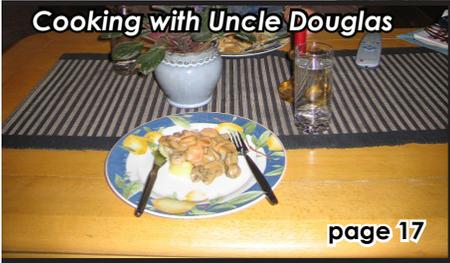
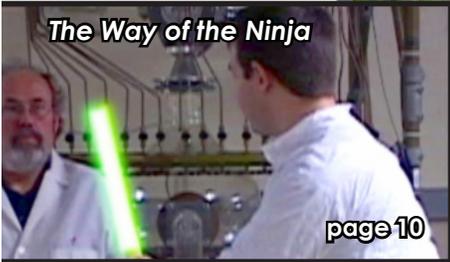
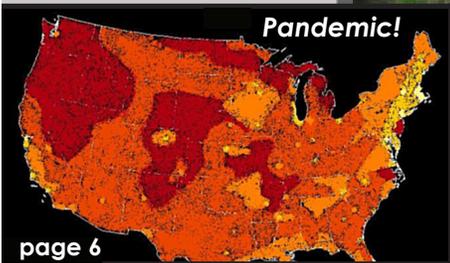
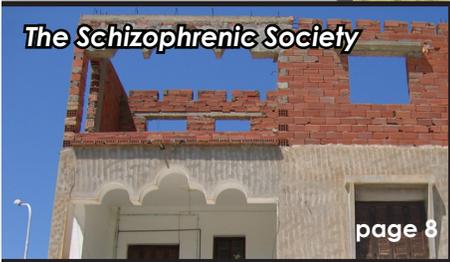


III  
IV  
VII VI V

# University Honors College CHRONICLE

Volume XII, Issue 1      Fall 2007      Free



## Contents

3

### **From The Editors**

The Chronicle's editors weigh in on life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness

4

### **Eric's Hill**

UHC writing instructor muses on his harrowing life as a rhetorician

5

### **A Treatise on Periods**

An oft-abused punctuational element is brought to trial for its actions

6

### **Bird Flu**

A Chronicle exclusive report on the anticipated pandemic's devastation

8

### **Tunis: The Schizophrenic Society**

Culture collisions keep life interesting in Tunisia's capital city

10

### **The Drunken Ninja of Thala**

A chance encounter in the Tunisian desert with an inebriated linguist

16

### **Two Soldiers**

The wars we fight within are rarely seen at first glance

17

### **Uncle Douglas Does Dinner**

The Chronicle's exclusive guide to a whale dinner you'll never forget

20

### **The Shakespeare Trip**

Hordes of honors students descend on sleepy Ashland, Oregon

*Cover photo by Erica Zaworski*



## The Chronicle

### STAFF

Editors Douglas Van Bossuyt  
David Shapiro

Layout Editor RJ Zaworski

Contributors Max Brugger  
Kelsey Edwardsen  
Eric Hill  
Jessica Huie  
Matt Jager  
Jaime Junell  
Timothy Karplus  
Ben Kong  
Kimmy Lyon  
Crystal Ni  
Jessica Varin

Faculty Advisor Eric Hill

The *Chronicle* is published by UHC and OSU students. Articles reflect views of the individual writers on *Chronicle* staff, but may not officially reflect the policies of Oregon State University of the OSU Honors College

## From the Editors

A few months ago, looking into the abyss of my departure from the grand old days of undergraduate-dom, I realized something very important. Had it not been for timely acceptance into the mechanical engineering graduate program here at Oregon State, I would have had to grow up, get a haircut, pull up my pants, and get an honest job! This brush with responsibility taught me a valuable lesson: education is always better than the real world.

For six long undergraduate years (yes, I am a super-duper senior) I have dodged the real-world bullet. First I decided to study Arabic thus prolonging my undergraduate career to four years. Then I decided to do the Multiple Engineering Cooperative Program (MECOP) which extended my springtime jaunt through the daffodil and tulip-filled sweet green grass world of academia. Two MECOP internships with Freightliner and Electro Scientific Industries later, I stood at four and a half years. A few months before starting my first MECOP internship, real inspiration struck. My Fourth year at OSU was not actually spent anywhere close to Corvallis or even in Oregon. Instead, I flitted, like a young chickadee, across the world to study Arabic and gain some international engineering work experience in old Roman Africa, the country of Tunisia.

After a summer stint in Germany designing humanoid robots for a university, I found myself staring down year five and the very real possibility of graduation. Once again, I was able to dodge the proverbial scissors cutting at the strings holding up my undergraduate marionette. Studying for only degrees in mechanical engineering

and international studies, I decided it was high time to take on a minor. Thus, my business minor and year six were born.

Realizing last fall that I was in real danger of being cut loose and thrust into the all-to-real world of plaid dress shirts, gray cubicles, and endless office meetings, I applied to graduate school. Now that I am accepted and with full funding for the next year or so, I can relax for a little while longer. Sure, graduate-level work might be harder and my involvement with the honors college might be less, but I am still, days after getting the official letter of acceptance, counting my lucky non-marshmallow stars. The real world can wait while I complete some advanced degrees!

Sadly, as with any transition, even academic ones, some good things must come to an end. As I walk through the MU Quad this June wearing a funny hat, a bunch of stoles, tassels, a black robe, and who knows what else, I will be leaving behind my dear, beloved Chronicle Magazine. Editing the Chronicle is the domain of honors college undergraduates, not honors college alums and graduate students. Sure, you might see me pop up from time to time, but no longer will I inject my own brand of linguistic magic into these hallowed pages. This is it, folks! The big goodbye! The last curtain call! The long ride into the sunset...

Thankfully, through some strokes of luck, the Chronicle has fallen under the budding leadership of new editors. Now, instead of one mechanical engineer pretending he knows the difference between an adverb and a carburetor, two mechanical engineers will



Douglas Van Bossuyt / Chronicle Staff

### Tunisia on our minds

Editor-in-chief Douglas Van Bossuyt is one of several *Chronicle* staffers who enjoy fond memories of their time spent studying abroad in Tunisia. This issue features several articles and photos highlighting Tunisia's unique culture, as well as the experiences that our contributors have discovered during their time overseas. ☺

try their luck at publishing a high-quality honors college student rag! Yes, my friends, the Chronicle has been completely taken over by engineers. Don't worry, liberal arts majors, these engineers are kind and benevolent to all majors, even business and english. After all, it's the only civilized thing to do.

While I may be moving on to a masters program and the Chronicle is coming under the influence of two mechanical engineers, I know I will be able to sleep well at night by imparting some knowledge on those who I leave behind. Mark my words, my honors college friends! Education is always better than the real world.

—Douglas Van Bossuyt

# The Harrowing Life of a Rhetorician

Eric Hill

- Chronicle Advisor -

Many of you know me primarily in a classroom setting. But when I'm not teaching, grading, or sleeping, I will occasionally go out and socialize with others. Sometimes these people will be colleagues or students. Once in a while I even talk to those who have no affiliation with the university. When this happens, I am often asked, "What do you do?" I usually respond with, "I'm a teacher." (I used to say "pedagogue," but I've noticed this seems to make people outside of academia uncomfortable.) The next question, the one I've grown to dread, is "What do you teach?" And it's at this the point in the conversation, surrounded by expectant faces, where I grow anxious; I know what will inevitably follow. "I," I tell them with a note of minor trepidation, "teach research, analysis, and writing skills."

And there it is: the instant glaze, a few polite smiles and posture shifts, followed by a series of hasty retreats for the powder room, drink refresh, or conversation with the actuary near the baba ghanoush.

What's that all about? Are they afraid that I'm going to assign homework? That there'll be a quiz immediately following aperitifs? Maybe it's my ever-naïve belief that what I do is exciting, controversial, and vital. Yes, vital. I once commented to my wife, a botanist, "With your expertise concerning wild edible plants and fungi and my knowledge of rhetoric, we could

survive in the wild for years." After all, eating merely allows us to exist; culture, on the other hand, enables us to thrive.

