

Pulse Editor:
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Pulse forever

Monday, June 9, 2003

It's time to say 'fuck'

Well, it's been a good run. If I die tomorrow, I'll take comfort in knowing there are copious printed inches of Mason-abilia littered across cyberspace and various bathroom floors. But the self-serving good-bye column? God save us all.

I suppose, however, that a number of important things have been left hitherto unsaid. Looking back on my four illustrious years at the Emerald, I've lived a life of privilege and prestige. But I still have a number of qualms that should be voiced:



Mason West
Selling out

1. The original iMac computers making their last stand in the Emerald office should be rounded up and placed in some manner of computer death camp. They are slow, temperamental and ugly. I ordered a computer, not a Jolly Rancher. And where the hell is the floppy drive?!

2. You readers never see this side of the biz, but in an effort to fact check, reporters must place a "CQ" by every piece of verified information. Its intentions are good, but my editor Jacquelyn has taken it too far. I have had to CQ our own paper's name, the names of fellow staff members and yes, even "Jesus." If anybody ever misspells "Jesus," they are immediately sent to hell — otherwise known as an iMac death camp.

3. The problem with being a reporter is that you have to, like, talk to people. That's why I became a columnist. But still, if I'm the only Pulse person in the office, I have to take phone calls from annoying PR agents hocking some author touring for their book about the oppression of pineapples. It's sad really, but unless you send me stickers, I don't care.

4. Because we have 50 columnists on the Pulse desk this year, I am only printed every other week. I wrote every week and the odd columns appeared online. I do this pro bono even though nobody here reads them. Of course, that's providing they even get online. I'm not pointing fingers, but *someone* is consistently late in posting my columns. Not that you care anyway, but when you're doing something just because you love it and people poop on your tender heart, it really hurts. Sniff.

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The art of graduation

Graduate relates math, music

Ayisha Yahya
Freelance Editor

When she isn't making music, graduating senior Rose Whitmore may be busy playing with numbers. Whitmore is double majoring in math and music performance and will graduate with honors from the School of Music with a 4.01 GPA on Saturday.

Whitmore will receive three awards from the department: Outstanding performer in Keyboard, outstanding scholar in Music History, and outstanding undergraduate Scholar in Music.

She said there are many parallels between the seemingly disparate majors. In both fields one has to take the time to practice the skills.

"(Math) is not impossible, per se, you just have to put time to do it," she said. "Just like music, you have to practice."

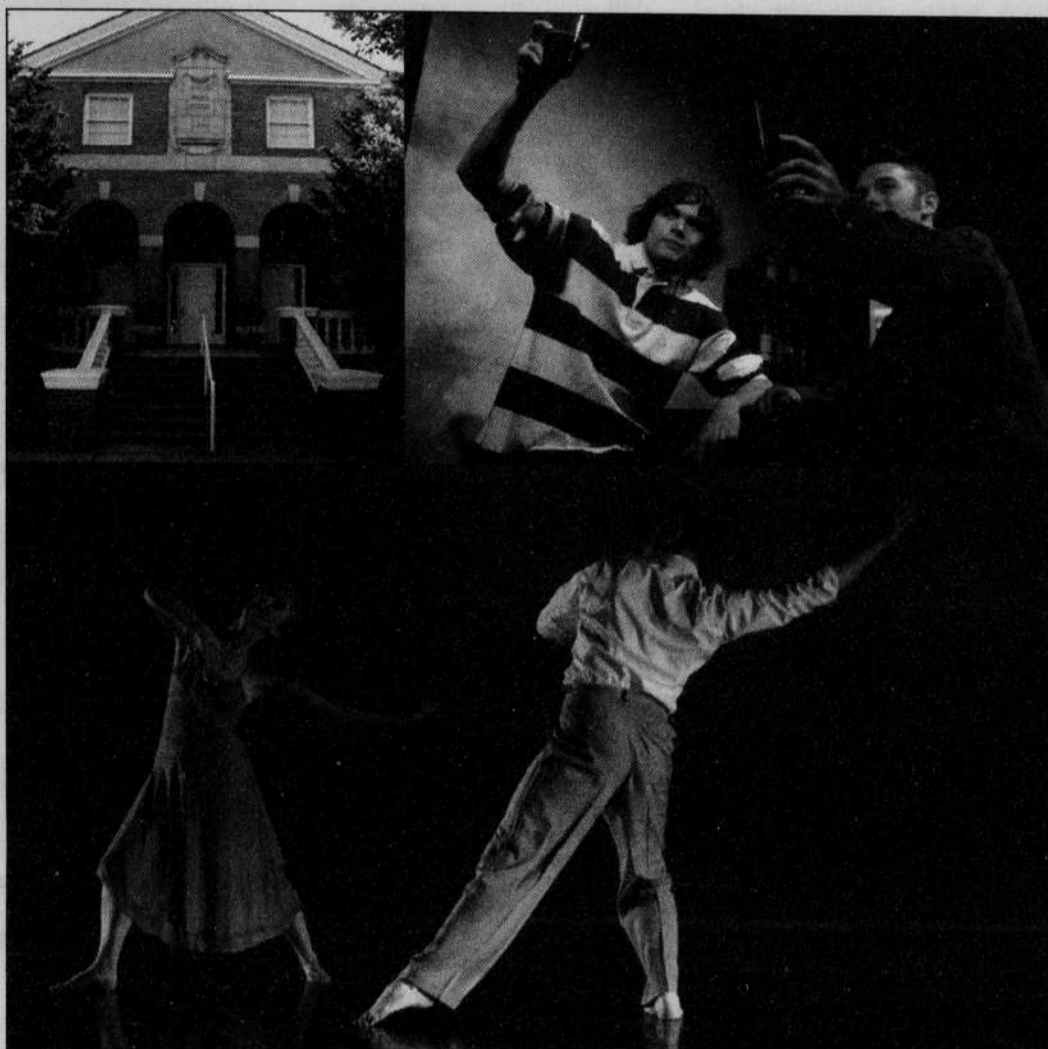
And in both areas she said she allows herself to be completely engaged in her work.

