

The Magazine of the University of Oregon Spring 2012

Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

Power Hungry

Shannon Boettcher focuses on solving the huge solar-energy storage challenge

Kim Stafford on Oregon Patriotism • A Kalapuya Feast • Rose Bowl Win



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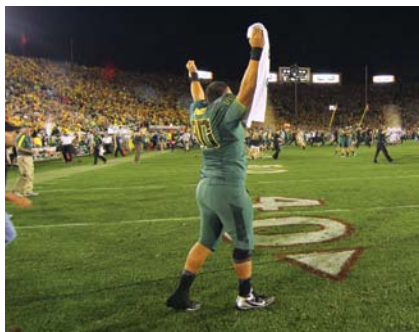
Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

OregonQuarterly.com



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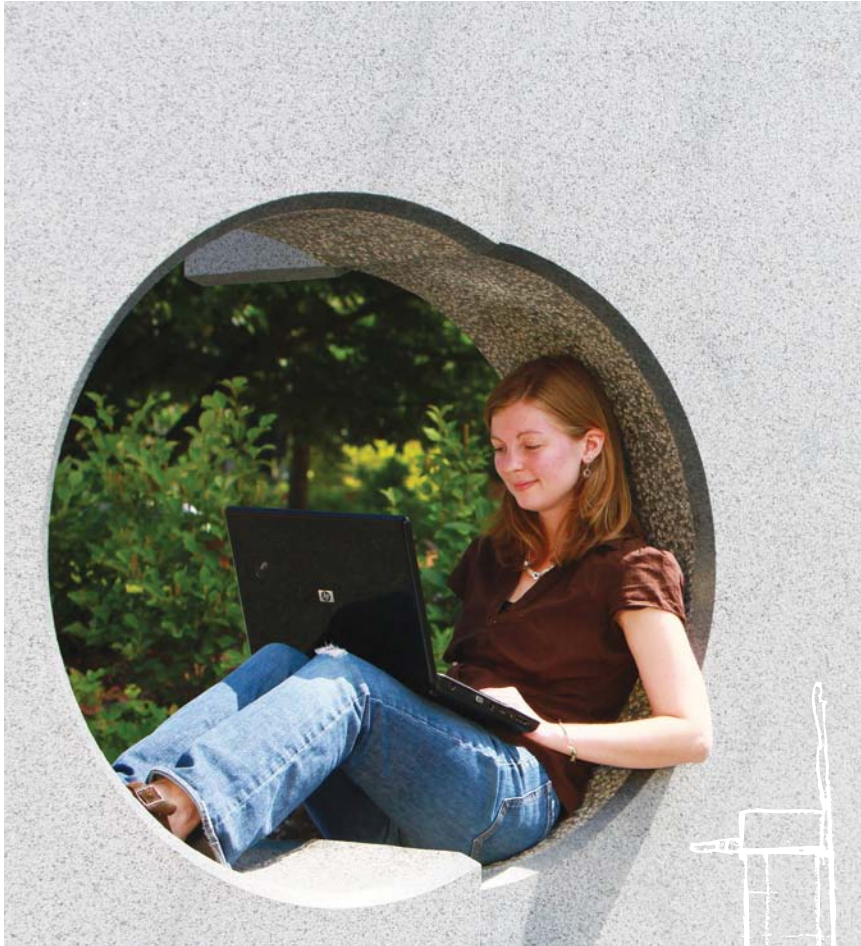
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Look Forward to Summer!



You've Got Options in Oregon

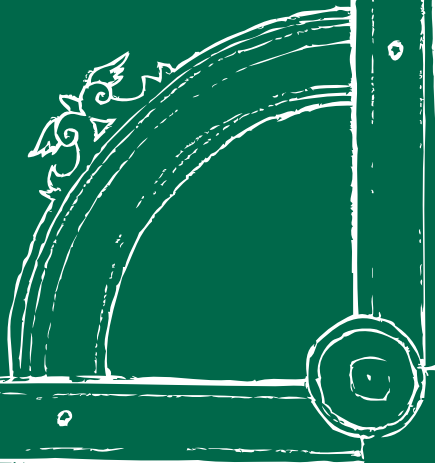
Summer offers courses, workshops, seminars, and institutes, ranging from two days to eight weeks. Schedule your studies tightly or settle in and take your time. Summer affords flexibility.

Dig in the Eastern Oregon dirt. Discover Portland's course offerings at the White Stag Block. Or, dabble in an elective you've wanted to take in Eugene.

Once a Duck, always a Duck

Whether you're an alumnus, the child of an alumna, or the friend of UO alumni, find out what makes being a Duck something you won't soon forget. Important information about courses, housing, registration, and fees can be found on the Summer Session website.

**2012 Summer Session
University of Oregon
June 25–September 7, 2012**





Schedule available online March 9
Registration begins May 7

2012 SUMMER SCHEDULE

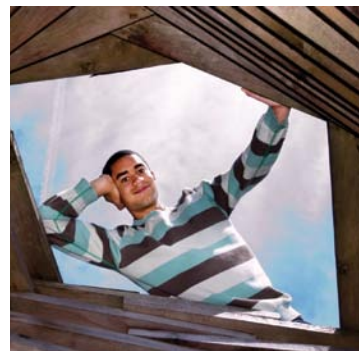
First four-week session: June 25–July 20

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Eight-week session: June 25–August 17

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Oregon

QUARTERLY

THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
SPRING 2012 • VOLUME 91 NUMBER 3

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER
Ann Wiens

CONSULTING EDITOR
Guy Maynard

SENIOR MANAGING EDITOR
Ross West

ADVERTISING DIRECTOR
Susan Thelen

ART DIRECTOR
Tim Jordan

PUBLISHING ADMINISTRATOR
Shelly Cooper

PORTLAND CONTRIBUTING EDITOR
Mindy Moreland

CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS
Jack Liu, John Bauguess

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WEBSITE
OregonQuarterly.com

OFFICE ADDRESS
10th and Mill Building
360 East 10th Avenue, Suite 202
Eugene OR 97403-5228
Phone 541-346-5045
Fax 541-346-5571

EDITORIAL
541-346-5047

ADVERTISING
541-346-5046

SUBSCRIPTIONS
\$30 per year domestic
\$40 per year international

E-MAIL
quarterly@uoregon.edu

OREGON QUARTERLY is published by the UO in March, June, August, and November and distributed free to alumni. Printed in the USA on recycled paper. Copyright 2012 University of Oregon. All rights reserved. Views expressed do not necessarily reflect the views of the UO administration.

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Editor's Note | Ann Wiens

“Welcome home.”

I've been greeted this way often since arriving in Eugene as *Oregon Quarterly's* new editor, even though I've never lived here. But I grew up in Oregon, living in Corvallis until I was a teenager. This seems to matter to people. And they seem to understand why, decades later, I've come “home.”

Shortly before I left Chicago, my home for the past twenty-one years, Guy Maynard sent me a draft of Kim Stafford's essay, “Oregon Patriot in Tough Times,” which appears in this issue. In this loving tribute to his native state, Stafford asks, “What does it mean to be a patriot of a place—not a nation, not a cause, but a place?”

Stafford's question reminds me of a conversation I had in a bar in Bowral, Australia, where a small group of people from far-flung places had gathered for a conference. One was from Idaho; one was from Finland; one lived in Australia, but was a native of Scotland. The latter asked those around the table what signaled “home” to them. Was it a scent, a sound, a flavor? For him, it was color—the blue-green of Australia's eucalyptus forests are distinct, not at all like the yellow-greens of Scotland.

For me, the trigger is scent. As I traversed the 2,400 miles from Chicago to Eugene with my Midwestern BFF—who gamely agreed to join me on this cross-country road trip in the dead of January—I could track our progress by scent as surely as by the Interstate mile markers. From my Chicago street, where the metallic smell of the “L” train mixes with those of melting snow and Thai cooking; through the cornfields of Iowa and Nebraska; the bunchgrass rangeland of Wyoming; brief hits of pine as we climbed through mountains, then descended again into the sage-scented shrub steppe of Idaho and Eastern Oregon, each new-but-familiar scent signaled progress as we headed west.

For Stafford, salmon represent the ultimate Oregon patriots. “Every salmon is trying to go back to that place,” he writes. “Every salmon is a patriot of a place, willing to die to get there.” Fine for salmon, perhaps, but I've lived happily in many different streams, never feeling a strong compulsion to return to the one of my childhood. Until now. Before mature salmon navigate (by scent) to their home streams, they go out and swim in the big salmon ocean, experience the exciting vastness of the sea—only later developing that all-consuming desire to return home.

I came back to Oregon because I missed the coast, I missed the mountains, I missed the rivers, the mud, and the trees. I missed the smell. I came because *Oregon Quarterly* is an exceptional magazine, and I'd be a fool to pass up the chance to be a part of it. And I came because it is important to me that my son and daughter know Oregon as “home,” too. I want them to know more of the world than the Midwestern city they've called “home” all their lives. Eventually, they may feel as compelled to return home to Chicago as I do to come back to Oregon. But for a while, they will know this place as home, too.

So thank you for the warm welcome.

It's good to be home.

awiens@uoregon.edu

Read more about Ann Wiens's editorial background at OregonQuarterly.com



Oregon Quarterly's future editor in an Oregon forest in the 1970s

Go Green!

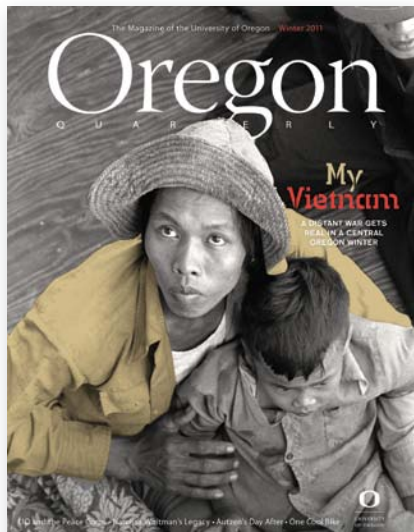


Request Paperless Transcripts

In 2010–11, the Office of the Registrar provided more than 53,000 official transcripts to University of Oregon students and alumni. A new system called “**Go Green**” allows current students and graduates since 1986 to request a secure electronic PDF transcript, saving paper and trees. Graduates from years prior to 1986 can request the traditional paper option.

Read more at registrar.uoregon.edu.

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Vietnam and Central Oregon

The article, “My Vietnam” by Ellen Waterston [Winter, 2011] was well-timed. I was a boat refugee in 1975. Just yesterday, I was telling dinner guests that when our family moved to Bend in 2005, I randomly called Vietnamese names from the phone book and finally talked with an elderly Vietnamese ex-intelligence man from Prineville. That makes me wonder if the person in the article is that man. What hit a nerve in the story for me was this paragraph: “Maybe it’s our fatal flaw as humans that most of us can’t care, get motivated, get engaged, have compassion about important social and political issues until and unless they affect us personally. Until there is no more gas at the gas pump. Until it is your son or daughter who does not return from Afghanistan.” Thank you for reminding me of this human flaw and how active participation, at least for me, can lead one to gain deeper understanding about the self.

*Chevy Pham
Salem*

Ellen Waterston’s story of Vietnamese immigrants [“My Vietnam”] may have been otherwise interesting, but I take exception to her editorial comment, which read “Fired by the rhetoric coming from Arizona, from anti-immigration newscasts and political candidates, from voices of intolerance and fear. . .” Waterston fails to distinguish xenophobia from an opposition to illegal immigration. The “rhetoric coming from Arizona” is in response to the problems with illegal immigrants coupled with drug wars on the part of the drug cartels, which have spread to

Arizona. [Waterston’s comment] is another example of lumping anti-illegal immigration sentiment with anti-immigrant sentiment. It’s important to recognize the value of legal immigration while at the same time realizing the destructive effects of illegal immigration.

*Phil Hyman ’69
Van Nuys, California*

I was completely, totally, and comprehensively blown away by “My Vietnam.” It transported me back in time to late 1978 or early 1979 when I, as a relatively new reporter, entered a Vietnamese village—a trailer park in Palacios, Texas—with an Associated Press reporter to try to talk with anyone willing to speak about the community anger directed at these Vietnamese refugees who had become fishing competitors. That’s a whole different story. Thanks for one of the best stories I’ve read in a long, long time.

*Jim Barlow
Eugene*

Narcissa

I read with interest Debra Gwartney’s article about Narcissa Whitman [“Narcissa Red,” Winter 2011]. I went through high school in Oregon. I found out later that the Whitmans were not the heroic characters I was told about in class. This year when studying Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce, I read several accounts about how these missionaries converted the “savages.” If the natives didn’t see the light, the Whitmans would tie their hands above them and fix them to a tree where they could be lashed until they did. This was only one of the insensitivities against a people who already had a deep spiritual connection with a higher power and, in fact, for the most part lived a more compassionate, cooperative, harmonious, aware, kind, and loving life than the missionaries who arrogantly assumed they knew a better way.

*Terry Tillman ’63
Topanga, California*

Oregon Quarterly 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@uoregon.edu.

Shock and Not

Having just read the shocking news that President Lariviere’s contract is not to be renewed by the State Board of Higher Education, I now read in the Winter 2011 issue that the editor of the *Oregon Quarterly* is also to be “terminated” [“Happy Trails”]. Just what is going on at the University of Oregon? I heard Lariviere speak and found him to be most impressive, not least because of his academic credentials but also his vision for the future of the University.

*Judith Hendershott ’61
London, England*

Former editor *Guy Maynard* responds: *Most of the UO community, like Ms. Hendershott, was shocked and disappointed by the sudden dismissal of Richard Lariviere as president. I am leaving of my own free will—and am delighted to turn the reins of the magazine over to new editor and publisher Ann Wiens.*

Humor?

“Diet for a Small Planet” [UpFront, Winter 2011] was pretty funny, despite the fact that the authors’ intent was not humor but rather socialist activism. Nowhere are any data that support the statement they made at the end of the article, “If consuming less of nonessential goods and services is beneficial or necessary for long-term survival of our species . . .” What? Because a rich guy ordered the surf and turf at Morton’s Steak House instead of a side of broccoli, we’re all doomed as a species? Give me a break.

When asked if the rich should stop buying stuff, of course liberal respondents will lovingly embrace taxing these rich guys down to size. Who needs a poll to find that out? And of course when these same liberals are asked if they want their own consumption taxed, the authors are surprised, shocked, and somewhat disappointed that the results of that question are “no way, José.”

*Steven K. Angvick ’89
Burlington, Illinois*

Why Last?

The Winter issue has an article on innovative bicycle design [“Manifesting Innovation,” Upfront]. The piece begins with a strong note of suspense: Where is the UO-designed bicycle, being ridden by one Scott Warneke? All other riders are apparently finished with

their test rides, but Scott is still out on the track. Why? One reads the rest of the article with a lot of interest, expecting to find the answer. The answer is not forthcoming.

*John D. Lindstrom '60, MA '66
Everett, Washington*

Writer Mindy Moreland replies: The "campus bike" was designed for what a student's daily life would require of it—relatively short trips to and from campus of no more than a few miles—rather than for a fifty-one-mile marathon. Hence the twenty-inch, foam-filled tires, which did indeed mean that Scott was proceeding at a rather slower pace than the other bikes, all of which had conventional full-size tires (and electric assists, in several cases).

Due Credit

I only recently got a chance to read the article about Sarah Livia Brightwood's work at Rancho La Puerta ["Hands-On Magic," Autumn 2011]. While I am always gratified to see Sarah Livia's many good works and tireless promotion of environmental education recognized, I feel I must clarify the record. After reading the article and viewing the pictures, one is left with the distinct impression that Sarah Livia single handedly designed the gardens at Rancho La Puerta, which is not accurate. In 1980, while still a grad student in landscape architecture at the UO, I began work on the landscape design of Rancho La Puerta. What began as a summer job opportunity became a sixteen-year project, wherein I oversaw the



Correction

The above photograph, which appeared in the story "With a Human Face" (Autumn 2011) should have been credited to Malcolm Manness '85. We apologize for the omission. Shown in the photograph is Don Deal of the Hoedad's Red Star crew.

upgrading and remodeling of the extensive grounds and facilities of the ranch to more appropriately reflect the philosophy of the owners. While Sarah Livia and I collaborated closely on the program and direction of the design, she relied on me to put form to these ideas while she lived in Oregon and later England. I also worked closely with Professor Lovinger on the Parque del Profesor project.

While I realize that the focus of the article was Sarah Livia and not the design process,

neither was my contribution entirely irrelevant to that point. For practicing designers, getting proper credit for our work is a constant struggle, and this article did a disservice to me in that respect.

*Chris Drayer '81
San Diego, California*

Editor's note: We couldn't print all of every letter we received but you can find more at OregonQuarterly.com.

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May 2



Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

Focus on Footwear

Since before recorded history, humans have fashioned shoes in an almost infinite variety of styles and materials, optimized for thousands of specialized purposes. That breadth is captured in a new book of photos, *10,000 Years of Shoes* (University of Oregon, 2011) by Pulitzer Prize-winning photojournalist Brian Lanker (1947–2011). Accompanying the images are three essays; in the one excerpted below, “Luther Cressman and the Fort Rock Sandals,” Thomas J. Connolly, MS ’80, PhD ’86, director of archaeological research at the UO Museum of Natural and Cultural History, tells the story of the world’s oldest known shoes.

ROUGHLY 15,000 YEARS AGO, as the Ice Age waned, humans migrated into the Americas from northeast Asia. By land or by sea, this migration was impossible without clothing that protected people from the cold, including footwear. Some of the earliest evidence for humans in the Americas comes from the Great Basin—a region that spans parts of Oregon, Nevada, and California. People camped at Paisley Caves in central Oregon almost 14,500 years ago. To the north, Fort Rock Cave overlooks a broad basin that once held a huge lake where wave erosion carved numerous caves and rockshelters at the water’s edge. When the first Americans arrived on the continent, the massive lakes had shrunk to shallow marshes. Rich in edible plants and game animals, the area attracted people who sheltered in these caves.

Millennia later, these dry and dusty Great Basin caves also attracted archaeologists—and there they found some of the world’s oldest shoes. Archaeological

excavations at Fort Rock Cave in 1938 by the University of Oregon’s Luther Cressman led to the discovery of nearly 100 sagebrush-bark sandals buried by wind-blown silt and later by Mazama ash from the cataclysmic volcanic explosion that created Crater Lake. At the time of their discovery, these sandals could not be precisely dated, but their position below Mazama ash suggested that they were truly ancient.

Luther Cressman was a professor of anthropology and founded the Museum of Natural and Cultural History. However, he could scarcely have predicted where his life and research would take him. Cressman grew up on a farm in Pennsylvania and attended Pennsylvania State University, where he earned a degree in English. After a brief army stint in World War I, he trained for the Anglican ministry and completed graduate studies in sociology at Columbia University. There he was mentored by the influential anthropologist Franz Boas and also met and married his first wife, Margaret Mead (1923–27),

who later became a world-famous anthropologist. He later married Dorothy Cecilia Bloch and in 1929, at the age of thirty-two, moved west to take a position in sociology at the University of Oregon.

Cressman’s first step into archaeology was more by circumstance than planning. In 1930, he was invited to investigate several Indian burials exposed in a farmer’s field near Gold Hill in southwest Oregon. Awed by the opportunity to learn of “human beings and their works,” he acknowledged that the endeavor was neither the sociology nor cultural anthropology with which he was familiar. Recognizing his shortcomings in geology, botany, zoology, and other fields critical to interpreting archaeological sites, he sought the help of specialists in a multidisciplinary approach that marked his entire career.

Cressman followed his serendipitous entry into archaeology with a plan to systematically document Native rock art. He wrote to postmasters throughout Oregon to contact people who knew of petroglyphs



and pictographs, followed by an extended field trip in 1932. Talking with ranchers and amateur historians, he learned of caves and rock shelters with the potential to hold a long record of human history.

Today, it is difficult to appreciate the obstacles Cressman faced in pursuing fieldwork in the 1930s. At that time, there were only two paved highways in eastern Oregon; a north-south route along the base of the Cascade Range from the Columbia River to the California border, and an east-west route from Bend to Boise. Neither provided access to the areas that drew his interest, where detailed maps were nonexistent.

In 1935, Cressman planned his first excavation at Catlow Cave, south of Burns. The site produced a wealth of twined basketry of a distinctive type now known as “Catlow Twine.” Three years later, he and his crew spent a week at Paisley Caves and another week at Fort Rock Cave and found artifacts well below Mazama ash. At the time, most archaeologists considered the Oregon cave materials to be less than 2,000 years old. However, Paisley Caves produced artifacts that appeared to be directly associated with the bones of extinct horses and camels, animals that disappeared from North America more than 10,000 years ago. These associations provided evidence that people were present in the region thousands of years earlier than previously thought.


Cressman’s colleagues remained skeptical until 1951, when the new method of radiocarbon (^{14}C) dating vindicated him. When first found, the age of the nearly 100 sandals from beneath the Mazama ash layer at Fort Rock Cave could not be precisely known. Radiocarbon dating showed that the Mazama ash was deposited about 7,600 years ago. Cressman directly dated a sandal, buried deep beneath the ash, to more than 9,000 years ago. Subsequent ^{14}C dates have shown that Fort Rock-style sandals were made between about 10,250 and 9,300 years ago—the oldest directly dated shoes in the world!

Cressman and his crew carefully plotted the position of many of the sandals as they found them. They were distributed in an arc around a living area, suggesting people threw them away. Excavations of nearby sites show that brush shelters were often built in caves to conserve heat and protect people from icy winds. Such a shelter may have been present in Fort Rock Cave.

The Fort Rock sandals may have been winter wear, since the Klamath Indians who still live in the area historically made shoes from tule reeds stuffed with dry grass that provided comfort even when walking in icy marsh waters. Most of the sandals from the cave are heavily worn, and many are fragmentary, supporting the idea that they were discarded rather than stored for later use. Seeing them as a group, it is

impossible not to be moved by the people and community they represent. There are large adult shoes for men and women, child-sized shoes, and those for mothers and uncles, sons and daughters, cousins and grandparents—the extended family who made the cave their home 10,000 years ago. Some sandals are caked with mud, others are mud-free, illustrating the varied environments they visited for hunting, food harvesting, or play. Many sandals are worn through at the balls of feet or at the heels, allowing you to trace the toes and other features of the feet that occupied them. Looking at one pair with well-worn soles and tiny char marks on the toe flaps, one can visualize sparks rising from a crackling hearth fire, as their wearer added fuel or paced the floor as a grandmother might.

Found in caves throughout southeast Oregon and northern Nevada, Fort Rock-style sandals are stylistically distinctive. They disappear by about 9,300 years ago, after which other sandal forms take their place.

Luther Cressman’s excavations unearthed shoes that tell us about the people who wore them, the environments they lived in, and the community that sheltered in Fort Rock Cave—providing future generations the opportunity to study, interpret, and admire the oldest shoes in the world. 

Hello Yellowstone

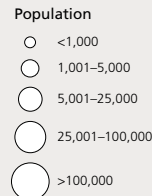
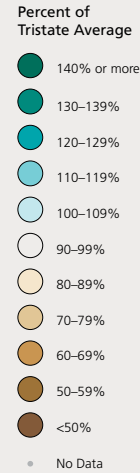
WHEN AN EXPECTED THREE million vacationers roll into Yellowstone National Park later this year, they will see the geysers and grizzlies and other natural wonders for which the park has been renowned since its founding in 1872. And now, thanks to an extraordinary effort by a team of UO geographers, those visitors will also have access to the most comprehensive and data-rich compilation of information ever assembled about Yellowstone.

