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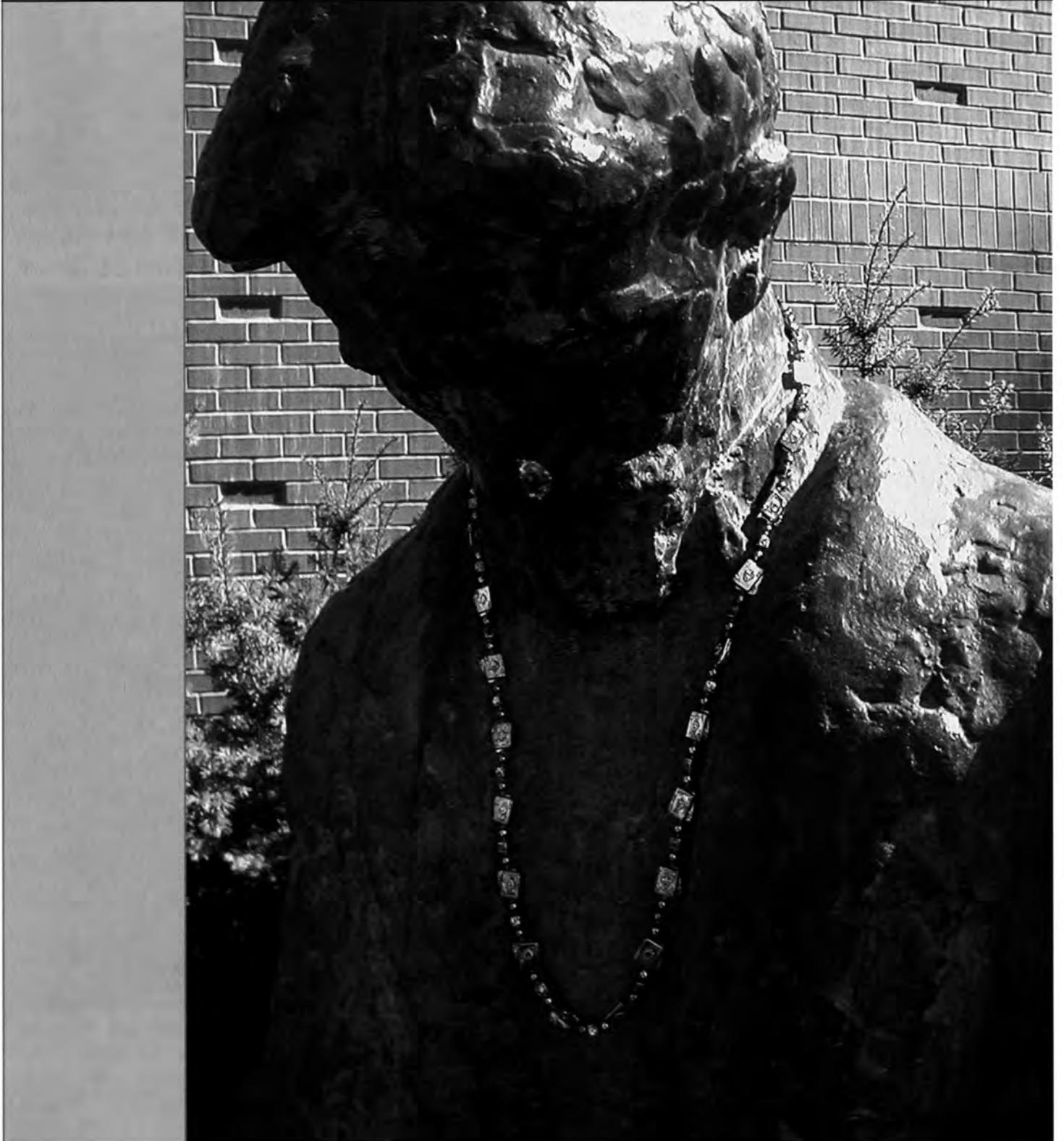
Chronicle

The Official Oregon State University
UNIVERSITY HONORS COLLEGE
Student Magazine

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The Chronicle

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As any college brochure will tell you, your college years are a wonderful opportunity to make new friends, try something new and learn a lot. You will learn fascinating things, which you can then share with friends to enrich their lives. This is all very well and good, but it is only one side of the coin. Any large university is essentially a Petri dish of young adulthood (pardon my scientist's analogy). Not quite teenagers, not quite self-supporting adults, we're caught between two cultures. Therefore, as any reminiscing college graduate will tell you, the college years offer countless opportunities for offbeat humor.

One day last term, I was burnt out on studying and decided to take a break. I noticed a strand of leftover Mardi Gras beads lying on my desk, and I got an idea. Soon, I was out in the sunshine beside the library, eyeing the statue who spends eternity looking down with a thoughtful expression. I stood on tiptoe and dropped the beads around his neck. He looked down at them (approvingly, I thought) as I aimed the camera to capture his portrait.

When I suggested my photo as the cover page for this issue of *The Chronicle*, Jeff thought we should

include some context about who the statue was. I concurred, so I was soon out in the sunshine again. This time, my target was the plaque behind my unwitting subject. He is Martin Kukucin (1860-1928), a Slovak author, physician and humanitarian who immigrated to South America. Ivan Mestrovic (1883-1962) sculpted him in bronze. The statue arrived at OSU in 1974, a gift of Professor Julius Rudinsky.

There you have it. I had fun, I learned something, and now I've shared that knowledge with you. That old OSU brochure in my closet would be proud.



From left: Jenny Moser, Casey Woodworth, Eric Hill's jacket, and Jeff Burright

Casey Woodworth

I like To-Do lists. I am, unfortunately, one of those people who gain immense satisfaction from listing stuff and then crossing it all out—or, more often than not, staring at the list in stupefied horror while I procrastinate. Actually, my real passion lies in calendars. You'd think I'd buy a day planner if I were smart, but I never seem to get around to it. So usually there is not a calendar readily available, and I constantly find myself wanting (no, needing) to know the dates of events months in the future. So, with my trusty rhyme ("Thirty days hath September...") and a piece of paper, I map out my future. I must be a visual person. It gives me immense comfort to see my life laid out in such simple terms. In the next three months, my calendars (yes, plural) are stuffed full with my hectic life—meetings, rehearsals, events, crises. This is all supplemented by the to-do lists: stuff like "write thesis" that I never actually schedule.