"For me playing, it's being very present where I am, and being very conscious of what I play," she said. "For math too, it's being very conscious of all the details."

Whitmore has written several articles about the links between music and math in the math department newsletter Hilbert Space.

Whitmore began studying the organ at the University four years ago. Her musical affair began 12 years earlier when she started to play the piano.

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Emerald

Music graduates often decide to teach music; theater graduates go into acting, producing or directing; eight students are graduating from the dance department this term.

'Devoted' theater grad wants to produce films

Ryan Bornheimer
Senior Pulse Reporter

Windy Borman didn't set out to be an overachiever — it's simply in her nature.

"I'm one of these people that if I don't have a lot of stuff to do, I just don't know what to do with my free time," Borman said.

The senior has definitely made the most of her time at the University, successfully juggling two majors — theater arts and electronic media — as well as a post as the UO Cultural Forum's performing arts coordinator, to emerge as a driving creative force not only on campus, but in the city at large.

Borman is one of 16 seniors graduating from the Department of Theatre Arts at 3 p.m. Saturday in the Robinson Theatre.

In just the past two years, Borman has produced and directed a staging of "The Vagina Monologues," organized renowned poet Maya

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Dance grad dreams of having dance studio

Jacquelyn Lewis
Pulse Editor

University dance majors spend their college years enduring rigorous exercises — both physical and mental. And this term, eight undergraduate dancers will see their efforts come to fruition. Graduation is finally here, and the Department of Dance commencement will take place at 3 p.m. Saturday in Beall Hall.

Department Chair Jenifer Craig said this year's graduating class, small in comparison to other departments' classes, is actually larger than usual for the dance department. She added that while dance majors often go on to choose many different career paths, all the 2003 graduates have realistic shots at performing careers.

Craig said dance major Carrie Boulton, who will serve as the School of Music's graduation flag bearer, was a particular standout in the past few years, given her academic success, dance performances and positive attitude.

Boulton, originally from Lewiston, Idaho, was a member of this

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We leave our own legacies behind, no matter what we do

I wanted my Emerald farewell column to be side-splittingly funny, a la Mason West, boldly controversial like the ones Salena De La Cruz writes, or staggering and genius in its novelty.

Yes, I wanted to go out in a blaze of sparkly Jacquelyn glory. But when I try to be funny, it comes out sounding forced, when I attempt to incite, I usually end up apologizing (dammit!) and when I search for a novel idea near the end of the term, my brain spews nothing but tropical vacation fantasies. And so, despite grand ideas, it all comes



Jacquelyn Lewis

down to just me, the computer and beautiful, beautiful procrastination.

So I'll bow out quietly, gracefully, without much commotion — because that's the way I've always done things.

I find it increasingly difficult to tell my own story because so much of my work is centered on *other* people's stories. It's nearly impossible to reflect on my own. But the more I think about it, the more I understand that no matter what we do, even without trying, we stamp our own legacies onto everything we touch.

My "legacy" happens to be a long, long trail of Pulse articles, and that suits me just fine. No, it suits me perfectly.

On that note, I think I should take a second to address those who say arts writing is of no

consequence, or "fluff," as I think I've heard it called. As our editor would put it, the "tough bitch" side of me just has to have her say.

Yes, "serious" news is important; politics and the like have obvious, undeniable effects on society. But art, though it works its magic subtly, is *powerful*. Artists provide a service; they create a foundation of ideas where every one of us can find our own reflection. (That's why schools should never cut creative programs.)

Being able to build something out of nothing is phenomenal. We define who we are and who we want to be, and to see this shining back at us is critically important. And that, my friends, is arts writing.

College, for me, has largely been about making discoveries such as these. It's about making my

own assertions; it's about independence and finding out how to do things completely, absolutely on my own (well, OK, not *completely*, but still...).

I realize that any agonizing I did had a purpose, and I'm better for it. At the same time, I should say I haven't totally "found" myself in college. I think a lot of that comes later on in life. I've never fooled myself into believing a college degree equals adulthood.

And lastly, I'm just thankful people here at the University (and the Emerald especially) were willing to give me a chance. These people genuinely believed in me, and their interest extended far beyond obligatory courtesy. That rocks.

Contact the Pulse editor at jacquelynlewis@dailymerald.com. Her opinions do not necessarily represent those of the Emerald.