The *Atlas of Yellowstone* (University of California Press, 2012) includes more than 830 maps, charts, graphs, and photos in nearly 300 large-format pages. The project, which took eight years to complete, involved contributions from about 100 “topic experts” specializing in areas such as physical geography (the land and its attributes such as volcanoes, rainfall, rivers, and geology), plants and animals, and the early Native American inhabitants and ever more complex human interactions with the environment that have marked more recent times. These experts came mostly from Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks, the U.S. Geological Survey, the University of Oregon, Montana State University, the University of Wyoming, the Museum of the Rockies, the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Headwaters Economics, and the Yellowstone Ecological Research Center.

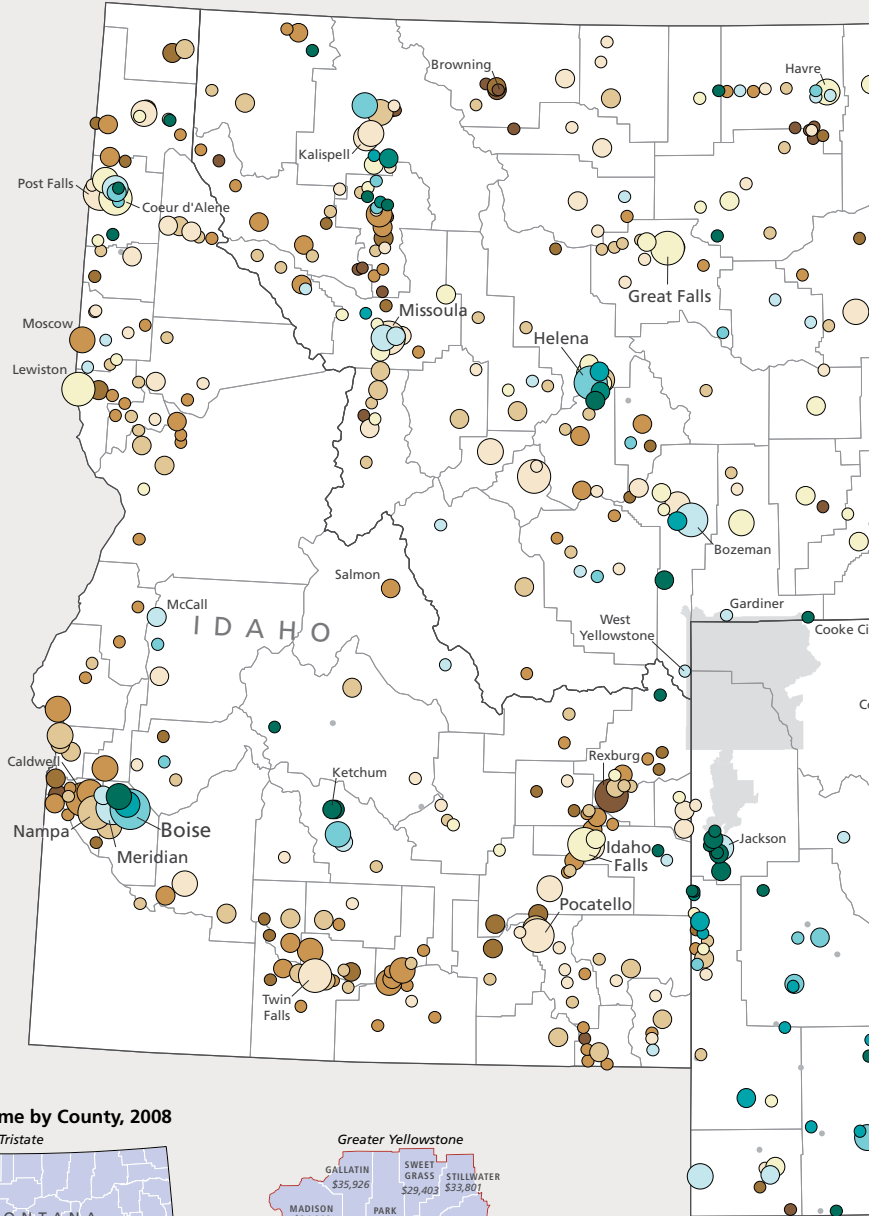
Shaping this wealth of information into an atlas was the work of the UO’s Department of Geography and its InfoGraphics Laboratory, which also produced the award-winning *Atlas of Oregon* (UO Press, 2001). Lab director James E. Meacham ’84, MA ’92, managed a team of fifteen paid geographers and cartographers—most of them students—aided by another five cartographers at Allan Cartography in Medford. Overseeing the entire effort was UO professor of geography W. Andrew Marcus, who says of the epic project, “It was like coordinating a small army.”

Income

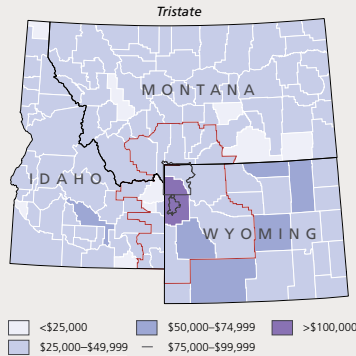
Per Capita Income by City, 2009



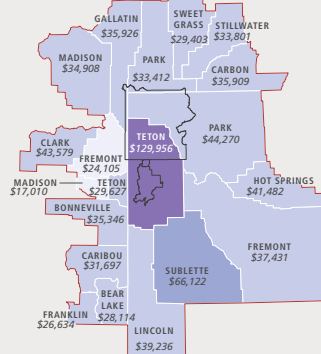
Per capita income is obtained by dividing aggregate income of an area by the total population of that area.



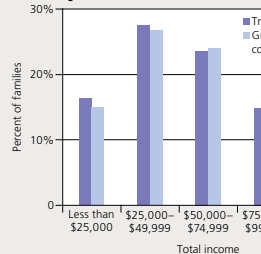
Per Capita Income by County, 2008



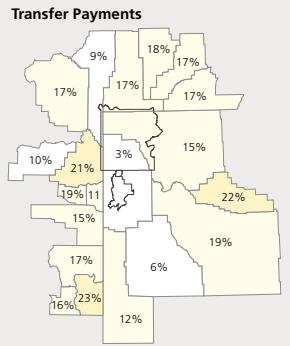
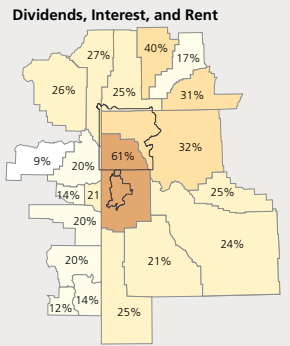
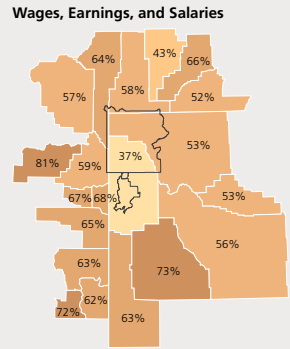
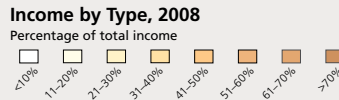
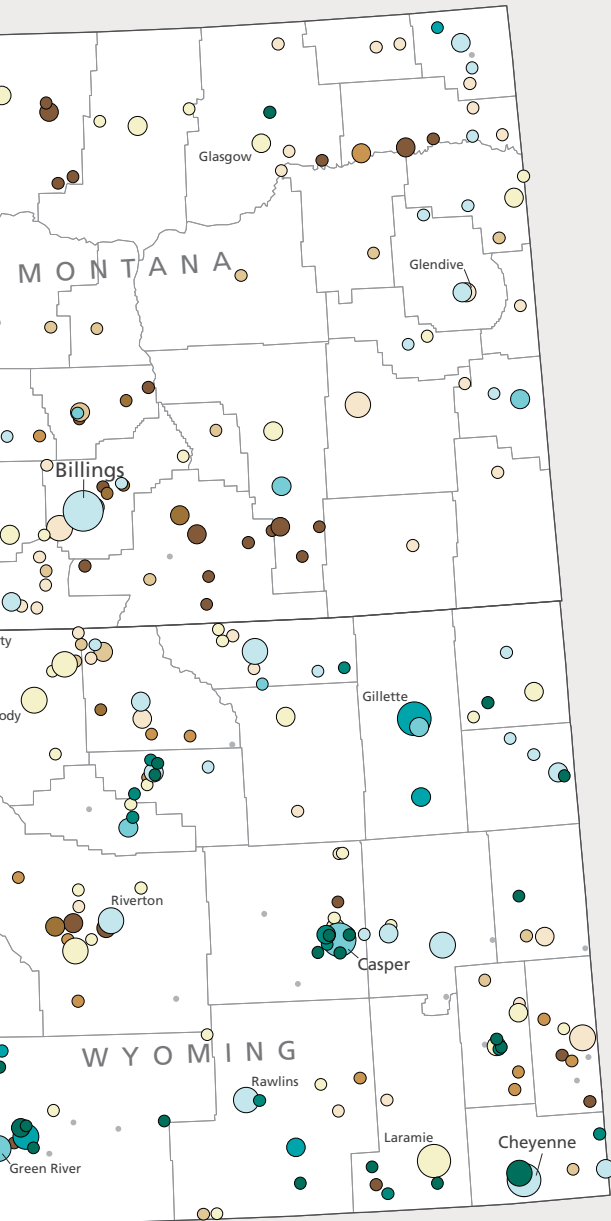
Greater Yellowstone



Family Income, 2009

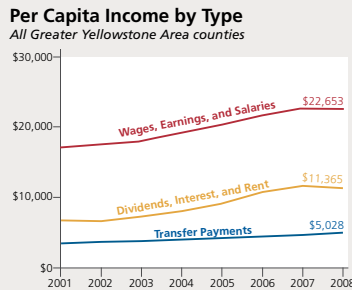


Below: Much of the two-page spread on the topic of income (reduced in size to fit here)—a good example of the many layers of information presented in the Atlas of Yellowstone.



Poverty by County, 2009

County	% in poverty	County	% in poverty
Bear Lake (ID)	13.12%	Lincoln (WY)	6.89%
Bonneville (ID)	10.32%	Madison (ID)	34.51%
Carbon (MT)	9.66%	Madison (MT)	13.10%
Caribou, (ID)	8.59%	Park (MT)	13.03%
Clark (ID)	15.75%	Park (WY)	7.81%
Franklin (ID)	14.34%	Stillwater (MT)	8.86%
Fremont (ID)	10.34%	Sweet Grass (MT)	14.47%
Fremont (WY)	14.08%	Sublette (WY)	3.39%
Gallatin (MT)	14.08%	Teton (ID)	8.22%
Hot Springs (WY)	8.60%	Teton (WY)	7.70%



UPCOMING EVENTS

at the
School of Journalism and
Communication

April 19

Johnston Lecture
with Alex Kotlowitz
4PM
Gerlinger Lounge

May 10

Hulteng Conversations in Ethics:
Conflict Sensitive Reporting
8AM-5PM
Ford Alumni Center

May 17

Ancil Payne Awards
12PM
EMU Gumwood Room

May 17

Ruhl Lecture
with Anand Giridharadas
4PM
EMU Ballroom

June 17

KTA/Student Awards
4PM
Ford Alumni Center

June 18

SOJC Commencement
with Kari Boiler
2011 Eric Allen Award Winner
12PM
Knight Library South Lawn

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Girls Will Be Boys and Boys Will Be Girls

Americans have long cherished romantic images of the West and its colorful cast of characters. According to Peter Boag, PhD '88, who holds the Columbia Chair in the History of the American West at Washington State University, that cast of cowpokes and saloon keeps, farmers and ranchers, sheriffs and "soiled doves" might well also include cross-dressers, male and female. In his extensively researched *Re-Dressing America's Frontier Past* (University of California Press, 2011), Boag explores the historical and cultural setting of the time, recounts the stories of many of these western denizens, and discusses why they have largely faded from our collective memory of those much-celebrated days. One of these stories is excerpted below.

MOST SOURCES SUGGEST that Joe Monahan turned fifty-three in 1903. By then he had made his home for almost four decades in and about the Owyhee Mountains of extreme southwestern Idaho. The last twenty or so of those years he resided on Succor Creek, a small stream that tumbles westward, down from the Owyhees, before it meanders out into the deserts of neighboring southeastern Oregon. In the last days of 1903, just as late autumn turned to early winter, Monahan contracted some unspecified malady. As he led an otherwise solitary existence, his enfeebled condition led him to seek refuge at the home of Barney and Kate Malloy, who lived just down a spot, on the Oregon side of the state line. . . . Unfortunately, as the new year arrived at the Malloy ranch, Monahan's sickness only worsened. A virulent coughing fit overcame him during the evening of 5 January 1904. Sometime later that night, Monahan's otherwise obscure life slipped away.

Similar stories—the sad passing of a weakened and relatively aged pioneer—were stuff of the everyday in the West by the turn of the twentieth century. But this tale turned out to be among the more newsworthy: when Monahan's neighbors began to prepare his remains for burial, they discovered that their pioneer friend had the body of a woman. Troubled by exactly what to do, they administered a rather perfunctory funeral. A local from nearby Rockville, Idaho, who had for some time known Monahan, later wrote in dismay to a Boise newspaper when he learned about how Monahan had been treated in death. "Not a word was spoken, not a word read, not a prayer offered," the concerned man lamented. And yet, in his mind, "Little Joe" never did anyone harm . . . so far as is known her life was pure, although disguised as a man. . . . And who can say they never sinned more than 'Little Joe,' and who knows the cause that made her do



Gussied Up A group of female friends dressed in men's suits, ca. 1910

as she did? A cause that might have made [any] one of us a vagabond, a drunkard or a criminal. So let us pray that 'Little Joe's' soul has been received at the 'Pearly Gates' as we would wish our's to be received."

As this Rockville correspondent's words evince, despite the fact that Joe Monahan had resided for many years in this remote corner of the Idaho-Oregon borderlands, few there knew a great deal about him. What seems certain about this Idaho pioneer, in fact, composes a rather short list. Monahan shows up in southwestern Idaho as early as the 1870 federal census. He was born about 1850; the census over the years varies somewhat on the exact year. Most sources identify his birthplace as New York . . . Monahan voted in the Republican primary on 28 August 1880 some sixteen years

before women in Idaho received suffrage rights. When he died, his estate included about one hundred head of cattle. . . .

Over the days following the deathbed mystery of Monahan, locals in the Idaho-Oregon border country began to relate to the press additional bits of information that they claimed to have learned over the years about their secretive neighbor whose national celebrity was now growing. These stories pretty much held to 1867 as the year that Monahan originally showed up in Silver City. They explain that he began working there first in a livery, followed by a stint in a sawmill. He struck it big in mining, accumulating upward of \$3,000, but he had the misjudgment of entrusting the sum to a shady mining superintendent to invest in the business's stock. Instead,


the rascal departed the country, absconding with Monahan's life savings. Doggedly starting anew, Monahan began selling milk from a cow and eggs from a few chickens he still retained and worked odd jobs here and there until he had accumulated somewhere between \$800 and \$1,000. He held on to his money this time, taking it with him when he left Silver City and moved across the divide to Succor Creek in about 1883. There he built a rather mean cabin, which some described as little more than a chicken coop while others likened the shack to a dugout. He fenced in forty acres and hired, at least for a short time, a Chinese laborer to help cut grass to feed the one cow and one horse he had brought with him to his new homestead. Over the years Monahan saw his stock increase, tending it about as carefully as he did his earnings. He became known as something of a miser, living sparingly in his cabin, dressing poorly, and often denying himself food, though availing himself of the hospitality that neighbors gladly and often provided. During these years, Monahan

also took his civil duties seriously, reportedly voting in every election and serving several times on a jury. Locals also recalled that he could well handle a revolver and a Winchester rifle and that he had become an accomplished horseman.

As the news related these bits and pieces of Monahan's life, papers farther afield described the revelation of his successful masquerade as causing a local sensation. An Olympia, Washington, publication, for example, explained with the certainty of an eyewitness that "when friendly neighbors were preparing the body for burial, the community was given a decided shock when it was announced that 'Joe' Monahan was a woman." In reality, that Monahan turned out to be physically female caught hardly anyone in and about the Owyhees off-guard. . . . [Friend] William Schnabel . . . explained rather sensitively that "it was always surmised that Joe was a woman. . . . He was a small, beardless, little man with the hands, feet, stature and voice of a woman."

The 1880 census lends credence to

Schnabel's story. That year, a local farmer and father of six by the name of Ezra Mills served as the census enumerator for District 29 Owyhee County, Idaho Territory, the very census tract in which both he and Monahan resided. . . . For Monahan's sex, Mills recorded "M" (male) in the appropriate column but took the time to pencil in next to it the editorial comment "Doubtful Sex." Clearly, for years locals had suspected that Monahan was a woman. But, as Schnabel explained, "no one could vouch for the truth of it. . . . He never would reveal his identity and all cowboys respected him He never told a word to his best friends who he was and what he was."

...[R]esidents of the Owyhees, although they might have wondered for years and maybe even "surmised" that Joe was a woman, nevertheless had long accepted Monahan as a man, one who was deeply enmeshed in their community. Moreover, the cowboys of the area, to use Schnabel's words, "treated him with the greatest respect, and he was always welcome to eat and sleep at their camp." 



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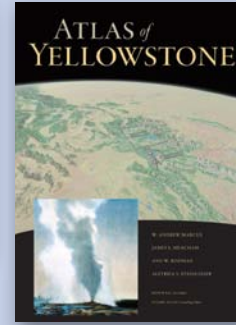
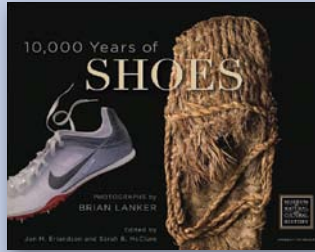


Excerpted in this issue

10,000 YEARS OF SHOES: THE PHOTOGRAPHS OF BRIAN LANKER Edited by Jon Erlandson and Sarah McClure (University of Oregon, 2011). The book is available at the Museum of Natural and Cultural History and the campus Duck Store for \$34.99. To order by mail, contact Ashley Robinson at the museum, 541-346-5331.

ATLAS OF YELLOWSTONE by W. Andrew Marcus, James E. Meacham, Ann W. Rodman, Alethea Y. Steingisser (University of California Press, 2012)

RE-DRESSING AMERICA'S FRONTIER PAST by Peter Boag (University of California Press, 2011)



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BOOKSHELF

Selected new books written by UO faculty members and alumni and received at the Oregon Quarterly office. Quoted remarks are from publishers' notes or reviews.

In the Shadow of Melting Glaciers: Climate Change and Andean Society (Oxford University Press, 2010) by Mark Carey, Robert D. Clark Honors College assistant professor of history. Winner of the Elinor Melville Prize for Latin American Environmental History, this book explores Peru's Cordillera Blanca mountain range where global climate change has resulted in "severe environmental, economic, and social impacts," killing 25,000 people since 1941.

Northwest Coast: Archaeology as Deep History (Society for American Archaeology Press, 2011) by Madonna L. Moss, professor of anthropology. An overview of archeology along North America's northwest coast, this book offers the argument that the area's hunter-gatherers were complex food producers worthy of further modern study.

Countercultural Conservatives: American Evangelicalism from the Postwar Revival to the New Christian Right (University of Wisconsin Press, 2011) by Axel R. Schäfer, MA '89. "Carefully examining evangelicalism's internal dynamics, fissures, and coalitions, this book offers an intriguing reinterpretation of the most important development in American religion and politics since World War II."

Joe Rochefort's War: The Odyssey of the Codebreaker Who Outwitted Yamamoto at Midway (Navel Institute Press, 2011) by Elliot Carlson '61. This biography is "the first to be written about the officer who headed Station Hypo" at Pearl Harbor. It's the book that, critics say, "all who are interested in the Battle of Midway have literally been waiting decades to read."

See more **Bookshelf** entries online, visit OregonQuarterly.com.

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PSYCHOLOGY

Rerailing the Brain Train

UO's Brain Development Lab helps underprivileged kids stay focused.

UO PSYCHOLOGY PROFESSOR Helen Neville and her research team take human, sheep, and dog brains to the Oregon Country Fair and Eugene Ems baseball games. They encourage the public to examine them up close and ask questions. They promote their DVD on brain development and hand out sponge brains to anyone who wants one. Their take-home message is this: Environment and experience can change the brain. Biology is not destiny.

Neville is the director of the Brain Development Laboratory. Experiments carried out by her team of postdoctoral researchers, PhD and MS candidates, and undergraduate research assistants show that children from relatively well-off families have better-developed brains than children from poor families. A critical consequence is that underprivileged kids have difficulty in focusing their attention on important information and tuning out distractions. Without the ability to concentrate, they frequently endure a lifetime of diminished literacy, numeracy, attention span, and emotional development.

Recent U.S. census statistics show that the number of people living in poverty has increased during the past four years and is now at a historical high. More than nine million Americans families—with nearly sixteen million children—are affected.

“Eighty-three percent of kids living below the poverty line don’t graduate from high school,” Neville says, adding that “there are crucial quality of life issues

for individuals and great economic costs to society,” increasing the likelihood that “they don’t get jobs and commit crimes.”

Not satisfied with simply observing low cognitive function in poor kids, Neville’s team has devised strategies to overcome it. They teach at-risk kids how to focus their attention on classroom tasks. They also teach parents how to help their kids at home. “After only eight weeks of intervention, underprivileged children show brain function for attention similar to that found in peers from higher-income parents,” says postdoctoral research associate Eric Pakulak ’90, MA ’97, ’01, MS ’02, PhD ’08.

Neville says her group is one of a handful studying how to help children develop their brainpower to stop the poverty cycle. University-based cognitive neuroscientists often ignore this segment of society, finding research subjects by offering academic credit or cash to undergraduate psychology majors. “These are high socioeconomic status kids,” Neville says. “It’s not accurate or scientific to characterize the brain based on this small proportion of the population.”

Many children suffer from chronic stress brought on by living in poverty. This stress, asserts Pakulak, is a major culprit behind their cognitive disabilities. “It’s toxic,” he says. “It shrinks the part of the brain associated with learning, long-term memory, long-term planning, evaluating choices, and inhibiting bad ones.”

Neville began recruiting three-to-five-year-old children for neurological assessment in 2004 through Lane County’s Head

Start preschool program, which promotes intellectual and emotional development in at-risk children. At the start of the fall, winter, and spring terms, Neville and her team meet with parents, explain their work, and encourage them to participate.

For the children who are signed up, the brain development staff makes sure they have a fun time while in the lab. A research team member escorts parents and their children into a room decorated with Winnie-the-Pooh stickers. A toy box filled with books, puzzles, blocks, and puppets awaits exploration. The kids are encouraged to play and munch on Goldfish crackers.

