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Editors' Note

When the staff of *The Moment* decided upon this year's theme, the primary season was still going strong. In the context of the upcoming election and the various reform movements driving higher education, it seemed to us that the time was ripe for re-examining what it is we do, and why we do it. Between the call for submissions and the deadline came the election, with an outcome few had predicted. In its aftermath, instructors across the country (ourselves included) reconsidered their pedagogical approaches and strategies; suddenly, "civic engagement" seemed less like an option and more like a pressing need. While many of this issue's pieces directly or indirectly address our post-election climate, it seems to us that all of them offer potent insights into the opportunities and challenges we face today.

Our "Essays" section opens with history professor John R. Thiel reflecting upon and sharing his strategies for increasing student engagement. Anne B. McGrail examines the challenges involved in bringing together the humanities and the digital in the context of open access environments, while Cynthia Kimball navigates the open waters of bringing digital technologies into the classroom. Shaila Mulholland goes to the archives to describe the structure and focus of Eisenhower's 1956 Presidential Committee on Education Beyond the High School. Marnie Glazier, Hortencia Jiménez, and Hermelinda Rocha-Tabera describe an interdisciplinary collaboration that used theater to address the California drought.

Artistic contributions – whether in visual, poetic, or prose form – engage with the world in ways that are at turns provocative, playful, and meditative. Visual artists Kathleen Caprario and Marissa Solini tackle white privilege in the face of institutionalized racial violence, while Briselda Molina reflects powerfully and personally on the situation of undocumented students. Hiedi Bauer explores the impact of gender expectations on women politicians and academics, while Philos Molina gently satirizes institutional discourse. Dan Armstrong joins Bill Gholsen, Ernest Stromberg, and Maria Villaseñor to explore the way human relationships evolve and change. JS Bird, Joseph Colton, and Peter Jensen celebrate the natural world. Lesley Stine makes loneliness concrete.

A number of our contributors play with language, form, and genre. Ce Rosenow and Alise Lamoreaux take up the formal demands of the haiku and the haibun, while Jean LeBlanc presses the limits of language. Seri I. Luangphinit and Daniel Lee Henry separately engage in creative reimaginings of historical events: on the one hand, an execution and, on the other, a peace ceremony. Finally, Sandy Brown Jensen merges review, criticism, and self-reflection to work through photographer Sally Mann's 2015 memoir *Hold Still*.

Taken as a whole, these pieces reveal that "civic engagement" encompasses thoughtful and open involvement with a complex ecosystem of students, colleagues, friends, loved ones, and strangers – of communities both intimate and far-flung. At a time when binaristic thinking and demonization of the other are on the rise, they remind us of the power and vulnerability of human existence and connection.

Russell H. Shitabata and Aryn Bartley
Co-editors, *The Community College Moment*

ESSAYS



As a society becomes more enlightened, it realizes that it is responsible *not* to transmit and conserve the whole of its existing achievements, but only such as make for a better future society. The school is the chief agency for the accomplishment of this end.

— John Dewey

Why Should I Care? Combating Civic Apathy in a Rural Community College



John R. Thiel

There's a little test I do in my history and social science courses to launch a discussion on civic engagement. I read through a list of elected officials, beginning with the U.S. President and working my way down to state and local levels, asking the class simply to name the person who holds each post. Everyone knows the President's name, of course, but even seemingly prominent office holders like U.S. senators, congressional representatives, and the state governor often draw more blank stares than recognition. By the time I've reached their state representatives or city council members, it's rare to have even one student name the person accurately. Often, I'll even add an irreverent touch by asking them to name even one member of the U.S. Supreme Court (usually no one can) and then immediately asking them to name someone who ever served as a judge on *American Idol* (it's mostly enthusiastic shouting of names at that point; everyone knows Nicki Minaj, I suppose). I used to ask if they could name any contestants on *The Apprentice* when that show was on the air, but I wouldn't ask it today even if the program was still popular (the exact reason escapes me ...). Of course, simple name recognition hardly constitutes civic engagement. I'd much rather have students (and citizens in general) who are able to think critically about the actions of these officials than simply memorize their names. Still, it's a starting point for a deeper conversation on the necessity of active involvement in our communities, our regions, and our national discourse. Community college faculty play a crucial role in igniting a passion for extrinsic engagement in the wider world. Often, however, we face our own challenges in fulfilling this role.

Community college students are, by and large, incredibly busy people. They're working to balance their coursework with jobs, family responsibilities, and economic demands that can tax their ability to succeed in their academic lives. At a small school like Kirtland Community College, situated in a rural part of northern Michigan with widespread poverty, it's often a challenge to get students to think beyond their personal concerns and obligations. The prevailing attitude among many of my students seems to be one of cynicism at best; outright apathy or even active rejection of civic involvement is more the norm. I understand where these attitudes come from, of course: a student struggling to put food on the table and succeed in a full load of challenging classes can have a hard time seeing the forest for the trees. It's even understandable that these students reject the notion that civic engagement can have any measurable impact on their own lives.

That cynicism can sometimes reach the faculty at community colleges as well, as we face external pressures to focus our curriculum more on “job training” over a more broad-based approach to liberal arts education and critical thinking. The demands to produce employable graduates who possess a focused set of skills can make it difficult to argue for the necessity of courses and programs that enrich our students’ ability to be active and engaged citizens when they’re not on the job. This climate, however, is exactly why it’s more crucial than ever that we as community college faculty help to produce engaged, informed, and critical students. Ignorance may be bliss, as the saying goes, but it also leads to disconnection from the very institutions that currently threaten the strength and stability of higher education in America.

So, how do we go beyond making our students blush because they can’t name their senator? We certainly shouldn’t resort to basic hectoring about how important it is to pay attention to what’s happening in their communities and various levels of government. Not all community college students are fresh out of high school, of course, but students of all ages tend to react to that sort of approach the way a teenager reacts when Dad says “because I told you so.” We need to be like good fiction writers: we have to show, not tell.

In my history classes, the goal is never to study history for history’s sake. We’re exploring the past to shine a light on analogous moments and issues in the present day, as well. A debate on the Alien and Sedition Acts of 1798 invariably leads to a discussion of the Patriot Act, NSA surveillance, students’ thoughts on Edward Snowden, and so on. Talking about the secession movement of the southern states in 1860 tends to spark discussion of the conflicts between federal power and the rights of states and individual citizens. Sure, the routine knee-jerk cries of “Obamacare is Socialism!” erupt in these moments, but deeper analyses of our roles within a flawed republic emerge as the discussions continue.

Heated discussions in the classroom can be valuable, and even a great deal of fun, but it’s also important that we help our students to explore civic challenges in a variety of ways beyond traditional academic environments. I’ve found that service learning, a practice in which students engage in relevant community service activities to enrich their understanding of academic topics, is an incredibly valuable tool in fostering more civic-mindedness. One of my more popular courses is an interdisciplinary class in the social sciences and humanities. It’s a sort of civic buffet. From week to week we might find ourselves exploring the effects of varying social definitions of “intelligence” on educational practices, the prevalence of income inequality and the possible causes for the increasing wealth gap, or the ways in which Hollywood films reflect and shape conceptions of race and gender. Students in this class engage in a service learning project that asks them to work with local organizations to explore our class topics in more concrete ways. A student concerned

about legislative emphasis on standardized testing in schools, for instance, spends time helping a local high school teacher in the classroom and witnesses the pressures faced by K-12 educators to boost test scores for the sake of their own evaluations, while the kids themselves see limited value in the constant barrage of computerized adaptive testing. Another student might spend time assisting the local domestic violence shelter and come away with a stronger sense of the tragic persistence of abuse and sexual assault in the area. The class ends with the students sharing their experiences and observations about the civic issues of their choice in presentations that often cause further debates among their classmates. These are students who, for the most part, entered the semester with a pronounced lack of concern for issues beyond their own doorstep. They end the class with their eyes at least partially open. They may not be ready to march in the streets, but they're more aware of what causes others to march.

We as community college faculty have to model the sort of passion for civic engagement that we hope to foster in our students. It's not difficult. We wouldn't be in this profession if we didn't care about improving our communities and the nation that surrounds them. Our time with our students may be short (a few semesters at most, but more often just a few months), but we have the chance to leave a lasting impact on them. If students leave my classes realizing that they can change the world in more ways than calling Nicki Minaj to vote for America's next "idol," I'll consider it a step in the right direction.

Open Source in Open Access Environments: Choices and Necessities

Anne B. McGrail



In April 2017, I will teach what I believe will be the first stand-alone Intro to Digital Humanities (DH) course at a community college (CC) in the Pacific Northwest – maybe the first such course at a CC in the country. I call my course “This Digital Life: Reading, Writing and Culture in a Digital Age,” because my students don’t know what “digital humanities” is.¹

In this course, I will introduce my CC students to a way of thinking about and comprehending the forces around them – the forces that Alan Liu calls the “great postindustrial, neoliberal, corporate and global flows of information and capital” (Liu 491). Community college students’ lives are immersed in precarity wrought by these flows; only the grittiest of them will overcome the bleak outlook for economic mobility in America. Articulating how those forces affect them is one of the most important learning outcomes of DH at the CC.

The new critical movement of “minimal computing” seeks to consider environmental and social impacts of computing worldwide. In this context, some advocate for “minimal computing” approaches to education, emphasizing non-networked, non-WYSIWYG, non-commercial, low-impact computing and skeletal programming. But what are the minimal computing coordinates for CC students? And where does open source fit in an open access environment? I hadn’t really thought of this before reading Alex Gil’s and Jentery Sayers’ definitions of “minimal computing” (<http://go-dh.github.io/mincomp/thoughts/>). I am unsure how to use Raspberry Pi and I can barely work with Markdown templates. I do use whatever tools are available and we’ll read whatever open educational resources we can find. Perhaps, following Gil and Ernesto Oroza, my community college DH course will follow a kind of “architecture of necessity” (or “design conducted by everyday citizens in response to individual or collective needs and site-specific conditions” (BMW Guggenheim Lab)).

While the *surface* features of my course are not strictly “minimal,” they share *structural* affinities to the GO::DH values of maximum access and longevity²: My students might *read* Gil’s and Sayer’s pieces but they will likely *write* about them using Google or Word on their laptops and email me using Outlook – transgressing minimal computing principles at every keystroke. I think that these *definitions* of minimal computing themselves point to a set of assumptions for humanistic computing that are worth considering in CC students’ digital lives.

I've practiced not "minimal" computing but what Roopika Risam calls "micro DH." Since 2012, I have embedded whatever I could invent or learn in all my courses, adopting and adapting from a generous DH Pedagogy Community and translating research so that my students can appreciate the cool factor of big data without slamming up against skill barriers to data mining; and then I send students to Wordle or Voyant so they can work the magic themselves. My students dive into archives and annotate texts using Google docs. Sometimes we "break" Google or Twitter because our computer lab is equipped with old machines and the systems crash. The Computer Help Desk folks are so used to hearing from me about glitches during class that they respond immediately when I call; if I ever have a classroom emergency, it's them I'll call first, not campus security.

Reconsiderations and a Maturing Field

While minimal computing intends to create conditions for maximum inclusiveness, I fear that in practice it may exclude underprepared students in open-access institutions.

The minimalist turn registers the effects of uneven development in the academy. Community colleges are just beginning to recognize the term "digital humanities," and faculty are just beginning to figure out how digital assignments fit into their courses. In many, although not all, cases, "minimal computing" assignments take maximal preparation – for CC faculty still untrained in the field and for unevenly prepared students.

Sayers anticipates the critique that minimal computing may produce different impacts to different agents in an unevenly developing field. He asks, "what sort of expertise and decision-making [does minimization assume]" and how do "we define 'we' in relation to necessity and simplicity?" ("Minimal Definitions"). Necessary for what? Simple for whom? Under what constraints?

For community colleges, the purpose of humanities education is to empower students with *as much* mastery of *as many* tools as possible for *full participation* in civic and cultural life. How we define "minimal computing" at the CC needs to support that purpose.

For I'm not just talking about access to any particular set of digital tools – whether "minimal" or "maximal" – in this regard. Rather, it's students' *transformed understanding* that I am after – the crossing of a threshold from accepting a received cultural landscape to a deep reading of it. Open-access institutions may make use of "maximal" tools as a *relay* for critically engaging with the digital lives students lead. In so doing, they may achieve ends that "minimal computing" principles intend.

Participation, writes Carpentier, is "strongly related to the power logics of decision making" (8). Carpentier's foregrounding of power relations and social capital helps us to situate values of minimal computing in an open-access CC context. Looking at Sayers' comprehensive list of the features of minimal computing, we see that he is going for a maximalist model of participation in stewardship of the cultural record and in knowledge

production and dissemination. The list helps elaborate the question that Alex Gil asks – that of “what do we *need*?” – and imagines a DH architecture of necessity that ensures scholars’ *maximal* role in decisions and maximal control of future use.

While community colleges share disciplinary affinities with their counterparts at four year colleges and universities, these affinities mask power differentials between CCs and their four-year counterparts. Carpentier’s focus on power provides language for recognizing the differences between four-year institutions and CCs and for responding to those differences.³ This power differential is visible in multiple spheres, but here are a couple of examples to illustrate how it impacts faculty and students at CCs:

- First, graduate school doesn’t train most humanities graduates for the demands of CC teaching;
- Second, graduate faculty rarely maintain close professional ties with students who land jobs at CCs (I call this the “You’re dead to me” model of mentorship);
- Effects of this dynamic on professional development have been to create an hermetic CC professional world cut off in important ways from developments in the larger field; and
- This dynamic limited what should have been a much earlier diffusion of digital humanities methods into CC curricula.⁴

Additionally, the role that contingency and precarity play in CC faculty lives cannot be overstated. Part-time/adjunct faculty represent nearly 70% of the instructional workforce of community colleges and 47% of humanities educators overall (“A National Survey” and “Traditional versus Nontraditional Humanities Faculty”). Many part-time or adjunct humanities faculty teach provided syllabi or are limited in the texts they can select. Maximal equity in participatory decision-making in curriculum is harder for contingent faculty to achieve.

And what about CC students?

What might minimal computing look like for students and how might they practice it? Student diversity is the open access institution’s best asset and biggest challenge.⁵ Sayers raises the issue of time in relation to reduced consumption (“Minimal Definitions”); working class time orientation is characterized by precarity – a sense that struggles in and endurance of the present are more salient than investments in a future imaginary. You could say that CC priorities are driven by a working-class time orientation toward the “short now” and not the “long now” thinking required of the minimal critical movement (“Minimal Definitions”).

How else might “minimal” computing impact students’ full participation? “Creative failure” and “generative messing around” may directly challenge an already profound sense of what Walton and Cohen call “belonging uncertainty.” Experiences of failure that middle-class students may simply slough off disparately impact minority students’ sense of belonging and social “fit” in college. CC students are already “doing the risky thing” (Fitzpatrick) – they’re going to college. Trial – and especially *error* – around spartan and user-unfriendly interfaces can challenge even the most confident of lifelong learners. Recently, I fell short of completing a Github pull request after many tries, and I had the humbling experience of standing on the wrong side of a threshold. Perhaps for CC students, commercial interfaces *are* the “architecture of necessity” (Gil) – the best way to ensure that they cross important thresholds when taking on digital projects.

When I was reading about minimal computing, the words “syntactic sugar” and “syntactic salt” popped up. This language of low-processing and elemental design pepper minimal computing definitions and put me in mind of the language of food politics – whole foods, organic produce, farmers’ markets and distributed pantry movements. Why is it, I wondered, that the advantages of bypassing the supermarket to ensure maximal autonomy are only realized by middle-class families with huge domestic square-footage and minivans? Do the conflicting urgencies of class and environment operate in minimal computing?

If they do, what kind of computing can help CC students comprehend and intervene in the high-speed, overprocessed environment of their “digital life”? Thinking of supermarkets led me to consider how McDonald’s, Burger King, Taco Bell, and KFC leverage food deserts for profit. And it was “maximal” computing that provided data visualizations in a “Food Desert Map” and enabled me to compare it to a “Food Access Research Locator”(or “Fast Food Locator”) map by the USDA. As predicted, fast food restaurants pop up in “food deserts” with reliable frequency, threatening the health of the rural and urban poor. Exploring these maps in depth would make a great research project for my first-year composition students. Thus “maximal” computing can serve “minimal computing” ends of inclusiveness and participation, even if it relies on big databases and servers.

