness. There was the familiar smell of the funeral home. Even at 14, I was seasoned to death and dying. My great Aunt Mary passed when I was nine and I knew all about it. My mother wanted my younger brother and me to know, to always know, eventually we will pass on, we will die. Sometimes just like that.

It was the first night in the Pink House after the funeral and the funeral lunch and the awful feeling of coming to my grandparents' house when now there was only one grandparent. In the little Pink House on Dutch Hill, in the anthracite coal-region town of Tamaqua, tea water was steaming in the beloved bungalow kitchen. I curled up on my favorite stepstool chair and sighed into my tea — Lipton, double sugar, lots of cream — and I ate many cookies. I missed my Dzedo, always so happy to be with his grandchildren, tickling me with his beard stubble that smelled like Aqua Velva or, on special occasions, Polo. What will Baba do without him? Look at Mom. She's a mess. The loss of a spouse, the loss of a father, devastating. I had a vision of myself and Dzedo in the kitchen. He was a most wonderful baker.

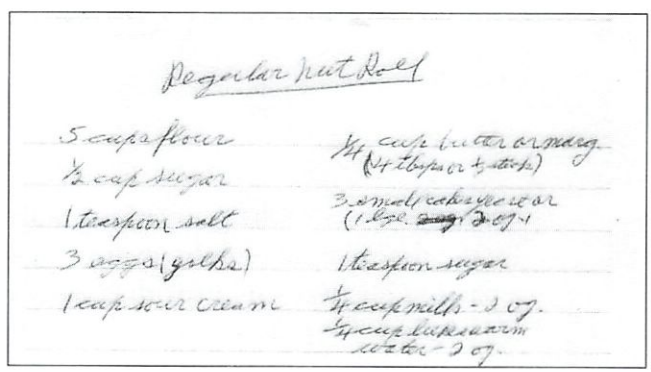
My Dzedo and Baba each had specialties in the kitchen, Dzedo's Eastern European breads and Baba's chicken soup with the whole peppercorns and the moistest chicken floating in a carrot-laden, hot, golden broth (on top of which I would sprinkle a pinch of salt!). I loved to watch Dzedo bake breads and nut rolls and poppy seed rolls and cook simple suppers. I treasured my favorite drinking glass, my favorite cereal bowl, my favorite fork, and sitting with the family, huddled in prayer over a good meal. Dzedo sometimes

would finish the night with one beer only, sipped on the front porch as the sun set over the coal banks or while watching channel six from Philly on the black and white TV.

That night I lay on the rickety couch pull-out bed, in an awkward position to avoid the damn steel pole, but after all I did sleep and did dream. I awoke with an intense sensation of smelling baking bread — Paska, Ukrainian Easter bread, sweet and dense with firm buttery crumb and egg-washed crust, encircled with a braid and studded with golden raisins. The scent lingered in my nostrils and warmed my heart. Yes, Dzedo was a baker, and I, perhaps someday I would be a baker too.

My mother sat at the kitchen table next to Baba, already with her second cup of tea. I stirred awake and listened while Mother told of the beautiful dream she had just had about my Dzedo baking bread.

Regular Nut Roll



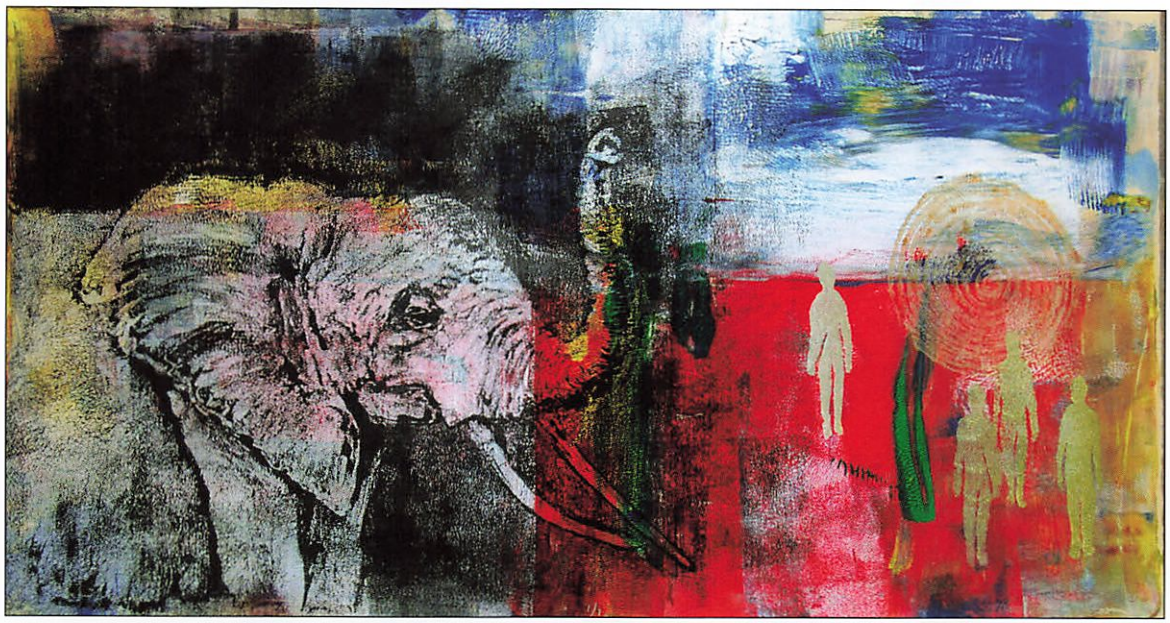
Measure flour then sift. Add sugar, salt, and butter, and work in for pie dough til it crumbles. Beat egg yolks; add sour cream to egg yolks. Dissolve the yeast and 1 teaspoon sugar in lukewarm water until it rises. Add all liquids to dry ingredients. Knead well. Form into 3 balls and chill overnight or 5 hrs. Fill with desired filling and let stand ¾ to 1 hr. before baking. Bake at 350 for 60 minutes.

Art

Nothing separates the generations more than music. By the time a child is eight or nine, he has developed a passion for his own music that is even stronger than his passions for procrastination and weird clothes.

– Bill Cosby

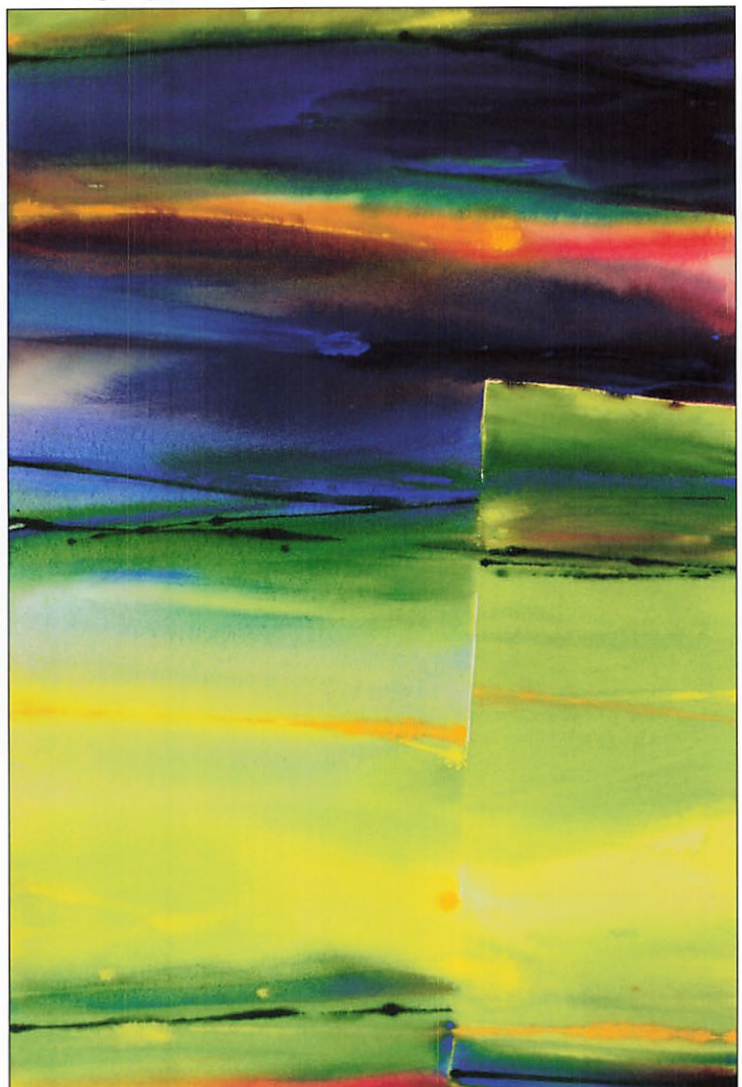
The Things We Leave Behind



Kristie Potwara

monotype • 22" x 12"

Changing Time, #2



Satoko Motouji

watercolor on paper • 15" x 22"

Time Shifting, #3

Satoko Motouji

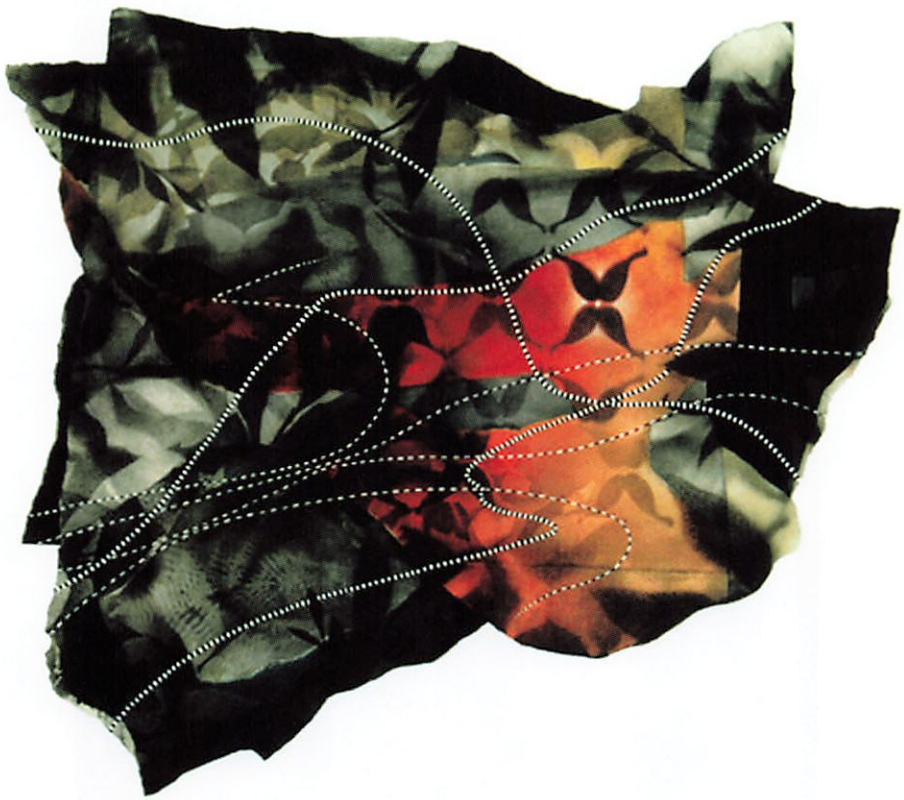
watercolor on paper • 30" x 22"

Summer Dreaming

Kathleen Caprario

mixed media on collage paper • 43" x 45"

Sunset Dreaming



Kathleen Caprario

mixed media on collage paper • 35" x43"

Portrait of Fiorella

Jerry Ross

oil painting • 24" x 36"

Vecchio Operaio Italiano

Jerry Ross

oil paiting • 12" x 14"

Shawl Dancer

Tamara Pinkas

digital photography • f 4.2, $^{1}/_{200}$ sec.

