

SUMMER 2002
GERI RICHMOND
JOHN DANIEL
ESSAY CONTEST
WINNER
WILLIAM
KENNEDY

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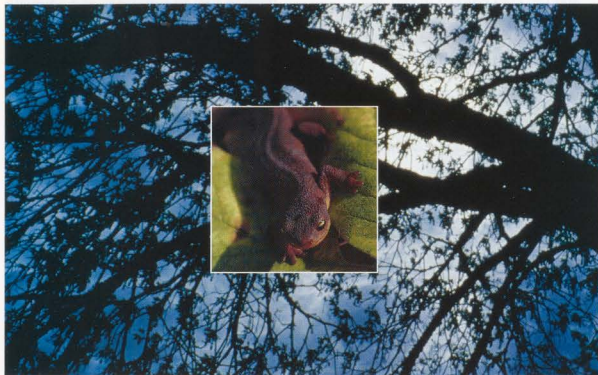
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UNIVERSITY of OREGON
SUMMER
SESSION

*The Untellable p. 14***Features**

- 14 THE UNTELLABLE STORY** by John Daniel
Faith and evolution, where science and mystery meet.
- 20 UNDER THE SURFACE** by Cheri Brooks
There's much more to UO Chemistry Professor Geri Richmond than all the acclaim she's earned as a scientist.
- 24 PARENTS MAKE PEOPLE** by Debra Gwartney
Eugene's Birth To Three is an international leader in helping parents — and children.
- 30 FIRE BAN** by Ana Maria Spagna
Friendship and fire mix in the winner of this year's Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest.

Departments

- 2 Letters**
- 5 Currents**
A Shameful Scorecard by Governor George Ryan
Campaign Finances by William Kennedy
Lessons Learned Too Late by Edward Humes
Oregon Boogie by Major Jackson
The Art of Craft by Kenneth Trapp
- 35 University**
Flexible Tuition Plan/Martial Arts 311
New Logo/The Science Man/Oregon Bach Festival
Green Campus/Faculty Awards
- 43 Old Oregon**
Brent Walth, Outstanding Young Alum/Deady Hall Mystery
Cultural Forum Controversy/Tango Teacher
Little Box Business/Basketball Championships
Profiles: Bob '50 and Shirley '52 Kingsbury, Pavlos Kougiumtzis '68 B. Arch. '70, Li-Chen Chin '91 Ph.D. '96
- 60 Oregon Trails**
What to Make of a Diminished Thing
by Michael Wenzl '61 MA '65

Cover: *Birth To Three* mother Nancy Aviles; inset, UO intern Teal Fleming with Isaac Navarro. Photographs by Jack Liu.



Susan Detroy

Jack Liu

Parents and Children p. 24

Jack Liu

Geri Richmond and Friends p. 20

Chris Michel

Fire Ban p. 30

MEMORY AND ART

Your piece recounting some of Ken Kesey's impact on the UO community ["Remembering Kesey," Spring 2002] spurred me to recall my own "Kesey moment." As an undergraduate seeking to satisfy a science requirement in the early '70s, I enrolled in a class exploring the physiological effects of mind-altering substances. The class was an entertaining mixture of "heads" looking to validate their experimentation and those of a more cautious bent taking solace in the havoc they were not wreaking on their minds and bodies. The opposing lifestyles of the students spurred many heartfelt discussions.

On the last day of class, the instructor announced a guest lecturer, and in stride a beaming Ken Kesey. After regaling us with tales of his experiences in California, including the government-sanctioned LSD experiments and forays with laughing gas, he took us through the joyous craziness of the Merry Pranksters. As the class drew to a close, Kesey revealed the real reason for his attendance: "There's this notion going around that marijuana affects short-term memory," he said, feigning seriousness, "and I'm here to prove it isn't so."

Kesey withdrew from his shirt pocket a rather large joint, lit it, and while smoking outlined the test he had in mind. Class members were to call out the names of fifty everyday objects. These would be recorded in order by a volunteer in the front row. After all fifty objects were named and recorded, Kesey would, also in order, recite them.

"Car," a student called out as the pungent odor of pot filled the class.

Kesey quietly repeated the word to himself, took a toke, and the process repeated itself for several minutes until fifty objects had been offered and recorded. Stubbing out the joint and re-taking his

position at the lectern, Kesey announced confidently: "The first thing was a car," and the class erupted in applause.

"The second thing was a . . . Let's see, the second was . . . What was that second thing?" Looking down with an impish grin at the student who had dutifully recorded all fifty objects, Kesey asked, "Is it bigger than a breadbox?"

We all left class that day carrying with us a bit of the Prankster. Hopefully, we have it still.

Doug Fischer '74 JD '91
Pendleton

Thank you for the Spring 2002 issue with the remembrances of Ken Kesey. What most impressed me was Kesey's broad view of what constitutes art. I share that view. My opinion is that art is simply the process of how we live our lives, and that everybody is an artist. In the modern world, the mass of people relinquish their abilities to tap into their artistic impulses and think that art is something you pay to see, or see other people do on the weekends. Bennett Huffman's remembrance of Kesey telling him that even advertising copy requires artistic process illustrates this. Similarly, Lynn Jeffress's comment that "everything he did was theater" reflects how Kesey knew the artistic process was available to everyone 24/7. No wonder he let Jeff Forester in to work in the middle of the night. Finally, Rob Elder's interview, where Kesey stated that the bus was his best work, shows how Kesey

valued process over result. Kesey's focus away from ego and towards revealing the reader's soul to the reader is a hallmark of modern art. It's not the result that's important; it's the response, the commingling of processes. It's heartening to note that those who worked closest to him, even in an academic environment, learned those ideas so thoroughly. One imagines Kesey's beatific smile in response to their thoughts as the great big soul that belongs to everyone recycles itself. . . . FURTHER.

George Stevens '80
Hollywood, California

DISCREPANCY

Just finished reading the Spring 2002 OQ and I found it very interesting and informative. However, I have a question. One page 10, Dr. Tublitz in his article "Making a Difference," [Currents] states that the University opened in 1876 with five faculty and fifty-four men and twenty-five women students. On page 27, Jim McChesney ["Mission Possible?"] states that the University opened in 1876 with five faculty and nine undergraduate students. Were there seventy graduate students? Just curious—there seems to be an inconsistency between these articles.

Richard C. Traynham '57
El Dorado Hills, California

Editor's note: Oops. Professor Tublitz's figures are the right ones, though the figure of 155 students is often cited. But about 75 of those were preparatory students. There is general agreement that the UO started with about 80 college-level students.

LETTERS POLICY

The magazine welcomes all letters, but reserves the right to edit for space and clarity. Send your comments to Editor, Oregon Quarterly, 5228 University of Oregon, Eugene, OR 97403-5228; via fax at (541) 346-5571; or via e-mail at QUARTERLY@OREGON.UOREGON.EDU.

ANOTHER KIND OF DIFFERENCE

"Making a Difference" was most interesting and I do believe that most professors



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do helpfully lead students. I have, however, a story about my experience that is somewhat different. I enrolled at the UO in the fall of 1938 as a business major, a naive student from a small town in Lake County, Oregon, fortunate to be a participant of the Bernard Daly scholarship fund. O.K. Burrell, a senior accounting professor, was named as my advisor. O.K. and his wife had taught in the Lakeview school before he went to the UO. My parents were friends, in fact; I can remember when they were our dinner guests.

I had done office work the last years of high school and I was determined to study accounting rather than attend Oregon State, where I would major in secretarial science, a common major for many of my girlfriends. But Mr. Burrell looked me straight in the eye and said, "There is no place for women in accounting."

Upon his advice, I omitted accounting classes in my sophomore year, worked in as many as possible the last two years, but was short credits to qualify accounting as my major. As it turned out, we were at war in 1942 and graduating accounting majors were allowed to take the CPA exams before they left for the service. If I had majored as I had wanted, they'd have had to let me take the exams.

Figures have been the love of my life, but my work has always been in accounting, so I have fulfilled my dreams to a great extent. I am now eighty-one years old and am still doing one set of books on my computer for a friend.

My father, George W. Johnson, was very proud that I chose the UO as had three of my sisters before me. He was a student there beginning in 1888. He and a ranch neighbor from the Paisley area went to Eugene by horseback in the fall, returning to their homes in the spring the same way.

Dorothy Jean Johnson Rath '42
Hastings, Nebraska

REPARATIONS

Charles Ogletree ["Repair and Reconciliation," *Currents*, Spring 2002] says of slavery, we must "understand our history so we will never repeat it again." He notes our obligation not to sit idle while slavery still exists. On these points, he is right on the mark.

But Ogletree's vision will never be

realized by way of a lawsuit or a plan to redistribute money. It will come through open doors and open hearts, hugs and handshakes, win-win business dealings and eye-level dialogues, person to person, one at a time. And you can see it happening now on playgrounds, in study groups, at business and social gatherings.

Yes, as Ogletree asserts, people are still judged in America by their color. But, no, it isn't "inevitable." The "whole" America we all want becomes a reality now, each moment we, regardless of wealth or race, celebrate our freedoms, as equals, together.

Bob Poet '72
Lake Tahoe, Nevada

WELFARE REFORM

In "Reform or Retrenchment?" [University, Spring 2002], Debra Gwartzney writes about a study critical of welfare reform. It appears that these critics of welfare reform support the old system that provided a lower-middle-class to middle-class life-style (depending on how aggressive a person was in accessing the wide array of goodies) to many just for the asking. Based on Gwartzney's article, I believe Professors Acker and Morgen just don't get it. With the exception of the truly handicapped, the government (the people paying taxes from their incomes) does not owe a living to anyone. Doing so makes a mockery of those who are working to take care of themselves and their families. Being a woman or a single parent (man or woman) does not change this basic fact.

The article asserts that denying welfare to women makes it such that they can't do "vital care work, including the care of children and elderly parents, as well as community-building and school and church volunteering." Tell that to all the working women and men (single or married) who do exactly that. Gwartzney quotes Professor Morgen as complaining about the government spending money for corporate bailouts and the war against terrorism. Possibly Morgen would prefer to live as a Talibani woman. As for bailouts, I can only recall the government helping corporations twice in my adult life: some guaranteed loans that allowed Chrysler to survive (all repaid early) and the recent help for the airlines after 9/11. How strange that a public employee criticizes

American business. Where does she think the money in her public employee retirement account comes from or the money in the endowments and foundations that fund so many things at the UO? I do hope she understands that wealth (such a nasty word) does not all come from the profits of the local organic food store.

When welfare reform took effect and the emphasis went from handouts to work, welfare caseloads almost immediately dropped 50 percent. Can there be any better indication of the absurdity of welfare before reform?

Clay E. Johnson '69 JD '75
Grants Pass

Joan Acker and Sandra Morgen respond: Clay Johnson is like many who believe the myths, rather than the realities, about welfare. People receiving welfare under the old system did not enjoy a lower-middle-class life-style. Far from it; welfare grants were always below the poverty level. Even when you add food stamps, a family of three received about \$750 per month through most of the 1990s. Most welfare recipients are or have been tax-paying workers who use welfare as a safety net when they cannot find or lose jobs, a child is sick, or they are ill. Today that safety net has been shredded. Yes, many families have a hard time balancing the work of family and paid employment in today's difficult economy. But those with higher incomes can better afford quality childcare, part-time work, or not working when they have infants. Those options should also be available now to the poorest among us.

MASTERPIECE

Sometimes a literary perspective tells us more about the human condition than works by specialists. Kim Stafford's "Practicing to Be an Elder" [Oregon Trails, Spring 2002], on early memories of residents of an Alzheimer's unit, is an example. As a volunteer long-term care ombudsman for the elderly in Lane County, and as a cultural anthropologist, I've read quite a bit about memory loss and the aged. Jonathan Franzen's recent novel *The Corrections* has great insights about a character with Parkinson's disease. But Stafford's short piece is a minor masterpiece as it shows the psychic pain of those afflicted with Alzheimer's and should be required

reading for healthcare professionals and family members involved with them. Bravo!

Jim Patterson
Eugene

A TREASURE

I was saddened to find, in an otherwise excellent Spring issue, two letters attacking the character of one of our community's most respected members, Islamic leader Tammam Adi ["Fundamentalism," Letters].

Somehow in Adi's long, peaceful poem, each writer found something to misinterpret and attack, missing the whole point of his thoughtful message. One writer called him a "bigot." The other criticized him for not speaking out "against radical coreligionists who preach intolerance and practice terrorism."

In fact, in over fifty presentations to the community, Adi has shown both the greatest patriotism for America and the strongest disapproval of terrorism and its supporters. In a November 6, 2001, Op-Ed column in the Eugene Register-Guard (available on his Web site), Adi

wrote: "I will try to show that America's fight against terrorism is justified by the Quran, and that fanatics and terrorists misinterpret the Quran to justify their views. . . . Governments of many nations with Muslim populations sponsor fanatic organizations that target free-thinking Muslims and call for terrorism against Jews, Christians, and others." Tammam Adi is a kindly, courageous man, as I personally know from the three presentations he has graciously given to my sociology classes in the last year and a half. In the most recent, on April 29, he participated in a wonderful dialogue with a Jewish American woman, exploring the hopes and possibilities of peace in the Middle East. Adi a bigot? He is a treasure.

Douglas Card
Eugene

Editor's note: The writer is an adjunct professor of sociology at the UO.

WRAP RESPONSE

We received many, many kind notes in response to the outer wrap on our Spring issue (and a very few not so kind). Here are

two examples: one from someone who asked to be removed from our mailing list and one from someone who didn't.

Thank you for giving me the option of declining future issues of *Oregon Quarterly*. I have enjoyed receiving it — but often didn't read it, only flipped through it. And then would arrive an issue like the latest one with the splendid article on Ken Kesey. I have passed that on to other friends who admired him, too. However, I have reached eighty-one and am going for ninety-one, but I want the next ten years or longer to be unencumbered except for my most favorite and passionate interests. Someday when you reach this point in your life, you'll understand what I'm doing, I'm sure. So — thank you for past pleasures and for so gracefully allowing me to cancel the OQ.

Margery Churchill Adams '41
Carmel, California

What? Do without Kim Stafford? UO science? The obits? Hardly!

Maggie Rogers '68
Portland



Thanks!

A simple thank you is just the start of our expression of gratitude for the generous support shown by hundreds of readers, who have donated more than \$11,000 to our annual spring subscription campaign. We have received checks ranging from \$7.50 to \$100 and we appreciate every one. We will continue to thank you by working hard to give you the kind of magazine for which you have expressed such heartfelt support.

We also thank all those who removed themselves from our mailing list, many with kind words. That helps us serve the rest of you better. We, of course, will continue to welcome voluntary subscription donations or removals at the addresses listed below:

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A SHAMEFUL SCORECARD

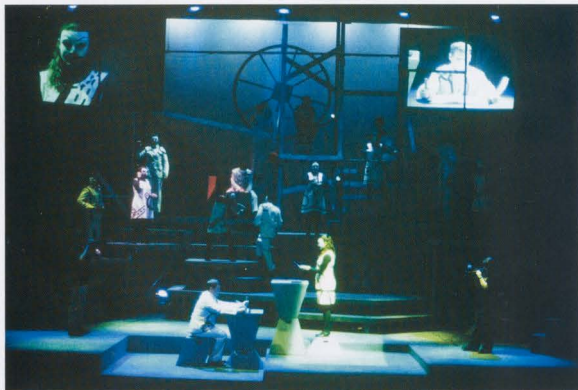
From a speech given March 1 on the UO campus by Illinois Governor George Ryan, who in January 2000 issued a moratorium on executions in his state and established a commission to review the system of capital punishment.

Ryan, a Republican, spoke at the "Law and Politics of the Death Penalty" conference sponsored by the Wayne Morse Center for Law and Politics.

I GREW UP BELIEVING IN THE JUSTICE SYSTEM. The inmates on death row were guilty of unspeakable crimes and were getting their due. If anything, I shared the view of many citizens that the justice system took too long, allowed too many appeals to protect the rights of the accused—sometimes at the expense of victims.

In the fall of 1998, I was campaigning for governor. Little did I know, at the same time, a man on death row named Anthony Porter was on a last-ditch appeal. His lawyer was trying to save his life. Just two days before he was scheduled to die—forty-eight short hours—the Illinois Supreme Court temporarily stayed his execution to allow for a hearing....

Mr. Porter's lawyer said Anthony had an IQ of fifty-one and was not mentally fit to be executed. Mr. Porter was sentenced to die for a double murder in a park on the South Side of Chicago in August of 1982. He was someone who had always been in minor scrapes with the law. He probably was a nuisance to police. But police said he confessed to the double murder. Mr. Porter had ordered his last meal and had been fitted for his burial suit. Yet, at the eleventh



University Theatre development director Joseph Gilg directed Elmer Rice's *The Adding Machine* at the UO's Robinson Theatre in April. The 1923 play tells the story of a downsize worker who murders his boss, is tried, imprisoned, executed, then offered eternal happiness in the afterlife.

Ron Norberg

hour, the court granted a delay so that a hearing could be held with regard to his competency.

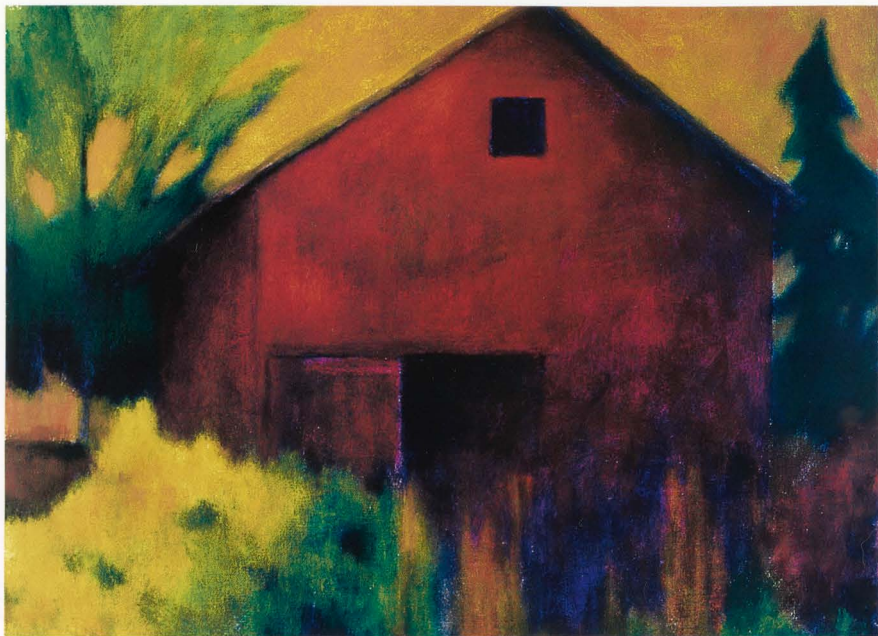
In the meantime, some journalism students at Northwestern University had begun looking into Mr. Porter's case. The delay gave them new hope that they could uncover evidence proving his innocence.... The students teamed up with a private investigator and tracked down the eyewitness who had helped convict Mr. Porter. That witness recanted his testimony, and the case against Mr. Porter began to fall apart. Eventually, the trail of false testimony led to a man named Alstory Simon in Milwaukee. The private investigator obtained a videotaped confession from Simon that he, and not Mr. Porter, had killed the couple in the Chicago park seventeen years earlier. Simon admitted he killed the couple in an argument over drug money.

With that new evidence, the inno-

cent Mr. Porter was freed in February of 1999. Just weeks earlier, I had taken the oath of office as governor and I was shaken by the news. Everything I had believed was now coming into question with the botched conviction of Mr. Porter. I didn't know how to react.

How could we come so close to executing an innocent man? I couldn't imagine ordering my last meal and knowing I was going to die for a crime I did not commit. What if those journalism students hadn't taken up Mr. Porter's case? What if they hadn't uncovered the false testimony or found the real killer? What if the real killer had committed other crimes while Mr. Porter languished in jail?...

Later that year, one of our newspapers in Chicago conducted an exhaustive study of the capital punishment system. Half of the nearly 300 capital cases in Illinois had been reversed for a new trial or resentencing. Thirty-three of the



"Red Barn" by Mark Clarke MFA '65. A retrospective of Clarke's work will appear at Eugene's Maude Kerns Art Center from May 24 to June 28.

death row inmates were represented at trial by an attorney who had later been disbarred or at some point suspended from practicing law. I don't know how that happens.

Of the more than 160 death row inmates, thirty-five were African American defendants who had been convicted or condemned to die by all-white juries. What kind of justice is that? More than two-thirds of the inmates on death row are African American. What kind of system is that?

Forty-six inmates were convicted on the basis of testimony from jailhouse informants. I'm no lawyer, but I know enough to be skeptical of prosecutors offering to cut an inmate's sentence in return for incriminating testimony against another.

The report was jarring. It provided the big-picture review of a system that over the years had failed time and time again.

Then shortly after the first of the year, Steven Manning was exonerated of the murder for which he had been sentenced to die. . . . Manning was no angel; he was an ex-cop who became a lawbreaker. He was charged with kidnapping in Missouri in an unrelated case. But, he was convicted and condemned for a crime the court said he did not commit. He had been sent to death row on the basis of a jailhouse informant.

[Then] I received a call from the Illinois Attorney General, informing me that he soon would be requesting the State Supreme Court set execution dates for several more death row inmates. My mind was made up in that phone call.

Here I was looking at a shameful scorecard. We had executed twelve people in Illinois since the death penalty was reinstated in 1977, and in that same period thirteen inmates were exonerated by the courts. Thirteen people who nearly died for crimes the courts said they

did not commit. We freed thirteen innocent men who were nearly strapped to a gurney in the state's death chamber so that fatal doses of poison could be injected into their bloodstream.

That is the ultimate nightmare. I can't imagine what that must be like, to live in confinement on death row, knowing all the while you are rotting in prison for a crime you did not commit. I can't imagine knowing that perhaps your only escape from such a hellish experience was a date with the executioner.

Up until I had totaled this sad arithmetic, I had resisted calls for a moratorium. Until then, I left the study of the flaws in our justice system to others—the State Supreme Court and the Attorney General's office. But at that moment, I knew we had a better than ever chance of executing the wrong man or woman. I knew that in the near future I would be asked to make that life or death decision again. I knew it was time to act.

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A venerable Albany, New York, pulpotator a would-be successor. From Roscoe (Viking) by William Kennedy, the Pulitzer Prize-winning author. Kennedy delivered the Kritikos Lecture in the Humanities at the UO in February.

THE REPUBLICANS OF 1917 ARE SECURE in their power, and the Democrats no longer even try to win, for it is more profitable to play the loser and take Republican handouts for assuming this pose. Yet Democratic reform elements endure, and there sits Roscoe beside his father, eavesdropping as the old man holds court for a steady, life-giving flow of pols, pals, has-beens, and would-bes. Bellhops daily place "reserved" signs on the marble tea table, the Empire armchair and sofa, in the Felix Conway corner. At the moment, Felix is in his chair, giving an audience to Eddie McDermott, leader of yet another reform faction that hopes to challenge Packy McCabe's useless but invulnerable Albany Democratic Party organization in the 1917 primary.

Eddie stares into Felix's eye, revealing his plans to reform the Party if he wins the primary, and reform the city if he wins the election. He leans farther and farther forward as he speaks ever-so-softly to Felix, finally rolling off the sofa onto one knee to make his message not only sincere but genuflexional, and he whispers to the Solomon of Albany politics: "You do want the Democrats to make a comeback and take City Hall again, don't you, sir?"

"Oh, I do, I do," says Felix. And he truly does.

"I have much to learn, Mr. Conway, but there's one thing I can learn only from you, for nobody else has an answer, and I've asked them all."

"What might that be, Mr. McDermott?"

"Once we take over the Party, how do we get the money to run it?"

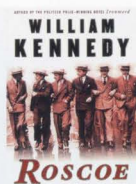
Felix Conway throws his arms wide, kiting his blanket toward the outer lobby, startling Roscoe. He opens both his coats, pulls off his muffler, the better to breathe, and begins to laugh.

"He wants to know how you get the money," Felix says to Roscoe, and then his laughter roars out of control, he rises from his chair, and shouts out, "How do you get the money? Oh my Jesus, how do you get the money!"

Then the laughter, paroxysmal now, seals Felix's throat and bloats him with its containment. He floats up from his chair, still with a smile as wide as his head, and he rises like a hot-air balloon, caroming off the balustrade of the Tennessee-marble stairway, and he keeps rising on up to collide with the lobby's French chandelier, where he explodes in a final thunderclap of a laugh, sending crystal shards raining down onto Eddie McDermott, the terrified reformer below.

