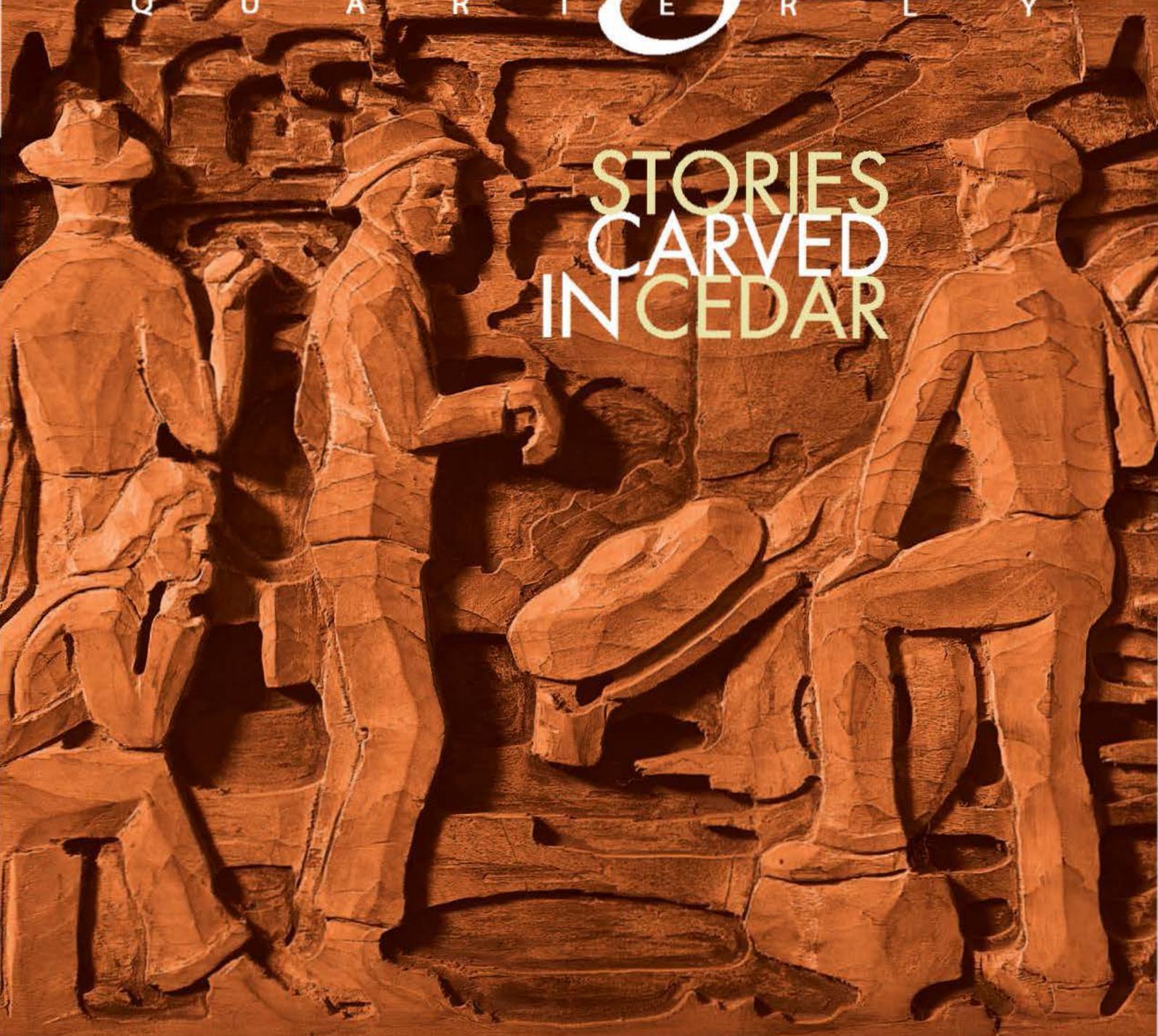


The Magazine of the University of Oregon Summer 2013

# Oregon

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Logging Days • Jazz Studies • Powering Oregon's Economy • Activist Mom



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# Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

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## Editor's Note | Ann Wiens

# Ninety-Two Stories

I've just read 92 stories. I read a story about a woman who longs for a corgi and a story about a tabby cat that leads its owner to transcendence. A story that gave me, a nonrunner, a sense of what it feels like to be in the race, and a story about visiting the park next door to the house where Kurt Cobain died. I read 13 stories that mentioned salmon (or trout, or steelhead, or Pacific eels), and four involving blackberries.

Like most editors (and writers) I know, I've always liked to read.

In elementary school, I had competitions with my friend Steve, racing through the color-coded SRA cards in the classroom reading lab, seeing who could read them all first (he always won, and I'm not even sure he knew we were racing).

In junior high, my friends and I read our mothers' romance novels, Judith Krantz and Danielle Steel, aware enough to be intrigued by the stories but too young to understand them.

As a graduate student, I read dense French literary theory and psychoanalytic art criticism. On the side, I caught up on the classics my friends had all read at their liberal arts colleges while I was deconstructing texts, rather than reading them, in art school.

These days, though, I find myself reading less, and "consuming content" more. I scan the headlines online every morning and check half a dozen blog feeds on my Google homepage. I click through (from my phone or iPad) to stories my friends have posted on Facebook, getting a fabulously random and quirky view of the Zeitgeist in fleeting snippets through the day. And of course, I read magazines—stacks of them every month, but always with a critical eye—how could we translate that approach to *OQ*? Oooh, that's a great way to handle pull quotes! Hmmm, I wonder who designed those infographics?

But *Oregon Quarterly* still asks writers to submit their manuscripts to our annual Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest in hard copy, so I read those 92 stories with paper in my hands, sipping coffee or tea or wine, depending on the time of day, at my desk, in an armchair in front of the fireplace, or propped in bed. And I savored the privilege.