Poetry

Think not forever of yourselves, O Chiefs, nor of your own generation. Think of continuing generations or our families, think of our grandchildren and of those yet unborn, whose faces are coming from beneath the ground.

— Peacemaker, founder of the Iroquois Confederacy

For Brittie Mason Carr

(November 1902 — March 2000)

Carol Watt

Brittie Mason forever in an old photograph
riding free, bent forward,
sure and strong,
with her best friend, my mother, little Alice Russell,
Mudturtle and Bedbug,
two country kids out for adventure.

This strong-jawed, big-boned girl
grew to a strong-willed woman
with pioneer marrow
that brooked no disagreement
and battled any obstacle,
fighting sometimes it seemed for mighty small pickings,
but they meant respect and humaneness and love.

Visiting with my mom in Brittie's kitchen, I heard many tales.
With laughter and admiration, my mother told her favorites:
Of Brittie driving her family's Model T,
glad for a faltering engine, a flat tire,
something to fix,
adept in a man's world.

Of Brittie and Alice taking country walks and horse rides
followed by pigs, lambs, cats, dogs,
young and old, hale and halt,
a cavalcade of barn friends, every one named,
a common-day testifying to Brittie's tender care.
She loved all animals both wild and tame.

Later she chose a gentle man, Abe;
he knew how to live with his strong-willed wife.
I doubt it was easy,
but they found a way to swim in the same stream.

Some time after their first child died
(*the sorrows in a silent farm house unfathomable*),
that proud, fussing, big-hearted woman
took on her most intense mission:
to love and encourage her new daughter
to become her own complete self.

Then, on a summer's day a few years later,
farm girl Lynn and I, a city girl, met at her home.
The day was glorious.
She and I, six and ten, jumped around in the hay loft.
Laughter and dust filled the air,
two girls free of limitations,
not even shy to be new friends.

And now more than we two could ever have imagined,
across thousands of miles and expanse of time,
we are still bonded by our mothers' love.
This is a powerful connection.

Brittie, strong-bodied, strong-willed,
undaunted by long seasons and hardships of age,
was finally felled by time,
but she had to be brought down hard and fast,
and not until she was ninety-eight,
having lived all those years in one farmhouse,
electricity and indoor water later luxuries,
splitting wood into her eighties.

I need Brittie,
her vigor and her opinions
uttered straight-backed
and straight from the hip.

You were in or out with Brittie
and there were no maybe's,
but there was fierce tender love
for the unprotected and for kindred spirits.

Here's to Mudturtle and Bedbug,
friends for life.

Postscript: Sometime in Spring 2000, I sent the first version of this poem to Brittie's daughter instead of a sympathy card. It is framed and in Lynn's home in Little Britain, Ontario.

The last meeting of the four of us in 1999, Carnarvon, Ontario, Canada, during a Russell reunion celebrating my mother's ninetieth birthday. Brittie was therefore ninety seven and still living alone on her Mason family's farm. Her house was about a half an hour's walk on a country road to my mother's family farm. The house in the photograph is situated where the farmhouse where my mother and her twin brother were born stood until it was struck by lightning in the 1960s. One of his sons owns the land and will again host a family reunion this next summer. I'll be there and plan to see Lynn, too.

Photograph

Clay Houchens

A moment of surrender
When the white hair falls
Onto a dark robe,
The sheet that enfolds
My father, sitting like an ancient king
In the barber's chair.

A handsome man, the barber
Holds a blade in his hands.
Perhaps he is telling a joke, or whispers
That the past is not gone,
The young mother still holds her son,
The bright carousel
With its brave steeds
Still turns.

I can't be sure what lies
Between these two,
The barber smiling down
As he reaches to touch my father's head.
And my father, eyes closed,
Seems to listen,
As to an angel's words.
They fall around him
Like the snowy hair,
A mantle he can wear
For his brief journey
Back into the world.

– August 2012

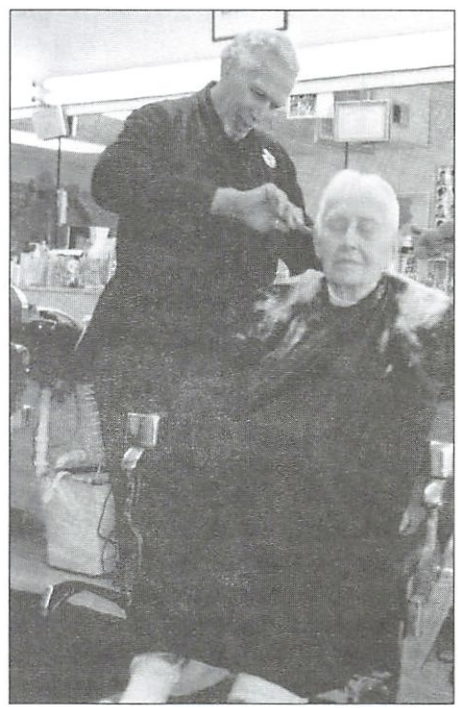


Photo by Gil Holland

Gardening with Ralph Waldo Emerson

Jean LeBlanc

> *"Nature is a language, and every new fact that we learn is a new word; but rightly seen, taken all together, it is not merely a language, but the language put together into a most significant and universal book. I wish to learn the language, not that I may learn a new set of nouns and verbs, but that I may read the great book which is written in that tongue."*
>
> — Ralph Waldo Emerson, journal entry of November 2, 1833

You frake the mulch, I'll clumple soil around the newlybeds,
and boggle in some peat moss. Will you help me multiply
the lamia into six times itself, the hosta too? Your pants
held up by braces, my hat held on with twine,
don't we frump a country pair, set the tongues a'gossin'
in our waspy Concord lane? Picket 'em all, we laugh,
the plot of them, every mizzy Mrs and her muzzy Moore.
In August, we'll sly a basket of zucchini at their door.
You have mislost your gloves again, my dear.
Tonight your cuticles will still be earthed. I do not mind,
but you will be distracted by a blotch of garden
on your knuckle, and you will call to me, and that
will be that, nothing written down this night,
the bedroom shutters open to the moon, a candle saved —
ah! frugal love! — and kisses petal for petal, well into dew.

The Plague Stone

Jean LeBlan

Half-way between two villages,
a smooth stone, its top a bit concave,
to fill with vinegar, in which to dip
one's fingers, spritz the air. Also,
the stone marks the place to leave
some fresh-baked loaves, meat pies,
a few sweets for the children, if
there are any children left. A way
for one village to help its neighbor
in times of quarantine. Here, then,
a basket filled with scones, a keg
of home-brewed beer. Walk back
toward the woods, and turn, and see
a trembling figure take a scone,
then take what they can carry, back
misfortune's way. Next week,
the giving may be backward, them
to us. Both sides know these things:
Always burn the baskets, never use
the same one twice. Never send
the strongest body to the stone, for they
may just keep walking, and are like to disappear.
And in good times, when the plague stone
sees no food, it is, instead, a place for travelers
to pass in silence, glad for the normal pangs
of hunger that hie them on their way.

On the Retirement of Big Bill Woolum

Thoughts related to "Dialogue with Richard Hugo" by Bill Kittredge

Dennis Gilbert

This tribute was among those offered at a celebration of Bill Woolum's retirement in Summer 2012. Reference is made to Kellogg, Idaho, where Bill grew up, which was the location of the infamous Sunshine Silver Mine disaster that raised awareness of workplace health issues nationally, and killed the fathers of many of Bill's school mates. The town's mixed relationship with life and death was central to its character, and Bill was nearly killed in an accident that weakened his lungs. The author's tribute is based on an understanding that the poetry and writing of Richard Hugo inspired Bill's early vision of a different way of living that brought him to Eugene to study at the University of Oregon and eventually to Lane Community College as a faculty member, where he exemplified a commitment to deep intellectual engagement and the transformative potential we see in our students.

"Big Bill Woolum," I like the way that sounds, like Big Bill Haywood, for the giant of a colleague that Bill Woolum is.

Hugo: I seem to want to create a story about a community and measures taken to insure that this community keeps going and survives.

So I recall the extraordinary Copia lecture program you created, Bill, your blog, your stint at Department Chair, your extraordinary collaborations with colleagues, your stream of transformed students, this celebration.

Hugo: And I want to create a story about an individual who finds his way out of circumstances that point toward a tragic ending, but then to reverse the flow of the story and have the person doing okay at the end. That kind of thing. In other words, the reversal of the old Elizabethan wheel of fortune.

So I recall stories of your resurrection from the land of Sunshine Silver and the edge of death in flesh and soul, from meningitis, and from more, and when you return to Idaho I imagine you ending up doing really okay, living well and large.

Kittredge: I keep finding that in fiction that the real energy comes from a collision, a conflict, you know.