As a child who has come for testing settles down, a research assistant slips a perforated swim cap over his head. The cap bristles with thirty-two electrodes, which shoot out in all directions. Once the child is accustomed to the hat, he is escorted into a second room and seated in a cushy chair that faces a video screen. Speakers sit at ear level on shelves to the right and left of the chair. The researcher gathers the wires leading from the cap’s electrodes and plugs them into an amplifier. “We tell the kids it’s like a stethoscope, but we’re listening to their brain-beat, not their heartbeat,” says research associate Courtney Stevens, MS ’03, PhD ’07.

The child is then asked to watch a cartoon and focus on the narration coming from the right speaker. Simultaneously the subject hears a different story, which has no connection with the cartoon, coming from the left speaker. By examining specific



Head Start UO researchers study children's brains and teach kids to overcome obstacles to learning.

brainwaves recorded by the electrodes, researchers can distinguish how well the child can tune out the distraction coming from the left speaker and tune into the story line coming from the right speaker.

Typically, kids from higher socioeconomic families suppress distractions better. Kids from low-socioeconomic backgrounds struggle. "It's basically impossible for a child to learn in a classroom if she can't tune into what her teachers are saying and tune out other students' disruptive behavior," Stevens says. "That's why we believe selective attention is so important. Learn to focus your attention, and you are then prepared to learn anything."

Back at Head Start, children continue their normal curriculum during the day. But one night per week for eight weeks, they return for two-hour enhanced-learning sessions accompanied by their parents.

Scott Klein, a Brain Development Lab research assistant with ten years of grade-school teaching experience, coaches parents on communication skills. He advises them to create routines. Daily rituals allow kids to predict what will happen and how to respond, Klein says. Their stress levels go down. And when children cooperate, parents' stress levels also go down.

Klein teaches parents to give their kids choices: Do you want to put on your pajamas first or brush your teeth first? Do you want to pick up your toys before or after dinner? "This is a huge first step in gaining kids' attention," Klein says. "Choices engage the thinking process."


Klein also developed the "Brain Train," the method used to increase kids' concentration skills. Initially, the children sit with crayons and color. Then, they learn what distractions are, usually through puppet

shows and role-playing. At the next level, one group of kids will color while others stand at the edges of the classroom and play with balloons. Head Start teachers encourage the children to keep coloring. The groups switch their roles. At the end of the eight weeks, kids are able to color while others are standing right next to them bouncing balloons in their hands. Neville attributes children's increased ability to remain focused not only on these exercises but also on the change in their parents' behavior.

Single parent Matt Dillender says the intervention provided him with group support from other parents and taught him new ways to communicate with his child. "Over time I have seen a clear, positive impact on my son's emotional health as well as my own."

The Brain Development Lab is a busy place. Every eight weeks, new recruits come in for initial brain-wave measurements. Children who have been tested previously and completed the intervention return for follow-up measurements. The Neville team has worked with about 400 families so far. They made a DVD, called *Changing Brains*, which explains their research. Neville hopes the program can continue and help more kids.

The Institute of Education Sciences recently awarded her grants to follow Head Start kids long term and translate the entire research project into Spanish. She's previously received funding from the National Institutes of Health. However, Neville now calls the funding organization "broken" because grants are increasingly difficult to come by. She admits that the Brain Development Lab may not attract sufficient funding to continue supporting its thirty full-time employees. Neville says she is frustrated with the situation.

Forty or fifty years ago, scientists thought that brains were fixed, unchangeable. Researchers in the Brain Development Lab have not only helped to dispel that myth, but they are now exploiting the organ's changeability to level the playing field for disadvantaged children. "Our research is being used to make a difference in the world," Neville says. 

—Michele Taylor MS '03, '10

WEB EXTRA: To see the Brain Development Lab's video production *Changing Brains*, visit OregonQuarterly.com

RELIGIOUS STUDIES

Preserving Arabic Manuscripts

Scholars scramble to save threatened texts.

AN INTERNATIONAL TEAM OF scholars is racing against time to digitize thousands of Arabic-language texts from Yemen—some dating to the eleventh century—and make them available online before the original manuscripts either fall to pieces or are confiscated or destroyed. The texts—law, history, literature, and grammar—reflect a tradition in Islam practiced by the Zaydi sect of Shi'ites. Some of the manuscripts exist nowhere in the Muslim world outside this Arabian Peninsula country, where the Zaydi tradition has been out of favor since Yemen's current borders were established in the 1960s.

For two of the scholars, Ahmed Ishaq and Abdul Rahman Alneamy of the Imam Zaid bin Ali Cultural Foundation, located in Yemen's capital, Sana'a, it's nothing short of a mission to preserve their cultural heritage, page by digital page. They've been laboring for more than a decade, obtaining manuscripts by donation, loan, or purchase from mosques and private collections. Even so, 10,000 manuscripts have disappeared during that span of time before they could save them, according to another team member, David Hollenberg, UO assistant professor of Arabic language and literature. "I've interviewed families who have had their entire libraries seized" by religious extremists, he says.

Hollenberg regards Ishaq, Alneamy, and the entire staff at their foundation as heroes. He learned of their work in 2006, while he was in Yemen as a doctoral student to conduct his dissertation research. At the time, they were only working with a simple digital camera. Four years later, when Hollenberg was an assistant professor at James Madison University in Virginia, he teamed up with the digital collections specialists at Princeton University to obtain a \$300,000 grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities to purchase state-of-the-art equipment for the foundation. The grant created the Yemeni Manuscript Digitization Initiative (YMDI), which Hollenberg directs from his current post at the UO, where he has taught since 2010.

The grant money enabled the founda-



Concern for Culture
An international network of scholars works with resolve as time and political instability imperil the long Yemeni tradition of producing, owning, and making marginal comments in texts.

tion to buy an archive-quality digital camera, lighting equipment, hard drives, and a generator, and receive professional training in archiving and cataloging. Nevertheless, many circumstances in Yemen make their work difficult, if not flat-out dangerous. For one thing, electricity is unreliable, which severely limits the amount of time they can devote to scanning. ("I was very lucky today, we had power for two hours," Ishaq wrote by e-mail from Sana'a when contacted for this story.) They have the generator for when the power goes out, but that requires fuel, another scarce resource. Last year, when the wave of popular uprisings in North Africa and the Middle East, known as the Arab Spring, swept through Yemen and ultimately toppled a president who had held power for three decades, their work

came to a halt because their foundation was located in the heart of the civil unrest.

Whenever they do manage to fill a hard drive with digitized manuscripts, there's still the logistical challenge of getting it to Princeton, whose library houses the YMDI collection. Direct commercial shipping is out of the question, following a November 2010 incident when Yemen-based terrorists attempted to ship parcel bombs to the United States via the courier company DHL, causing DHL and other freight companies to discontinue service. So the first hard drive had to be routed through Saudi Arabia. They've found other resourceful methods, too. Clifford Wulfman, Princeton's coordinator of library digital initiatives, says the Yemen-based members of the team once gave a hard drive to a

man in Yemen who happened to be on his way to New Jersey, and Wulfman drove to the volunteer courier's home to pick it up. "Since then," Wulfman says, "we've managed to make contacts with the diplomatic corps" through a former U.S. ambassador to Yemen who works at Princeton. The contact has enabled Ishaq to send material out via diplomatic pouch. (Diplomatic relations between the United States and Yemen have been strained since the DHL incident. Nevertheless, says Hollenberg, "the U.S. Embassy in Yemen has been very helpful to us.")

When Wulfman receives the hard drives, he adds the images to Princeton's already-extensive digital library of Islamic manuscripts, and catalogs their descriptive information (what digital archivists call metadata) so that search engines can find them. Here at the UO, Hollenberg teams up with the Wired Humanities program to convert them from static, read-only images into interactive documents that allow readers to click on sections of text, open pop-up windows, and log descriptive information such as the scribe's name, when and where the manuscript was written, and who its various owners have been over time.

These technical operations may lack the intrigue and adventure animating the work of the people at the Imam Zaid bin Ali Cultural Foundation, who brave revolution and dodge the authorities to usher their culture into the digital age. But the YMDI is slowly building into a dynamic teaching resource that Hollenberg is thrilled to make available for students and scholars of medieval Islam. "This is like going back to grad school for me, because I'm reading everything again," he says. This past winter term, students in his Arabic literature course began transcribing pages (in Arabic) to create word-searchable versions of the texts. During one class session, they had the unique opportunity to converse with a scholar in Yemen familiar with the manuscripts and their relevance in contemporary Zaydi society via a digital link provided by the U.S. Embassy in Sana'a.

Hollenberg's fascination with these manuscripts lies in the Zaydi tradition of incorporating the commentaries of intervening generations of readers when interpreting the meaning and significance of texts. When he brings up some of the images on his desktop computer, this commentary tradition literally shows up in the

form of notes handwritten on blank pages and crammed into margins at odd angles and patterns in every conceivable color of ink. They were written by the people who owned the manuscripts over the years—often centuries—since they were bound and published, and they offer interpretation and other commentary on text passages. Contemporary Zaydi adherents reading the manuscripts today, says Hollenberg, treat the commentaries as important insights that they have to know to understand the text. (Contrast this, he says, with a strict fundamentalism—in any religion—that insists on relying solely on the original text for meaning.)

Suppression of Zaydi texts in Yemen since the 1960s caused a decline in this commentary tradition, says Hollenberg. However, he adds, "a lot of young [Zaydi] scholars are picking up the mantle again," and he believes YMDI has the potential to help this revival along. The means for doing this may cause academic purists to cringe, but Hollenberg is enthusiastic about the phenomenon of crowd-sourcing (à la Wikipedia and other public-input sites). He envisions the YMDI manuscript collection being accessed worldwide by readers of Arabic, who would be given free rein to provide online transcriptions. "Young Yemenis might be very interested in this," he believes, especially those who are taking part in the Zaydi revival, and he plans to pass the word along if he ever gets another chance to visit Yemen. That could happen as soon as this summer if the situation there calms down, but friends have warned him that the current postrevolutionary atmosphere is too volatile to be considered safe.

That sounds like a much different David Hollenberg than the doctoral student who originally went to Yemen for some quiet research in a mosque library, and he admits to being inspired by the sense of mission driving his Yemeni colleagues. "This is an important moment in these peoples' history, and I feel privileged to help with their aims," he says. The manuscripts embody "a profound intellectual heritage," he adds, and insists that "it would be a tremendous loss for everyone if these texts were to be lost." @

—Dana Magliari, MA '98

WEB EXTRA: See a video of David Hollenberg discussing the Arab text preservation project at OregonQuarterly.com



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HIGHER EDUCATION

Stunned UO Says Goodbye to Lariviere, Welcomes Berdahl Back

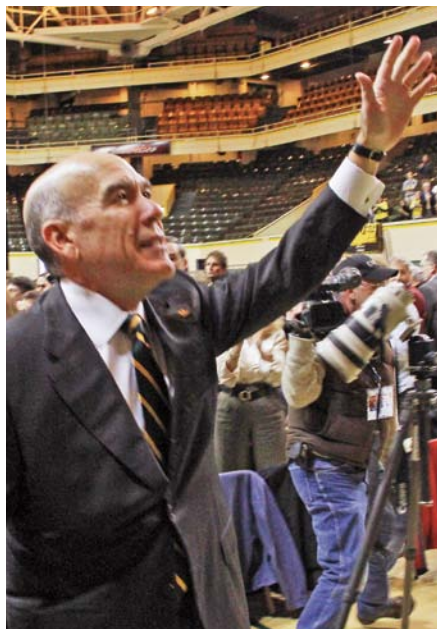
THE UO COMMUNITY WAS SHOCKED in late November when the State Board of Higher Education voted unanimously to terminate the contract of UO President Richard Lariviere at the end of December, thirty months after he became the University's sixteenth president. The action came a week after board chairman Matt Donegan told Lariviere that his contract would not be renewed, causing many UO faculty members, alumni, and students to rally against that decision and in support of Lariviere.

Robert Berdahl, a former professor and dean at the University of Oregon; an administrative leader at the University of California, University of Illinois, and University of Texas; and a national leader in higher education has been named interim president by the state board.

Lariviere had clashed with Oregon University System chancellor George Persteiner and the board on issues that won him great support among University faculty and staff members and alumni. He was the leading advocate for the combination of proposals known as the New Partnership that would have created a local governing board for the UO and established a new and potentially more stable system of funding the University (see newpartnership.uoregon.edu). He allowed the UO's union employees to make up wages lost to state-mandated furloughs by working overtime. And he approved pay raises for faculty members and administrators without board approval.

"This turn of events is a result of the ongoing difference of opinion over the future of the UO," Lariviere said in a message to the campus community.

The University Senate Executive Committee called an emergency session on November 23 and initiated a petition to support Lariviere that garnered more than 6,000 signatures in less than a week. A letter to the state board from the senate said, "The spontaneous and widespread outcry of support for President Lariviere . . . demonstrates that he inspires deep and



passionate commitment among those who carry out and support [the] UO's teaching and research mission. . . . The state board's plan to remove President Lariviere without first consulting the [U]niversity community demonstrates a profound lack of understanding about [the] UO's educational mission."

"I am humbled by your support, but your cause should not be my employment status," Lariviere said in a November 27 e-mail to students and faculty and staff members. "Your cause must be how institutions like the University of Oregon can be strong in a state with weak public resources."

Last spring, the UO gave pay raises to 80 percent of tenure-track faculty members, 20 percent of nontenure-track faculty members, and 33 percent of administrators to address issues of equity and retention. That may have been the final straw for board members, who in June 2011—before the raises were announced—had already demonstrated frustration with Lariviere by adding conditions to his contract limiting his advocacy and requiring more participation with the state board.

Governor John Kitzhaber, who supported the board's action, said of the pay raises, "[Lariviere's] decision not only undermined the board, it undermined my own directive and the credibility of my administration with the other campuses that complied with the agreement" not to raise salaries. At the board hearing when Lariviere's contract was formally terminated, board chairman Donegan spoke of a "deeply dysfunctional dynamic" between Lariviere and the board. "This has been brewing for so long," Donegan said. "It's horrific, like you are seeing a train wreck."

Lariviere received three extended standing ovations during a brief appearance at an emergency meeting of the statutory faculty on November 30 at Mac Court attended by more than 1,000 members of the University community—as well as Chancellor Persteiner and state board member Lynda Ciuffetti, who fielded angry questions and comments from audience members. That assembly passed motions condemning the firing of Lariviere and calling for UO involvement in the search for a new president, for an independent governing board for the University, and for the UO Senate or its executive committee to recommend someone to serve as interim president.

Lariviere, who is a tenured faculty member at the UO, plans to return to teaching next fall.

Berdahl Steps In

Within days of the board's decision to terminate Lariviere's contract, Robert Berdahl emerged as the only candidate supported by the University Senate to serve as interim president. He was appointed by a unanimous vote of the state board on December 9, despite the fact that he had written a strongly worded criticism of Lariviere's dismissal in *The Register-Guard* nine days earlier. "The chancellor and board have recklessly ignored the wishes of donors, alumni, faculty, and students," he wrote. "They have signaled the academic community throughout the nation that inno-


vative, courageous leadership will neither be sought nor tolerated.”

In a message to campus after his appointment, Berdahl vowed, “I am . . . moved to carry forward the important agenda President Lariviere has outlined for the campus.”

Berdahl was a history professor at the UO from 1967 to 1986 and served as dean of the College of Arts and Sciences from 1981 to 1986. He then spent seven years as vice chancellor for academic affairs at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign, four years as president of the University of Texas at Austin, and seven years as chancellor at the University of California at Berkeley. He became president of the Association of American Universities in May 2006 and served until his retirement in June 2011. Last fall, Lariviere, who had worked with Berdahl at the University of Texas, persuaded him to come out of retirement to take a part-time advisory position at the UO.


In a state of the university address in January, Berdahl, who has agreed to serve only until September 2012, outlined the three priorities of his presidency: First, to assist in the process of hiring “top-notch” faculty members, building on momentum begun under Lariviere to “seize the moment to hire the very best.” Second, doing all he can to ensure the hiring of a “strong, visionary leader” to be the next president. And third, to advance the project of gaining an independent governing board for the UO, which he said was essential to maintain morale, to attract the best faculty members, to make the most effective use of UO resources, and to recruit a strong new president.

A twenty-one person search committee for the new president was formed in early February. Headed by Allyn Ford, a member of the State Board of Higher Education and president of Roseburg Forest Products, it included three UO students and ten faculty or staff members.


As *Oregon Quarterly* went to press, Governor Kitzhaber and a committee of the state legislature were supporting a plan that could lead to consideration of local governing boards in the 2013 session. 

—Guy Maynard '84



WEB EXTRA: Read UO Interim President Robert Berdahl's complete state of the university address at OregonQuarterly.com.



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THE BEST . . .
 . . . Place to Nap

A world away from the noisy, bustling food court of the Erb Memorial Union, the Taylor Lounge sits neatly tucked between a staircase to the EMU Ballroom and glass doors leading to the Mills International Center. The size of a classroom (with soft carpet underfoot), the lounge features tall windows that allow friendly sunlight to flow inside. Here, a student can slip away from the stressful world of academia and take a peaceful rest, without leaving the campus completely. When it's cold and rainy outside, the room can be a refuge for an entire flock of wet, weary students.

Long ago, this space was known as the Leather Lounge, due to its collection of prim and proper leather chairs. But it was renamed to honor the memory of Thomas H. Taylor '41, who died while commanding a bombing raid in France in early 1943. His portrait now hangs in the lounge, kitty-corner to a patchwork quilt created collectively by members of University's clubs. The lounge has grown cozier as the years have gone by, and it is now filled with plush couches and chairs, some so worn that the fuzz is now flat. Add in artificial

plants, and the Taylor Lounge looks like a student's funky basement apartment—the perfect place to crash on a couch.

What's amazing is how strongly the unspoken no-talking rule is enforced. If a cell phone goes off or people start chatting loudly, many dirty looks are thrown. There is no sign on the wall. There is no book of regulations for the Taylor Lounge, but if a group is loud while others are trying to work or sleep, a wave of narrowed eyes will fly their way.

The Taylor Lounge is a safe place, where students scrunch up their faces in concentration and even the most self-conscious "cool kid" feels free to sleep sprawled out, vulnerable to the world. When the weather turns cold, someone will occasionally light a fire in the fireplace, sealing the room against the rainy world outside. @

—Brit McGinnis

"The Best . . ." is a series of student-written essays describing superlative aspects of campus. Brit McGinnis (napping at right in the Taylor Lounge) is a senior psychology major.



JOHN BAUGUES



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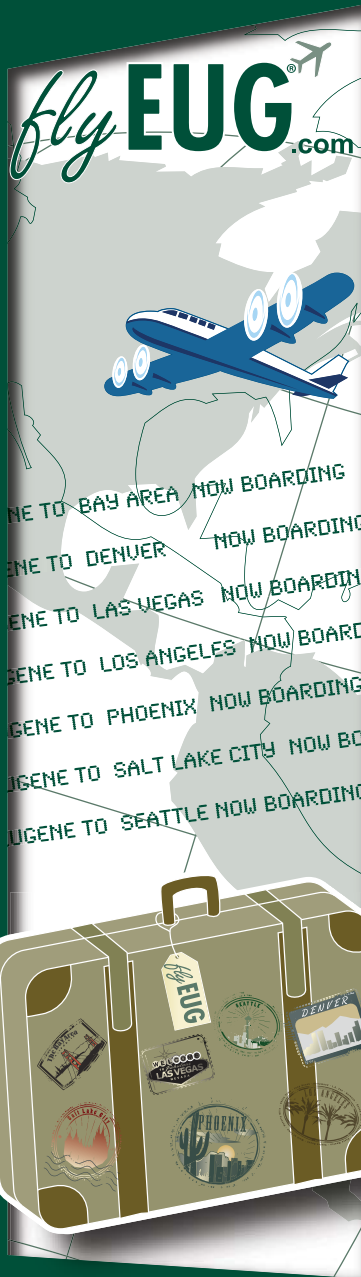
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Miller's Courts

Arthur R. Miller has had the sort of career that would take most people three lifetimes to achieve. A noted legal scholar and accomplished law professor, he is perhaps most widely known outside legal circles for his role as a celebrity television jurist. On April 13, the *Oregon Law Review* and the University's law school will welcome Miller to the White Stag Block for a daylong symposium dedicated to Miller's impact on the law and questions of access to civil courts. *Law Review* editor in chief Nadia Dahab writes, "[Miller's] work, at bottom, is about empowering individuals in the civil justice system. The general theme of our symposium, therefore, is access to justice, and we will address that theme in the context of emergent rights particularly relevant to the Oregon civil law landscape. In Oregon, and at Oregon law, access to justice in our civil courts is especially resonant with the public interest and environmental causes that many of our lawyers undertake."

Miller spent thirty-six years as the Bruce Bromley Professor of Law at Harvard Law School, where his fierce, dramatic teaching style and notoriously demanding course work made him the stuff of law

school legend—an experience numerous Oregon law professors can attest to personally. He has written more than forty books, including the landmark *Federal Practice and Procedure* (with coauthor Charles Alan Wright). With his sharp wit, encyclopedic knowledge of civil procedure, and trademark red pocket squares, Miller spent two decades as on-air legal editor for *Good Morning, America* and has won numerous awards for his work as a moderator of seminars exploring public policy and legal issues on PBS and the BBC. He currently teaches at New York University and also serves as Special Counsel to Milberg LLP, a pioneer in the field of class-action lawsuits.

"Miller's Courts: Media, Rules, Policy, and the Future of Access to Justice" will feature a broad roster of distinguished speakers and panelists from academic, legal, judicial, and media backgrounds. Students, alumni, and interested members of the public are encouraged to attend. For more information, and to register, visit law.uoregon.edu/org/olr/symposia.

—Mindy Moreland, MS '08



Portland2012: A Biennial of Contemporary Art | March 31 – May 19, 2012

The White Box visual laboratory at the UO's White Stag Block in Portland will be one of several exhibition spaces around the city showcasing contemporary art by local and regional artists (among them UO faculty members).

For details about Portland2012 visit www.disjecta.org

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PROFile

Yvonne Braun

Assistant Professor of Women's and Gender Studies



Li-soo-too. That's how to say the name of the country where Yvonne Braun has based her research for the past fifteen years. Even though the southern African nation (spelled Lesotho) is more than 10,000 miles from the University of Oregon, Braun has no problem making a place smaller than Maryland interesting to her students. "At the start of the term, they very often don't know where Lesotho is or how to pronounce it," she says. "They're usually pretty intrigued by my work there because it's got so many dimensions. It lends itself well to teaching."

Specifically, Braun focuses on the local influence of the multibillion-dollar Lesotho Highlands Water Project, the biggest World Bank-funded dam in Africa. "People are being resettled and losing land and livelihoods," she says of the project. "It's radically reorganizing resources in the region." These examples of literally life-and-death importance inspire energized and engaged conversation in the classroom when Braun presents her work from the frontlines of modern sociology.

"I find my students have a real desire to think in applied ways," she says. "That can be really fun in terms of seeing them think about how to take abstract ideas and to design projects that allow them to see those issues in the world."

A proponent of group work, Braun cites an example from 2009 as her most successful use of taking learning outside class. She and her Sociology of Africa students created an exhibit for African Cultural Night, an annual celebration hosted by the UO's African Student Association that typically attracts 500 to 600 people.

"The students actually exhibited the group projects that they did for class," Braun says. "They were at their stations and got to talk to all of these different people. They became part of the night."