FELIX DECLARES HIS PRINCIPLES TO ROSCOE

"How do you get the money, boy? If you run 'em for office and they win, you charge 'em a year's wages. Keep taxes low, but if you have to raise 'em, call it something else. The city can't do without vice, so pinch the pimps and milk the madams. Anybody that sells the flesh, tax 'em. If anybody wants city business, thirty percent back to us. Maintain the streets and sewers, but don't overdo it. Well-lit streets discourage sin, but don't overdo it. If they play craps, poker, or blackjack, cut the game. If they play faro or roulette, cut it double. Opium is the opiate of the depraved, but if they want it, see that they get it, and tax those lowlife bastards. If they keep their dance halls open twenty-four hours, tax 'em twice. If they run a gyp joint, tax 'em triple. If they send prisoners to our jail, charge 'em rent, at hotel prices. Keep the cops happy and let them have a piece of the pie. A small piece. Never buy anything that you can rent forever. If you pave a street, a three-cent brick should be worth thirty cents to the city. Pave every street with a church on it. Cultivate priests and acquire the bishop. Encourage parents to send their kids to Catholic schools; it lowers the public-school budget. When in doubt, appoint another judge and pay him enough so's he don't have to shake down the lawyers. Cultivate lawyers. They know how it is done and will do it. Control the district attorney and never let him go; for he controls the grand juries. Make friends with millionaires and give 'em what they need. Any traction company is a good traction company, and the same goes for electricity. If you build a viaduct, make the contractor your partner. Whenever you confront a monopoly, acquire it. Open an insurance company and make sure anybody doing city business buys a nice



policy. If you don't know diddle about insurance, open a brewery and make 'em buy your beer. Give your friends jobs, but at a price, and make new friends every day. Let the sheriff buy any-

thing he wants for the jail. Never stop a ward leader from stealing; it's what keeps him honest. Keep your plumbers and electricians working, and remember it takes three men to change a wire. Republicans are all right as long as they're on our payroll. A city job should raise a man's dignity but not his wages. Anybody on our payroll pays us dues, three percent of the yearly salary, which is nice. But if they're on that new civil service and won't pay and you can't fire 'em, transfer 'em to the dump. If you find people who like to vote, let 'em. Don't be afraid to spend money for votes on Election Day. It's a godsend to the poor, and good for business; but make it old bills, ones and twos, or they get suspicious. And only give 'em out in the river wards, never uptown. If an uptown voter won't register Democrat, raise his taxes. If he fights the raise, make him hire one of our lawyers to reduce it in court. Once it's lowered, raise it again next year. Knock on every door and find out if they're sick or pregnant or simpleminded, and vote 'em. If they're breathing, take 'em to the polls. If they won't go, threaten 'em. Find out who's dead and who's dying, which is as good as dead, and vote 'em. There's a hell of a lot of dead and they never complain. The opposition might cry fraud but let 'em prove it after the election. People say voting the dead is immoral, but what the hell, if they were alive they'd all be Democrats. Just because they're dead don't mean they're Republicans."

LESSONS LEARNED
TOO LATE

From No Matter How Loud I Shout: A Year in the Life of Juvenile Court, by Edward Humes (Simon & Schuster). Humes, a Pulitzer Prize-winning author, delivered the 2002 Johnston Lecture on April 4 at the UO and conducted workshops for the School of Journalism and

Communications' Literary
Nonfiction graduate program.

As part of his reporting
for the book, Humes taught
a writing class to high-risk
juvenile offenders (HROs)
in Los Angeles.

ELIAS HAS A STOIC STRENGTH ABOUT him, quiet and shy, in the past too nervous to read his work aloud. At first, he always just folded his eloquent essays on life in the streets into tiny squares of paper, passing them to me in silence so I could read them privately. Tonight, though, his anger has boiled up from the page and into the class.

When I was growing up, I learned how to take another person's car without a key, how to drive it and sell it, or just leave it somewhere.

I learned how to sit down low and look out the windows for the enemy, to see them before they saw me.

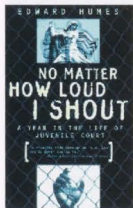
And, finally, when I was growing up,

I learned how to load bullets into a gun.

I learned how to carry it and aim it, and I learned how to shoot at the enemy, to be there for my homeboys, no matter what.

"I hear you," James says, an obvious longing for the street in his voice. He has just penned an essay on how he'd like to drive a car over his ex-girlfriend, and it is not entirely clear that he is joking. The kids, in their severe jail-house haircuts and the neon orange jump suits reserved for HROs, look pale and fragile beneath the hall's

harsh lights, a few of them nursing adolescent wisps of mustache hair that only make them look younger. Yet most of the boys in this room are on trial for thoroughly adult crimes — murder or attempted murder or armed robbery. They have witnessed and done terrible things. At the same time, these kids who could pull a trigger without a blink remain painfully timid about reading their work aloud, blushing, breathing hard, breaking a sweat just at the thought of standing before the class and baring themselves. Silence can claim the



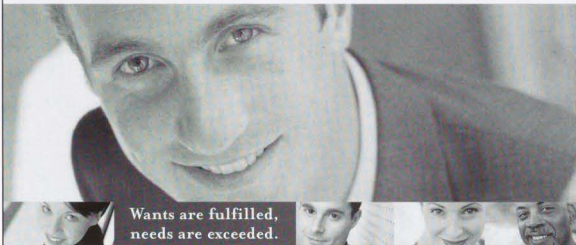
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room like an advancing tide. Tonight, though, Elias, with his angry diatribe, is my unexpected hero. He has broken the ice. And then this seemingly hardened gangbanger, this kid with the huge tattoo on his arm announcing his gang allegiance, Sureño 13, surprises everyone. His voice drops nearly to a whisper, hoarse and urgent, his words taking a new direction.

These are the things I learned when I was growing up.

But this is what I want to know:

I want to know, who is going to teach me how to pick out the right baby carriage for my little girl?

Who is going to teach me how to make up a bottle, or to change a diaper, or to buy baby food?

Who is going to teach me how to be a father?

How to take care of my family?

How to live a life—a normal life?

These are the things I never learned growing up.

Who will teach me now?

When he finishes, the room is silent, not a cough, not a mutter, not a rustle of clothing, just the sound of Elias setting his paper down on the old Formica tabletop and, filtered through the room's walls of metal, cinder block and safety glass with wire mesh embedded within, the muffled jail-house sounds of feet shuffling, toilets flushing, young voices competing with the television bolted to the wall of the common room. Elias's eyes stay locked on his piece of paper. The sorrow and regret in his voice was so naked that the bravado and machismo that normally inhabit this room have evaporated like dew in the desert. Several boys are blinking hard. None of them speak the answer to Elias's yearnings, though all know it well. The answer is: No one. Elias has been in the system for years, without benefit or effect. "Probation isn't worth shit," he says. For him, it was token supervision, a monthly call to his P.O., who had two hundred other kids to watch over and couldn't be bothered. Elias never left his gang, as the judge had ordered, and no one cared. No one noticed. On probation, he carried a gun. He did drugs. He skipped school. "Camp was a joke, too," he says of the county-run boot camps for delinquent youth. The gangs were recruiting there, inside a place where the kids were supposed to get away from the street life. There were race riots, drug use. It was ridiculous, he says, the system with its puny arsenal, up

against something far bigger and far deadlier. Elias's best friend had died in his arms, shot in a drive-by. His uncles had all gone to prison. His beloved grandmother was murdered. It was natural for him, his birthright: He just kept committing crimes. Nothing made Elias want to change—until, three days after his arrest as an accomplice to murder, he learned he was to be a father. Then he craved responsibility, normalcy, a future. But by then it was too late.

Now Elias keeps tucked in his right sock a color snapshot of his daughter, his most treasured possession. His baby was born while he sat in Juvenile Hall, and she has reached the age of eight months without ever being held by her father. They are likely to remain apart a good deal longer: Because of the seriousness of his case, Elias will almost certainly be tried as an adult, with a lengthy sentence, possibly a life term, ahead of him. This is what it has come down to in Los Angeles's juvenile justice system: life in prison without possibility of parole for sixteen-year-old boys. Not just one or two or three like Elias, but hundreds of them.

"There's no one you can bring in to talk to someone and make them change, to make them not do crimes," Elias says, when I ask him what the juvenile court could have done to keep him straight. "I honestly don't think anything the system does is going to work. People have to change themselves. Nothing can make them change. Like for me, it wasn't until I had my baby girl that I realized I wanted to change, to settle down and get an apartment and a job and take care of her. No speech from a judge could make me give a damn. I had to have a baby before I could change. And now it's too late."

The words tumble out of Elias in a rush. In the space of fifteen minutes, he has spoken more than in ten previous classes, as if he was saving up his despair. "God made me so that I could learn how to commit crimes," he finishes. "What's some judge or some probation officer gonna do?" I see he is looking directly at me now with those dark eyes, an old man's eyes in a sixteen-year-old's face, and I think at the time, as I do now, that there is nothing more sad than the sight of hopelessness in one so young. It is a look that seems, for the moment, to be reflected in every boy's face in the room.

"God made me so I could do terrible things," Elias says. "Why couldn't God help me learn how to be a father?"

OREGON BOOGIE

From Leaving Saturn (University of Georgia Press) by Major Jackson MFA '99.

This poem first appeared in Crab Orchard Review.

Khanum, the things we did,
that off-night at The Vet's
when Sister Sledge
issued from the jukebox's

lit dome the darker
rhythms of our native
homes; so, waiving all decorum
maps hear upon fugitives

our bodies made one nation
while in cold pints of pale ale
a couple broke conversation—
toasted our bacchanal.

Half-swaying, we met
& our lips splashed
like words over a page's white
shores, the foamy crash

of the lonely heart at work,
my hand coasting up
the valley in your back,
arriving at the nape thick

with ringlets I slowly brought
to face & inhaled as you spun
out, a laughing prouette;
the desert in my heart was gone.

But, what of the province
beyond that empty dance floor,
the single-mindedness
of beating rain, the silent slurs

masked by cups of caffeine,
the half-hearted grins,
that say, *Here in Eugene*
it's not the color of your skin...

but all the while making
a fetish of progressiveness.
Along the Willamette,
consciousness thins out

like smoke rings of cannabis,
as the city dances the salsa,
as students sip cups of chai,
over bell & Cornel, as henna
designs flake from wrists.

The idea WE ARE FAMILY
finds its artificial ghost
in the circle of a spun Frisbee.

At The Vet's Club
your smile wide as a gorge;
others eventually joined
doing the "Eugene Dance,"

a spastic, organic whirling.

A break before the next song,
over the jukebox's neon
face, we leaned, waiting—
Bob Marley wailing!

THE ART OF CRAFT

*From a speech by Kenneth R. Trapp,
Curator-in-Charge of the
Smithsonian's Renwick Gallery.
Trapp spoke in February at the UO
and the Portland Art Museum in the
School of Architecture and Allied
Arts' John Yeon Lecture series.*

CRRAFT REPRESENTS THE EBB AND FLOW of cultural and technological shifts from time immemorial. Craft represents the accumulation of vast knowledge about the world we human beings have lived in for thousands upon thousands of years. I cannot stress this point enough. This storehouse of knowledge formed the intellectual and technological foundation for the Industrial Revolution. We seem to forget that the Industrial Revolution was a craft-based phenomenon. The textile, pottery, glass, metal, and wood industries that spawned a new era in human history were fed by the need for natural raw materials. Knowing how to work these materials—that is, the knowledge of their properties that led to industrial technologies—had been gathered and recorded centuries before.

With rapid industrialization and capitalism and the death of the guild system, divisions of labor in industry separated the worker from the work done. And in a short time, glaring societal imbalances appeared; in particular, the distance between the very poor and the very wealthy increased noticeably. The disturbing disconnection between the worker and the work done in a factory and the mass-production of poorly designed and made objects paved the way for the social and design reform movement that came to be called Arts and Crafts.

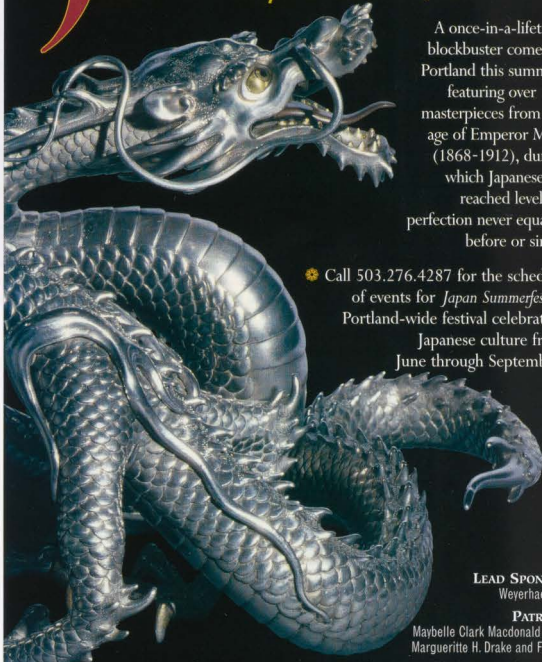
The British-born Arts and Crafts movement was an attempt to restore dignity to manual labor and to reform designs of manufactured goods to make them beautiful as well as useful. The hope of social and design reformers was that the handcrafted object would become a necessity for a life well lived and not a luxury. As the mass-produced object resulting from the new profession of industrial design arose to supersede the handcrafted object, another noticeable shift was in the making: design became a tool to market the

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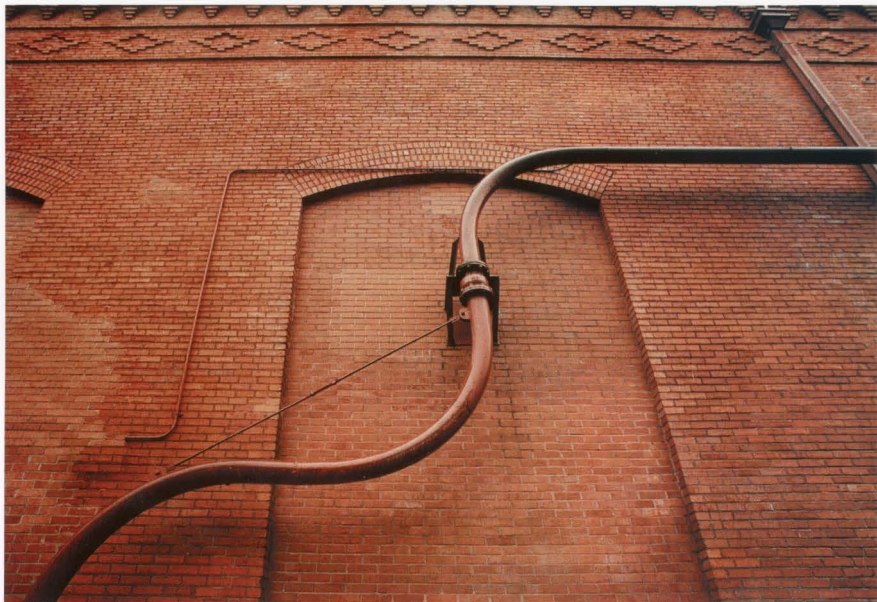
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This is one of a series of photos of Portland doors taken by Craig Hickman, an associate professor in the Department of Art. More of his photographs are available for viewing or downloading at dryreading.com.

manufactured object. Not coincidentally, industrial design and marketing came of age together in the machine age between the two world wars of the last century. . . .

Today, craft is seen by many as an antidote to the sterilized world of the information highway and isolated gated communities of little charm and no diversity. Craft is a mongrel, messy and gray like so much of the United States of America. I personally think that craft might lead the way home to experiences that nurture the senses and stimulate the mind. . . .

What does it mean to make things by hand in today's post-modern age, dominated by electronic media and cyberspace? Is the handmade object a quaint anachronism and a sentimental indulgence, a reverence for the useless? Or, is the making of the handcrafted object an attempt to retrieve an authentic experience when most of what we "know" comes to us through secondary sources—

music through CDs, images through film, and communications through telephones or computers? As our lives give way increasingly to new technologies, will the making of things by hand become even more of a disconnected experience from the world around us? And what will our relationship to the natural world be by the end of the 21st century?

In our fast-paced, highly stressed, technologically driven and ruled lives, the idea of making something by hand seems quaintly anachronistic. A cup can be made better and cheaper by a machine designed for that specific purpose. Mass production seems the answer to our basic human needs. But there is a world of difference between what we need and what we want. . . .

Craft offers an authentic experience in one-of-a-kind objects. Even when craft artists create so-called multiples they do not emerge with the predictable consistency afforded by mass production's quality control. "Authentic" is defined in part

as "original; genuine; marked by conformity to widespread or long-continued tradition." The authentic is not contradicted by evidence. Put another way, the authentic craft object is the one that is the antithesis of the mass-produced one. A drinking glass manufacturer demands that the first glass to leave an assembly line be so exact [a match] to glass number one million that it would take microscopic inspection to detect noticeable differences. Mass production glorifies predictability and consistency in volume of output. Craft celebrates the unpredictable, the inconsistent, the accidental, the imperfection, and the spiritual.

In buying a studio craft object the owner has bought the handwork of an individual. On a poetic level, the buyer has purchased imagination and creative genius. Unlike painting, the graphic arts, and photography, craft offers a tactile experience that is necessary to grasp the nature of the object. Indeed, a work of studio craft is often understood more by

*Mass production
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and consistency in
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the accidental,
the imperfection,
and the spiritual.*

what it tells through touch than sight. A photograph is almost always a visual experience. Touching it gives no more information than looking at it.

The craft object is authentic, too, in that it reaffirms the creative process and the autonomy of the artist. Buying a work of craft can be a social and political statement as well as a protest. For example, I buy this cup and saucer to own something no one else has and therefore I value individuality. I buy this cup and saucer because I have seen it made and I know that it is not damaging the environment. I buy this cup and saucer to help an artist and a fellow human being. . . .

We have so internalized the world of the commonplace around us that we have forgotten to look at the mundane; and, if we do consider the commonplace, it is more often than not with complacency, indifference, and contempt.

Thinking of the commonplace, have you ever thought about a cup and saucer? Why is a cup the size it is? How did we reach a cultural consensus on this particular size? How large can we go with a latte cup before we reach the ridiculous? And a dinner plate? Why are most dinner plates between 9.5 and 10.5 inches in diameter? And stretch limos? When will we see the first one that is so long it can drive in straight lines only? Craft can help us ask questions about the obvious around us.

The questions I pose might seem like so much mental gymnastics. I believe, however, that if we were to see the wonder around us in the commonplace and if we were to demand more beauty in our lives, we would not suffer such incredible ugliness in our lives. Beauty is not a luxury but a birthright.

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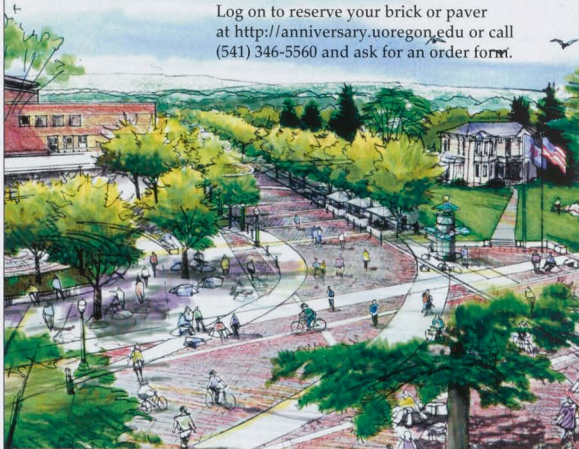
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By John Daniel

Photography by Susan Detroy

"How this view of the truth could lessen anyone's adoring reverence of the Infinite Source of all this wider force and profounder power is difficult to understand."

— Thomas Condon, 1822–1907,

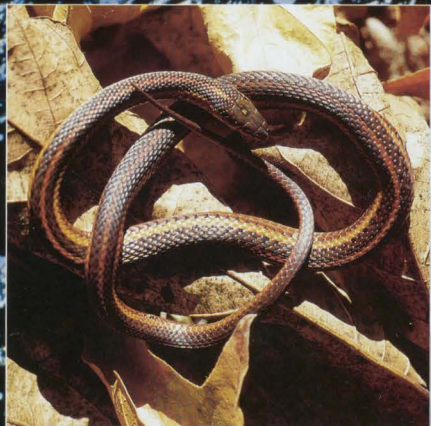
a Christian Darwinist and a founding faculty member of the University of Oregon



I DON'T REMEMBER WHEN OR HOW THE CONCEPT OF EVOLUTION FIRST ENTERED my awareness, but it probably came as history rather than biology. My father, who had been a socialist in the 1930s, still liked to think in terms of the Marxian dialectic as I was growing up, so it's likely I absorbed at an early age a sense that historical progress is a function of struggles between opposite forces. I seem to remember my father telling me about the Scopes trial—Clarence Darrow was one of his heroes—but the issue as argued at the trial was pretty crude, and my grasp of it even cruder. It seemed there were two possibilities. Humans had been created by the God of the Bible, or humans had descended from apes. (Who had created the apes, or what they had descended from, I don't recall hearing.) Some of my boyhood friends belittled the descent-from-apes theory, and I very likely belittled it too. It wasn't comfortable or even very plausible to young boys with noticeable hair only on their heads, though I do remember the thought of it crossing my mind once in the dressing room of the community swimming pool as I watched a thoroughly hairy man take off his clothes and pull on his trunks.

My friends and I were familiar with the phrase "survival of the fittest," and it was by that phrase that we understood, or misunderstood, evolution. My interest in Jack London's novels must have strengthened the notion that only the strongest survive, and only through bloody struggle. This did not bode well for a quiet kid who liked books and hated to fight, so I didn't think about it much. Just because it might be true for dogs and wolves, I reasoned, and maybe for poor workers and rich bosses, didn't mean it was true for me.

It's hard to believe that the topic of evolution never came up in eighth-grade science or ninth-grade biology, but if it did I don't recall it. Maybe the subject was still too charged for teachers and textbooks in the early 1960s. Though I was aware that people disagreed strongly on the question of human origins, I had no strong feelings of my own. I was raised with some exposure to the theology and imaginal flavor of Christianity, but no practice of it other than a few sessions of Unitarian Sunday school and an occasional midnight service at one church or another on Christmas Eve. The first few lines of Genesis, the Twenty-third Psalm, and portions of the Gospels were the only parts of the Bible I would have recognized. I had a brief love affair with the Christ story when I was fourteen, but my emotional intensity quickly backslid into fishing, baseball, and eventually girls. In the absence of a religious faith



Evolution has become my faith, and I mean that word in its full religious significance.

or a scientific understanding of evolution, I didn't dwell on human origins. When I looked beyond the busy and problematic present, I looked always forward, toward the uncertain but tantalizing future, and toward my personal future, the only one that really counted.

It was Loren Eiseley, in *The Immense Journey*, who first showed me the vastness of time and made me feel part of the evolutionary work of time. His book, which I came to while in high school, moved me not because he explained evolution—he didn't—but because he imagined it. He put the theory into images and the images into a story, an epic narrative in which humankind was only one character. It didn't bother me a bit to learn that we may have descended from a small, rodent-like mammal that burrowed in the ground, a "shabby little Paleocene rat, eternal tramp and world wanderer, father of all mankind." I liked having that guy in my lineage—it was like having an unsavory and quite colorful great-uncle in the family. Because of him I felt a little closer to the woodchucks and squirrels I saw on my Blue Ridge rambles and even learned a little respect for Uncle Tom, the rat who was a permanent tenant and true proprietor of our cabin in those northern Virginia mountains. And I liked it that this great-uncle's own great-uncles had evaded by night the towering reptiles—or evaded them frequently enough, in any case—and that even earlier ancestors had spent fifty million years or so in "the green twilight of the rain forest," acquiring hands that gripped and eyes that focused as one and saw the world in color. The story of evolution shed light on many things, including my childhood love of climbing trees.

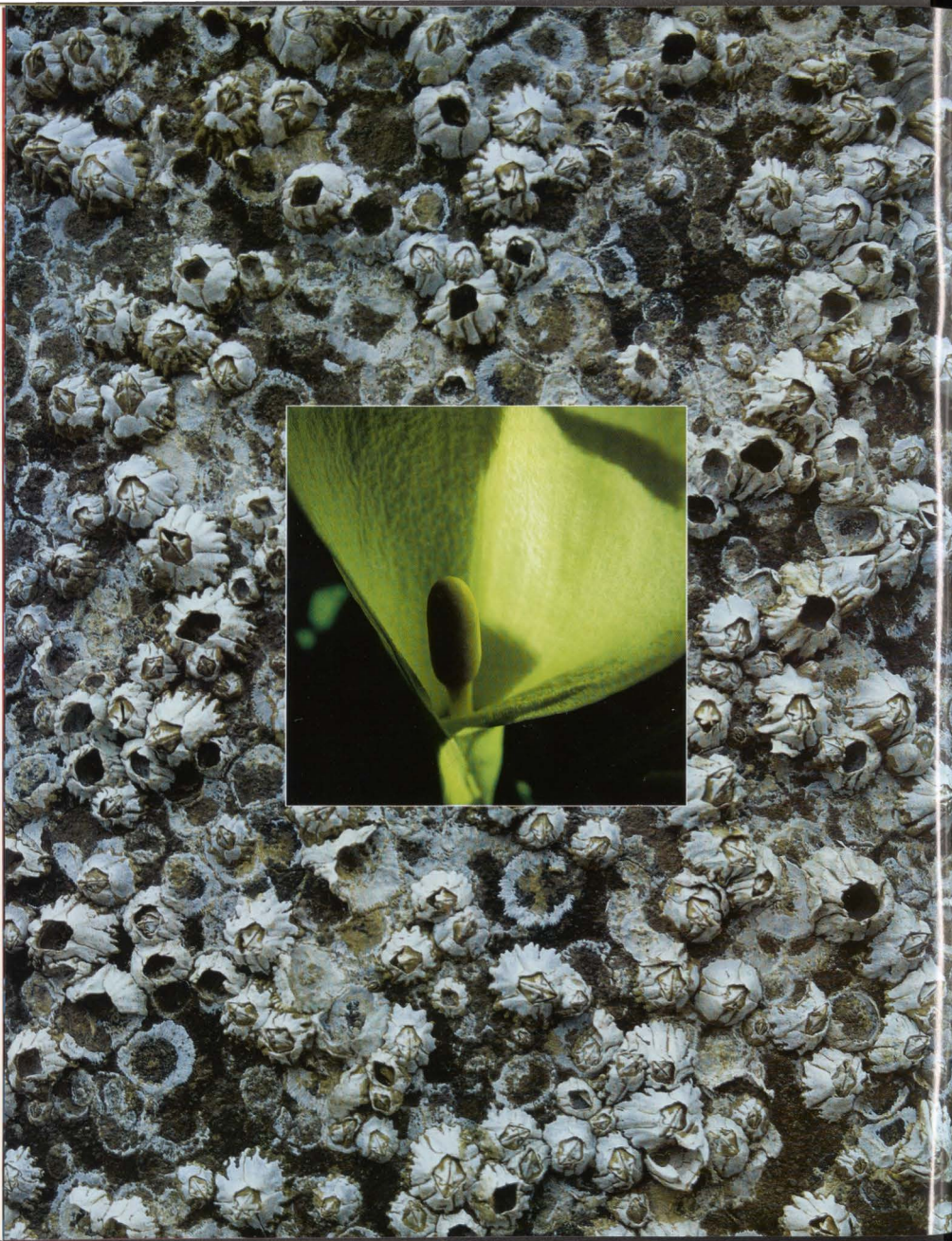
That Eiseley was a paleontologist strengthened his authority, but it was the saga, not the science, that excited me. He provided me—and, I'm sure, many others without religious belief—with a creation narrative. Or better, an emergence narrative. Eiseley, like Darwin before him, didn't claim to know or to be able to know the origin of life. In this way their evolution story resembles those Native American tales that presuppose the existence of a raw world and tell how humans emerged out of and into that world—ascending through a series of underground rooms in the Zuni story, issuing from a hollow log in the Kiowa version. Evolution also imagines life emerging from the planer's womb—coalescing somehow as simple forms in the ocean depths, proliferating throughout the seas, making landfall eventually and colonizing the continents, and producing in time as part of its prodigious array at least one species able to look back and wonder at the story and try to piece it together from the incomplete evidence available.