Hugo: Yeah. I understand. In certain kinds of poems — I wrote an elegy for my father and I wrote an elegy for Jim Wright — and in those poems I tend to go back to more standard rhythms

— a harder driving kind of rhythm to set up a very strong beat and so forth, which will free me to say certain things and lead me to say certain things.

So I recall a certain kind of hard driving rhythm, a steady, freeing heartbeat of this place that you helped provide, Bill. It is an empty place that will remain with your departure, a fertile moist impression in the ground exposed when one lifts a large rock and sees a whole ecosystem that must shift, whether or not it actually can — a whole ecosystem that must shift, whether or not it actually can.

So I wonder about the elegy for this place, being written, in part, in the chemical reaction of your leaving and the open parts of our eyes and hearts.

Hugo: In a poem perhaps rhythms and tonalities tend to be more of a cohesive force than they do in prose. That is to say, in prose there is more of a logic to the progressions and I think there is more of a clarity to why one thing follows another. In poems somehow it seems that things follow each other for musical reasons. And that is not in fiction so much, somewhat perhaps in fiction, but almost never in an essay.

So it is that the progression and rhythm of your life makes sense as a kind of music, a music that is music to our souls, music to the sense-making of our lives.

So it is that your life is not readily encompassed by the logic of an essay. When meningitis had you down for a moment, really, down for the count, Michael and I had a learning community class full of fifty students, many of whom knew you. The deep pain of students set the agenda, and it was not an essay we provided that day in Reading the Milky Way (our linked combination of Stellar Astronomy and Mythology and Folklore). I vaguely believe Michael reached for metaphors of the dark starry night and actual music. I read a classic Haida tale, especially earthy, bawdy, about Raven, immortal but deeply defeated in the moment of this story, ending as a mass of crushed feathers and specks of flesh stirred up in a latrine, no less, before his inevitable resurrection in the next story. It all worked — is how I recall that day — for the students, of course for Raven, and one more day for Bill.

What was this all about, but Bill Woolum, an individual who one way or another finds himself in circumstances that point toward a tragic ending, but who, lacking the privilege of immortality, reverses the flow of the story and is doing okay at the end. That kind of thing. In other words, the reversal of the old Elizabethan wheel of fortune. And what is this moment all about but the story about a community and measures taken to insure that this community keeps going and survives, a story that Bill's life has helped write so much for so long. We have much to learn from our colleague Bill. And much to celebrate about our comrade Big Bill.

On my walk this morning

Dennis Gilbert

On my walk this morning I expect to see a
rather amazing patched crack in the sidewalk,
the inspiration for an arching sculpture I've been
thinking about for over a year as I passed by. Then
I see the new walkway, the connecting driveway, the
bulwark holding the yard from the driveway, the steps
and path to the front door that have all been redone.
The project is comprehensive, the surface clear, true,
well-done, and will certainly last this way for decades.

My precious inspiration is now singularly and carelessly
in my memory as I've relied on this particular patch in this
particular (I know – concrete) place and time. And now it is
next door to my record of all the times I thought of stopping
to make sketches and take pictures, now too late. There is
a lesson in this besides taking impermanence as seriously
as sculpture. Something about narrative and its stability,
the reality or perhaps just the idea of reversibility, the dark side
of recycling, opportunity not being a spectator sport, progress
not being absolute, or as Vygotsky pointed out deadpan:
"historical development includes both detours and reversals."

I have a new inspiration, more conceptual in execution,
a large 8' x 8' x 1' thick slab of pressed shredded books and
paper pulp. It will be called "Empty Stage" as in a performance
stage, stage of existence, or what the viewer will decide.
Documentation will be the names of the authors and the titles.
... You say it's already been done.
But, not with these books!

After Soaking Rains

Peter Jensen

After soaking rains that fell all night
And felt like the premonition of a flood,
The sun comes out between gray clouds, and a breeze
Dodges between the leaves and fades away.

Sudden change calls for thinking hard.
The invisible world Rilke once lamented
Is now on line. Look it up. The line between
Mental and virtual is now a borderless dream.

Everything that once was longs to go
On line. All the dead are lined up behind
All the living hoping to break into
Some database and survive as memory.

This is a way (like the legend of the flood)
When everything started over again.

A Spiral of Pelicans

Peter Jensen

As if circling, circling some
still point in blue sky, thirty White
Pelicans, with heads folded
back on their backs, with

orange beaks like wind-breaking
paddles, with black trailing
wing patches like ailerons,
float like friendly aircraft so

quietly around and
around some old pelican joy
of being with their own kind
and high on slow wing beats

or gliding on curves in the sky
over blue Tule Lake, birth place
of White Pelicans from some
still place in the air, where

lifted by ecstasy of warmth
before mating, pelicans
dance in the sky around and
around their invisible heart

that beats like a wind's pulse
going through a gullet
of air, like a gulp of
fish schools swirling in the belly

of the shallow lake, but up high
spinning like a slow dust devil
of tumble weeds and feathers
and orange eyes watching

each other go around and
smiling a long pelican smile
as the round sun shoots
rays through their spiral,

and the whole Klamath Basin turns
like a bowl of mountains,
below blue water turning
in a grass basket of wonder, above

sky turning like a wheel of
turquoise streams around and
thirty White Pelicans dreaming
an unbroken dream as it goes

through them like the arrow of
time curving like wind and
creating an eddy of pelicans
like flakes spinning from the sun.

Aboard the Empire Builder with Jacob

Dan Armstrong

Written at the request of my grandson
to accompany pencil sketches he made
on a train trip back East last winter.

Poems for the Columbia Gorge

#1

Far below the tracks
The river is a snake
Winding blue-green
To the wide, wide sea.

#2

The day is slate gray and windy
But the Columbia is happy,
Tipping white caps of greeting
To our train, a silver bullet
Speeding through the chilly air.

Whiteout

Our train plows through a total blizzard
And out my window I see a sea
Of white so thick, I cannot see
To see.

Minot, North Dakota

The houses in snowy Minot as we rattle past
Look ready for the party,
Little birthday cakes with vanilla icing on top
And warm yellow lights in the windows
Twinkling like candles.

Cut Bank, Montana

Fast tracks go clickety-clack, clickety-clack
And trees zip by, just like that.
Far off from the side of the tracks
Stand the lonely, time-abandoned shacks.

Where did the happy families go?

Independence Day

Dan Armstrong

I'm bundled up against the winter cold:
a heavy coat on top a scratchy shirt and sweater,
my furry cap with leather strap and ear flaps tightened down,
the reindeer scarf pulled snug around my neck and mouth,
and fuzzy mittens too large for tiny hands,
the tops pulled tight over tight coat sleeves.
All this to shut out the cold and keep me well.

Only four, I've badgered my way outside on a freezing day
alone. Mother has prepared me for my first solo foray
onto the long, tree-lined sidewalk that fronts
the small patch of yard in front of our apartment.
Penguin-like, I walk the distance of our entry walk,
feeling my mother's eyes warming my back,
and turn into a foreign land, the sidewalk near the busy street.

Once there, I stand, stiff and startled by the bitter cold,
turning around in my new-found independence
to face my mother still standing still in the open door,
crossed arms cradling her upper self against the winter bite,
and voice a complaint, more like an accusation,
about the surprising cold as if it's her fault somehow.
"Yes," she says, "it's chilly outside."

I stand frozen in attention at these strange words.
Knowing chili only as something I sometimes have for lunch,
my head snaps skyward with thoughts of chili falling from the clouds,
a little boy's reward for braving the cold all by himself,
spoon in hand, reaching for the parmesan,
digging into a heaping, warm portion of his favorite lunch,
finally licking the spicy, blue bowl of the noonday sky.

Later that night, once Father has returned from work,
we sit at the dinner table to eat our evening meal.
On the tablecloth Mother has placed the pink-flower plates,
the promise of a special food on this special day,
my independence day. I tuck the white napkin into the collar of my shirt
and take an eager bite, then pause to accuse her a second time this day:
"Hey, this steak tastes wike wivver!" I hear myself say.

Restless Heart of a Dog

Cynthia Kimball

She wants everything I can't give her: to lie on the couch, to eat what I'm eating or cooking, to go for another walk right this minute. She'd be happy to go unsupervised if only I'd open the front door. I tell her wanting is the root of suffering. I tell her she's 50,000 years late to be wild in North America.

When it's raining, the dog and I want sun. We want to sit on the back porch and feel our hair heat up until you can't touch it.

But I should pick all the tomatoes and bring them in. I should clean the old figs off the tree. I should finish the laundry, the dishes, the soup, yesterday's important newspaper. I should call, write, email, plan, file, pick, scrape, weed. I should run, stretch, protest, take vitamins, drink green tea, meditate, clean, organize, discard, improve, strengthen, create, publish, sanction, prophesy.

I go outside with my empty notebook and my hopeless feeling and the dog who follows to keep an eye on me in case I eat or pee on things without her. Geese fly over but we can't see them. The sun is hot but it's going to rain. Here is the splintery porch step. Here is tea, a good pen, momentary sun, anguished barking from the dog next door to which my dog listens, alert, smelling the air. Here is one quiet fragment of the heart — this piece here.

Salt Creek / Basket Slough

Cynthia Kimball

When a hawk in a swamp-killed snag drops
and a hawk from the frozen ground
rises weakly up
and they meet beak to curved beak

mirrored arched bodies ochre tail-feathers fanned
fighting or courting

You flash past can't stop
their hawk lives
separate

Unreadable world, their world an element
impossible
sealed off

Or is it you riding
the impenetrable air
and they meeting in the real
grey-green light of the imminent ocean?

You have to say it means nothing more
two hawks of a species
one might name
or twin birds without names

Being and Being meet and that is all

No omen no signifying
neither rage nor lust

simply this meeting
wounding
followed at some distance
by some ending.

LIFE IN THE CC

The wise writer writes for the youth of his own generation, the critics of the next, and the schoolmasters of ever afterward.

– F. Scott Fitzgerald

Being a Liberal Arts Teacher

Bill Woolum

A week ago tonight, Jon, the Troxstar, and I were prowling the streets of Eugene, drinking tasty beer at the Bier Stein and then at Falling Sky. I grabbed a piece of a picnic table at Falling Sky and didn't know that the other guys at the table were fellow salesmen in Jon's line of work and were in Eugene for the same sales event as Jon was.