My life calendar is more complicated, involving events like "get into grad school" and "find a job." Everyone has these big, far-off goals that always seem to sneak up on us just when we've almost forgotten about them. Smaller items that should be on all of our lifelong to-do lists might seem simple, but we often lose track of the little stuff. All of you out there should do these things, and often: Vote, whatever your party. Pick up your trash, and recycle your pop cans. Call your parents, your grandparents, and your cross-country friends at least once a week. Find a job you love, no matter the pay. If you have children, be there while they're growing up. Try to change the world every day.

Perhaps this wisdom is a bit schmaltzy, but every bit of it is true.



Exploring the Honors Image:

What Does it Mean to the Campus Community?

by Abby Phillips

The Honors College takes pride in its diverse curriculum and varying opportunities that work to draw in students with distinct backgrounds. But is there an Honors College “type”? Do we all priggishly prance around wearing monocles with cigarette holders precariously

perched between our lips? (Sorry for the alliteration, it was just too tantalizingly tempting.) Do we squabble and quarrel over, say, our views on existentialism or recite lines from our favorite Russian poet? Maybe the more appropriate question is if honors students feel they are treated

differently or placed into an intellectual stereotype simply because they get a little H in front of their B.S. or B.A. Or, do we in fact come off as pretentious? What kind of attitude do we convey? Five students, both Honors and non-Honors, give their opinions:

I think this is a question that must be addressed on an individual basis and not necessarily applied to the whole Honors College. I've personally only met two students who were in the Honors College and mentioned it. I remember in my freshman year I met a student who was in the Honors College and was pretty diligent about letting other people know this. She gave me the impression that she really did think she was better than non-Honors College students. Needless to say, this made a bad impression.

My second encounter was much more positive--the student said she was taking Honors classes, which, if you think about it, is quite different from saying that she was in the Honors College (even though she was).
--Stevon Roberts (Non-Honors)

I don't think that anyone treats me differently because I'm in the UHC. Admittedly, it's not something that comes up much in conversation, and most of my friends are either in the UHC or are just plain smarter than me. But, speaking only for myself, I think that I do come off as intellectually pretentious. It's because I lecture sometimes, when I shouldn't.

--Sam Boush (Honors)

I have had some instructors take me more seriously due to my being a member of the Honors College. However, more importantly, we as a group of honors students need to ask ourselves what we are doing when minorities and nontraditionals are so under-represented within this elite group.

--Katie Vaughn (Honors)

Most of my friends didn't treat me differently when they found out that I was in the UHC. It did, however, take a little bit of convincing for them to understand that even though I'm in the UHC, I'm still just a student like them. Overall, it really hasn't been a problem.

--Jennie Mieger (Honors)

Most people I know in the Honors College don't even mention that they are in it, and once they do it's a casual passing comment. If they were to try and flaunt it I would probably not like that and treat them with a little bit of scorn. But everyone I know in the Honors College acts like they are just another student, which is perfectly fine with me.

--Jonathon Moore (Non-Honors)

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Introducing OSU President Edward Ray

by Casey Woodworth

When Edward Ray assumed the presidency of Oregon State University last July, he was immediately impressed by the dedication and commitment of the people, even while OSU and the state itself were in flux. He appreciated the direct, action-oriented culture of OSU, and now, nearly a year later, he seems to fit right in. Ray encourages a university-wide dialogue that will translate the success strategies of the UHC into the entire university.

According to Ray, the Board of Education is very supportive of the Honors College and understands the importance of its growth. In the document entitled "A Strategic Plan for



Photo from OSU website

the 21st Century," the UHC is mandated with growing five percent per year to 2007. Last year's growth was 17 percent,

while the numbers for this year are not yet known. Hopefully, the UHC will only continue to grow and develop, with the full support of the Board of Education and OSU. "I think people outside the university recognize," he said, "even from a strategic perspective, there's a tremendous value in having an Honors College, where we really have an opportunity to compete head to head with any university in America." With an average incoming GPA of 3.96 and SAT score of 1344, the UHC certainly has that opportunity.

OSU currently has an 81 percent first-year retention rate and a 60.4 percent six-year graduation rate. This isn't good enough, however, and Ray believes that the school can use the UHC as a strategic example in order to get those rates up: UHC has an 89 percent six-year graduation rate. Part of the UHC's success is undoubtedly due to the motivation of its students. Ray also believes that there is a second factor at work: the very structure of the honors program and its students' access to individualized attention and experiences. "We need to look at the Honors College experience and ask ourselves what attributes of that experience could we scale to the broader student population," said Ray. "What kinds of particular things do we do in the Honors College that are going to help all students connect and succeed through to graduation."

Programs like the UHC are important to the state too, especially in the current economy. Graduates are likely to settle near where they went to college, so Oregon will only benefit from keeping its best and brightest in-state. Ray believes that the most important contribution OSU can make is its graduates: "It's a very critical piece, our being able to provide the kind of graduates that this state and nation very badly needs coming forward." OSU graduates that Ray has met have proven how beneficial they can be to the state of Oregon and the world.

Ray encourages all graduates to give back to the OSU community as well. "It's not about giving back in terms of dollars or alumni association relations only, but I'd hope people would leave here feeling privileged that they had the experiences that they did, and that they gotta give back." For those still in school, he hopes that all students will get involved in conversation about important educational issues like affordability.



Sam Boush



Katie Vaughn, with daughter Shirley



Jennie Mieger



Reimagining God, Honors Style

by UHC Professor Judy Ringle

How the heck do you talk about God, or about the Sacred in general? What is the difference between religious/spiritual language and religious/spiritual experience? How does religious experience translate into religious language?

The 14 students in Winter Term's PHL 299H, *The Sacred and the Impact of Language*, grappled

with these and other issues, both theoretically and in on-site observations of a religious tradition. One question, always either hovering in the background or demanding center stage, asked about the impact of gendered language and imagery for the sacred: Is God a guy?