Eiseley led my imagination not just to the evolution of life but to the older and vaster stories of geology and cosmology.

The Big Bang theory was getting a lot of attention as I grew up, suggesting strongly that not only life on Earth but the physical universe itself was an evolutionary phenomenon, originating from a single source and developing over the course of thousands of millions of years. Somehow, it began to occur to me, every story must live within other stories, from grains of sand on the Carolina coast to the sun and moon to the farthest stars and beyond, and all must be encompassed in one infinite story. Though I couldn't grasp or define that story, or even the smaller ones that composed it, I knew I believed in it, and though I still can't grasp or define it, I believe in it now. Science and religion and poetry show flashes of it. In Nature I sense the story everywhere, and beauty is the best name I know for it. I don't mean grace or symmetry or sublimity or any other particular measure of beauty, but all of those and more—the beauty of wholeness, of stars and land and the forms of life precisely as Nature has made them and is making them now, the beauty that Emily Dickinson called "nature's fact." This is the oldest beauty, the beauty essential to the meaning of the Greek term *kosmos*, the beauty whose derivation as a word relates it to bounty and ultimately to the Sanskrit *duvas*, meaning "reverence" or "gift." The beauty of the given world. The beauty that is always a becoming, life and death both dancing to it, one long and varied gesture reaching through time.

EVOLUTION HAS BECOME MY FAITH, AND I MEAN that word in its full religious significance. To have faith is to trust with confidence in the unseen. I trust the unseen movement of being by which the universe gave birth to our sun and planet, by which they gave birth to life, and by which life has elaborated into a diverse wholeness we are only beginning to know. There is strong evidence supporting evolution as scientific theory, but believing in evolution as I imagine it is still a matter of faith. I have never seen one species of life transform into another. I can't prove that the homologous forelimbs of amphibians and birds and bats and whales and humans all derive from a common ancestor, or that the development of the human embryo recapitulates the evolutionary metamorphosis of fish into amphibian into reptile into mammal. I can't prove that I like to climb trees and am physiologically equipped for it because epochs ago my great-great-uncles lived off the ground in African forests.

And, needless to say, neither I nor anyone else has performed the neat trick of turning a beaker of amino acids into a living creature. Charles Darwin acknowledged and evidently was untroubled by his own unscientific faith concerning ultimate origins. "There is grandeur in this view of life," he wrote in



Being is a miracle, and the true nature of the miracle is beyond our knowing.

The Origin of Species, "having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one," from which "endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved." Loren Eiseley cited no Creator as author of the evolutionary journey, but confessed his own faith in a "mysterious principle known as 'organization'": "Like some dark and passing shadow within matter, it cups out the eyes' small windows or spaces the notes of a meadowlark's song in the interior of a mottled egg. That principle—I am beginning to suspect—was there before the living in the depths of water."

A NY ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF LIFE OR THE origin of being, whether religious or scientific or a blend of both, is necessarily an imagining of faith. The biblical story of Genesis is one such imagining, a beautiful one that shapes my life and work. I am sure, in more ways than I know. I admire its orderly progression, the sure and stately way it depicts an evolution of its own. God calls forth light from darkness, heaven and dry land from the formless waters, grasses and herbs and fruit trees from the land, swimming and flying creatures from the oceans, and cattle and other terrestrial animals "after their kinds" from the fresh and green-growing earth. All of this is good in the eyes of God, but only humans are specifically said to have been made in God's image. I've always stumbled on that part of the story. In my late twenties, five unexceptional words in the writings of C. G. Jung rang my spirit like a bell: "God wants to become man," he wrote, referring to the Christ story. Not man, I thought, but God wants to become. God materializes, incarnates himself in matter, to realize the fullness of his being in the evolving panoply of the cosmos. He did not design the universe but desires it, the way a poet desires the poem he can't yet see and finds its design only in its making. God finds his way only as we and the rest of creation find ours. And so, being extends itself in ever developing orders of wholeness that form and dissolve in death and then re-form, inhabiting possibility with the amplitude of all that is.

Or so I imagine it, but there are only two things I hold certain. Being is a miracle, and the true nature of the miracle is beyond our knowing. The terms and categories we employ when talking about ultimate things, including beauty, wholeness, God, evolution, and others I use, are crude signifiers, markers made of clay. To speak of mind or matter or design or desire or chance or necessity is to peer through a lens that distorts other regions of the truth as it brings a particular region into focus. In the nineteenth century no one doubted the distinction between matter and energy; now, to physicists at least,

that difference has melted. I suspect that other distinctions we habitually assume, including that between the animate and the inanimate, will turn out to tell more about the limits of rational analytic thinking than they tell about the nature of being.

And that's just as well. Like poetry and all art, stories live by suggestion, not explanation, and in that way the greatest story, the story of being, lives in our minds and hearts. To be alive is to hear and tell stories, and the stories are as alive as we are. They change in the hearing and telling. They change as we live on in our lives, as humankind lives farther into time. They will not be restrained in static versions. Maybe the only truly impoverished souls are the rigidly orthodox, whether religious or scientific—those so obsessed with the text of a single story that they deny the validity of others and lose sight of the beauty their own story is meant to suggest, not to contain. The great feast ready before them, they gnaw instead on the meager nourishment of the menu.

"Talk of mysteries!" wrote Thoreau, all stirred up on a Maine mountain. "Think of our life in nature,—daily to be shown matter, to come in contact with it,—rocks, trees, wind on our cheeks! the solid earth! the actual world!" If you follow the physicists, the actual world is made of willful little particles with names like quark and gluon that dodge into and out of existence, enlivening a universe born some fifteen billion years ago from a single seed of space and time, an evolving universe that has composed itself into nebulae, stars, planets, and Thoreau with wind on his cheeks. If you follow the Bible or another good book, you may imagine the story differently, but whatever the story you see by, the world is here, impossible and undeniable, its own most eloquent explanation. We belong to a mystery that does not belong to us, yet it is freely granted, everywhere and all the time. We distance ourselves, we fail to see, but the mystery does not fail us. It spirals through the molecules of our own DNA, through the shells of snails and the chambered nautilus, through the grain of junipers and the great spinning storms and the spiral arms of the Milky Way, and so joins itself to the infinite from which it arose.

John Daniel is a poet and writer who lives north of Noti. This essay is part of a chapter of the same title in a book, Winter Creek: One Writer's Natural History, to be published by Milkweed Editions in July. Daniel is the author of five previous books, including Looking After: A Son's Memoir and The Trail Home. He is the recipient of a Pushcart Prize, a Wallace Stegner Fellowship at Stanford University, and two Oregon Book Awards for Literary Nonfiction, as well as a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts. He served as judge for this year's Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest.

By Cheri Brooks

under the surface

Professor Geraldine Richmond has earned high acclaim in science, but she also has great chemistry with people.

Geri Richmond is supervising a group of fourth and fifth graders as they struggle to maintain their balance on a six-foot-long skateboard. It's a physics lesson about force and motion, but some of the complexities get lost as a kid rams the wooden contraption against a bookshelf in the cramped classroom.

"Whoa," Richmond says. But she doesn't flinch or scold. After all, science is supposed to be fun.

Richmond and her husband, Steve Kevan, both UO professors, regularly visit their sons' classrooms at Edison Elementary School armed with souped-up bicycle wheels and human-sized tops. Ostensibly they come to demonstrate the laws of motion, but mostly they convey the joy that scientific experimentation brings.

"I love teaching and I love science," Richmond says. Those passions have guided her career as a nationally renowned chemist. She also is committed to public service and a strong family life. "Doing science can be very hard, very challenging, very frustrating," she admits. "It's also empty, in my mind, unless you can tie it to people."

Richmond is best known for her pioneering work in the realm of physical chemistry, where she and her students conduct research using the most advanced pulsed-laser systems. Her lab is funded by the National Science Foundation,

the U.S. Department of Energy (DOE), the Office of Naval Research, and private foundations. Her research probes the molecular properties of water surfaces, examining how water molecules interact with soaps, oils, gases, metals, and other elements. Such work has applications to everything from medicine to semiconductor processing to understanding the formation of clouds.

Richmond is the Richard M. and Patricia H. Noyes Professor of Chemistry at the UO and has received a shower of awards, including two bestowed this year by the American Chemical Society (ACS): the Spectrochemical Analysis Award and the Northwest Regional Award for Contributions to Diversity. She also is the recipient of a Presidential Award for Excellence in Science and Engineering Mentoring from the White House, the ACS's Francis P. Garvan Medal, the National Science Foundation's Research Creativity Extension Award, and the Oregon Academy of Sciences' Outstanding Scientist Award. Other honors include the Camille and Henry Dreyfus Teacher-Scholar Award, the Coblentz Society Spectroscopy Award, and an Alfred P. Sloan Fellowship.

Richmond's expertise and organizational skills are in demand far beyond the UO. She chairs the Basic Science Advisory Committee of the DOE and the Physical Chemistry Division of the ACS. In 1999, Governor Kitzhaber appointed

her to the Oregon State Board of Higher Education.

But what may be most impressive about Geri Richmond is not what she's done, but how she's done it.

Stylish and pixie-like, she oversees a lab, enjoys strong relationships with her husband and children, jogs daily, mentors about a dozen students, and maintains an extraordinary workload from coast to coast—all with grace, flair, and amiability. Throughout her career, Richmond has advocated zealously for the advancement of female scientists in academia and has placed a premium on teaching, taking particular pleasure in teaching science to undergraduates not majoring in science. Though Richmond has experienced her share of professional setbacks and disappointments, she has achieved scientific acclaim, earned respect as a public leader, and encouraged countless students to pursue science—while making it all look easy.

"I think a key to Geri's success is her high level of energy and commitment. She has enormous zest for life as well as for science," says Professor Sandra Greer, a colleague at the University of Maryland. "Sometimes our energies can be drained by the inequities we deal with as women in science, but Geri teaches us to keep doing good science and to have fun with our kids and our real lives."



Geri Richmond and Steve Kevan spread the joys of science to students at Edison Elementary School.

Jack Liu

"Sometimes our energies can be drained by the inequities we deal with as women in science, but Geri teaches us to keep doing good science and to have fun with our kids and our real lives."

It's no accident that Richmond functions as a role model for others. In 1997, dismayed by subtle discrimination and a lack of support for female scientists at top-level research institutions, Richmond founded the Committee on the Advancement of Women Chemists, or COACH. Her goal was to build a support system for high-ranking women chemists and to help improve their professional prospects.

"Sometimes [women] can be their own worst enemies," Richmond says. "We try to teach them to be their own best friends."

Although more women than ever are entering the sciences, they still face an uphill battle in their careers, especially in the so-called hard-science fields of physics and chemistry. The idea behind COACH is to identify barriers, educate about gender equity issues, effect change at institutions blocking women's progress, and teach women the skills they need to achieve their professional potential.

For instance, COACH member Angelica Stacy recounted recently in *The Chronicle of Higher Education* the saga of how a dean at the University of California-Berkeley gave Stacy's laboratory space away without asking, even though she had just been promoted to full professor. COACH helped Stacy find a strategy to fight back—to question, to negotiate, to not simply acquiesce.

"We try to help women make an honest assessment of their successes and accomplishments, which instills greater confidence in their abilities," Richmond says. "We teach skills to help women take more control of their lives, decisions, and outcomes." These include communication, negotiation, assertiveness, and leadership—skills most women possess but may not have fully tapped.

COACH offers networking and mentoring programs around the country. Fifteen senior women chemists and chemical engineers—from Cambridge to Berkeley to North Carolina to Arizona—serve on its advisory committee. Last year, COACH received a five-year, \$1.4 million grant from the National Science

Foundation, National Institutes of Health, and DOE to fund workshops, educational programs, and studies on why so few women seek university professorships in chemistry.

Out of more than 2,000 full chemistry professors at top-flight research universities, fewer than 100 are women. (In the UO chemistry department, about one-third of the tenure-track professors are women, but just two out of fifteen full professors are female.) Richmond says that women pursuing academic careers in chemistry can become discouraged by "an accumulation of disadvantages."

"Little salary differences, a little bit heavier teaching load, a little more service term"—Richmond says they add up. And for moms with young children, it can be even harder. "The perception is that if you choose to have a family, there are certain scientists who say you're not devoted enough to science," she notes. "When was going into science declaring yourself celibate?"

That was never a particular goal of Richmond's. She dated quite a bit in high school, turning heads and cartwheels on the basketball court as a cheerleader. She always liked math, though, and in college at Kansas State, she fell in love with science.

"I dug into science and enjoyed it so much that I didn't come up for air until I graduated," Richmond explained in a 1990 profile in *The Scientist*. To fit in, however, she found she had to forgo makeup, nail polish, and pumps; even fragrant hand lotion became a distraction in the overwhelmingly male environment.

Richmond recalls that she had to work extra hard to gain acceptance and opportunity but wasn't sure of the reason. "By the time I was a senior, I took a course in feminism and then it became clear why I was having the problems I was having," she says.

Despite the obstacles, Richmond quickly began to distinguish herself as a scientist and a teacher. She completed a Ph.D. at the University of California-Berkeley and

accepted a job at Bryn Mawr College, a women's school outside Philadelphia. Her future husband, Steve Kevan, whom she'd met in graduate school, got a job at AT&T Bell Laboratories in New Jersey.

Though she loved teaching science to women at Bryn Mawr, the distance between their jobs meant she and Kevan could only spend weekends together. When they applied for jobs elsewhere, they found that the UO welcomed a dual-career couple. "Other places were worried about the nepotism rule," Richmond told *The Scientist*. "But people [at the UO] were so receptive. They were smart enough to recognize us as a catch as a couple, and we appreciated that." (Kevan was hired in the physics department.) Oregon also proved to be a family-friendly environment when the pair had their sons, Dustin and Bryan (now twelve and ten).

Richmond credits Kevan as one of the keys to her success. "I have a wonderful husband who gives me endless support while also giving me a lot of freedom to do all kinds of things," she says.

Still, the daily grind of submitting grant proposals (not all of which get funded), designing experiments (not all of which work), and writing papers (not all of which get accepted) sometimes can be discouraging. "If you run a large research program like I do, with many grants, papers, and students, a lot of negative stuff can happen that you can't let get you down or slow your progress," Richmond explains.

For moral support, she turns to a set of "guiding principles." One of them, she says, "is to immerse myself in people who I enjoy to help deflect and neutralize the negative stuff that bombards me every day." She says this "positively charged field" includes her family, select colleagues in the professional world, and her students.

"I love my grad students and post-docs," she says, getting a bit teary. "They're my friends, they're my kids, they're my reasons for coming in."



Science is supposed to be fun.

Jack Liu

Megan Leich, a fourth-year doctoral student in chemistry, is constructing her own optical station in the Richmond lab. It involves two laser beams, one infrared and one green, that pulse about six times per second. The beams navigate a maze of lenses, mirrors, crystals, and filters, combining for a nanosecond to create a third color—blue, invisible to the naked eye.

The beams emerge from a black box and are directed to the minute interface of two substances. Then special instruments and computers measure values of the light bouncing off this surface. The result of the beams' journey through the labyrinth is a read-out of squiggly lines.

Leich says it has taken three years to begin producing these data. "Generating infrared light is actually surprisingly hard," she says. By measuring the out-going color change and its brightness, Leich learns about the molecular properties and reactions of various liquids with water.

Richmond, along with former graduate student Lawrence Scatena MS '97 Ph.D. '02 and post-doctoral research associate Mac Brown, used a similar technique to reveal that water and oil do indeed mix. It was a surprising finding that contributed to the long-running scientific debate about how water hydrogen bonds to other molecules at the surface between water and a supposedly water-resistant substance. (Their results recently appeared in *Science*, the premier journal of the physical sciences.) Among other

things, their research explains why oil slicks form on water surfaces instead of the oil balling up.

Most of the work that goes on in the Richmond lab, which includes six optical stations, some of them part of the UO's Shared Laser Facility, deals with the interactions of molecules at surfaces. Some systems examine the point at which water meets the surface of a solid, such as a metal or salt. Others survey the interface between water and air. And other systems, like the one Leich is building, shed light on liquid interactions.

Fred Moore, a visiting professor from Whitman College who is spending a year in Richmond's lab, finds the group collegial and close-knit. "We have different projects, but the mechanisms and techniques are similar," he says. Richmond's is one of only a handful of labs in the world that boast such optical equipment. "It's not the sort of thing you can buy off the shelf," he says. "It has to be assembled."

The work is technically challenging and intellectually rewarding for Richmond, but her goal is not merely to address scientific issues. "The research for me is just a vehicle for training students," she says. "I've never thought of myself as a scientist doing work on my own. I always wanted to be a teacher."

Though her schedule often takes her away from home, Richmond keeps in close contact with students, colleagues, and family via e-mail,

a handheld computer, and cellular phone. Last spring she maintained a dizzying travel schedule, which included jaunts to Chicago, New Orleans, Atlanta, Colorado, Orlando, New Haven, Baltimore, Southern California, Washington, D.C., and many forays to Portland.

Her service to the Oregon State Board of Higher Education, the governing body of state public universities, is understandably time-consuming. Richmond sees her role on the board as an advocate for excellence in teaching and research, particularly research that is nationally and internationally competitive and valued. "I don't have any patience for wasted money," she says.

Her most significant outside role, however, is chairing the DOE's Basic Science Advisory Committee, which oversees a \$1 billion annual budget for energy science conducted at universities and laboratories throughout the nation. Richmond calls this her "invisible job," because few people at the UO are aware of all the work it requires, such as monthly trips to Washington.

On one recent afternoon at the American Chemical Society meeting in Florida, amid the cheers of spectators viewing the launch of the space shuttle, Richmond typed correspondence on her handheld computer and fought homesickness. It was a good time to remember another guiding principle.

"I try to put most of my energy into things that I feel strongly about," she says, ticking off examples. "Teaching, using research as a vehicle for training students, working closely with them in guiding their life choices, seeking answers to fundamental questions about physical phenomena in our world . . . and making certain that women are valued participants in the scientific enterprise."

Cheri Brooks '89 MS '96 is a Eugene writer and staff member of the UO's Wayne Morse Chair of Law and Politics and the Center for the Study of Women in Society. Her last feature for Oregon Quarterly was "Behind the Black Masks" (Winter 2000).

Is the UO a good place for women in science?

In 1999, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology released a disquieting study about its female science faculty. The report continued the work of a committee established to analyze the status of women professors in six departments at the MIT School of Science. The committee had discovered that, though junior women faculty felt supported within their departments, many tenured women faculty considered themselves marginalized and excluded, and that this feeling of marginalization was accompanied by quantifiable gender-based differences in salary, space, awards, resources, and job mobility. And as of 1994, the percentage of female faculty in science at MIT (8 percent) had remained essentially stagnant for nearly two decades.

The dean of science had taken action to increase the number of women, especially at the full professor level, but had little to show for it. Too many female grad students and lower-level faculty members left before reaching the higher ranks. Drawing upon in-depth interviews, the 1999 MIT report revealed an important reason: "Each generation of young women, including those who are currently senior faculty, began by believing that gender discrimination was 'solved' in the previous generation and would not touch them. Gradually however, their eyes were opened to the realization that the playing field is not level after all, and that they had paid a high price both personally and professionally as a result."

This phenomenon seemed counterintuitive. "Given the tiny number of women faculty and the fact that they are essentially irreplaceable, one would have assumed that all tenured women would be treated exceptionally well—pampered, overpaid, indulged," the MIT report says. "Instead, they proved to be underpaid, to have unequal access to the resources of MIT, to be excluded from any substantive power within the University."

Is this inequity unearthed at MIT epidemic in academia? Do top-level female scientists at the UO feel marginalized and under-appreciated? Are they excluded from power?

The UO certainly boasts a healthy share of accomplished women at the full

professor level in its science departments. Many of them are routinely courted by institutions (such as MIT) that can pay more and provide more resources. Yet they usually stay.

Could it be that they're happy here? "I've been treated very well," says Helen Neville, a professor of psychology and neuroscience. "But I don't think that's because I'm a woman."

Neville, who is director of the UO Brain Development Lab and assistant director of the UO Institute of Neuroscience, is happy because the University has made her discipline a priority. "I think the UO is a great place for science," she says, "especially neuroscience."

Neville also likes the wilderness, the trees, the small community, and the great culture. "Perhaps one of the reasons why women stay is because they tend to prioritize their quality of life. But that would be discriminatory to say such a thing," she notes. "Those qualities are also valued by men."

She is careful to avoid making generalizations that differentiate between men and women along cultural lines. "It's a mistake to keep perpetuating this idea that men and women have different priorities," Neville says.

Janis Weeks, an acclaimed UO biology professor and also part of the Institute of Neuroscience, admits that quality of life is part of what drew both her and her husband—William Roberts, an associate professor of biology—to Oregon. Like the Richmond-Kevan team, Weeks and her husband found the UO to be supportive of dual-career couples, well disposed to family life, and welcoming to children.

Weeks also notes that the UO has a "critical mass" of successful female scientists who have enough power at the University to make their presence felt. "Your worst fear is that the old male faculty go off in some backroom and divvy up the space and money," she says. "With enough senior women, there's a critical mass so that can't happen."

She adds, "It's not just that there are strong women here. There are a lot of strong male feminists, too."

However, another female science professor, who did not want to be named, says that gender discrimination—when

it occurs—is often subtle: "It is the accumulation of minute slights over a career, rather than any single, obvious incident."

To really find out if the UO is a good place for women in science, she says, one must ask hard questions: Is there salary equity? Are women hired at the same rate as men? Do they leave before tenure more often? Do they get equivalent teaching assignments, support for research, and mentoring? Are they equitably represented in decision-making positions? Do they get tenured at the same rate as men? Do they get promoted at the same rate and in the same time frame as men?

Few of these questions are routinely asked in most places, much less answered. But the UO does closely monitor gender equity, according to Lorraine Davis, vice president for academic affairs. She is completing a salary study indicating that male science professors earn slightly more than female science professors (in values adjusted for seniority and rank), but the amount is not statistically significant.

"At the full professor rank, generally there's equity," Davis says. However, Davis does acknowledge a disparity in terms of the numbers of full professors in the sciences—most of whom possess the Y chromosome.

"We're certainly sensitive to it and trying to do some things that we can do to recruit, retain, and promote good faculty in general, but particularly women in areas that women are less likely to participate in," Davis says.

The key for the UO may be doing what it can do—given the current financial situation.

"One thing that doesn't keep us here is the resources," says Weeks. "Given the funding problems, virtually all of us could move to other universities and earn one-third again the salaries and have access to money and new buildings and more resources."

But the combination of great science and a great place to live seems to be enough to keep many scientists—male and female—at the UO. And Weeks maintains that, at least in the Department of Biology, faculty salaries reflect one's productivity and rank—not one's sex.

"People are equally underpaid," she says, "independent of gender." —CB

Parents Make People...

... and Birth To Three tries to help parents enjoy making healthy ones.

By Debra Gwartney Photography by Jack Liu

NOT LONG AGO, WALKING THE AISLES of my neighborhood grocery store, I noticed a young woman ahead of me becoming increasingly frustrated with her child. The girl, maybe two years old, with brown curly hair and a smear of chocolate or peanut butter across her face, squirmed in the front seat of the grocery cart, surrounded by her coat, a few soft toys, and a carton of milk. She wriggled to get free and wailed while holding her sticky hands out to her mother. The mother's own hands tightened around the cart handle. "Stop that. Don't," she said. The child continued to cry. "You know what?" I heard the mother say as she grabbed the girl's shoulders and straightened her in the seat. "I don't like you when you act like this."

It's never easy to witness altercations between exhausted parents and willful children, but on this day I found it particularly hard because I'd just come from a gathering of mothers and babies held once a week at a Springfield community center. Many of those mothers struggle with limited incomes, inadequate housing, fruitless job searches—yet during the hours of their Crecer parent-education meeting, sponsored by Eugene's Birth To Three organization, I'd noticed a palpable sense of relief and communion. Sitting in a circle of chairs, the mothers, led by parent educator Thelma Barone, shared frustrations over managing toddlers and households and a strange culture, as these families were mostly new to the United States. They encouraged and teased each other, laughed abundantly, and reached out to touch and hold each other's children wandering through the grown-up sea of legs.

The Crecer group (it roughly translates to "growing up") for Spanish-speaking mothers is one of many opportunities for

parents offered by Birth To Three, which provides support and education services to 7,000 Lane County families each year. The aim of the organization is to help men and women become more constructive, enlightened parents. Birth To Three educators emphasize that most parents know better than anyone else what's best for their own children but sometimes need help to identify and follow their best instincts. Groups give adults the chance to talk openly about the challenges and loneliness of being mothers and fathers and to celebrate the rewards of those roles.