Of course, for all of their short-term affordances for cash-strapped community colleges, commercially available platforms have their limitations in the long-term. So it’s important that we avoid creating conditions for CCs to become digital equivalents of food deserts. A sole diet of Google, Microsoft, Twitter, Facebook, Instagram, Snapchat et al. could play into a lifetime of dependence on overprocessed commercial platforms. And so perhaps it’s a “balanced” diet rather than the strictest minimalism that we can aim for at community colleges. With the right introduction and support, CC students’ can eventually join

their four-year counterparts as they tinker with their Tiny Linuxes, “healthy choices,” and “whole foods” of Raspberry Pi.

@annemcgrail <https://blogs.lanec.edu/dhatthecc/>

Endnotes

- ¹ I should have heeded Ryan Cordell’s advice about course naming sooner. See <http://ryancordell.org/teaching/how-not-to-teach-digital-humanities/>
- ² Global Outlook: Digital Humanities (GO::DH) is a working group of the Alliance of Digital Humanities Organizations. Its aim is to remove obstacles to the use of digital technology by humanists across the globe. Developing countries have the basic capabilities to engage in digital cultural projects but the complexity of the hardware and software requirements may leave them out. So-called “minimal” design features of computing are intended to support a more widespread accessibility.
- ³ I want to acknowledge here the existence of many under-resourced four-year colleges and universities as well, and that we are talking about a complex system of power and privilege operating in higher education. But CCs have an open-access mission and a lower-division or foundational focus, and this puts them at a singular disadvantage in terms of social capital – for students and for faculty within the profession.
- ⁴ There are some hopeful signs on the horizon in this regard: The University of Washington and CUNY Graduate Center have explicitly engaged with community colleges as sites for expanding public humanities, but the impacts of these initiatives remain to be seen.
- ⁵ CC Student facts: There are 992 public community colleges in the US, and community college students make up 46% of all undergraduates in the US and 41% of all first-time freshmen. Sixty-one percent of Native American college undergraduates are enrolled in community colleges; 52% of Black students and 43% of Asian/Pacific Islander undergraduates are enrolled in community colleges; 50% of Hispanic college students begin at community college. In the US, 59% of community college students are enrolled part-time, and 59% are women (American Association of Community Colleges, “Enrollments”). The SES data on CC students are well known (Adelman): 44% percent of low-income students attend community colleges as their first college out of high school as compared to 15% of high-income students (Community College Research Center). Sixty-nine percent of community college students work, with 33% working more than 35 hours per week; 22% are full-time students employed full-time; 40% are full time students employed part-time; and 41% of part-time students are employed full-time. And first-generation students make up 36% of community college student populations (American Association of Community Colleges, “Fast Fact Sheet”).

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Drought, Sustenance, and Sustainability in the Salinas Valley and Beyond: A Year Long Multidisciplinary Collaboration

Marnie Glazier, Hortencia Jiménez, and Hermelinda Rocha-Tabera

Introduction

California's central coast is an area of remarkable biodiversity and beautiful natural habitats – from majestic sequoias, to volcanic caves – and an area that's helped to accelerate unprecedented technological revolution. Tucked within the region's inner coastal mountain ranges, among one of the United States' most fertile watersheds, is the Salinas Valley: the "salad bowl to the world" and the home of Hartnell Community College, where two of this article's co-authors have recently come on as tenure-track faculty. Perhaps not surprisingly, the college features some of the most impressive Agriculture, Ag-Tech, and STEM AA programs in the nation. But just as Hartnell occupies a space in the heart of the state's agricultural center, so does it occupy a central role in some of the most significant social movements of the era. It is not far from where legendary activist Cesar Chavez led the farm workers' struggle for civil rights in 1966; where iconic social practice theatre artist Luis Valdez began his El Teatro Campesino, touring migrant camps with his *actos* on the back of a flatbed truck; and where today, with worsening drought and increasing environmental challenges, some of the country's greatest socioeconomic disparities continue to reveal themselves in the depth and breadth of the region's income and opportunity gaps.

Seventy miles south of the renowned Silicon Valley, in the middle of one of the U.S.'s most productive agricultural centers, we've found ourselves in the fortuitous, though somewhat ironic position of advocating for a cross-disciplinary collaboration to address social and environmental issues in the Salinas Valley and beyond. As this election year has so starkly reminded us, ours is a pivotal, if divisive, era – an era in which, to recall the sage counsel of Buckminster Fuller, whose "Spaceship Earth" we still collectively inhabit, we are continually called upon to act with integrity, responsibility, and genuine compassion, and finally to seek out consensus-building, solution-focused opportunities in the apparent obstacles before us. What better way to cultivate such opportunities than a cross-disciplinary service-learning project?

While we too often find ourselves – especially in trying economic times – pressed to defend the necessity of our programs on the national level, the liberal arts present tremendous opportunities for learning across the spectrum of disciplines. Such interdisciplinarity is essential in an time rife with the social and environmental problems besetting us in



today's age of the anthropocene, in which environmental policy or lack thereof threatens our very continuance. Renowned interdisciplinary studies scholars Julie Klein and William Newell (1997) note that interdisciplinary learning provides a rich pedagogical environment in which faculty, students, and community gain invaluable assets. As a learning process that crosses boundaries between academic disciplines, between university and community, and between faculty and students (Garkovich 1982; Klein and Newell 1997; Suarez-Balcazar et al 2006; Rooks & Winkler 2012), interdisciplinarity allows for a more collaborative and consensus-based approach to problem-solving.

Austin (2002, 2003) comments that demographic changes in higher education compel faculty to reflect upon and improve their teaching practices to meet the needs of students from diverse backgrounds. Efforts to enhance minority student success are transforming the landscape of higher education, and Hartnell College is at the forefront of this effort. In this essay, we – faculty from Theatre Arts, Ethnic Studies and Sociology – will share our development of and pedagogical approach to an interdisciplinary project that moves toward enhancing inclusivity in student learning. We employ what has commonly been referred to as a “glo-cal” approach, drawing from local concerns and lived experience, and expanding out to the larger global socioeconomic framework.

Among the advantages of multidimensional interdisciplinary projects is students' acquisition of knowledge – un-compartmentalized and, in the real world, both transferable and cumulative (Garkovich 1982). Klein and Newell agree that interdisciplinary studies is the bridge between the academy and the real world. And real-world, solution-focused learning is what, we argue in this article, is most needed today in our colleges and universities – not the least of which include community colleges.

Interdisciplinary Project Road Map

Our aim in this year-long project was to create a collaborative, interdisciplinary research and performance piece to meet the needs of our students and our community by addressing the specific problem of California's record drought. We aimed to help broaden student perspectives by modeling the leadership and bridge-building needed to bring solution-focused dialogue to some of the most pressing social concerns of our era: namely, water and resource depletion.

The interdisciplinary nature of the project would teach students how to combine a wide range of skills and knowledge bases through research, reflection, ethnographic and autoethnographic field work, interviews, community dialogues, collaboration, and performance. The performance piece itself would be presented as a community service for the regional population and would culminate in performance at an international theatre festival in August of 2016, thus allowing much needed exposure to varying social issues, groups, and opinions in today's multicultural landscapes. Finally, the project would be made pos-

sible through the dedication and collaboration of Hartnell faculty along with Hartnell administrators, local political leaders, activists, educators, industry experts in Agriculture, Water Services, and other fields, and community artists from groups like the Urban Arts Collective and El Teatro Campesino. We began our work in September of 2015, and in many ways the project has continued to evolve into a collaboration that has proven even more rewarding than we had initially imagined.

In setting out, Step One was to assemble a team willing to take on not only the added work the drought project would demand, but also the political tensions drought discussions would inevitably stir in the state of California. Marnie Glazier had developed the curriculum for a project-based devised theatre course the previous year, and had settled on the topic of Drought with her Theatre students the previous spring. She hoped to involve more of the campus community, and announced the project to colleagues at the annual convocation, where Hermelinda Rocha-Tabera from Ethnic Studies and Hortencia Jiménez from Sociology quickly came forward to express their commitment. As the team fell into place, we began a series of meetings over the course of the fall semester to plan our approach:

- Bringing the common themes of drought, social justice, and environmental equity into our course plans for that spring's Social Problems, Ethnic Studies, and Devised Theatre courses;
- Conducting preliminary research and sharing early research and course materials;
- Identifying students from our disciplines and the campus community who would benefit from involvement in the project;
- Developing a budget and identifying potential funding sources for student/faculty travel and compensation for community artist partners; and
- Drafting our project goals and timelines.

Once we'd assembled our team and begun laying the groundwork, Step Two – and an ongoing part of the project – involved gathering the fiscal resources we would need to make the project a reality.¹ With our fundraising well under way and with the start of the spring 2016 semester, Step Three ushered in the official start of the project. Jiménez and Rocha-Tabera incorporated the drought, social justice, and environmental equity themes into their Sociology and Ethnic Studies courses, and Glazier's Devised Theatre course enrolled students from each of the three disciplines as well as from areas like Criminal Justice and Paramedicine. Both Jiménez and Rocha-Tabera visited the Devised Theatre class regularly, participating in performance and writing exercises and discussions, and helping to orchestrate visits with members of the community. Each class meeting became

more enriching, more inspiring, more profoundly impactful than the one before, reifying our need to engage in this kind of work as educators – to introduce this kind of deeply meaningful, real-world, interdisciplinary collaboration to students.

We were tremendously fortunate to have institutional support not only for grant-seeking, but also for the interdisciplinary collaboration in itself, and from the start of the spring semester, our students were introduced to a wealth of cross-disciplinary research materials in a database assembled especially for the project by Hartnell Reference Librarian, Beth Rosenblum. Students were encouraged to begin researching drought and water issues early on, as all three courses would incorporate research and reflection components. We were also blessed in being able to draw from our research interests and expertise, while simultaneously enriching and complementing our individual and collective knowledge bases through team teaching. Jiménez’s deep understanding of social problems and social theory established a strong foundation. Rocha-Tabera’s insights on ethnicity and identity along with her strong roots in the community provided a wealth of perspectives. And Glazier’s background in writing and social practice theatre provided a framework to ground our inquiry in practical application. Each of our lectures, community visits, and discussions was followed by exercises centered on script-writing and immersive physical/devised theatre collaboration.

The Devised Theatre course in particular structured itself after Glazier’s *Eco-theatre and New Media: Devising Toward Transnational Balance*. The text advocates for the necessity of devised theatre today, while providing a brief history and explanation of devising and offering sample scripts and rehearsal plans. Devised theatre is a process-based, participatory experience, often inspired by a central theme and developed through experiment and collaboration. Unlike traditional theatre, devised theatre originates not from an existing script, but from an idea, and thus can culminate in a scripted or an unscripted performance event. Three common strategies include solo, group, and director-generated devising. This project by design would be director-centered, Glazier maintaining an overall vision for the final performance, and designing writing and acting exercises around that schematic.

To supplement the *Eco-theatre & New Media* text, we read excerpts from A. Javier Treviño’s *Investigating Social Problems* along with selected readings from theatre scholars and practitioners. The schedule for the course was both loosely structured – open to possibilities – and clearly focused on definitive, measurable outcomes. The primary objectives were: understanding devised theatre and social theory/needs as related to the arts, and using collaboration and team building tools in a social context to create original performance work. From the very first class meeting, we set the precedent for active engagement through mindfulness and creative exploration, drawing upon yoga, Augusto Boal’s Image

Theatre, Anne Bogart and Tina Landau's Viewpoints, Gabrielle Roth's 5Rhythms, and Glazier's own devising exercises.² Simultaneous to laying the physical, psycho-spiritual groundwork, we'd begun acquainting students with the fundamentals of social theory and ethnic studies, and through this combination had likewise begun our devising. Beginning with general explorations of social problems, then honing in on more specific reflections on Salinas, its social and ethnic fiber, and its various challenges, we finally narrowed our focus to explorations of drought, social justice, and environmental equity. The schedule located in Appendix A provides a roadmap for the journey and a relative timeline for project completion.

About three weeks into the semester, students had begun conducting interviews with community members on the subject of drought, as well as conducting secondary research, to pull in information on drought and water issues in Salinas and beyond. Interviewees and interview questions were selected based on group brainstorming sessions and class discussions. Those interviewed for the project included: Salinas Mayor Joe Gunter, Senatorial Candidate Jimmy Panetta, and Hartnell College President Willard Lewallen, along with numerous members of the community, from elementary school children to elderly Salinas residents to agricultural field workers. Additionally, interviewees and guest speakers were invited to visit the class to discuss and participate in hands-on activities related to topics such as watershed advocacy, urban artmaking, El Teatro Campesino, and local agriculture.³

Secondary research informed our work as well, and became one of the central structural components organizing the script and performance. Jiménez incorporated a secondary research component into her Sociology course. Students wrote an eight-page paper that included several guidelines (see Appendix B).

It was out of a combination of research, visits, and interviews that many of the scenes were written for our final script and performance. The combination of discussion and sharing of anecdotes inspired scenes for a final script and performance that is uniquely situated to the Salinas Valley but that resonates with issues of drought, sustenance, and sustainability in the United States and around the world (see <https://sites.google.com/a/hartnell.edu/drought-performance-script/> for the full script). The script for the Devised Theatre class became a hybrid of:

- Poetic segues authored by Glazier and the students
- Excerpts from the works of Salinas' John Steinbeck
- Dance segues choreographed by our student choreographer, Jose Navarrete
- Drought and water research
- Dramatic scenes authored by Glazier and the students

This combination made for a number of moving performances, each followed by discussion wherein audience members expressed appreciation for both the information conveyed and the artistry shared through the project. We had, in so many ways, achieved all we had hoped for and more.

Conclusion

Ultimately, the success of the project lay in its multimodal approach. Our ability to combine real-world problem-solving, community-based service learning/outreach, intensive research and reflection, and creative inquiry ensured an immersive, impactful experience for students and faculty. At the same time, the performative, social-practice elements of the project expanded our collaboration, allowing for many rewarding bridge-building and networking opportunities. As Minneapolis-based theatre artist Sandy Spieler aptly stated in a recent interview with Glazier, “Theatre is dialogue,” and this devised theatre project allowed for the kind of solution-focused dialogue that had been our objective from the start.

The aim of our project from the beginning had been to create a collaborative, interdisciplinary research and performance piece to meet the needs of our students by providing exposure and opportunities to increase cultural and social capital. And this was accomplished, both locally and globally. While we’d initially hoped to take the performance to the International College Theatre Festival in Edinburgh, Scotland, we came just short of the needed funds for the international trip. In the spirit of the project, however, finding opportunities in our apparent obstacles, we took the show and student group to the Midtown International Theatre Festival in New York, NY. In the end, this secondary option became a great learning experience for the students, both teaching them resiliency and allowing them to see an international city far from home. The project as a whole proved an invaluable pedagogical opportunity for faculty, staff, and students, as well as for the community members and industry leaders who became involved in the creation of the performance and the continuing development of solution-focused projects and dialogue surrounding drought. Ultimately the project fit well with our community college mission of “focusing on the needs of the Salinas Valley ... providing educational opportunities for students to reach academic goals in an environment committed to student learning, achievement and success.”

This project illuminates both the vital significance of interdisciplinary collaboration – as evidenced in our students’ invaluable efforts across their respective disciplines and in their growing accomplishments – along with the special role that the liberal arts can play in encouraging dialogue on pressing social and environmental issues. In the end, the students developed a profound understanding and appreciation of their own community and their respective roles within it, of the social problems surrounding resource manage-

ment, mismanagement and depletion, and of the vital significance of creative inquiry and interdisciplinary collaboration in solving our era's most pressing problems. We are very proud of the wonderful performance the students helped create and we are grateful to the college and community for this amazing cross-disciplinary opportunity. We hope that it will inspire others to engage in similar projects and partnerships. Bridge-building work like this helps fulfill the vital mission of today's community colleges, and it is our hope that others will have the kinds of institutional support we were blessed to have in continuing to pursue such multi-dimensional, real-world, solution-focused learning opportunities.