As for exciting and controversial, I don't believe I have to go far for examples of how the access, suppression, selection, use, and misuse of information can have very serious ramifications. An important part of rhetoric is the critical observation of how we obtain information, how and why we form the questions we do in order to obtain answers – and then what we choose to do with those answers. This involves disciplines known as epistemology and information literacy. (Are you glazing yet? Not to worry. I'll get to the juicy stuff in a moment. I should be into it by the time you get back from the dip.)

Epistemology is a very old term and comes from Greek roughly meaning the study of knowledge, how it is accessed and used, its scope and the methods used to gather it. Information literacy, on the other hand, is a relatively new term, yet the two are related. Information literacy deals with how well equipped people are for the task of research (and a careful evaluation of the process and fruits of that process). When I present papers at conferences, I generally use these areas to emphasize the fact that many students entering university are not only unaware of these terms, but they often don't understand why I cringe at a Wikipedia reference in their works cited. How we collect information (where we find it, who provided it, how much of it we use, etc.) can sometimes radically affect

how that information gets framed, translated, and communicated to others.

Are you back? Good. Just in time for the dangerous part. Once you learn how to apply the epistemological approach to research, it could very well shake your faith in many of the truths you've held for a very long time (or at least it could prompt you to question those truths as a means of testing them). A strong faith won't fold under a little shaking. And when I say faith, I'm not just referring to religion. Did you know that, although they don't like to admit it, scientists and scholars must have faith; otherwise they couldn't very well proceed with their research. If you don't believe me, consider the faith involved in secondary research (that knowledge you access through the writing of someone else rather than through your own experience). You don't think there's faith involved? Faith is integral, but it can also blind, bias, or at the very least obscure the process.

A little cynicism isn't necessarily a bad thing. For example, the writer Kurt Vonnegut, in his book *Breakfast of Champions*, describes his faith in something he calls "scientific truth":

I fully expected that by the time I was 21 scientific truth was going to make us so happy and comfortable. . . . What actually happened when I was 21 was that we dropped scientific truth on Hiroshima. We killed everyone there.

This didn't necessarily make

- Continued on page 14 -



# “Why I Hate Periods”

III  
IV  
VI I V

*The Chronicle's copy-editing department has taken it upon itself to address one of the most over-used elements of punctuation. You may still have permission to use them, however.*

David Shapiro  
- Copy Editor -

In all the world of punctuation and language symbology there is nothing that I hate more than the period; not only is it completely useless, unnecessary, and possibly dangerous (similar to the appendix, that lovely little useless bit of flesh on our large intestine that oft-times explodes) but many people overuse it to the detriment of their writing ability – yes, I said detriment, as in a diminishment of the quality of their work (when was the last time you saw a period used in a legitimate piece of writing? Certainly not since you started reading this article!) – not realizing that they are contributing to one of the greatest and most terrible habits of our times (I’ll pause here for a moment and allow you to digest that last) with negative effects that extend beyond themselves – yes gentle, simple, naive reader, remember

that while methamphetamines may be the scourge of the street, period users are far more common; as their misuse, overuse, and dependence on this seemingly simple commodity (but only seemingly; its breathtakingly simplistic appearance hides something dark and terrible) becomes more prevalent it will lead to nothing less than the disintegration of our system of punctuation, grammar, and language which is already atrophied and slowly disappearing due to the popularity of text messaging (omg that is so not lol), e-mail (bob, send me a copy of that when you get a chance –phil), and other such time-saving, impersonal, written modes of communication – it’s best not to even get me started on the internet in general (its URLs are full of “dots;” seriously, who ever thought that was a good idea?) – (but you have to be asking yourself where my hostility towards a simple dot comes from – the answer

is not simple, but the most recent reason is this: the ellipsis – though I hate to show its ugly face; if one period is bad, three are just that much worse – is being overused (I hadn’t ever really considered it – and now I see periods, little dots, everywhere – until I saw this little factoid: the word ellipsis is the plural form of ellipse, the Latin word for a period), overused big-time, in ways that should make most people shudder (it does have its place, but certainly not at the end of every sentence or to supplant the colon, semi-colon, comma, and dash) – but that’s not all: people have forgotten how to write (extending their sentences into beautiful subordinated and coordinated phrases, intertwining their words, using them to paint pictures, and play symphonies on the page before you, the reader) – the British may be right in calling the period the “full stop” – it certainly

- Continued on p. 14 -



## The Olive Trees of Time

Photo by Douglas Van Bossuyt

A ruined basilica, partly covered by ancient gnarled, twisted olive trees serves as a stark reminder of the ease with which a society can decline and fall.

Location: Roman Dougga, Tunisia (North Africa)

# Pandemic on the Wing

Jessica Huie

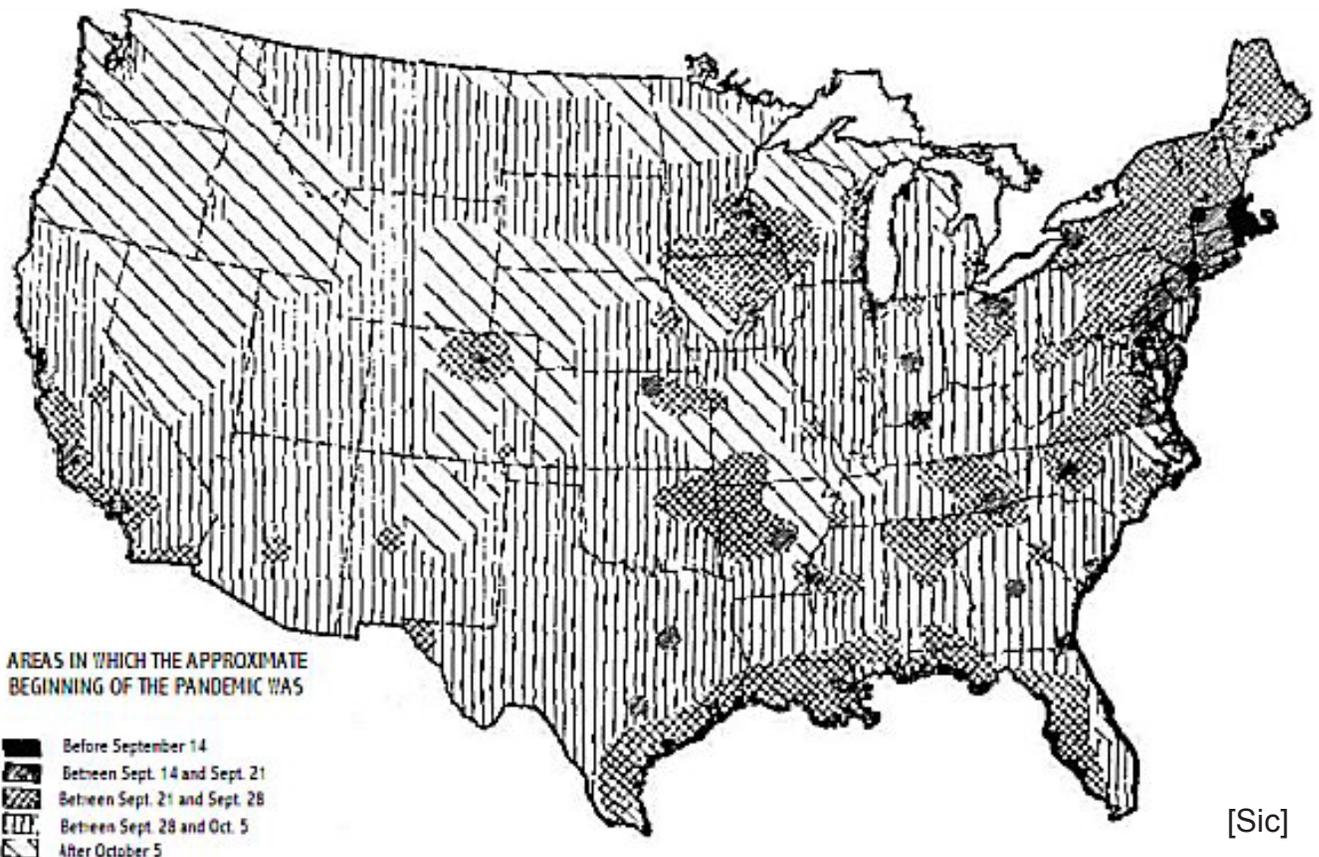
Ben Kong

After a quiet summer, avian influenza (H5N1) is making its way back into the news. Due to the manner in which avian flu has been covered by the media people have many differing views on its importance. While some think that avian flu will never cause a significant problem for humans, others buy face masks and prepare for the next catastrophe. Both of these extremes are problematic. Though avian flu should be taken seriously, panicking will result in very little progress. As it is, avian flu doesn't show too much risk of causing a pandemic. It causes sickness and death in its human hosts, but because it is incapable of passing efficiently from human to human, mankind is safe for the

moment. The concern is that the H5N1 virus might mutate and be able to spread more effectively among humans. If it were to do this, avian flu would almost certainly cause a pandemic, which is a virus that causes illness worldwide. Although avian flu is being watched carefully, other viruses could do the same. Regardless of which virus causes the next major pandemic, it will be devastating. The key to minimizing the effects of a pandemic in the future is by understanding how they have worked in the past.