"Birth To Three works well because it was formed straight out of the needs of parents," says Executive Director Minalee Saks. "In the beginning, we talked to many parents and found out what they needed and then developed programs based not on theory so much, but out of practical, hands-on experience."

And that's been to the good of thousands of children. Though Birth To Three focuses on parents, it has become a recognized center of child abuse prevention. The U.S. Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention rates the organization among the top twenty-five programs in the nation for preventing child abuse. As Saks points out, the primary beneficiary of healthy parenting is the child. "We are promoting the well-being of children with every class," she says.

Decades of child development research strongly indicates that parental bonding and nurturing during the early years of life are crucial for a sense of safety and confidence, says UO Psychology Professor Mary Rothbart. Children caught in cycles of their parents' tension and punishment are more likely to engage in violence or self-loathing later, particu-

larly in adolescence. "It's very important that children be loved and protected and responded to," Rothbart says. "It makes so much more sense to avoid problems by starting early and letting those first relationships thrive."

SAKS HERSELF SWAM HARD TO KEEP her head above water after the birth of her first child. She was new to Eugene, away from extended family, and yearning for companionship with other young moms. One day in 1977 she received a serendipitous invitation to join an infant temperament study at the UO headed by Professor Rothbart. Lonely for company and eager for the twenty-five dollar payout, Saks allowed researchers Andi Fischhoff, pregnant at that time, and Sue Kelly, the mother of four children, into her home for a nine-month period to study interactions between her and her infant. The three women opened up with each other to discuss what nobody else was saying: Motherhood can be isolating and draining, as infants, then toddlers, demand 100 percent attention, leaving little energy for anyone or anything else. "We talked a lot about how our culture is one in which people don't live near family so much anymore, nor do we tend to know our neighbors well," Saks says. "There's no one to turn to for help or support or to ask questions about parenting."

When that research project ended, the three moms explored the possibilities for a parent support organization. They spent a year meeting with public health nurses, asking parents about specific needs and desires, and reading books about structuring groups. "What was confirmed for us during that time is that a lot of couples get support during pregnancy and delivery," Saks says. "They get

"A lot of couples get support during pregnancy and delivery. They get support again when their children enter preschool . . . But there's nothing in the middle. Just a black hole between hospital and school."

support again when their children enter preschool and they become part of a parent community. But there's nothing in the middle. Just a black hole between hospital and school."

Filling that hole became the goal of the Saks-Fischhoff-Kelly initiative, which they aptly named Birth To Three.

In the early years, groups met in family homes, where moms—and increasingly dads—spread out around living rooms while toddlers wandered through for kisses and snacks and infants slept or nursed. A parent educator suggested topics for discussion and kept the adults on track, leading the weekly group for several months. Once this formal structure ended, many groups continued to meet, so close had the bonds become. In fact, the first bunch of Birth To Three parents and kids who began meeting in 1978 still gets together fairly regularly for potlucks, picnics, and reunions. And at least one of those original Birth To Three babies is now a Birth To Three parent.

"It's been the most amazing community builder," Saks says. "There aren't a lot of ways for parents to truly be there for each other. But in these groups, when a family has a crisis, the others are there. They've become like family."

As a young dad in 1983, UO Psychology Professor Tom Dishion found out about Birth To Three from Sacred Heart Hospital. Dishion and his wife began taking their infant son to a support group in their neighborhood. Even though Dishion was training at the time as a clinical child psychologist, the group added a needed dimension to his own experience as a parent. "As a first-time parent, I found it extremely valuable," Dishion says now. "Especially the connection I found with other fathers. We talked about the stresses of parenthood, we talked about sleep



Creer participant Rosa Mendoza and her son Isaac



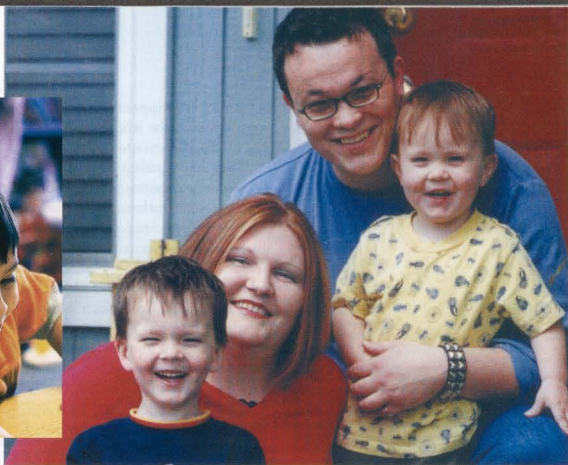
*Creعر mother Nancy Aviles, left;
Creعر kid Isaac Navarro, above*

deprivation, we talked about whatever we needed to talk about."

After the ten-month official session was finished, Dishion's group stayed together. "We'd become very close," he says. In subsequent years, the families clung to each other through difficult times, including the deaths of several parents and one child. "When you are involved in such events, you come to realize how precious your own family life is," he says. "It gets you out of your skin a little bit so you can become more deeply connected with others."

THAT CONNECTION IS VITAL FOR NEW parents, says Rothbart, whose research concentrates on infant development. Birth To Three's first board member, Rothbart continues to be active in the organization. Currently she's heading an intensive academic review process that will allow the organization to more widely sell its parent education curriculum. (Dishion and several other UO professors are also on the review committee.) Birth To Three's Make Parenting a Pleasure (MPAP) curriculum is already being used at 400 sites in the United States and in countries as far away as Romania.

Rothbart says that from the beginning, when she heard about the idea from "those three energetic mothers," she considered Birth To Three a strong resource for the community. "And what



Bobbi and Joseph Smith and their sons Joey and Isaiah

they offer ties in important ways to what we're finding in our research about child development."

That research, she says, has changed thinking about the skills and preparation required to help babies become social and learning children. "We used to think that the chief duty of the parent was to keep everything clean for the infant," she explains. "But the information now leans toward the importance of reading to your child, talking to your child, interacting with your child. Birth To Three gives parents a chance to see how others are doing these things."

It's especially critical, Rothbart adds, that parents discover in support groups that there isn't just one kind of infant or toddler. "How active they are, how positive in disposition, how easily they get distressed—each child is different. A wonderful by-product of Birth To Three is that not only do parents get a shared view of child raising, but they also get to see the wide variability of other infants in the room."

Over the years, Rothbart has watched Birth To Three become a "powerful social system." She believes that the organization works both because a heterogeneous group of parents learn from each other—a much more acceptable kind of learning than what might come from an "authority"—and because the facilitators are parents, there to share rather than dispense orders. "This isn't

A Parent Finds Pleasure

Bobbi Smith, the mother of two boys and a former high school dropout now several credits shy of a bachelor's degree in child development, gives Birth To Three much credit for helping her in her dual role as mother and wife.

In a Make Parenting a Pleasure (MPAP) workshop three years ago, Smith developed a sense of confidence that she knew what was right for her child and built a network of support she relies on still. Just nineteen when her first boy was born and a newcomer to Eugene, Smith joined a teen class under the auspices of MPAP. Developed with a grant from the Meyer Memorial Trust, the program is an effort to prevent child abuse by providing free support groups to parents dealing with multiple stresses. It's open to teen parents, those recovering from drug and alcohol problems, and those who've faced serious illness or financial difficulties. Smith, who says she resented being placed in a teen parent class at first—she considered herself more mature than most nineteen-year-olds—quickly found other mothers and fathers to talk to and befriend.

"I was so grateful that I wasn't the only one who felt [they were] going crazy," she says. "And I was pleased that the class both supported [me in] the things I didn't want to bring to my parenting experience and confirmed that I was doing a lot of things right. I was often told that I was doing OK, and I needed to hear that."

Because the facilitator of the group convinced Smith and her husband that they were the experts about their own child, "we left the class feeling strengthened instead of lectured to," she says. And because Smith and her husband attended the workshop together, she says they learned how children benefit when their parents sustain a healthy relationship. "We didn't even know what a good marriage was until we took the class."

That first Birth To Three experience was so powerful for Smith that she altered her educational goals. Before MPAP, she was set on getting training to help troubled teenage girls, but she has now opted for a UO major that will allow her to become a parent educator. She stayed on at Birth To Three, as well, at first as a volunteer, then a parent mentor, and now as a college intern.

"I don't know what I would have done without it," she says.

—DG



someone lecturing someone else," she says. "It's a person whose goals for raising her child are the same as yours."

Dishion, whose research involves adolescents, confirms that the benefits of creating a network early in a child's life extend to the teenage years. He credits Birth To Three for cutting through the societal tendency to stay isolated, which many parents fall into. "Growing a healthy person requires a stable set of relationships," he says. "Teenagers need that network of support."

NEARLY TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AFTER the first moms and dads and babies began supporting each other, Birth To Three has become a major provider of parent education and support. The organization has an annual budget of more than \$1 million, which comes primarily from government grants and private fundraising. Every day is filled with support groups, classes, and discussions.

At the heart of Birth To Three are basic classes covering the early years of a child's life — Incredible Infants, Wonderful Ones, Terrific Twos — led by a parent educator and open to the entire community, for a small fee based on family income. More recently developed workshops —

Creer and Make Parenting a Pleasure among them — help families facing more than a normal load of stress and are free to participants. In addition to classes and workshops, the "Warmline" phone service offers answers to parenting questions and a bimonthly newsletter provides advice and lists resources for parents.

On a recent sunny morning, a Wonderful Ones group is going full



Parent educator
Thelma Barone with
Isaac Navarro.
UO Psychology
Professor Mary
Rothbart.

gear in Birth To Three's building on Centennial Loop in Eugene. Moms settle in, chatting with each other while their toddling babies wander between the discussion room and the playroom, which is filled with about every toy that could delight a child and staffed with experienced caregivers. The door between the two rooms remains open, explains parent educator Paula Levinrad, so children can come in for a "mommy hit," snuggling in her lap for a few minutes of security before returning to play. "We want the children to learn security while they're here," she says.

This day's topic involves "upsets," and the formal meeting begins with the nine moms each telling about a time when her child took her "to the edge." After that, Levinrad reminds the mothers that adults have many ways to deal with such frustrations, but that "it's awfully hard to be one year old and not be understood." As if to illustrate the point, a little guy in the middle of the room begins to sob for no apparent reason and collapses into his mother's chest when she reaches out to console him.

The discussion progresses to helping a child achieve independence. "We're so busy making them feel loved that we forget to help them feel competent," Levinrad says, advising mothers to "let them try on their own — stand back a little." A muttering around the room indicates that it's often hard for moms of one-year-olds to take this first step of letting go. "As infants, you gave them what they needed immediately so they learned to trust," Levinrad encourages. "Now give them a chance to try."

As the morning goes on, Levinrad moves the conversation around to the kinds of messages mothers give their children, sometimes unconsciously. "Body language speaks louder than words," she warns. "Working on yourself, keeping yourself happy and satisfied, is the best thing you can do to help your baby."

A recent evening class of the Make Parenting a Pleasure program, held at a Springfield elementary school, has a harder edge to it than the Wonderful Ones session. Several parents sitting in tiny chairs in the school's library — with their children safely tucked away

in the childcare room down the hall — resist the idea of examining their parenting styles, insisting that reactions like spanking and shouting are “the way it’s always been done in my family.” The parent educator, Claire Demo, doesn’t flinch under the resistance, but offers positive examples to help the four moms and one dad — who all appear beyond exhausted — find new methods of interacting with their children. In fact, the arguing, Demo says later, is part of the process for many parents. “Maybe they’re not quite ready to understand why it’s best not to shout at a child, but they’re coming to the meetings to get a break and to be with other parents, and that’s a great start.”

The most productive moment of the evening comes when one mother describes a breakthrough with her children, who refused to go to bed at night. She used advice received in an earlier MPAP class, including keeping her voice calm and free of judgment, when she talked to her kids about bedtime. She also pointed out “natural consequences,” reminding her girls that if they weren’t rested they’d be grouchy, and then she wouldn’t be able to take them to the library the next day to check out books. She offers such a positive approach to the problem that the other parents in the room lean in — and really listen.

“Sometimes I hear things that make my jaw drop,” Demo says. “And before I can respond, another parent steps in and offers a different point of view and I’m reminded that advice is sometimes easier to take from another mom or dad than that I’m there to facilitate.”

After this evening meeting adjourns, the men and women who’ve been caring for the children down the hall join with Demo and UO intern Robin Hill. The group sits around a library table to discuss how each child is faring and which families might need a mid-week check-in. Demo carefully writes

notes and confirms that she’ll be in touch with the parents who might need an extra dose of support.

“It’s a wonderful feeling to help these families through struggles,” Hill says. The mother of two boys, Hill is nearly finished with her bachelor’s degree and has been an intern in four different Birth To Three programs. “I’ve enjoyed the group process,” she says. “And especially the nonthreatening atmosphere.”

“We used to think that the chief duty of the parent was to keep everything clean for the infant. But the information now leans toward the importance of reading to your child, talking to your child, interacting with your child.”

It’s this atmosphere of support and fellowship that keeps Birth To Three such a comfortable place, even after tremendous growth over the past decade. Of the 2,000 or so parents enrolled every year in a Birth To Three class, most everyone feels welcomed and respected. I see that at the Crecer group in Springfield, where I sit with my back against the wall and

listen for nearly two hours to a language I don’t speak. Though I fail to comprehend a single sentence, I understand everything that happens this sunny afternoon. Mothers who are struggling to live in a new place and a new culture have come together to offer essential sustenance to each other, and in this brief time together the women are open and happy. They laugh and hug each other often. Thelma Barone, their parent educator, offers encouragement and support. And it’s clear that their children — building with blocks and painting pictures, toddling in from the other room, and climbing on their mothers — are thriving.

Debra Gwartney is a Eugene writer and an instructor in the UO’s Creative Writing Program. Her last feature for Oregon Quarterly was “Homes for the Soul” (Autumn 2000).

For more information about Birth To Three, call (541) 484-5316 or visit its website at <http://www.birthto3.org/>.

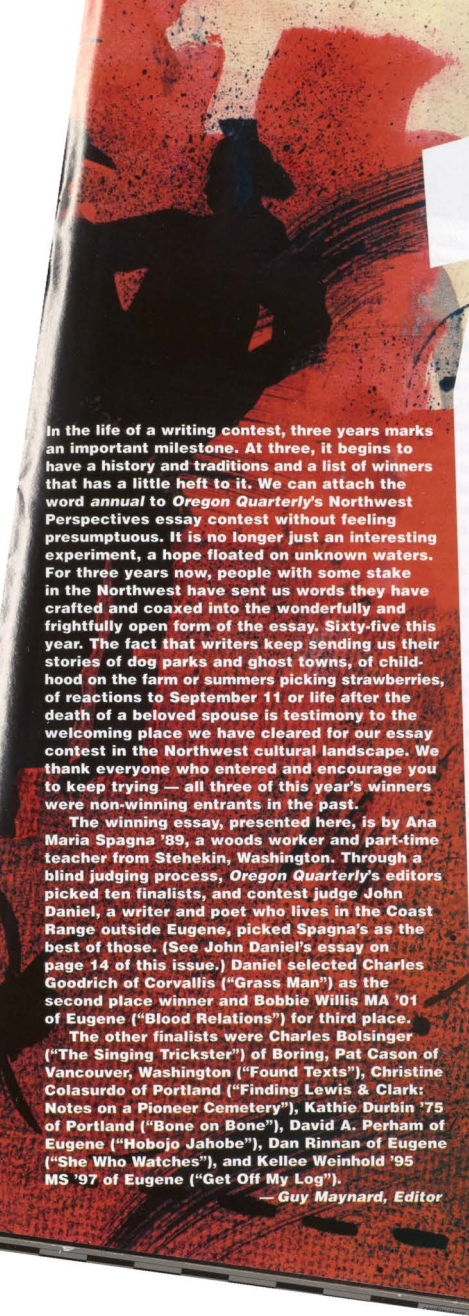


Melissa Villa Saucedo with teacher Brad Brashears '01

The UO and Birth To Three

From Mary Rothbart’s research project in 1977 to Bobbi Smith’s internship in 2002, the connections between the University of Oregon and Birth To Three are long and deep. A recent count found fifteen UO graduates on the Birth To Three staff. UO students, graduate and undergraduate, are woven throughout Birth To Three, interning with parent educators in nearly every workshop, and working alongside staff in other programs, such as hospital visits to families of newborns. In addition, UO students make up more than half of the volunteers who answer phones and fill other vital roles for the organization. Many UO faculty and staff members have made valuable contributions of time, expertise, and money to Birth To Three. Former UO President Paul Olum was an ardent supporter of Birth To Three, serving on the board of directors and leading efforts to purchase the building that now serves as its office. The atrium in that building is named for the Olum family. Current UO President Dave Frohnmayer has also been a longtime champion of Birth To Three. When he was Oregon’s attorney general in the 1980s, Frohnmayer said, “Birth To Three is a community investment of the most priceless kind: an investment in the preservation of nurturing family life, which ought to be the birthright of every child.”





In the life of a writing contest, three years marks an important milestone. At three, it begins to have a history and traditions and a list of winners that has a little left to it. We can attach the word *annual* to *Oregon Quarterly's* Northwest Perspectives essay contest without feeling presumptuous. It is no longer just an interesting experiment, a hope floated on unknown waters. For three years now, people with some stake in the Northwest have sent us words they have crafted and coaxed into the wonderfully and frightfully open form of the essay. Sixty-five this year. The fact that writers keep sending us their stories of dog parks and ghost towns, of childhood on the farm or summers picking strawberries, of reactions to September 11 or life after the death of a beloved spouse is testimony to the welcoming place we have cleared for our essay contest in the Northwest cultural landscape. We thank everyone who entered and encourage you to keep trying — all three of this year's winners were non-winning entrants in the past.

The winning essay, presented here, is by Ana Maria Spagna '89, a woods worker and part-time teacher from Stehekin, Washington. Through a blind judging process, *Oregon Quarterly's* editors picked ten finalists, and contest judge John Daniel, a writer and poet who lives in the Coast Range outside Eugene, picked Spagna's as the best of those. (See John Daniel's essay on page 14 of this issue.) Daniel selected Charles Goodrich of Corvallis ("Grass Man") as the second place winner and Bobbie Willis MA '01 of Eugene ("Blood Relations") for third place.

The other finalists were Charles Bolsinger ("The Singing Trickster") of Boring, Pat Cason of Vancouver, Washington ("Found Texts"), Christine Colasurdo of Portland ("Finding Lewis & Clark: Notes on a Pioneer Cemetery"), Kathie Durbin '75 of Portland ("Bone on Bone"), David A. Perham of Eugene ("Hobojo Jahobe"), Dan Rinnan of Eugene ("She Who Watches"), and Kellie Weinhold '95 MS '97 of Eugene ("Get Off My Log").

— Guy Maynard, Editor

FIRE BAN

BY ANA MARIA SPAGNA

FRIENDS GATHER IN A DRY SEASON,
EAGER FOR FIRE.

THE NIGHT IS UNUSUALLY DRY ALONG THE COLUMBIA GORGE. Rain gear had remained wadded in our packs all day. Dead limbs snapped under our boots. By late afternoon, the wind blew in an ominous haze, too flat and formless to rightly be called clouds. If this were summer, if we were at work, radios would crackle an alert for extreme fire danger. But it is not summer, and we are not at work, not paid at least. We are at Stewman's helping him, ironically as it turns out, to reduce fire hazard on his property. Stewman owns five acres in a community chock-full of alternative-lifestyle fixtures: hay bale homes and solar panels, vegetable gardens and libertarian politics. In terms of eccentricity, he fits right in. As a boy, he flew on the circus trapeze and was featured in the *Saturday Evening Post*. He once had a booth at the Oregon Country Fair where he sold bowls of stew. Hence the nickname. He is a licensed ham radio operator (even now, in these webbish days) with a painfully sweet tenor voice. He is, in short, a man of many talents, many friends, and not much cash. So, he invited a crowd to camp for the weekend and do some work in exchange for a song, a beer, and a bowl of the namesake stew. And, we presumed, a campfire.

We arrived late in the morning, straggling in groggily, armed with mini-mart coffee and chainsaws. Then we got to work, felling some of his small-diameter trees in one swift kerf, yanking them free of the limby thicker overhead, leaving a more open mosaic of fir and pine and oak. This kind of thinning, foresters say, reduces the threat of a crown fire, the scariest kind of fire, one that leaps from treetop to treetop lickety-split without ever touching the ground. So we bucked the downed trees into stovewood lengths and chucked the limbs high onto Volkswagen-sized heaps for Stewman to burn later in the winter when the danger won't be so high. Most of us do something like this for a living, and all of us are at least part-time firefighters, so the day went smoothly enough. Now, as darkness prods us out of the woods, there is just one glitch. Due to the dryness, a countywide fire ban is in effect.

That leaves Stewman more than a little nervous. In this crowd, he knows what's coming. We fidget on the hay bales arranged in a circle for the occasion, a little too quiet, too somber. Stewman pulls out his plug-in campfire gag, a rotisserie of aluminum foil illuminated by an orange light bulb, and that proves good for a courtesy laugh, but not much use for keeping twenty people warm in a late October windstorm. Finally, despite the wind, despite the law, some of Stewman's guests begin piling pinecones in the center of the circle. Then they go looking for a match.

Illustration by Chris Miché

It's becoming common knowledge that the problem in the woods isn't what Smokey led us to believe—that we're burning them down—but the fact that for a hundred years we haven't let them burn. That's why beetles gnaw away whole stands, scientists argue, why invasive species nudge out natives, why second-growth forests choke themselves off from sunlight. That's also why the nightly news superlatives come in too-frequent waves: 1988 was the worst fire season in 100 years! 1994 was the worst fire season in 100 years! 2000 was . . . Nearly everyone agrees that the solution is to start prescribed fires, fires with predetermined parameters in terms of geography, weather, and available resources, fires that in principle provide all the nifty benefits with none of the terror. The result is that, these days, a firefighter's job involves a fair bit of schizophrenia: now start a fire; now put it out. Not that it bothers any of the firefighters I know. As long as something's on fire, they're happy.

Seasonal firefighters get hired on early in the spring and pace around the cache—where fire tools are stored and firefighters report to work each morning—waiting for the chance to burn. Occasionally, when they are short-handed, I'll help out. I'll lug a pair of drip torches, canisters of gasoline-and-diesel mix with elaborate golfball-sized wicks, into the forest still patchy with snow. The crew boss will line us out with military precision to begin walking slowly (More slowly! he'll bark), dribbling flame from the torch wicks. Sometimes, when the humidity drops at around eleven in the morning, the fire starts. Flames travel in procession, then arc away along contours of the land, and eventually, with some luck, take off willy-nilly to torch a few fire-starved Ponderosas or diseased firs. Other times there is no luck. We'll trickle gallons of fuel into the earth and leave only a few squiggly black lines across soggy leaves. It's dirty, smelly work, and it is unappealingly frustrating. That's half the reason, I'll tell myself, that I'm not a full-time firefighter: too much ado about nothing.

At least that's how it can seem. One season I did work in fire full time, but only because I was injured, and then



only as a dispatcher. I sat in the office surrounded by firefighters ever hopeful for the big one—a raging wildfire in Montana or Arizona, say, full of danger and drama and the chance for the big bucks. When a fire call did come, the power struggle over who would be sent was so intense that I began to beg to go on fires myself. When I did, I would sit in fire camp and fill out timesheets for three hours, then collect overtime for nine or eleven more hours. I wore my sandals in protest against the whole embarrassing extravaganza. Fire, it seemed, was a big game, a farce, deserving of my disdain. Where are your fire boots? the Incident Commander demanded. These are them, I said, my sandaled feet crossed in plain view. It's just a fire, I thought. Gawd.

Firefighters or not, those of us who live and work in the rural Northwest lead lives marked by fire. We heat with wood in winter, waking in the morning to kneel by the woodstove, lay out kindling, and blow gently on the coals. We burn slash in spring, hauling brush in the rain as evening descends, whole armloads of needles, so pungent, sticking to our faces like camouflage. And in summer, we have campfires. We grill oysters and salmon and watch the stars, swathed occasionally in the eerie green of the northern lights, and play music.

We have our instruments—guitars, mandolins, harmonicas—out of their worn cases, cradled in pitch-stained palms when Stewman begins to beg.

"The fine will be upwards of a thousand dollars," he pleads.

"We'll put it out. We'll put it out," the firefighters promise.

One year, not too long after my summer in the fire office, the big one came to us. A lightning storm hit after two months of drought, and while

others laid hose lines, the crew boss sent me up a knoll to be a lookout. For a week, I watched the fire loiter, unmoving, near a ridge top until suddenly the wind would shift or an ember would roll into new fuel, and the fire would leap a few acres in seconds and settle in place for hours. I had lots of free time. I wrote long letters on the backs of maps. I listened to helicopters dropping their buckets into the lake and watched ash settling like snow over the valley below. One morning, weather specialists announced that the fire would reach the inhabited valley floor that day. It was a certainty, they predicted: the destruction, the nightly news drama, homes in ashes, the freight train roar charging down the mountainside, fast and sure as the flare-ups I'd watched with cool detachment from above. There was fear in the air, yes, but more than a hint of adrenaline beneath the surface. (Yes, yes, let it come, like the heated moments of sex.) The fire never came, but it was close. Danger and drama passed like so many miles of unused hose.

Before the fateful match is struck, Stewman gets an idea. He herds the fire-crazed crowd into a small shed; they emerge squealing with delight. They assemble an iron barrel stove in the center of the party, stack the stovepipe three sections high, and start a modest fire. It is not an open fire, so it is technically legal, and it is certainly safer. Stewman plucks his guitar and croons campfire standards, including a version of "Mr. Bojangles" with new lyrics dedicated to a mean-spirited ranger who was known as a particularly vicious enforcer of firewood collection permits.