Well, the class agreed that:

(a) God/the Sacred has no gender ("He' is spirit"); and

(b) Language about God/the Sacred, at least in the Western religious traditions, is overwhelmingly, virtually totally, masculine.

Question: What would spiritual literature look like if we used feminine language and imagery for God?

Task: Rewrite the Nicene Creed using feminine language and imagery for God.

In small groups, the students produced several versions of the Creed that used feminine language and imagery. Then (my homework) I compiled these, smoothed out the rough spots, and integrated them.

Results: First, read the original Nicene Creed. [on page 7]

Then, read the integrated product from PHL 299H.

Did You Know...?

- UHC Students can borrow books from the Valley Library for 3 months, the same as graduate students.
- UHC Students can also utilize the Media Presentations Center in the library to make an outstanding thesis defense.
- The UHC thesis does not have to reside in your major and can address virtually any topic. Choose from several presentation formats, from reports to videos, music compositions to plays.
- The UHC offers modest financial support for thesis research via the Excellence Fund.
- A thesis advisor is on staff waiting to help you brainstorm ideas, conduct proper research, and coordinate the details of your defense.

For more information, visit <<http://oregonstate.edu/dept/honors/students/thesis/index.htm>>, or simply come on into the UHC office in StAg 229.

The Nicene Creed

Original Creed

*We believe in one God,
the Father, the Almighty,
maker of heaven and earth,
of all that is, seen and unseen.*

*We believe in one Lord, Jesus Christ,
the only Son of God,
eternally begotten of the Father,
God from God, Light from Light,
true God from true God,
begotten, not made,
of one Being with the Father.
Through him all things were made.
For us and for our salvation
he came down from heaven:
by the power of the Holy Spirit
he became incarnate from the Virgin Mary,
and was made man.
For our sake he was crucified under Pontius Pilate;
he suffered death and was buried.
On the third day he rose again
in accordance with the Scriptures;
he ascended into heaven
and is seated at the right hand of the Father.
He will come again in glory to judge the living and the
dead, and his kingdom will have no end.*

*We believe in the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the giver of life,
who proceeds from the Father and the Son.
With the Father and the Son he is worshiped and glori-
fied.
He has spoken through the Prophets.
We believe in one holy catholic and apostolic Church.
We acknowledge one baptism for the forgiveness of sins.
We look for the resurrection of the dead,
and the life of the world to come. Amen.*

PHL 299H Creed

*We believe in Goddess and in God
The bearer of all things
Creator of heaven and earth
Present in all things, seen and unseen,
felt and unfelt, known and unknown*

*We believe in our lover Jesus Christ
The wise son of our Mother and Loving Father
The Mother and Father are within all,
Within creation everywhere, in all of us, their children*

*For us humans and for all creation,
She came to be with us.*

*By the power of the Holy Spirit,
Jesus was born of the Virgin Mary and became as we.
For our sake he was crucified under Pontius Pilate,
Dying with compassionate suffering, and was buried.*

*On the third day he rose again as it was foretold.
He ascended into heaven, where he shines in glory
He will come again to call us, together with the Mother.*

*We believe in the Holy Spirit, the birther of life,
Who is with the Mother and Father
With our Mother and the earth, we love and study her.
She speaks to us through the streams and trees.*

*We know that through our love for her and our study
Our lives become fuller, full of her wisdom
Her wisdom and love will enrich and encompass us
And we will become one with her at death.*



Learning the System

UHC Discussion Group
Focuses on Class Offerings

Moderated by Abby Phillips

Compiled by Jenny Moser

What do you get when you add six UHC students past and present, two UHC staff members, three UHC instructors, and a few statistics? You get an evening of lively discussion about the processes that drive the University Honors College and how the UHC can best serve the student body. Just such a discussion occurred on Tuesday, March 16th. The editors of the Chronicle and their friends, many of whom are Liberal Arts majors, had heard complaints about the lack of Liberal Arts classes in the UHC, and we met to discuss this situation. As part of our discussion, however, we went over some statistics about Honors classes, and we ended up having a very enlightening evening.

We began our deliberation by examining the Honors course offerings as they are distributed among the various disciplines. Credit by credit, the majority of Honors classes do hail from the College of Science. Jeff Burrighat observed that many of those classes have prerequisites, and Mandi Wilson added that many are taught in three-term sequences. Both of these factors may deter non-science-majors from broadening their Honors experience with a UHC science class.

The second-place spot is taken by Liberal Arts classes. Many in the group found this odd because of a common perception that Liberal Arts in the UHC are sparse. Jayme Hauck contributed that many Liberal Arts students do not consider joining the UHC because of this misconcep-



UHC students and staff gathered in the SLUG to discuss the process for selecting new classes.

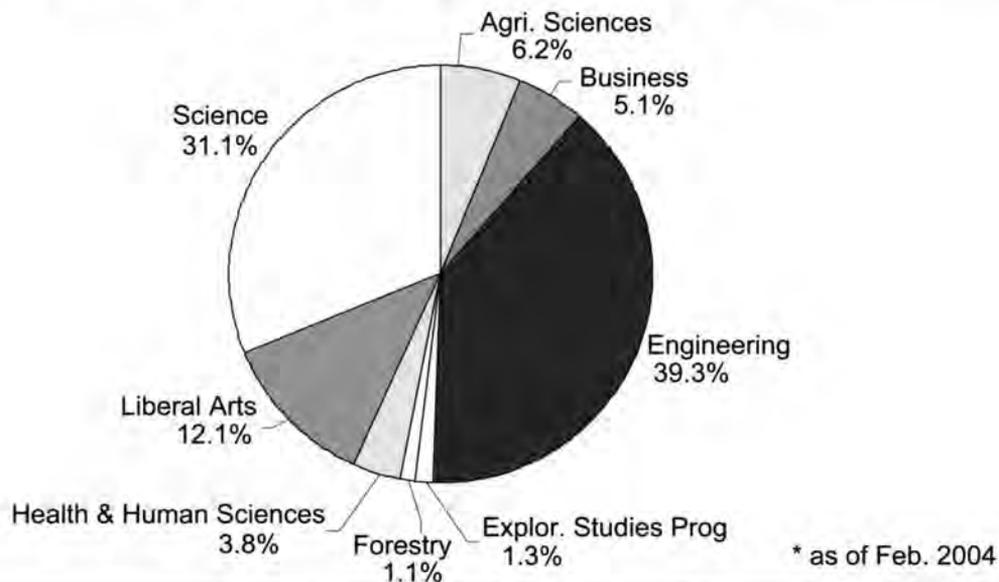
tion. This may stem from the diversity of Liberal Arts subjects, ranging from Economics to Music. Naaman Horn noted that, as a transfer into the UHC, he found that many of the UHC Liberal Arts classes were 100- or 200-level and as such were too elementary for his coursework. All of us agreed that the 300- and 400-level Honors Colloquia do provide an excellent opportunity to add a unique diversion to a busy schedule. Burrighat pointed out that one-credit Colloquia don't go very far toward fulfilling requirements for either our majors or the Honors-credit minimum. Sarah Henderson (UHC professor in Political Science) suggested that the solution may lie in increasing the number of two-credit Colloquia.