It's sort of hard to read 92 stories in a couple of weeks, fitting the time into days already full with kids, work, the business of life. I kept thinking I should skim the ones that didn't start off strong, put them aside if the first page made clear I did not have a winner in my hands. But I couldn't. It may be a challenge to read 92 stories, but it's nothing compared to writing them. Each time my attention would begin to flag or my mind would start to wander, I'd be pulled back to the story. Not all of them were told with great skill, but each and every one was told with heart. Each was told by a writer who struggled mightily to coax the story through the transition from thought to expression, to combine just the right words, in just the right way, to allow the reader a glimpse of his or her soul. That's hard.

I'm grateful to all who overcame that struggle and wrote those 92 stories, then printed out two double-spaced copies with at least one-inch margins, and mailed them to our office. Thank you.

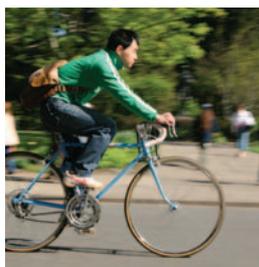
One of those stories appears here in these pages. Several more are online at [OregonQuarterly.com/essay](http://OregonQuarterly.com/essay).

I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I have.

**The 14th annual Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest Reading takes place Thursday, May 30, at 6:00 P.M. in the Gerlinger Hall Alumni Lounge on the University of Oregon campus, preceded by a reception with the authors at 5:30 P.M. The event is free and open to the public.**

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## Pride . . . Divided?

As an Afghan War veteran, an ROTC-commissioned officer, and as an American, I felt tremendous pride reading “All That You Can Be” [Spring 2013] on the career of Brigadier General Tammy Smith. Thank you for publishing a story that demonstrates how Oregonians remain America’s finest pioneers.

As a service member assisting in operations over Libya when “don’t ask, don’t tell” (DADT) ended, I was amazed how little the military changed—what mattered was the mission. In the only physical sign of repeal I saw, one Army friend put a photo of his fiancé, then deployed in Afghanistan, on his desk in our operations center. Such basic human affirmations make all the difference in the deployment separations that define this long war. Who could possibly deny their propriety?

For all the Sturm und Drang among elected officials about the dangers of repeal, I have heard of no negative incidents since the policy change. The professionalism and simple understanding among service members of the principle that “(s)he that sheds his blood with me shall be my brother” as more important than any difference between us makes me even prouder to wear my nation’s uniform.

General Smith’s story had special resonance for me, as I watched my brother, Nick, cast out of the Navy in 2003. After coming out to his commanding officer but requesting to continue to serve, he was shown the door and never truly recovered from the indignity

of his country’s rejection. He passed away on December 17, 2010, the day before the Senate passed the DADT repeal. I am so grateful no one will again have to endure what he did.

And special thanks to Tracey Hepner, Smith’s wife, for making the general’s story possible. There is no harder job in the military than being a military spouse. But still today, being a gay military couple is needlessly difficult. I hope the Supreme Court seizes the opportunity in the *United States v. Windsor* case to repeal Section 3 of the Defense of Marriage Act that bars the Army from recognizing Smith and Hepner as a married couple.

Military culture thrives on heroic examples. Thank you for identifying a hero in BG Smith. She does us all proud.

Jake Klonoski, USNR  
Eugene

I have been reading and loving *Oregon Quarterly* for over 20 years. So many of the articles have touched, taught, and inspired me. This is the first time that I have been moved to write a letter to the editor, though. “All That You Can Be,” by Thomas Frank, touched me deeply. Tammy Smith (and her partner Tracey Hepner) lived a life of absolute dedication to an organization that persecuted them for 25 years. They finally got their overdue recognition through the repeal of “don’t ask, don’t tell,” their marriage, Tammy’s promotion, and a welcome celebration for them in Tammy’s hometown. This story touched me so much, not because this is a personal issue for me, but because it is an American issue. I am so proud of my country for finally having the courage to overcome “don’t ask, don’t tell” and do the right thing, although it wasn’t always the popular thing at the time, as America has done so many times before.

Erin G. Sweeden, 'MS 90  
Madras

I am the faculty member that challenged ROTC policies on discrimination in 1982. My motion did not call for the removal of ROTC. It called for ROTC to bring itself into compliance with UO policies on non-discrimination, which prohibited discrimination on grounds of sexual orientation. The faculty senate voted against requiring ROTC to do this, for reasons that still mystify me. Military Science did not fight this initiative, as the article claims; I don’t remember them saying anything about it at all. If students like Tammy Smith had had the courage to speak

up, maybe these policies would not have lasted another 30 years. Instead, she stayed silent until others finally changed the policies. The real heroes are those in the military that spoke up when it made a difference.

Cheyney Ryan  
Oxford, United Kingdom

I enjoyed the article about General Smith and the sidebar about Army ROTC. What I found curious was that there was no mention that the university, at one time, also had Air Force ROTC. If it weren’t for the Air Force ROTC program, I would probably never have been able to realize my lifelong ambition of becoming a pilot. My family was not wealthy and I worked my way through college while living at home. Today, I would not be able to afford to attend a college like Oregon State, which still has Air Force ROTC, because of the additional cost of lodging and meals. The demise of the Air Force ROTC program is a very sad commentary on the politics of the University of Oregon.

I did graduate from the UO and entered the Air Force, where I served a 28-year career. I flew rescue helicopters for 16 years with two tours in Vietnam and an additional 10 years in special operations, where my first eight months were spent training and perfecting techniques for a second attempt to rescue the hostages from our embassy in Tehran.