As Stewman sings, more and more small logs are stuffed into the stove until the black iron glows red. Eventually, if this were an open fire, someone would begin heaving more rounds—bigger logs! longer ones!—into the fire, sending sparks flittering, branding souvenir scraps onto fleece jackets, singeing eyebrows. The barrel stove has done little to dampen the enthusiasm. Soon flames are spewing geyser-like out the top pipe, eager and rambunctious. And the crowd is cheering.

This is how I know the allure of fire runs deeper than whether it's good for the land or bad: My friends are crazy for fire. They watch thunderheads build, and they are charged, electrified, off in search of their binoculars and their boots. They stand watching a slash unit ignite into a whirling column of flame, and they surge forward against the wind, wanting to get closer, to be a part of it. When called upon, their exuberance can become heroic. I tell myself that maybe I could be heroic too, if it came to that. There are fewer experienced full-time firefighters these days and, hence, more demand for experienced part-timers like me. I follow orders well, and I've been fighting fire long enough, if occasionally reluctantly, to have some skill. Still, I watch the antics, then back away. I lack the passion. That's the other half-reason, I might as well admit, that I'm not a full-time firefighter.

It's not exactly fear. I am more frightened of driving in city traffic or of flying over the ocean than I am of fire. Fire is familiar, and if not exactly predictable, at least visceral, real and close. If it's not under my control, it's at least not under anyone else's control. That's where my distrust comes in. It's not fire itself that bothers me. It's when people mess around with it. That's what worries me about this whole post-Smokey quandary. If our relationship with nature, like our relationships with each other, is a balancing act, then fire is the most extreme case in point. If we don't start fires, fire might engulf us. If we start fires, fire might engulf us. We must burn a little bit, or let it burn. Just the right amount at just the right time. No matter what. The relationship between us and fire is terrifying and seductive and imperative. All too often it seems impossible.

But not at Stewman's. Out here on the scrubby fringe, anything is possible, even perfect equilibrium. The embers spiral higher and higher and threaten to ignite the tinder-dry fir needles overhead. Just before they do, Stewman returns to the shed and emerges triumphantly flaunting a fourth section of stovepipe. He dons leather gloves and stands on his tiptoes to slide the new section over the inferno, capping the fire temporarily, taming it for now.

Eventually the excitement subsides. I sit next to Stewman, who has set aside his guitar. The fire has brought out his melancholy sure as a minor chord, and I am afraid he will start lamenting his last girlfriend, a girl so young and wild he never should have believed she would stay.

Turns out, when the big one came, it burned a valley that had been Stewman's favorite hiking destination. I told him the summer after the girlfriend left how beautiful the trail had become after the fire. Tiny blades of grass sprouted under blackened ancient pines. Pink fireweed swayed in the wind, as tall as corn stalks. Everything, I told him, is beginning anew. Stewman shouldered his pack and plodded up the trail. Upon his return he told me, in no uncertain terms, that he did not find it beautiful and that he would never return. The valley was dead, charred, ruined, he said. I felt sorry for recommending the hike and wondered if I had been brainwashed by the fire-is-good zealots, or if my own place in life — years removed from the last heart-break — skewed my aesthetics.

I remember my mistake by the barrel stove and vow to be sympathetic if the girlfriend comes up, but she does not. Instead, Stewman grows sentimental. "I got the cream of the crop," he says, meaning the twenty of us who showed up out of more than a hundred he invited. "The best of the best."

I lean in close, give him a one-armed hug, and leave to seek refuge in the back of my pickup. I lie awake, listening to the canopy shift and whine in the wind and thinking about fire. No matter how I bristle, over time, fire becomes more a part of living in the Northwest: because there are more fires, because there are fewer firefighters, because more of us have migrated closer to the fire-starved woods and we have more to lose. At the same time, as fire danger grows exponentially and air-quality laws become more stringent, fire bans necessarily become more frequent. It might not be long, some of my neighbors worry, before we aren't allowed to have fires at all. No woodstoves, no brush burning, no campfires. If we regulate fires, then only regulators will have

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fires, they say. Maybe they are right. And if it happens, despite everything, I think we will have lost touch with something. Something, well, elemental.

In the morning Stewman appears, freshly showered, in khaki pants and suspenders and a fine new felt hat. The wind has died down, and the sun illuminates Mr. Hood, fiery orange and alpenglow pink. Stewman begins frying eggs one at a time on a hot plate, and most of us are content with coffee while we wait. But a few diehards cannot help themselves. They slough away, swiping limbs from atop yesterday's tidy piles, snapping them over their knees, then lingering by the barrel stove, blowing on their fingers, laying kindling, trying to strike a match to start a morning fire. (Again! again! they clap like two-year-olds.) And everything begins anew.

Ana Maria Spagna '89 lives in Stehekin, Washington, in the North Cascades where she works full time on a National Park Service trail crew, teaches part time in a one-room school, and writes. Her work has appeared in Orion, Utne Reader, Open Spaces, Cimarron Review, West Wind Review, and elsewhere. "Fire Ban" is part of an unpublished collection of essays titled Wilderness, Homelessness, and the Cross-cut Saw.

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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

MAKING ROOM

Record enrollment spurs variable tuition plan.

Classroom space is a rare commodity on the UO campus these days, a shortage exacerbated by record high enrollments and a remodel of Gilbert Hall that will take 1,200 classroom seats off line for three years.

Diminished state support for higher education makes the construction of new classroom facilities unfeasible, at least in the near future, but the University still must immediately deal with an all-time high of 20,000 students enrolling in courses next fall. So UO administrators have come up with an innovative plan that more efficiently uses the University's existing resources and offers students a break on tuition.

"To be able to accommodate students, we've known we have to use our resources in different ways," says Martha Pitts, UO admissions director. "And to maintain a quality education, we need flexibility to manage the size of our student body."

The UO has a commitment to admit all students who meet certain guidelines, including Oregon residency, a complete high school academic record, and at least a 3.0 high school grade point average, according to Pitts. She notes that a large population of young people, the so-called Baby Boom echo, is reaching college age, while at the same time more national attention is being focused on the University because of its strong athletic teams. Moreover, the recession has made this the toughest job market for college graduates in years, inspiring more students to stay in school—applications to the UO graduate school are up 13.5 percent. The result is rising numbers of students—Pitts expects increased enrollments for the next several years—and a distinct shortage of classroom space.

The new UO tuition plan, which



Kate Pryor

Provost John Moseley says is the only one of its kind he knows of, was approved recently by the State Board of Higher Education and seeks to accommodate all those students by expanding the instructional day. It also offers a discount for courses taught during off-peak hours.

"This plan is a way we can provide access for our students," says Moseley. "We simply can't meet the demand next year with the schedule we have now."

Though the exact amount of the discount is still to be decided, Moseley believes it will be 10 to 15 percent for classes meeting in the early morning and late afternoon. "We'll start next year with mostly the larger, general education classes," he says. "Then we'll see where the need is after that."

Moseley says the University's deans, who'll have to find faculty to teach the additional classes, are highly supportive of the plan: "They know we have to do something."

In addition to adding courses to the beginning and end of the day, the new program also reshapes the way tuition is charged to UO students. Currently, students pay full-time tuition if they take twelve to eighteen credit hours in a term. Under the new plan, the full-time fee applies to thirteen to sixteen credit hours. Students taking fewer or more credits will be charged on a per-credit basis.

These changes accomplish several

goals, according to Moseley. Tuition is spread more equitably among the student body, and students are more encouraged to take a full load of four classes per term, which fills up classrooms and also makes the students more apt to graduate after four years. Also, dropping courses several weeks into the term is discouraged under this plan, as students will end up paying for the dropped course.

"It forces students to become more serious about their schedules," Moseley says.

It may seem at cross purposes to lure students to the University with a tuition break when there is not room for everyone who applies, but Pitts says that's not the case. Some of the best and brightest students in the state, she says, have opted out of a UO education because of the cost, perhaps remaining close to their homes to attend less expensive public institutions. "We want some of those excellent students who may not have seen this as an accessible place," she says. "This definitely aids our recruitment of those students."

In addition, says Ron Trebon, director of the University Summer Session and the UO Continuation Center, the discounted courses will appeal to non-matriculating community members who've not been able to afford a UO class. "We'll definitely see some of those people who've been holding back," he says. Community members are eligible to

enroll for class spaces left after students have registered. This year, Trebon says, about 600 non-matriculating students are taking courses. Discounted classes will also help offset looming tuition increases.

The variable tuition program is also a first step in the University gaining more independence from the Oregon University System. "The fact is that tuition is an increasingly bigger part of our budget and state support is an increasingly smaller part," Moseley says. "The state pays less than 20 percent of our budget, yet treats us like a state agency that has to conform to certain policies and restrictions. That is not the best way to do business. We know we are going to have to be more fiscally autonomous if we are going to survive."

—DEBRA GWARTNEY

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

THE SCIENCE OF FIGHTING

UO adjunct instructor Ryan Kelly teaches street defense.

RYAN KELLY SWATS AWAY THE INCOMING punches. His opponent delivers a powerful, lowline kick, and Kelly backs out of its way, moving around the room, up on his toes, staying safe. When his attacker winds up for a wild, barroom punch, Kelly covers his face with his bent left arm, greeting his opponent's brittle fist with the ball-peen tip of his elbow. As the destroyed hand recoils, Kelly explodes forward, delivering a volley of straight punches, rocking his opponent onto his heels and driving him backward across the room, through a group of scattering students. He catches his opponent's neck and clinches it in tight to his body, erratically jerking the head side to side, keeping the man off balance, before unleashing a salvo of headbutts, knees, and elbows.

The class is Jeet Kune Do (JKD), a martial art that seeks to prepare students for any self-defense scenario, and the UO is one of a handful of schools in the world to offer it. In the six years it has been offered, Martial Arts 311 has grown to become the most popular class in the Physical Education department, its three sections consistently filling before any other P.E. class.

JKD is a set of concepts, not specific moves or techniques. It was founded by



Ryan Kelly teaches students strategies for fighting on the ground.

the late actor and martial artist Bruce Lee, who sought to dissolve the boundaries between the separate martial arts and emphasize effectiveness over tradition. One of the central ideas is that practitioners draw from all martial arts, take what works for them, reject what is useless, and make the art their own.

"It's evolving all the time," says Haynes Griffith, a sixty-four-year-old chemistry professor who took Kelly's class and, like many students, made it a lifelong pursuit. "When I listen to what Ryan is saying about JKD, [I realize that] Bruce just introduced the scientific method into the martial arts."

Kelly has been involved in the martial arts since he was four years old and growing up in Springfield. "I did it because it was cool, but once I got into middle school and started getting my ass kicked by the high-schoolers, martial arts became a pursuit of trying to find what works," Kelly remembers. One private lesson in JKD changed his view of martial arts. "I felt that I had learned more about self-defense in one hour than I had in ten years of Judo, Karate, and Tae Kwon Do," Kelly says. In his junior year at Thurston High School, Kelly persuaded his parents to let him use his college fund to train with world-class instructors in a variety of arts. Today, at age twenty-five, Kelly brings to his class elements of fighting systems from around the world—from Russia, Thailand, the Philippines, Brazil, and France to name a few—often in the same class period.

Since JKD is designed to be effective

The general game plan is not necessarily to inflict damage, but to stay safe and escape.

against bigger, stronger, more aggressive opponents, its tools are often direct and uncompromising. Kelly touches on such life-and-death tactics as eye-gouging and biting, but the general game plan is not necessarily to inflict damage, but to stay safe and escape. Kelly also talks strategy, preparing students for the chaotic reality of a real-world self-defense situation.

"The more Ryan told us about fighting, the less I ever, ever wanted to be in a fight," says economics undergraduate Tim Dreier, one of Kelly's students. "It's vicious, it's nasty, it's painful, and it doesn't come out like in the movies."

"I assume that some of the people who take my class will be attacked," Kelly says. "People should know in graphic detail what's going to happen if they use these techniques. They should know that the techniques are very serious and are only for serious self-defense situations. Biting your way out of a rape situation, or protecting yourself in a knife attack—these are things that can't be sugar-coated. People may use these things to save their life, the lives of their family, or someone they care

Jack Lee

about. They should have access to the truth, as far as I'm concerned."

According to Kelly, there has never been a serious injury in the class, and the minor injuries that have occurred are what he describes as "the sort of goofy things you'd see in a badminton class, not from anyone getting kicked in the knee."

But for all the emphasis on conflict, the classes have a strong feeling of cooperation. When drilling, or even sparring, students are not competing so much as they are helping each other improve. Students can push their training as far as they are comfortable; they can stick with drills, or don boxing gloves and foam helmets and try out their skills on a fully resistant attacker. Kelly encourages them to discover their weaknesses in a friendly setting rather than on the street. As he often reminds his class, "You either win or you learn."

Unlike any other martial art, JKD addresses all ranges of fighting, from weapons to kicking, punching, throws—all the way down to the ground, where most fights end up. The importance of defense on the ground, especially for women, led Kelly to add separate classes in Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu, widely accepted as the most effective ground-fighting system.

"It was eye-opening to me to realize that if somebody is on top of you, you are actually in a position of power," says Peg Rees, associate director of the Physical Activity and Recreation Services department. Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu's signature characteristic is its use of the "guard" position, where a person on her or his back with legs wrapped around the opponent has a number of potential ways to attack. "We think of being underneath somebody as a position of submission, but the guard position is a position of advantage," Rees says. "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it demonstrated."

For anthropology undergraduate Ashley Bunnard, Jiu-Jitsu wasn't easy at first. "It's a very tactile, contact sport, so it was uncomfortable for a while," she says. "But once Ryan gives you a task, he has you moving and has you working toward a goal where you forget what position you are in and remember that you are trying to do something that may save your life one day." She appreciates Kelly's approach toward women, addressing their specific concerns and creating a comfortable environment.

For Bunnard, the class did much more than teach her to defend herself from an attacker. "It's affected how I think about everything," she explains. "Ryan's philosophy about life, about self-preservation and self-improvement—I can't think of anything that has impacted me as much, not classes, even life experiences."

"I'm trying to do two things," Kelly explains. "I'm trying to teach good people how to defend themselves and I'm trying to teach people to lead a life worth defending. I try to help people be able to protect themselves and that comes in many forms: diet, exercise, how you treat other people, how you treat the world around you, as well as a system of self-defense."

—TONY CHIOTTI '02

COMMUNICATIONS

AN O FOR THE U

University adopts new primary symbol.

SO IT WASN'T EXACTLY THE GREAT LOGO Imbroglio... but it was close.

Last fall, UO administrators saw a need for visual cohesion, recommending that the myriad logo designs used to represent the University on everything from business cards to ball caps be replaced by one consistent symbol.

Behold a modern marketing problem. Each year, the UO publishes thousands of

print materials that carry any number of different University logos, from Fighting Ducks to formal academic seals. That presents a confusing visual identity, a message that might even suggest a university that doesn't know what it wants to be, contends Allan Price, vice president for advancement, who has led the drive for visual cohesion. An internal review of the University's graphic identity conducted on campus last summer found little consistency in the way the University presents itself, both in its visual identity and its messages: "As a result, the University is not receiving the benefits it should from the tremendous amount of time, money, and people it invests in its communications activities," the audit concluded.

Uh O.

But which way to go? The possibilities seemed endless, a virtual graphic buffet. Sporty? Traditional? How about the linked UO symbol—a longstanding favorite carved into the very pillars of Johnson Hall? Looking for something more tweedy and academic? Consider the classic UO seal (also called "The Great Seal"), offering a killer view of Mount Hood and the Latin admonition *Mens Agitat Molem* (Minds move mass). Or perhaps an old standby—bold-but-boring block letters that state the obvious:

UNIVERSITY
OF OREGON.

But campus debate intensified when another contender entered the ring: the sleek Nike-designed "O" that debuted several years ago on UO football helmets



The UO has had multiple visual identities over the years.

UO Archives



and uniforms and quickly spread to the hats, hearts, and windshields of Duck fans as the ultimate hip shorthand.

O.

Need we say more?

Though designed with input from UO President Dave Frohnmayer and other top administrators, the Oregon O — as the letter is now called — was quickly seen by its campus critics as politically loaded. The streamlined symbol stirred long-simmering disgruntlement over the perception of athletics as overshadowing academia. Was it appropriate to consider a University logo that didn't even mention, well . . . the University? To have 125 years of higher education tradition boiled down to a single chubby letter? A letter, some have pointed out, that could even be mistaken for a zero?

In fact, the very shape of the O symbol was inspired by UO sports facilities. The interior of the letter suggested the elongated oval track of Hayward Field; the letter's bowlish outline mirrored Autzen stadium.

The drive to simplify the UO's graphic identity quickly grew complicated. Public comment was sought, advisory committees convened. Price proposed that the O be used exclusively, a clean, elegant logo for a forward-thinking university. And a logo, he pointed out, that may already be the UO's most widely recognized symbol.

"It is clearly recognized by most people outside the institution as the University's logo due to the great success of our athletic teams," Price says. "It is not unusual for a mark that begins as an athletic mark to take on a greater role over time, such as the block letter linked UO. We can now take advantage of that recognition and leverage it for the benefit of the whole institution."

Many faculty members felt otherwise. "The debate was lively all across campus," recalls UO Biology Professor Nathan

Tublitz, president of the University Senate. "I received over 200 e-mails and letters. There was a very strong majority — an overwhelming majority—who did not want to see the Oregon O used for academic purposes."

"There was concern that it was designed by Nike as an athletic logo, that it didn't have any direct relationship to the University in look or feel, that it didn't represent academic values. We heard that time and again." On April 6, days before debate over a resolution concerning University logos was scheduled in the University Senate, President Frohnmayer announced a compromise: The UO would be represented by two symbols.

Under the plan, the Oregon O will gain greater visibility as the University's primary mark on business cards, brochures, stationery, publications, and professional communications. In some uses, it will be accompanied by the text "University of Oregon." But academicians may also elect to use the University seal, which will continue to appear on diplomas and commencement materials. "I think that's a decision acceptable to the vast majority," Tublitz says. "This had all the hallmarks of blowing up into a really nasty fight, but it didn't because people were allowed to voice their opinions and they were heard. That's what shared governance is all about."

The recent debate didn't mark the first time the University has changed its primary logo — or stirred passions in the process.

"When (former UO President) Arthur Flemming came here, he wanted a different letterhead for the president's offices, mandating the change for all of the deans and everyone's correspondence," recalls Keith Richard MS '64 MLS '71, retired UO archivist. His new logo depicted the UO letters stacked atop each other within a solid green block, with letters spelling out "University of Oregon" streaming to the right. Kester Svensen, head of the English Department at the time, protested. "He wrote a delightful letter to Flemming saying that he didn't care for the new logo because it looked like someone left the lid up on a toilet seat, and he described the color as 'goose-turd green,'" Richard recalls, chuckling. The short-lived logo mysteriously disappeared during the subsequent administration of UO President Robert Clark.

—KIMBER WILLIAMS MS '95



Dr. Stan

PHYSICS

CATCHING SCIENCE IN THE ACT

*UO physics instructor shows kids
the fun side of science.*

WEARING A WHITE LAB COAT, HIS HAIR combed out to look dramatically goofy, Dr. Stan the Science Man selects a volunteer from the audience of a hundred kids and adults, a tiny bright-eyed girl with long straight hair. Once she is on stage, he instructs her to touch a large metal ball. Her hair begins to quiver, levitate, and soon it is sticking straight out from her head in all directions. The audience is delighted, entertained, fascinated — primed to hear Dr. Stan explain electrical charges.

In the course of these performances — the Science Circus — Stan Micklavzina MS '85 uses everyday objects such as soap bubbles, microwave ovens, bowling balls, and balloons to demonstrate fundamental scientific principles. Kids of any age, he finds, are a lot more interested in learning about atmospheric pressure *after* they have just watched it crush a fifty-five-gallon steel drum.

"They love anything that sparks, breaks, smokes, shocks, or explodes," says Micklavzina, a senior instructor in the University of Oregon physics department who performs as Dr. Stan on his own time. "The kids get excited, they become involved, and then they ask questions — and behold, they learn something."

Throughout his career, Micklavzina

"By developing a discriminating mind, a person can apply it to the words of salespeople, politicians, journalists, spin doctors, anybody."

has brought entertaining science demonstrations into local classrooms, but in the past three years he's developed the more elaborate Science Circus for theatrical performance. The curtain has gone up on these family-friendly shows five times in a variety of performing arts venues in Eugene.

Ellen Wojahn, board president of Ridgeline Montessori Public Charter School, attended last year's Science Circus performance with an audience of about 500 at the South Eugene High School Auditorium. "The show was very participatory — kids and parents up on stage and a lot of hooting and hollering," she says. "Everybody was having a great time."

In his day job, Micklavzina heads the Lecture Preparation Demonstration Room (LPDR), a storehouse of thousands of demonstrations—involving props, kits, measuring devices, computer software, and so on—available to UO science instructors for use as aids in their classroom presentations. The demos range from the exotic (a cloud chamber that visually displays tracks left by subatomic particles during radioactive decay) to the simple (a tuning fork and water in a baking dish showing how vibrating objects produce waves). In a year, the LPDR satisfies more than a thousand requests for classroom demonstrations.

"It's exciting. In a demonstration, anything can happen," says Micklavzina, a past president of the Physics Instructional Resource Association, a national professional organization affiliated with the American Association of Physics Teachers. "The physics always works, but things can easily go wrong. When they do, you've got to be able to improvise — just like on stage."

While Micklavzina was growing up, education was not a family priority. His parents immigrated to the United States from Slovenia.

"My father made it to eighth grade

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MORE DIVERSITY EFFORTS URGED

A report commissioned by the UO to evaluate its efforts to increase the campus's racial diversity recommends that the University hire a vice provost to oversee equity issues, do exit interviews with all minority faculty members who leave, and to publicly release the number of minority faculty and staff every year. Western Michigan University President Elson Floyd, the report's author, met with more than 400 students, faculty, and administrators. Floyd praised the University's creation last year of a research-oriented Center for Diversity and Community and the UO's decision to survey student and faculty views on race, gender, and sexual orientation issues. More than half the respondents to that assessment said they felt the overall campus climate was accepting to minority groups, but 57 percent said they don't believe campus leadership visibly fosters diversity, and 47 percent don't believe the curriculum adequately represents minority groups' contributions.

FROHNMAYER TAPPED FOR AAAS

University of Oregon President Dave Frohnmayer has been named a fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. The Cambridge, Massachusetts-based academy is one of the country's preeminent associations of scholars, artists, political leaders, and humanitarians. Election is based on a nominee's contributions to a range of fields and professions. Frohnmayer is the eighth UO faculty member to earn election to the academy and the first administrator.

GRANT FUNDING UP

University of Oregon researchers attracted about \$43 million in grant funding in the first half of the 2001-02 fiscal year, a jump of approximately 46 percent from the same period of the previous year. The overall number of grants also jumped from 283 in the first half of last year to 319 in the first half of this year — a 13 percent increase. The UO has experienced growth in research funding nearly every year since 1985-86, when awards totaled \$24 million, and reached an all-time high of \$62 million in 1999-2000.

and my mom finished fifth grade," he says. "I was the only one of three children to get an advanced degree."

When a high school guidance counselor asked what career he would like to pursue, his answer — "disc jockey" — channeled him into a vocational electronics program, which gave him the technical skills he used to become the tech roadie for rock and roll bands. Later, he worked as a lighting technician and, yes, fifteen years after the guidance counselor's fateful question, as a DJ. Micklavzina landed a job in Elko, Nevada, as the station's engineer and Saturday night Top Forty DJ.

"I also had my own little classic rock hour called Sounds from the Electric Closet," he says.

Years of working behind-the-scenes with bands stimulated his interest in performance; eventually he got on stage as a drummer and singer. "I wasn't really good at either," he jokes, "but if you sing and play drums at the same time, people are impressed."

At the UO — where he's worked since 1985 — Micklavzina combined many of his longtime interests when he created a course called Stereo Physics. The class explores physics with the help of an unusual, but familiar, study aid: a stereo-phonic sound system.

"Eighty to ninety percent of the central principles of physics are incorporated in a stereo system," he explains. Students learn about wave theory in the sound that blasts from speakers, and thermodynamics as in the heat transfer occurring within a stereo receiver. A CD player becomes an optics laboratory, while tape decks and tuners showcase electricity and magnetism.

In his demonstrations, classes, and Science Circus, Micklavzina holds to a core belief that providing individuals with the tools to evaluate the world for themselves is of fundamental value. He tells his Stereo Physics students the cautionary tale of stereo salespeople sometimes claiming that \$45-per-foot speaker wire will deliver significantly better sound than other wire.

"We can demonstrate in the lab that the real current-carrying capacity of this expensive wire is almost indistinguishable from that of ordinary wire of the appropriate gauge," he explains. "Learning to critically assess such ill-founded claims is an important part of an education. By developing a discriminating mind, a

person can apply it to the words of salespeople, politicians, journalists, spin doctors, anybody."

Micklavzina is currently on a nine-month sabbatical, part of which he is spending overseas developing educational materials for MAX-Lab, a Swedish National Laboratory associated with the University of Lund. Upon his return in August, the Science Circus will soon be staging another hair-raising performance.

— ROSS WEST MFA '84

OREGON BACH FESTIVAL**CROUCHING TIGER, WATER PASSION**

Oregon Bach Festival looks East for new music.

EAST MEETS WEST AND PAST MEETS FUTURE this summer when the UO's Oregon Bach Festival presents major works by the acclaimed Chinese American composer Tan Dun. Best known in the West for his stirring soundtrack to the film *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*, Tan will conduct the concerto he adapted from that Oscar- and Grammy-winning score. The music will be integrated with an original video made by *Crouching Tiger* director Ang Lee, featuring images from the film and other visuals. The July 7 program includes Tan's *Orchestral Theatre I & II*, part of a series that bridges the gap between Chinese theater and folk music and Western art music.