The 1918 Influenza Pandemic was the most catastrophic pandemic of the 20th century. It occurred in three waves, the first being in the spring of 1918. This

wave was the weakest; it was much like any other flu. In a matter of weeks it mutated into a much deadlier form. This strain of influenza caused sickness for several more years, but the majority of the damage was done by the second wave. Scientists believe that both the less harmful first wave and the devastating second wave were caused by the same virus. This is because people who caught the first virus were immune to the second, meaning that their bodies already had learned how to fight off the virus (IM 60). The more lethal wave mutated significantly from its benign predecessor, causing symptoms that were much worse than the common flu. For example, victims would hemorrhage



[Sic]

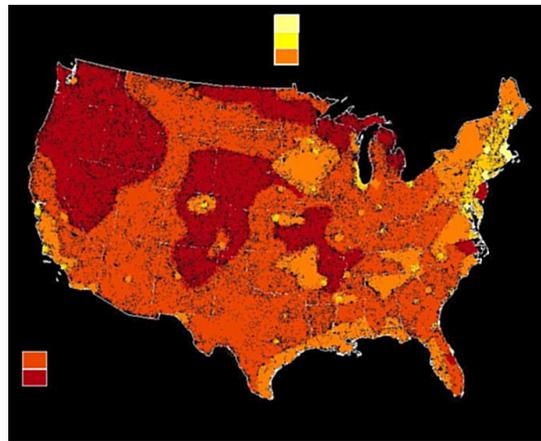
# Pandemic: H5N1 Flu Not Yet Transmissible

from the eye, nose, stomach, and intestines. Early on the pandemic the virus also caused Acute Respiratory Distress Syndrome, a condition in which the alveoli in the lungs inflame and then fill with liquids and collapse. ARDS isn't caused by any one disease; it can be from trauma, or sickness (PC). Another unusual thing about this virus was the fact that it targeted middle-aged people who are ordinarily the ones who have the easiest time fighting off disease (IM 60). While an ordinary influenza virus may kill 0.1% of the people it infects, the 1918 pandemic averaged a 2.5% mortality rate, though in some areas it was higher due to lack of medical expertise. Not only was it much more lethal, it also spread much more efficiently, infecting approximately a third of the world's population. Although numbers vary, the total deaths from this pandemic are estimated to be around forty million (IM 72).

The reason this virus was able to lethally infect so many people was its tendency to mutate quickly. All viruses mutate on a regular basis; they can go through thousands of life cycles in one host. This is the reason new flu shots are required each year. The virus mutates just enough to be able to slip past a person's immune system, requiring the person to develop new defenses to fight the new variant. Every so often a virus mutates significantly, making it much harder for the person's immune system to fight it. Because the virus is so foreign to the system it is much more difficult to fight off. Even at the peak of its outbreak the 1918 influenza virus continued to mu-

tate. Fortunately, it became less lethal as it mutated. In any city, a person who became sick at the beginning of the epidemic generally had a much more serious case than someone who caught the virus weeks later. Because this happened consistently in all the areas hit by the virus and considering the quality of medical care in most areas went down as more people became sick, the change in mortality was most likely caused by the virus's mutation (IM 64).

The effects of the 1918 virus were catastrophic. The high number of deaths was devastating, but that was only the beginning. Due to poor sanitation and the sheer numbers of the sick, doctors themselves became sick as the hospitals flooded with people. The bodies had to be disposed



*Projected Path of an Avian Influenza Pandemic*

of as well. Because many people were ill, they couldn't work, so the economy dropped. Unless preparations are made, the same problems will occur in a pandemic in the future. Even the threat of a pandemic causes severe economic disruption. During the SARS outbreak tourism and related services in Asia were hit hard. The spread of SARS was small and, com-

pared to a pandemic, caused relatively few deaths. Were a full-fledged pandemic to occur, the cost would be much greater (World Bank).

Avian flu is currently a virus that infects birds, however there are cases in which the virus has broken the barrier between animals and humans. This new strain has come to be known as H5N1. Those that acquired H5N1 fulfilled two conditions; they lived in very close proximity to the infected birds, and were genetically susceptible. Is the avian flu currently a candidate for a pandemic? According to Dr. Savage, a specialist in avian genetics and viral disease, "We look at a vast number of those human fatalities that have been recorded in Southeast Asia, the situation has been those individu-

als, because of their cultural heritage, have either consumed the blood or in several situations the birds have lived in their houses so that there is no separation of the animal from the human. It brings on the fact that the viral challenge that maybe produced in an aerosol or fecal material or through cell associated transmissions would be substantial in the number of viral particles of the challenge so that the average person, if they are healthy, may not be adversely affected by the virus."

Dr. Savage also noted that those that were infected with the virus generally were able to pass it on to family members due to similar genomes.

- Continued on page 14 -

# La Société Schizophrène

Jessica Varin  
- Contributor -

I live in a city of contradictions.

Tunisia lies in North Africa at the crossroads of many cultures. Like its famous souks (markets), Tunis is a lively, colorful city of one million where there is always something to marvel at. Tunisia is simultaneously a secular, Muslim, Arab, Francophone country where new and old blend seamlessly. Needless to say, I spend a great deal of time trying to understand Tunisian culture.

Seven hours after arriving in the middle of the night, I woke up to the sound of car horns outside my window. I opened the shutters of my downtown hotel to catch my first glimpse of Tunis. Outside there were a number of taxis vying for position, people heading towards work, and a small traffic jam. None of these things are abnormal in a major metropolitan. Then I took a closer look at the people bustling about on the sidewalk. Below me women were walking by in Italian hot pants, business suits, and hejabs (veil worn by Muslim women). On the corner, a middle aged woman was adjusting her veil to fit under her motorcycle helmet. Young guys sporting their fake Dolce and Gabbana strutted past vendors offering a shoeshine.



Douglas Van Bossuyt / Chronicle Staff

La société schizophrène (the schizophrenic society) is how one Tunisian described his country.

A few weeks ago I went over to a friend's house for dinner and she showed me the World Heritage Site in her neighborhood. Today, remnants of the ancient city of Carthage are flanked by suburban Tunis.

This structural highlight is a perfect example of how Tunisian society operates. The traditional is valued, but progress is a major source of pride and joy. When Tunisia gained its independence from France in 1956, reform was swift in the legal sense. The effects of these changes can be seen today. When I visited an engineering school in Tunis, I was shocked to see that half of the software engineering students in a class were female.

For Tunisia, this is completely normal. Men and women have equal access to higher education in all fields and meritocracy reigns. Law specifies and demands gender equality in education and society has embraced it. In general, Tunisians will shout

from the mountaintops that men and women are equal in the Koran. Many believe that gender inequality in the



A Tunisian Cafe - Douglas Van Bossuyt / Chronicle Staff

Arab-Islamic world can be blamed on misinterpretation or a misunderstanding of Islam.

Unfortunately, as in the States, progress does not entirely eliminate discrimination. Harassment aimed at women is shameful but shamefully common. There are still unspoken social rules and games that dictate how each gender must behave. Finally, the hejab/halter top police occasionally attempt to control what girls and women should wear and how it should be worn.

Part of the beautiful confusion is created by strong ties to so many different cultures. The most apparent of these ties is linguistic. Tunisians have a habit of changing languages in the middle of a sentence. Switching languages is such a common practice that my Tunisian friends will slide from French to Arabic dialect only to stop when I stare at them blankly. It is not uncommon for a university student to speak three or four different languages. Thus, when I add English words to

augment my French no one blinks twice.