We got to talking and I said something, because I was asked about my livelihood, about being retired and that I was going to teach part time as a part of my retirement deal. I explained that I would be teaching WR 115, a course that prepares students for our core college writing courses, the courses that fulfill requirements for academic degree work. I pointed out that I'd be spending less time reading papers because the class size is smaller and these students, by and large, are not yet capable of writing longer essays and need a lot of help with grammar and punctuation, writing full paragraphs, structuring an essay, and so on.

One of the guys we sat down with is a graduate of Columbia University. He's an Ivy Leaguer. When I pointed out what my WR 115 students needed help with, he pounced: "Doesn't that annoy you? I mean that they aren't ready to do such fundamental things in a writing class?"

I said something to the effect that I'm not paid to be annoyed and that I simply work with my students, help them, and don't really think about where they should be. I focus on where they are.

In fact, students' lack of preparedness has never annoyed me. It's kept me gainfully employed!

But, I can tell you what does annoy me. Being lied to. When students lie to me about why they missed class or when they cheat, that is, plagiarize, that annoys me. Even more, I'm annoyed by the idea that college is place to come to learn skills to help one get a job. I understand why college is seen this way. Economic pressures are great. The more tuition prices rise, the more college will be regarded as a financial investment, assessed as worthwhile to the degree that one gets that money back in earnings when they work.

Nonetheless, it annoys me, and it diminishes the potential for what a college education can be. It can be an experience far more thrilling and important than a career and requires an investment in something more valuable than money.

You see, I'm really old school when it comes to the worth of education, as well as the purposes of education. Like the ancient Greeks, particularly Socrates, I see education not

as training, not as pouring stuff into the minds of students, but as a drawing out, as a means to self-examination; I see the college years as a time to begin to explore what life means and what it means to live a well-lived life and to enter into self-examination.

My passion for self-examining, learning, and teaching started in 1973, my freshman year at North Idaho College. I was working weekends in my hometown of Kellogg, Idaho, stripping zinc or pouring anodes at the Bunker Hill Zinc Plant. I'd lived all my life in the environment of heavy metal production, breathed sulfur dioxide and particulates in the air, felt the burning in my lungs when I played baseball, rode my bicycle, or ran basketball wind sprints, and awoke many mornings to thick smog.

Not until reading some poetry of Montana poet, Richard Hugo, my freshman year, did I come to examine what living in Kellogg might mean. Hugo wrote that the befouled Coeur d'Alene River running through Kellogg was "A stream so slate with crap / the name pollutes the world," adding that "Man will die again / to do this to his soul."

These were apocalyptic words. They encouraged me to look more deeply into the place I lived and worked, and, by turn, more deeply into myself.

In the summer of 1973, when I was nineteen years old, I was temporarily trapped in a shut down roaster, a kind of furnace, and the roaster became filled with sulfur dioxide and the dust of zinc, magnesium, cadmium and other metals.

The accident blinded me for about five days, and, while I lay in the hospital, unable to see the outside world, my eyes turned inward. Almost instinctively, I looked within myself for what my life meant, what I was about, having survived.

I didn't find much.

That fall, my studies took on fuller meaning. I realized that in stories by writers like Camus, Sartre, Flannery O'Connor and others, I was finding ways to examine my life. The existentialists challenged me to make meaning out of my life, to fill the meaninglessness and the emptiness I saw when blind with substance and meaning.

This became the reason why I worked toward degrees in English and history. It was why I dove into the study of Shakespeare in graduate school. I rarely thought about what I would do with these degrees. I was never motivated by grades and, as it turned out, I wasn't very ambitious as a scholar.

I wanted to learn about what endures in human life, what thinkers and story tellers from Plato to Shakespeare to O'Connor portrayed as common in the human experience, what they examined as life giving, as well as life denying.

I found vitality in my studies as I approached them this way. I never really embraced the professional aspects of scholarship and of being a part of the English profession.

I was always searching for meaning. I was more motivated by experiencing what Matthew Arnold experiences in "Dover Beach" when, in the English Channel, he hears the

"note of eternal sadness" and realizes that likewise "Sophocles long ago / heard it on the Aegean."

What Arnold heard, Sophocles heard, and these eternal human experiences continue to endure. Exploring them has defined my life as a teacher.

As such, my approach to classroom instruction doesn't fit well with the prevailing attitudes about education we hear everywhere. In the early 2010s, I hear and read people of a variety of walks of life denigrate the central mission of a humanities (or liberal arts) education as, at best, impractical, at worst, elitist. So, when students enroll in a course of mine, I know that they likely do not see themselves going to school for reasons that align with how I teach.

For many students, much of their experience in the classroom has focused on scoring well on tests, so instruction has centered, to some degree, on how to prepare students to do well on these tests. By their nature, standardized tests are going to test measureable outcomes: writing tests, for example, focus on grammar, punctuation, spelling, thesis statement, topic sentences, the following of a predetermined structure in the essay, parenthetical citations, bibliographic details and other measures.

There's nothing inherently wrong with these measures, but this approach presents a serious problem. It's reductive. This approach to writing reduces writing to formula and tends to encourage writing that is itself standardized.

As I teach writing in the 2010s, I try to bring romance to an activity that has had much of the romance drained from it. To my way of thinking, the best academic writing grows out of love, not out of technical mastery. Love of learning grows out of seeing that whatever we teach, whether it's literature, philosophy, history, political science, art, theater, sociology, psychology, journalism, mathematics, business, or the sciences, has its deepest and most enduring value when these subjects point to the big questions of human existence. What does it mean to be a human being? What is the essence of human nature? Does a shared human nature exist? What is the nature of the human condition? How do we see the world? Why do we see it that way? What values or world views underlie the ways we see the world? How do we determine right from wrong? What is the nature of goodness? Of happiness? Of evil? To what degree do we look at these questions as individuals? To what degree do we have shared values?

These questions transcend the question I most often hear from students: "How am I going to use this?" When students ask this question, they are asking, "How does this apply to my major or to my career?" I used to teach literature students who groused about having to take math ("I'll never use it!), and I used to have math majors who thought taking Shakespeare was stupid ("I'll never use it!").

Once again, I'll confess how old school and romantic I am about education.

Colleges and universities were originally formed around the idea of the *liberal arts*. The word "liberal" suggest two things: freedom (as in "liberty") and breadth. The idea is that the more broadly knowledgeable a person is, the freer that person is — free to weigh, contemplate, think, and form a world view based on knowing as much as possible. From this perspective, my literature students who resist taking math are less free and live life less fully if they focus all of their intellectual energies on stories and poems and don't also discipline their minds to work with the abstract principles and relationships of mathematics. It's why colleges and universities have general requirements: the idea is that students are better served (and their freedom is increased) by studying a breadth of subjects rather than following a narrow course of study.

So back to the Ivy League guy.

Does it annoy me that my students need my help with sentence, paragraph, and essay composition? Does it annoy me that they need my help to compose essays?

No.

What annoys me and troubles me is that my students, by and large, are not idealistic about their education. When I introduce them to the ideals of a liberal arts education, it's news to most of my students that education could be liberating.

What troubles me is that little of the political discussion of education addresses education's primary purpose as the broadening and deepening of thinking and trying to figure out the world.

It troubles me that tuition costs drive idealism out, heighten the pressure for an education to be a source of career training, and increases resistance to that most Old School declaration of Socrates that "the unexamined life is not worth living."

Old School Liberal Arts education focuses sharply on self-examination, as well as social examination. It invites the student to think critically, independently. Old School Liberal Arts education works from the Socratic principle that the important thing is not to live, but to live well. It encourages one toward a well-lived life, a life of quality thinking and examining that endures.

As a retired, Old School part-time composition instructor, I'll keep quietly and persistently working to open my students' eyes to these possibilities as they pursue their studies.

Gladly.

Bringing Digital Humanities to the Community College — and Vice Versa

Anne McGrail

Note: Live links to references are included in the digital version of this article, some of which are listed here in endnotes. A digital version of this essay can be found online at: http://tinyurl.com/aupnoah

Defining Digital Humanities for Community Colleges

Digital humanities (DH) has emerged on college campuses, libraries, museums and on the Internet as practice, object of discourse, and disciplinary incursion, even as historians and literary scholars are actively engaged in lively definitional discussions[1] about what exactly digital humanities is. The definitional debates currently surrounding the field reveal the stakes and vitality of the digital humanities as an emerging discursive and cross-disciplinary field; in scholarly and educational orbits such as HASTAC and the MLA the field is, as one digital humanist put it, "hot."

As a method and set of practices, theories, applications, artifacts, exhibits and pedagogies, DH is becoming a feature of faculty research agendas, historical and literary exhibit partnerships, university course offerings, etc. In fact, a recent tempest in a teacup occurred when one blogger, William Pannapacker, implied that candidates without digital humanities on their CV should not expect a job interview in the humanities.[2] But this energy has not extended to community college humanities programs. A look at the most recent Community College Humanities Association (CCHA) national conference program, for example, entitled "Trailblazing in the Humanities," suggests that DH has yet to catch on institutionally with humanities programs at community colleges.

At this definitional moment in digital humanities, when its constitutive features, disciplinary boundaries, signature methods and curricula are inchoate and subject to reinvention, community colleges can influence the conversation and help shape the contours of the field. In particular, educational leaders and community college humanists should be engaged in helping to define the disciplinary entry points for lower-division college students who make up the community college demographic.

Community Colleges Have the Technological Infrastructure to Join the Conversation

Community colleges are poised to begin a systematic inquiry into their role in the development of DH nationally. While DH has yet to take shape at community colleges,

technology is already a part of the pedagogical and operational infrastructure at larger institutions. At my institution, Lane Community College (Lane), for example, Online Learning and Educational Resources are a strategic direction of the college; goals include building capacity in faculty and staff to create innovative online learning and educational resources, providing the required tools, infrastructure and professional development to use emerging technologies, and exploring the effectiveness of online learning and educational resources.