Mark Schibler '62, Lt. Col., USAF, Ret.  
Creswell

Your editions usually have some very interesting stories that provoke thoughtful interest, and the spring version did as well, with stories on the Japanese Tsunami dock [“Big Wave, Small World”] and the Christchurch earthquake [“Shaking It Off”]. However, this issue also contained two of the worst stinkers I’ve ever seen in this otherwise interesting publication.

Economist Robert Kuttner [“Clear Economics, Muddled Politics”] seriously proposes that further spending beyond heavily indebted government’s means is a wise prescription for economic success? Does anyone know of an entity of any kind where this has been successful? The Greeks, with a deficit approaching 170 percent of GNP, need to borrow *more* money to grow their way out of the self-induced spiral their lying politicians bequeathed to them. There is a reason why this type of thinking is not being taken seriously by policy makers . . . because it is *lunacy* and economic drivel.

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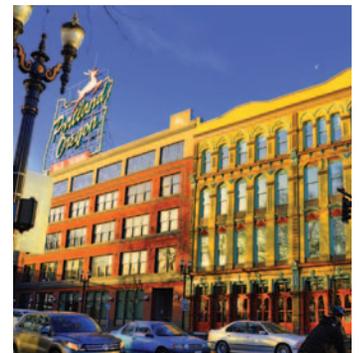
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The second piece of garbage was the cover story ["All That You Can Be"]. Congratulations on achieving the rare literary feat of combining the offensive with the irrelevant, a task not easily done. Grown adults with a developed sense of decorum do not discuss sexual preferences in the course of normal affairs, much less make such a topic the focus of an alumni magazine issue. Horrible story choice, absolutely moronic.

*Tom Simshaw '89  
Portland*

## The Economist

"Clear Economics, Muddled Politics" by Robert Kuttner [Spring 2013] is descriptive of the economy following World War II, and I agree that austerity alone today will not lead to a healthy economic recovery. However, later in the article Kuttner implies that war bonds sold to Americans in the early '40s were equivalent to today's government debt, which is sold to investors and to foreign countries. This is misleading. War bonds were owned by the private sector. When they were "cashed in" following the war, the bonds were retired and money received was spent by the private sector. That demand sparked healthy economic activity; the spending response satisfied private desires.

Today, annual government deficits seem to assume heavily indebted consumers will borrow even more money to increase their consumption. Maybe government spending on "massive public investment" also will aid economic growth, but certainly not like the private-sector stimulus of spending cash received from war-bond redemptions. Today, when interest rates begin to rise, as they surely will at some point, the cost of rolling this increasing debt will increase government borrowing costs by hundreds of billions of dollars annually. Can we grow our way out of those higher interest costs with even more government debt? I doubt it.

*Robert F. Wulf  
Portland*

I disagree with several points Robert Kuttner makes in his article. First, the comment that "Reagan-era tax cuts" caused the debt ratio to rise. When Reagan reduced the tax rates, the government raised more income tax money because the private sector had more money to invest. Second, Barney Frank's committee in the House of Representatives forced banks to loan money to people who could not afford

a home, which was the main reason for the housing collapse.

We were able to recover after World War II because our country still had the work ethic. Despite the "Great Society" social programs, there is more poverty now than there was back then. Of course, back then you were in poverty if you could not afford to buy enough food to eat. Now poverty is if you don't have two cars, cable TV, and other luxuries. I am sure that Kuttner would also not believe that government unions have anything to do with our current situation.

*Gary Rink '60  
Saint George, Utah*

I agree that politics is muddled, but two points were not brought up that I think strongly affect our economy negatively, both governmental in cause.

One: The Barney Frank–Chris Dodd bill requiring banks to make loans to people who didn't qualify was a major factor in the housing collapse. Frank and Dodd should have been hung out to dry for what they did to this country.

Two: If we did not have 10,000 regulations per year pouring out of government for business to try to comply with, business could expand. The amount of regulations are extremely expensive, often do not produce the desired result, always take away someone's freedom. They are not passed by our elected representatives, so the people have no input into what goes into them.

Government is hurting business at every turn, either through legislation that hurts, regulation that hurts, or taxing policy.

*Granelia Thompson  
Weston*

## Sex and Sensibility

In "The First Time" [Spring 2013], author Kim Stafford indicates that the talk about which he reports occurred in 1965, a year before I completed my PhD at the University of Florida. The message in the article was touching. However, I am much disturbed by the implication of presumed premarital sex. It seems for the premarital sex to be "beautiful" it must be premeditated, planned.

My wife of 60 years and I at one point had an acquaintance who, for no reason I know, told us that he married the first woman with whom he had sex. My wife, who did not usually speak in such a manner, responded immediately that she had sex with the first

man she married. The man was divorced by the time we met him. The author of the article implies that his is divorced.

I was a fraternity member at the UO; I am retired military. I know the ways of young men, but I know there is a personal discipline and responsibility. The author refers to the Song of Solomon; he refers to the first sexual encounter as "sacred." Perhaps his liberal interpretations of theology influenced the decision by his church not to retain him.

There must be a better message from our university of sex and sensibilities.

*Harold C. White '59, MS '60  
Tempe, Arizona*

## Life during Wartime

Your story about Harry Fukuda ["The Trouble for Harry," Spring 2013] resonated with me. I was born five days after the Pearl Harbor attack, in Los Angeles, where my father was a sports writer. My parents had a Japanese gardener take care of our yard because my dad was too busy to do yard work. The man and his son took pride in their work, and it was a sad day when he was sent to an internment camp. His son joined the Army and went to Italy. When he returned, he had difficulty finding work, so he always wore his uniform to show people that he had served in the armed forces.