Endnotes

- ¹ We were blessed with the support and encouragement of our area Dean, Dr. Celine Pinet, Vice President of Academic Affairs Dr. Lori Kildal, and the College Foundation's Director of Development, Loyanne Flinn. We secured funding from multiple sources, including: a Faculty Innovation Grant from the Hartnell College Professional Development Committee; a grant from the Monterey County Arts Council; a grant from the Water Career Pathways Program; and direct contributions from the Hartnell College Foundation, California Water, a number of individual donors, and student fundraising efforts.
- ² The students were provided with a brief introduction to each of these approaches. First, they were acquainted with the breath and with the fundamentals of Hatha Yoga. They were then introduced to Boal, who drew from Pablo Freire's *Pedagogy of the Oppressed* to develop an international theatre for social justice movement focused on authentic holistic presence, empowerment, and consciousness-raising. Likewise they were introduced to the work of Bogart and Landau, who emphasize presence, soft focus, and the notion of exquisite pressure, inspiring spontaneous discovery through limitations of time, space, and material resources. Gabrielle Roth's insightful ideas on therapeutic, mind- and body-centering dance were introduced as well, along with some of the central tenets of somatic movement therapy, further familiarizing students with notions of freeing emotional, physical, and cognitive blockages through movement. Finally each of the largely ecologically centered, immersive movement and writing exercises originated by Glazier were explained and discussed upon completion, the goal being to provide students with adaptable tools that they could later use in their academic and personal careers.
- ³ These speakers included California State University Monterey Bay Environmental Science Professor Laura Lee Lienk, Watershed Advocate Robin Lee, and Monterey Bay National Marine Sanctuary Volunteer Monitoring Coordinator Lisa Emanuelson. Additionally, we had visits from Urban Arts Collaborative's Juan Carlos Gonzalez (and others from his group); El Teatro Campesino co-founder Cesar Flores; California Grower and Shipper's Association Vice President for Policy and Communications Abby Taylor-Silva; Hartnell Agriculture Faculty member Nick Pasculli; Hartnell Art faculty member Mai Ryuno; and community leaders Joe Gunter, Jimmy Panetta, Felicia George, Andy Hsia-Coron, and Mary Hsia-Coron. Both interviews and class visits entailed last-minute changes and unanticipated learning opportunities. While we tried to plan ahead, the very nature of the collaborative inspired a kind of spontaneous,

“Yes, and ...” approach that encouraged contributions equally from all participants. Thus, if a participant in the project struck upon an opportunity for a class visit from a potential interviewee with little notice, the group made room for the unexpected, and Glazier, Jiménez, and Rocha-Tabera integrated the visits, dialogues, discussions, and presentations into the overall lesson plan.

Appendix A: Course Schedule

1/22 – 1/28 From *Investigating Social Problems*. A. Javier Treviño. Ch. 1 & 2.

Quiz 1 (discussion – “What is social practice theatre?”)

Introduction: What is Social Theory, Sociology, Social Practice Theatre? / Understanding Social Practice Art, Devised Theatre, New Media

2/1 – 2/19 From *Eco-Theatre & New Media: Devising Toward Transnational Balance*, Forward, Ch.1, & Ch.2

Quiz 2 (discussion – “Relevance of art/theatre arts today” / Reading Response 1 – (discussion- “history...what defines our era...”) / Interviews (to be conducted individually)

The Stakes Today: Drought / Reading Responses & Exercises / Group & Independent Research / Laying Foundations for the Project

2/22 - 3/11 From *Eco-Theatre & New Media: Devising Toward Transnational Balance*, Ch. 3-5.

Quiz 3 (discussion – “Why devise? Why now?” / Reading Response 2 (discussion – “Drought” / Interviews (to be conducted in small groups)

“Why Devise? Why NOW?” / Building the Project / *First Community Forum-late Feb.*

3/16 – 4/15 *Readings and Research Materials TBD.*

Reading Response 3 (discussion – “Engaging Dialogue”) / Research & Reflection Paper 1 (What have you learned so far? How have you grown, been stretched, expanded as an artist, comfortably and/or uncomfortably?)/ Interviews (Continued)

New Directions & New Media / Building the Project / *Second Community Forum-late March*

4/18 – 5/6 *Readings and Research Materials TBD.*

Rehearsing / Building the Performance/Production

5/9 – 5/20 *Final Readings and Research Materials TBD./Final Discussions*

Finalizing the Performance/Production

Final Performance at MCOE/MCAET TBD

Research & Reflection Paper 2 Due *Mon. 5/23

Appendix B: Social Problems Research paper

This research project is on drought. There are different drought impacts that are grouped as economic, environmental, and social impacts. You will select one of these and write a research paper and present your drought project visually.

Part I

You will submit the term paper in four phases:

1. One page paper describing your intended drought topic and a bibliography of 4 sources.
2. Conduct interview.
3. Draft of drought research paper.
4. Final drought paper & visual presentation

Part II

Your paper should have the following elements. Note: you do not need to do them in order, just make sure that you address each in your paper.

• Describe the social problem

Be sure to include an introductory and concluding statement of some kind. Remember you are guiding how your reader reads and makes sense of the material you have put forth in this project.

How do sociologists understand a social problem? Define what constitutes a social problem. Explain the three main sociological perspectives of structural functionalism, conflict theory, and symbolic interactionism and evaluate how each theory can be applied to improve our understanding of social problems.

• Scholarly Research

You should include a bibliography of at least 6 academic sources that examine social problems, one must be from *Investigating Social Problems* by Javier Treviño. All sources must be cited in your paper and included in your bibliography. You can use magazine, online sites, newspaper accounts, etc. as complementary information in your paper. These, however, will not count as academic sources.

• Integrate course content

You should draw from your readings, class notes, and in general, what you have learned this semester to craft this paper. You are expected to incorporate between fifteen to twenty sociological concepts in your drought research paper.

• Role of social institutions

You will need to discuss 2-3 social institutions and their role in the social problem of drought. These are some suggestions: Provide examples from the mainstream media that addresses drought. Which venues are presenting this issue as a problem? What claims are being made about this issue? How does the media portray the nature of the problem? Consider the role of the government. How does the government discuss drought? Have policies been created to

address the social problem? Where does the role of the family as a social institution fit in with the social issue of drought? Health care?, etc.

- **Integrate the sociological imagination**

Why is the sociological imagination a useful tool for understanding social problems? In what ways are the individual circumstances of people's lives connected to the larger patterns of problems that exist in society?

- **Interview** (An interview guide will be developed in class)

Interview a person who may be addressing the issue or is affected. Consider why this individual got involved in addressing the social problem? How is he/she addressing the social problem? Who is involved? What are some challenges?

- **Sociological implications and social change**

How does sociology aim to make a difference in society with regard to addressing social problems? What role do individual sociologists play in bringing about positive change? How can sociology students like yourself engage in action to solve social problems like the drought?

Part III

You will present your drought project visually in class. The following are suggestions: poetry slam, art work, sculpture, comic book, giant puppets, timeline, workshop, digital story, play or skit, or another upon approval. If you decide to do a powerpoint or prezi presentation it must have a minimum of 10-15 slides.

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Another Defining Moment for Community Colleges: The 1956 President's Committee

Shaila Mulholland



Our vision would be limited if we failed at this time to give special thought to education beyond the high school. Certain problems exist now in this field, and already we can foresee other needs and problems shaping up in the future Higher education is and must remain the responsibility of the States, localities, and private groups and institutions. But to lay before us all the problems of education beyond high school, and to encourage active and systematic attack on them, I shall appoint a distinguished group of educators and citizens to develop this year, through studies and conferences, proposals in this educational field. Through the leadership and counsel of this group, beneficial results can be expected to flow to education and to the Nation, in the years ahead.

– Dwight D. Eisenhower, *Special Message to Congress on Education*

Presidential commissions and committees have served as important settings to examine critical questions and issues facing society (Kerr-Tener, 1985). President Eisenhower's address to Congress reveals not only the intended purposes of the 1956 President's Committee but also reflects contemporary concerns pertaining to higher education's role in serving the public good. It was an important moment for community colleges because "strong support" was given to expand the number of junior and community colleges in the nation (*Preliminary Judgments*, 1956, p. 1). Community colleges were increasingly seen as the answer to addressing "manpower" shortages. Rather than expanding existing institutions, which could have possibly been a more economical choice, the expansion of junior and community colleges was the path pursued by the 1956 President's Committee. One repeated idea found in the 1956 Committee's earliest reports, as well as emphasized in the *Second Report to the President*, was the notion that there was no longer a single "American educational system" (*Second Report to the President*, July 1957, p. 2).

The published reports of the 1956 President's Committee, which were more widely distributed compared to the Subcommittee reports, suggest basic agreement on the proposed roles of community colleges if they were to be expanded throughout the nation. First and foremost, the expansion of community colleges were to be connected to

manpower shortages and to do so, would improve and expand the educational services for “semi-professional and technical people.” Along with attention to these issues, greater awareness of the role of community colleges in providing educational opportunity was also generated among the public.

The 1956 President’s Committee on Education Beyond the High School provided opportunity for continued discussions and deliberations by educational and business leaders to examine the need to expand higher education. Because the 1956 Committee focused specifically on the problems and issues of concern to higher education, as a policy study it provides a way to examine how the language and discussions from the 1947 Truman Commission may have influenced higher education policy activities of the 1950s as well as the tremendous growth of community college institutions during the 1960s.

Review of Literature

The scholarly literature suggests that the growth of community colleges reflects societal forces with “two opposite ideological camps” (Doyle & Gorbunov, 2011, p. 1797). On the one hand is, for example, *America’s Community Colleges: The First Century* (Witt, Wattenbarger, Gollattscheck, & Suppinger, 1994) mentioned by Meier (2009) as celebrating, rather than critically analyzing the community college movement. On the other end of the spectrum is *The Diverted Dream* (Brint & Karabel, 1989). Meier (2009), along with Doyle and Gorbunov (2011) and others, has posited that scholars such as Witt et al. (writing for the American Association of Community Colleges (AACCC)) took a functionalist stance on the role of community colleges due to their low-cost and open-door admissions policies. The class-reproduction camp has viewed community colleges as part of a societal mechanism that serves to stratify higher education through what has been commonly cited in the literature as Clark’s “cooling-out” function. For these reasons, Dougherty (1994) has referred to community colleges as *The Contradictory College*.

The transfer function of community colleges has remained a complex issue. It is the transfer mission that has prompted both criticism and applause for community college institutions. The effectiveness of the transfer function has recently received significant attention as the federal government placed greater importance on college completion goals. Wassmer, Moore, and Shulock (2004) found that institutions with higher transfer rates tend to have such characteristics as serving a younger non-adult student population and enrolling more students from higher SES backgrounds. To frame and guide her study, Melguizo (2009) reviewed research examining the bachelor completion rates of Latino transfer students and found studies that provide evidence for both sides of the “long-standing debate over whether community colleges democratize education or whether they divert students from attaining a bachelor’s degree” (p. 96).

Gilbert and Heller (2012) have also offered insight into higher education policy-making activities during the postwar era. Gilbert and Heller examined how the 1947 Truman Commission defined the goals of educational opportunity and equity, and offered several arguments that explain the subsequent impact on community colleges. Similarly, Hutcheson's (2007) essay on the 1947 Commission also examined implications for community colleges, but his perspectives on the Truman Commission explain "the movement toward making college teaching both a democratic activity and an activity extolling the virtues of democracy." Influenced by lessons learned from K-12 schoolteachers, he describes and defines the democratic function of college teaching, while highlighting the need to better examine issues of diversity not only for students, but also for faculty in higher education. Hutcheson related the discussion of diversity and teaching to a concern often noted in the literature, that is: community colleges experienced a decline of the transfer function beginning in the 1970s even amid a period of substantial growth in the number of adult students who were entering higher education, with many students attending community colleges.

The rise of the research university is documented in the community college historiography through connecting the growth of the German-influenced research university model to the early developments in community colleges just before the 1900s, when the history is thought to have begun. Much less known of a story, but closely related to discussions and debates on community colleges, is the concept of extension campuses (Mulholland, 2009). In 1886, the Philadelphia Extension Society was founded and American universities replicated the successful programs instituted by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. According to Cartwright (1945) another known university figure in the early history of community colleges, William Rainey Harper of the University of Chicago, "was among the earliest advocates of university extension, though after his assumption of the leadership of the new university in 1893 his program in adult education failed to live up to expectations" (p. 286). Rainey has been generously credited as one of the chief architects of the American community college idea through his contributions establishing Joliet Junior College (Cohen & Brawer, 2003).

Archival Evidence on Presidential Commissions

A dichotomous view of the role of community colleges and its relationship to expanding educational opportunity influenced my choice to explore the archival documents that were available on the 1956 President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School. Specifically, by examining the perspectives of individual committee members through an analysis of archival sources, including the 1956 President's Committee and Subcommittee reports, and correspondence of Committee members, this paper aims to understand the connections between the 1947 and 1956 Presidential Committees. The archival

sources for this paper were collected from the Virginia Kelly Karnes Archives and Special Collections Research Center at Purdue University. Using archival evidence allows for moving beyond research university-centric perspectives, which have tended to dominate the community college historiography (Hutcheson, 1999).

The comprehensive work of Kerr-Tener (1985), who employed archival research to conduct case studies of six presidential commissions, also informed this study. Kerr-Tener investigated specific recommendations from presidential groups as a means to offer an explanation of why certain policy recommendations were either included or omitted in the President's legislative proposals. In the higher education literature, the most studied and cited of presidential commissions is the 1947 Truman Commission. As the first Commission solely focused on higher education, it initiated important dialogue on the social role of higher education for all individuals during the decades following the end of World War II. The Commission's report, *Higher Education for Democracy* (1947), highlighted community colleges' role in expanding educational opportunities, and emphasized the community aspect, thus popularizing the term community college (Hutcheson & Kidder, 2011). The report noted that though "the name used does not matter" this term "seems to describe these schools best" rather than two-year or junior college (Zook, 1947).

The 1947 Truman Commission helped to define the role of community colleges in serving the public good. It is possible to see how the 1956 President's Committee may be another defining moment for community colleges by continuing the 1947 Truman Commission's work and devoting further attention to issues and discussions of questions around the responsibility for post-high school education. Would post-high school education comprise the 13th and 14th years? Or was it the responsibility of postsecondary education? These are fundamental questions about the community college that were presented in the 1947 Truman Commission and remain relevant to our understanding of the complexities of determining responsibility for expanding post-high school education. A look into the 1956 President's Committee offers important insights into the ways the Committee and its committee members may have continued the work of the 1947 group by conceptualizing the purposes of community colleges during the post-WW II era.

Expanding Community Colleges and Adult Education through the President's Committee

By the time the 1956 President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School was initiated, the need for education for adults had already been recognized for several decades. The military draft of World War I revealed the widespread problem of illiteracy, which prevented immigrants from qualifying for citizenship. This spurred the "illiteracy crusades" (Carter, 1945, p. 289), of the 1920s and in the public schools, it created the

“Americanization movement” (p. 289). However, the Depression ended programs serving adults. According to Carter (1945), “Official recognition by the public school group of “adult education” – a term then new in the United States – came with the changing of the name of the Americanization Department of the National Education Association to the Department of Adult Education in the middle nineteen twenties” (p. 289).

President Eisenhower appointed 33 educational and business leaders to serve on the 1956 Committee. A March 28, 1956 press release announced Devereux Colt Josephs of New York City as the Chair of the President’s Committee on Education Beyond the High School. Mr. Josephs was a former “President of the Carnegie Corporation of New York, a Member of the Board of Overseers, Harvard University” (*Immediate Release*, March 28, 1956, para. 3). At the time of his appointment to lead the 1956 President’s Committee on Education Beyond the High School, he was the Chair of the New York Life Insurance Company. Dr. David Dodds Henry (President of University of Illinois, Urbana, Champaign) served as Vice-Chair of the 1956 President’s Committee.