Technology's status as institutional priority at Lane has resulted in a huge leap at the college in five years: courses are being developed using Open Educational Resources (OER), and the exponential growth in online course offerings, e-portfolios to track student learning, and a Knowledge Network "collaboratory" have all helped faculty and staff to create a community of practice with respect to technology across disciplines. But as the college takes on more of a 21st century technological character, the question that scholar Alan Liu asked of the field pertains: where is the cultural criticism in our digital projects?[3] Something is missing in the embrace of digital technology in higher education at the community college, and digital humanities offers one way to explore what that is.

Definitional Debates and Disciplinary Uncertainty are Problematic at Two-Year Public Institutions

Why have community colleges been slow to embrace DH, even as they have embraced technology? One reason may be related to the definitional debates currently occurring in DH. Teaching with technology is being adopted by humanities departments in community colleges. Some community colleges may easily confuse DH with their current adoption of technology for pedagogical purposes and for efficiency or currency in online courses. Online classes, syllabi online, shared curriculum through Open Educational Resources, videos and screencasts integrated into the face-to-face classroom: community colleges have readily adapted these digital media into their pedagogies. While practices of DH converge with some of these innovations, the critical scrutiny that DH brings to the picture may not fit as readily with administrative agendas in a community college setting. Digital humanists may have to bring this aspect of cultural analysis to the technological innovation landscape.

As with humanities scholars in the field at large, community college humanists share an uncertainty about the value of DH methods and technologies. Community colleges are embracing technology across the curriculum in response to the pressure to be lean and fiscally "sustainable," and traditional humanists are responding in different ways to the resulting changed environment. Some embrace online courses, pedagogical tools and digital methods of production as "cool"[4] and welcome students' response to their knowledge work. Others reject "virtual" learning environments and technologies, proudly claiming Luddite status and defending the printed versions of their Norton Anthologies.

Digital humanities offers an alternative to both of these responses to technology. It functions as an extension of technology into cultural inquiry and also a critique of the technologies that make it possible. As a field, digital humanities is itself an object of inquiry, a teaching tool and a participatory medium that joins graduate students, senior scholars, curators and librarians in an engagement with essential digital competencies for 21st century community college students. Elite colleges and universities may debate the definition of digital humanities, but DH's culture of collaboration and its critical interventions into the dominating power of technology itself lends it an indisputable value in a world searching for ways to comprehend what James Gleick (2011) calls "the information." The DH approach to the current forms of power in information society could enable community college students to critically engage with technology in a new way.

Importance of Communication Outside the Collaborative but Specialized World of Digital Humanities

Community colleges are not alone in confronting the uneven development of digital humanities. Because of its interdisciplinarity and fluid definition, digital humanities has not been uniformly welcomed or understood outside the immediate boundaries of the field. For example, Ryan Cordell describes his experience introducing a digital humanities course through his college's institutional committee structure and notes the institutional lag between hiring specialists with DH expertise and research agendas such as his own and the reception of that expertise institutionally (he eventually renames his course "Technologies of Text" and the course is approved).[5] This is one consequence of the term "digital humanities" lacking an agreed-upon referent. Some have argued that this fluidity is part of its strength and reach. But at community colleges, the challenges posed by inchoate definitions may be more striking. Community colleges are under more careful scrutiny for fiscal accountability and relevance to the labor market, and undefined outcomes and aims make the field vulnerable to dismissal by wary boards of education and even deans with an eye on the bottom line. For DH to take hold, it will take an intentional, systematic and collaborative approach.

The lag in DH among community colleges is not only unfortunate for community college students but for four-year programs to which they may transfer. At Lane, for example, transfer programs make up the college's largest service population, and all degree-seeking students take Arts and Letters courses. Community colleges provide foundational humanities courses for transfer students seeking a four-year degree and for two-year-degree-seeking students through the general education requirement. Engaging community colleges in the digital humanities conversation could pave the way for community college humanities programs to provide introductions to the field and to the skills required. Without such engage-

ment, community college students of the humanities will only learn of DH as a discipline and practice if they continue to four-year colleges and may not be prepared when they arrive there.

Community colleges are often the gateway to degrees for low-income, first-generation students, returning adult students, students of color, and students with disabilities. If such schools miss the opportunity to engage these and all students with the methods, objects of inquiry, and in some cases revolutionary ways of seeing that digital humanities offers, they risk falling short of their mission.

Indeed, Matthew K. Gold makes this point in his essay, "Whose Revolution? Towards a More Equitable Digital Humanities." The community college lag in entry into the digital humanities "revolution" is an inequity that must be addressed:

> As digital humanists, the questions we need to think about are these: what can digital humanities mean for cash-poor colleges with underserved student populations that have neither the staffing nor the expertise to complete DH projects on their own? What responsibilities do funders have to attempt to achieve a more equitable distribution of funding? Most importantly, what is the digital humanities missing when its professional discourse does not include the voices of the institutionally subaltern? How might the inclusion of students, faculty, and staff at such institutions alter the nature of discourse in DH, the kinds of questions we ask and the kinds of answers we accept? What new kinds of collaborative structures might we build to begin to make DH more inclusive and more equitable? [6]

One way to address the lag in community college engagement is to find out what digtal humanities could look like at the lower-division level, and to place digital humanities at the center of any educational reform efforts occurring at community colleges.

Endnotes

[1] http://commons.gc.cuny.edu/wiki/index.php/Defining_the_Digital_Humanities

[2] http://chronicle.com/article/No-DH-No-Interview/132959/

[3] http://liu.english.ucsb.edu/where-is-cultural-criticism-in-the-digital-humanities/

[4] http://liu.english.ucsb.edu/the-laws-of-cool-knowledge-work-and-the-culture-of-information-catalogue-copy-and-table-of-contents/

[5] http://ryan.cordells.us/blog/2012/02/20/dh-interdisciplinarity-and-curricular-incursion/

[6] http://mkgold.net/blog/2012/01/10/whose-revolution-toward-a-more-equitable-digital-humanities/

Goodbye to Summer

Kate Carney

One year ago, I said goodbye to summer. I said goodbye to long days filled with gardening and painting, novels and cooking. I said goodbye to earnest, extended self-improvement schemes — getting in shape, learning a language, organizing photos and files. After fifteen years as a full-time community college ESL instructor with summers off, I said goodbye to all that. By choice.

I decided to teach during the summer in order to work a reduced per term load throughout the year.

When I told my full-time colleagues of my plan to work summers, they didn't even try to hide their horror. A summer off is a precious jewel, a gem of remarkable worth. The average 9-to-5, 40-hour-a-week worker can only dream of such a gem. How could I give up the three-month rehab, the respite, the safe harbor in the storm? How I could I forgo the crafting and the clean closets? What about reading the classics? Power yoga? Pickling?

I gave it up because I was miserable. As a full-time instructor with a 15-classroom hour-a-week teaching load, I had started to feel like I couldn't breathe. Each day was a marathon of teaching, conferencing, emailing, photocopying, and fatigue. I inhaled my lunch and postponed trips to the bathroom. Grading spilled over to evenings and weekends. Sundays were the worst. Four o'clock would find me staring down the barrel of five hours of prep and grading, filled with dread and despair.

I was also grumpy with my students, which I felt increasingly guilty about. My syllabi became longer and longer, addressing every possible gripe and grievance. I outlined increasingly punitive consequences for each infraction. In class, I was curt and humorless. Out of class, last minute recommendation requests elicited not only a rejection, but a rebuke. Composition drafts stapled in the wrong order elicited lengthy, scrawled condemnations.

I can say, however, even in my darkest days, I never put less into my classes. I was still an effective teacher, and my students, although bemused by my rigidity, often told me that they had learned a lot. However, I wasn't enjoying myself, and my students knew it.

I like to think that my burnout wasn't because I was psychologically weak or fragile (entirely). Professionally, it had been a difficult few years. Our department, called ESOL (English for Speakers of Other Languages), had recently gone through a radical realignment. We combined two departments to create one eight-level program, encompassing beginning through upper-advanced English. So, at the point in my career when I should

have had the prep down pat with lots of resources to fall back on, I was once again inventing the wheel. Each ESOL level has essentially three separate courses. Eight times three is too many to keep track of. As a full-timer, I was expected to master, write curricula for, and evaluate adjuncts teaching all 24 courses. Although there was lots of support and mentoring during the merger of the two programs, I still had to walk into the classroom, alone, and figure out who the heck Level Four students were. Five years after the merger, there are still courses I haven't taught. That I should teach. That I have to teach if I am to truly help students work seamlessly through all the levels of our program.

On top of this, our students, our lovely, eager, motivated, non-native students, who respect their teachers, do their homework and rarely complain, are also a lot of work. Even at the upper levels, newcomers are flummoxed and disoriented by life not only in the U.S., but at an American college. So in addition to attempting to communicate with people from 15 different cultures in a single class, ESOL teachers advise, counsel, and explain. We call banks to ask about overdrafts. We print out bus schedules. We reset passwords.

I was barely tolerating it. So one Sunday last winter, in the depths of my disenchantment, exacerbated I am sure by Oregon's gloomy winter darkness, I broke down and decided I couldn't do it anymore. But what else to do? I had been teaching for 20 years. I didn't feel I was qualified to do anything else anymore. My skill set, despite years chairing committees and departments, making presentations and researching various and sundry, would still look pretty narrow on a resume. And what about summers off, I silently wailed. Would I ever adjust to no summers?

And that was when it occurred to me. Might giving up summers save me? Would it allow me to stay put yet pull myself from the precipice? What if I had a normal schedule, like a normal person? Three terms a year, teach a reduced load, with only one term a year at a full-time schedule. Get home at reasonable hours. Have Sundays off. Work out. Eat vegetables.

That's when I realized that saying goodbye to summer meant saying hello to sanity.

I announced my plan in my dean's office the next day. Or rather, I asked, very politely, if this was at all possible. Fortunately, my dean was enthusiastic. He liked the idea of a "full-time presence" during the summer, a time when adjuncts are left to fend for themselves in a resource-depleted environment.

I was more nervous about announcing my plans to my colleagues. Full-timers thought I was completely off my nut, of course, as I would have only a year before.

It was even trickier talking to part-timers. Because I'm a full-time instructor, I enjoy a life of purported ease and privilege unknown to my part-time colleagues. I have excellent benefits, regular sabbaticals and mileage reimbursement. I have to endure fairly infrequent assessments. Further, as a senior employee at the top of the pay scale, I earn twice what

newer adjuncts are paid per class. And even though I bid farewell to three blissful months of summer, the amount of vacation I get throughout the year is practically European — ten weeks in total. Paid.