The response, she recalls, was amazing. Instead of simply focusing on the images of disease, poverty, and famine commonly associated with Africa, Braun had her students explore the continent's positive changes such as education growth and economic development. The result: audience members walked away excited by how students "complicated the way in which Africa is represented."

A memento from the evening, a promotional poster, still hangs in Braun's office. After pointing it out on the wall, she explains why projects like African Cultural Night are important to her.

"Part of what I love about teaching is getting students excited thinking about the world," Braun says. "Wherever they decide to focus their passions, I just want them to realize that they can be active in creating the kind of world that they want to have, whatever that looks like for them."


Name: Yvonne Braun

Education: BA '94, State University of New York at Geneseo; MA '00, University of California at Irvine; PhD '05, University of California at Irvine.

Teaching Experience: Joined the UO faculty in 2005.

Awards: Recipient of the 2010–11 Ersted Award for Distinguished Teaching.

Off-campus: The mother of a three-year-old, Braun volunteers at her daughter's school and local nonprofits like Food for Lane County.

Last Word: "My goal is to get students thinking about being active in the world rather than simply seeing the world as something that they're just in." 

—Elisabeth Kramer

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Andy Warhol (American, 1928–1987). *Dollar Sign*, 1981. Synthetic polymer and silkscreen inks on canvas. Collection of Jerry and Terri Kohl.

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I N B R I E F



Of Roses and Recruiting About 500 prospective students from across Southern California attended an information session hosted by the UO Office of Enrollment Management before the UO Alumni Association's Rose Bowl pep rally at the Santa Monica Pier on New Year's Day. Here, Vice President for Student Affairs Robin Holmes (center) talks with potential future Duck Jerel Rogers of Murrieta, California.

Student Scholars Shine

In a first-ever honor for a student from the UO, **Katie Dwyer '10** has won a prestigious Mitchell Scholarship for academic excellence, leadership, and community involvement. Dwyer, a second-year master's student in the UO School of Law's conflict and dispute resolution program, will study international human rights law as a Mitchell Scholar in Ireland.

Seven Oregon student athletes have recently earned national Academic All-American standing, making a total of fifty-nine Ducks ever to achieve the honor.

Ducks and Bucks

The **UO Institute of Neuroscience** has received a \$16 million grant from the National Human Genome Research Institute for five years of continued funding of ZFIN, the zebra fish model organism database, a vital resource for biomedical researchers worldwide.

Phyllis '56 and **Andy Berwick '55** have committed \$10 million in support of a planned renovation and expansion of the Erb Memorial Union and Student Recreation Center.

By earning \$7.5 million in license income on \$115.6 million in research expenditures, the UO was ranked sixteenth nationally among colleges and universities in "innovation yield" (the rate at which research is turned into revenue) by the

Association of University Technology Managers.

The **Historic Preservation Program** in the UO School of Architecture and Allied Arts has received a \$2.8 million gift from **Art DeMuro**, a Portland-based developer and salvager of neglected buildings. The gift will substantially advance preservation studies at the UO.

UO a 'Best Value'

The UO is one of the 100 best values among more than 500 public colleges and universities because of "its high four-year graduation rate, low average student debt at graduation, abundant financial aid, a low sticker price, and overall great value," according to the annual ranking by *Kiplinger's Personal Finance* magazine.

Honored by Peers

Two UO professors, **Michael Haley** (chemistry) and **Craig Young** (marine biology), are among 539 fellows of the American Association for the Advancement of Science named this year. Chemistry associate professor **Marina Guenza** is among 238 scientists selected as 2011 fellows by the American Physical Society. The National Academy of Science has awarded UO professor emeritus of psychology **Michael Posner** the 2012 John J. Carty Award for the Advancement of Science for his contributions in the area of children's brain function and for his pioneering research on brain imaging.

JACK LIU



POWER HUNGRY

AWARD-WINNING UO RESEARCHER AND CRESWELL-BOY-MADE-GOOD SHANNON BOETTCHER '03 IS SEARCHING FOR A PLANETARY GAME CHANGER: A SOLAR-POWER STORAGE SYSTEM THAT IS AS SMART AS YOUR BASIC DANDELION.

BY TODD SCHWARTZ

Photos by Michael McDermott

The sun, a class G2V yellow dwarf star to the more scientific among us, rises in the small town of Creswell, south and just east of Eugene, about thirty seconds earlier than it does on the University of Oregon campus. The thin line of morning moves across Oregon at some 500 miles an hour, but the light from our local sphere of unimaginably hot plasma has taken just eight minutes and nineteen seconds to travel nearly

93 million miles to the Willamette Valley. The sun is Earth's furnace, light bulb, power source—the sun is quite literally Earth's everything, as it happens, because when the nuclear fusion process that is now converting some 680 million tons of hydrogen into helium each second runs out of fuel, it's lights out for us. We have about five billion years to prepare.

Most of the energy that reaches Earth is reflected back into space. Much of what's left is consumed in the process of evaporating water from the oceans. Only a small fraction of the energy remains: When the sun has risen to high noon and it is shining directly on, say, one of the lawns in the Lokey Science Complex, about 1,000 watts are being deposited on each square meter of surface. The grass is using that energy to convert carbon dioxide and water into organic compounds, mainly sugars, through photosynthesis. It is calculated that the rate of energy captured by photosynthesis on Earth is 100 terawatts at any given moment, which is about six times more than the current rate of power consumption of all human civilization.

Photosynthesis and the resulting creation of nutrients that feed the plants and eventually feed virtually all other life forms, either directly or indirectly, is the way nature captures and stores solar energy. A certain group of those life forms, human beings, have discovered effective inorganic ways to capture solar power, but have only the most inefficient ways to store it once captured. This makes the use of *currently arriving* solar power problematic in an age when said human beings are rapidly using up *previously banked* solar power—which is the true definition of fossil fuels: solar power captured long ago by photosynthesis and locked away in the spinning vault of our planet.

Thirty-year-old Shannon Boettcher '03 (pronounced *Bet-cher*), a UO chemist and expert in materials science, believes we can—and, more importantly, *will*—find a solution to efficient, scalable, and affordable capture and storage of solar energy. And it will happen, he believes, in his lifetime—“unless we fail completely, or we develop something better.” The former, as even those of us with the sunniest dispositions can agree, would be bad.

Boettcher was born in Santa Cruz, California, and moved at age eleven with his family to Creswell when his mother, biochemist Rebekka Wachter, PhD '96, decided to get her doctorate at the UO. His father, Jim, ran a computer repair business and harbored dreams of being a gentleman farmer, so the Boettchers moved onto fifteen acres in the country, with a corresponding complement of animals and tractors and chores. His father was a major DIY guy, and Boettcher grew up with a fascination for how things work. Even in the thick of graduate school, his mother was always home for dinner and to do “mom stuff” with

Boettcher and his younger sister, Sara—a level of having one's act together that Boettcher only began to appreciate as he was working long hours toward his own doctorate.

In 1998, Boettcher graduated from Creswell High School as the valedictorian of his sixty-person class. There was never a question about his next move.

“Going to a small country school,” he says, “you don't get caught up in all the noise about choosing the ‘right’ college. I didn't have any of that. I just thought, ‘The UO is ten miles away, it's in-state tuition, and they'll give me a scholarship—why wouldn't I do that?’ I couldn't be happier about the way it turned out.”

Boettcher chose chemistry as his major and soon was involved in undergraduate research in materials science, particularly with electronic materials. He studied with Professor Mark Lonergan '90, who would eventually become his colleague in the UO Department of Chemistry, and won the top award given by the Robert D. Clark Honors College for his undergraduate thesis. After he graduated in 2003, he went on to earn his PhD at the University of California at Santa Barbara (UCSB), home to Alan J. Heeger, a Nobel Prize-winner in the science of energy-conducting polymers. In 2008, Boettcher moved on to postdoctoral training at the legendary California Institute of Technology. Along the way, the honors and awards kept coming, from Goldwater Scholar at the UO to National Science Foundation Graduate Research Fellow at UCSB and Kavli Nanoscience Institute Prize Postdoctoral Fellow at Cal Tech.

But the Willamette Valley was calling, and in 2010 Boettcher returned to join the UO faculty and helped form a group of chemists, physicists, and engineers “committed to addressing the fundamental and significant materials challenges associated with the capture and storage of solar energy.” In other words, to change everything.

Storage has long been the problem with solar and wind power. Even after more than two centuries of development, the best modern batteries are relatively inefficient, expensive, and usually filled with hazardous materials.

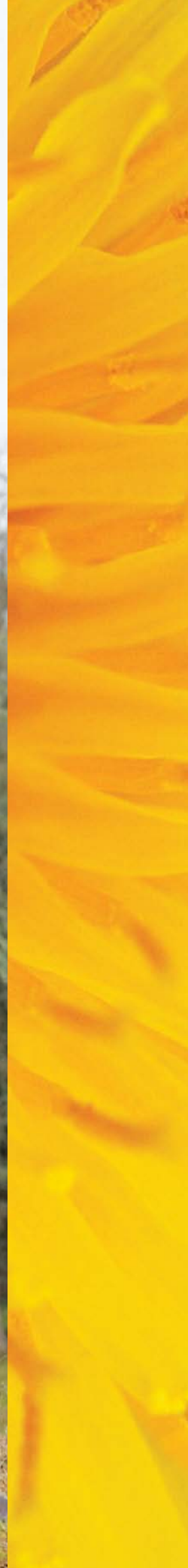
Your shiny new laptop is a perfect example: On day one, the battery charge lasts for six or eight or even ten hours—but a couple years down the road the charge is gone in two or three hours, and, should you decide to replace the battery, you discover that it costs \$200 or more. And that's to power a device that uses less energy than a sixty-watt light bulb.

“This is a very compelling problem to work on,” says Boettcher. “Conventional solar panels use slices of silicon crystals, similar to those in your computer, which absorb sunlight and generate excited electrons. These panels very efficiently siphon these electrons into a wire, generating current and voltage to run a light or charge a battery or power

“GOING TO A SMALL COUNTRY SCHOOL, YOU DON’T GET CAUGHT UP IN ALL THE NOISE ABOUT CHOOSING THE ‘RIGHT’ COLLEGE. I DIDN’T HAVE ANY OF THAT. I JUST THOUGHT, ‘THE UO IS TEN MILES AWAY, IT’S IN-STATE TUITION, AND THEY’LL GIVE ME A SCHOLARSHIP—WHY WOULDN’T I DO THAT?’ I COULDN’T BE HAPPIER ABOUT THE WAY IT TURNED OUT.”



Shannon Boettcher on “the farm” in Creswell with his father, Jim Boettcher



a motor. We have reached the point where these panels are remarkably efficient, and we are approaching the fundamental limits of that efficiency. That's a good thing in one sense, but the challenge is that if you can't *store* that electricity for when the sun isn't shining, it becomes very difficult to power a plane or a factory or a city—anything that requires power twenty-four hours a day.”

He recalculates. “Did I say ‘challenge?’ I should say *huge* challenge. Batteries to store these excited electrons are expensive to put together, and it's not clear, although progress is being made, that there will ever be a scalable, practical pathway to using batteries to store the density and amount of energy required for large applications.”

Batteries, however, are far from the only possibility. Other interesting, if occasionally somewhat fanciful, ways to store solar power have been proposed. One idea is to use the generated electricity to compress air into huge underground caverns, which then could be released to generate more power. Another is to use the solar energy to pump large amounts of water up a hill, so it could then run back down through turbines. Sisyphus Electric Company, anyone?

“If you look at today's options,” concludes Boettcher, “they just don't seem to be workable for even modest storage. And the needs will be enormous as this industry ramps up. Today, solar provides one-tenth of 1 percent of our electricity. It's minuscule at this point. And electricity provides just one-fifth of our total energy use. So simply *building* all the solar panels we would need will take a huge capital investment, and quickly you'll hit the storage limit and any extra energy you generate won't do you any good. The same is true of wind power. But to curb the negative effects of our CO₂ generation we must find a way to get all or most of our energy from renewable sources. We *have* to solve this problem.”

Did he say “huge challenge?” He should say *gigantic* challenge. But scientific research would be a pretty depressing gig if you weren't an optimist, and Boettcher qualifies.

His research centers on finding a way to use the electrons that are generated in a solar-reactive material and, rather than funneling them into a wire to charge a battery or run a motor, to instead drive an electrochemical reaction that *directly* creates a stable fuel that can be stored and used at any time. To be, in effect, as smart as your basic dandelion. Indeed, “artificial photosynthesis” is the catch phrase for this

branch of solar materials science.

“The easiest way to do this,” according to Boettcher, “is to take a water molecule and split it into hydrogen and oxygen. The hydrogen becomes a compressible, liquefiable, burnable fuel, which can be put into fuel cells to make electricity, or used to make liquid biofuels, or to make liquid methanol as a gasoline substitute. There are lots of things that can be done with hydrogen, but always the key is that they must be done at a really competitive cost. How do we do this without complex, expensive engineering?”

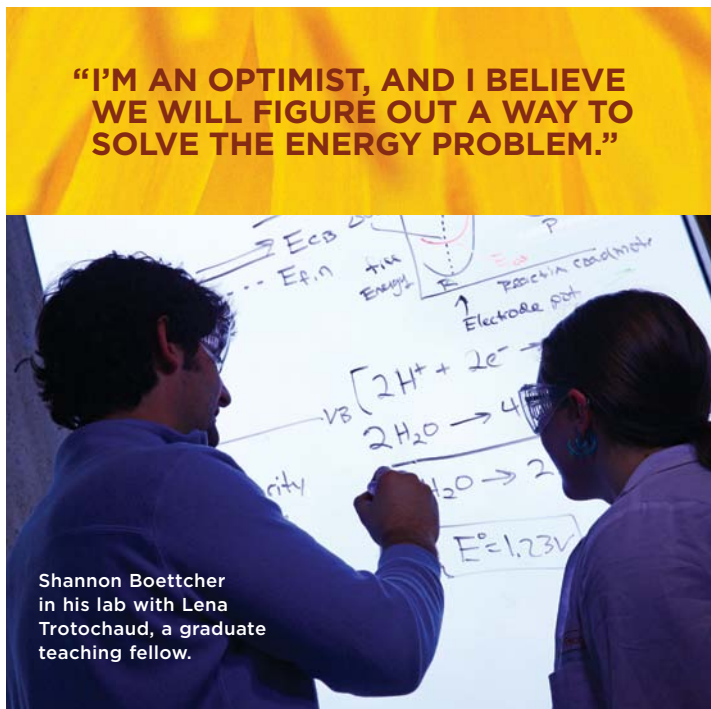
“We can do just about anything if we spend enough money, but with energy you can't charge much more, if any more, than competitive fuels. It's very clear in this political climate that that's an impossibility. So, can we design a system that's cheap enough? If we don't do this in my lifetime, even in the next twenty years, it will mean one of just two things: we failed completely or we developed something even better. I'm an optimist, and I believe we will figure out a way to solve the energy problem.”

One cause for Boettcher's optimism is his sense that the major energy corporations and science-based multinationals, although still deeply dug into their defensive trenches, are not

now active enemies of so-called “alternative” energy. In fact, one of those companies, DuPont, recently named Boettcher one of eighteen recipients worldwide of the company's Young Professors Grants, which honor promising researchers at the outset of their careers.

“The feeling I get from industry folks,” Boettcher says, “is that they realize this is a big problem and answers are critical. They understand that they will have to change eventually, but they also realize that they have hundreds of billions of dollars already invested in capital infrastructure for finding, processing, and selling fossil fuels. They tend to be very conservative and they are hugely profitable at what they do now, so they are not going to change overnight. That leads to an investment in renewable energy that is a little disappointing. It's basically a drop in the bucket.

“Look at a company like BP: they've made some very good investments in renewables, but if you consider a \$500 million investment over five or ten years in the context of their annual profits, that's not very much by their standards. It seems to me that it would be in the energy companies' strategic interests to invest much more than they are in renewable energy,



Shannon Boettcher in his lab with Lena Trotochaud, a graduate teaching fellow.

but so far they don't see it that way. It's their future, too!"

Boettcher hopes that we don't repeat what he sees as the real tragedy: the 1980s.

"We had a big push in the late '70s for renewable energy," he says, "but that just died in the '80s. There was very little basic research, very little investment. We lost twenty years."

As solar energy plays catch-up, the United States finds itself in an increasingly pitched battle with China, at least in the production of solar panels. With their cheaper prices, China is coming to dominate the market. Solar advocates debate the result: some feel that anything that makes solar energy more attractive and competitive is a good thing, others lament the loss of American jobs to Chinese companies that pay little and worry about environmental consequences even less.

"There is one camp that always claims, 'Americans innovate better than anyone else in the world,'" Boettcher says. "I don't believe that. I think there are smart people everywhere, which is a great thing. I'm excited that the Chinese are serious about making solar energy cheaper. I'm far less excited about the reasons why their panels are cheaper: they pay their workers much less, they undervalue their currency, and they burn coal for their factories without any environmental restrictions. They aren't winning because they are innovating better; they are winning because they have unequal costs. That worries me, because if our companies can't compete, we won't have a solar industry here."

Boettcher and his fellow researchers around the country face a different sort of energy shortage that poses nearly as big a challenge as the questions they are working to answer: the precipitous decline in federal funding for research.

First, a basic primer on the career of a research scientist: 1) Young woman or man discovers a love for science and research. 2) Studies for a decade or more to learn how to be a good researcher. 3) Lands a job in a research lab to do what he or she loves. 4) Rises to a position where she or he can start his or her own lab. 5) Immediately stops doing what she or he loves to begin an endless chase for money. In scientific research, reaching the peak of your profession means you essentially stop doing your profession.

Oversimplified, yes, but not by much.

"Funding rates for research grant applications, which take months of work to put together," Boettcher explains, "are now around one in ten. Months of preparation and sixty-to eighty-hour work weeks, with a 10 percent chance of success. Which makes it very difficult to innovate, because any idea that is 'too new' will be considered risky and won't get funded, so no one will try. Most people don't realize the scale of this problem—we as a country will have a hard time maintaining a competitive edge without research and discovery. Basic science is vital, even when the impact isn't yet clear."

It is clear that the difference a small shift in priorities could make would be night and day—to say nothing of solar and no solar. For 2012, the National Science Foundation has requested a budget of \$7.7 billion, which is 61 percent of the total federal spending for nonmedical scientific research.



Shannon and Jim Boettcher at Jim's workbench in Creswell.

"IF WE CAN DEVELOP THESE NEW MATERIALS FOR AFFORDABLY CAPTURING AND STORING SOLAR POWER, EVERYTHING IS GOING TO CHANGE IN A BIG WAY."

In comparison, Americans spend more than \$38 billion per month on gasoline. One month of the war effort in Afghanistan cost the federal government \$6.7 billion in 2010.

So what is a young research leader to do when he just wants to help reshape the world's energy future? Go back to lessons learned on fifteen acres in Creswell:

"I just stay optimistic," Boettcher says, "just get to work and just do my best. If we can develop these new materials for affordably capturing and storing solar power, everything is going to change in a big way."

One thing is certain amid all the challenges: the G2V yellow dwarf star will come up in the morning. ☀

Todd Schwartz '75 is a Portland-based writer who, as a nine-year-old, was promised at the 1962 Seattle World's Fair that by now we would already have had sun-powered flying cars—and is wondering what the hell happened.



"We just hit 'em and they hit us. We hit 'em a little harder, though." That's how halfback John Parsons summed up the University of Oregon's 1917 14-0 Rose Bowl win over the University of Pennsylvania. The 2011-12 Oregon team—the next to win the "granddaddy of them all"—had a more sophisticated game plan, but in a tense, back-and-forth battle, it was the ability of the Ducks to hit just a little harder with their high-powered offense that led to the 45-38 victory over the University of Wisconsin. The UO finished the season 12-2 and ranked fourth in the nation.



WEB EXTRA:
See more photos of the historic Rose Bowl game and events at OregonQuarterly.com



Kalapuya Cuisine

BY BONNIE HENDERSON • PHOTOS BY KRISHNA DAYANIDHI

ALBANY CHEF MATT BENNETT DEBUTS CAMAS BULBS AND WAPATO TUBERS FOR NEW YORK CITY DINERS.

It's a balmy autumn evening in Greenwich Village, and at the James Beard House on West 12th Street, one of Oregon's finest chefs is setting out a plate of hot-and-cold smoked steelhead appetizers—morsels of pink fish resting on a dollop of yerba buena-infused crème fraîche and set atop little pancakes made with baked camas. “Blini with lox,” he quips to a curious guest who, wine glass in hand, pauses to observe the preparations.

Chances are you've never heard of this chef. Nor are you or the diners here in the temple of American gastronomy familiar with the food he is showcasing this night. Matt Bennett does not cook in Portland—or Ashland or Astoria or Dundee or Eugene, for that matter. He is the chef-owner of Sybaris, a small restaurant on First Street in Albany, and the meal he is presenting this night for a room full of discriminating New York diners is based on the traditional foods of the Kalapuya people, whose ancestral homelands include the patch of Willamette Valley riverfront where Sybaris sits. Up until a year ago, Bennett didn't know anything about the Kalapuya people or what they ate. And until Bennett got his hands on those foods, not even the descendants of those people—members of the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde—knew how good they could taste or how lovely they could look on a plate.

The dinner this night—September 30, 2011—is something new for the James Beard House as well. The four-story brownstone where Oregon native James Beard cooked and taught and wrote for twenty-six years is now, among other things, a performance space for guest chefs



from throughout the United States and occasionally beyond—“the rising stars and those who have already risen and those who you can't believe are still around,” as director of house programming Izabela Wojcik puts it. They come to show off the best of what's cooking in their own restaurants and regions. But never before has a chef attempted to showcase what is arguably the most American food of all: the staples of a particular Native American tribe.

Staples such as wild steelhead. “What's that?” Wojcik had asked last spring when Bennett first called to sketch out his proposed menu. Beard himself would not have had to ask;

he grew up in Portland and spent summers in Gearhart, eating and learning to cook the fish and shellfish, wild and cultivated fruits and vegetables of his home state. The cakes under the steelhead in Bennett's appetizer were made of camas bulbs dug west of Albany, and the crème fraîche on top was flavored with yerba buena, a member of the mint family that grows wild throughout the Pacific Northwest. Bennett smoked the steelhead in Oregon using a technique he hoped would both honor the Kalapuya way with fish and please Easterners accustomed to cold-smoked salmon, laying the steelhead on blocks of ice while it smoked.

Bennett has been working on this meal for months, assembling the camas and wapato, the yerba buena and biscuitroot, blanching and freezing the nettle shoots, procuring the venison and crayfish. It's a meal whose story began nearly a year ago with a chef whose curiosity keeps him up nights reading food histories, whose commitment to community is well known in his adopted hometown. And it's

The middle dipping powder for chef Matt Bennett's "deconstructed pemmican" began as elk sirloin, which he dried and ground in a coffee grinder; beside it on the hawthorn slab are raspberry and strawberry powders from Oregon Freeze Dry in Albany. The skewers hold braised cipollini onions.