Another testament to the meshing of cultures is the influx of foreign music and film. Music videos are played at many pizzerias where American rappers and Egyptian pop princesses are the epitome of cool. A few years ago, Michael Jackson came for a concert which is still discussed today. In addition to American pop culture, our politics and foreign policy are also of interest in Tunisia. Tunisians do not typically discuss domestic politics. The country has had just two presidents in its fifty years as an independent, democratic state. The first president is a legend who was declared "president for life". The current president has a week long national holiday to celebrate his ascension.

Instead, the war in Iraq, the Israel-Palestine conflict, American elections, and French elections dominate the majority of conversations about politics. Immediately after someone finds out that I am American, the logical next step is to inquire about my country's politics. When I got into a taxi this afternoon, the driver discovered my nationality and proceeded to entertain me with his fervent praise of the Clinton administration and favorite candidates for the 2008 American presidency. The desire to have a voice knows no boundaries. For many Tunisians, global politics is the available outlet. One professor wisely noted that college students in every country read Sartre and Marx and proceed to become crazy with knowledge. I am constantly amazed by how much of this knowledge is directed towards global politics.

The complexity of Tunisia has shaped how I view the world. Humanity is not simple no matter



Horse Show - Douglas Van Bossuyt / Chronicle Staff

how much I want it to be.

Europe is not a utopia. Words such as Arab, Muslim, American, and Jewish can only mean so much. Perhaps I should applaud the schizophrenia. It forces me to fight through the complexities towards understanding. This is by no means a grandiose or innovative idea, but

I believe anyone can learn from it. So thanks, Tunisia. Thanks for the beautiful confusion.

### **Lesotho's Weather is Lovely This Time of Year**

If Corvallis' sunny summer weather has been getting you down, take a moment to consider that it's winter in the southern hemisphere. While you're fleeing the heat up here in the states, your fellow students in Australia and South Africa are out building snowmen and heading for the slopes.

Study abroad opportunities abound for the intrepid student. To find out more about the variety of programs that Oregon State has to offer, contact the International Education office at 444 Snell Hall or visit their website at:

<http://oregonstate.edu/international/>



# Le Ninja Enivré de Thala

The Drunken Ninja of Thala

by Douglas Van Bossuyt

My friend Xiyun and I once made a brief stopover in the small Tunisian town of Thala to change louages (shared long distance taxis) on our journey south to Kasserine. The first louage due to depart only had one seat free. After spending several minutes attempting to persuade the driver and the other passengers to grant both of us passage, a late-coming National Guard soldier wishing to leave immediately decided that we would wait.

Xiyun and I walked to the next louage in the queue for Kasserine. We hopped in the empty vehicle and settled down for a long wait. In smaller towns it can take all day before a louage has enough passengers to leave.

It began to snow. In spite of it being February, the snow struck us as a bit odd. Thala lies only 150km north of the Grand Erg Oriental, part of the Sahara Desert. The men standing around by the louages all wore what can best be described to westerners as Jedi cloaks and Jawa anoraks to blunt the cold. George Lucas, in his infinite wisdom, lifted large portions of Star Wars and the entire planet of Tatooine (a corruption of the town and district of Tataouine) from Tunisia. Everyone had their hoods up, protecting against

the inclement weather. Snow piled up in little mounds on top of the Jawas and Jedis. It was a whimsical sight in an otherwise dull town.

As we sat watching the snow fall, I observed a Jedi emerge from a nearby alleyway. This was no ordinary Jedi. He staggered a bit. The man meandered slowly down the street in our general direction. This particular Jedi had approached me earlier asking for money. I rebuffed his then-sober advances and kindly suggested he look elsewhere. Now, fortified with stiff drink, he was back. Our drunken Jedi stopped at the first louage he happened upon. He opened the door, poked his head inside, and asked for spare change. The women inside gave him a Dinar or two. He exited the louage, closed the door, pocketed the change, took a swig from a small bottle concealed in his cloak, and stumbled to the next louage. This repeated several times before he came to us.

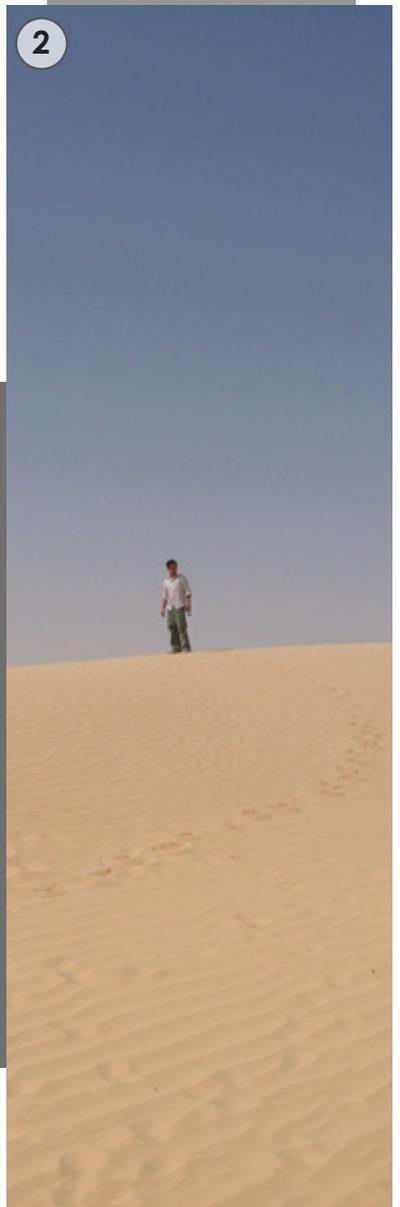
The intoxicated man slid the door open and stuck his head inside. Several seconds elapsed before he realized that we were not giving him money, and that Xiyun was not Tunisian, but in fact quite Asian. People with Asiatic features are a rare sight in Tunisia, especially in small, out-of-the-way places like Thala.

First in Arabic, and then French, he asked us for money. Likewise, first in Arabic, and then French, we told him to go away and leave us alone. In general, I don't like panhandlers but I will say this for him: he was honest. He informed us up-front that any money we gave him would be used to buy more alcohol. In spite of our protests, he plopped down next to me.

His breath reeked. The man brought a little white plastic bottle out and took a sip. He handed it to me for closer inspection. In French it was labeled "Burning Alcohol" which, I can only assume, is similar to American rubbing alcohol. The bottle sported markings indicating the poisonous nature of its contents. After another swig he realized that Xiyun and I both spoke English. He started asking Xiyun what Tokyo was like. Xiyun is not Japanese. She hails from Beijing, not Tokyo. Sadly, the distinction was lost upon our friend.

The conversation plodded along, periodically returning to the issue of money, until our new friend asked Xiyun what it was like being a Ninja. You see, our dear drunken Jedi's life-long ambition was to become a ninja. Tragically, as he labo-

- Continued on page 13 -



**Clockwise from top:**

(1) The remains of a station wagon provide fodder for some of Tunisia's many camels, (2) "OK, I give up. Where did you guys hide the swimming pool?", (3) German engineering at its best (on bricks), (4) camel romance at sunset.

Photos by Douglas Van Bossuyt



# KNIFE FIGHT

At the time of the knife fight, nine months after first arriving in Tunisia with only a rudimentary understanding of Arabic, I had integrated into Tunisian society and life. Not only could I buy alcohol on the black market on a Friday right alongside the Tunisians, but I also found myself able to converse at length in Arabic. I also discovered that I'm able to swear up a storm when the time is right.

I was in a knife fight in Tunisia. I'm fine, hamdullilah (God be praised). Thankfully I was quicker than the other guy and the girl wasn't hurt. It was a hot June day in the Tunis medina (old city center). I was accompanying two female college students through the covered souks (markets). They had just arrived a few hours earlier, fresh from America. One of them had never been off the farm before. Tunis was the largest city she ever visited. This girl had her camera dangling off her wrist when a man walked by, broke the strap, and took off running. I chased after him and caught up quickly when he wheeled around and tried to stab and slash me several times. Until he attempted to gut me I didn't realize he had a knife. He had it hidden in a piece of brown

paper. I started yelling for the police in Arabic. A panicked look filled his eyes as he realized I was not the average tourist. He took off again. I chased. I nearly had him when he tossed the camera aside. I let him go because, at that point, there was little reason for me to risk getting stabbed again. I yelled after him "Yatick Asbah" which means something like "I wish you had a penis". It's very bad in Tunisian Arabic. I swore a good deal more in Tunisian dialect as some men came running down to see what had happened. The men who came to our aid had a conversation in Arabic with me about the problem of the medina and the people. They wanted to make sure that we knew that all Tunisians weren't like that and that it was just one or two bad apples and it could happen anywhere in the world. It could have happened as easily on the streets of New York City, Paris, or Tunis.