There is some frustration among students about the difficulty of fulfilling our major requirements through the UHC classes, especially among engineers, whose college sports by far the fewest Honors courses. Dwight Brimley (interim UHC office manager) suggested that this may have its root in the nature of

the OSU Honors College. At the University of Oregon, the Clark Honors College functions largely as an extension of their College of Liberal Arts. At OSU, however, the UHC draws students from all colleges into a community where academic excellence and the spirit of inquiry are more important than the specific discipline through which we exercise them.

Another advantage of the Honors College is the fact that the class selection process really lies in the hands of the students. Every year, the UHC requests that students suggest classes or professors that they want to see in the Honors College. A class won't happen if there is no student interest; some UHC classes even make it onto the schedule but are cancelled due to lack of registration. All of the Honors faculty and staff present stressed the importance of students' personal engagement in their education and their extracurricular university experience. The UHC has begun a program which will allow students to do this in a novel way. The Honors College

Distribution of UHC Students* by College 2003–2004



would like to see its students interacting with professors beyond the classroom. Toward that end, Honors students may now invite a professor to a meal in an OSU dining hall, and the UHC will pay for your professor's meal! If you're interested, talk to Dwight in the Honors College office.

Another vital step in the development of UHC courses is the procurement of professors. Every December, the UHC sends out invitations to those professors who have taught for us in the past, inviting them to return. If you have a favorite non-Honors professor, you are encouraged to speak to him or her about teaching an Honors class. Bill Bogley (UHC professor of Mathematics) made another observation. Each professor must get permission from his or her department chair to come and teach a UHC class. Since an Honors class serving twenty students will siphon the professor's time away from a mainstream class that might have served 200, department heads are sometimes reluctant to let their professors

go. As Brimley says, "It's a wonder we get any!" While the UHC does compensate departments monetarily for the loss of their professors' time, money alone cannot replace a Ph.D. Several Liberal Arts departments lack plentiful graduate teaching assistants who might have covered the lost classes. Sarah Henderson explained that "leaving" to teach a UHC class will force an extra burden of work onto the department's other professors. Despite the difficulties, Henderson said, professors do enjoy the opportunity to engage with students in the smaller Honors setting.

At the end of our discussion, we left with a greater understanding of the processes that go on behind the scenes of the Honors College. We got some insights into the Honors Experience from a professor's point of view, and we dispelled some myths about Honors class distribution. We also learned about the procedure which creates an Honors class. As Abby Phillips said, "[students] can get together [to suggest the classes they want] instead of complaining and blaming the UHC."

We of *The Chronicle* encourage you to take responsibility for enriching your own education. Suggest an Honors class. Suggest a professor for the UHC. Take the professor out to lunch! You might be nervous at the prospect of going out on a limb, but try it anyway. After all, we Honors students are supposed to enjoy a challenge!

Participants in the discussion group were:

Jeff Burrigh, English
 Jayme Hauck, Fine Art
 Naaman Horn, Communications
 Jenny Moser, Microbiology
 Abby Phillips, English
 Mandi Wilson, Liberal Studies
 LeeAnn Baker, UHC Advisor
 Bill Bogley, UHC professor in Mathematics
 Dwight Brimley, interim UHC Office Manager
 Eric Hill, UHC Writing Instructor
 Sarah Henderson, UHC professor in Political Science



i am the woodsman. i am the businessman. each of us imprisoned.

by Douglas Van Bossuyt

The air held an ever so slight bite of autumn in its breath. Light worked its way through the trees at a slant from the southwest. Try as the sun might, some of the forest floor remained in darkness. On some prior occasion, all of the woodland fauna had gotten together and decided upon a simply stellar color combination. Greens, tans, browns, grays... even some hints of red here and there. Its amazing how, almost without fail, the forest always chooses to dress in earth tones.

In the heat of the moment, a woodsman does not see the beauty of the forest. Survival is on his mind, not the beauty that surrounds and envelops all vision. A city dweller, thrust into the rude constructs

of the wilderness, will find amazement, beauty, and fear around every tree trunk, behind every bush, up every snag, and in every meadow. New and exciting sensory environments produce quite the effect on an individual. For the woodsman, this photograph means trees from which to gather wood for a fire, huckleberry bushes from where a meal might be gathered, and holes in the earth from whence animals might spring forth, ready to be slewed and stewed. On the other hand, a high-powered big city lawyer that has never left the canyons of steel and glass would see this forested world quite differently. He would experience fear of the unknown. What could be hiding in those bushes, waiting to eat me? Where am I go-



ing to sleep? I don't see any feather bed! He would witness beauty from the scene. A forest, even in photography, exudes calming and restorative forces. The gentle dappling of light across the trunks of the pines, wafting gently down onto the leaves, caressing the delicate blade of grass, and finally laying down to rest upon the forest floor both illuminates the photo and the mind. Were this picture bathed in blood red light or inverted like a negative, the scene would change from one of peace and harmony to a bizarre and blunt image where nothing makes sense, and the businessman would leave feeling somehow cheated. This forest is of the happy variety - glowing and radiant with energy from the sun.