The Japanese internment experience surfaced when I was teaching in Arroyo Grande, California. My daughter had a history day project and decided to interview a Japanese teacher at our school who had been sent to an internment camp at Manzanar. He told her that he went to school one day and was told that he was to report at the school parking lot on Saturday morning and to bring one suitcase. There were no other details.

When his family arrived, they boarded school buses and were taken to the train station. They weren't told where they were going. Manzanar was isolated, just like the other internment camps. Fortunately, everyone from Arroyo Grande knew each other so

## 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 or e-mail [quarterly@uoregon.edu](mailto:quarterly@uoregon.edu).



I THINK MOM  
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they were able to form a community within the internment camp. All of them were well liked in Arroyo Grande, so neighbors and friends took care of their property while they were gone. Despite the hardships they had to endure, they returned and became successful in a community that welcomed them back. A farmer, Haruo Hayashi, became a member of the Lucia Mar School Board and two of his sons became doctors.

I enjoyed the other stories as well in this issue, especially the one about the Japan-Oregon connection ["Big Wave, Small World"]. Keep up the great work.

Jerry Cronin '64, '67  
Pendleton

In 1942, U.S. Marines were battling the Japanese in the Guadalcanal jungles. American aircraft carriers were sunk by Japanese warplanes. So many ships were sunk in the Solomon Islands "slot" that it was nicknamed Iron Bottom Sound. The fighting was a match of equals that could have gone either way. The American public was frightened of a West Coast invasion. We cannot condemn 1942 policy using our 2013 mores

and sensibilities. The prospect of a ready-made collaborationist population, following a Japanese invasion, impelled the internments of Japanese Americans.

Philip Ratcliff '79  
Cloverdale, California

I want to congratulate you on another excellent issue. In the, ahem, something-something years since I graduated, *Oregon Quarterly* has never looked nor read as well as it does on your watch, in my professional opinion. I was especially excited to see two features on subjects pertaining to my area of expertise, Japan.

You may be aware that Frank Okada, one of the UO's most celebrated professors of fine arts, was the younger brother of author John Okada, whose *No-No Boy* was among the first novels to be published by an Asian American. The plight of World War II-era Americans of Japanese ancestry is closely tied to the history of the university. My former professor of Japanese, Yoko Matsuoka McClain, had her own struggles to contend with during her climb to tenure at the UO, where she all but single-handedly established one of the

first and best programs in Japanese language study of any American public institution. I am proud to have been a student of hers.

Joe Hlebica '77  
Redding, California

## Tears, Cheers, and Jeers

Your editor's note in the most recent issue ["Rhapsodic Utterances of Joy," Spring 2013] was stunning. It brought me to tears several times. What you've done for your grandfather with this short article, and by publishing a link to his essay, is an act of love.

John Harn, MFA '82  
Beaverton

The illustration accompanying the editor's note immediately caught my eye. As a sophomore almost 60 years ago, I was enrolled in the first-year German class taught by the late professor Wolfgang Leppmann. One of the required texts was Gerhard Wiens's *Bilderlesebuch für Anfänger (Picture Reading Book for Beginners)*. The book is a collection of folk stories in which the text is sprinkled with illustrations to help students better



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understand vocabulary. The illustrations were done by Professor Wiens and the one pictured is from this text. The editor's warm tribute to her grandfather put a very human face to the author of this book, which I have kept all these years.

*Nelson Tandoc '57  
San Jose, California*

I wanted to express my compliments to your staff for the content and quality of your Winter 2012 *Oregon Quarterly*. My daughter is a UO graduate and she brought a copy to our home when she visited at Christmas and left it here. I just read it the other day.

Being a Stanford grad (PhD, physics, 1972), we Indians (I refuse to acknowledge "Cardinal") usually look down our noses at anything "Oregon." But, except for the editor's note ["Public Offering"], I found every single article informative, insightful, and well worth reading. Exceptionally well done. Please pass my "thank you" to each author of the articles, and to your staff for the way the magazine was put together.

Your editorial, on the other hand . . . well, the best I can say about it is that your editor should be taken out to the woodshed and whipped. Educators are no longer individuals dedicated to teaching and the promotion of lifelong learning—they are a bunch of politically correct, left-wing radical socialists mis-educating our young people, and in the field for what they can get out at the taxpayers' expense. But the rest of the magazine was superb.

*Dennis Douglas  
Bend*

**C O R R E C T I O N S**

We're stunned that we didn't hear from more readers about this, but only one Ducks fan pointed out the error in our football infographic in the spring issue ["Seasonal Stats for the Oregon Ducks, 1977–2012"]. Eagle-eyed Paul Ellison '75 recalls that Oregon did not lose the 1989 Independence Bowl, but beat Tulsa 27–24, adding, "It was very cold, and our first bowl game in years."

Also in the spring issue, we neglected to mention the architects of the Robert and Beverly Lewis Integrative Science Building ["Under One Roof"]. This innovative building was designed by THA Architecture Inc. with HDR Inc. We regret the omission.



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# Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

## Beat the Clock

*"Old age is no place for sissies," quipped Bette Davis. Intrepid journalist Lauren Kessler, who heads the UO's graduate program in multimedia narrative journalism, bravely attacks the aging process head on in her latest book, Counterclockwise: My Year of Hypnosis, Hormones, Dark Chocolate, and Other Adventures in the World of Anti-Aging (Rodale, 2013), an account of her yearlong process of researching—and experiencing—what makes us feel "old" and what we can do about it. From attending a Utah bootcamp in 118-degree heat to taking a cold, hard look at a digitally aged image of her future self, Kessler confronts both the science and the stereotypes of growing older, particularly as they relate to women "of a certain age." In this excerpt, Kessler describes her visit to a hypnotist in an effort to "think young."*

**O**LD OLDIE WAS WHAT EVERYONE called her. She was my mother's great grandmother. Her bedroom was up in the attic of the big house, and every morning for as long as anyone would remember, she would wake before dawn, braid her long white hair, coil the braids around her head, and walk down three flights of stairs to the kitchen where she would bake biscuits or rolls or quick bread for breakfast. That's how the rest of the family awakened, to that sweet, yeasty smell. Then one morning, there was no sweet, yeasty smell. Someone climbed the three flights of stairs to her room to see what was going on. She was there, in bed, hair fanned out on the pillow, eyes closed. She had died in her sleep. She was 97. Or 102. It depended on who was telling the story.