As I ran around dramatically announcing my intention to teach summers, I had to remind myself that many if not most adjuncts have always taught summers. Not for them are the privileges of Zumba seminars and dog-grooming intensives. More troubling was the fact that I would theoretically be teaching two classes that an adjunct could have taught. Summer is really their time. I was a part-timer once. I knew the struggle to get and keep health insurance; I knew how one less class could literally be a matter of life and death. I rationalized all of this away with the thought that my reduced load during the regular school year would allow part-timers to pick up more classes. At my college, this is actually possible.

So I did it. I taught summer term. I gave up the gem of immeasurable worth.

I drove myself to campus on 95 degree days. I got cold in the air conditioning. My garden was not spectacular. My closets didn't get cleaned out.

And then this fall and winter, I have been teaching a reduced load. I'm happier; my students are happier. I've taken on a few projects I had never had the energy for before, which in turn has made my life easier — assembling packets for writing classes, organizing audio files for communication classes. I'm a bit more committed to committee work, less of a warm body with empty eyes simply occupying a chair at the conference table. But I've also consciously tried to avoid having work expand to fill every now-available hour. I try to get home in a timely fashion. Trader Joe, while still a dear friend, is no longer my primary relationship.

Now I am more like other employees in this country. And I might actually make it to retirement.

Secret Underfoot

Alise Lamoreaux

This was originally part of Sandy Brown Jensen's Digital Storytelling project, "Soul of Lane." The original, with the entire photo component, can be seen at http://tinyurl.com/aj8ftoa. Many of Lane's staff view the old Downtown Center as a broken down building and are delighted that a new, state-of-the-art structure has been built to replace it. But there was a time when people were excited about the DTC and how it would bring students downtown to help vitalize the area.

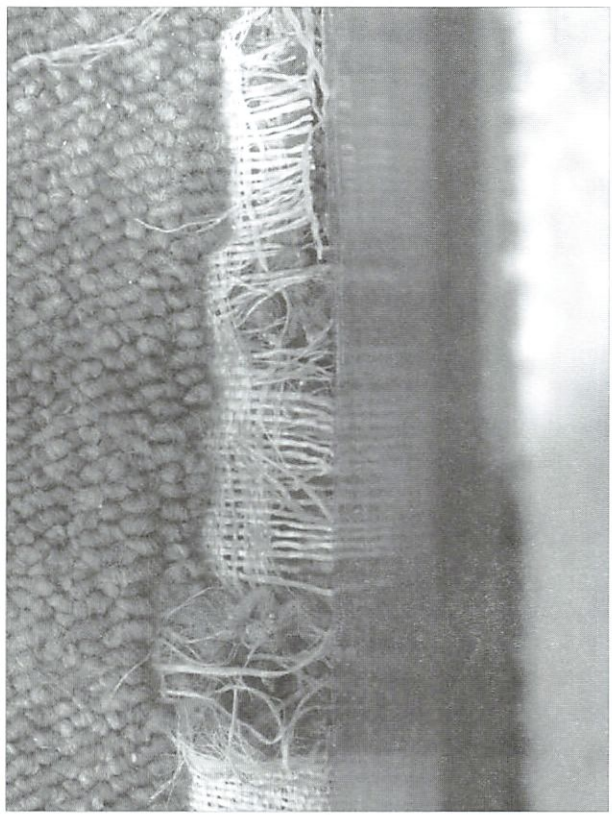
Worn threads stretched across time
Fibers entwined like merging memories
As strong as a resolute mother
Holding the past in the light
As the future meanders towards the present
Sturdy, proud, forgotten.

Time bruised the once vibrant fibers of the '80s, the warm tones of orange trampled into chestnut stubble. The patch-worked intersections blend renovation and improvement with empty pockets. Outsiders scoff at the scars. When I gaze downward as I teach, I feel a legacy beneath my feet. I know a secret.

Before our arrival, the Downtown Center was a department store. Tables and chairs replaced manikins. We transformed selling clothes into selling education. Office staff and students sat together with five-foot tall panels dividing their roles. We were proud of our creation and our new building.

During the 1980s, a remodel occurred over one summer. The Downtown Center was reshaped. Walls replaced dividers. Returning to our building, we didn't know what to expect. Drawings had become realities. Our familiar hallway greeted us with a surprise. The carpet stopped as you came around the corner towards the 11th street entrance where our classrooms were located. Echoing thoughts surrounded us. It felt as though a message was sent to the students who took the basic skills/ESL classes: they were different. We were told the funds ran out and the carpet couldn't be finished.

My mother, a lead faculty in our department at that time, would not accept this answer. She felt strongly that all the students in the building should receive the same greeting upon admission. As one of the original faculty at Lane, she believed she had a duty. She relentlessly convened authorities. She found a donor for the carpet. Anonymity was important to the generous benefactor. But I knew the secret. The donor was my mother.



Note

On Jan. 4, 2013, items associated with the old building were transported to the new building as treasures from the past and a time capsule was created. A copy of this story was included in the time capsule accompanied by a piece of the carpet. My mother was at the old DTC and handed the piece of carpet to a human chain of hands that transported it to the new building like an Olympic Torch being passed. I was at the other end to place the carpet in the time capsule.

Statistics Projects: An Eclectic Body of Knowledge Emerges

Ben Hill

With gratitude to hundreds of current or former students at Lane Community College who have undertaken research projects in my statistics courses, and with special thanks to those whose findings are reported here without further attribution.

Allow me to point out some facts.

- A scoring slump during the labor lockout of the 2011 National Basketball Association season was too severe to be explained by chance.
- Cash customers tip better than credit customers at Starbucks.
- Fred Meyer brand AA large eggs weigh less on average than Olympia Valley brand AA large eggs.
- For college students age 19 to 34, little or no correlation exists between age and the number of prescription drugs used in the past three months.

Since I began assigning research projects in my statistics courses, an eclectic body of scientific knowledge has emerged and accumulated in my file cabinet. Here, for the first time, a portion is made public.

- Double Stuf Oreos actually *do* contain double the stuffing of regular Oreos.
- Between 12% and 18% of bicyclists on the University of Oregon campus wear helmets.
- At the T-intersection of East 37th Avenue and Donald Street, 77% ± 6% of drivers fail to come to a complete stop before turning onto Donald.
- Paper or plastic? Women are more likely than men to choose paper grocery bags.

The assignment is to design, conduct and report a basic statistical study. The study must be inferential — it must show something about a population based on data from a sample. Sometimes this is done by proving or attempting to prove something using a hypothesis test.

- Pitchers on the Lane Titans baseball team improve their average fastball velocity by a statistically significant 1.71 miles per hour between the first and second games of the season (t-test of population mean, P = 0.006).

- iPhone users in the Pacific Northwest differ from the national population in choice of carriers (*AT&T/Verizon/Sprint*). Verizon has a relatively greater share of the Northwest market while AT&T has less (chi-square goodness of fit test, $P < 0.001$).

Another approach is to estimate a population parameter using a confidence interval.

- Among those who exercise at the Lane Fitness Education Center, 80% ± 8% would say that health is a more important motivator than appearance (95% confidence interval for population proportion).
- At the Yogurt Extreme shop on 13th Avenue, the average cup of custom-mixed yogurt costs $3.90 ± $0.19 (99% confidence interval for population mean).

Given the practical constraints of unfunded, short-term research, I don't object if students address trivial questions or undertake studies that are susceptible to bias or to findings of limited reliability — as long as results are reported with sensitivity to these issues.

- Among the population of social media users represented by Facebook contacts of one 26-year-old white male college student in Oregon, between 17% and 35% plan to mainly shop online for Christmas gifts.
- Based on a bias-prone convenience sample of four courses in which the researcher is registered, between 24% and 36% of Lane students arrive late to their tenth week classes.
- The population of individuals obtaining lethal prescriptions under the Oregon Death with Dignity Act has a marital status distribution (married/widowed/never married/divorced) that differs from the general Oregon population. But age is a confounding variable that makes this result difficult to interpret.

Every term brings novel ideas for projects. On the other hand, some questions are revisited so often that aggregated results invite meta-study. Based on combined observations of thousands of vehicles parked on Lane's main campus, I can report with great confidence that our college community drives more green cars than predicted by published national models. This likely has something to do with the color of athletic uniforms worn by the local University of Oregon Ducks. Many projects have set out to evaluate whether M&M's or Skittles or other candies follow a particular color distribution. Although this seems like easy (and delicious) research to conduct, it tends to yield statistically significant results that I don't believe, because the observed patterns are inconsistent. I suspect that candy color batches are insufficiently mixed under factory conditions to allow the contents of a single large package or collection of small packages manufactured around the same time to be treated as a random sample.

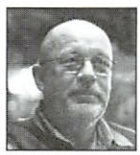
In my view, applied projects are indispensible in statistics courses because statistics is an applied science. I make the point to students that rewards come not so much from having passed a statistics course as from having the ability to do statistics. To showcase this ability, I ask that project reports be of the highest possible quality, supported by appropriate graphs and carefully written for a general audience — work samples to share with pride when applying for a job or an academic program.

- A comparison of flu vaccination rates of female and male students was inconclusive, but the overall proportion of Lane students receiving the 2012/13 vaccine before December was 22.4% ± 10.2% as compared to an 80% goal set by the Center for Disease Control.
- 5.1% ± 2.5% of the power spans in Eugene Water and Electric Board's transmission system are out of compliance with vegetation clearance regulations. Between 747 and 1945 non-compliant trees system-wide would cost between $91,735 and $239,017 to address by sending crews to trim them.
- The very weak correlation between average player salaries and number of wins for the 30 Major League Baseball teams in the 2012 season is far from statistically significant, calling into question whether variation in player pay has any impact on team success.

It has been joked that American higher education is mainly well designed to educate professors. As long as I continue to assign statistics projects, it appears that my own education will include a curriculum of these modest, but to me rather marvelous discoveries.