With familiarity comes indifference.

After a time, even the businessman would lose sight of the beauty he initially saw. The forest would blend into one amalgamation of greens and browns. Dappled light would only serve to illuminate his path rather than provide intellectual and spiritual stimulation. No longer would he be concerned with how lovely the trees looked dressed in moss and lichen, yet showing some bark and even a peak or two of bare trunk wood. Instead he would have his head down and his eyes closed to the world around him.

Deprivation breeds longing and desire. If by some bizarre fluke, the woodsman were to suddenly land in the middle of Times Square, in the heart of the canyons of steel, and stay for a number of years, he would eventually become homesick and reminisce continually about his beloved woods. Suddenly, the woods transform from just a source of fuel, shelter, and protein, to the spiritual focal point of this man's life. He will stop at nothing to return to the protection and loving embrace of the trees. Finally, upon

his release from the iron and glass prison of the big city and reintroduction into the vast expanses of the wild, he will come face to face with the beauty and tranquility that was for so long taken for granted. Our woodsman's eyes will be filled with a new love for his surroundings. Butterflies will abound in his

Now back in the forest, every little detail comes into focus, and true beauty is realized.

The light no longer illuminates his path, it illuminates his mind.

gastrointestinal tract, breeding a euphoria not soon to be matched by anything else in this world. The initial allure of the city that the woodsman experienced long since faded, replaced by anticipation and longing for a return to the forest. Now back in the forest, every little detail comes into focus, and true beauty is realized. The light no longer illuminates his path, it illuminates his mind. Seeing the color palette of nature brings new meaning to the world. Gentle speckles of light and color dance throughout the woodsman's being, revitalizing and reinvigorating him with a new zeal and lust for life.

Unfortunately, once again, familiarity will breed complacency and a closing of the mind. Only by being physically separated from something that the woodsman or businessman has known throughout his entire life, may he learn to truly love it and experience the image to its true potential. Through photography, this love can be sustained over time. Little glimpses into a man's native environment, brutally ripped away from him, provide the perfect catalyst for the transformation from familiar to sublime. Colors and lighting aside, it is the emotion an image provides that makes it worth viewing. This image creates a swelling in my chest and a tightness in my throat for times past.

I am the woodsman.

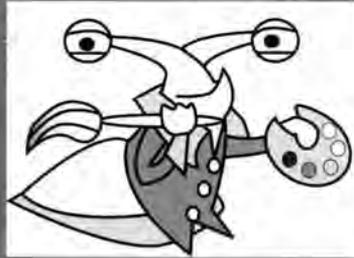
The above piece was written for the Fall 2003 honors colloquium HC 299: Writing about Images. This course explored various types of images (photos, paintings, logos, coats-of-arms, graffiti, signs versus symbols, etc.), some of the roles these images play in our lives, theories of image analysis (e.g., semiotics), and the varied cultural interpretations of visual communication (such as hand gestures and symbols). Students were asked to choose an image or images, write analyses about them, and present the findings to the class.

— Eric Hill, UHC Instructor



These Things I Learn

by Jeff Burright



Point

B.A.

My choice of major really interests people. The major itself? Not so much. Every time I tell someone new what I've chosen as my focus in college, I am asked the same burning question: "What are you going to do with *that* degree?" Yes friends, I am a liberal arts student.

I imagine it's all Oscar Wilde's fault. The man meant well I'm sure, but when he declared to the world that, "All art is quite useless," he struck a blow for those who would see the study of art to be equally useless: my parents, for instance, or some of my esteemed friends in the more pragmatic fields of engineering, biology, or brick masonry. I believe Mr. Wilde was implying that the humanities exist outside of our manipulation of the physical world. Rather, to study the inner chambers of the heart and mind and see how they have shaped history—and as Matthew Arnold once described it, "to know the best that is known and thought in the world"—holds the key to wisdom.

Philosophy and English may perch as the crown jewels atop the Liberal Arts discard pile, but many other majors also share a spot on the heap. Students of Sociology, Anthropology, History, and Ethnic Studies all examine the design of societies, where the art lies in understanding the creations and motivations of humankind since its beginnings. Many may consider Psychology purely a science, but the pioneers who first dug into the creases of the mind in search of the meaning behind our thoughts and feelings practiced artistry of the most intimate kind. The school of Economics also lies in our midst because business hinges first and foremost on the art of the sale. Even music and politics, often strange bedfellows, stand together under the nebulous B.A. label as testaments to the wonder of teamwork and imagination. This wide array of interests is merely a slice of the majors offered, but it already begs the question: is art really so useless?

It's true that many of the wonderful things we have today dawned when people began to address those questions that had always appeared natural, timeless, or impossible, and without this great curiosity and penchant for innovation we would be a smaller and harder world; yet all our fears of the natural world have been replaced by new problems created in their stead. What good is our ability to grow greater and denser crops if we cannot imagine a system that will ensure that everyone contributes and no one starves? We have built bigger and better weapons throughout history, and our excellence gave birth to an

age when two people could effectively destroy the world if they couldn't learn how to get along. No matter how you try to appeal to rationality, the relationships between us echo in the wells of our individual sympathy for the human condition and not in the existential delights of the lightbulb.

We can know all the facts in the universe, can exploit the world to its fullest and make our lives healthier, faster, and more convenient, but facts alone will leave us hollow. We need context. We must bring meaning to these things we know and connect them with our hearts and with each other to better understand how to be human. Therefore, we study all the ways that people have ever loved, and how they have built families, communities, and civilizations around this feeling. We also learn how love changes: the sweat of passion chills, and with luck, the warmth of comfort and intimacy will nest in the vacancy. Some will only ever love their dogs, that lucky penny, or the autumn leaves in solitude, but it is still love, and it brings them beauty and meaning. The strangest truth we find is, sometimes people wake up and just don't love someone else anymore, and despite their best reasoning they will never really know why. We explore our darkest moments and cruelest imaginings, but we also recognize greatness and virtue. We plumb the depths of grief and find, to our relief, proof that we are still utterly and joyfully alive. We learn the simplest truth of life: that consequence is the one thing we *all* create, and we begin to see with new eyes the complex webs of meaning that knit us tighter together every day. In short, we wish to learn every way that people have ever found life beautiful or worth the effort of living. These quiet revelations are unquantifiable, but their wisdom brings us peace and hope, and we are content to spend our lives in their search.