The girl whose camera was stolen was very shaken up. We went back to the main tourist stretch between the Zeitouna Mosque and Portal de France and went into the first shop with a friendly looking salesman. I told him what happened and he took us in, had her sit down,

and gave her some water. We sat around and talked about what happened. I translated from Arabic into English for the girls and vice versa for the shop keeper. He helped calm the girl down (and helped calm me down too). I was really angry that such a thing could happen in Tunis. I told him over and over that I live in Tunis and that even though I'm from America I am Tunisian and that I'm really mad that one guy could give Tunisia and all Tunisians such a bad name. He asked if we wanted to go to the police and file a report. I said no. No one was hurt, no real damage was done, and the assailant was long gone. Who needs all the paperwork, right? We stayed in there about half an hour talking with the shopkeeper. He was very concerned. He said that in the last few months the medina had become a bit rougher, especially on Sunday afternoons when the streets are fairly deserted. He told us to come back another day and he'd make sure that we had a better time in the medina.

We revisited our shopkeeper friend a few days later. There were no knives and there was no swearing. We had a much better day in the medina.



# Ninja: The Saga Continues

- Continued from page 10 -  
riously recounted, “the man” kept him down and he had yet to realize his ninja dreams. Xiyun, always up for a bit of fun and still smarting from the nationality misidentification, began to describe a rather entertaining code of ninja ethics. The driver came by and shooed our ninja-wannabe out of the lounge. We thanked him and went back to idly observing the snow.

Wrapped tightly in his cloak, the driver ambled back to a nearby coffee shop. The ninjaczared town drunk, sensing an opportunity to learn more about the ninja way, rejoined us in the lounge.



Douglas Van Bossuyt, Jedi on Exchange - Jason Siefken / Contributor

During our brief respite, Xiyun informed me that I was to continue to keep distance between her and our friend. She was rightly concerned that the cigarette she was smoking—a smooth, full flavored Mars Light, the finest of Tunisian brands—might ignite the man’s breath. He came back slightly more intoxicated than before.

After a brief continuance of the ninja-themed conversation, our

friend took another nip from the bottle of burning alcohol and promptly lost the ability to speak English. The man now switched into French. Xiyun, far more fluent than me, translated the bits I didn’t understand between stifled fits of laughter. He rambled on and on about his burning desire to join the ninja order and fight “the man.” (Surely he could not have been referring to Ben Ali, beloved president of Tunisia!) I believe this man had seen one too many Jackie Chan films. Another nip from the bottle and his French was lost. I found myself pressed into service translating for the beyond-bemused and now slightly-irritated Xiyun

on, of all topics, how to be a ninja. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined that my mediocre Arabic would be put to such a weighty task!

With our assistance, the town drunk fully explored the finer points of ninja life that day in Thala. Finally, as the snow let up a bit, a strapping young National Guardsman came to wait in the lounge. He politely but forcefully removed our ninja-in-training and sat down to wait with us out of the weather. The drunken Jedi staggered off into the snow having met his first in-the-flesh “Japanese ninja.” He was now ready to follow the ninja (忍者) way.

# Generalism

- Continued from p. 23 -  
ally love to read for pleasure). I am also learning to play the guitar, and (as you may have guessed) gaining writing experience by writing and editing for the Chronicle. These are some of my favorite things, but they all fall into very different categories. They give me plenty to do and the variety allows me to focus on different activities without giving up what I love doing.

Don’t get me wrong: one person cannot do everything. I don’t advocate spending 7 days a week being involved in 30 activities, but having a healthy amount of stuff to do is a good thing.

In spite of all my railing, however, people who have a specific field of study are part of what advances human society. They are a vital part of our society: people like OSU alum Linus Pauling and radioactivity pioneer Marie Curie, or writers like Ernest Hemingway and Robert Heinlein. Some people are simply born to specialize in something. Think of those people who have always known what they want to do, and want nothing more than to be veterinarians or doctors. And we definitely want our doctors to be specialists to the exclusion of everything else, don’t we?

Unfortunately, there aren’t many paths for a pure Generalist to take upon completing his or her education. So until that becomes an option, find one of your many interests and try to turn it into something that you can stand specializing in. But never neglect those other areas that you love.

—David Shapiro

**Did you know: Whales are delicious! See page 16 for The Chronicle’s recipes.**

# Pandemic: Procedures Exist for Outbreaks

- Continued from p. 7 -

Is it safe then to assume that if I live away from birds and none of my relatives are sick I can ignore this threat? The answer is no. If the H5N1 virus is allowed to live, it will mutate very quickly due to its quick reproduction cycle. If avian flu is allowed to continue, then there is a greater chance of it crossing the genetic bridge between animals and humans. For example, "In their efforts[,] countries will sometimes try to prepare a vaccine to thwart the effects of the virus. When you do that you are giving a greater repository for that virus to survive." This means that the vaccinated bird can carry the disease without becoming sick, but enables it to pass the virus

on to other non-vaccinated birds. As it does so the virus will mutate, gaining defenses and immunity so that the same vaccine will have no effect in the future. "If so, then a person's genotype for resistance could be compromised depending upon how the virus functions in the host cell" (Dr. Savage).

In order to lower the chance of future pandemics, the WHO has set rules and objectives so that countries worldwide have a template to follow. There are five rules and 6 phases. The rules are Planning and Coordination, Situation monitoring and assessment, Prevention and Containment, Health system response, and Communication. These five rules are applied each time to the phases,

starting with Phase 1 as low priority and Phase 6 as a pandemic. Once a virus has become a pandemic, the WHO facilitates communication between various countries, assists in medical supplies, and coordinates global surveillance.

What can you do to protect yourself and everybody around you? Proper hygiene is the key. Wash your hands after going to the bathroom and before eating, don't put your hand near your mouth, stay away from feces, and cook your food completely. If you're traveling, research of any diseases that are rampant in the area. Wear long-sleeved shirts, pants, and insect repellent if in tropics to minimize contact with an infected insect.

The Chronicle wants your scribblings and photos! Submit to the UHC office, 229 Strand Hall

## Shapiro: Writes like Faulkner

- Continued from p. 4 -

seems to be bringing a full stop to the writing abilities of Western culture as a whole; why learn how to use our wonderfully expressive language to its full extent when you can write short clipped sentences, as per Hemingway (who despite his reputation as a short sentence kind of guy – and is thus on my bad list for his overuse of the period – did know how to write without abusing the full stop, making use of the other wonderful syntactic devices of the English language); instead, take a page from Faulkner and write page-long sentences, and send your editors a page full of periods with instructions to put them where they will, and in so doing, strike a blow at the most nefarious of a punctuation marks). Period.

## Hill: Chronicle Staff is the Best

- Continued from page 4 -

him anti-science, but he did learn that context and application has a lot to do with it. In this case, it's not so much knowledge itself as it is the application of that knowledge that is dangerous.

And now for the romance. Okay, I'll be honest with you. There's really not a lot of romance in epistemology (and I don't think you'll accept the fact that I'm in love with epistemology as an example of true romance). Still, you've read this far, so there's no point in leaving now. There is, however, adventure.

The adventure comes from the search itself. It doesn't come from finding answers to everything; it's quite the opposite. The adventure begins when you are willing to question all answers and find more

questions in the process. It reminds me of an old and beloved joke: Why do Jews answer every question with a question? Why shouldn't they?

So the next time someone asks me what I do, I may very well answer this way: "What do I do? Why, I live a life of adventure, danger, and romance." That sounds so much more interesting than research, analysis, and writing. Or I could respond metaphorically and say that I'm involved in hunting, dismembering, and resurrecting. Or, to borrow a phrase from St. Paul, I could tell them I am involved in faith, hope, and love. At least these are the stages my students go through. They must have faith that their research will provide them with material, they hope their analyses will back up their hypotheses, and I know for a fact they love to write. Right?