Top to bottom: pickled mussels come with sweet chili dipping sauce; crushed wasabi peas add crunch and color to crayfish-stuffed piquillo peppers on nettle crackers; the team (left to right) of Steve Morton, Matt Bennett, Janel Bennett, Irina Shalashova, and John Jarschke pose in the Beard House kitchen. Opposite page: smoked steelhead with crème fraîche on a camas bulb pancake.

the story of the modern descendants of a Northwest tribe—a collection of tribes, really: a people who, after a century-and-a-half of oppression and dislocation and termination of their tribal status, have taken their revenge by regaining their status, building a successful casino, and establishing one of the most generous philanthropic organizations in Oregon.

The threads of those stories began to intertwine last winter, when Bennett learned about efforts to preserve a natural area at Thornton Lake, on Albany’s north side, and to build what was being called the Kalapuya Nature Center. Fundraising was under way, and Bennett immediately proposed a benefit dinner at Sybaris. It’s what he does: Bennett, who donates all the proceeds from every Thanksgiving dinner at Sybaris to the local agency that advocates for victims of child abuse, whose usual response to any community need is to hold a benefit meal of some kind. The menu for the Thornton Lake benefit dinner, Bennett knew immediately, should be built around the foods of the Kalapuya people—whoever they were. Bennett, raised and trained in the Detroit area—Michigan, that is—hadn’t a clue. So he phoned the offices of the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde, of which the Kalapuya is one. David Lewis, PhD ’09, manager of the tribes’ cultural resources program, sent Bennett a list of foods commonly eaten by people native to the Willamette Valley, and Bennett began working with his forager and other vendors who regularly supply Sybaris with locally grown foods. Then the fun started. Using all his tools—mainly traditional French culinary techniques, with methods cherry-picked from other world cuisines—Bennett began experimenting with those foods to figure out how to prepare them in a manner that would please the eyes and taste buds of modern diners.

The resulting dinner in April opened with a welcome and benediction of sorts from Tribal Council member Kathleen Tom and ended with an ovation for Bennett and his team, who emerged from the kitchen as dessert was being served. “Have you considered taking this meal to the Beard House?” one guest asked.

It was a reasonable question. Bennett had cooked there once before, three years earlier—a “Taste of the Willamette Valley,” he called the menu, with dishes such as lamb with chanterelles and heirloom carrots, gathered greens with crab apple vinaigrette, and Oregon black truffle ice cream—and so was known to the Beard House staff. In fact, just two months before the April dinner, the Beard Foundation had named Bennett a semifinalist for 2011 Best Chef: Northwest, an honor bestowed on only twenty chefs from six Northwest states. Bennett was the only Oregon chef from outside of Portland to make the list.

Which may be why the Beard House was willing to give the Kalapuya menu a go. Wojcik had been approached previously by people interested in bringing an expert on Native American foodstuffs to the House. But knowledge, she explains, is not enough. “Ultimately you have to have the chops, the backing of your staff, and be able to come here and feed fifty, sixty, seventy people. That’s not for someone who writes



cookbooks or lectures on food.” The meal Bennett proposed was not a historical meal—a recreation of what might have been eaten in a plank house 200 or 2,000 years ago. Rather, as Wojcik explains it, “He’s examining the traditional preparations, trying to bridge the gap between how those native people would have cooked and how a chef today cooks, to make it appealing to a contemporary diner. It’s unique that way.”

But being unique, or even merely interesting, is also not enough to pull off a dinner like this. Particularly for a chef without a television presence, whose celebrity is mostly limited to Linn and Benton Counties, it’s not easy to tantalize enough New Yorkers. Even if you do fill the dining room, with patrons paying \$170 a plate, such a dinner typically doesn’t pencil out for a chef—not after flying his team of four to New York and putting them up for three nights. Definitely not when nearly all the foods have been caught, gathered, picked, or dug by hand in swamps and fields and forests 2,500 miles away and packed into six large coolers checked as luggage on the flight out.

That’s another way the Confederated Tribes were helpful. After getting the go-ahead from the Beard House for a September dinner, Bennett arranged a meeting at the tribes’ Portland office with Tom, Lewis, tribal member and wild foods expert Greg Archuleta ’84, and public affairs director Siobhan Taylor. To take the Kalapuya menu to a new level and a new audience, Bennett would need a sponsor. And he was seeking, for this second effort, a deeper understanding not only of the tribe’s traditional foodstuffs but of their preparation: how those foods were cooked, when, and why and where they were eaten.

Tom was immediately enthusiastic; she went on to cham-

pion Bennett to the Tribal Council, which awarded him funding to help make the Beard House meal possible. “One of the things all tribes struggle with is recognition—you have to be out there telling your story,” Tom says. “Times have changed. These different kinds of venues offer us an opportunity to tell our story, and to correct the story.”

Lewis, too, was supportive. His work focuses more on the tribes’ educational programs, particularly the teaching of Chinook Wawa, the trade language that this disparate collection of tribes from throughout the Northwest used to communicate after being thrown together on a reservation in the middle of the Willamette Valley in the 1850s. But revival of food traditions is another aspect of the cultural renaissance the tribes are pursuing and Lewis is helping to guide. He and Archuleta talked at length with Bennett about camas bulbs, traditionally a major source of carbohydrates for Northwest Indians, requiring a day or more of baking to be edible, and about wapato tubers, which Indians roast like potatoes after harvesting them from riverside swamps. Habitats for both plants, once abundant, have shrunk to a fraction of what they were prior to white settlement. It was Archuleta who recommended Bennett bake camas bulbs in a crock pot—the modern corollary to the earthen ovens the Kalapuya themselves used to use.

“I kind of picked everybody’s brains,” Bennett recalls of that meeting. He wanted to find what he called the *lutefisks*—“foods you ate as a kid that maybe your grandparents served and you ate and enjoyed but would never eat on your own. I wanted to work with those products and make them fun.”

He also wanted to learn more about the Kalapuya people and the tribes in general, and Lewis was happy to oblige; his

UO doctoral dissertation focused on the 1954 termination of the Confederated Tribes of Grand Ronde. A decade-long effort to restore federal recognition met with success in 1983. Since then the tribes have experienced a profound change of fortunes. Their language and cultural traditions are being revived. And the overwhelming poverty that once characterized the reservation is gradually fading. Proceeds from the tribes' Spirit Mountain Casino provide not only health care, education, and other benefits to tribal members but have funded, as of the end of 2011, grants totaling more than \$55 million to a wide range of nonprofit organizations throughout western Oregon.



MENU

*Willamette Valley Native
Tribute Dinner
September 30, 2011
James Beard House*

HORS D'OEUVRE

Lightly Pickled Mussels with Sweet Chili Syrup
*Hot- and Cold-Smoked Steelhead Trout with Camas Bulb
Cake and Yerba Buena Crème Fraîche*
*Smoked Pork Jowl with Tomato Confit on Biscuitroot
Biscuits*
Piquillo Peppers with Crayfish Salad on Nettle Crackers
*Barbecued Eel Foie Gras Mousse Pinwheels with Labrador
Tea Gelée*

DINNER


*Duck Fat-Braised Cipollini Onion Skewers with Assorted
Fruit and Elk Jerky Dipping Powders*
Cedar-Paper Grilled Sturgeon with Wild Greens
*Quail with Acorn Masa Tamales and Oregon Grape
Reduction*
*Seared Venison Sirloin with Wapato Root Mash and Wild
Mint Choron Sauce*
*Oregon Huckleberry Bombe with Toasted Honey-Douglas
Fir Ice Cream, Huckleberry Sorbet, Honeycomb, and
Douglas Fir Sablés*
Mignardises

A few families still eat wapato and camas as a regular part of their diet, Lewis says—"it's not as uncommon as you might think." Camas is almost a sacrament for modern Indians in Oregon, eaten as much for spiritual renewal as bodily nourishment. Plenty of people hunt for elk and deer, and fish for salmon and eel. "And we all love huckleberries," he says, adding that many tribal members still pack up the family in late summer and head to their traditional berrying grounds high in the Cascades for a weekend of huckleberry picking just as their ancestors did, although RVs and tents often stand in for tepees. It's a little like Bennett's approach to Kalapuya foods, both honoring and tweaking tradition. "It's a new configuration," Lewis says of Bennett's menu. "It's going to fit the modern palate. Maybe he can revitalize an interest in native foods. And that's a healthy thing."

This night's dinner, following Beard House convention, begins with an informal appetizer course: guests wandering through the kitchen and—in fine weather—milling on the back patio with glasses of wine as appetizers

are passed, mingling with Sybaris sommelier (and Bennett's wife) Janel Bennett. Meanwhile, the chef and his team—Salem restaurateur Steve Morton, culinary instructor John Jarschke of Linn-Benton Community College, and Sybaris sous chef Irina Shalashova—are bumping elbows inside what Beard used to call his "grand piano": a U-shaped counter at the heart of what is essentially an elaborate home kitchen. They are plating the first course: cipollini onions braised in duck fat, skewered for dipping into powdered elk jerky and piles of pulverized, freeze-dried fruit, a dish Bennett calls "deconstructed pemmican." The guests have by now trooped upstairs to the second-floor dining room—what was once Beard's bedroom and private living-and-working area. As they wait for the first course to arrive, Kathleen Tom rises.

Tom has traveled to New York to represent the tribes at the dinner and to help bridge the gap, with her presence, between past and present, as Bennett is attempting with his menu. She is a striking woman, more so with her necklaces of white dentalia shells and large beaded medallion and beaded earrings. Now she takes in the scene—a full house of diners poised to savor the traditional foods of her people, reconfigured, and gazing down from the wall, that icon of American cuisine, James Beard himself.

"I'd like to say a few words," Tom begins, beaming. "We didn't eat food like this when I was a child. But I wish we had!" 

Bonnie Henderson '79, MA '85, a Eugene writer, is the author of Strand: An Odyssey of Pacific Ocean Debris, a finalist for the 2009 Oregon Book Awards. Her last feature for Oregon Quarterly was "Beaver Believers" (Spring 2011).



Oregon Patriot in Tough Times

BY KIM STAFFORD

*This essay by Kim Stafford '71, MA '73, PhD '79, is the second installment of Oregon Quarterly's **Boyd-Frohnmayr Writers Series**. A gift from former UO president William Boyd in honor of former UO president Dave Frohnmayr makes it possible for Oregon*

Quarterly to hire exceptional writers to cover topics vital to the University and the state. In the Autumn 1992 issue of Old Oregon, as this magazine used to be called, Frohnmayr addressed a difficult period in Oregon's history from a political point of view in his essay "The

New Tribalism." Almost twenty years later, Stafford continues that conversation from a more cultural perspective during another trying period for our region, calling on his lifetime of immersion in the Oregon Country "we all love."

*Stafford is the founding director of the Northwest Writing Institute at Lewis and Clark College, and author of a dozen books of poetry and prose, including *The Muses Among Us: Eloquent Listening and Other Pleasures of the Writer's Craft*.*

What does it mean to be a patriot of a place—not a nation, not a cause, but a place? What does it mean to be a patriot of Sisters, Jacksonville, Imnaha, Mosier? What does it mean to be a true citizen of a river threading an old path through the Coast Range, a swale somewhere in the valley of the Rogue, the Umpqua, or the Willamette, or patriot of a nameless place in open desert country east from Glass Butte, where sage twitches in the wind and you hear your heart tapping softly like a small animal inside you?

And if you are a patriot of a place, how big is your home? Is it a bend in the river . . . the whole river . . . the watershed where that river forms a part?

My place of origin is not a hospital, not the house where my family lived when I was born. Maybe my beginning was those places, but my place has become Oregon. For Oregon is the place where I “caught sense,” as a friend’s grandmother put it—the place where I woke up to who I am and what I am about. This “catching sense” in and about a home for one’s loyalty can happen to a native like me, or to someone who arrives and awakens here to a full sense of Oregon citizenship. The native and the immigrant can say together, “This is how we do things here.”

I once learned a story from a Yakama basket-maker about the round ball of lead that served as a doorstep of her childhood home on the reservation. This fist-sized lead ball they would kick aside in winter, when the door stayed shut, then roll into place in summer to prop the door ajar and let in the wind. One day my friend asked her mother, “What is this ball, with the little loop of chain on one side?” “Oh,” the mother said, “you know, when your grandmother, my mother, was young, about eight years old, they took our people away from Nch’i-Wana, the Columbia. We had to go live on the reservation. But my mother, this little girl, kept running away, trying to get back to the river. She would go at night, and they would have to go find her, and bring her back again to the reservation. Finally, they put this lead ball onto her ankle with a chain so she could not go. And still she tried to go.”

Then, my friend said, she could see the doorstep for what it was: an obstacle to a way of life. Denial of citizenship at the place of origin.

An Oregon patriot is someone who keeps coming back to what this place is, was, could be, should be, will be—like the child by night, running toward the sacred land, the moving water, home. Every salmon is trying to go back to that place. Every salmon is a patriot of a place, willing to die to get there. When I crouch down at that pool below the dam at Eagle Creek, up the Gorge, where the wall of concrete stops the salmon from going home, what do I learn about my chance, our chance, our imperative as Oregon? The salmon swivel in the pool there, just deep enough to go blue where they hunger low, then bolt in frenzy, the females rolling on their sides to fan the gravel open for a redd to hold the future. The last, difficult, perfect act of the patriot.

Things are tough these days—in the world, in our nation,

and here in Oregon. Many children are hungry. Many grandparents raise the little ones, for a part of the generation in between is absent at distant wars, or hijacked from this life by drugs or despair, or pulled into jobs that do not feed their spirit work. We all struggle. What shall we do with the particular hardships of our time? I am instructed in this matter by an old song called “The Alsea Girls.” Probably composed sometime in the nineteenth century at the remote community of Alsea, in the Oregon Coast Range, this song brags about hard life. No whining, no complaining—straight lyric brag. It can’t have been easy then—isolated, muddy, cold, with winter a long aisle of rain through dim skies. As an old pioneer told me once, “Salt salmon and potatoes, three times a day, every day, all winter long.” Yet out of this privation, comes a song:

*Come, girls, come—listen to my noise.
Don't you marry those Oregon boys.
If you do, your fortune it'll be:
Johnny cakes and venison is all you'll see.*

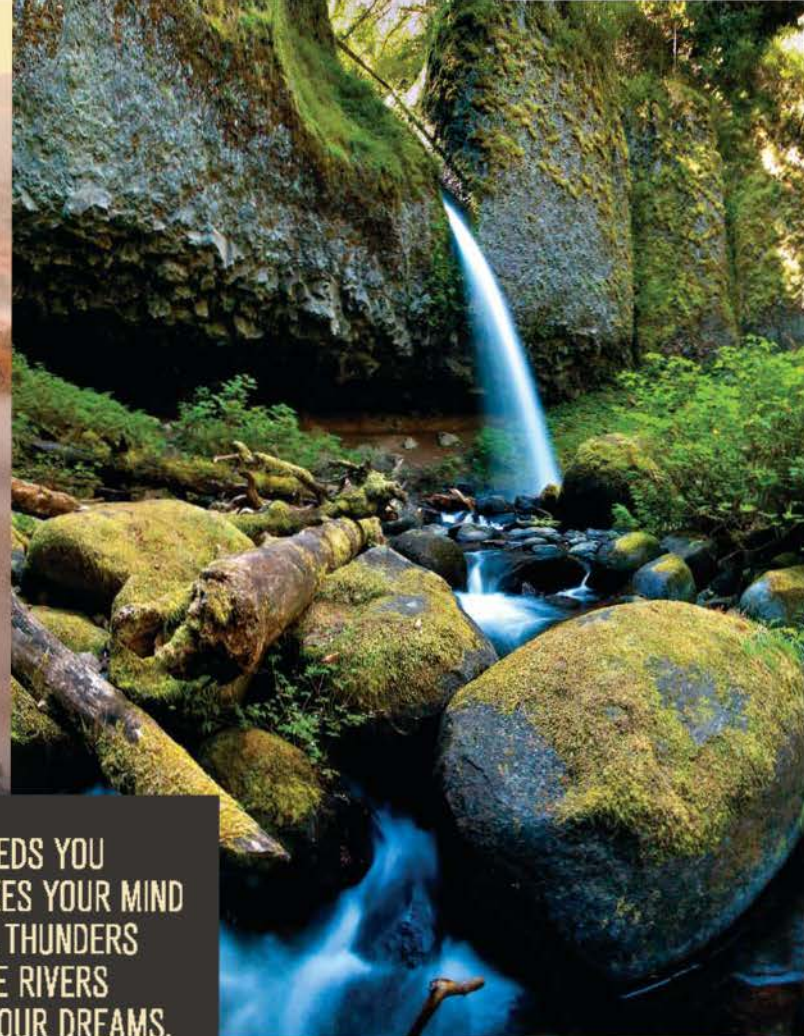
*They'll take you to a side-hewed wall
Without any windows in it at all—
Sandstone chimney and a puncheon floor,
Clapboard roof and a button door.*

The song goes on to describe milking into a gourd, straining clots from your cream across a board, and going hungry until you rake away the ashes and heave a “great big hunk of old sourdough” onto the hearth to bake. In the world of this song, you are a patriot of an Oregon way of life, because that is your destiny, as forged by the fire-welded connection between who you are and where you are, no matter how tough it gets.

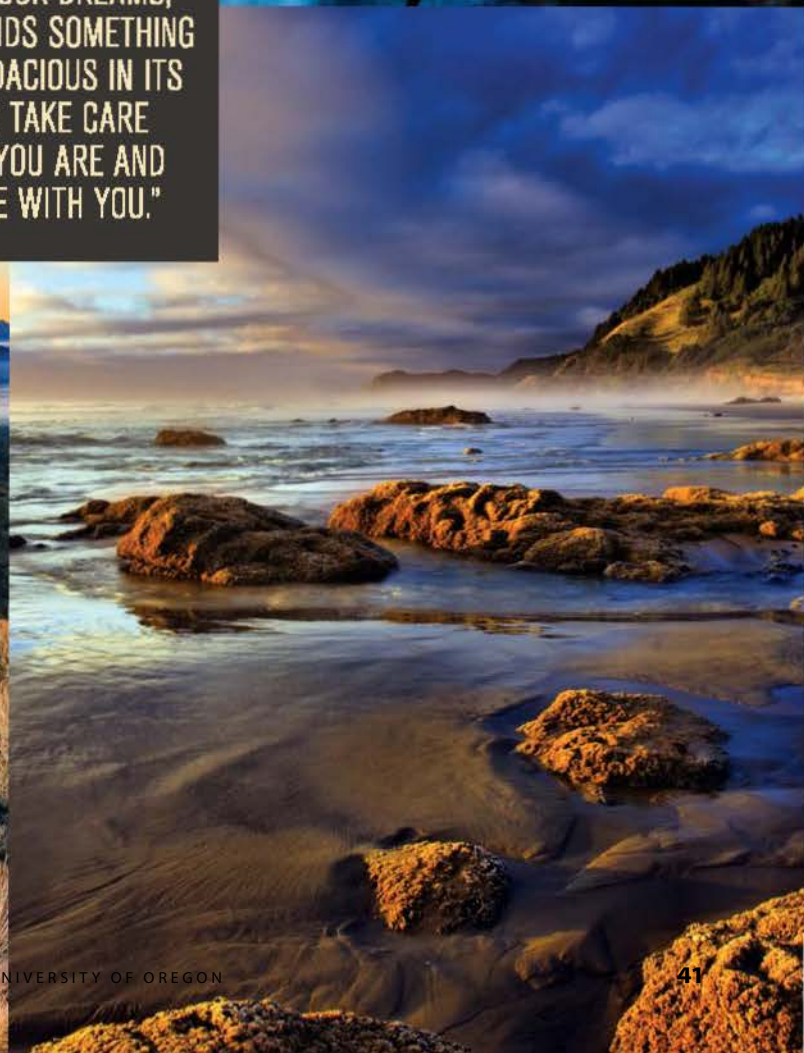
If we want to so sing our troubles, it seems to me, there are three ways one might be an Oregon patriot. First, we can be loyal to what Oregon once was. We can look backward to identify who we are supposed to be. We can yearn for the understanding of precontact First People, or of those pioneers sweeping into Oregon. Second, we can be loyal to what we are now. We can look around, and struggle to maintain what is, or those parts of what we value that we can salvage with diminishing resources. Or third, we can be loyal to what is coming, what we are creating, what we can be in this place if we attend to the Oregon future with clarity and devotion.

While we honor the first two, of course, I believe the third will best reward our loyalty. We grope our way toward the world we cannot see, because it is just beginning to unfurl in the imaginations of our young.

In the face of this predicament, I have been forced to live by a proverb as I grow older: “Ignorance is a form of youth perennially available.” When you don’t know how things will turn out, you can only lean forward with the eagerness of a naïve child, hungry for what is about to happen. When you try to learn a new kind of music, a new skill, a language, you are suddenly made young in the presence of surprise. This



**"OREGON FEEDS YOU
SAGE, SLAKES YOUR MIND
WITH RAIN, THUNDERS
PERCUSSIVE RIVERS
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AND DEMANDS SOMETHING
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SIMPLICITY: TAKE CARE
OF WHERE YOU ARE AND
THOSE HERE WITH YOU."**



is how I felt one summer in Wallowa County when the Nez Perce elder Horace Axtell set out to teach us some Nez Perce words.

“If you want to learn to speak Nez Perce,” he said, “just listen to the birds. They’re all speaking Nez Perce. They say their own names in Nez Perce. They like speaking this language so much, they say their names over and over, so you can learn them. These teachers are not in a hurry. They have all day for you.”

And I thought: If the new learning is actually a way of listening for the first time to something very old, then we have a chance. Schooled by this beginning, what are the signals an Oregon patriot can read? At this crossroads for our Oregon, what are the signs? “Congestion.” “School Xing.” “Bump.” “Slow.” Rambling a single dirt track southeast of Bend one summer, I came across a sun-whittled sign with one arm pointing north through the sage for “The Dalles” and the other pointing south along the twin dirt ruts for “San Francisco.” Those destinations seemed a tissue of legend to me, and the dusty place I stood the center of the world.

The sign that talks to me today stands under old alders where Savage Road meets the Salmon River Estuary at Cascade Head: “Road Ends 300 Ft.” What makes me love that so: Road Ends. What are our options when the road ends? The options that occur to me: go back the way you’ve come, settle down, or set out walking.

The new Oregon trail will lead us to the future on foot, a trail threading through our trials in close contact with the place that has chosen us. As we step lightly along, Oregon will transform who we are.

The song they taught me in grade four, at Forest Hills Elementary, has transformed in my mind. We sang “Blest by the blood of martyrs,” and Miss Miller taught us these unfortunates were the Whitmans, Marcus and Narcissa, killed by Indians and somehow key to the creation of Oregon. But now I see it was the native people who were martyrs to the true identity of the Oregon land. They, like the Whitmans, died believing in a way of life. Now, by “listening to the future,” we will design ways to be here that are as different from now as the modern is different from first ways. Informed by the past, formed by the present, we listen for the future, leaning forward, ready to adapt in the matrix of Oregon.

Carl Jung said the ultimate fate of Americans would be this: You will become the Indians of your place. The idea, as I understand it, is that we will eventually be shaped by the place we are, and by this process consider the place a close relation and so care for this connection as if we belonged.