The realm, the purpose, and the value of the humanities and of those who study them is to remind us all that we have a heart in common, and that no one is alone or wholly misunderstood. The world may be fueled by science, but the human race itself is inspired by the historians, the philosophers, the statesmen, and the poets. We may live our lives in service to society as lawyers or teachers, as therapists or even fry cooks, but excellence is rewarded no matter what a person chooses to study, and those who find passion while serving their communities, who wish to spread hope and understanding to other humans on this earth, will always be satisfied.



B.S.

There comes a time in every child's life when he or she discovers the magical word "Why?" For weeks afterward, almost every sentence includes this amazing syllable. Only rarely is it invoked with such a query as "Why did Thomas Jefferson feel the separation of church and state was necessary to the founding of a free nation?" No, it is more usual that a child's first "Why?" involves such topics as "Why does it rain?", "Why is the sky blue?" or "Why do we get sick?" The earliest questions most children ask deal with scientific matters. We college students who study for a Bachelor's of Science degree have simply never lost our excitement about those first questions.

The question of Bachelor of Science or Bachelor of Arts can prove even more fundamental than the choosing-a-major dilemma. After all, many departments

here on campus (Chemistry or Psychology, for example) offer both a B.S. and a B.A. What, then, leads a student to choose one over the other? The OSU course catalog describes the B.S. degree with such terms as "scientific ways of knowing," "quantitative approach to understanding," and "focused curricula." What does that mean? We of the B.S. degree are more likely to find ourselves taking tests than writing essays. Most of us are scientists or engineers. We sit in lecture halls, absorbing the information we'll need

to make sense – and safety – out of this week's lab. Then we head upstairs, snap on a pair of acrylic goggles, and start making stuff happen! In journalistic terms, we're much more concerned with "How?" and "Why?" and "What?" than "Who?" and "Where?" and "When?" We jump into hands-on experience and learn by getting our hands dirty. This pragmatic curiosity leads us to develop innovations that improve life in practical ways. Even our mishaps sometimes prove useful; Post-It Notes, rubber, and penicillin are all the result of scientists' mistakes.

While we do concern ourselves mainly with practicality, man does not live by the sciences alone. We of the B.S. do appreciate the fields generally sequestered among the Liberal Arts; many of us have minors or secondary majors in a more artsy field. Our numbers even

shelter a few Liberal Arts majors who are fleeing from the B.A.'s requirement of foreign language proficiency. As diverse as they can be, all our fields of study are interdependent. While we scientists develop the advances, it is up to those in other fields to make them relevant. The technology that creates a television set would be fairly hollow without TV shows and movies to fill it, and those come only from talented writers, actors, and directors. More seriously, some philosophers are responsible for oversight of scientific research. While scientific progress is a wonderful thing, there are some genies that must not be let out of their bottles. We scientists depend on our ethicist colleagues to alert us when we begin to set foot on morally treacherous paths. In this and many other ways, the sciences rely upon the liberal arts. Conversely, many of our scientific innovations have the capacity to promote

or enhance the liberal arts. We admire the artist who created the oil painting, but the light bulbs that illuminate it, the gallery where it rests, and even the truck that brought it there all owe their existence to engineers.

Some day soon, OSU and the UHC will spit each of us out, the ink still wet on our H.B.S. degrees. From there, we will proceed in many different directions. Some face engineers' licensing exams. Others of us have MCATs in our sights, hoping for acceptance to medical school. Each of these two prospects will lead to a specifically defined career path. For some B.S. recipients, though, the field of possible careers is wide open. Many will be plunging into graduate school to seek Master's degrees or doctorates. Some of us will be going straight into the workforce. Either of those scenarios offers myriad possibilities. Some of us want to go into a scientific field, whether as lab technicians or research Ph.D.s. Others will become writers, social workers, teachers, or any one of a thousand other things. What is the common bond that links all of us together? We are all comfortable with analytical, scientific thought. All of us share the experience of at least one grueling three-term sequence in some scientific field. At the heart of it all, we have never stopped searching for the answer to that magical question, "Why?"

We jump into hands-on experience and learn by getting our hands dirty. This pragmatic curiosity leads us to develop innovations that improve life in practical ways.



What's in a Name?

A Close Look at Celebrity

by Edward Lew

Hey, I'll admit it. I like Britney Spears. Her singing ability absolutely astonishes me, and her acting skills are unbelievable. Plus, she is a very, very innocent young lady. You could say she's toxic or just born to make me happy. She drives me crazy. But I digress.

I will never admit, however, to liking Christina Aguilera. She just doesn't rub me the right way. She's dirty, as in both dusty and the promiscuously questionable. "Ms." Aguilera is not quite what I look for on my top-10 celebrity list. Genie in a bottle? More like tramp in a bottle.

So what's this all mean? Other than the fact that Britney is way better than Christina? Well, what it means is that I have nothing better to do with my life than follow celebrity glamour. We should all be so lucky.

In our society, celebrity status indicates that you are famous. And when you're famous, we pay you the big bucks. It's just the way it goes. I'd love to be paid a bazillion clams for saying "Whaaasssssupp!" And I'd like to be paid a kajillion Benjamins for being obscenely tall, whining about Kobe Bryant, and making the fine piece of art that

was the movie *Kazaam*. Or, I wouldn't mind earning a trillion in cold, hard cash for just being named Tiger. Heck, I would love to make five dollars for eating SPAM® on TV. But this stuff just doesn't happen to me.

That's the importance of celebrities nowadays. They suck up exorbitant amounts of money

They get the dough - we see their lives. It's a fair exchange.

for doing superhuman feats, like making *From Justin to Kelly*. I know I couldn't do it. The award-winning script is just too intense for me, and there's no way I could ever match Justin's Oscar-worthy performance

They're worth it though, and their paychecks are too. It's not about their capability to amaze us with their gorgeous eyes, stunning figures, ridiculously perfect complexion, beautiful singing, incredible acting, awesome dribbling skills, savvy business decisions, dazzling dancing, or nice hair... Oh no, celebrities are valued for the gossip.