# Ode to the Mechanical Pencil

Poem and Translation by Kelsey Edwardsen

Inspired by Pablo Neruda

Innovador.  
Traductor de mi mente  
y matemático genio.  
La pagina vacía,  
los cuadritos  
verdes:  
crece en ti  
la gráfica  
elegante.  
Creído por  
el plomo duro,  
la línea se nace  
curvada y fluyente,  
marcando el promedio  
de vista  
en las grafica de datos.  
¡Como te necesito!

Pero no puedo  
rechazar,  
abandonar,  
su capacidad  
de manifestar el arte  
¡O artista inspirado!  
Sus dibujos,  
marcados en el tiempo,  
y hechos por  
su cuerpo delgadito  
se me hace volar.

¡O compositor sinfónico!  
¿Cuantos tonos ha creído?,  
que regala la paz,  
la soledad,  
el consuelo,  
a todos que tocan,  
saborean,  
y escuchan a sus  
compases perfectos.

Mi mano,  
aceptador gracioso  
de su poder universal.  
¿Como utilizaré el mágico?  
Sin que yo sea digna,  
juntaremos en matrimonio.

Innovator.  
Translator of my mind  
and genius mathematician.  
The blank page,  
the small green  
squares:  
what grows through  
you is the  
elegant graph.  
Created from  
the strong lead,  
the line is born  
curved and fluid  
marking averages  
by sight  
in graphs of data.  
How I need you!

But I cannot  
refuse,  
abandon,  
thy capacity  
to manifest art.  
Oh inspired artist!  
Your sketches,  
captured in time,  
and made by  
your slender body  
makes me soar.

Oh symphonic composer!  
How many notes have you created,  
which give peace,  
solitude,  
solace,  
to all that touch,  
taste,  
and listen to your  
perfect measures?

My hand  
gracious acceptor  
of your universal power.  
How shall I use the magic?  
Unworthy as I may be,  
let us join in matrimony.

# Slug Coroner

*Overheard in the SLUG:*

*Match these quotes to the people below, then drop us a line to let us know. If you get them all matched right, you will be entered in the Chronicle's fabulous prize drawing!*

*"I have the strongest kidneys in the University."*

*"It was a crowded street -- homicide wasn't an option."*

*"I'm too busy to write for the Chronicle!"*

Looking for a challenge? Log on to SCF301 in the SLUG and try to beat my high score in the game

## SOLAR WOLF

If you can top it, I will buy you lunch!

-Timothy Karplus

*"I'm not creative enough to think of a quote."*

*"I'm not a team player."*

*Overheard in the SLUG:*

Marilyn Freedman  
Amanda Kraus  
Alyson Kraus  
Douglas Van Bossuyt  
RJ Zaworski

## TWO SOLDIERS - Crystal Ni

I was born in Kohomo, Indiana,  
*where the corn fields shine like gold in summer, blossom into green in spring.*

I grew up with toy soldiers, little red wagons, and fresh-cut grass on the front lawn,  
*with frolicking pals, metal lunchboxes, and girls in pigtails and ribbons.*

I am of Austrian, Italian, Scandanavian in heritage,  
*A true American in heart, mind, and spirit.*

I grew up believing in freedom, liberty, and privilege for all.  
*Where everyone is equal, with courage and with faith.*

I grew up believing in America.  
*So did I.*

Where is America now?  
*Why is she hiding from us?*

Is she hiding in the illicit documents of the Agency?  
*Behind the red cherrywood desk of the President?*

Or from the evil eye of the greedy corporation,  
*or is she hiding in the hearts of us common citizens?*

My brothers, nephews, and college friends,  
*My father, uncles, professors, myself included,*

We are now all the same, in uniform and motion,  
*soldiers, comrades,*

Fighting in an uncommon war,  
*fighting for something no one understands.*

A war is supposed to unite a people under one common cause,  
*The pain and trauma a soldier faces*

Why are we fighting this war,  
*But we all suffer, fight, carry a burden,*

I do not know.  
*for the sake of our, my country.*

My brother came home without his arm,  
*We must fight for what is right,*

Without his soul,  
*it is our duty as being part of America.*

numb, inside and out, his eyes a blank stare,  
*If we love our country, our freedom,*

a zombie witness to the horror of war.  
*our life, our liberties,*

I do not believe in America,  
*we must believe in America.*

not anymore.  
*A true and brave heart*

The America I knew,  
*fight for what he believes in.*

has died and gone away.  
*I believe in America, I fight for America.*

I am a soldier,  
*As am I,*

A soldier who left.  
*A soldier who fights.*

# So This Baby Seal Walks Into a Club

Douglas Van Bossuyt  
- *The Chronicle* -

While visiting Norway a few years back, I got the opportunity to sample a delicacy rare outside of Scandinavia and Japan. Whale goulash is a dish not to be missed! Aside from being perfectly situated at the end of a fjord to be destroyed by a landslide-generated tsunami, the small community of Rognan also is the home of my friend, Frode, and his family. One day while Frode and I were walking along the fjord, Frode said, "I think you need to try whale. What is a visit to Norway without whale goulash?" Before I knew it, Frode, his mom, and me were driving down the fjord to an old woman's house to pick up some fresh-caught whale meat. That night, in the great silent north, we feasted on whale goulash while watching the Norwegian nightly news. The whale meat was amazing. With the texture of beef but containing a richness that I had never before encountered, it truly is a meat that must be tried rather than explained.

Some might say, "but Douglas! Whales are endangered! How could you eat Shamoo or Keiko?" I answer that with what some of my Norwegian friends told me. According to them, whales are endangered in most parts of the world but in Norway there are too many whales and if they aren't periodically culled, they will eat all of the salmon. Since Norwegians hate to be wasteful, they eat the whales in tasty dishes such as whale goulash. Japan appears to be much the same way. Needing whales for scientific experiments, they don't let any part go to waste once they've been caught. I hear that whale sushi is another delicacy that must not be missed. Next time I'm in Japan, nothing will stop me from trying some good whale sushi.

In case you ever stumble upon fresh whale meat, or even a decomposing whale carcasse on the beach, the staff of the Chronicle has included some whale recipes. Our motto is: Always be prepared to cook whale!

## Whale Recipe #1

3/4 kilo whale meat  
250 g onions  
75 g margarine or butter  
2 tbs tomato purée  
200 ml water  
1 1/2 tsp salt  
1/4 tsp paprika

Melt the margarine in a frying pan, slice the onion and brown it. Remove from pan and set aside. Cut the meat into slices, brown in the pan and put in a cooking pot or stew pan with the onions. Boil the water, stir in the tomato purée, salt and paprika and pour over the meat. Cook slowly for 14 to 30 minutes, or until the meat is tender. Serve with potatoes.

## Whale Recipe #2

3/4 kilo whale meat  
50 g margarine  
3-4 onions  
2-3 tbs water  
Salt, pepper, garlic powder

Cut the meat into very thin slices (1/2 cm thick or so). Brown quickly in a dry pan (no oil). Remove meat and melt the margarine and brown the sliced onions in it. Remove from the pan, add the water and cook the meat slices in the water for 2-3 minutes. Flavour with salt and spices. Serve with potatoes and a salad.

*Editors' note: Douglas' article and the accompanying recipes have been cooked up in response to claims that the Chronicle lacks controversy. In actuality, we would never condone the controversial use of whales for culinary purposes. We've always preferred panda anyway. ☺*



A plate of tender whale goulash - Douglas Van Bossuyt / The Chronicle

III  
IV  
VI V

# A Treatise on the Contextual Implications of Music on Enlightenment

by Matt Jager

It is interesting to me how music has no color and yet has the ability to paint such vivid pictures. Music in itself transcends the superficial, because it has no such visible outer layer. It has no facade. Only when associated with words, images, and people can the boundaries be drawn, the demographics associated, and the genres manifested. Music can be made singular and superficial by association, but it is universal in its own right. It does not care of color, because it has no color. It deals only in space and time. It is the manifestation of soul without the bias of sight. It is like a reverse first impression. It is getting to know a person's hopes, dreams, and fears, before ever seeing their face. Through music we can see people as they are meant to be seen. Not as colors, possessions, demographics, hairstyles, trends, jobs, skeletons and piles of flesh, but as hearts, souls, and ideas. We can see inner beauty, because there is no outer layer to get in the way.