When I was a student at the University of Oregon, it was my custom in times of confusion (there were many) to repair to the Pioneer Cemetery between the School of Music and McArthur Court, to commune with the gravestones of the departed and seek new direction for my life. My favorite there was the gravestone of a mysterious stranger named Nathaniel Wheat. Wheat must die to live, I thought, must fall to rise, must go down into darkness to be saved. So I would go for a time down into my difficulty, sitting on a cold

stone, wondering. And somehow when I stood to return to study, I was renewed, and sauntered the leaf-strewn path with a light step, having traveled for a time with Nathaniel to the end of ambition and beyond. I had begun to catch sense. And when I graduated (twelve years later), I went forth to roam the larger campus of the state. Now I am forty years beyond those musings in the graveyard. But still I find that the end of the easy road is threshold to the future.

When I look at the history of Oregon, and then at the political, economic, and environmental challenges that face us, I’m reminded of something I learned from a young Buddhist in Bhutan last winter. He explained to me that those “who are not yet awake” may view the past as a series of errors, and the future as a series of punishments for these errors. The destiny of such a person is to suffer, inescapably, for past sins, and this person cannot enjoy the present moment, cannot feel any sense of freedom or initiative. One who is awakened, however, who sees things as they truly are, will view the past as destiny (I had to do these things to become who I am), and the future as freedom (knowing who I am, I can choose what I will do). The destiny of such a person is to make courageous decisions based on self-awareness, and on a study of the world as it is.

In a sense, this view coincides with something my father used to say: “The greatest ownership of all is to look around and understand.” And I think this perspective has relevance for the way people look at the history of their state. We can view our past as a series of missteps for which we now have to pay. Or we can see how our history shaped our character, and move into the future with complete freedom to do exactly what it takes to become the state we want to be.

Maybe one chooses home by this feeling—you look around, and understand, or long to understand, devote your life to understanding a place, a people, a history, a future. I have tried living other places. Good jobs have taken me to California, Idaho, Alaska, New York, Missouri, Texas. But I keep coming back, sometimes limping back, without a job or serious prospects, but with a salmon’s deep homing instinct that can’t be brushed aside by anything so frivolous as practicality. I remember one particular return—from teaching for a year at the University of California at Davis—stepping from the car at around 2:00 A.M. somewhere south of Wolf Creek, and feeling my foot first touch the soft duff of the Oregon land. Gratitude flooded my body like rain.

So to be a patriot of place is not a choice, a decision, the act of a practical mind. This choice is the helpless, blind, instinctive predicament for someone tugged by instinct, caught by identity’s tether, bedded by a lover big as weather and young as April pussy willow rampant with caress. Oregon feeds you sage, slakes your mind with rain, thunders percussive rivers through your dreams, and demands something of you audacious in its simplicity: take care of where you are and those here with you.

All this happens by a slight turn from the prevailing habits of our time. My friend Steve, who years ago worked as a coeditor of *Rain* magazine, tells me in the 1970s young

people from all over wrote to the staff to announce, "I'm moving to Oregon, I've heard such good things." Steve and his fellows first wrote back saying, "Well, it's not *that* great. We cut our forests, pollute our rivers, have cities, struggle to agree. . . ." But at a certain point, Steve says, they looked at each other, and said, "What are we doing? These creative and idealistic people want to come here. That can't hurt. Let's tell them it's paradise, and if enough of them arrive, maybe it will become such a place!"

That decision is an ongoing experiment in our time. We are the inheritors, and the stewards, of what resulted from this intermittently fictional welcome. Our chance is identified by a proverb I once heard spoken in Scotland: "Live as if in the first days of a new nation." We have a chance here to live in these first days. A student once told me that composing music requires "listening to the future." Being a patriot of place, I believe, requires the same. We are called to lean forward in humility, and listen to what is trying to happen in this place. Schooled to brace ourselves for "The Big One" in seismic terms, we are also called to be ready for significant change in cultural terms. It has long seemed to me that if the problems of our time are economic, political, and environmental, the solutions are cultural. Solutions require a humane touch with facts, science, tough economic times, the old knot of politics, and the trump cards of weather and climate that are bigger than us, but intersect with us. The solutions are not about numbers, but about listening to numbers in insightful ways; not about political reactions, but about listening eloquently—to those who disagree—in search of common ground. The solutions are not about polarizing battles over Earth's bounty here, but about listening to what our children want this place to be.

Years ago, we created a museum exhibit of Oregon folk art called *Webfoots and Bunchgrassers*, by way of honoring creative citizens on the wet and dry sides of the state. After the show had run its course, I traveled with a friend to return the treasures of the exhibition to their makers. We had artifacts whittled, welded, painted, braided, stamped, and sewn from all over Oregon, and our returning journey took us to far corners of paradise. We dropped off a hand-tooled saddle in Pendleton, a quilt in Wallowa County, a rodeo buckle of bright silver in Suplee, and a throne-chair welded of fifty horseshoes in Burns. The beauty of these works had taken them to Washington, D.C., and from there to Morocco (where the rodeo tack was a hit with the camel herders). Unwrapping these wonders on porches and in living rooms across Oregon, as we returned them to their makers, was a thrill for my hands and eyes. But what struck me most on this journey—no surprise—was the wisdom, skill, and kindness of the Oregon makers.

I remember in particular a conversation in Pendleton with a gentleman named Loren Wood, as I asked about a number of hand-wrought pieces in his shop. I asked the price for a headstall of braided rawhide.

"Local kid made that," Loren said. "If he keeps at it, he'll get pretty good. That's \$50."

I asked about a set of reins in braided horsehair.

"An old fellow from Mexico made that," he said. "You can see the years of his family's long learning in that. Those have to go for \$200."

Then I asked about a headstall and reins, long and supple in counted-strand, black-and-white horsehair, stunning in design and finish, deeply friendly to eye and hand.

"I made that," Loren said. "That took so much time I'm going to have to give it away."

In that moment I understood true citizenship in a cherished place. You have work and earn pay. But then something takes you deeper, and simple forms of accounting fall away. It's about being accountable for something that can't be counted: your family, your craft, your belief, and your place on Earth. All you can do with such treasure is to give and give away.

That's how one becomes an Oregon patriot. That's how you know you will be here for the duration, you will become part of what "here" is about. That's what the student knew when I asked, in a little school on the Oregon Coast, "How many of you will live here all your life?" A wispy girl in grade three raised her hand.


"Because in the morning I go down to the lake, and there's mist, and the air is all soft, and I want to be like that all my life."

Somewhere in the forest a tree is weaving a nest for a bird. Somewhere in the city, or in an Oregon village, or at the end of a road the future is weaving a place for you.

In October I was to give a talk to a gathering of surgeons meeting in the Gorge. Their topics were dire: an alarming suicide rate among top doctors who felt they had failed when they lost a patient, when they could not accomplish the final miracle, when ninety-nine lived but one did not. As remedies, the doctors spoke of meditation, yoga. They had a virtuoso play Chopin. One played a drum to give rhythm to his words. They shared poems, eulogies, powerful silences.

The task of healing involved life and death. The remedy involved great skill with the hand, great knowledge in the mind, deft teamwork—and also healing words and spirit songs for those who did the most difficult work. Deep dedication and long odds for certain procedures made the surgeon's life almost impossible—almost. How could we help each other to keep on? What is the diagnosis for a generation under siege? What prescription can we give one another in these tough times?

As I drove downriver from the conference of wounded healers, dusk was gathering over the water of the big river. I knew the salmon were in there, throbbing against the current for home. We had put dams in their path, mercury in their water, silt in the gravel of final streams. But none of this mattered to them now. They had no thought but giving all they had to find their native places.

And I thought of Sophie's grandmother, as a child with the chain at her ankle, the tug in her heart, staggering through the dark toward what felt like home. 

Joy in the Making

How a Northwesterner's love of calligraphy changed the world

Reed College at that time offered perhaps the best calligraphy instruction in the country. Throughout the campus, every poster, every label on every drawer, was beautifully hand calligraphed. Because I had dropped out and didn't have to take the normal classes, I decided to take a calligraphy class to learn how to do this. I learned about serif and sans serif typefaces, about varying the amount of space between different letter combinations, about what makes great typography great. It was beautiful, historical, artistically subtle in a way that science can't capture, and I found it fascinating. . . . [T]en years later, when we were designing the first Macintosh computer, it all came back to me. And we designed it all into the Mac. It was the first computer with beautiful typography. . . . If I had never dropped out, I would have never dropped in on this calligraphy class, and personal computers might not have the wonderful typography that they do.

—Steve Jobs

THAT QUOTATION FROM A 2005 address by Apple's cofounder received renewed attention when this key player in the personal computer revolution died last fall, reminding fans that his 1970s Portland sojourn paved the way for desktop publishing and much else. But how, exactly, did calligraphy come to play such a large role in a small private college in Oregon?

The visionary behind those classes and

posters was longtime Reed College professor Lloyd Reynolds, MA '29, whose successor, Robert Palladino, taught Jobs and hundreds of other Reed students, along with the thousands that Reynolds (1902–78) himself taught between 1929 and his retirement four decades later. “He was critical in the introduction of calligraphy to the Pacific Northwest and to the West Coast,” says his former student, Reed College special collections librarian Gay Walker.

Jobs wasn't the only one to achieve fame beyond the esoteric world of calligraphy. Poets Gary Snyder, William Stafford, and Carolyn Kizer, composer Lou Harrison, type designer Sumner Stone, printmaker Margot Voorhies Thompson, and many other artists were deeply influenced by Reynolds and his philosophy. A recent retrospective exhibition at Reed's Cooley Memorial Art Gallery revealed the breadth of the Oregon artist and scholar's influence and the beauty of his art.

Reynolds's philosophy began to take shape during his years at the UO in the 1920s. He had moved to Oregon from Minnesota with his family as a child in 1914, and even then he loved to draw, especially letters. After graduating from Portland's Franklin High School in 1920, he earned a degree in botany and forestry from Oregon State; then, after teaching high school in Roseburg and doing some unsatisfying advertising lettering, Reynolds obtained a master's degree in English literature from the UO. His philosophy of art and learning sprang from the writers he studied at the University. “William Blake, John Ruskin, and William Morris had become my mentors,” Reynolds wrote. “All three hated com-

mercialism and industrialism and valued art, literature, and book-making.”

“Reynolds revered and absorbed the ideas of William Morris [who] propounded the ‘craftsman ideal,’ the belief that natural beauty, simplicity, and utility should infuse everyday life and everyday objects, and goods should be made by artisans rather than by machines,” Cooley Gallery curator and director Stephanie Snyder wrote in the exhibition catalog.

Reynolds believed that art and art-making were for everyone, not just elites. That democratic attitude fit in at Portland's Reed College, which even then had earned a reputation for left-leaning thinking and rigorous curricula. Reed hired Reynolds to teach English and creative writing in 1929. Still, his childhood attraction to lettering wouldn't subside. In 1934, he found a book on the history of writing and lettering. “It was like a bolt of lightning. Here was the insight I had been seeking,” he recalled later. “The only logical approach is the historical one. Learn to cut reed and quill pens and write your way through the history of the alphabet!”

Impressed by his early efforts, the English department asked Reynolds to make calligraphed bulletin board announcements. Students who encountered his strikingly elegant script asked for informal instruction, and by 1948, Reynolds was running a new workshop course in calligraphy.

His studio classes included lectures on the history of letters, design, philosophy, literature, page layout, and other contextual material. In addition, using brown, red, or black felt-tip markers, he would demonstrate each alphabet, writing on butcher

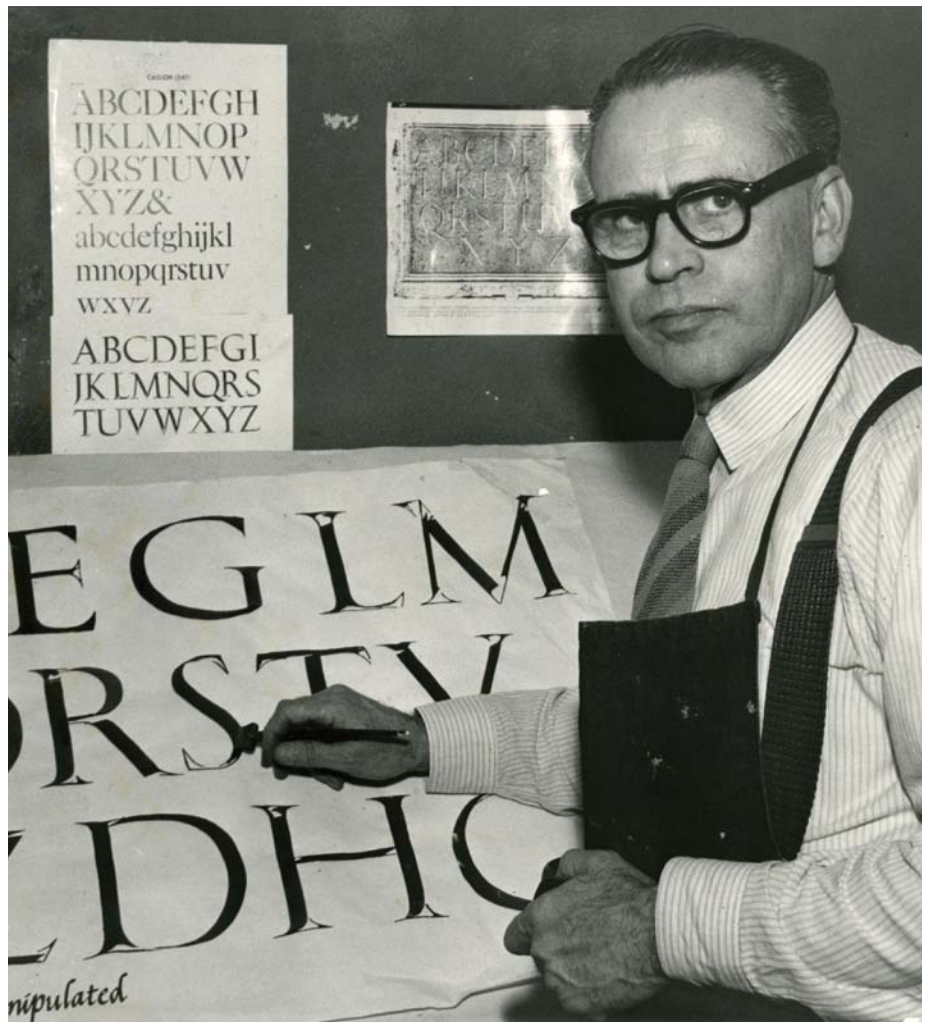
paper mounted on easels, and the students would practice imitating him, over and over, learning by example. Eventually, the self-taught Reynolds would teach book design, typography, and printmaking as well, and not just at Reed, but also at Marylhurst College (now University), at the city's art museum, and in workshops for teachers around the country.

"By the late fifties and sixties, the full impact of Reynolds's teaching was apparent on campus," wrote Walker, who helped curate the Cooley exhibition, in the catalog. "His classes were oversubscribed and fully attended—the art history course commonly had standing room only. . . . Everywhere were attractive hand-lettered posters, banners, and broadsides. The campus was abuzz with this beautifying functional art."

Calligraphy was not the only way Reynolds left his mark. The Cooley Gallery exhibit demonstrated the artist's superior printmaking skills and wood and zinc engraving, all of which he applied to book illustrations and taught in graphic arts workshops. He also designed bookplates, including one used at Reed's Hauser Memorial Library for almost half a century, and cofounded Reed's Champoeg Press.

Just as Reynolds retained the love of English lit he'd learned at the UO, he maintained the love of nature cultivated in his forestry studies at OSU, so Reedies in those days could sometimes spot "weathergrams"—brief texts about seasonal subjects Reynolds inscribed on the backs of used brown paper grocery sacks and hung on tree branches during the stretch between solstice and equinox. "We let a bough or branch be our publisher," one read.

Reynolds's reverence for nature and progressive political views stretched back for decades. Some of his late 1930s and early 1940s prints opposed American involvement in Europe's wars. One of the darkest images in the Cooley exhibit depicts a fierce figure gazing haughtily down at the viewer. His 1954 print *The Accuser* was made around the same time he was ordered to testify at the House Un-American Activities Committee hearings in Portland, based on accusations that he, like many American artists and intellectuals of the time, had once been a member of the Young Communist League. Reynolds refused to answer the committee's questions, resulting in suspension from teach-



Longtime Reed College professor Lloyd Reynolds, MA '29

ing his summer course. To keep his job, he reluctantly agreed to explain his political affiliations to Reed's president and some trustees. (Another Reed professor and close friend was fired after refusing to do so.)

The incident didn't diminish the high regard Reynolds earned in his distinguished academic career. Governor Tom McCall '36 appointed him Oregon's Calligrapher Laureate in 1972. Several of the award certificates he received from arts and educational institutions appeared in the Cooley exhibit—beautifully calligraphed by his students. (The exhibit's catalog copy is set in ITC Stone Serif, designed by Reynolds's student Sumner Stone.)

While Steve Jobs arrived too late to take calligraphy directly from Reynolds, the master's inspiring legacy is unmistakable; Apple's sleek creations embody the ideals of useful beauty Jobs learned from the classes Reynolds designed. The Apple

cofounder famously placed his company at the intersection of technology and liberal arts, reflecting the classroom combination of literature, history, and technique training practiced by Reynolds and Palladino.

But though he would likely have admired their user-centered usefulness and minimalist design, Reynolds himself might not have entirely approved of Jobs's technological creations. "Since the early 1960s, a profound change in Western culture has appeared," he wrote. "Many people have become aware of the faults in our commercial, technological culture. They are tired of being only spectators and consumers. We can make things, not just push buttons. We might not need electric toothbrushes, electric can openers, pencil sharpeners, and shoe polishers. We can use our hands. In writing something, we might use a pen and ignore the electric typewriter. Instead of boredom, joy in the making!"

—Brett Campbell, MS '96

Workplace Revolution

An alternative office model for a growing mobile workforce is changing the way we work—and is likely coming to a town near you.

MIGUEL MCKELVEY '99, A New York architect and former UO basketball player, was encountering some on-the-job frustration. He was working for an architecture firm in a building of shared offices with several other small companies. The landlord would rent the whole space to one person, who would then have to sublet the unused space to the others. "It was a big hassle," McKelvey says, "and it had a boring corporate atmosphere, a Sheetrock box." So he and another tenant decided to create a place with far greater flexibility and without the long-term commitment. "We wanted to provide everything," he says, "furniture, equipment—so you could walk in with your computer and start working."

McKelvey's experiment was a success and he and his partner moved on to found WeWork, a shared office community now with three locations in New York City, one in San Francisco, and another soon to open in Los Angeles.

McKelvey is not alone in his quest for a better work environment. The American workforce is changing and workers are seeking new ways to address their evolving needs. "Contingent workers," such as freelancers, temps, part-time workers, and contractors, will make up more than 40 percent of the U.S. workforce by the end of this decade, according to the *Intuit 2020 Report*, a study conducted by Emergent Research in partnership with Intuit Inc. The report also states that "more than 80 percent of large corporations plan to substantially increase their use of a flexible workforce in the coming years," and the numbers of self-employed and microbusinesses are on the rise.

Many mobile workers take refuge in coffee shops to escape the isolation of the home office or clutter of the kitchen table—but even Starbucks has limitations. So, thanks to some forward-thinking entrepreneurs, like McKelvey, new options are becoming available. Shared-office environments, designed specifically for this contingent workforce, are popping up in cities large and small, but they're not your typical



Does Coworking Make Workers Happier?

More than 1,500 people from fifty-two countries took part in *DeskMag's* Second Global Coworking Survey, which showed that "individuals increase their productivity and networks by joining a coworking space."

- 93 percent said their social circle had increased
- 86 percent said their business network had grown
- 76 percent reported an increase in productivity
- 88 percent said their isolation had decreased
- 74 percent said their self-confidence got a boost
- 61 percent said their health improved

—compiled by DeskMag, deskmag.com

office spaces. These new workplace environments are part of a movement called *coworking*, where independent workers share flexible, furnished spaces to create community and promote collaboration. And the cost is much less than renting a traditional office, with average monthly membership prices ranging from \$195 for an unassigned workstation used on a drop-in basis to \$387 for a permanent desk.

Coworking emerged in the United States in the late nineties among the tech crowd. "In the wake of the dot-com bust, the idea sputtered, but lost its footing,"

according to *DeskMag*, an online magazine about coworking. It made a comeback in 2005, and really got going a couple of years ago. "The movement has roughly doubled in size every year since 2006," the magazine reports. The latest *DeskMag* survey found that there are now more than 1,100 coworking facilities worldwide.

Ryan Coonerty '96, cofounder and chief strategist of NextSpace in Santa Cruz, California, sees coworking as more of a revolution than a trend. "We believe we are going through a once-in-a-century shift," he says, "a revolution not unlike the Industrial Revolution or the Technological Revolution. Companies will seek independent workers depending on the project," he predicts, "like movie studios change their actors every movie." But to do that, you have to create the infrastructure.

He hopes NextSpace is helping to facilitate the transition. He believes that mobile workers want to get out of coffee shops and have their own space—but they don't want to be at home alone. "People like being around other people," he says. "While they don't miss some of the traditional office culture—like cubicles and set work schedules—holiday parties matter."

When Coonerty got involved in the coworking movement, he was mayor of Santa Cruz and looking for a way to jump-start the local economy. "One day [the city council members and I] were sitting in Starbucks and noticed how many people were working there," he recalls. "We started to think that instead of attracting one 200-person company, we could get 200 one-person companies." A coworking space could help make that happen.

NextSpace launched in October 2008. A year later, a second location opened in San Francisco, followed in 2011 by others in Los Angeles and San Jose. Coonerty hopes to open another four to six coworking spaces by the end of this year.

Mark Grimes '83 was taking a similar approach in the Northwest. He opened NedSpace about three years ago in downtown Portland in a red brick building that's more than 100 years old and rumored to

have been a speakeasy. Grimes, already a successful entrepreneur a few times over, wanted to create a place for start-ups, remote workers, and social entrepreneurs where “you can be online and ready to go in five minutes,” and where workers can feed off of the innovations and inspiration of their peers. Grimes found an isolated workforce hungry for collaboration, and six months after the first NedSpace opened, a second location was blossoming in Old Town. And he’s not planning to stop there. He says he’s in talks about other locations, beyond Portland—some *way* beyond Portland. “The bigger dream is to create a larger network around the world,” he says. “My personal goal is to see this model built out to emerging markets in developing countries.”

There seem to be as many reasons for coworking as there are coworkers. Mar-

garet Rosas, founder of Quiddities, an Internet consulting agency, was one of the original members of NextSpace in Santa Cruz. She is a strong advocate for working locally and using local talent. She sees coworking as “an interesting exercise in being collaborative instead of competitive.” Since she’s been at NextSpace, she has rented offices of varying sizes to accommodate her growing business. Now she is changing her membership again—closing her company and going to work for a tech firm. But she’s not leaving NextSpace. She will move to a “café membership,” which will allow her to use the open, café-style workspace and still have access to all of NextSpace’s resources, including conference rooms, office machines, and access to other NextSpace members through an online network for immediate collaboration and assistance. This fluidity is a big part of coworking’s appeal. “It makes it incredibly easy to just start tomorrow,” Rosas says.