- Preferred hair color in the opposite sex (blonde/brunette/red/other) is not independent of gender. Although brunette is preferred by majorities of both men (57%) and women (79%), gentlemen really do prefer blondes more often than do ladies (23% vs. 7%), and the difference is statistically significant.
- Monthly rents of Southeast Portland properties can be predicted based on size using the equation rent = 571 + 0.62 square footage. ($P < 0.001$ in a linear regression t-test.) 62% of variation in price is explained by variation in size.
- If, on a Wednesday afternoon between two and three p.m., you ask Lane students about their energy level (low/average/high), responses will be positively associated with the amount of sleep they subsequently report having gotten the previous night (under 5 hours/5-8 hours/over 8 hours). Between 10% and 22% will say they got less than 5 hours sleep.
- Among coffee buyers at the Wandering Goat Cafe, women are more likely than men to order specialty coffee drinks (z-test, $P = 0.006$).
- Ounce for ounce, breakfast cereals with more sugar cost less.

Educating the Macnaughtan Boys, 47000 BC to 2946 AD



Don Macnaughtan

I imagined this story as my 7-year-old ancestors (and descendants) passing through time and space: from their beginnings in East Africa, to the long trek through Asia and the Middle East before fetching up in Scotland, New Zealand, and the Americas. Over those millennia, I thought of the father figures in their lives trying to educate them as best they could, with the technologies of their time. Of course, they end up pretty much where they started, but that's another story …

47000 BC – Lake Turkana, East Africa

Listen, Nockt! We draw in the sand to show the elephants. Bring me the stick.

25000 BC – Altai Mountains, Central Asia

See, An'Nakt, we draw on the cave wall to show the reindeer. Bring me the pigment and fat.

4000 BC – Lake Van, Anatolia

You press into the clay like this, Nakit Ank. We call it writing. Bring me the stylus.

164 BC – Douro Valley, Lusitania

Hurry up lad! Stop scratching words on that sheepskin. The Romans are coming up the coast, we're moving to Caledonia. I hear the weather is lovely up there…

380 AD – Eboracum, Britannia Caesarensis

Perhaps, Nectonius, we will teach you to write, even though you are a pagan slave. Ha! You could send a letter to your barbarian brothers, warning them to keep north of the Wall.

810 AD – A'Bheinne Mhor, Northern Pictland, Caledonia

Nechtan, look. The monk writes down the Word of God in the Book. Then he reads it to us on Sunday. Just as God and the Holy Mother intended.

1348 – AD Glen Lyon, Perthshire, Scotland

Domhnall mac Neachdainn, you don't need to read. Just count. Count the cattle so we know what we have to give to the Laird. By the way, what are those black spots on your neck…?

1745 AD – Glen Lyon, Perthshire, Scotland

Son, I'm through fighting with King George's men. We lost. Now we have to learn English. Bring your board and chalk to the Kirk tomorrow.

1858 AD – Glen Lyon, Perthshire, Scotland

Donald, the Laird's evicted us from the farm. Pack your books, we're moving to the heathen Antipodes! God, I hope they have a school there….

1963 AD – Auckland, New Zealand

Now who can tell me who came after George III…for God's sake Macnaughtan! Wake up boy!

2018 AD – Eugene, Oregon

Invoice for required materials
eTextbooks: $245
Laptop: $630
Neural iPod: $195
WinMac software: $423
Video interface: $595
Payment by Visa, Mastercard or WalMartCard. No checks. Tuition extra.

2070 AD – Minneapolis, Reorganized United States

No time for class today. Report to the bunker in Sector C. Bring body armor. Mcnaughton, you are excused due to those black spots.

2162 AD – Mexico City (former)

Parents! Our teacher has discovered some precious texts. They are called National Geo[indecipherable]. Bring your children to the third hole under the supermercado. Naton, you stay behind and guard the chickens.

2946 AD – Chubut, Patagonia

Listen, Nockt! We draw in the sand to show the elephants. Bring me the stick.

Review

Every generation needs a new revolution.

– Thomas Jefferson

This is the Hypocrisy that Our Generation Must Now Destroy

Dennis Gilbert

The Black Revolution on Campus by Martha Biondi, 2012 University of California Press.

Gateway to Opportunity? A History of the Community College in the United States by J.M. Beach, 2011 Stylus Press.

Two recent books enrich critical thinking about higher education. I emphasize the first, given its focus on agency and the perennial questions: What should and can be done?

Martha Biondi, professor of Black Studies at Northwestern University, has written a vivid, impressively documented, long overdue history of "the Black revolution on campus" coming at the end of the Civil Rights Movement and the shattering of many interlocking social norms, mental models, incentives and constraints of Jim Crow. Black students, a small minority within higher education, filled with a high sense of the possible, led a broad movement comprising other students of color as well as white students, which had significant community and some faculty support. This movement made lasting changes in academic scholarship, curricula and access.

In the book's introduction, Biondi starts by quoting participants:

> "Black young people feel they can change society," a minister in San Francisco observed in 1969. "Now that's very important," Black students want "revolutionary change in the basic institutions in this country," echoed a young politician. According to students in San Diego, "Racism runs rampant in the educational system, while America, in a pseudohumanitarian stance, proudly proclaims that it is the key to equal opportunity for all." "This is the hypocrisy," they declared, that "our generation must now destroy." (1)

So begins a relentlessly engaging, deeply probing commentary carried by fundamental concerns and diverse voices. The book constitutes a major contribution to current debates on Ethnic Studies, access to higher education, and opportunity for all.

Following an account of the rise of Black Power on campus, Biondi moves to the opening of large scale rebellion, the student strike at San Francisco State University, beginning in November 1968 and reaching a tentative settlement in March 1969. Its demands centered around establishing a Black Studies Department and open admissions for students of color.

The state's response was harsh and commensurate with the transformative demands of students daring to take the direction of higher education into their own hands with support from their communities and from among the faculty. The struggle was dynamically complex, a work in progress, and generally successful. It required sacrifice as students and their communities awakened, with student leaders beaten, several eventually sentenced to harsh jail time, professors fired, and prominent scholars effectively blacklisted from implementing the gains of the strike. Biondi reflects in her account:

> The state's conservative leadership ... was ready for a confrontation, and liberal San Francisco became, ironically, the setting for aggressive police tactics — officers made nearly eight hundred arrests and more of less occupied the campus for months. *Remarkably, no historian has written about this enormously significant story.* (7 emphasis added)

Martha Biondi, professor of Black Studies at Northwestern University. Photo by Turner Maxwell

This understatement about crucial history unknown to most people is not simply honoring the hard data of the situation. The history provides ground to imagine what was and is at stake and what was and is possible.

Like the entire book, this chapter is so rich in detail that a brief summary is no substitute for reading it. It describes real complexity, and many individual parts carry the weight of whole contextual dimensions:

> In an effort to resolve the strike, eighty African American leaders met with President Hayakawa [appointed to run San Francisco State during the strike — DG] in early December at the offices of *The Sun-Reporter*, a newspaper published by physician and activist Dr. Carleton Goodlett. In 1937 at the age of twenty-three, Goodlett had received a PhD in psychology from the University of California, Berkeley, but it was thirty more years before Berkeley

> awarded another PhD to a black person, a striking illustration of what the Black student movement was trying to change. (64)

Biondi then examines the movements' national scope, focusing in the next several chapters on representative actions and achievements on other campuses across the country. The third chapter gives us a view from the perspective of two different institutions in Chicago; the fourth from the perspective of two elite four-year public institutions in New York; the fifth from the perspective of historically Black colleges. Then the book shifts in chapter six to the hundreds of Black studies programs established in this brief period, both recognizing this amazing accomplishment and providing insightful description of the debates over their establishment and direction. Chapter seven looks at the scholars and their role in this transformation. Chapter eight analyzes the debates and tensions within African American studies, ending with why it is appropriate to refer back to this historic transformation as "revolutionary."

In the concluding section, Biondi departs from the panorama of persons, perspectives, and places, offering more synthesis. She ends her summary:

> ... the students pushed the civil rights movement beyond a quest for equal opportunity in the current system, into a quest for much wider opportunity in a transformed system. And as with so many other struggles in the civil rights era, this one offered benefits not only to Black students but also to a much more diverse group of working-class youth. (278)

What do we make of this struggle and accomplishment as faculty, staff, and students at a community college? Our thoughts may begin with personal histories, but lead, I think, to aspirations generally common of educators and students. I, in particular, was a young student activist during the dismantling of Jim Crow and the events described by Biondi, and have now been for two decades a professor in a predominantly white community college in a predominantly white region of the country. I'd like the increasing number of African American students I see at Lane Community College to be more than a triumph of access, but a major generational advance in overcoming the economic legacy of slavery and segregation. But to what extent is that really possible for those students, or the majority of students, in particular students who are poor, working class, and first generation college students? Community colleges are described as places where this kind of progress happens, and does happen for many individual students. Yet how well does higher education serve as an effective opportunity to achieve the American dream for students in general? This is a common concern, I think.

In "For Poor, Leap to College Often Ends in a Hard Fall" (*New York Times*, Dec. 22, 2012), Jason DeParle provides an answer summarized by two professors. "Everyone wants

to think of education as an equalizer — the place where upward mobility gets started, but on virtually every measure we have, the gaps between high- and low-income kids are widening. It's very disheartening," said Gregory J. Duncan, an economist at the University of California, Irvine. Sean Reardon, a sociologist at Stanford concludes, "It's becoming increasingly unlikely that a low-income student, no matter how intrinsically bright, moves up the ladder. What we're talking about is a threat to the American dream."

J.M. Beach offers an understanding of how this systemic problem involves community colleges in *Gateway to Opportunity? A History of the Community College in America*. This book's strength lies in its reflection on previous scholarship and the history of policy debates and decisions. It provides rich historical commentary on the landscape of contradictory expectations, policy constructs and the meager and often misdirected flow of resources that keep community colleges in a state as described by Brint and Karabel in *The Diverted Dream* as having "accentuated rather than reduced existing patterns of social inequality."

Beach's book, by attending to the current landscape in great detail, validates a serious systemic problem. Today, we easily see that if Carleton Goodlett's PhD from Berkeley in 1937 was the only PhD of a Black person at Berkeley for the next thirty years then there was a serious systemic problem. At the time, this fact of Goodlett's lone PhD was not good enough to make this systemic point. Much more data and analysis was needed to create a counter-narrative that was still not enough to make sufficient change on its own, but was part of creating the political space for the 1968-69 rebellion and subsequent transformation. Beach provides support for a counter-narrative needed today.