Committee members convened as a whole a minimum of five times, and its *First* and *Second Reports to the President*, as well as the reports of the Subcommittee resulting from Committee deliberations, reveal important aspects of the policy process. The reports noted the Committee’s emphasis on identifying and focusing attention on major problems, rather than conducting an exhaustive study of the field altogether. Furthermore, each of the Subcommittees of the 1956 President’s Committee “considered the basic problems to be concerned not merely with the number and kinds of institutions but their varying emphasis on training and/or education, their recognition of the difference in capacity of students, and the varying kinds and degrees of human development needed in our American economy and society generally” (*Report of Subcommittee III*, 1956, p. 2). Committee members served on one of the four Subcommittees, which met once or twice during the years of 1956 and 1957.

Each subcommittee considered one of the following questions:

- I. What is the Demand for Post-High School Education Now and for 10 to 15 Years?
- II. What are the Resources to Meet the Demand Now and in 10 to 15 Years?
- III. What Proposals have been Made for Modification and Improvement?
- IV. What are and What should be the Relationships Between the Federal Government and the Education Beyond the High School?

Subcommittee reports are also particularly helpful in understanding the work of the 1956 President’s Committee on Education Beyond the High School because each subcom-

mittee highlighted specific issues and questions that guided the 1956 President's Committee and received close study and attention.

In the earliest set of committee meetings during the fall of 1956, Subcommittee I was charged with the responsibility of outlining "the dimensions of the demand for post high school education expected within the next 10 to 15 years" (*Report of Subcommittee I*, October 5, 1956); its report captures the key problems of concern to the 1956 President's Committee as a whole. The questions of concern pertained to how to meet the needs for "youth and society," the problems "beyond that of numbers" and "the place of education in a free society and its relevance to all major aspects of that society."

Following the Subcommittee deliberations and release of reports to the public, regional-level workshops took place in the fall of 1956 (*Minutes of the Meeting of the Midwest Workshop*, 1956), followed by regional conferences, which also examined the needs for post-high school education (Mid-Atlantic Regional Conference, 1956; Midwestern Regional Conference, 1956; Stahr, 1957). The regional conferences occurred in the spring months of 1957 and were followed up by State conferences, and the agenda examined the three questions outlined above.

Subcommittee I considered three main issues "which the staff had been directed to prepare concerning the implications for education of recent trends in the labor market, the varying capacities and interests of students, and enrollment projects for collegiate and noncollegiate education" (*Report of Subcommittee I*, October 5, 1956, p. 1). The collegiate enrollment projects were of particular concern to Subcommittee I, and as part of their work they gathered enrollment project data from a variety of sources. They also requested the Office of Education to make projections through 1970 of the anticipated number of high school graduates, and explained:

Having determined as well as we could with the available data the quantitative aspect of the problem, we turned to the more difficult question of what the character of that demand will be. In conducting its study the Subcommittee has been aware that the demand for post-high school education will depend upon, first, what services individuals will be seeking and, second, the policy decisions institutions and governments will make as to the scope of the offerings of post-high school institutions and the quality of the educational services. (p. 1)

Subcommittee II was tasked with the responsibility of discussing, "What are the Resources to Meet the Demand Now and in 10 to 15 years?" Katharine E. McBride, President of Bryn Mawr College (Bryn Mawr, PA) from 1942-1970 was one of four women on the 1956 Committee, and served as the Chairman for Subcommittee II. Meanwhile, the focus of Subcommittee III was to examine the question of "What Proposals Have been

Made for Modification and Improvement.” Subcommittee III spoke specifically about how the growth of community colleges would:

... Incidentally relieve some of the potential pressure on the traditional baccalaureate institutions, particularly, it is to be hoped, by providing for those alarming numbers who now drop out of four-year colleges in the first two years. But if in the face of numbers that may in any event double, we are to improve the quality of the four-year offering, each and every individual faculty must start first by shielding its conservatism and by summoning the courage to experiment. (Report of Subcommittee III, October 5, 1956, p. 3)

The 1947 Truman Commission explored the issue of federal responsibility and responsiveness, and Subcommittee IV spoke specifically on this topic. Similarly, the 1956 Committee examined questions around how the federal government ought to approach policy on education beyond the high school. One of the most pressing needs was to “formulate a sound statement of principles” (Report of Subcommittee IV, October 5, 1956, p. 2) that could be used to guide all federal relationships related to education beyond the high school. Also proposed was a need to strengthen the availability of reliable and useful data regarding education beyond the high school – “especially in the areas outside of formal education” which were not available but considered essential to policy making and planning (p. 2).

In delivering the *Final Report* of the 1956 Committee to President Eisenhower, Josephs (1957) noted in his letter that the President’s Committee continued to receive almost daily, additional information on State plans and anticipated that all programs would be well under way. Concluding the work of the President’s Committee, each state, through their Governors, planned follow-up actions consistent with the work of the Committee and identified needs for the region and for local communities as it related to post-high school education (Josephs, October 1957; *Minutes of the Meeting of the Midwest Workshop*, 1956).

Discussion and Conclusion

“In general, historians of higher education have paid little, if any, attention to the community college” (Hutcheson, 1999, p. 307). In my analysis I tried to be cautious of synthesizing the information to depict any unwarranted crisis that was occurring in higher education policymaking, or in the development of community colleges. Although this runs the risk of portraying the 1956 President’s Committee as a more proactive initiative than it actually was, the review of archival documents found there to be thoughtful organization and delivery of multiple reports, suggesting that the 1956 President’s Committee was well planned and initiated.

Upon completing the archival analysis and review of primary documents, it became critical to review additional secondary sources (Cain, 2009; Hutcheson, 2007; Kerr-Tener 1985; Urban, 2007; Urban, 2007b) that have discussed the early history and evolution of such national level groups as the National Education Association (NEA) and Educational Policies Commission (EPC). This literature helped to reveal the efforts over several decades to bridge the gaps between K-12 and higher education policymaking, especially on the part of the NEA. Thus, the reason the 1956 President's Committee could be as well planned as it was may be a result of already being highly anticipated and needed within the higher education policymaking community. For example, Urban's (2007) work on the National Education Association (NEA) and Educational Policies Commission (EPC) provided understanding of earlier and existing policy activities already in place when the 1956 President's Committee was initiated. Urban's analysis is particularly useful for understanding policy activities during the intermediate years between the 1947 Truman and 1956 Eisenhower Presidential Commissions. In 1937, the EPC had published a report called *The Unique Function of Public Education in American Democracy*, which according to Urban (2007) had a significant impact on public schools. A report that would be similar to the 1937 publication, but written specifically for higher education was proposed in 1950 and according to Urban (2007), "The study would build on the work of President Truman's Commission on Higher Education and ... careful not to step on the toes of other higher education groups such as the American Council on Education" (pp. 95-96); "Community colleges, which subsumed what the EPC had called the 13th and 14th grades in its publication about secondary education in 1945, were to be included in this report" (p. 96).

With the predicted population growth, educational leaders across various states recognized that there needed to be an entity of some type – through people and/or policies – to oversee and coordinate the systems of higher education that would be emerging in states over the next decade. The 1956 President's Committee was significant in that it recognized the need for technical and semi-professional programs, which could be offered by post-secondary education – specifically community college institutions.

Junior and community colleges were identified as one of the "most significant developments" of the U.S. educational system "in response to a very real need for this educational service," as one report of the 1956 President's Committee explained (Preliminary Judgments, 1956, p. 1). Connecting manpower needs to postsecondary education was an important consideration for the 1956 President's Committee as specific subcommittee members put forth arguments advancing the need to expand junior and community colleges. An overarching theme in its various reports was the roles and responsibilities

of higher education institutions, of federal government, of state governments and local communities, and of business and industry.

A historical perspective on the development of post-high school opportunities affords a look into how educational policies and practices have changed over time. Although the community college's ability to advance opportunity continues to be debated, through careful analysis of archival evidence new insights emerge and movement is made beyond simple anecdotal stories of community college development. Little discussion of the 1956 President's Committee on Education Beyond the High School exists in the higher education literature. This may be so because, while the interim reports are available through several online archival resources, the final report of the Committee was not widely distributed and does not appear to be available electronically. The final report of the Committee is an insightful document because it summarizes each state's individual plans for expanding post high school educational opportunities. More research into these state plans will be helpful in determining the historical significance and relevance of the 1956 President's Committee in relationship to the 1947 Truman Commission and the discussion it initiated earlier on the role of community colleges in serving the public good.

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Heroic Journeys: A Digital Humanities Odyssey

Cynthia Kimball



My first introduction to the digital humanities was Dr. Anne McGrail's presentation at the 2013 Community College Humanities Association conference in Louisville, Kentucky. Then, in July 2015, I participated in the "DH at the CC" Summer Institute designed by McGrail and held in Eugene, Oregon. This piece was originally written for a panel at the CCHA conference, "Human Nature in the Digital Age," in Portland, Oregon, on November 11, 2016.

One of the literature classes I most love to teach is ENG 250, Introduction to Folklore and Mythology. There are wonderful digital resources for some of the material I teach, especially the classical myths. For example, there are mapping tools by which students might construct a vision of the journey of Odysseus. (<http://arcg.is/1ddmSkG>) The more I have learned about the field of digital humanities, the less I know. What follows is a meditation on the emotional journey I am still making in this vast realm, and the tiny steps I have taken to bring a few digital tools into my literature classroom.

Odysseus was missing from Ithaca for 20 years. Twenty years ago I left the comfortable halls of graduate school – in Buffalo, not Ithaca – and began teaching at Portland Community College.

When I set sail, I was borne along by the Optimism with which I had joined the Good Fight on behalf of Literacy.

You know what I mean.

I am drawn along in this journey by my longing to get back home to that old certainty that I can offer relevant, transformative opportunities to my students.

Today I invite you to rest with me on Calypso's island, where I have paused to think about my literary and digital experiences so far, the mysterious powers and the obstacles I encounter.

And, yes, I am going to mix my mythic metaphors all the way through this piece. I apologize now. Feel free to wince.

It turns out that a large part of Calypso's seductive charm is her infinite library of old books with real paper pages. I am tempted to stay here reading, and to defend my choice by recalling the powerful epiphanies I experienced in literature classes when I was a student.

You know what I mean.

But it may be that the literary epiphanies of the 21st century are to be encountered out upon the waters of this trackless cyber ocean.

I love teaching mythology because it is all about metaphor.

And metaphor is strong magic and has to be approached with wonder and also with courage.

Many students are frightened off early in their reading lives when they think teachers expect them to find one – or at most maybe two – clear and preferably deep meanings in the text. And not to be using their cell phones to do it.

What I want most for my students is that they regain confidence in what they already know about being human. When they are faced with a very foreign character or an illogical turn of events, I tell them that after at least 17 years on this planet playing the human game, they do have some insight into meaning.

I tell them that nothing human need be estranged from them.

I ask them to bring all their own wisdom to the collective wisdom in the room, to the chaotic unfurling of metaphor.

I tell them, You know those bits of knowledge that you have inside that may seem so small or so evanescent that you never even talk about them with anyone ...

But then you discover in a poem or a painting or a myth that recognition, “Oh, yes, I knew that, but I never knew anyone else did!”

You know what I mean.

That is the kind of knowing that can be felt in a literature class but only if they have confidence that their own humanity makes them wise.

The metaphors of myth remind us of what we already deeply know ... or predict what we will come to know.

And how can I expect them to have this confidence if I de-value the tools they use in pursuit of knowledge?

So I take it as a call to adventure, to set out upon the cyber ocean.

As I travel I feel the hot breath of the dragon of the end of literacy as I have known and loved it.

The first day of class is a threshold each of us crosses taking the role of the hero in our quest for self-transformation ... which I continue to believe is the goal of education.

The hero Mwindo, in an ancient epic from the Democratic Republic of Congo, begins his great adventure with many obstacles ahead. But he was born with magical tools – a conga scepter in his right hand, an adze in his left, and a little bag of the spirit of good fortune slung across his back.

Today there are apps for all of these.

Can I guide students to use these lovely digital tools to discover and create readings?

If I don't try to keep the literary coursework separate from the technological universe they already inhabit, will they find it more relevant?

Will they find it revelatory?

Imagine a Google Doc where students add comments to a digital manuscript of Inanna's descent, either from research or their own interpretive thoughts. I call this assignment by the grand name of "illuminated manuscript."

In this tool, even the quietest students in class have a voice, and they talk to each other.

I tell them, No one comes up with these kinds of thorough readings of a text all by themselves.

I still believe that studying literature is one way that the single human soul in its singular body can wake up to the shared reality of being human.

You know what I mean.

The magic devices come with their drawbacks, of course, just as they did in antiquity.

Many days when I walk through the hallways on the way to my classroom, I think of how Odysseus nearly lost some of his crew on the island of the lotus-eaters, each victim hungrily staring into a shining, seemingly endless source of sweet food for the mind.

I have experienced this stupefaction myself. As Tennyson described it, when one eats of “that enchanted stem / whoso did receive of them / and taste ... deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake, / And music in his ears his beating heart did make.”

Under this spell of Information and Music in our ears, we can so quickly forget where we are going.

Should I try to drag them from the lure of the lotus with ever-more-elaborate syllabus rules?

Jesse Stommel argues: “Distraction is not something to manage but rather something to harness with good pedagogy.”

Each session I have two reference volunteers, phones ready at hand, to look up anything we are gripped by the desire to know, like What’s the best definition of “me” in Sumerian? Who’s the director of the meta-horror movie *Cabin in the Woods*?

If one of these fact-checkers starts swiping screens, we check in to hear what they are investigating.

I’m not sure this is good pedagogy, but it’s a form of managing without condemning the devices.

I confess to suspecting that the giant on the island of the Cyclops is big social media, where we can find ourselves like Odysseus, shut up inside a cave.

But when we try to leave, we find that some integral parts of ourselves are being slowly devoured.

There are plenty of studies about how Facebook creates FoMO (“feelings of missing out”); something about this collective experience eats away at our sense of life’s purpose, our patience with disagreement, our self-esteem, our free time.

Can we take a page from Odysseus and sneak out of the cave past the one-eyed giant, tied to the underside of a herd of sheep?

Perhaps a more usable metaphor would be the single-eyed focus Can we all enter together and look at one topic, turning all of our attention to one theme, harnessing the power of the collective to help us focus?

So the next larger version of the illuminated manuscript project is an assignment in which students build together on a theme using digital discoveries. Half of the class takes on, for example, a chapter on vampires. The other half focuses on Harry Potter.

Even more elaborate than the illuminated manuscript and the digital discovery chapters, is a wiki space, a concept I have not yet attempted but examples of which can be found at <http://omeka.org/showcase/>

These exercises require the same habits as the “research question” of old; it must be like a mantra that we all continue to return to or keep written on the backs of our hands. And we don’t have to venture alone down the dusty library halls or into these wild spaces; our fellow researchers are looking out for us, looking with us in the same direction, and we are making ideas together.

The Underworld provides one more metaphor from Odysseus’ journey that I just can’t pass up.

Sometimes I fear that, like the prophets and ancestors of Odysseus, my beloved books and my favorite writers inhabit the land of the dead and that my consultation with them appears to students to be a descent to a ghostly past.

In mythology, there are many such journeys into darkness.

Mwindo went down through the root of a plant in pursuit of his father. There in the underworld, no one ever clusters round the fire, for fire is unknown, and he could take neither food nor drink there, nor even rest for a moment on a stool.

To get toward the garden of the gods, Gilgamesh forged through caverns day after day on a seemingly never-ending journey through the lightless heart of the mountain.

Inanna turns her ear to the Great Below, listening for what lies unknown there in the dark realm, and she was stripped of her powers and hung up on a meat-hook.

The journey continues – and the reader of myth will never run out of metaphors – so I have to simply conclude here, before stepping back into the boat.

As you well know, the Internet sings a billion siren songs, and if we don’t steer carefully, our intellectual projects may be sucked down into whirlpools just as dangerous as Charybdis.

Equally likely is that we and our students steer too close to hydra-headed Scylla who lives in every website, ready to snatch up and devour entire days.

We bind ourselves to the mast to listen to beautiful passages from these myths read out loud, as the originals were once heard – the human voice lifted up and out, the fine and rough grain of the poetry, the syllables scattering like fertile rain.