Every note is unique. It has its own style, grace, and intelligence, but it is truly defined by intervals. It finds itself and its purpose in its relationship to the other notes. It finds its place in the chord and the shape of the melody as it drifts by. Its indi-

viduality manipulates the whole and the product of the movement, of the flow, of the greater idea, and ultimately the song that is a part of. Unarguably invaluable in its own right, and in absolute submission to the greater idea, each note is at once a contradiction and an exclamation that self is defined by the whole. Through this simultaneous individuality and cooperation, a note has the ability to influence the song and form an idea, a movement, a revolution. Through this greater understanding it has the ability to create change, manipulate relationships. Through this sonic collaboration, power is achieved. Not the power of force and hatred, but the power of understanding and love. By understanding the contradiction, the contradicting elements are united in a way that defines change not as the difference of two opposing forces, the stronger one inflicting change and the weaker resisting, but as the sum, both working together to create something that is neither the victory and expression of one over the other, but a brilliant combination that encompasses all visions. The manifestation of this transcendence is truly love in its purest form, and it is stronger than any contradiction.



Masses of UHC Students invading downtown Ashland. Our coverage continues on p. 20 - Douglas Van Bossuyt / The Chronicle

---

# A Math Major Speaks Out On Mathematicians Named Max

Max Brugger  
- Contributor -

I've been a math major for a while now, going on three years, so I've seen my fair share of trippy theorems – results so strange or convoluted that it takes months if not years to fully grasp their form and function. So, in watching “Pi”, a movie about a number, I didn't think they'd have far to go to grasp some strange and powerful result around which the movie could hinge. Well, they did. Take it really far, that is. They took it really really far.

“Pi” is a movie about a 216-digit number that can simultaneously predict the stock market and also, oh, you know, bring about the Rapture. Also, the mathematician who has discovered the secrets of this number, a man named Max Cohen, is some form of paranoid psychotic, is hopped up on an eclectic bucket of pills, and is being pursued by Kabbalist Jews, a cutthroat stock market firm, and the demons of his own nightmares. It's unclear throughout the movie just how crazy he really is, because all sorts of bizarre, impossible things keep happening that seem to be real, within the confines of the movie. Max runs a program on his 80s supercomputer, and it starts predicting the stock market. He sounds increasingly crazy whenever he talks to other people, but occasionally something he says starts to make sense. It then quickly dissolves into madness, but

for that brief second you wonder if maybe he's onto something. Given the content of the movie, to catch oneself thinking something like that is disturbing, to say the least.

The movie is very stylized – it's all in black and white, and the camera makes lots of swift cuts, and oh! the music! The music is a thick blur of techno and pulsating rhythms that whisper creepily. In fact, the style of the movie really appealed to me – the weirdness of it all and the feeble action story plot postured beneath everything and the dreamlike feel of the scenes – it really felt like the right way to go for a movie about a paranoid man who thought he had discovered the secret to life, the universe, and everything (my apologies to Douglas Adams), or at least to the stock market.

Where I take exception to the movie, though, is in its presentation of advanced mathematics. At several points throughout the movie, Max, “restates his beliefs”:

1. *Mathematics is the language of nature.*
2. *Everything around us can be represented and understood through numbers.*
3. *If you graph these numbers, patterns emerge. Therefore: There are patterns everywhere in nature.*

Well, that's cool. But I think it's kind of a stretch, and that's one of his more sane lines. Yeah, sure, there are laws to nature, but to confuse those laws with numbers is

weird, and a misunderstanding on a base level as to what numbers do. Numbers are just the results of computations, or representations of data. Now, variables and theorems, that's where it's at. A number only means what you've said it means – at least a theorem makes a statement about some sort of mathematical object or relationship. And don't even get me started about how the movie misrepresents chaos. You know one of the main tenets of chaos theory? That given any sort of sufficiently complex system, not only is it just really difficult to predict behavior, but mathematically impossible to predict behavior with any accuracy at all. I don't know precisely what it means to be sufficiently complex but I imagine that if anything is sufficiently complex, chief among them are the stock market, and the timing of the Rapture. If they aren't covered by the definition, then we may as well throw out the definition entirely.

But as much as the movie pretends to have a grounding in reality, it really doesn't, contrary to what some people might have thought. Once you get past that, you can enjoy the freaky dream sequences on the subway, and you can shield your eyes in that last scene, knowing full well that it is just a movie. If you're into this kind of heavily stylized movie, I do recommend seeing it. Just don't expect to learn much about mathematics.

---

**Editors' note:** *Math is a dangerous business, and when the crowd down in The Slug cried out for a review of a math movie we sent for the only man we could trust with this harrowing assignment: Max Brugger. True to form, he came back the next day dragging the article that you have just finished reading.* ☺



# Shakespeare plays Ashland

Honors College Students  
- Unwitting Chronicle Contributors -

TOUCHSTONE: A jester am I, with wit good and plenty. You may notice how I take advantage of any and all homonyms and homophones in the English language to play off others' sentences and otherwise attempt to steal the scene. Sometimes I go off on long tangents where I use a similar syntax for several sentences in a row. All of these devices are thought to be very clever and funny. Oh! Someone's coming.

ZANGLER: I have recently acquired a new hand to help me with my duties around the house! Note that what I have just said can be misconstrued as having sexual connotations. This is very funny! Also, my clothes are tight!

TOUCHSTONE: You are also tight-fisted when it comes to your clothes. Note that I have roundaboutly implied that Zangler is a stingy individual, but using words that he himself used in a previous sentence.

ZANGLER: That wasn't actually very funny.

TOUCHSTONE: Ah, but that which is funny may not merit a laugh, and that which is laughable may not merit applause, but that which merits applause always merits a grin, and that which merits a grin –

ZANGLER: Where are you going with this?

MELCHIOR: I don't know, but this is just classic!

ZANGLER: When did you get here?

MELCHOIR: Nobody really knows, but I always show up at the most inconvenient and awkward times! Oh, what a riot! Also, I repeatedly use the same word to describe all manner of different types of situations. Classic!

COACHMAN: I'll tell you what's classic. Large buttocks and sexual intercourse!

TOUCHSTONE: Now, the coachman is a

tricky character to get. Rather than cleverly imply some sort of innuendo with a pun or play on words like most characters, he simply makes overtly sexual comments. This is funny because it makes the entire audience uncomfortable.

MELCHOIR: Classic!

ZANGLER: Do you notice my spurs? They've only been clanging around making horrendous amounts of noise for the last twenty minutes.

FIRS: I can't hear what you're saying, but what I thought you might've said reminds me of a story. I am very old! You may choose to laugh at my quirkiness and forgetfulness, but in the end you are laughing at your own horrible fate as a human with a finite lifespan. In one sense, you should probably not laugh at the play I'm in at all.

LOPAKHIN: Yes, the play we are in is mostly just frustrating, watching those poor aristocrats wasting away their hours instead of taking steps to solve their problems. But I guess that that's kind of funny too. The real joke is, that we, watching the play, don't fully comprehend how silly, stupid, and pointless our temporal existence is.

(A moment of stunned, sober, silence)

ORLANDO: I am in love with the fair Rosalind! Silly and pointless my existence may be, but all this would be remedied if only Rosalind would be with me!  
— Tim Karplus

*Every spring, the Ashland trip offers Honors students a chance to experience world-class theatre production firsthand. The experience concludes with students creating their own short plays, several of which are published here. For more information on the class, contact [honors.college@oregonstate.edu](mailto:honors.college@oregonstate.edu)*



*Author's note: this scene is similar to the lengthy monologues that Leonid Gayev tends to fall into in the play The Cherry Orchard. Leonid's character is a bit eccentric as he often rants about nothing important and frequently verbalizes billiard shots at random and incongruous moments. During his rants, he digresses to other subjects and would probably continue speaking for much longer if other characters did not stop him. Near the beginning of the play, Leonid makes a speech to an old bookshelf that might have been appropriate as a toast to a person at their birthday or wedding anniversary. The fact that the speech is about an inanimate object makes Leonid seem very odd and is a comic point in the play. I want to take this strange character and have him give a speech in the modern day about one of my favorite inanimate objects: The toaster oven.*

*(Leonid is in the kitchen with his sister and many of their friends. They have been drinking wine and speaking gaily together.)*

Leonid:

You all know this toaster oven has been in the family for many, many years now.