This afternoon I am telling the story, sprawled on an oversized, pillowy recliner in Rosemarie Eisenberg's cozy office. Rosemarie is a certified hypnotist and Guided Interactive Imagery practitioner who uses deep relaxation, creative visualization, and hypnosis to get people to stop smoking or prepare to do battle with an illness or conquer a fear. I am here to have Rosemarie hypnotize me to "think young."

I'd been doing a lot of reading in the "you are what you think you are" literature,

and I wanted to explore the idea that mindset—that is, what you think you are—might exert a discernible influence on who you are, or become, biologically. What, if anything, would happen if Rosemarie planted the suggestion—which is what she says hypnosis really is—of a youthful mindset? Would I feel younger? Would I *be* younger? This isn't as far-fetched as it may sound.

The idea that we can think ourselves young, that our minds could instigate changes in our bodies, is what Ellen Langer calls "the psychology of the possible" and what others have called the "biology of hope" or the "biology of belief." Langer is my new hero, a brilliant Harvard psychologist who, for the past 35 years, has been designing ingenious social experiments to test the general hypothesis that our beliefs might be one of the most important determinants of health and longevity. Over the long course of that research, she has come to believe what yogis have known for centuries, what holistic and mind-body practitioners have been saying for decades (but without her good data): "If one's mindset is altered, one's body will change accordingly."

Now suppose what you think is *Old is Bad*. Suppose, after years of hearing jokes about being over the hill at 40 or 50 or 60, after seeing thousands of commercials for Depends and Ensure and cellphones with

three-inch-high numerals, after watching hundreds of movies and television shows with cranky, crabby, asexual older people, suppose you begin to conflate "old" with sick, debilitated, and diminished. With forgetful, slow, weak, timid, and stodgy. Those last five adjectives are the most common negative, "unthinkingly accepted" stereotypes of "old" in western cultures, according to one group of researchers.

What's even worse about stereotypes and older people is that, to a much greater extent than many other groups stigmatized by negative stereotypes, older people internalize and accept society's view of them. Researchers have found that older people view their own group every bit as negatively as they are viewed by others. And so older people think of themselves—or we, the not-yet-old, think of our future selves—as unhappier, less likable, less useful, more dependent. This is, researchers like Langer believe, a self-fulfilling prophesy of decline.

The study that made me wish I could have been one of Ellen Langer's grad students was her famous 1988 experiment where she transported a group of old men to a carefully designed and controlled retreat where they were surrounded by cues to their younger years: magazines, newspapers, TV, radio, music. They were instructed to talk only about "cur-



rent” events (from the 1950s), speak only in the present tense, to basically play-act that they were living their long-ago lives. They were subjected to a battery of tests before and after. The results blew me away. After their week of Living Young, the men showed marked improvements in: physical strength, manual dexterity, posture, gait, memory, taste sensitivity, hearing, and vision. Yes, you read that right. They got younger.

I’m ready to do the same. That’s why I’m sitting here in the oversized pillowy recliner in Rosemarie’s office. I had been prepared for her to ask me about my younger self. I thought, under hypnosis, I’d maybe experience this younger self, like those old guys at Langer’s Living Young retreat, and awaken from my trance with my clock ticking backward. But Rosemarie, who’s been in this business for more than 25 years, has other ideas. She smiles and says let’s get started. I lean back to an almost horizontal position, put on a pair of noise-canceling headphones, and give myself over to her soft, lyrical voice and the background music she chooses, that wispy, ethereal stuff massage therapists always play. She asks me to imagine a deeply restful, safe place and asks me to go there. I’m trying, but all I can think of is whether I remembered to set my cell on

vibrate and how I am going to write about this experience later if I zone out while actually experiencing it. But the music, her voice, the way she cues my breathing, all . . . do something. My breathing gets slower and deeper, and after a while I am just, well, floating: peaceful, relaxed, not exactly in the room anymore but very much aware of everything.

Rosemarie asks me to call up a strong, wise person, someone I respect and can talk to, someone, she says, “who might have something to say to you.” That’s when Old Oldie comes into view, a woman I have never met nor even seen a photograph of. And that’s when I tell Rosemarie the Old Oldie story. In case you’re wondering if you should trust my account of all this, the account of a woman under hypnosis, let me say two things: First, I actually remember, with great clarity, everything that happened during the hourlong session; and second, Rosemarie keeps wonderful notes that she gives me when we finish.

Rosemarie wonders if there’s anything I want to ask Old Oldie. Of course there is! Did you really die in bed? What does it feel like to be 97 or 102 or however old you were when you died? And how did you manage to live so long? Were you happy when you were very old? Rosemarie allows

me to blather. So, for that matter, does Old Oldie. Finally, Old Oldie says, “I didn’t think much about my age. I just got up every morning and lived.” When I say, “she says,” I don’t mean some conjured apparition speaks to me. It’s more like the words suddenly pop into my head, but I know they’re not my words. Then she says, “There was always something new every day.” I tell Rosemarie this, and as soon as I say it, I realize—yes, even in whatever state I’m in, I realize—what Rosemarie is up to. She’s not interested in me accessing my younger self. (What does *that kid* know anyway?) She wants me to learn about aging from someone who’s done it with resounding success. She wants me to feel hope about my older self. And she wants me to feel optimism. “There was always something new every day,” Old Oldie said. Now *that’s* optimism.