Passages from Gilgamesh's journey or Inanna's descent call out to us to hear them aloud. The internet is full of siren voices.

The Internet is of course the gift of Aeolus, the infinite bag of winds that now that we have opened it drives us every which way.

Rather than requiring students to avoid the wilds of cyberspace until playtime, I remind myself of Stephen Pinker's words:

The new media have caught on for a reason. Knowledge is increasing exponentially; human brainpower and waking hours are not. Fortunately, the Internet and information technologies are helping us manage, search and retrieve our collective intellectual output at different scales, from Twitter and previews to e-books and online encyclopedias. Far from making us stupid, these technologies are the only things that will keep us smart.

These are tools, not just toys. Our journey is transforming us, and we can fall or we can dive.

*Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.*

...

*There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail;
There gloom the dark, broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me –
– you and I are old;*

...

*Come, my friends.
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off ...*

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ART



The source of American culture lies in the historic movement of our people, and the artist must become voice, messenger, awakener, sparking the inflammable silence, reflecting back the courage and the beauty.

— Meridel Le Sueur

Temple



JS Bird

acrylic on canvas • 36" x 60"

Golden Sky



JS Bird

mixed media on paper • 50" x 118" • 3 panels • 50" x 38.5"

Carbon Based II



JS Bird

mixed media on paper • 30" x 72" • 3 panels • 30" x 22"

White Noise / The Peacekeeper



Kathleen Caprario & Marissa Solini

plaster, digital projection and audio installation • 72"x60"x45"

THE REMEMBERED

Trayvon Martin – February 26, 2012

Eric Garner – July 17, 2014

Michael Brown – August 9, 2014

Laquan McDonald – October 20, 2014

Tamir Rice – November 22, 2014

Walter Scott – April 4, 2015

Freddie Gray – April 19, 2015

Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church –
June 17, 2015

Cynthia Marie Graham Hurd, Susie Jackson,
Ethel Lee Lance, Depayne Middleton-Doctor,
Senior Pastor Clementa C. Pinckney,
Tywanza Sanders, Daniel Simmons,
Sharonda Coleman-Singleton, Myra Thompson

Sandra Bland – July 13, 2015

Jamar Clark – November 15, 2015

Keith Childress Jr. – December 31, 2015

Alton Sterling – July 5, 2016

Philando Castile – July 6, 2016

Paul O'Neal – July 28, 2016

Tyre King – September 14, 2016

Terence Crutcher – September 16, 2016

Keith Lamont Scott – September 20, 2016

Alfred Olango – September 27, 2016

White Noise / The Peacekeeper



Kathleen Caprario & Marissa Solini

wood, cast plaster guns • detail

Separate



Lesley Stine
mixed media • 12" x 12"



Troubled Man



Lesley Stine

mixed media • x 11" x 14"



Ice



Joseph Colton
digital photography • 10.2 MP

Artists' Statements

Mary McGrail (front cover)

On February 2, 2017, Yemeni-American business owners across New York City shut their grocery stores in protest against the Trump administration's executive order targeting immigrants and refugees from seven Muslim-majority nations. That night I joined approximately 5,000 people at the #BodegaBoycott rally in Brooklyn. At the edge of the crowd I caught sight of the young women in this photo, protesting joyfully in the cold. I asked to snap a photo and they obliged. Something about their laughter, their daring, is inspiring to me. Now as ever New York is a city of immigrants, and I feel at home here.



JS Bird

The work shown here has evolved from a sabbatical in 2014 during which I had the pleasure of traveling to an art residency at Jentel in Wyoming, not too far from the Battle of the Greasy Grass (Little Big Horn). Jentel was my second residency in this geography, a land of open rolling hills and cut stream beds with the Bighorn Mountains gloriously guarding the west. Animal life is beyond abundant: deer, antelope (sounds like a song), moose, badger, porcupine, snakes, fox, and so on. And of course, hawks, owls, eagles, songbirds and magpies.

It's funny, I can remember one of my first oil paintings as a teenager: a snowy owl. And here I am decades later doing the same thing. As a kid I loved books about animals with artists' illustrations and spent countless hours joyfully poring over the painted animals and fish and birds. I think we are who we really are, and maybe, after all these years, I can admit it. I just like painting animals.

Ironically, one of the reasons I paint birds is because I'm not very good at it. I often find them to be aesthetically and visually problematic. For me, the joy of making the work is the critical thinking and problem solving. How do I reconcile the form, color, composition, edge, shape, artistic mark, layer, placement, and scale? How do I visually and conceptually juxtapose the natural world, organic form and pattern with the engineered and scientific, with patterns created by the human mind, and the diversity of language and human symbols? These are the questions I explore in my process.





Kathleen Caprario and Marissa Solini

White Noise/The Peacekeeper examines institutional racism and the disturbing trend toward militarized policing in America. The collaborative installation and audio project presents the viewer with the opportunity to consider and confront race-based violence against African Americans in relation to the benefits of white privilege.

Media coverage of events, from Ferguson to Charleston, and most recently Baton Rouge and Charlotte, bombard every news source across the nation. Yet many feel far removed from the reality of that violence. By staying quiet, do we send the message that these occurrences are okay? What grounds do we, as white artists, have to make work commenting on this? As intergenerational, white female collaborators we bring these questions to the work.

The solitary central form, *The Peacekeeper*, is a 60" wooden pedestal upon which fifty white plaster replicas (molded from a toy gun) are stacked as a cairn. The namesake toy is designed for children and available at many major department stores. America claims itself as a melting pot, yet the recent acts of violence towards the African American community have only further divided the races, which begs the question: who is keeping the peace?

The accompanying audio track begins with low-level static that metaphorically represents the status quo and normalcy assumed by those who benefit from white privilege or feel themselves unaffected by and insulated from issues related to racism. Along with static buzz, symbolic silences and scripted dialog invite the viewer to consider their response to the complex cultural dynamics of race in America.

After the initial static and first silence that commemorates Trayvon Martin's death, the dialog begins and is heard as an uninterrupted statement and urgent appeal. More static and the remaining silences follow. Those silences, two-tenths of a second for each individual remembered, interrupt the relentless static and appear chronologically within the track. The nine victims of the Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church shooting are represented by a longer, combined silence that commemorates their loss. These deaths were selected due to the resulting media involvement and social action response to their stories – each tragic loss became the catalyst for social awareness, protest, and change. Each tenth of a second experienced in the audio file represents a calendar day beginning on January 1, 2012, and is periodically updated to reflect the ongoing passage of time and events.

Does one speak up and out against racially motivated violence or remain silent and insulated from the reality of institutional racism? We all have a choice – *White Noise/The Peacekeeper* asks, what's yours?

Lesley Stine

Troubled Man and *Separate* are mixed media works comprised of sculpted ceramic clay pieces attached to acrylic paintings. I like to play with the juxtaposition of the three-dimensional perspective of the ceramic pieces and the paintings' two-dimensional perspective.

The two pieces are linked. *Separate* is particularly meaningful to me due to watching close family members struggle with mental illness. It was not created explicitly with mental illness in mind but instead evokes the feeling of being separate from a community, struggling to find community and family connection, or longing for a meaningful connection in the world due to whatever struggle one is facing. It asks the viewer to imagine sitting on the edge of a path others are traveling on. *Troubled Man* is my personal expression of worry and pain.

Joseph Colton

I take pictures of things that jump out at me.

Seri I. Luangphinit (back cover)

Among the more vociferous protesters this past winter in Seoul were many college students, whose signs carried the term “헬조선” or “Hell Joseon,” a term used to signify the growing disillusionment of a political system that is linked to corporate greed and a corrupt educational system — all of which seem a throwback to the days of the aristocrats of the Joseon Dynasty.



POETRY



**Tomorrow belongs to those of us who
conceive of it as belonging to everyone; who
lend the best of ourselves to it, and with joy.**

— Audre Lorde

Seabeck, Washington

Ce Rosenow

light rain ...
a few drops too
from the heron's wing

abandoned grade school –
in the play yard
only the salt wind

pioneer cemetery –
ghosts named
and unnamed

all the things
I wanted to say –
kingfisher's call

departing guests –
mist thins
above the bay





Riddles

Jean LeBlanc

(Lavinia, writing about Emily)

She'll thief a word and not so much as blush.
Allude to a far-off place and she'll out-location you.
She miracles it every time a robin sings.
She laws where others merely rule.

How to sister the one who sisters all?
Every smile's a smuggle, every morning a revive.
She reluctants time into parcels of nonce
then turns around and becomes the describe.

Watch her unletter an envelope: Oh surgeon,
please take such care with me!
She darks the day and lamps the night
and pencils the history of our grief.

Lavinia's Conversation with the Butcher

Jean LeBlanc

(for Billy)

His blood-splattered apron. Look him in the eyes.
He asks me if I have noticed the days growing shorter,
that it is dark by eight, though the calendar insists
we're still in summer. A eulogy for the waning season,
from this man for whom cold could be an advantage.
I do not like the darkness, he admits, tying a bow
on my parcel of bones for soup. Down to my marrow
I dread the early dark. 'The unimaginable touch of Time,'
your Mr. Wordsworth of England calls it. Cleaver
in the chopping block. Eat slowly. Eat slowly, he says,
and partake. To him, the word connotes something
beyond sustenance. Something more akin to grace.



Changing of the Guard

Seri I. Luangphimith

The cold wind blows through autumn leaves,
A lone cock beckons dawn unfold;
Hint of rain falls past prison eaves
Misting the silk of your white sleeves –
This comedy comes to its close.

Upstart carrion, thick as thieves
Execute their crowning reprieve.
And cold winds blow.

Heroic tales – what goes untold –
Perfidy stakes its weight in gold,
And you must bend like river reeds

To the flow of time. Your heart sleeps
Beneath a barren hill of stones,
Still, cold winds blow.

Note:

This poem is about the execution of General Choe Young (1316-1388), a famous hero of the Goryeo Dynasty, which was a unified kingdom of the entire Korean peninsula. His bravery was matched by his humility and his disdain for wealth. Renegade General Yi Seong-Gye took advantage of the king's weakness to instigate a coup d'état and install himself as a new monarch (thus starting the Joseon Dynasty). Choe was later executed, but was reported to have said that grass would never grow on his grave due to the betrayal shown to him and his country. Grass did not grow until 1976. The story weighs the concepts of loyalty and revolution that become murky when leadership is either ineffectual or self-serving and corrupt. These issues are especially relevant today as South Koreans have engaged in large-scale protests over the president's involvement in corporate bribes. Many protesters carried signs reading “헬조선” or “Hell Joseon,” a term used to signify the ongoing oppression of the people and the corruption within the upper classes (see back cover and the corresponding artist's statement on page 55).

In the Distant Past

Ernest Stromberg

(Title and refrain taken from a poem by Carrie Fountain)

In the distant past, sweet scent
of sawdust mingled with pungent
aroma from fertile earth
recently turned.

In the distant past, pools
of water and dirt glimmered
beneath the opaque morning light.

In the distant past, small damp bodies
in slickered suits shuffled and squirmed
beneath the open awning, waiting for the bus.

In the distant past, brown bags of paper
bulged with sandwiches, apples, and cookies.

In the distant past, silent tables and food
uneaten cooled on plates while others
retreated to the television.

In the distant past, falling meant rolling
through green ferns, down steep slopes,
loose soil crumbling beneath redwood shadows.

Rewind spools of images, scents, sounds, tastes,
and touch; hints of longing spark flecks in the
evening of now.

In the distant past, this foreign shore of lined
face, receding hair, aching hip was an unimagined
land, inhabited by strangers, never ourselves.



The Full Chair

Ernest Stromberg

The chair stuffed and full
Grandpa's body relaxed, in repose.
From one ear the plastic bud
Still wired to the transistor box
Power depleted, static perhaps,
The ball game long since complete.

Rest after years spent living at a making
In the mills. Lumber rattling
along the belt, marked in chalk by hand.

From the rear bedroom of
Their house, seen in the distance
the orange glow and sudden
Sparks, like volcanic eruptions,
from the conical peaks
of towering tepee burners
consuming slash and pieces that did
Not make the grade.

His old VW van hummed along narrow
roads and up over the packed sand
along the beach.
Long poles cast leaded line into the surf.
Perch reeled in across the glow of the sunset
as we boys left rods planted in the sand
to dash from breakers and search
for shells.

Gruff voice, a gambling man
played out, dealt the final hand.

Hours in the evening, working along
side my grandma, emptying the trash in
offices of doctors and lawyers, while my brother
and I weighed ourselves,
checked through stethoscopes for
the beat of our hearts.

Today, Janes Creek still cuts into the bank
of memory beside their house. Cats still leave their
litter in the yard and the burn barrel,
rusting reddish orange, moulders and
buckles beneath the weight of time as
ash, piled up over decades, swirls
in the wind.



Solstice

Ernest Stromberg and María Joaquina Villaseñor

It's late afternoon. The telephone rings in rhythm.
Mechanistic voicemail, then silence.
Outside, rain splashes the window.
Drops drip down glass.
Wind whips rhododendrons; sparrows
start, flit, and dart for shelter beneath leaves.

Tonight is the winter solstice.
The sun escapes southward.
A dark embrace gathers up the horizon.
Our present tense is now, a black
starless night and cold rain. We pause,
attend, and feel our hearts beat.

Tonight is the longest night
and we feel how far we are from the sun

But after the rain, cool air feels clean
stillness permeates
the ground softens beneath our feet
and the smell of damp earth
comforts and reminds us
that the days will grow longer
and after winter –
spring and green renewal:
the promise of life.

We know the silence allows song;
the darkness breeds life.
In the quiet something
moves, quickens.
Through the flesh of soil
veins thread outward and
spiral upward.

At the threshold of seasons,
we stand poised as all that
has been makes room
for that which will be.



Hillary Dreams an Unclothing

Hiedi Bauer

I never understood the pantsuit
A burqa would be more my speed
As Secretary of State Jefferson negotiated
The location of our nation's
Capital and the commentary never
Focused on his wig or his stockings as he wrested
The heart of the nation from Wall Street
Hamilton was satisfied
Washington stood tall behind him
In heels and tights
Running a country doesn't leave time for
Jogging
Bill found time to jog
If I must go burqa-less
Bare my face, make my
Sagging body vulnerable to
Commentators and pundits
Let me learn to box bare chested
All powerful abs and muscled shoulder caps
Such a place for my resting bitch face.

Nocturne

Dan Armstrong

A festive, neon moon
full and freshly risen
just an hour or so before

balances lightly on a broken bank
of mottled clouds, white and gray
silhouetted against a blue-black sky.

As I run past the little pond
that lies along the wood chip trail
countless frogs throb a loud night song

not deep into the cello range
a song of grief, the tragedy of nightfall
but the ringing of a thousand bells

a celebration of mud and grass and things
that shine in the bright moonlight
and the primordial ooze of night.



In a Country of the Mind

Dan Armstrong

I often find him, a deeply troubled man, walking on the running trail
engulfed in a black winter coat and hood two sizes too big
a slight man made slighter by the shrouding hood that hangs around his face
seeming scorched by fire, in a coat made
more for the arctic than our warm and wet valley
worn more to hide in than to stave off the cold.

His bushy salt and pepper beard bristles beneath tragic eyes
peering through thick spectacles, constantly scanning
the trail and bordering woods for signs of danger
mortal risks presenting themselves so often
that he repeatedly stops in his tracks, turning around
to stand rock still and watch the trail behind

searching for the assassin who is stalking from behind
to stab him in the back through his blackened caul
no metaphorical stabbing either, a real one
blood quickly seeping through swaddling layers
meant to protect against dangers he meets along the trail
the blade sunk deep between his shoulder blades

evening some old injury, some wrong he'd once done
perhaps by now only an inadvertent slip, a lapse of caution
a failure to choose his words more carefully
to compose a face
to meet a face that he met
somewhere if only he could remember

in a country, if only of the mind
where such lapses are always
fraught with danger.
If only he could remember
if only he could recall the time
the place and the offense

then maybe he'd no longer have
to wear his black cocoon
never have to turn around every few minutes
to face the man so intent on settling a score
an affront that could only be undone
with a deep and mortal thrust

in search of his heart.
And only from the back
never the predictable attack from the front
a stab in the back
born of a wrong now righted
from a dark and guilty past.