Sandy Skees, CEO and founder of public relations agency Communications-4Good, was working out of her home when she found NextSpace. “I was looking for a

community, and the ability to collaborate with graphic designers, etc.,” she says. “NextSpace was rich with helpful, smart, engaged people.” They even have a staff member whose job it is to facilitate collaboration. For example, “they might be talking to a new member whose company is just getting ready to launch and they need a PR person, and off we go,” she says. “Once you get comfortable here, this stuff happens organically all the time.” Some large, some small; recently, she says, a member left her iPhone charger at home, so she sent out a request to the online community and within seven minutes she had three people standing in her doorway offering to lend her a charger.

There is currently no standard definition of coworking. It means different things to different people. “One of the beautiful things about coworking is that you can change your experience of it depending on what your needs are,” Skees says. “I think it’s a really remarkable concept for the way we are going to work in the future, and its time has come.”

—LeeAnn Dakers '96

UO Alumni Calendar

Go to uoalumni.com/events for detailed information

March 4

Ducks in the Desert Reception and Golf Tournament

PALM DESERT, CALIFORNIA

March 7

UO Alumni Women’s Roundtable

WHITE STAG BLOCK, PORTLAND

March 21

Lady Antebellum Concert

MATTHEW KNIGHT ARENA

April 17

Ducks Biz Lunch

SEATTLE CHAPTER

April 18

Reception and Advocacy at U.S. Capitol

WASHINGTON, D.C.

April 21

Sonoma County Wine Tour

BAY AREA CHAPTER

May 16

Ducks Biz Lunch

PUGET SOUND CHAPTER



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

“...he was also in that clique that included Bill Bowerman, and Mel Krause, and Len Casanova...”

See who Rick Friberg is talking about at UODuckStore.com/MyAlumniLife



Ducks Serving Ducks—Since 1920



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Not Your Everyday, Cookie-Cutter Boosters

The Daisy Ducks enhance student athletes' experiences at the UO.

EXTRME FITNESS, UNRELENTING speed, and innovative coaching gave the 2011 Oregon football team a formidable finishing kick.

Or maybe it was the halftime Rice Krispies treats.

"It's the sugar, you know . . . that's why they came out and won so many games in the third and fourth quarters. We like to say the Rice Krispies bars made them such a strong second-half team," jokes Daisy Duck Karen Hansen, president of the unique booster group that cooks up these homespun performance enhancers—which may or may not have propelled the Ducks to their January 2 Rose Bowl win over Wisconsin—and does much more to support Oregon athletics.

Anyone who has attended an Oregon men's home basketball game likely recalls the Daisy Ducks engaged in their most visible form of boosting. For twenty-two years, the Daisies, most often silver-haired ladies bedecked in a plumage of green and yellow, have posted up inside arena entries, hawking bingo cards.

At halftime, an announcer calls numbers until a yell of "BINGO!" from somewhere in the crowd. Many players then crumple their not-this-time cards and chuck them to rain down on lower seating levels—a tradition started at Mac Court that has migrated to Matthew Knight Arena. The winner takes home up to \$750, half of the nightly pot, plus a \$100 gift card from sponsor Bi-Mart.

The proceeds support two endowed scholarship funds for student athletes, often native Oregonians and those in non-revenue sports. The Daisy Ducks, part of the Oregon Boosters Association, donate \$15,000 to \$20,000 per year, mostly to the endowments with the rest to the general Duck Athletic Fund.

"I've sold as many as 500 or 600 tickets in a night myself," Hansen says. "Some people will say things like, 'I've been buying tickets for twenty years and never won a thing!' And I'll just smile and tell them to



Victoria Williams '81 at the bingo wheel, picking out a winner. Courtside announcer Don Essig '64, '71, to the right, calls out the numbers.

think about the good they're doing for our students."

While you're most likely to encounter the Daisy Ducks in Knight Arena these days, they evolved from a group of women who convened in 1972 to learn about football in "chalk talks" with head coach Dick Enright. Forty years later, the club does more than many in the UO community realize to support athletics, and especially student athletes themselves.

It starts with care packages loaded with apples or other fruit, sometimes personal notes of encouragement, and always homemade cookies. The Daisy Ducks send along such a bundle for every member of every UO men's and women's team (excluding Club Sports) on every road trip.

Conservative estimates put the Daisies' cumulative cookie contribution at somewhere around 325,000, with more than 25,000 baked annually in recent years.

"You talk to any former player about

the Daisy Ducks, and the first thing they say will be 'Man, I miss those cookies,'" says Dino Philyaw, running back for Oregon's 1993–94 football teams and one of the stars of the 1995 Rose Bowl. "I'm a sweets guy, so I always liked getting that Daisy Duck treat."

Philyaw now owns Philyaw's Cookout and Catering in Eugene. "It was really nice to see that somebody was willing to go that extra mile to make you feel at home and make you feel like part of a family, like I did at Oregon," recalls Philyaw, who journeyed a long way from his own home in North Carolina, via a California junior college, to Oregon. He went on to play six years of professional football, including three in the National Football League with the Carolina Panthers and New Orleans Saints, before resettling in Eugene.

Making Eugene and the University feel like home for all student athletes is a top priority for the Daisy Ducks. The group

assigns a chairperson to each of sixteen UO teams, from acrobatics and tumbling to baseball to women's lacrosse in addition to the Oregon Marching Band and cheer-leading squads.

Along with their prodigious cookie output, the Daisies host annual welcoming potlucks for each team, send birthday cards to every athlete, visit those who are injured or ill in the hospital, and generally act as surrogate mothers and grandmothers for those struggling with college life and the stresses of their sports.

"It's hard for a lot of people who go to the games to remember that these are still kids," says Hansen, who is the Daisies' football chair. "We try to be there if they need anything."

Director of Athletics Rob Mullens says the University's newest student athletes benefit most from the Daisies' family-style support. "The upperclassmen normally are confident in who they are and where they're at, but younger student athletes often struggle with being homesick."

Beyond that, Mullens says, the Daisies provide a nurturing spirit that permeates every level of athletics at the UO. "It's just this incredibly supportive group," he says. "You always see their friendly smiling faces in and around the program, always there for us and willing to help with anything we ask."

Mullens, who came to Oregon by way of the Universities of Kentucky, Miami, and Maryland, says he is not aware of a group quite like the Daisies at any other school.

He met a few Daisy Ducks during his first week at Oregon in August 2010, when they attended the news conference introducing him. Soon after, Mullens visited the club's weekly meeting as a guest speaker. Just as they do with incoming student athletes, the Daisy Ducks did their best to ease Mullens's transition from Lexington to Eugene—some longtime members surprised him with a playful Kentucky Derby skit.

"They had a little stick horse and raced around the room," Mullens remembers, laughing. "Right away I got a real sense of how much spirit and energy they have. They are so full of life, and they absolutely love the Ducks."

Most of the 250 or so current Daisy Ducks are retirement-age or older women who delight in donning UO colors—and not just on game days. Many have a connection to UO athletics, such as a friend or

relative who competed for the school. Some are alumni, while others, like Hansen, are Eugene-area residents who became Oregon fans by proximity.

While not referred to as Donald Ducks or Daisy Dudes, some members' husbands and other men pay the \$35 annual dues for Daisy Ducks membership as well. "We won't turn anybody away as long as they love the Ducks," promises Hansen.


For many club members, Hansen says, the Tuesday lunch meetings at Eugene's Red Lion Inn are a cherished opportunity to glimpse behind the scenes of UO sports. The weekly speaker, most often an athlete, coach, trainer, or administrator, shares candid insights, strategies, and sometimes a secret or two. The Oregon Duck himself has been known to drop by and musical guests with UO ties have included Sup-witchugirl (of "I Love My Ducks" fame), a cappella group On the Rocks, and the Green and Yellow Garter Bands.

At every meeting, the Daisy Ducks representing each sport review upcoming road-trip schedules and line up volunteers to bake the requisite cookies.

Bill Clever, the University's athletics compliance officer, also has addressed the group about the fine line between supporting student athletes and giving them special treatment.

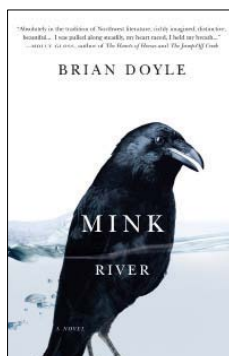
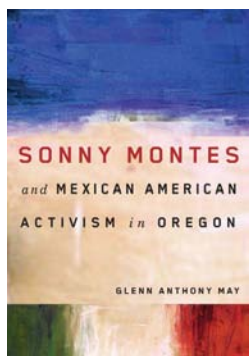
"There are a lot of things you can't do under the NCAA rules, and our members are very tuned in to that," Hansen says. "You can't invite student athletes over for dinner or take them out to dinner, you can't buy them anything, you can't give them anything."

But the Daisies' cards and warm wishes, potlucks, cookies, and Rice Krispies treats amount more to goodwill than gifts and pass scrutiny, as long as every athlete and every team receives equal treatment.

Such a stipulation seems to suit these egalitarian boosters, who strive to feather a welcoming nest for the entire flock of fighting Ducks. 

—Joel Gorthy '98

Download a brochure and membership information at daisyducks.org, or pick them up at locations including the UO Duck Store.



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Oregon outdoors inside Twenty-one copper plate etchings depicting the flora and fauna of Oregon are installed in the Hearth Room (lower right) of the Cheryl Ramberg Ford and Allyn Ford Alumni Center. The large image above depicts a salamander and wild ginger, the smaller piece (upper right) is a brown trout with oak leaves. Photos by Jeff Earp-Thomas.

The Copper Menagerie

Artist Tallmadge Doyle brings Oregon's flora and fauna to the Ford Alumni Center.

ABANANA SLUG IS STUCK ON THE wall of the UO Ford Alumni Center. It's on the lower-left side of the fireplace, under oak leaves, oozing its way toward a western pond turtle perched near blooming trillium flowers. And on the fireplace's right side, a silver-haired bat hangs upside down. In fact, the entire fireplace is besieged by bugs, birds, and beasts.

Etched into copper plates and set into a cedar wall, they make up the *Contemplari Natura* art installation by Eugene printmaker and UO adjunct instructor Tallmadge Doyle, MFA '93. "I wanted to connect the building with nature," she says. "I brought the outside in."

The State of Oregon's One Percent for Art in Public Buildings Program mandates that one percent of new buildings' construction costs must be allocated to public art. When the call went out for artists' proposals for the Ford Alumni Center, more than forty people applied.

The art selection committee chose Doyle's work for her naturalistic portrayal of Oregon's flora and fauna. "It was easy to imagine a visitor taking a seat by the fire and, at a slower pace, exploring the breadth and depth of wild Oregon through her engaging and detailed interpretations," says Teri Giustina, MS '86, a past president of the UO Alumni Association Board of

Directors and a cochair of an alumni center leadership committee. "The fact that Tallmadge is an alum and has taught at Oregon is a happy bonus and a point of pride at the center."

James Meyer '81, the building's architect from Portland's Opsi Architecture firm, says he designed the alumni center to capture a sense of the Pacific Northwest. The fireplace is a central feature of the building and is surrounded by an incense cedar wall (twenty-nine feet long by eight feet high). Doyle's plates are inlaid in the wood, which was milled from a tree living

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near Deady Hall until decay around the tree's base and die-off in the crown forced campus arborists to cut it down three years ago. Meyer says the cedar in combination with Doyle's images captures the Pacific Northwest's environment and history. "They can be appreciated at any scale and distance," he says.

Doyle is a well-known Pacific Northwest printmaker. Last year Oregon's Sitka Center for Art and Ecology awarded her the Ford Family Foundation's Golden Spot residency award. She also won Best in Show in Eugene's Mayor's Art Show. In 2009, she won the Mayor's Art Show Juror's Award. Her prints are in the permanent collections of the Portland Art Museum, the City of Seattle, and the University of Alaska.

For the past ten years, she's also been teaching Introduction to Printmaking and Screen Printing at the UO. "My printmaking professors propelled me to higher levels of artistic inquiry," she says. "I love teaching because I get to carry on the tradition for the next generation of printmakers. And I am often inspired by my students' enthusiasm and creativity."

For the Ford Alumni Center, she chose line etching and aquatint to portray Oregon's native plants and animals. It's a multistep process that starts with Doyle coating a copper plate with a layer of "resist." She then uses a needle to draw detailed images—black-tailed jackrabbits, a pileated woodpecker—through the resist. By bathing the plate in an etching solution, the copper exposed by the needle corrodes



while the copper still covered by the resist remains intact.

Doyle then removes the resist with paint thinner and rubs ink into the plate. The corroded lines and textures hold the ink while the unmodified surface does not—put the plate on a press, add paper, and voilà. "After all that work, you never

know what you'll get until you peel the paper off of the plate," she says. "Even after twenty-five years of doing this, it's always a surprise." After printing editions from each copper plate, Doyle painted the plates with oil-based pigments, sealed them to prevent oxidation, and installed them around the fireplace.

Gavin Tameris '61, who flew into Eugene from North Virginia to attend the Oregon vs. Washington State football game in late October, dropped by the alumni building and admired Doyle's work. "It's wonderful," he says. "I applaud her vision. The realism and proportions are just marvelous. It's hard to etch copper."

It took Doyle nearly a year to design and etch twenty-one plates representing creatures from the Pacific Ocean, old growth forests, the Cascade Mountains, and Eastern Oregon's high desert. "I wanted a variety of species, but I also wanted the collection of plates to be cohesive," she says. "I specifically chose the lynx and wolverine because they are parts of our environment that most people don't see."

Doyle positioned the plates around the fireplace according to their position in nature: a giant Pacific salamander crawling through wild ginger lower down—and at children's eye-level—and a Roosevelt elk higher up. Above the mantelpiece, male and female mallards take to the skies. To prevent the passions of rivalry from getting out of hand, there's not a beaver in sight. ©

—Michele Taylor '10, MS '03

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An Oregon Family Takes Center Stage

IN THE DARK WINGS OF A THEATER, Donna Bontrager and her daughter Hannah '07 watch the stage. They incline their heads toward each other and whisper as Ashley '09, Hannah's younger sister, high-steps into view. Alone on the stage, Ashley pirouettes, her long blond hair swinging behind her.

Hannah and Donna grin when the applause drowns out the music, then it is Hannah's turn to dance. She waddles flat-footed in pointe shoes to her entry mark, takes a breath and lithely runs into the light.

The three Bontrager women devote untold energy to the Eugene-based dance company and academy Ballet Fantastique. They founded the organization eleven years ago and now create, promote, and perform unconventional pieces with the six other members of the company.

The ballerinas have pliéed to Metallica. They dramatized a Vincent van Gogh painting. They dance to the tune of live fiddlers, piano players, and even whistlers who perform onstage. This May they'll dance a rock opera version of *Cinderella* set in the 1960s. Their fresh interpretation of dance is attracting an untraditional audience, a third of whom have never before seen a live ballet performance.

Theatergoers applaud the lifts, jumps, and turns onstage, but they don't see the preparation that occupies most of the company's time: the fundraising, rehearsals, choreography, prop styling, and marketing required to make a small troupe succeed. The academy also teaches area youngsters, many of whom attend classes on scholarship.

Hannah, the company's executive director, is a flurry of action during her sometimes fourteen-hour days. Her work is a complex pas de deux with continually changing partners: the grant that needs writing, the interns who need direction, the room full of eager, leotard-clad children.


During rehearsal in the group's downtown studio, the frenetic activity slows and all energy is focused on the dance. Donna demonstrates a short combination for the troupe members. Ashley and Hannah's



Ballet Fantastique's rehearsal for "As You Like It: A Wild West Ballet" with Hannah Bontrager, performed at the Hult Center for the Performing Arts.

gaze follows the arc of their arms as they flow through the positions. Their expressions are placid, tender, as if the movements were effortless. At the end of the final eight-count, the women finish with their arms poised in front, fingers almost touching.

It is beautiful.

In these moments, dance is a release. The steps and counts quiet nagging, never-finished mental to-do lists. In the studio, the mother-daughter-daughter team members shed their myriad roles. At the barre, they simply dance. 

—Catherine Ryan '06

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Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1950s

Bill Wheatley '56, JD '59, received the fifth annual John E. Jaqua Distinguished Alumnus Award, which recognizes an individual who exemplifies the standards of the University of Oregon School of Law. Wheatley and his wife, **Cherie** '61, live in Eugene.

1960s

In November 2011, **Joe M. Fischer** '60, MFA '63, completed six fine art portrait commissions. Fischer is currently painting a portrait of famed orchestra conductor Eugene Ormandy.

■ **Walter Grebe** '60, '64, shareholder of Oregon law firm Schwabe, Williamson & Wyatt, received the 2011 Leadership in Law recognition from the *Daily Journal of Commerce*.

Albert Drake '62, MFA '66, has published his twenty-eighth book, *Overtures to Motion* (Stone Press, 2011). Three earlier books are now available as e-books.

In robust health, ninety-two-year-old **Ann Helen Winsor**, MEd '62, lives in a retirement community in Arizona, where she works out daily, takes classes, and attends the local Unitarian Universalist church.

At their vast Utah compound, **Alaby Blivet** '63 and wife **Sara Lee Cake** '45 will host the upcoming once-per-decade Cake family reunion. "Untold legions of Cakes will be converging from around the planet," reports Blivet. Cake adds, "We've delegated a lot of the organizing to my sisters, Ginger, Pavlova, and Madeleine," though she remains concerned about arrangements for Baba, the bedridden 106-year-old family matriarch. "Fortunately, we're leaving that to our endlessly optimistic cousin, Pisa."

Evelyn Searle Hess '66, MS '86, received the Willa Literary Award for Creative Nonfiction for her book *To the Woods: Sinking Roots, Living Lightly, and Finding True Home* (Oregon State University Press, 2010).

South Dakota's former secretary of education and cultural affairs **Ronald M. Reed**, PhD '66, received the 2011 George Award from the Rapid City Chamber of Commerce. The award recognizes outstanding leadership in the community.

Multnomah County district attorney **Michael Schrunk**, JD '67, received the Multnomah Bar Association Professionalism Award. Schrunk was recognized for his work improving the legal system and, as his nominators described, for setting a strong example of "doing the right thing."

On November 29, 2011, **J. Dan Rothwell**, MA '69, PhD '77, received the 2011 National Communication Association's



CLASS NOTABLE

Flying High In 2009, Bettisworth North Architects and Planners renovated the terminal of Fairbanks International Airport. **Charles Bettisworth** '67, founder of the firm and principal architect on the project, was pleased to learn in December that *The Atlantic* magazine's online *Cities* publication included his work in its photo essay of "Nine Beautiful New Airport Terminals." 📷

KEN GRAHAM PHOTOGRAPHY—INTERIOR DESIGN BY MARGARET MAZURKIEWICZ

Outstanding Educator Award. Rothwell is chair of the communication studies department at Cabrillo College in Aptos, California.

1970s

Jud '70, '76, and Lynn (Frost) Guitteau '77 launched Gravelly Art, a Portland-based company specializing in gifts and paper products featuring Jud's illustrations. Jud has also designed for clients including Microsoft, AT&T, and Adobe, while Lynn's work as an art director earned her the prestigious Clío Award.

Alan Mitchell, JD '71, recently celebrated the one-year anniversary of his term as mayor of Birchwood, Minnesota.

Keith Mobley, JD '71, received the Edwin B. Parker Enduring Achievement Award for his contribution to the field of telecommunications. Most recently, Mobley spearheaded the creation of a free downtown WiFi system in The Dalles.

The Chamber of Commerce in Silverdale, Washington, named **John Emery '72** its 2011 Citizen of the Year. Emery recently retired as a vice president at Bank of America; previously he served as a lieutenant colonel in the United States Army Reserve. Emery and his wife, **Janet '72**, are still trying to figure out how two Ducks made a Husky (daughter Jannel, a captain in the United States Air Force,

graduated from the University of Washington).

■ Since 2000, **Carole (Tanzer) Miller '74** and her husband, **Joe, MS '78**, have lived in Raleigh, North Carolina. Carole is an editor at *The News and Observer* daily newspaper. Joe is retired after many years of self-employment. They and their son are big fans of UO football and travel to several games a year. Go, Ducks!

In November 2011, former Alaska state senator **Dave Donley '76** was promoted to lieutenant colonel, serving as staff judge advocate for the Alaska State Defense Force. He and his wife, Jamie, recently celebrated the fourth birthday of their twins, a boy and a girl.

Lane County Legal Aid and Advocacy Center staff attorney **John Van Landingham, JD '77**, received the 2011 Distinguished Service Award from the Lane County Bar Association. He and his wife, **Martha, JD '77**, live in Eugene.

John Henderson '78 published a freelance travel story in the *Chicago Tribune* about his sixteen days in Mongolia living in a traditional *ger*, or yurt. The piece is titled "No wonder Genghis Khan sought comfort elsewhere."

1980s

Professor and chair of sociology at the University of Kansas **William G. Staples '80** received one of four annual Higuchi-KU Endowment Research Achievement Awards.

The Washington County Board of Commissioners appointed **Alan Rappleyea '83, JD '89**, county counsel. In this position, Rappleyea will lead the staff of attorneys who provide legal advice to the Washington County government.

In October 2011, public relations professional **Katlin Smith, MS '83**, received the Vocational Service Award from the Rotary Club of Vancouver, Washington. The award recognizes an individual who shows outstanding commitment to her profession, community, and Rotary Club values.

■ **Garth Brandaw '84** designed Salem's WaterPlace building along with **Kirk Sund '04** and **Matthew Stoffregen '04** of CB|Two Architects, LLC. The building received the LEED Platinum award from the U.S. Green Building Council, making it one of only two privately financed commercial developments in Salem to earn the national distinction.

August 2011 found **Annette Gurdjian '84** judging the Southern Oregon Art Show in Grants Pass. Gurdjian's own artwork was on display at the Eugene City Bakery in late 2011.

After twenty-five years as a neurologist, **David Margolin, PhD '87**, entered a five-year JD program at San Joaquin College of Law in Clovis, California. He graduated with distinction in May 2011; two months later he passed the California State Bar Exam.

A recent issue of *Canoe & Kayak* magazine featured **Michael Arnold '88** running the thirty-foot Big Brother Waterfall along White Salmon River. Footage from the trip will appear in an upcoming documentary on white-water rafting. Arnold and his wife, **Susan '01**, live in Puyallup, Washington.

■ Working with former students, high school history teacher **Paul Kim '88** has published several books with the nonprofit Dot-to-Dot Children's Books. The revenue from Kim's books supports communities around the world.

Guy Kudlemyer '89 coauthored *All-American Truck Stops* (Iconografix, 2011). The book chronicles the history of truck stops across the United States.



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1990s

■ The U.S. Senate has unanimously confirmed **Amanda Marshall '92** as Oregon's new U.S. attorney. She lives in McMinnville with her husband, **Ladd Wiles '92**, who is Yamhill County's deputy district attorney. The couple met as students on the UO's debate team.

Becky Kamitsuka, JD '93, was this year's guest speaker at the annual NALS (National Association of Legal Secretaries) of Lane County meeting of legal professionals. Kamitsuka discussed her work as an attorney for the United States Trustee Program. Her husband, **Charles D. Carlson, JD '79**, works as a Lane County circuit judge.

Jason Andrew Bond '95 published his first novel, *Hammerhead* (Jason Andrew Bond, 2011). The book made a number of best-seller lists on Amazon.

Jason E. Grinnell, JD '95, is the new senior counsel in the real estate division of national law firm Dykema Gossett, PLLC.