"Have you heard..." "He did what?" "Nu-uh girlfriend." "Oh yeah, she did." "She did not just



The Abyss

by Blake Clark

What are you doing after college? Think about how many times you've been asked that question. You might even have a bulletproof response at the ready: "I'm moving back home." Not that there's anything wrong with that. Some of you lucky engineers might have already landed your dream job designing new and better plastic injection molds for detergent bottles. (Don't laugh, this is what a friend of mine actually did after he graduated.) A few of you have decided to save the world. Oh, and there's always grad school.

This is an article about making choices: big choices with no right answers. For many honors students, the decision to attend college was most likely a no-brainer.

The question of where to go and what major to choose might have required some soul-searching, but many graduating seniors are facing an uncertain future for the first time. With current economic and political realities less than optimal, many of us feel like we're looking into an abyss of question marks.

How many of us really know what we want to do? When you think about it, how does anyone ever figure it all out? As human beings we are limited in our perspective and we ourselves often place limits on our dreams. Take a moment to imagine all the possibilities that begin with the phrase,

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go there.” “[insert snap here] Oh no he didn’t.” You know you’ve said one of those phrases once in your life, and that’s because we love or hate celebrities on account of their personal lives. They get the dough – we see their lives. It’s a fair exchange.

For instance, take J. Lo. Married. Single. Married. Single. Single. Single. Married. Married. Married. Single. Widowed. Bennifer. That was water-cooler talk, and we were sucked in by it.

Now take Britney Spears and Justin Timberlake. “JT is so stupid for breaking up with Britney Spears. Come on, it’s Britney. She would never cheat. JT must be on crack or something. That jerk. How dare he break her heart!” Maybe it’s just me, but can no one else see that? Again, good fillers in conversation and no matter how hard we resist, we can’t avoid it.

When it comes down to it, celebrities allow us a second life and a chance to live vicariously through



Edward contemplates how desperate he is for fame.

it. They give us intellectual entertainment to fantasize and day dream about. Celebrity obsession fills a hole in our souls that otherwise would be filled by books or something. Plus, it’s cool to pretend you know someone famous. In fact, Eminem and I are buds.

Everyone wants to be rich and famous, and celebrities are our role-models. Remember “I want to be like Mike”? There you go.

Also, celebrities are really the friends we never had. We always talk like we know them. Not only do celebrities bring great “behind-their-back” conversations, they boost our self-esteem. We know someone famous!

But until somebody wants to pay to see a short Asian with a cracking singing voice, two left feet, dull brown eyes, a not-so-stunning physique, but with nice hair, I’ve got nothing. Until that day (which is coming soon, I know it!), I’m sticking with my girlfriend, Britney Spears. You go girl.

An Advising Nightmare

by John Davidson



I must admit from the outset that I am writing this for largely self-serving reasons. This is a capstone to the last six months of my life and hopefully a building block for the rest of it.

I started off my summer with a 22-hour Greyhound bus ride to Yellowstone National Park. After visiting our nation's first plot of protected wilderness, I had decided to take a position working in a restaurant on Lake Yellowstone. I lived in a strange place in the middle of nowhere and learned an entirely new (not to mention stressful) job.

My next ad-

venture took me to the other side of the continent to Québec, Canada, where I studied French at a French-speaking university. Again, I was far from home, but this time I couldn't understand the language, despite

studying it for years and years. You must understand that the French spoken in Québec is like the English spoken in, say, Ireland: totally incomprehensible!

Throughout those six months, I tried new foods, gained new skills, talked with tons of new people, went new places, rode public transportation, and in so doing



Courtney (left) and her friend Joanna perch atop a mountain at Yellowstone National Park.

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The Abyss: continued from page 14

"Mom, Dad, I think you should sit down for this."

"I'm going to write poetry...in Middle English."

"I'm going to be the equipment manager for the Canadian National Curling Team."

"I'm starting my own business. Think cat baskets." (Again, don't laugh...)

"I'm running for office."

The above responses are silly, but really, what if the choices for life after school really were infinite? What if we weren't shackled by our political and economic burdens and we just allowed ourselves to dream? What would you do? What if we were living in a world of infinity?

I've had enough math to know that if you add up all the knowledge and experience you've had and divide by infinity, you get. . . well, I'm pretty sure you get zero. This means that in all of life, whether you're just graduating from college or you're seventy-eight and

you've traveled the world, you've really done. . . nothing. Everything is still waiting to be discovered.

As you look into that terrifying abyss of question marks, think of what the poet Rainer Maria Rilke wrote in his *Letters to a Young Poet*:

You are so young, so before all beginning, and I want to beg you, as much as I can, dear sir, to be patient toward all that is unsolved in your heart and try to love the *questions themselves* like locked rooms and like books that are written in a very foreign tongue. Do not seek the answers, which cannot be given you because you would not be able to live them. And the point is, to live everything. *Live* the questions now.

And that's it. Your search for answers should never usurp the quest for questions. It's O.K. to be lost, in fact it might just be preferable to being found. Good luck everybody!

Horoscopes

by Naaman Horn

ARIES

March 21–April 19

True love is only an awkward, nervous, sweaty question away. Go ahead, take the chance and ask that special someone out.

TAURUS

April 20–May 20

It is a beautiful rainy day out there. Go outside and enjoy it. Don't worry, you won't melt.

GEMINI

May 21–June 21

Wink at the next ten people you see. Responses may vary, but your entertainment value will not waver.

CANCER

June 22–July 22

You are talented, witty, and well spoken. But, sadly you have not been discovered. Write for *The Chronicle* and watch your popularity rise.

LEO

July 23–August 22

Routine weighs heavy on your shoulders. Mix things up a little. Move the TV to the other side of the living room. You will feel rejuvenated and ready to take on another day.

VIRGO

August 23–September 22

What problem can't be solved with ice cream? Grab a pint and a spoon. Life can only get better from here.

LIBRA

September 23–October 22

Throw caution to the wind. Run around your apartment in your underwear, sing at the top of your lungs, and forget about your place in the rat race. It will still be waiting for you tomorrow.