\*\*\*

It’s near the end of the session with Rosemarie. Rosemarie has switched gears and asked me to try to imagine my older self, my self at 90. “Tell me what you see,” she says gently, her voice soft and muffled through the earphones. After a while, I see a woman up ahead, and I guess that must be me. “What does she look like?” Rosemarie prompts me again. I squint, in my mind, to make out her face. This shouldn’t be difficult. I have seen a photograph of my much-older face, courtesy of the folks at the University of North Carolina at Wilmington Face Aging Group and their sophisticated computer program. I’ve looked at that digitally aged photo dozens of times, scores of times. But this woman I’ve conjured is ahead of me, and she won’t look back. I can’t see her face. I am trying to gain on her so I can get a close-up glimpse, but she is moving too quickly. I watch her steady, purposeful strides. I see her squared shoulders, her straight back, the rhythmic swing of her arms. She moves with confidence, with a kind of banked energy, with embodied youth. This is the image I’ve been looking for without knowing it. This is who I want to be, who I will be: a healthy, vital, active, “longer-living” person. Expectation rules outcome. 🕒

**WEB EXTRA:** Read and comment on Kessler’s Counterclockwise blog, where the author and readers discuss the hope and hype of antiaging, at [counterclockwisebook.com](http://counterclockwisebook.com).

## Cowboy Up

*It doesn't get much more primal than going one on one with a raging, 2,000-pound bull, as described below in two excerpts adapted from My Best Mormon Life (CreateSpace, 2012), a memoir by Jesse Ellison, JD '05. The book covers Ellison's youth in Blackfoot, Idaho, his education at Brigham Young University and Harvard Divinity School, and his Mormon proselytizing mission in Atlanta, Georgia. Ellison is an attorney in Missoula, Montana. Here, the term "bullfighter" does not refer to a matador, but to what is commonly called a rodeo clown.*

**W**HEN MY BROTHERS JEREMY and Josh started riding bulls my father started fighting them. In his mid-forties he learned like other novices, attending schools, working amateur shows, and studying tape, but unlike most of his bullfighting peers he got into ironman shape. The three of them attended all-around professional cowboy champion Lyle Sankey's school, my father spending each evening soaking in the tub after getting trampled on the first day. Every bull rider gets run over by a bull during his career, and bullfighters do, too, and my father completed that rite at the school long before he fought at his first show. He took physical fitness seriously his entire life, and his commitment increased when he began putting on cleats, and hip and rib pads, to step between bulls and the riders. A 40-year-old bullfighter was an anomaly. Heavens, there was probably a 50-year-old fighting bulls at shows somewhere in the Badlands of South Dakota, but we didn't know of anyone close to 50 except Pops fighting them in Idaho.

His first official shows were as one of the bullfighters at junior rodeos where my brothers got their starts traveling around small Idaho towns the summers during junior high and early high school. Rodeo people knew our name as much for the old bullfighter as the young bull riders. My father's life as dentist by day and bullfighter on Saturday afternoons during the spring and summer reached its culmination at two professional events, the Professional Old Timers Rodeo Association show in Blackfoot two summers in a row.

The legendary Montanan Ronnie Rawson entered the Old Timers Show at Blackfoot both years my father fought it. Rawson was legendary not merely for his two bull-riding world titles won in the '60s or for the seven bull-riding titles won on the senior tour, but also for the 53-year-old's being the epitome of tough. He broke his jaw his first year at the National Finals



**Tough Guys** Jesse Ellison's father distracting a bull from goring imperiled rodeo legend Ronnie Rawson.

Rodeo, had it wired, and continued competing, and his career followed suit. For generations of bull riders, Rawson was synonymous with the meaning of "cowboy up."

He arrived at the show in Blackfoot banged up, years of injuries having made him more cautious. He drew the bull Tressbraker, a powerful brindle, one of the stock contractor's rankest. He inquired about the bull, and the contractors assured him he would be fine, as numerous high school kids had been on him. Rawson had been in the game long enough to know stock contractors had common interests with bull riders, but not the same interests. Both wanted a bull that would buck, but the rider wanted one that would result in a high score and the contractor wanted one to eject and trample the rider for good measure.

Looking for an objective view, Rawson asked my father what he thought about Tressbraker. Never shy to tell the truth despite backlash, my father told Rawson plenty of high school bull riders had got on, but he never saw one ride him, adding he was the rankest in the pen. Rawson

chose not to ride that night. The contractor confronted my father, beside himself with anger a bullfighter would think it his job to dissuade a bull rider from getting on one of his bulls.

The next summer Rawson climbed on and won the bull riding at Blackfoot. He fell off in front of the bull's head, and my father moved in between the bull and Rawson, diverting the bull's attention and averting a likely trampling. A small framed picture of Rawson, hatless and balding at 54, sprawled on the ground beneath the bull with my father in full bullfighter's attire reaching for the bull's head [shown above], sits next to the unchristened silver beer mug commemorating my father's commission as an officer in the Marine Corps. They are nestled among other mementos and nearly hidden in his closet. Saving Rawson was his job, nothing special, but extraordinary.

Bull riders knew Rawson because he was tough, but they also knew him because of his character, central to one of the most well-known stories of rodeo lore. Rawson ran a bull-riding school, like many former world champions did, and a young boy was

killed there. Rawson sold all that he had, gave it to the boy's family, and hit the road, leaving many to speculate the boy's death was the reason for his inimitable extended bull-riding career. A month after winning the Blackfoot show, Rawson made another winning ride at an Old Timer's show in Rocky Ford, Colorado. He dismounted, and the bull kicked him in the chest. Two hours later Rawson died. Few lived like Rawson, doing what they loved for so long and doing it the best.