The big news is the American premiere of Tan's *Water Passion After St. Matthew*, which festival Artistic Director Helmuth Rilling commissioned for the 250th anniversary of J.S. Bach's death. Inspired by water references in the gospel of St. Matthew, the *Passion* showcases giant translucent bowls of water, arrayed in a cross formation and used as percussion instruments. The intense, dramatic work, which features a small instrumental ensemble of New York new music veterans accompanied by the Festival Chorus, draws on influences as diverse as Peking Opera, Tuvan overtone singing, and Western choral music.

The thirty-third annual festival, which runs June 28-July 14 in Eugene, also features the culmination of the Waging Peace project created by UO Music Professor Robert Kyr (OQ, Winter 2000). The Bach Festival sponsored a



International BachAcademy

Tan Dun

composition contest for music on the theme of peace, which drew submissions from nearly 700 composers from thirty countries. On July 1, the three works selected by an international jury will be premiered at the festival by Portland's Third Angle new music ensemble and Oregon Repertory Singers.

One of the world's greatest singers, Thomas Quasthoff (who made his American debut at the Bach Festival before going on to worldwide acclaim) returns to the festival in performances of Bach's *Mass in B Minor*, arias by Mozart and Bach, and a recital. Other concerts boast music of Mendelssohn, Haydn, and others, including more helpings of the music of the festival's great namesake. The festival closes with a reprise of the contemporary Polish composer Krzysztof Penderecki's *Credo*, which won a Grammy award after its world premiere at the Festival in 1998.

The festival also includes Rilling's master class in conducting, Kyr's Composers Symposium, the Youth Choral Academy (which gives ninety children learning and performing experience), the Discovery Series (this time exploring Bach's *Christmas Oratorio*), lecture demonstrations on the music of Tan Dun and others, a Glenn Gould tribute, and plenty of other educational components. For information, check <http://bachfest.uoregon.edu/>.

— BRETT CAMPBELL MS '96

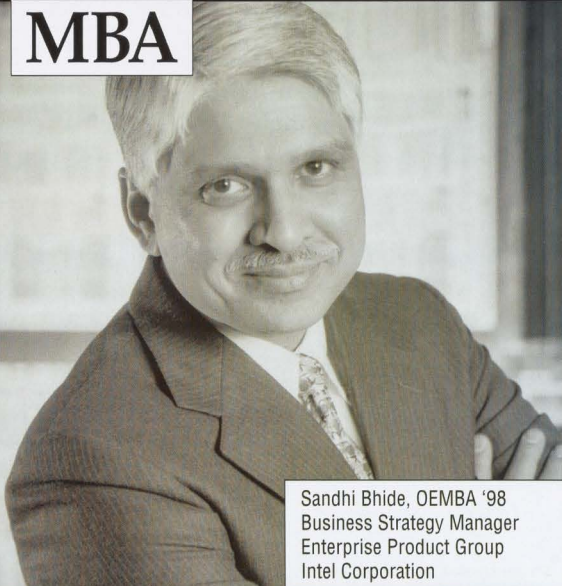
GREEN CAMPUS

The University of Oregon has received good grades for its efforts at developing and maintaining a sustainable campus. The National Wildlife Federation's "State of the Campus Environment: National Report Card on Environmental Performance and Sustainability in Higher Education" ranked the UO as one of the top schools in four out of seventeen categories. The University earned high marks in Employing Environmental Coordinators and Administrators; Recycling, Solid Waste, and Material Flow; Doing More with Recycling Solid Waste and Materials Flow; and Land and Grounds Management Programs. Out of 891 U.S. schools studied, only three other institutions garnered exemplary marks in more categories than the UO. For a copy of NWF's complete report, visit www.nwf.org/campus ecology.

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FACULTY AWARDS

William Ayres, professor of anthropology, received a Senior Fellowship from the Smithsonian Foundation, as well as various other grants and fellowships.

UO Head Football Coach Mike Bellotti received the 2002 UO Pioneer Award, presented annually to alumni and others who have become leaders and risk-takers in their fields.

Alexandra Bonds, professor of theater arts, won a Herbert Greggs Merit Award for an article published in *Theatre Design and Technology*.

Douglas W. Carnine, senior research associate in education, has been appointed to the National Educational Research Policy and Priorities Board.

Russell Donnelly, professor of physics, won the 2002 Fritz London Memorial Prize for his work in low-temperature physics.

Stephen Durrant, professor of East Asian languages and literatures, was awarded the Thomas Herman Faculty Achievement Award for Distinguished Teaching.

David Dusseau, senior instructor of management, and **Deborah Exton**, senior instructor of chemistry, received the 2001-02 Williams Fellows Award for outstanding university teaching.

Jon Erlandson, professor of anthropology, received a Rippey Award and a Williams Council Award for innovative teaching, and an Outstanding Faculty Mentor Award from the Office of Multicultural Affairs.

Mary Flanagan, associate professor of art, has been invited by the Whitney Museum of American Art to exhibit her work at the 2002 Biennial in New York. Her Internet-based art installation titled "[collection]" can be viewed at <http://www.ascl.org/digital2000/Files/NetArt/mflanagan.html>.

Lisa Freinkel, associate professor of English, received the Ersted Award for Distinguished Teaching.

Marian Friestad, associate professor of marketing, completed a term as president of the Society for Consumer Psychology.

Carla Gary '80, Office of Multicultural Affairs; **Michael Jefferis**, Office of the Registrar; **Wendy Mitchell MBA '85**, Lundquist College of Business; and **Anita Weiss**, International Studies, received

the 2002 Martin Luther King, Jr. Award for Classified Employees, Faculty, and Officers of Administration.

Ibrahim Gassama, associate professor of law, received the Human Rights Award from the Society of American Law Teachers.

Bryna Goodman, associate professor of history, and **Sherwin Simmons**, professor of modern art, were each awarded fellowships worth up to \$40,000 from the National Endowment of the Humanities. Both will use the fellowships to complete books.

Three UO faculty members received Fulbright Scholar Awards for the current academic year. **Sarah Klinghammer**, senior instructor at the American English Institute, is teaching in Ankara, Turkey. **Thomas Payne**, research associate in linguistics, departed for Novosibirsk, Russia, in September. **Alan Shanks**, associate professor of biology, is teaching in Santiago, Chile.

Joanna Lambert, assistant professor of anthropology, received a McCauley Foundation grant for her research on primate ecology, as well as a Rippey Award for Innovative Teaching.

Steven Lowenstam, professor of classics, was the recipient of a 2001-02 American Council of Learned Societies Fellowship.

Allen Malony, associate professor of computer and information science, received a Humboldt Research Award for Senior U.S. Scientists.

Glenn May, professor of history, and **Anand Prahlad**, assistant professor of English, received a Rippey Award for Innovative Teaching.

Anne Dhu McLucas, outgoing dean of music, was named one of three Outstanding Administrators of the Year by the Oregon Music Educators Association. She also received a Fulbright Distinguished Scholar Award to teach and research in Scotland for four months.

Geraldine Black Moreno, associate professor of anthropology, received a Freeman Fellowship to conduct research in Laos on the effect of political and economic changes on women's lives.

Sandra Morgen, director of the Center for the Study of Women in Society, received the annual Charles E. Johnson Memorial Award for exceptional service to the University and its community.

Zary Segall, professor of computer and information science, recently became the first professor from any Oregon university to earn an appointment to the Fulbright Distinguished Chairs Program. He will occupy the Fulbright-Stockholm Information Technology Chair in Wireless E-Commerce.

Kim Sheehan, assistant professor of journalism and communication, received the 2001 Marshall Award for Innovative Teaching and the 2001 Greenfield Award.

Roslyn Slovic, senior research assistant in education and community support, recently earned the Oregon Disabilities Commission's 2001 Distinguished Service Award for her efforts to improve the lives of disabled individuals.

Head Women's Basketball Coach Bev Smith is the sole inductee this year into the Canadian Basketball Hall of Fame. Smith is a native of Salmon Arm, British Columbia.

Marian Smith, associate professor of musicology, won the Dance Perspectives Foundation's de la Torre Bueno Prize for the most distinguished original book of dance scholarship in English for her work, *Ballet and Opera in the Age of Giselle* (Princeton University Press).

Alan Stavitsky, associate dean of journalism and communication, received the Rippey Innovative Teaching Award.

Janet Wasko, professor of journalism and communication, received the Dallas Smythe Award at the Union for Democratic Communications conference in Ottawa.

Monte Westerfield, professor of biology, received a Humboldt Research Award for Senior U.S. Scientists. The award offers the opportunity for an extended research stay in Germany.

Dan Williams, vice president for administration, received the Robert H. Shaffer Award from the National Interfraternity Conference and the Association of Fraternity Advisors for his work with Greek organizations on the UO campus.

Henry Wonham, associate professor of English, received a Fulbright Fellowship to teach in Prague for the 2001-02 academic year and was selected as a Richard A. Bray Faculty Fellow by the UO College of Arts and Sciences.

INS REPORTS WIN WALTH A PULITZER

UOAA Outstanding Young Alumnus

IT WAS DECEMBER 8, 2000, WHEN BRENT Walth '84 began to realize the scale of what he and his three *Oregonian* colleagues had accomplished.

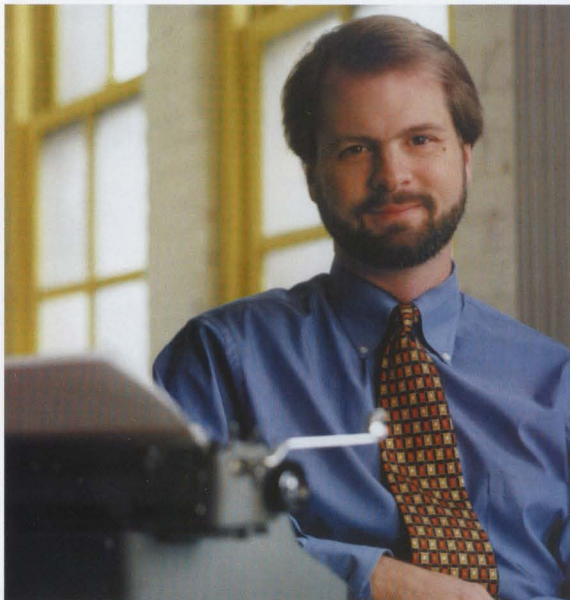
That Friday, two days before the series "Liberty's Heavy Hand" was to begin running in Portland's daily newspaper, Walth and his colleagues laid out all the stories they'd written about the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS) and began to read one after another. "Only then did I see the totality of what we had been able to prove about INS abuses and problems," says Walth.

The six-day series examined systemic problems within the INS, the agency that protects America's borders, and exposed corruption, ineptitude, and racism, including the harsh treatment of foreign nationals and other widespread abuses.

For their work and the reforms it prompted, including the replacement of the chief of the Portland INS office and the freeing of unjustifiably detained visitors, *The Oregonian* was awarded the 2001 Pulitzer Prize for Public Service. For his achievement, Walth, a senior reporter at *The Oregonian*, is receiving the 2002 Outstanding Young Alumnus Award from the University of Oregon Alumni Association at commencement on June 15.

Walth, forty, studied journalism and political science at the UO, and dove into covering politics after graduating. His stops included the *Daily Journal of Commerce*, Portland's *Willamette Week*, and Eugene's *The Register-Guard* before joining *The Oregonian* in 1994. He is also the author of *Fire at Eden's Gate: Tom McCall and the Oregon Story*.

His parents, Conrad MS '55 and Megan M.Ed. '61 Walth, were influential in teaching Walth about the news. "I remember being very interested in politics and the news," he recalls, and cites



Brent Walth '84

1968 as the first presidential campaign he remembers. "Growing up I learned that news was important. My parents were avid newspaper readers."

That interest in the news and politics fuels much of Walth's work. "I'm fascinated with the way power works, whether in government or not, and how decisions are made that affect lives," he says. "People tell me that underpins much of my work. That's what really fascinates me."

Government abuse of power was the subject of the prize-winning series by Walth and his colleagues. The newspaper's investigation explored how the INS wielded power and treated foreign

visitors, immigrants, and refugees. The first indication of the problem appeared in a story by reporter Julie Sullivan about a fifteen-year-old Chinese girl who spent eight months living with violent offenders in Portland's juvenile jail in 1999. The subsequent *Oregonian* investigation by Sullivan and Richard Read revealed INS agents rejecting Japanese passengers at Portland International Airport on visa technicalities, a Chinese businesswoman being strip-searched and jailed, the German wife of a U.S. citizen being deported after the INS tore her away from her breastfeeding baby. In August 2000, Walth and reporter Kim Christensen

Kent Deak

joined the investigation and produced—after four months of reporting, chasing leads, and submitting 128 Freedom of Information Act requests—“Liberty’s Heavy Hand,” the Pulitzer Prize-winning series.

“The reason I’m in this business is to explain complicated issues in a way people understand them, to make a difference, to give voice to people who don’t have one—that’s really the goal,” Walth says. “When you do that well, that’s how you measure success.”

—PAUL STIEBER

AWARD WINNERS

NIKE CEO AND FOUNDER Phil Knight '59 and George Grorud '77, a longtime Alumni Association volunteer, are also among this spring’s recipients of awards from the University of Oregon Alumni Association.

Knight will receive the 2002 Distinguished Alumnus Award during commencement weekend, June 15, and be recognized during graduation exercises. The Distinguished Alumnus Award is presented annually by the Alumni Association and honors an individual who has attained extraordinary distinction in his or her chosen professional field or by personal endeavor. Previous recipients include Tom Jernstedt '67 MS '73, Paul Brainerd '70, and Carolyn Chambers '53.

Grorud, of Phoenix, Arizona, will receive the Jeanne Johnson Alumni Service Award at a June 1 volunteer recognition banquet in Eugene. The award recognizes loyalty, distinguished leadership, and generous contributions of time and talent to the University and the Alumni Association. Grorud, who works for the city of Tempe, is a longtime volunteer who devotes dozens of hours each year to alumni programming in the Phoenix area. He has been involved in the Arizona Alumni Chapter since 1991 and was its president in 1994–95, 1995–96, and 2000–01.

125TH ANNIVERSARY

DEADY HALL’S DISAPPEARING BALCONIES

OLD BUILDINGS FASCINATE ME BECAUSE OF the history they contain and what they tell us about how people lived in the past. So naturally I became interested in Deady Hall, the first building on the UO campus, when I took a math class there. One day, a friend wondered aloud why you have to walk up five flights of stairs to get to Deady’s third floor.

It was a puzzle that intrigued me. To

find the answer, I searched the UO library catalog for information about Deady. A 1974 architecture graduate thesis by Ricardo Leon Castro mentioned that, in 1914, to obtain more classroom space, the University had added three mezzanine floors to the building, transforming it from its original four stories (including the basement) to seven stories. Today, two of the three



Deady Hall

Jack Liu

mezzanine floors still exist, leaving, altogether, six levels.

That answered the original question — where the “extra” floors came from. But it raised a new mystery: The thesis said the mezzanines also boasted balconies. But I didn’t recall any balconies. Where were they? I headed over to Deady, which now houses classrooms for the math department, to find out.

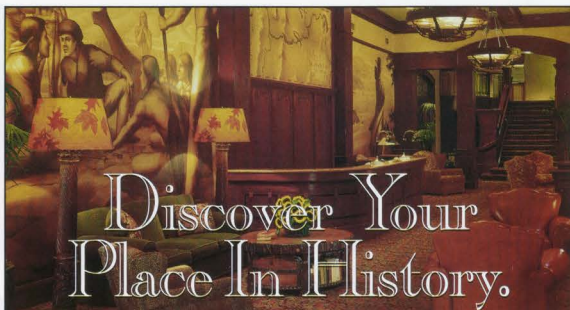
On the first floor, a long hallway stretched from east to west, bordered by classrooms. This had been the only floor ready for occupancy when the UO’s first classes began on October 16, 1876. Eighty college students met in three classrooms on the north side and seventy-five preparatory students filled two classrooms on the south side.

I strolled to the stairway, ran my hand along the wooden banisters, and climbed sixteen steps to the next level: the first mezzanine. In the school’s early days, boys used the west stairs while girls were restricted to the east staircase, so the boys couldn’t see their ankles.

Along the wall of that mezzanine, I saw a half-circle window radiating from the floor. Before the mezzanines were added, you would have seen entire windows from any of the four original floors. Now the tall, narrow, Italianate windows are bisected by two of the mezzanine floors inserted between them in 1914. I found a ladies restroom on the first mezzanine, but no balconies.

I continued climbing to the second floor, which had been finished off with classrooms by late October 1877. The three UO professors moved some classes here from the first floor to relieve crowded quarters. Now it contained a long hallway and classrooms. I continued to the second floor mezzanine, where I found the top half of another window extending from the floor below. This time, an inverted raindrop design was cradled between the curved tops of two tall side-by-side windows. Sunlight splashed across the floor, but this mezzanine’s balconies were also missing.

Climbing to the third floor of the building, I saw two large classrooms opening on each side of a wide hallway. A breeze blew through tall dormer windows. A professor’s office and a restroom anchored each end of the hallway. This floor had been one big auditorium in June 1878. It was the location of the University’s first commencement ceremony, that year, when four men and one



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woman graduated. Six hundred people attended. Later, the auditorium was divided into classrooms.

There was no longer a third floor mezzanine; Castro's thesis noted that it had once held balconies that loomed above a couple of science classrooms on the third floor. Wondering if there were any signs of balconies left in the rooms, I scanned the eighteen-foot walls on the top floor. They offered no clues. I descended to the second floor mezzanine, where another long hallway stretched east to west. However, there were no classrooms — just several offices near each wing. (If you cut a hole in the blank white hallway wall and looked through, you'd see the upper half of a second floor classroom.) No signs of balconies.

On my descent, I checked the sixteen-foot walls on the second floor and still found nothing. I stopped on the first floor mezzanine and couldn't even find a hallway. I suspected it was hidden behind the locked doors at each end of the building.

Retiree David Taylor, a fill-in custodian in Deady Hall in the 1960s, confirmed that the hallway had been converted into a storage area for a copy machine, duplicating supplies, custodial supplies, an old easy chair, and books and files that had nowhere else to go. No balconies, though, and when I went down and checked the first floor walls, I still found no sign of any.

Since the building itself offered no physical clues, I went to the UO Planning Office, whose back room was filled with blueprints from construction projects. Castro's thesis noted that a major renovation occurred in 1914, and in Deady's blueprints from that year, I found the answer to my search. In the drawing, mezzanines with balconies hung above individual classrooms and laboratories on the building's original first, second, and third floors. Railings on the mezzanine floors (on each end of the building, near the stairs) looked down onto the first- and second-floor hallways. In 1942, according to later blueprints, the railings were taken out and the east and west ends of the mezzanine floors were connected. What's now that storage area on the first mezzanine was, initially, a physics lab. Each mezzanine/balcony except the third was accessible from the small end hallways on that mezzanine's landings. Stairs, extending from classrooms below, reached up to the mezzanines as well. Some balconies



Linda Dievendorf is leaving the EMU's Cultural Forum after seventeen years as program coordinator.

were U-shaped; others were straight, extending across half the room. So where had they gone?

I flipped through more blueprints. Some balconies appeared intact in the 1952 drawings, but it wasn't clear from other blueprints when or why they were removed.

When I talked with Donald Peting, director of the UO Historic Preservation Program, he suggested that the balconies over the classrooms might have been eliminated when the science department moved to Pacific Hall in the 1950s. He also noted that architectural changes in a historic building like Deady Hall are often difficult to follow. Blueprints don't always reflect an accurate picture of the actual work that was done, and written histories are often sketchy. A physical study on the building itself may help, but we may never know its whole history, said Peting.

The changes that took place in Deady Hall over the years reflect the constant flux in attendance and needs of universities. The nature of universities involves change, said Peting. As Deady Hall demonstrates, even the UO's most venerable structures must change with the times.

—JEAN HERLEY '02

ERB MEMORIAL UNION

CULTURE CLASH?

Departure of longtime Cultural Forum staffer raises questions.

JASON MILLER '92 WORKS AT HIS DREAM job. He is senior vice president of House of Blues Concerts in Denver. Although he says hard work has contributed to where he is today, Miller also credits something else. "I completely attribute the success that I have to the Cultural Forum," he says, referring to the student programming board responsible for bringing diverse cultural fare to the UO, from visual and performing arts to music and contemporary issues.

"I was in that office five hours a day, Monday through Friday, sometimes skipping classes," he says with a laugh. Miller served as national music coordinator for the Cultural Forum for three years. He brought such varied acts as Blues Traveler, Phish, and Arlo Guthrie to campus and local venues.

Such high-profile acts naturally earn the Forum plenty of press, but the program attracted a different kind of attention last May when EMU administrators Dusty Miller and Gregg Lobisser decided

not to renew longtime Cultural Forum Program Coordinator Linda Dievendorf's contract.

As a program of the Erb Memorial Union (EMU), the Forum is funded by the incidental fee students pay (slightly more than \$170 per term) for student union programs. The Forum's annual programming budget is between \$75,000 and \$90,000, depending on what the student-controlled EMU Board of Directors allots the program. Dievendorf's position is also paid for by student fees. Student leaders were upset that someone in a student-funded position could be let go without student input. Former and current students who were active in the Forum were disturbed by the unexplained dismissal of someone they view as an integral part of the program.

Dan Stiles '94 was one of many alumni who wrote to the *Oregon Daily Emerald* about Dievendorf's dismissal. "You have this bunch of kids with wild ideas and they don't know how to pull them off," he says. "But then you have Linda, who has the knowledge and the experience; she keeps it all going." Stiles says the Cultural Forum launched his career as a graphic artist. "I got my degree in sociology, and while that's great—I can really rip it up at cocktail parties—it's tough to tell an employer what your skills are," Stiles says. That changed when he started designing posters for the Cultural Forum. When Stiles realized that he could earn money with his drawing talent—"twenty bucks a poster"—he was on his way. Today he is senior designer for the Cronan Group in San Francisco and owns his own graphic design company, which creates posters, logos, and CD covers for bands such as Stereolab and the Cramps.

Erin Robbins '95 stays in touch with Dievendorf and sees her as a mentor. "When I started managing people, I used Linda as my template," Robbins says. "She managed to work with everyone and get the best out of them." Robbins, who was the contemporary issues coordinator from 1994 to 1995, currently works for the Montana Campus Compact as a service-learning program manager.

Alumni such as Robbins benefit from the Forum's other goal: Along with programming, it offers students leadership opportunities. Each of the nine or so student coordinators has control over the programs he or she brings to campus, as long as a consensus of the Forum agrees.

Coordinators must adhere to an annual budget. The contemporary issues coordinator, for example, disburses about \$11,000 of the budget, because lecturers' fees are often high.

Forum programs offer wide variety: Spike Lee spoke last April; *The Vagina Monologues* has come to the UO for the past three years; Art on Death Row appeared in the EMU's Adell McMillan Gallery, and the Forum sponsored a French film series last January. Since 1970 the Forum has also sponsored the annual Willamette Valley Folk Festival, which brings nationally recognized folk and bluegrass artists to Eugene and drew an estimated 15,000 people last year.

Dievendorf remained in her position until May of this year, as per her contract as an officer of administration (a classification that does not have union representation). While she says she has come to terms with her dismissal she wonders about the fate of the Forum.

"My concern is that the Forum will be less of a student-based, student-driven model," Dievendorf says. "It will be what administrators want, not students." What the administration wants, she says, is a more "traditional" programming board, one that focuses on "campus-based pro-

gramming, dances every Friday night, and plugging into New Student Week—a lot of which we do already anyway."

Dievendorf says she thought the Forum could provide traditional programming that the administration wanted and still retain its focus on student decision-making and cultural programming. "I thought my job was to protect the students and their budget process," Dievendorf says.

Lobisser declined to discuss personnel matters, but he denies the charge that the administration wants to control the Forum. "Never once has anyone in the EMU ever told the Cultural Forum what kind of programming to do," he says. "I do think that it's fair, and it is accurate, to say that we are asking that they do programming across the year." Lobisser says the Forum should be thinking strategically: "Is there enough programming during the beginning weeks of school when new students are arriving? Is there enough each term?" he asks.

Lobisser also wants to see the Forum survey students about their programming desires. "Our demographics are changing," he says. "More students are coming in and they're geographically and culturally very diverse." He points to a survey

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done last April by the EMU's marketing director as an example of what the Forum should do. The survey showed that 43 percent of the 325 respondents would like to see concerts and live music in the EMU after 6 p.m. Lobisser sees this as a job for the Forum.

Dievendorf says the Forum has also done surveys over the years, with little student response. "Our student coordinators know what students want and we do a great variety of events," she says. She cites ballroom fees and limited availability as deterrents to more concerts in the EMU, factors that often lead to off-campus concerts instead.

The conflict seems to come down to a difference in philosophy. "The Cultural Forum has an elevated programming role on campus," Lobisser says. He says the Forum "is really a department within the EMU."

"That is the problem," says Dievendorf. "This is a student-run organization," she says. "It's fine if you want to have input, but you're just another voice."

Dievendorf's dismissal, and the departure of the other veteran Forum staffer, Debby Martin, leaves some alumni wondering what will happen to the Cultural Forum. "The Forum is invaluable to students," Robbins says. "It gives them a chance to gain real-life experience. Now, I think it will just crumble."

But the Forum was actively planning its future, as a search committee of four students and three administrators narrowed the list of candidates to succeed Dievendorf to five finalists in May. That committee will make recommendations to Lobisser, who hopes to make a job offer in early June.

—JESSICA CAGLE

DANCE

IT TAKES TWO —AND LESSONS

*Alumna and adjunct instructor
Elizabeth Wartluft teaches and tangoes.*

IN THE SUMMER OF 1999, ELIZABETH Wartluft MA '94 discovered a city and a dance form that would change her life. Leaving a marriage and boarding an airplane, she flew to Buenos Aires to tango. While working on her second master's degree, this one in cultural anthropology, Wartluft went to Argentina to gather

information for her thesis. Although she had danced tango in the United States, she was in search of the authentic Argentinean experience.