■ **Matt Thomas, PhD '97**, survived his first semester as an assistant professor at State College of Florida. Previously he worked at a small biotechnology company, experience he's using to help develop a new biotech degree program at the college.

Bradley C. Hermanson, MBA '99, joined international engineering firm GEI Consultants, Inc. Hermanson and wife **Carole E. Scabery, MArch '92**, live in Portland.

2000s

Valerie Sasaki, JD '01, was recognized as mentor of the year by the Taxation Section of the Oregon State Bar. Sasaki is a tax attorney at Northwest-based law firm Miller Nash.

Tina Boscha, MFA '02, self-published a novel, *River in the Sea* (CreateSpace, 2011), about one girl's path to adulthood in World War II-era Netherlands. Boscha works as a composition instructor in the UO's English department.

Nick Bradshaw '02 was promoted to assignment manager at KATU-TV, Portland's ABC affiliate.

■ **Jon Carras '02** won a 2010 Emmy Award for producing *Paving the Way*, which profiled the failing steel town of Braddock, Pennsylvania. The story originally appeared on *CBS Sunday Morning*. He was also a finalist for a 2010 James Beard Award for his story on Chuck Williams, founder of Williams-Sonoma.

■ On January 6, 2011, **Reid Seino '02** welcomed a future Duck, son Nicholas Hiroki Seino. Nicholas loves UO sports and, according to Dad, is practicing to someday take on the role of the Duck.

■ **Kimberley Mangum '03, PhD '05**, received the Willa Literary Award for Scholarly Nonfiction for *A Force for Change: Beatrice Morrow Cannady and the Struggle for Civil Rights in Oregon, 1912-1936* (Oregon State University Press, 2010).

■ A building designed by CBJTwo Architects **Kirk Sund '04, Matthew Stoffregen '04, and Garth Brandaw '84** recently received the LEED Platinum award from the U.S. Green Building Council. The WaterPlace building is

a 42,000 square foot commercial space across from city hall in Salem.

Tyler Mack '05 has returned to Eugene to join the staff of *The Register-Guard* as director of the digital media department. In 2008, the Newspaper Association of America listed Mack as one of the "top twenty under forty" industry professionals.

Nolan Stolz, MMus '07, released a new CD, *Nolan Stolz Rock Orchestra*, including the work of UO graduate student Daniel Cathey. Stolz also appears on the CD *Zafra Ct.* by indie rock band Halloween Town. When not in the studio, Stolz is an assistant professor of music at the University of South Dakota.

In November 2011, **Gavin Bruce '08** joined Portland-based law firm Lindsay, Hart, Neil and Weigler to work in the areas of medical malpractice defense and maritime law.

2010s

Sculptor **John Paul Gardner, MFA '10**, exhibited his work at the Brattleboro Museum and Art Center in Vermont. He also appeared in the publications *Split Rail*, *491 Magazine*, and *ArtHash*. In February 2012, Gardner will host a solo exhibition at Wyatt Art Studios in Rochester, New Hampshire.

After a nationwide search **Danielle Knapp, MA '10**, was chosen as the David and Anne McCosh Fellow Curator at the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. She curated her first show this summer, *The Making of David McCosh: Early Paintings, Drawings, and Prints*.

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Recent Clark Honors College graduate **Cara Kuhlman** '11 spent fall 2011 touring America. Kuhlman tracked her 8,000-mile journey on the website *The Girl Who Drove Around the Country* (www.kuhlcat.com).

In Memoriam

Phi Beta Kappa brother **Alfred S. Tyson** '37, MA '39, died December 14, 2011, at age ninety-six. A devoted organist, Tyson was ordained an Episcopal priest after attending seminary in Berkeley, California. For almost thirty years, he served as rector of Saint George's in Roseburg. Upon his retirement from Saint George's, Tyson and his wife of fifty-seven years, Caroline, moved to Elkton, where he served as mayor for eleven terms, until the age of ninety-one.

Vinton Harold Snyder '39 died October 25, 2011, at age ninety-four. During World War II, Snyder served in the U.S. Navy. Having studied music at the UO, he played trombone in a band on his Navy troop carrier. He also played in the 1945 funeral procession for President Franklin D. Roosevelt. Snyder made his living teaching music in his hometown of Lebanon, Oregon. He later opened a piano-tuning business and continued to play trombone with community bands.

Pi Kappa Phi brother **Warren Woodruff** '50, '52, died July 21, 2011, at age eighty-nine. Woodruff served in the National Guard before joining the U.S. Navy in January 1940. While stationed at Pearl Harbor, he contracted tuberculosis and was released from the Navy in January 1941 to battle the disease. Upon recovery, he returned to Oregon. His legal career included service as a deputy district attorney, district judge, and municipal judge. He also maintained a private law practice until his retirement in 1982.

Eleanor (Johns) Lowry '51 died November 11, 2011, at the age of eighty-one. She was a sister of Delta Gamma sorority. Lowry worked as an administrative assistant at Portland's Linfield-Good Samaritan School of Nursing. In her free time, she loved exploring the outdoors; a member of the Mazamas, Lowry climbed both Middle and South Sister.

Merchant Marine and U.S. Army veteran **Charles "Jerry" Saeger** '53 died August 1, 2011. He was eighty-six. Along with his career in the insurance industry, Saeger served on a number of community boards and spent two decades as company chairman for the Riverview Hose Company No. 3 of volunteer firemen. He was also a Mason for forty-six years.

Richard "Rick" Thacker Jr. '53 died September 24, 2011, at the age of eighty. Thacker was a brother of Phi Delta Theta. After graduation, he served for two years as a lieutenant in the U.S. Army before beginning a career in television. His work took him from Houston to Hollywood. Throughout it all, he remained a loyal follower of Ducks athletics.

Howard Patrick Egger '57 died October 18, 2011, at age seventy-eight. Egger served in the Korean War, eventually achieving the rank of second lieutenant. During his service, Egger assisted the company's dentist, work that sparked an interest in the field. Once back home, he enrolled at the UO dental school (now OHSU School of Dentistry). He worked as a dentist in Eugene for forty years.

At age 101, **Lee Sharman** '57, MEd '61, died November 22, 2011. He and his wife, Ruby, were married sixty-seven years. Sharman worked as a teacher in Reedsport. With a background in the restaurant business, he encouraged students to raise their grades by baking a pie for any straight-A

student. Sharman loved the Oregon Ducks and watched UO games until his last weeks of life.

Retired biochemistry educator and toxicologist **Ralph Russell Wilkinson**, MA '57, PhD '62, died May 10, 2011, at age eighty-one. During his career, Wilkinson worked as a research chemist at the Kansas City VA Medical Center and as a professor at Cleveland Chiropractic College. During his retirement, Wilkinson occasionally worked as a tour guide at the Kemper Museum of Contemporary Art. He and his wife, **Evelyn** '55, celebrated their fifty-fourth wedding anniversary last August.

Delta Delta Delta sister **Nancy (Draper) Taylor** '58 died June 21, 2011. She was seventy-five. After graduating from the UO, Taylor married D. R. Taylor, her husband for more than fifty years. The couple moved to Prineville in 1972 where they ran a farm. For many years, Taylor was involved in the horseracing and sheep industries. She long served as the open class livestock superintendent at the Crook County Fair.

Ray L. Wilson Jr. '59 died October 10, 2011, at age seventy-four. After graduating, Wilson followed a fellow classmate, **Mary Wilson** '59, to Hawaii. They married and had two children—son **Brian** '97 attended the UO. A former president of Dillingham Land Corporation, Wilson also founded and served as president and CEO of CB Commercial Real Estate Group of Hawaii. He was a Ducks season ticket holder for ten years.

Retired Superior Court judge **Loren Miller Jr.** '60 died December 5, 2011. He was seventy-four. Miller was the second of three generations in his family to serve on the California bench.



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All-American **Roscoe Cook Jr.** '61, one of the UO's great sprinters, died in December 2011 at age seventy-two. Cook, who was inducted into the UO Athletic Hall of Fame in 2010, held world and American records in the 100-yard outdoor and sixty-yard indoor sprints. He later earned a doctorate in education from the University of Massachusetts.

Michael D. Wonser '63, MFA '65, died November 10, 2011, at age seventy-one. Wonser was a professor of fine arts at Adams State College in Alamosa, Colorado. After twenty-five years at Adams State, Wonser returned to his hometown of Bend, where he taught art history at Central Oregon Community College until relocating to Oregon City in 2007. Wonser remained active in the art community throughout his life, spearheading many local art events.

Alpha Phi sister **Jane Benidt-Gleason** '65 died September 25, 2011. She was seventy. Benidt-Gleason raised four daughters and was active in both the PTA and Lutheran church. After living in Seattle, Santa Rosa, and Hawaii, she and her family moved to the Monterey Peninsula, where she worked with Youth Music Monterey, Carmel Valley Ranch, and the Santa Lucia Preserve. Benidt-Gleason spent her retirement in San Diego.

Army veteran **Star Fuji**, JD '84, died August 22, 2011, at age sixty-one. Fuji worked for the U.S. Veterans Administration, Social Security Administration, and, upon arriving back in Oregon in 1986, the Department of Transportation. He was a member of the Oregon State Bar Association. In his free time, he volunteered at the Tigard Tualatin Swim Club.

Faculty and Staff In Memoriam

Professor emerita of Japanese language and literature **Yoko (Matsuka) McClain** '56, MA '67, died November 2, 2011. She was eighty-seven. The granddaughter of Natsume Soseki, described as the "Mark Twain of Japan," McClain was born in Tokyo. A Fulbright brought her to the UO, where she began a lifelong relationship with the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art. Her work was recognized in August 2011 when McClain received the museum's Gertrude Bass Warner Award. McClain's time as a UO academic was similarly honored in 2003 with the College of Arts and Sciences Alumni Fellow Award.

Russian language and literature professor **James "Jim" Rice** died September 23, 2011, at age seventy-three. Rice began teaching at the UO in 1967. During his career in Eugene, he served as committee chair and director of the Russian and East European Studies Center and was honored as an emeritus professor in 2001. His published work included *Dostoevsky and the Healing Art* (Ardis, 1985) and *Freud's Russia: National Identity in the Evolution of Psychoanalysis* (Transaction Publishers, 1993). Rice and his wife, **Laura Anderson** '85, JD '88, were married twenty-eight years.

Former superintendent of the UO printing department **Walter Parsons** died October 23, 2011, ten days after

In Memoriam Policy

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

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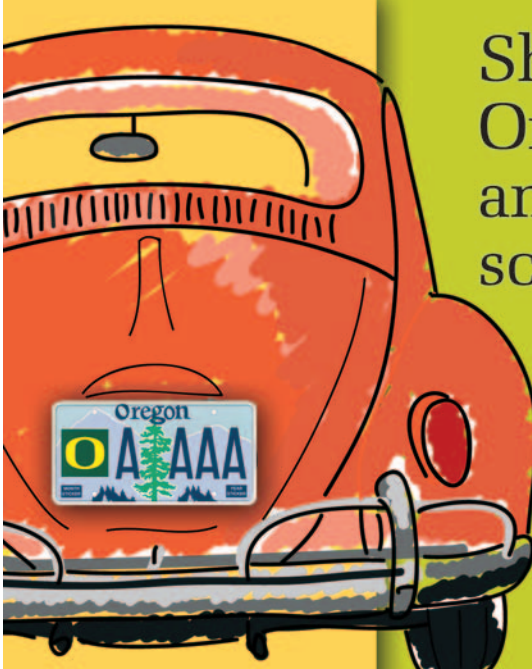
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celebrating his ninety-third birthday. Parsons served in the Merchant Marine during World War II, earning bars for his service in both the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans. He began working for the UO in 1964 and was promoted to superintendent in 1974. He retired in 1983.

Margaret Jean Wiese died October 24, 2011, at age ninety-two. Wiese moved to Eugene in 1947 to join the faculty of the University's home economics department. She retired thirty-four years later as an associate professor of health education. She was granted professor emerita status in 1981.


Harper Bates, MArch '04, died December 6, 2011, after living two-and-a-half years with ALS (Lou Gehrig's disease). He was forty. After graduation, he joined Holst Architects in Portland. He also taught a digital media course for the UO in Portland.

Susan Guion Anderson died December 24, 2011, four days short of her forty-fifth birthday. Since 1999, Anderson taught linguistics at the UO; she was promoted to full professor weeks prior to her death. She headed the UO second language acquisition and teaching certification program and helped form the UO World Languages Academy.

Internationally renowned environmental lawyer, scholar, and advocate for citizens' rights **Svitlana Kravchenko** died February 10. She was sixty-two. Kravchenko was director of the University of Oregon's LL.M. (master of laws) Program in Environmental and Natural Resources Law. She authored twelve books, taught for more than thirty-five years, and recently received the Senior Scholarship Prize from the International Union for Conservation of Nature Academy of Environmental Law. 

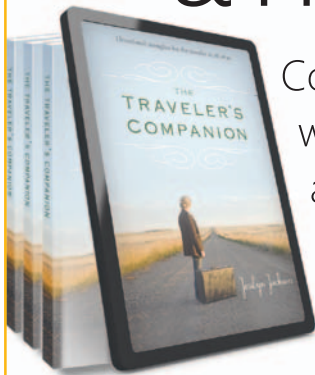


DUCKS AFIELD

Smelling Roses in Mongolia Kelsey Hubbard '07 sent OQ this photo of her friend, die-hard Ducks fan Nick Armstrong celebrating with his students just hours after Oregon's Rose Bowl victory. A native Oregonian, Armstrong is in the Peace Corps, teaching English in Ikh-Uul, a remote town of 3,000 in the mountains of northern Mongolia. After returning to Oregon in July 2013, he hopes to attend graduate school in journalism at the UO. 

In Ducks Afield OQ publishes photos of graduates with UO regalia (hats, T-shirts, flags, and such) in the most distant or unlikely or exotic or lovely places imaginable. We can't use blurry shots and only high-resolution digital files, prints, or slides will reproduce well in our pages. Send your photo along with background information and details of your class year and degree to quarterly@uoregon.edu.

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April 12, 2012
"The Neurobiology of Violence and Healing with Art Therapy." **Linda Chapman**, director, Art Therapy Institute of the Redwoods. Sponsor: OHC's Colin Ruagh Thomas O'Fallon Memorial Lectureship.



May 15, 2012—Eugene
May 16, 2012—Portland
"A Decade of War." **Andrew J. Bacevich**, International Relations and History, Boston University; retired career officer, U.S. Army, and author of *Washington Rules: America's Path to Permanent War* and *The Limits of Power: The End of American Exceptionalism*. Sponsor: OHC's Kritikos Lectureship.

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"We've been the bridesmaids so many times, and now we've really won the center stage." See what Rick Friberg is talking about at UODuckStore.com/MyAlumniLife



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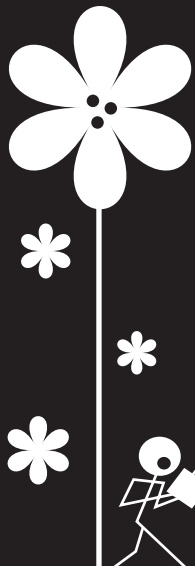
Address Changes.
Class Notes.
Letters to the Editor.
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D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Spring issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly



Ever the Prankster Ken Kesey officiating at the Further Festival at his Pleasant Hill farm in 1992.



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1922 Recounting some unusual early fundraising strategies, Lillian Auld '22 tells of two young boys who presented UO supporter Mrs. Ben Dorris with a gift of thirty-five cents. Coincidentally, the Dorris henhouse was short two chickens, which the local butcher confirmed having purchased earlier in the day from the young "philanthropists" for fifty cents.

1932 Prince Gary "Prink" Callison is named head football coach at Oregon, he replaces Clarence W. Spears, who surprised many Oregonians by breaking his contract to become coach at . . . the University of Wisconsin.

1942 Hundreds of students, faculty members, and administrators of draft age file through McArthur Court to add their names to wartime selective service lists. Among them is UO President Donald M. Erb, who, at age forty-two, is one of the youngest university presidents in the nation.


1952 Known around campus as "a quiet art student," Isabell Stanley '44 turns heads in New York's couture showrooms as the first fashion model chosen by Parisian newcomer Christian Dior to showcase his collections in America.

1962 Junior Mary Ann Dean '63 helpfully attempts to "break the lingo barrier" between generations by translating such of-the-moment terms as "mickey" (easy) courses, "geets" (unpleasant individuals), and "groveling and lippy-do" (kissing).

1972 After respected UO football coach Jerry Frei resigns under pressure from some influential Duck Club members, *Old Oregon* notes, "Suddenly a lot of people realize that aspects of big business and professionalism in intercollegiate athletics may be getting out of hand. But can anything be done about it?"

1982 Avoiding the "dull, dry historical tradition" of typical Oregon history books, Patricia Hoy Hainline '56 and Margaret Carey establish Calapooia Publications to publish books that will "get down to the history of the people!" In every town, Hainline notes, "We always find at least one murder . . . and a major fire, too."

1992 The UO Student Health Center experiences a dramatic increase in students seeking HIV tests in the wake of NBA star Magic Johnson's announcement of his retirement from professional basketball, prompted by his diagnosis with AIDS.

2002 Marking the death of local celebrity Ken Kesey '57, four former students recall in an *Oregon Quarterly* story the UO writing course Kesey taught that produced the 1990 novel *Caverns*. Requiring the nascent novelists to check their egos at the door, Kesey led them to craft a truly collaborative tale, the manuscript of which was delivered to the Springfield post office (after being sped down I-5 in a roaring '67 Mercury) at exactly 5:00 P.M. on deadline day. 



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2012 RECIPIENTS

Keith Thomson and Dave Petrone



KEITH THOMSON was a pioneer for Oregon's high-tech industry. He joined Intel Corporation in 1969, one year after the company was founded, and went on to become vice president and Oregon site manager. Thomson selected Aloha for

Intel to build its first Oregon facility in 1973 and moved to Oregon in 1979. He retired in 1998.

A stalwart advocate for education, Thomson has worked to improve Oregon schools in many different ways. He was a member of the UO Foundation Board of Trustees from 2001 to 2011 and board chair from 2007 to 2008.

Thomson also served as chairman of the governor's School Transformation Advisory Committee. Keith and Julie Thomson have given generously to the UO College of Education, scholarships, and the Duck Athletic Fund.

Thomson is chair of the OHSU Foundation Board of Trustees, past chair of the OHSU Governing Board, a senior director of the Oregon Business Council, and a board member of The Oregon Idea. He also served as a commissioner of the Port of Portland for ten years.



DAVE PETRONE earned a BS in economics from the University of Oregon in 1966 and received his UO MBA in 1968. He went on to a distinguished business career, spending nineteen years with Wells Fargo & Co. in San Francisco, where he was vice

chairman. Petrone is chairman of Housing Capital Company in San Mateo, California, and chair of Petrone Petri & Company, a real estate investment firm.

Petrone's impact spans the entire UO campus. Since the early 1990s, he has contributed exceptional volunteer leadership and one-on-one support to hundreds of students, professors, deans, fundraisers, and administrators. Financial gifts from Dave and his wife Nancy have touched almost every area of the university.

Petrone is an emeritus trustee of the UO Foundation. He served as an active trustee from 1991 to 2001 and chaired the university's first major fundraising campaign from 1992 to 1998. Petrone was honored with the University of Oregon Presidential Medal in 1999.

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Absurdity, Annotated.

Becoming Oregonian is sometimes silly, sometimes heroic.

by Mark Blaine, MS '00

I spilled a chia buckwheat smoothie on my MacBook Pro when the exercise ball I'd been using as a desk chair exploded.

Really.

Thankfully—because I'd built up so much core strength sitting on a ball at my office desk for two years—that three-foot cannonball onto the carpet of Agate Hall was closer to a yogic pratfall than a freak accident. *Portlandia*, meet *Jackass*.

Landing on your butt can get you thinking, or at least asking questions. Did anybody see me? Who can help me clean my computer? Am I really *that* guy?

One of our tech guys helped me answer the first two questions. "Did someone slam a door?" he asked. Then after a pause, he didn't say much more than "oh," as I tried to keep a globule of chia from nestling into a seam by the Open Apple key. Understated and to the point.

As for the third question, well, here I am. I am *that* guy. I'll own it. When I moved here fourteen years ago with my prethumbed copy of *Soggy Sneakers* and my literary journalism dreams, I was struck by the idea that there could be wheat-free vegans and wondered what they ate. But I didn't want to be one. I noticed that the most hard-core hippies had a lot in common with the militia folks I'd been writing about in North Carolina.

I wanted to write, to play in the mountains, to live a good life with smart, spirited people who understood my worldview—or at least tolerated it. I struggled at the coffee kiosk and looked stumped when I ordered beer—even then, there were too many choices for a micro-newbie to totally absorb. The choices have only gotten more complex, and the choosers more earnest. Hipsters hate hipsters for being hipsters. How is it that people here are so in tune with their needs? How did I find my way into this particularism?

On the face of it, I live in Oregon—the black-outline-green-heart-sticker Oregon that's on my car. This place, our place, has given some of us an outlook, or at least the trappings of an outlook.

Portlandia nails it. Chickens named Colin. A food allergy parade. Where everything should be pickled. The place where young people go to retire. Our life is good, we say, as justification for our institutional pickiness.

I teach my students to look for the "what" before the "how," because in journalism you need the stuff of the story before you can make sense of it. That's a kind of particularism.



The whats of this case don't give me much latitude. I'll say in my defense that the chia-buckwheat stuff was really marketed as a cereal, but is pretty smoothie-ish in consistency. I didn't use a blender. It was convenient, almost as convenient as buying a bag of pork rinds for breakfast. Does that make it better? I'll complicate this by saying that I was attracted to it because it was gluten-free. When I was younger, my sister called me the human garbage disposal. I wasn't picky and I am still not. I am, however, gluten-free (For real. Perhaps too much disposing?). I enjoy bacon and nice tequila—as evidenced by the fact that the ball blew into three pieces—but miss good pizza and real bagels.

But this caricature life I live, with my chia and my bike and my MacBook Pro, also means that when my wife had cancer, our community buoyed us like nobody's business. We got through chemo sitting on the porch, looking at the 200-foot trees, and letting our friends bring us meals and clean our house. When a student of mine collapsed last fall (on the very date my wife had been diagnosed three years earlier), I was grateful that I'd been a dude—not

quite hard-core enough for bro bra status, but I spoke the language. I was a kayaker who'd taken a Wilderness First Responder course with his then girlfriend, because it meant that afterwards, I could call my now wife, and tell her that my student was alive, because I knew, thanks to our CPR training, how to be useful. The training works; it's a crisis flowchart. Response? ABC. Call 911. Compressions. Defibrilate. Compressions. Paramedics. Pulse.

But that hero stuff doesn't fit me very well. I don't take myself that seriously, and I know that from afar, we're a particular brand of entertaining—thank you Fred and Carrie and thank you Johnny Knoxville.

NB—There's not much evidence to show that sitting on exercise balls is better for you than sitting on a stool, or even something Herman Miller-ish. I like it like I like the taste of kombucha and sitting in boats. And now I know I can stick the landing. 🍷

Mark Blaine is a senior instructor at the UO School of Journalism and Communication and a member of Oregon Quarterly's Editorial Advisory Board. He, a UO public safety officer, and other bystanders really did save a student's life.

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