\*\*\*

The Blackfoot Fairgrounds, home to the Eastern Idaho State Fair, had bleachers rising over an elliptical arena with freshly groomed dirt. The bleachers faced bucking chutes, with the announcer's booth above them. I sat in the bleachers and could see my brother Josh sitting on the bull setting his rope. Since my first rodeo, I opted for holding my breath for run-on prayers from when the bulls ran into the chutes to my brothers' running from the arena. I never made a more sincere plea to God throughout my life than to help keep them safe, and

## He drew the bull Tressbraker, one of the stock contractor's rankest.

if it humored him to help them ride well.

The chute-help popped the gate and swung it open, and a large black bull lunged out with Josh fixed on it. The bull lunged from side to side without committing to turn back, not spinning (a bull that spins is hard to ride and fun to watch and more likely to produce a high score), fading to the right then making a strong move to the left that whipped Josh down onto the bull's head, knocking him silly, if not out. His body fell to the right with his left hand still in his rope. A bull rider with his hand caught in the rope was said to be hung up. Damn accurate. No bull rider wanted to be hung up, but when he was, the foremost rule was to stay on his feet.

Half unconscious, Josh flipped atop

the bull to his side. The bull threw his head back, hitting Josh's flimsy body; Josh slipped under the bull, and the bull's strong hooves stepped over and over Josh's body. The bullfighters leapt onto the bull trying to free Josh's hand, one moving in on the bull and twirling around with only a second to reach for Josh's tied hand before the back end of the bull swung around and bounced him off to the ground.

My father jumped over the chutes and headed at the bull, jumping at its back for Josh's hand, but bouncing off unsuccessful like the others. An eternity of seconds passed with the bell on Josh's bull rope heard deep into the sky when a chute-helper jumped on Josh's tied arm, wrenching it from the rope and bull. Josh lay in the arena for minutes until the medics carted him away to an ambulance headed to the hospital.

*[While the bull had broken several of Josh's ribs and ruptured his spleen, the teenager was back in the ring his senior year, qualifying for the national bullriding finals.]* 



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Sand Sculpting Clinic .....	Florence.....	Aug 10
McKenzie River Chainsaw Art Festival .....	McKenzie River .....	Aug 16-18
Labor Day Weekend Wine Tastings.....	Wineries .....	Aug 31-Sept 2

All dates are subject to change. Please check directly with the event to confirm.