On her first night in Buenos Aires, a friend insisted that they explore some neighborhood tango clubs. Lacking the glamorous dresses and high-heeled dancing shoes she'd seen in the movies, Wartluft wondered if she'd be welcomed in the tango culture. Despite her "Eugene uniform" — loose clothing and a pair of Clark's casual shoes — a man asked her to dance. One glass of wine, three hours, and many dances later, Wartluft was hooked on tango and on Buenos Aires. She stayed for a month in an inexpensive, unheated hotel, took tango lessons, and interviewed members of the local tango community. "I fell in love with the city and the level of tango there," she recalls.



Elizabeth Wartluft with tango students.

It wasn't the first time she'd unexpectedly fallen, head over heels, for dance. A musician and a singer since the age of five, Wartluft always valued words and music, but dance wasn't part of her repertoire. While working on her undergraduate degree in English literature at Minnesota's Carleton College, however, she took a social dance class to fulfill a physical education requirement. "By the end of that year, I started ballet, and then added modern and jazz," she says. "I didn't plan to be a dancer as a career until I arrived at the UO to do a master's in dance. I was not thinking career, but rather: I have to do this!"

After graduating from Carleton in 1987, Wartluft joined the Peace Corps. She was placed in Morocco, where she taught dance. While there, she decided to go to graduate school. "I told myself that if I survived my two years [in the Peace Corps] without quitting, I could do whatever I wanted." What she wanted was to study dance. She decided to pursue that goal at the University after finding a UO catalog in the Peace Corps' Morocco office and discovering the dance program's strong reputation, small classes, and teaching opportunities.

It was while working on her graduate dance degree that Wartluft learned to tango. For a scholar and a hooper, a trip to the tango capital was inevitable. After intensive study of Spanish (her sixth language), she headed for Buenos Aires and discovered the rich cultural story that would become the basis for her thesis: a study of tango history as told by Argentines. She learned that in the 1800s, tango evolved from a ballroom dance in the working-class districts of Buenos Aires, merged with the milonga (a blend of waltz, French and Italian country dances, Cuban habanera, and polka), and then with a wilder African-Argentine dance that developed in Buenos Aires's slave community. The result was a fast, sensual, and disreputable dance. In the early 1900s, an Argentine playboy introduced the tango to Parisian high society, making the dance socially acceptable among Europeans and Argentines alike; by 1915, tango was a craze among the fashionable, becoming the rage until military dictatorships suppressed it in the 1940s. A tango revival began in the late 1970s when several Argentinean rock 'n' rollers revisited their country's musical past. Fueled by the success of stage shows and movies, tango spread around the

"I didn't plan to be a dancer as a career until I arrived at the UO to do a master's in dance. I was not thinking career, but rather: I have to do this!"

world again. Today, Wartluft says, whenever a movie comes out that features tango—such as *Scent of a Woman*, *Tango, The Tango Lesson*, and *Strictly Ballroom*—her tango classes fill up.

Now an adjunct instructor in the UO dance department, Wartluft brings her knowledge of bodywork and culture into her classes. She teaches what she calls "non-gendered" dance, which ignores traditional male-female roles of following and leading. "In partner dancing, I don't feel that men should lead and women should follow," she explains. "I feel that learning both parts gives a person a better understanding of dance than learning just one role. Also, classes are not gender-balanced and I don't think anyone learns well feeling excluded."

While the initial appeal of tango might be its exoticism—"sexy, swirly moves in the dark"—Wartluft believes that what keeps people coming back is the need to connect with others. Former Wartluft student Annette Gurdjian '84 says that, for Americans, tango offers "something that's missing in life—a chance to reconnect with a community. There's a connection that takes place between you and your partner on a very deep level—spiritual, intellectual, and sexual—that doesn't happen with any other dance."

Wartluft still dances herself; she has performed at various festivals and with the Oregon Ballroom Dance Club, and sings with the UO's Eastern European Folk Ensemble. But her peak experiences have come in Buenos Aires, which she has visited three times. "It has been a rich experience," she says. "The dance, this wonderful city, and the people I have met there make it hard to leave." This summer she is taking a few students with her, hoping that "they will be as lucky in encountering my favorite city and my favorite dance."

—DEBRA MERSKIN

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NEWS IN BRIEF

KIRKPATRICK NAMED
TO HEAD LAW SCHOOL

After a year-long national search, the UO has selected Laird C. Kirkpatrick J.D. '68, a nationally known scholar in the field of evidence law, as the new dean of the University of Oregon School of Law. Kirkpatrick, a UO faculty member since 1974, is currently Hersher Professor of Jurisprudence at the law school and will become the Knight Law Dean on August 1. He's a national authority on the federal and Oregon rules of evidence. Kirkpatrick has served as counsel to the head of the Criminal Division at the U.S. Department of Justice, and as an assistant U.S. attorney. He was also a member of the U.S. Sentencing Commission and the Governor's Task Force on Corrections and served as executive director of Legal Aid Service in Portland and as a trial attorney with the Eugene law firm of Johnson, Johnson & Harrang. He is a recipient of the UO's Ersted Award for distinguished teaching, the Mortar Board Teaching Award, and the Phi Delta Phi Teaching Award. While at the UO law school, Kirkpatrick served as editor-in-chief of the *Oregon Law Review* and was elected to membership in the Order of the Coif, the national law school honor society.

LEE APPOINTED
TO PRINCETON FACULTY

Chang-rae Lee MFA '93 has accepted an appointment to Princeton's Humanities Council and creative writing program. Lee's debut novel, *Native Speaker*, won the Ernest Hemingway Foundation/PEN Award and the American Book Award. Before coming to the UO, Lee worked on Wall Street as an equities analyst. He also served as a faculty member in the UO's creative writing program.

KNIGHTS SEEK ALUMS

The Intercollegiate Knights Fraternity is looking for alumni of their Oregon Knights Chapter, the Skull and Dagger, founded on the UO campus in 1922. IK alumni are asked to contact: James Williams, former National Executive Secretary, 504 N. 7th St., Temple, Texas, 76501, 254-771-2577, or visit the IK Alum web site: <http://inman.surnameweb.org/IK/index.html>.

UO ALUMNAE

BIG BUSINESS
IN LITTLE BOXES

IF KATE DYER-SEELEY HADN'T BEEN stumped on what kind of gift to get her husband, urbanabox might never have been born. Dyer-Seeley looked high and low for the perfect gift when her husband, Gordy Seeley '95, received a job promotion, but nothing was just right. So she decided to make him a "think" box — bought some energy bars, soda with caffeine, koosh balls, and mints and

packaged them in a decorated gift box. It turned out to be not only the perfect gift, but also the inspiration for a new business.

Dyer-Seeley '95 and Karen (Healea) O'Hollaren '95 MA '96 are, with former partner Erin Cox, the founders of urbanabox (www.urbanabox.com), a Portland-based company that creates theme gift boxes. Unlike the usual gift boxes filled with candy or other consumable products, urbanabox creates boxes filled with toys and gadgets that shake up the standard candy-and-flowers scene. For example, the Swank Box includes a stainless steel shaker, martini olives, the "Bar-



Kate Dyer-Seeley and Karen O'Hollaren of urbanabox.

tender's Deck," and a CD set of cocktail music; the Baby Box includes a baby massage book, lullaby CD, and cotton blanket. "Now, I love flowers," Dyer-Seeley says, "but we were looking for something that made a lasting impression."

Dyer-Seeley and O'Hollaren went through the University's communication disorders and science program at the same time in the mid-1990s, but didn't meet until they both worked at the Clackamas Educational Service District. They were feeling disenchanted with their jobs and took to daydreaming about a business they could start together. "We really wanted to do something for ourselves," Dyer-Seeley says.

The entire urbanbox operation began in Dyer-Seeley's tiny southeast Portland bungalow with the three women working at one desk. O'Hollaren says in the beginning it was small orders — "onesy, twosey, here and there." They sent their first box — the Illumination Box (candles, tea, wind chime, incense) — in June 2000 to ice skater Tara Lipinsky.

Then in October 2000 the website (designed by Dyer-Seeley's husband, Gordy Seeley, the chief information officer of the online ad agency eyescream interactive) went live. By the end of the year visibility from the website combined with word of mouth brought in so many orders — several from corporate clients who sometimes wanted hundreds of boxes — that they quickly outgrew their quarters. The outfit took over the basement and garage of the house as well. "[Gordy and Kate] couldn't walk through

their living room anymore," O'Hollaren says. "We'd have friends and family coming through helping us. It was an assembly line."

Urbanbox moved to a 1,000-square-foot space in downtown Portland in 2001, then to a 3,000-square-foot space in southeast Portland this April, and now consists of three sales staff and four partners; Dyer-Seeley is the only full-timer. O'Hollaren estimates that about 60 percent of orders are from corporate clients who order gift boxes for conferences and promotional events, or for employees during the holidays. The company even created boxes for the UO's Lundquist College of Business to give to its donors, complete with UO coffee mugs and chocolate bars.

Even though business is booming, Dyer-Seeley and O'Hollaren still fill most orders themselves. They say it was in the early days, squeezed into Dyer-Seeley's house trying to fill a 200-box order in a matter of days, that they really bonded and got to know one another. It was also when they planned out the company's future, setting goals that they've already surpassed.

They're excited about the future, at once thrilled and apprehensive about the company's growth. They readily admit to having no formal business training. "We don't want to be limited," Dyer-Seeley says, "doing one thing one way because the business plan says so." Instead, O'Hollaren says, their main goal is to have fun. "We just go with our gut instinct and aren't afraid to try."

—KATHLEEN HOLT '97

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AUGUST

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VARSITY BASKETBALL

DUAL DUCK CHAMPIONSHIPS



Geoff Thayer

UO senior Frederick Jones scores with one of his slick moves around the basket in the NCAA regional finals game against Kansas. The UO women's basketball team hoists the WNIT trophy at Mac Court.



Eric Evans

BOTH THE MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BASKETBALL teams will be hanging championship banners in Mac Court next season. The men's team, led by Coach Ernie Kent '77 and guard Frederick Jones, won the Pac-10 championship on its way to an Elite Eight NCAA tournament appearance for the first time since 1960. The women's team, under the leadership of first-year coach Bev Smith '88, won five straight games at the end of the season to take the Women's National Invitation Tournament championship.

The men's team won its first outright conference championship since the 1939 Big Fir game that went on to win the national championship. This year's Ducks finished 26-9 and ranked sixth in

the final ESPN/USA Today poll. The UO defeated Montana, Wake Forest, and Texas in the NCAA tournament before losing to perennial powerhouse Kansas in the regional finals. Jones, a senior and third-team All-American, led the team in scoring with 18.6 points per game. Sophomores Luke Ridnour and Luke Jackson also played key roles in the Ducks' success.

The UO's rise to national basketball prominence came a season after the team struggled to 14-14 record in 2000-2001. That turnaround led to the entire team being awarded the Jesse Nash Award, which normally honors the most improved individual. Jones was named most valuable player and Ridnour was

honored as the team's most inspirational member.

The women's team claimed the WNIT championship with a thrilling 54-52 victory over Houston at Mac Court. The Ducks trailed most of the game but rallied in the last ten minutes and won the game when sophomore Cathrine Kraayeveld scored with 2.3 seconds left. Kraayeveld was named tournament Most Valuable Player. To get to the title game, the Ducks beat St. Mary's, Oregon State, Washington, and Michigan State. The UO won seven of its last eight games to finish the season 22-13. Junior Shaqualla Williams was the team's top scorer during the season, averaging 16.3 points per game.

—GUY MAYNARD '84

1930

Gene Tarbell '32, a buyer and merchandise manager in a department store, says traveling has been a favorite recreation. He's been to Europe several times, always ending in Paris to visit his wife Marcia Zilver's family from Romania.

In October of last year, **Gordon Kendall Clark** '38 celebrated his ninetieth birthday with friends and family at Portland's Genoa restaurant. Clark is a retired city planner for Portland. He is married to **Elaine Ellmaker Clark** '38.

1940

Donald M. McAfee '40 and his wife **Lucille** '40 had four children and their education helped them to have a wonderful life. Lucille died in 1979.

1950

■ **Morris G. Sahr** '51 MA '53 has been selected as a charter member of the Academy of College Financial Planners. The new organization's mission is to set standards for the college financial

planning industry. Sahr is a licensed consultant and has been working in financial services for twenty-five years.

Gerald Berreman '52 MA '53 retired June 30 after forty-one years teaching anthropology at the University of California-Berkeley. His research is mainly in the Indian Himalayas and Nepal, on issues of social inequality and environment. He has been married to sociologist Keiko Yamanaka for eight years. Her interest in labor migration in the Asia-Pacific region has expanded their horizons and travels throughout that region and beyond. Berreman has a daughter and son in California and a daughter in Hawaii. He also has eight grandchildren.

Susan Bachelder Stewart '52 is still working, at age 71, as an expert witness evaluating vocational traumas or severe illnesses. Her children are all in Seattle. She and her husband love to travel and will head to Central America. She's a board member of an organization that will help 2,800 orphaned children there.

Thomas F. Elliott '54 has published *Argonauts of California*, little-known historic vignettes of California history prior to statehood.

Janet Blom Shea '54 is retired but still writing for *Temple Esq.*, the alumni publication she founded and edited at Temple University's James Beasley School of Law.

Otto (Buzz) Nelson '56 MA '61 retired in August 2000, after teaching history for thirty-five years at Texas Tech University. He also served in the university's administration for nineteen of those years. Nelson moved back to his hometown, Owatonna, Minnesota.

1960

T. Jeff Williams '60 co-authored with Kurt Volkert the book *A Cambodian Odyssey* and the *Deaths of 25 Journalists*, which recounts the deaths of foreign correspondents in Cambodia in 1970. Williams covered the conflict for the Associated Press and then became a CBS news correspondent.

Eldon Albertson '61 lives in Halsey, where he is finishing renovations on the house he has been working on since 1998. In October 2000, Albertson took a six-week trip to Europe. While in Germany, he did research for a book he is writing.

Lynda Twyman '66 has published a book, *Angels Unknown: A Story of Healing After Vietnam*. The book is a true story of two women's research into the mysterious circumstances surrounding a young fighter pilot's death in Vietnam.

■ **Spencer M. Brush** '67 says "the class of 1967 was well represented at the Holiday Bowl in San Diego. Craig Iverson, Jim Hibbard, Chris Allen, Ned Church, Bill DeBellis, Kramer Klabau, and their wives and significant others had a terrific time. Never have we felt prouder to be alumni at a great university." Brush's son Stuart (class of 2004) is a recent addition to the UO student body.

■ **Michael Raney** '68 was named the 2001 Minority Small Business Advocate for the state of Nevada by the U.S. Small Business Administration. Raney is currently dean of the Outreach College at Truckee Meadows Community College in Reno, Nevada.

Raymond J. Grubbs '69 has spent the last twenty-six years working in financial services. His company, located in Lake Oswego, specializes in financial planning and advisory services. Grubbs enjoys playing golf and serves as a director of the Western Golf Association. He is also an active member of Tournament Golf Foundation, Inc.

■ **Antonius CM Heijmen** '69 is retiring after fourteen years as a partner at PricewaterhouseCoopers. At 57, he's ready to try venture capital, board memberships, and possibly teaching. Throughout his career he has been involved in international business issues, and has conducted business in more than thirty countries worldwide.

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SUMMER 2002

PROFILE

A GOLDEN HOME



Bob and Shirley Kingsbury with the Gari family

BOB '50 AND SHIRLEY '52 KINGSBURY celebrated fifty years of marriage by building a dream home they will never live in. The celebration took place on a vacant lot in southeast Portland and the guests — 135 friends and relatives — honored them with shrieking saws and pounding hammers.

For their golden anniversary, Bob and Shirley helped to build a Habitat for Humanity home for Abshir Gari and his family. Shirley, a retired pediatric nurse, helped the younger workers stay focused by looking after their children. Bob, a retired United Methodist minister, prayed for the builders' safety and made frequent runs to the hardware store for more nails or sharp saw blades. Habitat for Humanity is a nonprofit, ecumenical organization that marshals donations of money, materials, and labor to build simple, energy-efficient homes for low-income families.

The Habitat project exemplifies the way the Kingsburys have spent their retirement. Shirley makes home visits to young couples with developmentally disabled children on behalf of the Lane County Department of Public Health. Bob raises money through the Kiwanis Club to support an international program to eradicate iodine deficiency in people in developing countries.

To help build the Garis' house, Shirley says, she and Bob donated the resources they might have spent on an anniversary vacation. Only once did they take a special vacation on their anniversary.

anniversary. Twenty-five years ago, they traveled with their four children to Victoria, British Columbia, to have lunch in the hotel where they honeymooned. "The bigger celebration was the success of the build," Shirley says. For the Habitat build, they also asked friends and family to donate time and money in lieu of anniversary gifts — and raised more than \$55,000, Bob says.

Abshir Gari and his wife, Sahara, fled Somalia in 1989 when civil war erupted. They spent two years in a refugee camp in Kenya before immigrating to the United States. When they settled in Portland, the Garis, their four young children, and Sahara's mother shared a two-bedroom apartment; lead paint covered the walls and the roof leaked with every rainstorm.

Nine days after construction started, a new two-story home for the Garis proved the Kingsburys' efforts a success. That evening, everyone who worked on the house gathered in the church that Bob attended as a child. The Kingsburys agree that the Habitat for Humanity experience made their anniversary party much more meaningful than their initial idea of a Caribbean cruise.

Six months later, their enthusiasm for Habitat for Humanity continues. Bob is working with the Eugene United Methodist church to raise money for a Habitat house in that community. "I'll be taking care of the kids again," Shirley says.

— MICHELE TAYLOR '02

Gary Reddick '69, president of Sienna Architects, has been elected president of the Architectural Foundation of Oregon.

1970

■ **Karl E. Johnson** Ph.D. '70 was appointed professor emeritus of public administration at the University of Missouri's L.P. Cookingham Institute.

■ **Denny W. Homer** '71 is currently the president of the Washington State Dental Association. He practices dentistry in Okanogan, Washington.

■ **Emily Kennedy Iverson** '71 and her husband, Dick Iverson, are the parents of five children. Their youngest daughter, Jeanne, plans to attend the UO in the fall of 2002. Emily and her daughters, Alison Benson '95 and Courtney Benson '01, traveled together to Paris for a wonderful vacation last spring.

■ **Christopher Krenk** '71 is the CEO of Alberta Kerr Centers for Children and Adults.

■ **Gregory A. Malkasian** '71 became the acting administrator for the Oregon Bankers Association's Division of Finance and Corporate Securities in May, 2001. He has twenty-eight years of experience as a program manager, division administrator, and auditor for state agencies.

■ **Martha Andrews** '72, principal with Andrews Architects, has been elected secretary of the Architectural Foundation of Oregon.

■ **Lynda (Hatch) Paznokas** '72, now teaching at the Washington State University College of Education in the Department of Teaching and Learning, will be saluted during the annual WSU Faculty Honors Convocation.

■ **Julia Conaway Bondanella** '73 is serving as the assistant chairman for programs at the National Endowment for the Humanities in Washington. D.C. Bondanella is currently on leave from the department of French and Italian at Indiana University.

■ **Andre Pierre Laracheveque** '73 of Fourqueux, France, is pleased to announce that his daughter Celine, born in Eugene in 1973, will get married on August 3 in Aix en Provence, France.

■ **Mary Alice Brown** '74 Ph.D. '90, Laurel Hill Center Executive Director, co-authored a chapter in the recently published book *Ethics in Community Mental Health Care*.

■ **Robert D. Edwards** '74 M.Ed. '66 retired after thirty years as teacher and department chair of humanities at David Douglas High School in Portland. He taught advanced placement history and government classes, was a national advanced placement exam reader at Princeton University for six years, and chaired the Future Problem Solvers Team. He now volunteers on the board of directors at his church and with the David Douglas Historical Society.

■ **Thomas C. Stewart** '74 and his family moved to Eugene this past year. Tom has been appointed to the Eugene 4J School District's ED SPEC Committee to build four new schools. Tom has also been appointed to the Oregon Air and Space Museum board for 2001–2002.

Peter Brinkworth MS '75 has been working as academic dean in the School of Education at Flinders University in South Australia. He is now retiring, he says, "to a more sedate life: painting, gardening, and travel."

Jonathan Hoffman JD '75, attorney and singer/songwriter, has written a new song, "It's a Great Day to Be a Duck," in the wake of the Ducks' successful football and men's basketball seasons. The song will be a bonus track on his new CD, *Best Friends*. The song can be heard at www.mp3.com. The CD is available at www.shelterdogmusic.com. Hoffman suggests sending it to your fellow Ducks or any Huskies you may know.

■ **Jim Pensiero** '75 was promoted to vice president of news operations at *The Wall Street Journal*. His previous assignment was assistant managing editor.

■ On October 29, 2001, at a ceremony held at East Carolina University, **C.W. Sullivan III** DA '75 Ph.D. '76 received the Vice Chancellor's Award for excellence in research. He was also named the Board of Trustees' Distinguished Research Professor of English.

Sandy Rabinowitch MLA '77 has been in Alaska for twenty-five years. He and his wife Elizabeth

Barry, an attorney for the state, have two daughters, eight and ten years old. Sandy has worked for the U.S. Park Service for seventeen years and is currently a subsistence manager for Alaska's fifteen national parks.

Robert Van Brocklin '77 JD '80, a partner with Stool Rives LLP, has been elected to the Portland Metropolitan Chamber of Commerce board of directors and the board's Executive Committee. He has also been named counsel of the Chamber board of directors.

Laura (Gustafson) Cogdell '78 received the Amy Foundation's Award of Outstanding Merit for her article, "Will America Dance with the One Who Brung Her?" which appeared in the *South County Spotlight*, a newspaper in St. Helens. The foundation considers submissions that present a biblical viewpoint on issues in a mainstream, nonreligious publication. Cogdell writes an opinion column about law, politics, and faith that has appeared in more than forty Oregon newspapers.

Karen (Rimor) Goirigolzarri '78 MS '85 was named Oregon principal of the year for 2001. She and her husband, Javier, have three boys, Nick 14, Ben 8, and Alex 5. In her spare time she competes in dressage with her horse, Oscar.

Glenn R. Harwood '79 is a professor of speech at Coastline Community College in Fountain Valley, California. He has taught speech communication for more than twenty-five years.

Candice Jordan '79 recently bought a house in Portland to return to when her husband, **Robert** '80, retires from the military next summer. The couple's son David is a freshman in the UO's Clark Honors College. Their other son, Alex, a Reed graduate, is finishing his Fulbright scholarship study in Hungary.

1980

Nancy K. Long '80 has recently returned to Oregon after a year in southern California. She has retired from the mental health field after twenty-four years. She's thrilled to be back in Duck country and living on the beautiful Oregon Coast.

Brad C. Stanford '81 is board certified as a trial advocate by the National Board of Trial Advocacy. **Saadah Khalil** MA '81 Ph.D. '83 is corporate quality assurance analyst at Saudi Aramco Oil Company in Saudi Arabia. He, his wife, and daughter live a quiet life.

Pete L. Twyman '81 was named Hilton Hotels Corporation's Director of the Year of Finance.

Ralph Black '83 published a book of poems, *Turning Over the Earth*, in 2000. He lives in Rochester, New York, with his wife, **Susan Murphy** '83, and their daughters, Anna and Elise. He teaches creative writing and American literature at State University of New York at Brockport.

Dane S. Claussen '84 is the editor of *Sex, Religion, Media*, published in February by Rowman & Littlefield.

Anne Dahl '84 has been working in the nutrition

field for the past ten years. Currently, she manages a large food company in Copenhagen, Denmark. Dahl and her husband have two daughters, Olivia and Pauline. Dahl recently returned from living for two years in Thailand. She says it was "quite an adventure" adapting to a different culture and language.

Chuck Heidenreich '84 has been traveling to Africa as a missionary with Greater Grace World Outreach. After graduation from Maryland Bible College and Seminary, Heidenreich, his wife, and their four children will be moving to Ghana. He says "Visitors are always welcome!" He can be contacted by e-mail: chuckheid84@myweb.com.

Scott A. Leckie '84 is the executive director for Centre on Housing Rights and Evictions, a leading global human rights organization. "I still get to travel five to six months a year, often to human rights hotspots, like Kosovo, East Timor, and Bosnia." When not traveling, Leckie lives in Switzerland. "I have no plans to reside in the U.S. I've been gone since 1985 and loving it!"

Robert Slade MS '84 has co-authored *Viruses Revealed*, which follows his earlier book, *Robert Slade's Guide to Computer Viruses* (the title was not my idea"). Slade lives in British Columbia and says his newest work is selling more copies in Europe than in Canada or the United States.

John Lawson '85 and **Sue Ann Lawson** '83 are moving to New Orleans, Louisiana, where John has been appointed Vice President for Information Technology at Tulane University. Their daughter Rebecca will remain a student at Pepperdine University where John was formerly chief information officer. Their other children, John Paul and Jacqueline, will continue to be home-schooled by Sue Ann.

Patricia McClurg Ph.D. '85 is the new Dean of the College of Education at the University of Wyoming. This appointment follows a five-year term as director of the UW natural science program. She and her husband, Jim, still enjoy Laramie when they are not traveling to visit their seven grandchildren, who are scattered about the country.

Patty Karapinar '86 has recently achieved LEED (Leadership in Energy and Environmental Design) Professional Accreditation. She is celebrating her sixth anniversary as a project architect at Murray and Downs, AIA Architects in Placererville, California, and is looking forward to the firm's first formal sustainable design project.

B.J. Howerton JD '87 works for the federal government to facilitate implementation of its trust obligation to the Northwest tribal governments concerning natural resource and federal Indian law.