Your Offering To Me

Bill Gholson

(A lyrical prose poem for my students)

I am a ghostly presence on my campus and the students no longer form around my office door to listen to my stories about building and destroying worlds, nor my rise and fall, nor my becoming with them. To me, a fundamental reality about this life is that we are all teachers, we are all students. And students become teachers and find new teachers and become students, etc.

This is the nature of progress. I should tell them we all walk alone and that I know this because I was stolen from death. But this would not clarify their assignment. Talk of death is now a trigger warning. And now I have just remembered the joy of interpretation. Its shock. The first time you heard music in the line and understood the story so well you could not find language for your feelings.

You would think I might be sad to be passing through your halls this way, a revenant followed by whispers. Yet, I am filled with a new kind of joy from where I sit and I am in love with new discovery and want you to see it is happening in your life too, look, oh, look quickly. I, like you, love itself and language. And I am always, always thinking of you and wonder if I am adequate to you. In a rewrite of Whitman, I will shout: "If you want to know who I am, look at my students."

There is a myth I hold in my head and it clings and clings.

Electricity in cellophane. In this myth, I am a child and I am heading toward the light and the light is in books and I think the story is about getting filled with the light and my eyes grow and grow and there I am Humpty Dumpty and that world grows full but silent. And as I say, it is joyful here and sweet when I am alone in the early morning with your work. I think of what you might become. And I am put together again because of those solitary hours. If you somehow sense me in your daily grind, read my presence in the curling mist of the black surface. You will see me dancing, happy to hear your songs, and your trusting hearts, your offerings to me from the thickening distance.

There is Work to Do

Bill Gholson

I do not know the name of
each flower in my town, nor
what I might eat if I get lost
in the heart of the wildness,
what to pull from the generous
earth, what to grow, or how to
focus on each child's song.

I do not know how to stitch your
heart, stop the raging river,
build the house, or hear the
longing stories of the dying.
I do not know how to pray, or if
my searching voice can reach the sky
or you.

I do not know how to open my heart,
to trace the desert steps, to cry
for children washed to the shore.
There is work to do on all of this
and more. So much to do now,
the soil is broken for growing.
There is the learning of names,
building monuments of loving
touches. The learning it takes
to turn our faces to faces. So many
jobs are needed to look into
our hollowed out towns and hearts.



Phases: A Double Sonnet

Peter Jensen

The void of no moon sneaks across the sky.
The next night, a crescent **D** begins to lie
As it in**C**reases and says the opposite,
Old liar moon, the sharp scimitar.

Pointing at sunset, the quarter moon expands
The lie, like a full bent bow aiming at the sun,
The flaming target of all the wanderers.
When the moon is half, she turns into a bulge,

A pregnant woman, who shows her belly off
And smiles as the sun lights up her future child.
Three quarters is still waxing toward the full:
It looks as if it wobbles as it orbits

Until it swells up toward the maximum.
The full moon drives us all a little crazed.

Some say it looks like a human face. Others say
It's a great big rabbit munching on the stars.
And then she turns to face the dawn and wanes,
A false pregnancy that will deflate

And make a **C** from its backward **D**ecrease
Until it's half again, and Venus points
Its arrow of Artemis at the doe of dawn,
The grazing sun who lifts her head to look.

Soon, the morning quarter moon is looking back
At the whole lunar month with some regrets.
She fades her face into a children's moon.
Then, the final crescent **C** hooks

The stars it passes as if she were fishing
Or playing one last tune on her flute before **D**ark.

A Haibun: Dinner at Six

Alise Lamoreaux

Walking side by side, down the leaf covered gravel path, as longtime friends, it tugs at my heart to think of where he came from, what he lost, what he went through. I didn't know at the time what any of it meant. I was naïve. I'm not now.

Roaming the range, free
Hanging out with their band
No chuck wagon in sight

A butte is taller than a hill and smaller than a mountain, flat topped with steep cliffs. In the southernmost part of Harney County, Oregon, not far from Nevada, rises Beatys Butte. Isolated, the Oregon Outback is home to wild horses, deer, big horn sheep, antelope, elk, and privately owned livestock. On the open roads, if you hit a cow, you bought it. Cows have the right of way, not you.

Dense strands of shrubs
Bunchgrass and sagebrush dominate
Sunsets whisper pink
A grassy landscape thrives
Ecological balance

Sometimes caring means you have to know about things you don't want to know about. I always thought blind horses couldn't survive in the wild. I never realized that a herd could take care of them, until a helicopter forced the herd to run in chaos and left them unable to care for their own. Their social units gutted.

The BLM claims the wild horses are jeopardizing the health of the rangeland and must be removed. The isolated, rugged nature of the Beatys Butte area means the gathering of horses is done by people flying helicopters over them, with the goal of chasing the band of horses into a holding area. The horses are then removed from their homeland. The future for many of these wild horses is life in a holding pen operated by the BLM. The BLM states this gathering process is humane. That's how his journey to me began.

Helicopters gather
From behind, band on the run
Running into restriction



Congestion feet shifting with
Nowhere to run confusion
Natural balance gone

The American West has two icons: wild horses and fences. The issues our wild horses face today are wrapped in the invention of the barbed wire: a cheap and effective way to create a boundary to trap or protect resources. Before barbed wire, our fences were built of wood or stone. Wood or stone fences could be jumped or broken. A single wire could be easily ignored. With the twist of 2 wires together came a strong, formidable boundary, forever changing the American landscape.

Wild horses free
Builders of soil, dispersers of seed
Twisted wire appears
Balance to ecosystem gone
Twisted forever

“Adopt a Living Legend,” the sign said. I first saw him in a holding pen at a BLM Wild Horse Adoption event. He was 2 years old and stunning. Thick dark fur, long flowing mane, perfectly strong muscles, feet that could travel miles on end, and brown eyes that looked so soft, but scared. The horses had been hauled over to Eugene from Burns in big semi-trucks and herded into pens for potential adopters to view and bid on. His price was \$125, the minimum cost to purchase a wild horse. The money was paid and he was herded into my trailer. I got the paperwork and pamphlet on how to care for my new living legend. Being naïve, I didn’t understand what he had just been through. Or what any of it meant.

Management versus freedom, I still struggle with the issues of BLM controlling herd size on public land, of horses living in the wild forced to live in holding pens because there aren’t homes for them to go to. And that someone has decided that Beatys Butte can only support 100 - 250 horses, and which ones get to survive. I am haunted by the thought of the blind horses that have died in the process of gathering their bands. I can understand the frustrations and those who feel helpless to change something that seems so wrong. Adopting my legend was all I could do.

Rakish renegades
Mingle about waiting
Dinner is at six

LIFE IN THE CC



**Never doubt that a small group of thoughtful,
committed citizens can change the world;
indeed, it's the only thing that ever has.**

— Margaret Mead

The Knock of Higher Education for the Immigrant



Briselda Molina

I'm an employee at Lane Community College, but once I was an undocumented student afraid to break the silence. This is my reflection for you: the immigrant, the undocumented student. This is for the strong individual who needs to hear they're not alone to keep moving forward.

There was a loud knock at the door. Was the immigration knocking! My mother had warned us about this. "Quickly go and hide under the bed and stay still. Don't open the door under any circumstances or they will send you back to Mexico," she repeated before she headed to work every morning. We had recently reunited with my parents and the thought of separating again terrified me.

My mother and father were at work and I was home babysitting that Saturday morning. They knocked again. As I peeked out the window to make sure, I saw two men dressed in navy blue officer suits. Were they immigration officers and coming for us? My heart started pounding so hard I grew nauseous. As I ran downstairs my legs grew weaker from fear. I grabbed my brother and sisters' hands and told them to be quiet and quickly hid them under the bed. I covered their mouth and whispered to be still and quiet.

There was another knock at the door. This time it was louder. I thought the door was coming down. I looked at my younger sister who looked terrified and confused. I hugged her in an attempt to calm her down. She remained quiet. I prayed not to be separated from my parents once again. Soon, the officers knocking moved on to the next door. We remained hidden for a little longer. We had managed to stay safe.

My legal status has changed since then, but the fear of this traumatic experience still sneaks up on me from time to time. Every year many children living in the U.S get separated from their family and are forced to return to a "home country" they can hardly call home. Just in 2013 The Department of Homeland Security reported a record high deportations of 438,421. This even after President Obama granted deportation relief and work permits to 580,946 unauthorized youth immigrants also known as DACA recipients. The families that manage to stay in the country try to live a normal life. Their children attend school and aim to go to college. But once they are ready they are reminded of their limited status and ability to secure funding for a college education.

Many students don't know their rights and are afraid to ask. Furthermore, fear and shame paralyze them when they seek financial aid. Why will they feel comfortable when we live in a system that calls all immigrants criminals? But not everything is black or white

in this world. We have plenty of grey, but many choose not to consider this side of the story, perhaps because it is easier to ignore inequalities rather than to act upon them.

Our laws mislead our immigrant youth by giving them free kindergarten through high school education to later crudely crush their dreams when they aspire to higher education. Perhaps this is because higher education empowers and creates change and this is not desirable by some people in power.

I was privileged to go to college and encouraged by mentors and teachers to graduate and not be discouraged but rather to focus on graduation. Back in Mexico I was fortunate to learn, from my first grade teacher, of the value of education. This experience helped me to value higher education and view it as the way to craft a new future for myself and future generations. I want this for our undocumented students who, like me, understand that education empowers and that educated citizens create change in our communities.

While in college I decided to study journalism because I wanted to give voice to the voiceless on issues that needed to be heard. This is when I met a bright student named Eduardo. He chose to go back to Mexico after he realized it would be impossible for his family to pay for his college education. But, before he left, he wanted to tell his story in the hope to create change in our current laws. I wrote an opinion article titled “Another Dream of College Crushed” and got it published in the *Register-Guard*. The article, which described the unfairness of our federal and state system with undocumented students being denied federal or state financial aid for higher education, brought up a lot of mixed feelings among readers.

Eduardo was accepted at the University of Oregon as an international student because he didn’t include his social security number on the application. He would have had to pay fees that his family couldn’t afford. Eduardo was an undocumented student. He was brought by his parents back in 2000 when he was a young child. He adopted this country as his and integrated successfully. He attended school and at the end of his senior year he graduated with a 3.8 GPA. He enrolled at Lane Community College because the tuition was affordable, but his dream was to study political science, a program offered by the University of Oregon. After he exhausted all his resources, Eduardo and his parents decided that it was time for him to go back to Mexico.

Today, Eduardo’s and many more students’ dreams of success are being heard by our state. We are witnessing for the first time in-state aid for undocumented students. Oregon Residents, including our undocumented students, have the opportunity to apply for the Oregon Opportunity Grant, with a maximum award of \$2250 for the 2016-17 academic year, and the Oregon Promise for students who meet their requisites and much more.

Also, at the federal level, President Obama’s Deferred Action for Childhood Arrivals (DACA), as effective on June 15, 2012, created a new policy that allows certain

undocumented youth who came to the U.S. as children a working permit to allow them to develop professionally after graduation. This is a huge deal for many professionals who were unable to work after graduation and are now serving important roles in our community. This means that everyone seeking a better future through education, including our undocumented students, can achieve their dreams and goals.

As a Financial Aid employee here at Lane, I'm very excited to witness change happening in our state for all students. For years I have witnessed how our undocumented students' dreams are crushed by a system that would not offer state or federal support, yet today I'm fortunate to be part of this change and help them to access this aid. I love seeing their faces glow when they find out they can get funding for their education.

There's still a lot of work to do, but this is a great start. As educators and staff at Lane Community College and elsewhere, it is our job to make undocumented students feel welcome and ease feelings of shame and fear. There are a lot of misconceptions about being an undocumented student. Many students and staff are afraid to ask, but I encourage you to do it. It is through normalizing the issue that, I believe, our students will feel more comfortable to ask for help. We are educators, not immigration officers; there are privacy rights; and we most of all have the responsibility as educators and staff to advocate and live our vision statement, "transforming lives through learning," for everyone.

Work Cited

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Turkeys at College

Philos Molina



They are not known for academic pursuits, but for months now several rafters of *Meleagris Gallopavos* – better known for their misnomer, turkeys – have come down from the adjacent hills to the Lane Community College campus. Their lack of academic pursuits may not be their fault, though. For centuries *gallopavos* suffered the ignominy of being confused with a fowl from Turkey and – to add insult to injury – probably a fowl sold in Turkey by Spaniards who imported them from America – the continent. Spaniards never called them turkeys, but *pavos*, an apheresis of their scientific name. The term later evolved to describe people, as the Merriam-Webster dictionary indelicately put it, who are “stupid, foolish, or inept,” as if the English language lacked words in the rubric of prejudice and insults. Ornithologists will be the first to tell you the injustice of that linguistic development.

In any case, these *gallopavos* have proven their constancy of attendance on campus. No doubt some cynical instructors – for there are some, even in this college – would have noticed that the birds roam the premises early in the morning, even before their arrival, in contrast with some students’ endemic tardiness or plain absenteeism. They probably wish to have those turkeys in their classrooms on time.

This brings us to a question that is rarely asked in academic setting nowadays: Can turkeys systematize the process of learning? This is not as idle a question as it seems. Apuleius (c. 124 - c. 170), the author of *Metamorphoses*, posed a similar question several centuries ago. True, the animal of his inquiry was not a turkey, but a jackass, thus the subtitle of his book, *Asinus Aureus*, or *The Golden Ass*, and a comparatively more difficult species for educational efforts than our birds. The question, however, is the same: it does not matter whether they are turkeys or asses. Can creatures considered unfit for academics get their lives transformed by education? Apuleius, a rascal picaresque writer from the second century, seemed to think so. In his story, a young student turns into an ass and undergoes a series of experiences roaming around the Roman Empire. After a while, thanks to the educational experience, the ass of his story metamorphoses back to a well-travelled and experienced young man, knowledgeable and ready to get initiated in the mystery religions, the equivalent of cultural studies at the time. Can a turkey have the same opportunity?

The question was posed to some of the school’s representatives. One of the first concerns was that they were, after all, turkeys and the school, despite its inclusive values, could object to going to an extreme by even considering the possibility of including them among the protected species. They are not, incidentally, on the list of animals in danger of

extinction, as there are plenty of turkeys around the world. However, there was a Human Resources representative who went as far as stating, though not in an official capacity, that “Diversity means diversity and that applies to these birds.” She did not say “turkeys” for she considered the term demeaning and prejudicial against the people of Turkey – perhaps unaware that their gentile origin is not turkey but Turkish. “After all, there are countries that are making the fauna part of their constitutions,” she added. As far as she was concerned, the turkeys were a class that had been mistreated and had suffered enough. This was especially true every November, when Americans slaughtered them by the hundreds of thousands to celebrate a spurious and historically inaccurate holiday.

A public safety officer agreed. However, he was more concerned of the risks of allowing the turkeys to mix with the rest of the population. In several emails sent through the general alert system – for contrary to popular opinion the system works, sometimes – he insisted that the turkeys’ presence on campus meant that cougars and bobcats could prowl in the area, too, and put “the rest of us” in danger. He included himself in the potential victims group, since the only weapon available, besides batons, is pepper spray – devices that would prove hilariously ineffective with active aggressors, pardon the pleonasm. His objections could be summarily dismissed by the administration because this would not be the turkeys’ fault and, until the Board of Education said differently, there would be no regulations against turkeys coming in and out of campus.

Of course, the most pressing concern was whether the turkeys could even attend school. Their presence on campus was obvious. After all, anybody could be on campus and claim attendance. People could drive through and say, “I have been in college!” The ambiguities of the English language allow for those treats. The problem, however, persists. Turkeys or not, can they gain admission to college?