Members of my generation witnessed both the transparency of racist and economic oppression and the resilience of mental models that denied and perpetuated it. Out of that experience grew the commitment to take and support actions Biondi describes. Perhaps the current generation of college students, particularly low-income community college students of all ethnic and racial backgrounds, will be at the core of leadership in the next "revolution on campus" to make higher education a vehicle of prosperity for all. Perhaps they will receive essential support from within their communities and from faculty at their campuses. If so, the account of courage and mass action in *The Black Revolution on Campus* will surely be an inspiration. And Biondi's commentary on debates over Black studies will productively inform the efforts of students and faculty members to institutionalize "revolutionary" curricular reforms that serve the educational needs of poor and marginalized students and their communities.

Contributors

Dan Armstrong received his Ph.D. from Indiana University and taught at the University of Arizona, Oakland University and Oregon State University before coming to teach English at Lane Community College in 1991. He retired from his full-time position in 2008, continuing to teach a film course each winter term until his full retirement in winter 2013.

Carl Best was born in 1949 in Long Beach and was raised in Lafayette, California. His family moved to Eugene in 1962 where he attended Wilson Jr. High, South High School and Lane Community College. He has worked in Lane's IT department since 1998.

Kathleen Caprario is a studio artist and educator whose work has been acquired by the Microsoft Collection and exhibited at the Portland Art Museum. She has received artist residencies from the Ucross, Morri Graves and Jentel Foundations. In Summer 2010 she participated in SWIRL — Story Writing In Remote Locations — with Aboriginal youth in the Australian Outback.

Eleanor Whalen Carducci earned a Doctorate in English/Education from Rutgers University. She is presently completing a Doctor of Letters degree at Drew University with a concentration in Irish Literature. Carducci has been the recipient of national, state, and local teaching and leadership awards and is the author of numerous publications regarding effective teaching and classroom methodology.

Kate Carney has taught English as a Second Language at Portland Community College since 1998. She has also taught in Japan and Mexico. She speaks five languages, four of them badly.

Julie Fether is the Special Projects Coordinator for the Conference & Culinary Services Division at Lane Community College. A pastry chef, actor and director, she received her Masters degree in Theatre and Drama from Indiana University and was a co-founder of the Indiana Shakespeare Company. Julie specializes in seasonal baking and pastry and is a 12-year member of Women Chefs & Restaurateurs.

Dennis Gilbert teaches physics at Lane Community College, is active in the American Association of Physics Teachers, has served as faculty union President, Bargaining Chair, Faculty Council Co-Chair, and in a variety of union and innovation positions at and beyond Lane. He has contributed essays, poetry, and photography to the Community College Moment.

Ben Hill was born on the day before John F. Kennedy's election, in North Dakota, during a blizzard, in a building that later became a Chinese restaurant. He teaches math at Lane Community College and co-edits the Community College Moment.

Clay Houchens grew up in Davidson, North Carolina. In 1992 she earned a doctorate in Spanish literature from the University of Oregon. She has taught Spanish at various colleges, including Lane Community College where she now works. Gill Holland, professor emeritus of English at Davidson College and close friend of Clay's father, took the photograph that inspired and accompanies her poem.

Josh Humphrey is an adjunct professor of music at Lane, as well as an accomplished luthier. He designs and builds custom string and percussion instruments in his home shop in Eugene.

Peter Jensen is a Lane Community College writing instructor. He was an Oregon Book Award finalist in poetry for *Confluence*. He is the author of *Secrets of the Sonnets* (2007), *Learn to Hear with Eyes* (2009), *Shakespeare's Name Code* (2012), and *Shakespeare's Lovers*, a novel (2012).

Sandy Brown Jensen is a poet, writer, dreamer, digital storyteller, 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). She completed her Graduate Certificate in Digital Storytelling from the University of Colorado, Denver in 2012. She keeps a digital storytelling blog at http://pln.lanecc.net/mindonfire/

Cynthia Kimball received her Ph.D. from SUNY-Buffalo in 1997 with a dissertation on Modern American Poetry. She has taught literature and writing at Portland Community College in Oregon for 16 years.

Alise Lamoreaux began working at Lane Community College in 1976 as a teaching assistant while also taking Lane courses. She observes that she has grow up at Lane and changed alongside it. Lamoreaux now works at the Downtown Center, teaching adults returning to school to complete GED credentials, prepare to pass college placement tests, and improve skills for the workplace.

Jean LeBlanc has been published in several previous issues of the Community College Moment; visit her website, www.jeanleblancpoetry, to see more of her work. She teaches English and Developmental Reading at Sussex County Community College in Newton, New Jersey.

Demetri Liontos has been an ESL teacher at Lane Community College for 22 years and writes poems, plays and short stories as an avocation. He has recently published three poems in the winter edition of *Groundwaters* and is working on a play for a festival of short plays at the Very Little Theatre, where he is to be found if not at Lane.

Don Macnaughtan is reference librarian at Lane Community College. He grew up in Auckland, New Zealand. He is the author of *The Buffyverse Catalog: A Complete Guide to Buffy the Vampire Slayer and Angel in Print, Film, Television, Comics, Games and Other Media, 1992-2010*, (McFarland), winner of the 2012 Mr. Pointy Award for best academic work in Whedon Studies.

Anne McGrail is finishing her fifth year coordinating learning communities and faculty development for Lane's Title III Department of Education grant. She blogs at http://pln.lanecc.net/dhatthecc/, where she has begun work on a new project entitled Bringing Digital Humanities to the Community College and Vice Versa.

Mary McGrail is co-editor of *Too Darn Hot: Writing About Sex Since Kinsey* (Persea, 1998), and her short stories have appeared in Melic Review, The Brooklyn Rail, and The Portland Review. She works in communications at a research and advocacy non-profit in New York City.

Satoko Motouji is a practicing artist and a member of the art faculty at Lane Community College. She received a BA in English Literature at Ritsumeikan University in Kyoto, a BA in Art History from the University of Oregon and an MFA from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst. Recently she conducted a series of lectures in Tokyo and Italy. She will have two one-person shows in Japan during the summer of 2013.

Tamara Pinkas is Cooperative Education Coordinator for Advanced Technology and Language, Literature and Communications at Lane Community College. She is Representative to the League for Innovation and a member of the Art on Campus Committee. Prior to joining Lane in 1986, Pinkas coordinated the Oregon Imagination Celebration and authored *Eugene's Public Art, a Field Guide.*

Kristie Potwora has an MFA and a BFA in Printmaking from the University of Oregon, a BA in Art Education from Humboldt State University, and is a member of Print Arts Northwest and the Guild of Natural Science Illustrators. The natural sciences were her first true love in education and have persisted as a foundation for much of her art. She teaches silkscreen and other 2D arts at Lane Community College.

Jerry Ross recently founded an artists group, Club Macchia, which brings art instruction and exhibits to rural areas. In January 2013, he taught an oil portraiture class in Brownsville, Oregon. Influenced by the I Macchiaioli and verismo schools of Italian painting, Ross will soon return to Italy for his second visiting artist/scholar residency at the American Academy in Rome.

Bonnie Simoa directs the dance program at Lane Community College. She received her MFA in Choreography and Performance from Mills College in Oakland, California, and has taught and performed dance on the West Coast and beyond for over twenty-five years. Since 1996, she has pursued a long-term, long-distance love affair with Balinese dance and culture.

Gail Stevenson is a writing instructor at Lane Community College.

Alice Louise Warner received her Masters in Teaching from Western Oregon University and her doctorate in law from Boston University. She taught at the University of Massachusetts and the Climate Leadership Initiative at University of Oregon before coming to Lane Community College in 2010 to teach Education, Effective Learning, Reading and Math.

Carol Watt, Ph.D., has enjoyed teaching writing and literature courses at Lane Community College since 1997, having previously taught at Oregon State University, the University of Oregon, California State University, Long Beach, and El Camino College. She joined the fledgling American Indian Languages Project in 2000 and continues as an AIL Program committee member.

Bill Woolum taught English at Lane Community College since 1989. He is now retired and teaching part time. He keeps a blog: kelloggbloggin.blogspot.com.

The Community College Moment: Call for Submissions

The Community College Moment invites academic and creative writing, visual art, and other original work relevant to the mission and environment of community colleges. Submissions should reflect scholarship, broadly defined, and should appeal on a local or national level to an educated, but not specialized, audience. Each issue of *The Moment* is thematically organized, all or in part, providing multiple perspectives on a topic. The next theme is "The Changing Classroom." The deadline for submissions is Friday, November 8, 2013.

The Moment is open to a variety of submission formats, including essays, research articles, conference papers, sabbatical reports, and reflections on innovative pedagogies (under 5000 words; languages other than English considered), fiction and poetry relevant to our audience, artwork including drawings, paintings, photographs, three-dimensional works or choreographic projects featured through photographs, and musical compositions. Works in progress and excerpted works are also considered, as well as collaborative, web-based and multi-media projects. We invite scholarly book and film reviews (under 1200 words).

The Changing Classroom

In 2003, the theme of "Classroom Dynamics" elicited articles about collaborative classrooms and the effect of globalization on the community college. Over a decade later, the classroom is a very different place. Not only are classrooms digital, but with the rise of MOOCs some digital environment are populated by thousands of students. In the 20th Century, students took classes in the humanities; now academia is discussing the digital humanities. One could also consider the forces of budgets and funding formulas, including the trend of attaching funding to completion, and how these forces might shape what the classroom can and will be. Also, the changing classroom need not be about the classroom changing, but rather the change produced through the classroom, whether at the level of the individual student or at the level of society, on scales incremental, evolutionary, or revolutionary. We invite submissions on the various possibilities that can be found in a consideration of "The Changing Classroom."

Deadline: November 8, 2013 • http://www2.lanecc.edu/ccmoment/submission-information

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Nautilauta

Josh Humphrey, *lutherie*

Designed by ethnomusicologist Eric Ederer, the Nautilauta is shaped like a nautilus shell with frets tuned to accommodate five scale systems: Persian *dastgah*, Arabic *magamat*, Turkish *makam*, and two variants of just intonation. Josh Humphrey built this instrument over three months in 2012.