■ **Sidney Frank Hunt** '87 is senior associate architect at Sienna Architecture Company in Portland. He has been married eighteen years and has three boys. "Love living in Oregon!"

Yosuf Moiz '87 lives in Singapore and recently joined a training company called Astiworks. He says he enjoys working in the area of people devel-



DUCKS ON PARADE

Use your creativity and decorate a Duck for display during the month of August at the downtown Portland Meier & Frank. The Oregon Club and Meier & Frank will use this program to kick off the 2002 Oregon football season in an enlarged Autzen Stadium. Designed to raise funds for student athlete scholarships, "Ducks on Parade" is a \$1,500 sponsorship opportunity tied to this year's September 6th Big Green Benefit dinner and auction. The program combines public art with corporate signs and game and event tickets to remind Portlanders that they are a part of the team and important to the UO's successes on and off the field.

PROFILE

AN OLYMPIC ARTIST

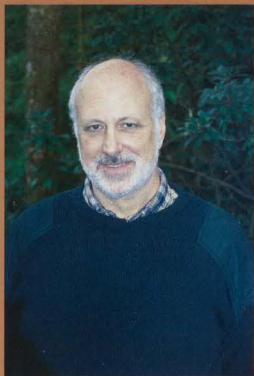
Pavlos Kouglioumtzis '68 B.Arch. '70 sculpts the ideals of ancient Greece into modern art.

Pavlos Kouglioumtzis proves his own theory: "Tall people do tall sculptures." Kouglioumtzis is well over six and a half feet tall, and his sculptures, whether of Spiros Louis, the marathon runner, or an abstract of the winged Niki (Nike), reach ten and fifteen feet high, with clean, fluid lines and simple shapes. But his sculptures are more than tall. His most recent installation is *Prometheus, Fire Bearing*, a twelve-foot semi-abstract piece with smooth bronze walls that rise to a slim waist, then expand in gentle waves to form a shoulder, a head, an upstretched arm, and a flame held high. A thin line of open air runs up the middle of the piece, a backbone in negative space. "The space in the middle is to make it lighter," Kouglioumtzis says. "It's meant to symbolize the divine and the human, the duality in our lives."

This *Prometheus*, installed for the 2002 Winter Games in the Olympic Plaza in Salt Lake City, is not Kouglioumtzis's first. There is a *Prometheus* in Seville, Spain, installed for the 1992 Expo, and another in Delphi, Greece, closer to Kouglioumtzis's home. All of them draw a reaction. "People in Delphi tell me that when they're down, they go to talk to my *Prometheus*," Kouglioumtzis says. "People in Salt Lake respond to the directness, the self — it elevates human beings to another level."

Given the motto of the Salt Lake City Olympics, "Light the Fire Within," *Prometheus*, the mythological Greek figure who brought fire to humankind, was an appropriate choice. Kouglioumtzis believes that *Prometheus* carries with him some essential qualities: "He symbolizes freedom, knowledge, and human dignity," he says. "I think civilization starts with *Prometheus's* fire. So for me, it is a symbol of the Greek philosophy."

Kouglioumtzis, who was born and raised in Macedonia, now makes his



Pavlos Kouglioumtzis

home in Maroussi, outside of Athens, where he has done all his work since 1992. His sculptures are installed all over the world, including two others associated with the Olympic games. His *Niki*, a winged, semi-abstract female figure, had its first home in the Greek city of Olympia, where the American ambassador to Greece saw it. Given that Athens had just lost its bid for the 1996 games to Atlanta, it seemed only appropriate that a Greek sculptor be chosen to exhibit a piece in Atlanta. The organizing committee commissioned another *Niki*, and she was unveiled before the start of those games. Later, she was moved to her permanent home in front of Atlanta's city hall. A precedent had been set. For the 2000 Olympics in Sydney, Australia, Kouglioumtzis was commissioned to do another piece, this time of Spiros Louis, the great marathon winner.

Kouglioumtzis returned to Eugene for the first time in thirty years shortly after last winter's Olympics. The trip to Eugene was a bonus added to an

already momentous tour — he came to the United States this time mainly to unveil *Prometheus*, in Salt Lake City, where he was joined by the Greek Minister of Culture. But he says that his commitment to the Salt Lake City project was bolstered by the possibility of returning to Eugene. "I was more enthusiastic in great part to go to Salt Lake, because I could come here," Kouglioumtzis says. "It made me work harder, knowing I could come back to Eugene."

Kouglioumtzis went to the UO on a Fulbright Scholarship in 1964. While in Eugene, he studied art, architecture, and theater — but it was the University atmosphere that captured his attention. "The University is the most democratic place in the world — it gets to the essence of things," Kouglioumtzis says. "The atmosphere in the University is very important — it supports any idea that comes up." During his recent trip, Kouglioumtzis toured old haunts, from his apartment in Hendricks Park to the Sigma Chi house, where he was a guest for a year. He also reconnected with a former professor, Dean McKenzie, and old friends. "I'm very moved, seeing the place I actually grew up," Kouglioumtzis says. "I consider my coming to Oregon as the best thing that happened in my life. I was a student already, but coming here, my mentality changed."

Now that these Olympics are over, he is looking ahead to 2004, when the Olympics come back to their birthplace in Athens. It's a poetic combination, this thoughtful Greek artist, making sculpture for the Olympics rich with themes of the ancients — and it's not lost on him. "It's a great expression of the Greek civilization," Kouglioumtzis says. "It's my goal to put Greek sculptures with the philosophical or historical theme all over the world."

— JESSICA MACMURRAY MS '01

Photo: MacMurray

opment. Moiz is planning to move to Toronto with his family within the next two years.

■ **Navy Lt. Commander Caren L. McCurdy '89** recently was promoted to her current rank while serving with Naval Legal Service Office Detachment in Newport, Rhode Island.

1990

■ **Craig Green '90** was elected to the Hamilton Town Council, in Virginia, on a slow-growth platform. His work at Internet domain name registrar Network Solutions has led to promotions and the fulfillment of a "lifelong dream": ownership of a 1989 Porsche Carrera.

Chun-wang Sun MS '90 Ph.D '93 is an associate professor at the National Technology University in Taipei, Taiwan.

Kristi Strother '91 will finish her master's degree this summer in Kansas. Then, "I will take a much needed vacation back to the Northwest. I miss the rain," she says.

Eric Carlson '92 recently completed illustrations of the hundreds of ceramic artifacts from the Hohokam site of Snaketown. A publication is due out sometime next year through the Center for Desert Archaeology in Tucson, Arizona. Carlson has retreated to the mountains of Durango,

Colorado, where he works as an archaeologist and artist.

Chih-Wei Chang MS '92 says that she and her husband **Yi-Chang Chen '90 MS '91** would welcome any messages from old friends. Their new address is: 9F, No. 9, Ln. 184, Chung Shan Rd., San Shia, Taipei Hsian, 237, Taiwan, Republic of China.

Dorine (Doddy) Harris '92 lives in Cambridge, Massachusetts with her husband Jan Harris. She works at an architectural firm, designing schools.

Hsiao-fen Shen M.Arch. '92 says "I have been away from the interior design field for a long time, but enjoy being a community volunteer doing many kinds of service. I just finished the lighting show at the 2002 Taipei Lantern Festival for my church."

■ **Libby Dowsett '93** is now the co-anchor for the 6 and 11 P.M. CBS news in Medford. Her husband is from southern Oregon and started a dot-com company. "Life is good," she reports.

Erin Nasharr Mason '93 and her husband, Andy, had their first child, a son named Mitchell Henry Mason, on January 3. Erin is staying home to take care of him and is enjoying it a lot.

Christopher M. Matkovic '93 will graduate from St. George's University School of Medicine, Grenada, West Indies, in June 2002. He begins

residency training in Psychiatry at Stony Brook University, New York, in July of this year and plans to specialize in child and adolescent psychiatry.

Robin (Popp) Rose '93 and **Mark Rose '92** welcomed their second child, Quinn Martin, on February 22, 2002. Quinn joins his big sister, Kianna, age two.

Bob Ashley '94 MBA '97 and **Nola (Pritchard) Ashley '94** are celebrating their tenth wedding anniversary this year. Bob is a financial operations manager with Agilent Technologies (formerly Hewlett Packard) and has been with the company for five years. Nola stays at home with their three children. Davis is five, Emma is four, and Lauren is two.

■ **Sarah (Corell) Devereux '94** and her husband, Keith, welcomed twin boys, Garrett William and Parker Alan, on February 7, 2002. Sarah is on maternity leave from her teaching job in the Mukilteo school district. The family lives in Everett, Washington.

Cara L. Hafner '94 works as a public health nurse for Multnomah County Health Department, providing service to Spanish-speaking families. She just bought her first house.

■ **Julia McCall '94** is finishing a four-year practitioner training program this year. She specializes in equine movement therapeutics for horse

DECADES

Reports from previous summer issues of Old Oregon.

1932 The State Board of Higher Education rescinds its proposal to reduce the School of Journalism to a minor department of one of the other schools. C.C. Colt, chair of the Curricula Committee, made it clear that the board changed its decision not in response to outside pressure, but because it was "now convinced that the work of the school was important and valuable, and it was well and economically conducted."

1942 Taking the place of the annual canoe fete at the UO's Junior Weekend celebration will be a "musical extravaganza," the popular Broadway hit *Of Thee I Sing*. The campus readies itself for the arrival of a large crowd of alumni and parents.

1952 The UO Athletic Department ends the fiscal year in the black with a gross operating profit of \$42,114.80 and a net profit of \$23,146.80. Gate receipts from both basketball and football brought in "small profits" and the overall financial condition was improved by the more than \$36,000 received from the Pacific Coast Conference radio rights and Rose Bowl share.

1962 The Interfraternity Council rules against the custom of fraternity pledges taking seniors for one-way rides, leaving them stranded miles from home. This

comes after two seniors "borrowed" a truck to get home from sixty miles up the McKenzie River, where pledges had left them. The IFC has already banned two other all-fraternity traditions, hazing and Hell Week.

1972 Students, police, and community leaders come together to discuss ways to hold a peaceful demonstration against the Vietnam War. This comes in response to a May 9 demonstration in which thirty-seven people were arrested. Two days later, 3,000 protesters march from the University to various downtown locations without incident.

1982 An August reunion is planned "for all black students who ever attended the UO, since day one," according to Ken Adair, chair of the reunion's organizing committee, who says the event could draw "as many as 400 participants."

1992 Two UO alumni, former Oregon governor Neil Goldschmidt '63 and Nike chair Philip Knight '59, receive the University's Pioneer Award for outstanding contributions in business and government service. The award recognizes people who "embody both the vision to recognize a new path ahead and the pioneering spirit, courage, and perseverance to follow that path."

PROFILE

KEEPING THE DOOR OPEN



Li-Chen Chin

ALTHOUGH LI-CHEN CHIN is a self-proclaimed optimist, she is a bit worried about the long-term effects of the attacks of September 11 will have on international students in American colleges and universities. As the assistant dean and director of international programs at Bryn Mawr College in Pennsylvania, Chin M.Mus. '91 Ph.D. '96 is the adviser to international students, who make up 12 percent of the college's 1,600 students, as well as international faculty and domestic undergraduates interested in studying abroad. She jokes that she does "both import and export."

Born in Taiwan, Chin came to the United States on a student visa and completed advanced degrees in music education at the University of Oregon. Because she has been both an international studies administrator and an international student, Chin is a staunch advocate of the value of international education.

"The best way to get to know each other is through living in another country or working in other environments," she says. "There are [these kinds of] opportunities in the United States, because we have not only the immigrant population but international students from all over the world. It really would be a shame not just for international students themselves, but for the American students not to have that experience while they're in school."

She understands the complexity of the post-September 11 world and

is not against more closely monitoring and tracking student visas, especially if it makes the process more efficient. But she does feel that the scrutiny should not be solely on student visas, which account for fewer visas than do visitor visas. Besides, she says, "The majority of international students are doing what they're supposed to do. They're here for an education. Some of them go back home and start their careers, and some of them, like myself, stay and work. Not all of us are terrorists."

Chin believes she's made a difference. "Since September 11," she says, "I have a sense of responsibility and urgency and believe that what I'm doing is really important." She serves on a national committee on immigration policy, which allows her to work closely with her colleagues on international education issues. But it is in her work at Bryn Mawr that Chin feels she can make the greatest difference. She was at the UO during the 1995 Oklahoma City bombing and remembers how the initial wave of blame on foreign terrorists led to suspicion of all non-Americans. Through that difficult time, she found the faculty and staff at the University especially supportive.

"The University of Oregon is really a wonderful environment for international students," she says. "In many ways, I try to create that sense of community, that sense of open atmosphere, for my students."

— KATHLEEN HOLT '97

and rider. McCall will return to Oregon, from Rancho Santa Fe, California, upon completion of the program.

Sheliza Mitha '94 currently lives in Vancouver, British Columbia and works in corporate communications for Tourism British Columbia. She is married to **Peter Nussbaum** '94, who owns a print and copy business. Sheliza says she "would enjoy hearing from long-lost friends." She can be reached at Sheliza.Mitha@tourism.bc.ca.

Daniel Treccroci '94 has been the managing editor of the San Francisco-based healthcare magazine *Diabetes Interview* since 1998. He and his wife, Jennifer ("a USC student turned die-hard UO supporter"), have a two-year-old son, Benjamin, and were expecting the birth of another child in spring 2002.

Sarah Welsh '94 graduated as medical doctor of osteopathic medicine from Touro University College on May 19, 2001. She claims she owes all her success to the Friday beer gardens at the Union.

Michael Acord '95 of ArtLight Studios, LLC, in Eugene, recently received the Certified AN-NE Award in the Professional Photographers of America's annual competition for marketing excellence. His entry was recognized at PPA's marketing and management conference in Biloxi, Mississippi.

■ **Alison Benson** '95 lives in Newton, Massachusetts, and is secure VPN marketing manager for Baltimore Technologies, an Internet security firm. Currently, she is serving as president of the Pi Beta Phi alumnae chapter of Boston.

Catherine Soegiarto Hadiwibowo '95 returned to Jakarta, Indonesia, after working in Poland for one year after graduation. She married her husband in 1998 and the couple have two children, Abraham, two, and Ashley, five months. Hadiwibowo recently started her own business as a distributor of Baby Bjorn products.

Andrene (Hyatt) Everson '96 and her husband welcomed their first child, a daughter, in August 2001.

Joey Lyons '96 recently purchased a home in old north Portland. He works for the Unitarian Universalist Association, developing campus ministry programs. He is also working on a UO People of Color reunion.

Dawn Paugh-Eden '96 and her husband, John Eden, have a daughter, Carly Marie, born April 17, 2000. Dawn recently left the *Argus Observer's* editorial department and now works in public works administration for the city of Ontario, Oregon.

Christopher D. Erickson '97 JD '01 has joined Portland's Tonkon Torp LLP Law Firm as an associate. He practices business law, with an emphasis on corporate securities.

Renae Fegent '97 works for Link Recruitment in Brisbane, Australia. Fegent plans to visit Eugene in April 2003.

Sarah Holmberg '97 is properties manager with the Wagon Wheel Theatre in Indiana.

Benjann Lu '97 is based in Hong Kong, where he

sells rice. He would love to hear from "friends who have lost touch." Lu can be contacted at helibelly@hotmail.com

■ **Ed Suwanjindar** '97 is working in product marketing for mobile devices, Pocket PC and Smartphone, at Microsoft.

Kyoko Toriyama '97 is working as a translator and editor in Tokyo.

■ **Julie Denney** '98 has been working as an associate news producer at Portland's KGW. She is also in training to be a reserve police officer in Beaverton.

■ **Laura Edmonston** '98 received a Master of Library and Information Science degree from Louisiana State University in 2001. Currently, she is employed as a youth service/public service librarian at the Independence Public Library in Independence, Oregon.

Andrew Chipps '99 is a therapist at Enumclaw Youth and Family Services.

Ryan Parker '99 is teaching English to children in Seoul, South Korea, and traveling around northern Asia. He plans to return to the UO and get a graduate degree in special education.

Beatriz Sunderland '99 married **Christopher White** '99 on July 27, 2001, in Eugene. The couple met in High Angle Rescue class at the UO in 1998. Currently, Beatriz is in the physical therapy master's program at the University of Utah, and Chris works for the state's Department of Natural Resources.

Isaac Orion Degler Szymanczyk '99 is currently director of communications for Oregon's Wild Harvest, a grower and manufacturer of organic herbal supplements. He is living in Portland.

2000

Edythe Kirk, who is in the process of earning her Ph.D. from the UO, will teach at Lamar University in spring 2002.

Courtney Benson '01 has recently joined Allstate Insurance Company as a claims adjuster in the Tigard office.

Melanie T. Partow '01 has begun studies at Northwestern University School of Law.

In Memoriam

Letitia Monroe Capell Shrank '27 MA '34 died on April 12, 2002, in Astoria. She had been a member of Alpha Gamma Delta while attending UO, and was a lifelong member of the American Association of University Women. After graduation, she married H.C.R. Shrank in Portland. She, her husband, and their two children moved to Brevard, North Carolina, in 1954, where she taught high school Spanish, algebra, and history. She is survived by daughter Letitia Tarver, granddaughter Rhonwyn Letitia Curtis, and nephews John, Grant, and Bud Capell.

Joyce B. Doyle '35 died on February 8, 2002 in Kirkland, Washington. She was eighty-nine. While at the UO, she was a member of Alpha

Gamma Delta. After graduation, she married James E. Doyle. She traveled extensively, sometimes with the UO Alumni Association, to Africa, India, Thailand, South Korea, China, Australia, New Zealand, and Europe. Her last trip, at age 78, was on a Eurailpass from Poland to Ireland. She is survived by three children.

W. Walters Miller '36 died December 2 in Spokane, Washington. He was ninety-one. He was a lifelong resident of Ritzville, Washington, where he practiced law at a firm established by his father. Miller is survived by his wife of fifty-nine years, Erma, two sons, a sister, two grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren.

Walter R. Vernstrom '38 died October 9, 2001, in Cannon Beach. He was eighty-eight. While at the UO, Vernstrom was the business manager of the Oregon Daily Emerald, a member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity, the Friars, and Sigma Delta Chi. After graduation, he served in the U.S. Air Force for three years, earning the rank of captain. He married Margaret Finnegan '40 in 1945. Vernstrom is survived by his wife; a daughter and son-in-law, Carol and Michael Riley; a son and daughter-in-law, Robert and Pom Vernstrom; and two grandsons, Dylan Riley and Kai Vernstrom.

Charles Mix '50 died on February 10, 2002, in Roseville, California.

Martha Piper Aune '51 died on January 28. She cherished the friendships she made along the way, including old friends from the UO. She enjoyed the cards and letters from friends that arrived over the last few months of her life.

■ **Glenn Arthur Adams MA** '59 died at home on December 30, 2001. He was sixty-eight. He was a counselor at Washington Everett Community College for twenty-five years, where he established the school's first counseling center, placement office, and women's program. At the urging of his family, Adams had recently published his life story. He is survived by his wife of forty-one years, Charlotte; three daughters, Kimberly Beggs, Beth Schubkegel, and Dawn Adams; son Kevin Adams and five grandchildren, Cole and Samantha Adams, Kyler and Rylan Schubkegel, and William Beggs.

Faculty

Walter Martin died March 13. He was eighty-four. He started teaching at the UO in 1947 and retired in 1979. He was chairman of the sociology department from 1957 to 1968. His interests were in human ecology, demography, and criminology.

IN MEMORIAM POLICY

All "In Memoriam" submissions must be accompanied by a copy of a newspaper obituary or funeral home notice. Editors reserve the right to edit for space and clarity. Send to *Oregon Quarterly*, In Memoriam, 5228 University of Oregon, Eugene, OR 97403-5228.

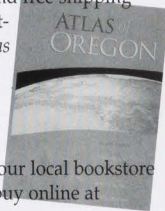
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"WHAT TO MAKE OF A DIMINISHED THING"

By Michael Wenzl

MANY WILL RECOGNIZE THE WORDS OF THE TITLE AS ROBERT Frost's, a poet often associated with the consciousness of New England, a region that has had no small effect on the culture of the Pacific Northwest.

We are all shaped by the region from which we come—its physical presence, its culture, its history. The consciousness of a person raised in Oregon is as different from, say, the consciousness of a Texan's is from a New Englander's. Oregonians tend to be placid, restrained, indirect—emotions held tightly in check by discipline, but just barely. Like a Frost poem.

Even though I lived in Eugene from first grade through the year I obtained my master's degree from the UO, I had to leave to come to some understanding of Oregon's shaping influences. The New England pioneers who settled in Oregon never lost their awareness of the region that shaped them—the names of the towns and cities bear witness to this: Portland, Salem, Medford. These names evoke the values of independence and respect for the environment. Oregonians will tell you that they have settled in the best place on earth, but this goes hand in hand with a feeling that this is just a piece of sentimental self-deception. Where will we go when we have cut down all the trees?

Two directions are out of the question. The Pacific forms a psychological as well as a physical barrier, and California is just not a viable alternative. It represents everything alien, short-sighted, and exploitative; the infection begins as soon as a person crosses Siskiyou Summit and begins to breathe the alien air.

I return to Oregon for regular visits, and time and distance have changed my perspective. Having grown up in a place that everyone says is the best place in the world, I saw leaving as more of a punishment than an opportunity. Conversely, living in Oregon long before it enjoyed a brief reputation as a trendy place to come to, I often felt that I was living in a cultural backwater. Partially to offset this awareness, I carried with me the belief that even if Oregon was isolated and provincial, Oregon's people were somehow better, less greedy, more enlightened than those careless, air-polluting Californians. There is some real moral high ground in the Northwest.

But anyone who flies over Oregon on a clear day and sees the logging roads and the clear-cuts from the air cannot help but question the old Oregon belief that Oregonians have some sort of special relationship with Nature. Even the salmon, the great totem fish of the Northwest, is now threatened with extinction due to human destruction of natural habitat. And those pesky Californians just won't stay put. A tried and true Oregonian would not normally think of moving to California. What many didn't realize is that California is coming to them.

Oregonians might profit by remembering a few things from their New England heritage. The first of these is a respect for the past because it is the key to the present. Emerson, even with his tirades against Europe, knew that the past is the key ingredient to all understanding and innovation. The present is suspect; it is not the standard by which everything should be judged. In many of the environmental conflicts in Oregon, the present is pitted

against the past, utility against value—and there is little doubt about who is going to win. The state's cuts in support for the University are a case in point; the apostles of utility usually win the day. Oregonians seem to have forgotten that, just as history stretches for thousands of years up to the present, so time stretches long into the future. It takes common sense to take the long view.

Our New England fore runners called upon Americans to strive for originality and not to be derivative in their thinking. But, viewing things from a distance, I don't see that Oregon has retained much of its intellectual and cultural independence. I see little evidence of Oregon finding solutions to its problems by drawing on its rich cultural heritage. On the contrary, it seems bent on repeating many of the mistakes made by its monolithic neighbor to the south: strip malls and urban sprawl proliferate, the environment is in serious danger, the University turns more and more toward vocational education, and athletics is no longer seen as a complement to what goes on in the classroom, but as a private entity—a huge distraction.

OREGON IS IN DANGER OF LOSING MANY OF THE VERY THINGS—besides its spectacular landscape—that drew a certain kind of person to migrate west and settle there. Certainly the uniqueness of its regional consciousness, if not gone, is seriously threatened. Its great public institutions have fallen prey to lack of support and "privatization," an attitude inculcated by three decades of public discourse that has urged us to distrust our public institutions. We are now bearing the harvest of those seeds of suspicion.

I make these remarks as a person who has always thought of himself as an Oregonian, as an exile who dreams of home. I used to enjoy the walk from Commonwealth Hall (the east wing of Gilbert Hall), my head filled with ideas after listening to lectures from professors who enthusiastically endorsed the attitude that a clearer understanding of my cultural heritage would surely lead me to a better understanding of myself. As I walked down Thirteenth Avenue toward the student union, I almost daily read and thought about the inscription over the entrance to Johnson Hall—"Knowledge is the soul of our republic." After coffee, I would often retrace my steps to approach the library by walking through the large quad leading up from Thirteenth, a prospect marred only by the ghostly façade of Prince Lucien Campbell Hall. Almost every UO graduate can probably recite the words inscribed over the main doors of the library: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." All around us, our ancestors reminded us in clear terms what they most valued. The library is now topped by a weathervane that some believe evokes the logo of an athletic-shoe company, whose name comes from the Greek god of victory. A victory it surely is, but a victory for what? A wise man once said that the truth that makes men free is often the truth they prefer not to hear.

Michael Wenzl '61 MA '65 is a professor of English at Cal Poly—San Luis Obispo.

Family of Ducks

Raised by two ardent Ducks, it was only natural for Mary Ann Dulcich to earn a B.A. from the University of Oregon in 1980. When she and Michael Barton married, he became the "adopted Duck" of the family—a family that suddenly grew by three in 1999, when daughters Brenna and Jordan and son Dylan were born.

The connection to Oregon athletics is strong for this family. The children have attended more than one UO football game, and Dylan knows the names and numbers of the entire starting offense! The triplets add three times the cheers when they watch UO sporting events on television. While the Bartons' philosophy is that children should be looking at books, playing, and exploring their world rather than watching television, they joke that "Oregon sports are an essential part of learning."

The Bartons established a charitable remainder unitrust in 1998 to benefit UO athletic programs. As they put it, "A charitable remainder trust is a great way to benefit both the university and the donors. It offers us a steady payout during our lifetimes; at the same time it is an investment in the future of Oregon athletics." In addition, they avoided capital gains on the stock transfer and received an immediate charitable income tax deduction. The Bartons are pleased to support something that is so important to them.

Mary Ann '80, Michael, Brenna, Jordan, and Dylan Barton

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