This issue was brought to some staff in Enrollment Services, Financial Aid, and the Recruitment office. The latter briefly indicated that they would not put any effort in recruiting turkeys because it would be contrary to their name and function: the turkeys were already in college. An Enrollment Services advisor, however, was happy to address the question. She intimated that she loves them so much that she had one at home, a tom (not her husband whose name happens to be Thomas), growing fatter by the day. She and her family are vegetarians, so the bird has become the de facto mascot and secured longevity in her household. Yet, despite her love for the bird and the need to increase enrollment, she did not think it was practical to admit turkeys. “Look,” she remarked, “we have a very capable staff, as few as we are because of endless retrenchments, to help as many students as we can, including bilingual services. But we simply are not ready for turkeys.”

A Financial Aid advisor pointed out similar objections. “The application for financial aid,” he indicated, “despite efforts to simplify it and make it more student friendly, is not

easy. Turkeys will have a hard time going through all the hoops in the processing of their financial aid.” Federal regulations are not for the simple-minded, he conceded, speaking in general, though later he apologize for the faux pas. Another area of concern was their solvency. The college was close to losing eligibility for federal loans in 2015 because of a thirty percent student default rate. “Can you imagine?” he asked, rhetorically, of course, “how could turkeys pay their loans back? That would sink the college financially. We don’t need turkeys for that.” He, too, loved the birds, but admitted that his family eats turkey for Thanksgiving, despite objections from his father-in-law for political and dietary reasons. He eats tofurky for the holiday, alone.

Surprisingly, students were more open about the culinary opportunities of the *gallopavos* on campus. Though they have been seen taking selfies with turkeys at the parking lot, they would not hesitate to take them home for supper. Some even volunteered recipes and tips to make their dry meat – a common complaint of Americans who have eaten turkeys for decades – more tender and juicy. An international student mentioned that people in his Central American country marinated the turkey in a local (and apparently illegal) liquor made out of fermented pineapple shells. With the leftover spirits – a sort of broth after the marinating – they proceeded to make a large quantity of tomato sauce in which the meat would be slowly cooked and from which it would get its tenderness. No need to blame tryptophan for the after-dinner sleepiness in this case. Most American students, however, would be happy to have the turkey the old fashioned way: baked and stuffed – a strange culinary tradition for some international students – along with the pile of other staples of the Thanksgiving celebration, for which they can blame the exorbitant number of calories ingested in one meal alone.

Yet, these students admitted that they would not go that far with the rafters on campus. Their reticence to eat them did not have to do anything with the zeal of the Human Resources representative. Rather, the *gallopavos* have become part of the campus landscape; to slaughter them would rob students of a sense of familiarity at the premises. “I cannot see this college without turkeys,” one student confided.

Some would like to see the turkeys as symbols of the school, mostly in the style of the University of Oregon’s mascot, the Ducks, and frankly as its nemesis. Turkeys, they were fast to point out, are feistier and more corpulent than ducks and, at least symbolically, could beat the University of Oregon’s bird at any sports. They proposed “The Gobblers” instead of Titans as the official name and could even see themselves cheering like turkeys: “Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!” during games and competitions, especially those rare occasions when the college teams would win. The logo could be a turkey flexing its plumage, as when they are in heat and want to impress the hens, instead of a threatening warrior brandishing lightning rods. It would be a political statement, a student insisted,

quoting John Lennon, that it is better to make love rather than war, even though the British singer had experienced copiously only the former. Instead of “Ask Ty” (the mascot’s nickname), the college’s search engine could read: “Ask Turk!” Or if we give in to the infantilism permeating the internet: “Ask Turkie!” It has a ring and it’s cute.

“It would be better than the mythological misunderstanding of our mascot,” a transfer student, of the twelve percent that graduate, interjected. According to him, Titans were giants – some of them, like Cronus, savage to the point of devouring his own children – not figures that look like Spartan warriors brandishing lightning rods similar to Gatorade’s. The Greek god with the electric motif was Zeus, the one that kicked their gigantic rumps. “With the turkeys as our mascot,” he insisted, “they could rightfully gain admission to college and we would not look moronic.” Thus the *gallopavos* would be vindicated and would be no longer just the turkeys that came down from the hills.

There were, of course, people who objected to the whole idea of considering turkeys for college entrance, even as a literary exercise. It seemed too frivolous, especially in a turbulent presidential election year and with the college union and the administration engaged in bargaining. And yet, one has to remember that until recently, the college motto used to be “transforming lives.” Why exclude the turkeys that are already here?

The Deer Way

Daniel Lee Henry

It is time to collect all the stories we know about peacemaking. This is a re-creation of an ancient Tlingit peace ceremony at Deer Rock, on the Chilkoot River near present-day Haines, Alaska.



Cradling British or Russian arms, iron-tipped spears and twenty-inch daggers secured by scabbard and buckler, men of the Chilkoot stay their posts against their Chilkat cousins on the meadow isthmus of Deishu. Gunfire has all but ceased on this fourth morning of battle; the prickle of high alert is replaced by anticipation of normalcy. Headmen of each faction emerge from a small house owned by neither. They still wear the whalebone shoulder-pieces and bearhide mantles of war, topped by prominent cedar hats carved into killer whale and sea monster. Draped over the right shoulder of each, though, is a Chilkat blanket, emblem of peace.

“Enough bloodshed,” booms Chief Daanawaak’s voice against the walls of ancient spruce that define the meadows’ edges. “Six men dead on each side. Our fighting is done.”

Ranks break and fade into the woods as warriors rush off to the large canoes that will take them to Deer Rock. An hour’s paddle north to the head of Lutak Inlet brings men of two watersheds to the Chilkoot River mouth and, with this high tide, upriver to the rock. The conflicts were waged first at the river mouth, then Deishu, near the mouth of the Chilkat River. The eulachon run on the Chilkoot had been strong this spring, while the Chilkat produced only moderate numbers of the smelt whose oil is highly valued throughout the region. The Chilkoot villagers also secured exceptional stocks of sockeye salmon that had been dried and smoked last autumn in such quantities that larders were still more than half-full into late spring. Chilkats, whose four villages were also accustomed to plenty, were coming out of a lean season compared to the single Chilkoot village, and had been angered by their neighbors’ unwillingness to share. Preceding gunfire, harsh words were traded which led, as they do every ten years or so, to a deadly battle over the rights of Chilkats to fish the L’koot. And, as is custom, contentious families would forge a peace agreement at Deer Rock.

Men dressed in beaded leggings and vests land the canoes on separate sides of the rock; the two groups gather along the grassy shores a few hundred feet apart. Some hold thick white shocks of bald eagle feathers. After each assembly exchanges messages carried by young runners, drums begin to throb somber rhythms and, one by one, dancers step forward. Choral voices rise like the fluffy eagle down flung from seal gut sacks and lifted

above the river by invisible currents. Dance movements grow jerky as the drums become more assertive. A constant background murmur is supplied by the shush of water flowing in clear blue-green channels between the large boulders scattered along this lower stretch. Drums thunder, then boom to a sudden silence. Dancers freeze. River noise rushes in to fill the void.

Most dancers slowly retreat to their comrades, leaving only two men facing the other on either side of the rock. From their respective groups advance the headmen. Each costumes his dancer with a deerhide cape and an antlered headpiece. Warriors are transformed to Deer; the jerky, exaggerated motion of the initial dance is replaced with elaborate circles of studied movement. Drumbeat is muffled, voices low. Peace is in the making. A shaman tosses eagle down in puffs that waft among the deer like the fat, lazy snowflakes of spring, troops sit on blankets, many resting their temples on bent knees in an attitude of prayer. Drums are silent, movements of the deer are furtive – first one cautiously stalks the other around the rock, then roles are reversed. No sound intrudes but that of the river, always the river. Drums and chants resound when the deer eventually embrace on the grassy flank between rock and rushing water.

At the conclusion, Chilkats are invited to feast in Chilkoot clan houses. They listen and respond to former enemies who stand forth with salutatory speeches on the virtues of the opposition. In coming months, each deer will be hosted by a rival leader until it is at last determined that the reconciliation is true. As the right hand is used to wield weapons, tonight the men show peaceful intentions by eating with their left.

Another Brick?

Hiedi Bauer

*All in all it's just another brick in the wall
All in all you're just another brick in the wall*

– Pink Floyd



Rigid. Constrained. Fidget-provoking industrial chair sitting in that fluorescent glare. When I was in graduate school, fitting myself onto furniture that didn't conform to my curves, I promised myself that when I won the lottery, I would replace those chairs. With fistfuls of cash, I would provide cushions for everyone.

Maybe those chairs brought out the worst in me. I am not a bad student. I was not a bad student. A young mother, a burgeoning role model, a yanker of boot straps, I wanted to be in that classroom, saw myself as a bright little squirrel. But once inside its ivory walls, I would fidget. And squirm. Glance at the clock. Maybe such industrial furniture grinds everything into a clock-punching experience, a beige timecard with olive green lettering.

My daughter, the wise little nonconformist, had curls that pulsed with her indignation when her anger was aroused. When I would bring her to school with me, two rebels together, breaking the rules and forcing the system to mold to my truth, or so I saw us, she would sometimes sit properly with primary-colored crayons ready to cover the back side of an old assignment with happy pictures. My strongest memory of those experiences though, was when she, feverish and pink cheeked, would crawl under the chair, fitting her small, warm body into that space that should have been more rigid, more constrained, but somehow wasn't because she was making it her own. It hadn't been made for her, yet she was still claiming it.

I claimed my role as mother less as I drew on the role of academic more. I found difficulty in drawing my two worlds together; they fit about as well as my butt to that chair: fidgeting, squirming, making me look bad in fluorescent light – much worse than the image I constructed for myself.

A teacher now, I bring my daughter to an empty classroom, dark, full of these chairs. I admonish her to stay quiet, tell her I will check on her during the break, show her where the bathroom is. I give her her pillow, her blanket, probably her fluffy pink blanket, probably her blue pillow with the frogs and green yarn fringe, set them, not under the chairs, but on the desk. They probably seem to glow in the filtered sunlight. I give her her snack, a plastic bowl of freshly picked blackberries, tell her to stay away from the windows, to keep the lights off. I will check on her at the break.

I shut the door, cross the hall, teach a class full of students sitting, well, you know. I stand, I pace, I sit on tables. As an official, degree-holding intellectual, I have earned my right to sit, stand, perch without conforming.

Class over, I cross the hall to the still-dark room. I open the door. My daughter is not on the chair. My daughter is not under the chair. My daughter is kneeling on the floor, crying, trying to scrub, with rough paper towels and pink liquid soap, the blackberry stain from the carpet.

BOOK REVIEWS



The ultimate measure of a man is not where he stands in moments of comfort and convenience, but where he stands at times of challenge and controversy.

— Martin Luther King, Jr.

Book Review

Southern Discomfort



Sandy Brown Jensen

Hold Still: A Memoir with Photographs, Sally Mann. 2016, New York, Back Bay Books, ISBN13: 978-0316247757

I picked up *Hold Still* by Sally Mann because it was about photography and memoir, two of my obsessions, and NOT because it was by somebody called Sally Mann, of whom I had never heard. I learned she became notorious in the early 1990s for exhibiting some beautiful nude photographs of her own children that the art world got all up in her face about.

For example, this image (right) of Mann's daughter Jessie insouciantly "smoking" a candy cigarette came under fire for supposedly being a visual analogy for child prostitution. I am remembering a parallel scene in Dylan Thomas's *A Child's Christmas in Wales* where the child narrator is remembering his Christmas gifts: "And a packet of cigarettes: you put one in your mouth and you stood at the corner of the street and you waited for hours, in vain, for an old lady to scold you for smoking a cigarette, and then with a smirk you ate it." Was Thomas creating a metaphor for prostitution with these underage urchins pretending to smoke? I don't think so. Both girl and boy exist inside romanticized childhood worlds, yet Thomas's nostalgic image didn't trigger controversy. I can't help but note that it was an image of a girl that came under fire. There were, however, many other fully nude shots of Mann's children in this famous exhibition that earned her, warranted or not, a permanent position in the pantheon of dubious parents.

You might think her notoriety is what gave her the confidence and courage to write this book, but I don't think so. This book is totally unique and what I would call soul driven out of Mann's pasts and passions. Simply described, it is photographs with paragraphs. Or essays. Or whole rambling chapters, like a hypergraphic family photo album. Unlike contemporary practice, which tends to magnetize the materials of a memoir around the lodestone of a theme like losing a child to illness, coping with a physical handicap, surviving a trauma or an event like a hurricane or a war, Mann goes up in her attic and



Sally Mann, *Candy Cigarette*, 1989, gelatin silver print

starts rummaging through all the detritus of generations who have gone before her. She grabs hold of one puzzle piece after another of the long-gone family members and starts researching. She researches their stories, fits them to their photographs, and pieces the puzzle of their lives together as best she can, which is very well indeed.

In her introduction, she lays out that organizing principle. Then she says, “I will confess that in the interest of narrative I secretly hoped I’d find a payload of southern gothic: deceit and scandal, alcoholism, domestic abuse, car crashes, bogeymen, clandestine affairs, dearly loved and disputed family land, abandonments, blow jobs, suicides, hidden addictions, the tragically early death of a beautiful bride, racial complications, vast sums of money made and lost, the return of a prodigal son, and maybe even bloody murder” (xiv).

She delivers on all of that and more. This makes for a compelling beginning because even though she says “We all have them: those boxes in storage, detritus left to us by our forebears” (ix), my family certainly doesn’t. I have only my dad’s photographs; Mann has inherited from multiple ancestors stretching back into the dim and misty past. Researching and synthesizing that massive archive on the page is a project worthy of Hercules’ labors.

Murder and mayhem aplenty make for page-turning reading, but that’s not what got me through this 478 page tome: it was the feeling of looking at myself through a glass darkly. Mann and I are the same age, both photographers and writers, both rooted in land and family – both of us have that rare thing, a happy marriage of long-standing, a not inconsiderable point of comparison. Both of us are “Daddy’s girls” with fathers silent on key issues who were themselves artists and photographers in addition to their day jobs.

We have so much in common that it kept me reading in a kind of wonderment, as well as astonishment at how the glass of place, her South vs. my Pacific Northwest, refracts and reinterprets common themes. Mann is from Lexington, Virginia. She lives on the family farm and is all about the South. She tries hard to shatter stereotypes and clichés about the South. In my mind originally, she only succeeded in reinforcing them. My understanding of the South is that it is still preoccupied with issues of race and has never gotten over its dark Civil War heritage.



Sally Mann, Untitled (Deep South # 41), 1998, gelatin silver print

I had to work hard to overcome my own preconceptions about the Gothic South, especially when viewing a photo essay Mann was commissioned to produce for the High Museum in Atlanta called “Picturing the South.” These murky, barely decipherable images underscored every one of my prejudices. I had to fight to remember and respect Mann’s evocation of the aesthetic of blurry, luminous, suggestive images so much in vogue during the Victorian era.

In the photo on the previous page, which was shot for the “Deep South” portfolio, Mann shoots with old school, early 20th century cameras to get solarizing, vignetting, and light leak effects. She calls it “ghostly radiance” (215), and it is an aesthetic she specifically worked with to express her feelings about the old plantations, the swamps, and the iconic moss-laden trees.

She relates her thinking while she is out exploring the countryside looking for images to photograph: “The landscape appears to soften before your eyes and becomes seductively vague, as if inadequately summoned by some shiftless creator casually neglectful of the details . . . the image often appears to have been breathed onto the negative, a moist refulgence within deepening shadows . . . I loved that effect. To whatever extent it is possible to photograph air, I was going to try to do it, and to whatever extent photographs can reveal the dark mysteries of a haunted landscape, I set out to make them” (213).

Clearly, Mann is in love with this storied country. I imagine landscape as character and love how she writes about photographing it: “Working in the inexhaustible natural pageant before me, I came to wonder if the artist who commands the landscape might in fact hold the key to the secrets of the human heart: place, personal history, and metaphor” (210), she muses. She means herself, of course. Her photographs “command the landscape,” and her stories about her “place, personal history, and metaphor” are the passionate work she has done in this book that has entitled her to say she feels she “hold[s] the key to the secrets of the human heart.”

Mann works over time on the subject of race. She’s a child of the liberal 60s squirming like a worm on a hook trying to reconcile her Southern race heritage with her generational values. It is difficult for me to see into an unconscious world so very different from mine, but what appears to me to be her white guilt is painful to witness in a series of photographs of African American men. This series evokes a deep feeling of unease in me, the Northern white female viewer.