SCORPIO

October 23–November 21

Take a break from school and read something mindless, something you enjoy, something you don't have to take notes on. Dr. Seuss or the Sunday Comics should do the trick.

SAGITTARIUS

November 22–December 21

Brown-nosing can only get you so far. Eventually you will have to buckle down and do some homework. I know, it sounds a little extreme, but it is crazy enough it just might work.

CAPRICORN

December 22–January 19

You work hard for the money. Buy something nice for yourself. How about a nice quality education? Sorry, I would suggest something a little shinier, but that is really all you can afford right now.

AQUARIUS

January 20–February 18

Stressed over all the work you have to do this term? Doing your homework might seem like the best option, but it's not. There will always be a test, paper, or project hanging over your head. Do something fun before you get so overwhelmed that you have no choice but to do homework.

PISCES

February 19–March 20

You are sleep deprived, tired, delusional, and burnt out. Buck up, drink another cup of coffee and finish what you started. You can rest when the term ends.



learned much more about myself. It's amazing what you can learn when forced. At the end of my time in Québec, my friends and I made a pact: we promised each other that we would search for adventure from that time on and that we would never again settle for the ordinary. I counsel and challenge all of you to do the same.

I start by defining adventure. Consulting my trusty dictionary, I find that scholars have defined it as an, "undertaking involving risk and excitement." G.K. Chesterton (1874-1936) wrote, "An adventure is only an inconvenience rightly considered." Thornton Wilder (1897-1975) offered his opinion: "The test of an adventure is that when you're in the middle of it, you say to yourself, 'Oh, now I've got myself into an awful mess; I wish I were sitting quietly at home.' And the sign that something's wrong with you is when you sit quietly at home wishing you were out having lots of adventure."

I propose that Wilder was only half right. Adventures are messy, but that's what makes them so glorious! The mere nature of adventure forces us to learn and grow. And isn't that our goal?

Helen Keller said something to the effect of "Life is either a daring adventure or nothing." Another source of wisdom is the 1980's hit film Ferris Bueller's Day Off. I think the reason we all still love that movie is Bueller's sense of adventure. Just before



Courtney and friends in Vieux Sherbrooke (Old Sherbrooke), Quebec.

the credits roll, Bueller imparts to us a grain of priceless knowledge: "Life moves pretty fast. [If] you don't stop and look around once in a while, you could miss it."

How often do we miss Life? So many of us get caught up in a habit of linear thinking. What do I have to do to get a good grade in this class, in order to get a good GPA, in order to graduate with honors, in order to get a good job, in order to make a lot of money? We get caught in what's comfortable, for school, though not fun, is a process we've generally mastered. I myself am often guilty of this sin. What we need to do is think of the path to success (and success itself) as being a bit broader.

Jenaleigh Kiebert, an art history student at Boise State University, says that for her, "It's just a matter of not giving myself time to think up excuses. You can't say, 'I'll sign up later' or 'I'll think about it' and expect yourself to follow through. Something sounds interesting or fun, go for it, especially if it scares you a little."

So go out, try that new restaurant, sit in a different place in chem lecture, read that radical feminism book hiding under your bed, go to a new religious service, visit one of the campus cultural centers, see an art film, talk to a stranger, ride the bus, learn about yourself, become a better person.



Courtney and her friends pose outside the Citadel in Quebec City.

Theses Currently in Progress

Evaluation of the Reproduction of the Barnacle, *Balanus glandula*

Erin Breck

The marine intertidal is home to a small creature called the acorn barnacle (*Balanus glandula*). These animals are an excellent organism to study, because they illustrate a popular life history among marine invertebrates. This specific species is comprised of hermaphroditic individuals who sexually reproduce and then release their larvae into the water column (Strathmann 1985). Research by Heather Leslie, a PhD candidate in the Oregon State University Department of Zoology, has suggested those barnacle populations at Cape Perpetua, an area on the coast with consistently high primary productivity, brood at higher frequencies than those at Cape Foulweather an area to the north. This leads to the question: Are barnacles in the Cape Foulweather region of the coast producing fewer

embryos for their size than barnacles in the southern populations? In order to answer this question, I will quantify the number of embryos produced per adult and use this data to compare the two populations.

Despite the millions of barnacles on the coast, researchers are still unaware of how many embryos one adult barnacle can produce. The results of my project will thus contribute a considerable amount of knowledge to our understanding of barnacle reproduction on the Oregon Coast. Because the life cycle of barnacles is similar to many other intertidal species, this research will also add a significant understanding of other populations' reproduction and how they persist in space and time on the shore. This enhanced understanding of reproduction could aid in the conservation and management of all onshore populations.

What I Do For Fun

Jonathan D. Suter

Since late October, I have had the pleasure of working with Professor John Selker on projects in the field of hydrological engineering, a branch of bioengineering. Our work so far has centered around the design of a unique and fascinating instrument, the construction of which is surprisingly complicated given the simplicity of its function. The "tension infiltrometer," as it is called, uses concepts of fluid dynamics and basic physics to measure the permeability or capillarity of different soil types. What this means is that different soils absorb water at vastly different rates, and the infiltrometer simply measures the strength of this effect.

Truth be told, my own part in this apparatus' development has been relatively minor since Professor Selker has been working with it on and off for the last ten years. When I entered the picture, I was shown a meter-long plastic cylinder with tubes connecting it to a small suitcase-sized computer and given the task of helping

out with the finishing touches. This has mostly entailed spending an hour or two every week in the Gilmore Hall machine shop watching pieces of plastic piping take shape on a lathe with digital readouts precise to something like one ten-thousandth of an inch. I have to admit, this has been a highly satisfying process considering all of my lab experience prior to this has involved enzyme kinetics, acid-base titrations, and the like.

I fear going into too great of detail and invoking boredom here in describing the progression of this work, but suffice it to say that our imperative objective has been making the base of the instrument's cylinder (the part which interfaces with the ground and drains water through a stainless steel screen) airtight. Fortunately, this is a task that we were able to complete without too much trouble and the real fun is just beginning as we begin field testing the instrument and integrating it into actual research.



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