My honored toaster oven!

You have been hot for some time now (a slight laugh)  
Your door has been opened and each time you have delivered delicious treats from within.

You are not just a toaster, and not just an oven.

You have the best of both worlds and that makes you superior to the others.

The conduct in which you have carried yourself has been befitting of royalty.

Oh ruler of the kitchen appliances!

You have always given to those who ask for help and yet you maintain your authority.

The hot bars of your rack have scolded the fingers of many who have carelessly snacked.

Let people fear and love you for you can bring both pain and pleasure.

Let those who can wield your power be rewarded with a perfectly toasted bagel.

You, who have melted away the frost of the freezer

and ushered in a new warm era.

You, along with your friend the microwave, have discovered a way to make leftovers tolerable. And for that, I commend you!

And thank you!

Thank you for the toast

Thank you for the bagels

Thank you for the fish sticks, nachos, toasted sandwiches, pop tarts, and french fries

All toasted to a light crispy brown.

When I eat an English muffin right after a good toasting and a quick spread of butter [pause]

MMMM, MMM!!!

Why, it's almost better than billiards. Double in the corner.... Across the middle...

Toaster Oven. Truly, you are my favorite appliance..... [Realization that he is ranting]

I'm so sorry. I'm doing it again. I just can't help it. I love cinnamon toast.

It's just the right amount of sweet....and perfect for an afternoon snack.

Oh yes of course, I'm not shutting up. I say such silly things and I don't realize it until later.

Thank you for stopping me. I am silent. I am silent.

— Jaime Junell



The

# Cherry Play



*Scene 1: In the orchard amongst the trees*

BING: I see the mistress and her daughter have returned.

LAMBERT: Maybe someone will finally figure out how to pay down that debt so we don't all get sold.

VAN: My, wouldn't that be nice? All anyone can seem to do around here is whine and complain.

*Scene 2: In the orchard amongst the trees, several weeks later*

VAN: Do you see that? The peasant fellow wants to cut us down to save the estate!

BING: Preposterous! We're in the encyclopedia. How can they cut us down? If it weren't for us, there would be nothing of value on this estate.

LAMBERT: You forget, Bing, that some nincompoop lost the recipe.

BING: What recipe?

LAMBERT: You know, the one they used to use to preserve our fruit for sale in Moscow.

VAN: If it hadn't been for the freedom, we wouldn't have this problem. The formula would never have been lost.

LAMBERT: If it hadn't been for the freedom, the peasants would still be dumping the ashes of their dead in amongst our trunks! There are enough souls with hollow eyes and open mouths floating about here as it is. We certainly don't need anymore.

BING: Quite right! If it weren't for that river taking away the living as well as the dead, we'd never get any peace and quiet.

VAN: Oh, look! The mistress and her brother don't want to cut us down! We're saved!

LAMBERT: You idiot. They still don't have the money to save us. Mark my words, that peasant will buy this place if the mistress can't come up with the

money and cut us down just the same.

VAN: I can always hope. Getting cut down is a bad way to go.

*Scene 15: The cherry orchard, woodsmen chopping.*

\*THWACK THWACK THWACK\*

BING: Oh god, oh god, the woodsmen are coming closer! Do you see? They just felled Rainier!

VAN: I never thought we would die before Firs, the old man.

LAMBERT: Look out, Van! There's one right behind you!

\*woodsman swings at VAN\*

VAN: (screams) AHHH! THE PAIN, THE PAIN!

\*VAN falls to the ground\*

— Kimmy Lyon  
and Douglas Van Bossuyt



"The Globe Theatre II" / "Where it all went down" - Douglas Van Bossuyt / The Chronicle

# Generalism as a way of Life

Or: A rationalization for exploratory studying

Dear Readers,

You may ask yourselves, why is this supposedly reputable organization being run by a bunch of mechanical engineers? The short answer is that we're the ones who volunteered. The long answer is that we're more than mechanical engineers. Between us, we speak about 5 different languages, play several musical instruments, have a collective 15 years of college education, rock climb, teach karate, and have numerous other eccentric hobbies. In short, we're not exactly what you might call specialists.

In every facet of life, moderation is the holy grail of happiness and health. Eat in moderation, sleep in moderation, exercise in moderation, be happy but not manic, and don't obsess over anything too much. Yet, here in college, we're asked to throw all of that out of the window and become a radical, an expert in something (if we expect to graduate). The Baccalaureate Core requirements are supposed to offset this, but does anyone really take them seriously? Who actually remembers most of what they learned in some of those classes? S/Uing the class is often an option, or the class is so simple and basic that there's no real motivation to really learn anything. This focus and specialization builds a very narrow base for the pyramid of knowledge that we're trying to construct.

I believe strongly in a concept that I'm going to call Generalism (capitalized because I believe it is that important). A review of my list of activities would tend to make an objective observer think I'm an

overachiever. Nothing could be further from the truth. (I believe wholeheartedly in doing the minimum amount of work necessary). However, I do believe in having a life that is full, varied, and interesting.

I may be nominally declared as a mechanical engineering major, but anyone who has ever talked to me about it will tell you that I'd be very happy in the University Exploratory Studies Program (the fancy name for having an undeclared major). I'm working towards minors in both english and chemistry, which are more or less completely unrelated to engineering. Given a choice of things to study for the pure unadulterated hell of studying, my list would run the gamut from French language to quantum mechanics and most everything in between. I'll actually be able to fit many of these in before my stay here at the university is up, but not in the depth that I would like.

Generalism, as I'm defining it, is simply cultivating a broad base of interests and education. But why? What good does it do? Author Peter Borden once said, "Most advances in science come when a person for one reason or another is forced to change fields". This allows someone to look with fresh,

unbiased eyes upon something that may have stymied people for years. There's nothing more frustrating than a beginner or outsider looking at a problem you've been struggling with and deftly solving it at first glance, but it is a real phenomenon. In a similar fashion, I believe that a general education and knowledge base allows one to adapt or ex-



The Author, Zen Master and Troubador - Gene Conley / Contributor

trapolate in the face of a challenge or problem. Having a wider, more varied base allows one to see connections that aren't always readily apparent. I can't count how many times my biology, health, and (believe it or not) economics classes have overlapped in relevant ways this term.

I firmly believe that this ideal of Generalism should apply to all areas of life. I'm a black belt in karate (and general martial arts enthusiast), a snowboarder, and recreational Frisbee player. I love video games, but I'm equally content to curl up with a good book (despite being an English minor, I still actu-

- Continued on page 13 -

## University Honors College

Oregon State University  
229 Strand Hall  
Corvallis, OR 97331-2221  
RETURN SERVICE REQUESTED

Non-Profit Org.  
U.S. Postage  
**PAID**  
Corvallis, OR  
Permit No. 200



# Meet Your Honors College Staff



**Beth Dittman**

Elizabeth “Beth” Dittman received her undergraduate education at Willamette University, in Salem, OR, where she studied psychology and music and received her bachelor of the arts. She has joined the Oregon State community this fall to study College Student Service Administration in pursuit of her Masters in Education.

She currently works as the graduate teaching assistant at the UHC, a role that includes work in academic and group advising, program facilitation and planning, and support of McNary hall, the UHC-sponsored residence.

Her interests include singing and of note, she was part of a group from Willamette University that sang at Carnegie Hall in May 2006. She also enjoys running, baking, travel, and time with family. Beth is married to a University of Oregon law student and currently lives in Eugene. She loves to meet new people, especially students, and learn their stories, passions, and goals. She welcomes ideas and feedback from any student about how she can make the UHC experience more positive and meaningful!

Sometimes “investigative journalism” just means that it’s time to whip out the bug spray.

The logo for CHRONICLE, featuring a large, stylized letter "C" followed by the word "HRONICLE" in a bold, sans-serif font. The background of the entire page is a photograph of a person in a dark jacket and pants, crouching on a paved surface at night, holding a bright flashlight that illuminates the ground.