It seems to me that she is also uneasy with this project as she devotes a long essay trying to figure out for herself just what she’s doing. “When [Black male models] walk into my funky-ass studio, miles from nowhere, they are guarded and suspicious; how could they not be? Who is this gray-haired old gumboil . . . and what kind of pictures does she want? Not some quasi-sexual-stud bullshit, they hope . . . The historically dishonest and slippery

social ground upon which our brief friendships struggle for a foothold makes every emotion, every gesture, suspect” (284).

The untitled image (right) of a Black man lying flat on his back on a bench with his arms released at his sides, his neck straight, gaze somber and up at the ceiling seems to show the obviously powerful man as helpless. He looks restrained by everything except manacles. Mann says, “What I want to do is find out who these black men were that I encountered in my childhood, men I never really saw, never really knew . . . [The models] are helping me find the human being within the stylized, memory-inflected, racially edged, and often-inaccurate historical burden I carry” (289). But this image seems stylized to me. It seems like all the things she is trying *not* to be. Or do I just not have the range of emotional and cultural tools needed to truly understand this photograph and why she views it as successful?



Sally Mann, Untitled, from photo series, “Black Men”

To be honest, her “historically dishonest social ground” is way too slippery for me to feel that her rationales are convincing. It was one of several places in the book where I heard Mann talking but wondered what was really being said. I watched her run self-explanatory circles around her compulsion to photograph African American men with a mix of fascination and horror.

I’m sounding like I didn’t like the book, but, in fact, I loved it. I didn’t always see eye to eye with her, but that doesn’t mean I didn’t appreciate her insights, research, and unique point of view.

My favorite chapters were Sally Mann’s in-depth analysis and evaluation of her father’s life. He was a dedicated physician who also had an artistic temperament. His area of interest and expertise was the representation of death in art, which is an established field of study. He seems to have been very scholarly in his interest, but this struck his daughter as incomprehensible. However, as she dives deeper into his archive of photography and ephemera, and then starts comparing it to her own earliest efforts, she finds she is a chip off the old Thanatos-obsessed block.

As an adult, Mann was shocked to realize how obsessed with representing death in art her father was. Yet when she exhumed some of her own memories, she remembered that in her twenties, she had herself photographed a chaste romantic fantasy series called “The Dream Sequence” that involves twin girls and the kiss of death. Our contemporary

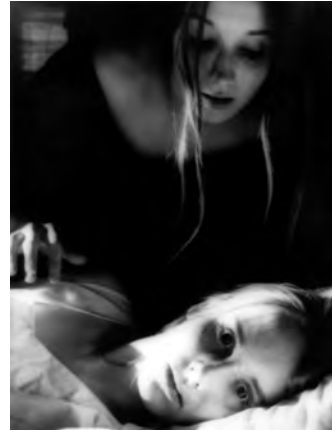
pre-teens, raised on a steady diet of conflicted *Twilight* saga vampires would feel right at home with these images.

In the untitled image (right) from Mann's "Dream Sequence," we see the thanatological theme made explicit. One of the twins appears to be dead, lying facing the camera with a frozen stare. Her twin sister hovers over her as the angel of death, although her open mouth and anticipatory gaze could be interpreted also as sexual and as vampiric. However we choose to interpret it, it is clear that Mann as a young woman is already unconsciously following in her father's footsteps.

As Mann matures as an artist, she doesn't lose her inherited fascination with her father's theme of death in art. In her later years, Mann takes a job with the New York Times to photograph at The Body Farm, the University of Tennessee's Anthropology Research facility for studying the decomposition of human remains. This chapter relishes the gruesome observed detail, written and photographed. I think this extended essay is the penultimate expression of her father's wish to roll around with the dead. Mann gets down into it and mines the experience for all it's worth. Again, she seems thrilled with her mostly incomprehensible images and the chance to examine death, decomposition and the objective science of forensics in such wallowing completion.

In the photo to the right, Mann uses a strong patterning composition to portray the bloated corpse of a woman. I feel ambiguous about this photo. Is it beautiful? Is it art? Is it documentary only? Am I the rightful viewer for these corpse photographs?

Sally Mann takes up several topics in *Hold Still* that startled me by how close they are to questions on my own mind. For example, I am currently curating my father's 5000+ slides from the 1950s-1970s. I'm sorting, scanning, and creating a legacy website. It is with great dismay as I look at his images that I realize I have taken 75% of his shots – the same rivers, mountains, flowers and birds, often from the same angle or vantage point.



Sally Mann, Untitled, from photo series "Dream Sequence"



Sally Mann, Untitled, from photo series "What Remains"

Sometimes his film image is the better of the two; sometimes my digital image wins; and way too often, the two are indistinguishable.

Of course, I thought this was a personally unique phenomenon, but Sally Mann starts going through her father's collection and says, as I have, "I could have taken any of these pictures. In fact, I *have* taken these pictures, almost every one of them Recognizing them as my own pictures gave me a moment of woo-woo, hair-raising frisson followed by a vexatious pinch of resentment and resignation I began to see my artistic life ... as the inevitable result of my silent father's clamorous influence" (402). Mann then uses that insight as a launchpad into her full immersion baptism in death at The Body Farm.

I'll admit my own insight into the similarities between my father's photos and my own followed so quickly by Mann's corroborating experience really slowed down my photography and made me ask, "What's worth photographing?" Mann's quicker answer was to jump 110% into her father's death in art preoccupation and make it emphatically her own. I think I've already done that. I've stumbled to a halt, and I'm looking around stupidly for the next step of my/our journey.

I also appreciate Sally Mann's articulation of the photographer's spiritual experience at the moment of composition and creation of the image because I have often wondered if this was just my own ecstatic nature. Mann says, "Certain moments in the creative process, moments when I am really seeing, are weirdly expansive, and I develop a hyperattuned visual awareness Radiance coalesces about the landscape, rich in possibility, supercharged with something electric, insistent. Time slows down, becomes ecstatic" (212). That is exactly my experience.

But the feeling of ecstasy, of being supremely present at the right time and the right place doing what you were born to do – this is my experience as well as Mann's, so it is not a stretch to say both our fathers experienced that same jumping-out-of-your-skin joy when they took, well, exactly the same photographs we took. Is it too much to guess that this time-stopping ecstasy is a universal drug of choice for photographers everywhere?

Sally Mann has consistently gone for subjects she loves (her children, the landscape of the South), subjects that she is curious about (the history of her family), and subjects that eat away at her soul (racism, death). I found this book difficult, intelligent, challenging, inspiring, and engrossing. When I stand back and view the wholeness of her artistic vision, I find I like her work, very much.

Work Cited

Thomas, Dylan. *A Child's Christmas in Wales*. New Directions, 1955.

Contributors

Dan Armstrong taught English composition, literature and film studies at LCC from 1991 to 2012. He lives in Eugene and enjoys family life, running and poetry.

Hiedi Bauer has been published in *Crosscurrents* and *The Salal Review*. She has broken her toe boxing and her arm in a kicking drill. Whenever possible, she escapes to the Mount Hood Wilderness, where she has neither fallen off a cliff nor drowned. She teaches at Lower Columbia College.

JS Bird received an M.A. from SUNY Oswego and an M.F.A. from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst and is currently in his 13th year teaching art at Lane Community College. He's exhibited nationally for the past 25 years and participated in over 100 exhibitions, including Boston, New York, Washington D.C., Chicago, San Jose, and others. He recently released his first novel *The Boy Who Painted Fire*, which revolves around the transformational power of art and creativity.

Kathleen Caprario exhibits her work regionally and nationally, and is a past recipient of an Oregon Arts Commission Individual Artist Fellowship. Her creative work is focused on identifying systems and patterns in society and the environment. She is an adjunct instructor for the Lane Community College Art Department.

Joseph Colton earned a Masters degree from the University of Oregon and a Bachelors degree from Brigham Young University Hawaii, both in Computer Science. He has been teaching at Lane Community College for the past seven years.

Bill Gholson is a professor of English and Rhetoric at Southern Oregon University. He is a former high school English teacher. His poems have appeared in *Virga*, *Dreamweavers*, and *Midwest*. He was awarded a New Poet award by the Oregon Poetry Foundation in 2016. He lives with his wife, Jane, in Ashland, Oregon.

Marnie Glazier holds an M.F.A. in Dramatic Writing, and a Ph.D. in Theatre and Performance Studies. She has directed a number of productions, has taught Theatre, Writing, and Communication Studies, and currently serves as Theatre Faculty Lead at Hartnell College in Salinas. She has been published in *Laconics* and the *Texas Theatre Journal*. Her most recent text is *Eco-theatre & New Media: Devising Toward Transnational Balance*.

Daniel Lee Henry returned to his home state of Oregon after 31 years of living in a remote, off-grid Alaska homestead. He is a full-time instructor of communication at LCC. His rhetorical history, *Across the Shaman's River: John Muir, the Tlingit Stronghold, and the Opening of the North* (University of Alaska Press) will be in bookstores by October.

Peter Jensen taught Shakespeare for twenty years at a community college. He authored books about Shakespeare: *Shakespeare's Name Code* and *Shakespeare's Lovers*. Both Shakespeare and the Romans called the moon *lunar medax* or «liar moon.» The moon makes a D in the sky when it increases, a C when it decreases.

Sandy Brown Jensen is a writer and photographer retiree from Lane Community College whose personal motto is, “Do Art Every Day.”

Hortencia Jiménez earned her Ph.D from The University of Texas at Austin. She is a professor of Sociology at Hartnell College and the editor of *Readings in Race, Ethnicity, and Immigration*. Her work has appeared in *Social Problems, Latino Studies, Journal of Immigrant and Refugee Studies, Women of Color in Collaboration and Conflict Graduate Working Group Journal, Chicana/Latina Studies: The Journal of Mujeres Activas En Letras y Cambio Social*.

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 20 years.

Alise Lamoreaux has a long history of teaching non-traditional students at Lane who are preparing for the GED and transitioning to college. This year she published an Open Educational Resource. Her book is *A Different Road To College: A Guide for Transitioning Non-traditional Students*.

Jean LeBlanc has taught at Sussex County Community College in Newton, New Jersey, since 1999. She has several poetry collections, and has edited several more. Her most recent book is *A Field Guide to the Spirits* (Aqueduct Press, 2015). She explores the nature of creativity on her blog, www.jeanleblancpoetry.blogspot.com.

Seri I. Luangphinit is a professor of English and the Chair of the Humanities Division at UH Hilo. She is currently working on compiling oral histories of Koreans on the Big Island of Hawai‘i for publication in 2017.

Anne B. McGrail presented a version of her essay at the Modern Language Association panel, *Minimal Digital Humanities*. She curated the Digital Keyword “Community College” for the collection *Digital Pedagogy Keywords* (MLA Press 2018). Her essay, “The Whole Game: Digital Humanities at Community Colleges” appeared in *Debates in the Digital Humanities 2016* (Minnesota UP).

Mary McGrail has an M.A. in Fiction from City College, CUNY, and she co-edited the anthology *Too Darn Hot: Writing About Sex Since Kinsey*. Her fiction and essays have appeared in *The Portland Review, The Brooklyn Rail, The Community College Moment*, and other venues. Her photos have appeared in the *NY Daily News* and *Gothamist*. View more of her work at www.marymcgrail.com

Briselda Molina earned her Bachelor degree from University of Oregon. She has worked as a Financial Aid Representative at Lane Community College for the past two years. Her past publications include an opinion piece and food articles for the *Register Guard*.

Philos Molina is from El Salvador and has been an Enrollment Services Advisor at LCC since 2005.

Shaila Mulholland is an Assistant Professor at National University. She teaches in the higher education administration program and is a researcher for the Sanford Education Center’s social emotional learning programs. She earned her Ph.D. from New York University.

Hermelinda Rocha-Tabera teaches at Hartnell College, working to advance Ethnic Studies and Social Justice programming. She has made ethnicity, immigration, and social change her life's work. Current projects include nonviolence work with the local correctional facility, a Chicano Theatre project in East Salinas, and youth outreach at Rancho Cielo. She holds an M.S. in Counseling from San Diego State and an M.A. in Human Development from Pacific Oaks College.

Ce Rosenow is the author of six collections of poetry and the co-editor with Bob Arnold of *The Next One Thousand Years: The Selected Poems of Cid Corman*. She is the former president of the Haiku Society of America and the publisher of Mountains and Rivers Press in Eugene, Oregon.

Marissa Solini earned her Bachelor of Fine Arts degree from Oregon State University in 2015. She now works as the Office Manager and Box Office Manager for OSU's Theatre Arts program. She also serves as Co-Lead of the grant committee for the Benton County Cultural Coalition. In her free time, she makes paintings about her rapidly growing vintage apron collection.

Lesley Stine has been at Lane as the Math Division's Administrative Coordinator since July 2010. She has a master's degree in Educational Administration. She grew up drawing, painting, and drafting in school and home. Early on, art seemed impractical and thus took a back seat to career and kids. She is happy to have gotten re-inspired.

Ernest Stromberg is professor of Rhetoric and Communication at California State University Monterey Bay. He earned a Ph.D. in English from the University of Oregon and is the editor and co-author of *American Indian Rhetorics of Survivance: Word Medicine, Word Magic* (University of Pittsburgh Press, 2006).

John R. Thiel has been the instructor of history and humanities at Kirtland Community College in Roscommon, Michigan since 2001. He has also served as faculty advisor to Kirtland's Student Senate and obsesses over the fortunes of the Detroit Tigers.

María Joaquina Villaseñor earned her Ph.D. at the University of California, Berkeley, is a professor of Chicana/Latina Studies at California State University, Monterey Bay, and is the co-author of *Historical Dictionary of U.S. Latino Literature*. She is a twin, a mother of twins, and believes in the power of pairs.

Community College Moment Call for Submissions

The Community College Moment invites submissions relevant to the mission and environment of community colleges. Submissions should provoke meaningful, progressive inquiry that will appeal to an educated, but not specialized, audience. Each issue of *The Moment* is thematically organized, all or in part, providing multiple perspectives on a given topic. The next theme is Sanctuary. The deadline for submission is Friday, November 10, 2017.

The Community College Moment is open to a variety of submission formats, including essays (under 5000 words; languages other than English welcome), fiction and poetry, sabbatical research summaries, plans and reflections on innovative pedagogies, artwork (paintings, photography, sculpture, choreographic projects featured through photographs, musical compositions, etc.), works-in-progress (provocative ideas not fully worked out), collaborative projects, web-based and multi-media projects. We invite submissions of short reviews (typically under 1500 words) that offer insights on books and other materials relevant to our audience. We also have a "Life in the CC" section, which focuses on short works (typically under 1500 words) covering professional and life experiences of those working at community colleges.

2018 Theme: Sanctuary

In the wake of the 2016 presidential election, dozens of colleges and universities declared themselves to be sanctuary campuses to protect the educational opportunities of undocumented immigrants. In fact, less than a month after the 2017 inauguration, Lane Community College took its place among those institutions declaring themselves to be sites of safety. In this context, it may be wise to consider the meaning of Sanctuary in its various contexts. For example, in ancient Hawai'i, some *heiau* served as sanctuaries where people could find forgiveness or refuge. In western culture, the most famous of ancient sanctuaries may well be Delphi, a place of worship, sacrifice, and prophecy. Modern usages of the term include "political sanctuary" and "wildlife sanctuary"; in the former case, we think about freedom from persecution, but in the latter case we think about the possibility that something might not just live but thrive. To what extent do our classrooms and programs offer either possibility of sanctuary, and what other associations or meanings might come into play?

This issue of *The Moment* will take up and explore the uses and application of Sanctuary in various ways: from the college campus to the halls of justice, from the political to the personal, from the environmental to the philosophical. How do we ensure the efficacy of sanctuary? What do we expect to foster by providing sanctuary? What do we hope to find when we ourselves seek sanctuary? What responsibilities come with offering sanctuary? And how can we cultivate a social environment that respects the value of sanctuary? We invite submissions that reflect on these and other questions that arise from a consideration of the theme.

For more information, please go to <https://www.lanecc.edu/ccmoment/submission-information>



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