Island Park Inspired Child by David Puttizer

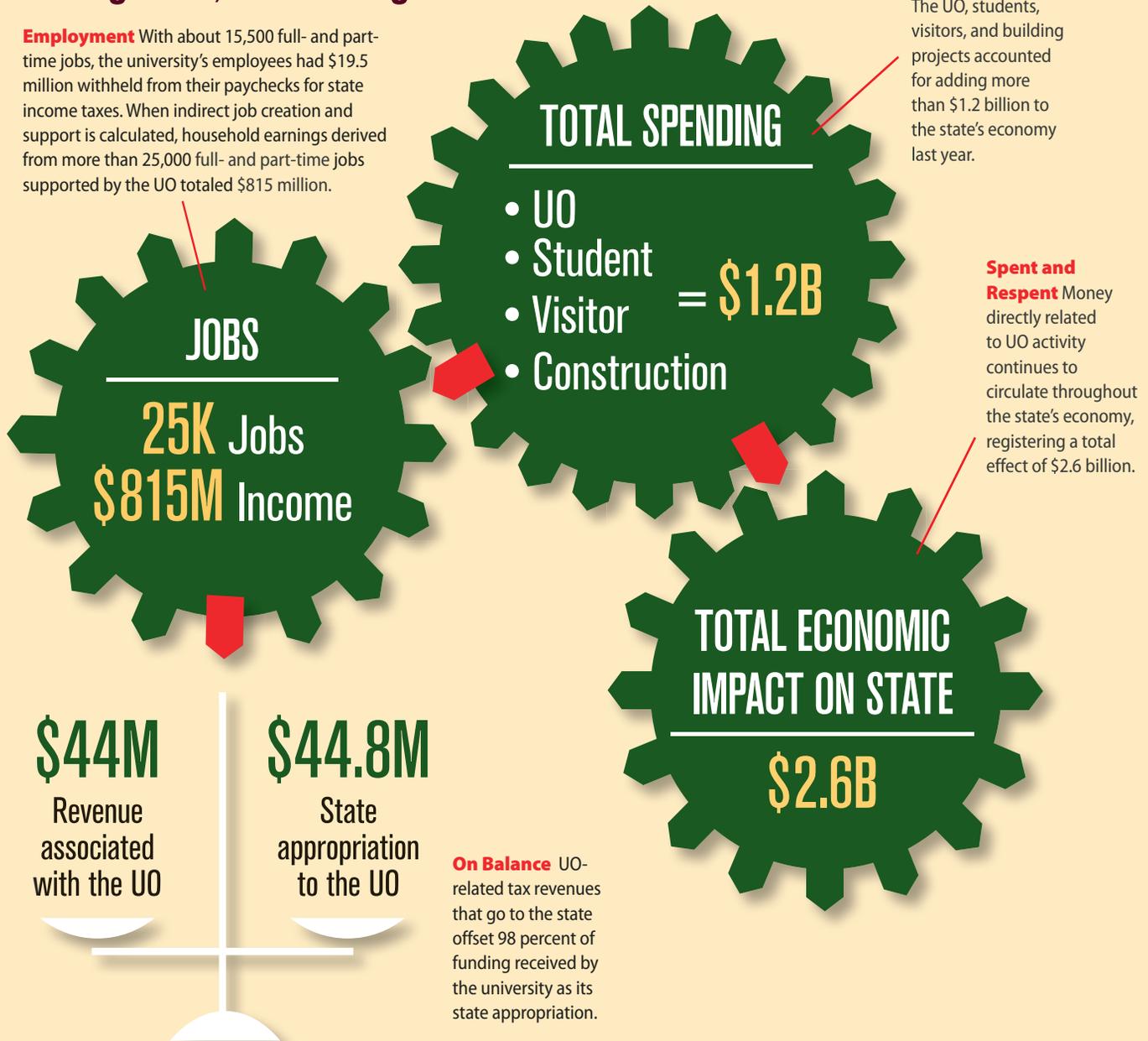
# POWERING OREGON'S ECONOMY

What does the presence of the University of Oregon mean for the state of Oregon and the people who live here? While it is difficult to put a price tag on a student understanding a sonnet or a chemical formula, or to value the self-confidence or passion for learning that a student might gain from such an accomplishment, it is possible to gather hard data that illustrate how the UO is a key driver of the Oregon economy. Some of those figures are presented here.

## Billions for Oregon

### Creating Jobs, Generating Revenue

**Employment** With about 15,500 full- and part-time jobs, the university's employees had \$19.5 million withheld from their paychecks for state income taxes. When indirect job creation and support is calculated, household earnings derived from more than 25,000 full- and part-time jobs supported by the UO totaled \$815 million.

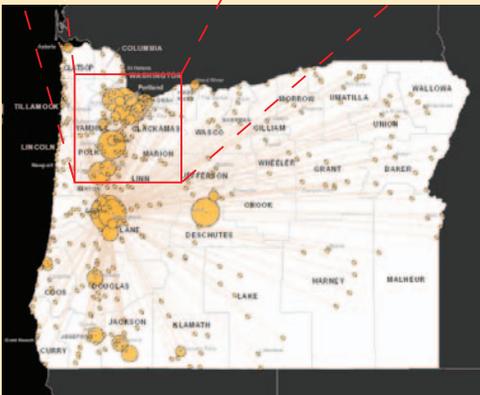
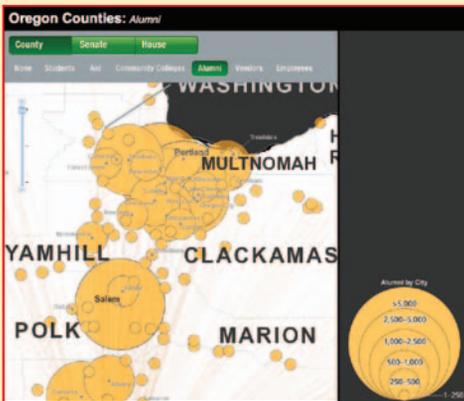


SOURCES: "POWERING THE STATE'S ECONOMY 2013" AND "THE ECONOMIC IMPACT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON FY2011-12 (UPDATE)" BY TIM DUY, MS '98, PHD '98. DUY IS PROFESSOR OF PRACTICE IN THE UO DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS AND THE DIRECTOR OF THE OREGON ECONOMIC FORUM.

“The economic impact of the University of Oregon is truly spectacular,” says UO President Michael Gottfredson. “The university is a major engine for our economy.”

## See For Yourself

Explore what the UO means for the economy and the people of Oregon with an interactive map at [gcr.uoregon.edu/oregon-impact-2013](http://gcr.uoregon.edu/oregon-impact-2013)



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B O O K S H E L F

*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.*

**The Aesthetics of Shadow** (Duke University Press, 2013) by Daisuke Miyao, UO associate professor of Japanese film and cinema studies. In this intriguing exploration, Miyao analyzes how shadow "became naturalized as the representation of beauty in Japanese films" during the early 20th century.

**American Sexual Histories: Second Edition** (Wiley-Blackwell, 2012) by Elizabeth Reis, UO associate professor of women's and gender studies and history. This collection of essays and historical documents investigates issues related to human sexuality in America from the colonial era to the present. Each chapter offers "illuminating insights into the complex evolution of sex and sexuality in America."

**Blind to Betrayal** (Wiley, 2013) by UO psychology professor Jennifer Freyd and Pamela Birrell, PhD '73, MA '85. In this "powerful, illuminating, and disturbing" book, Freyd and Birrell explain "the many different forms of betrayal, finally revealing why its victims can endure mistreatment, sometimes for years, without seeming to know that it is happening, even when it may be obvious to others around them."

**Oregon Geology: Sixth Edition** (Oregon State University Press, 2012) by Elizabeth L. Orr, collections manager of the Condon Collection at the UO Museum of Natural and Cultural History; and

William N. Orr, UO emeritus professor of geology. Offering a comprehensive treatment of the state's geologic history, this text closely examines the features of each region of Oregon, addresses current environmental challenges, and details tectonic hazards.

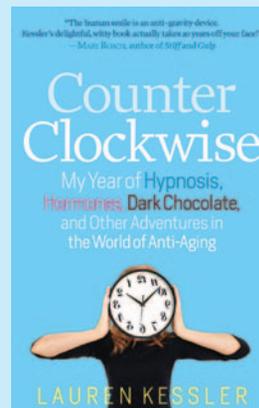
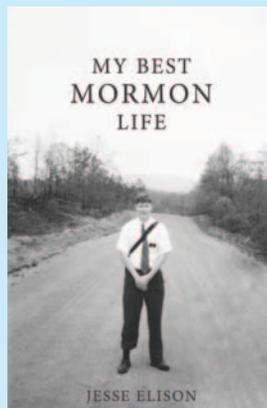
**Domestic Subjects** (Yale University Press, 2013) by Beth (Hege) Piatote, MA '97. Weaving together an analysis of literature, law, history, and gender studies, Piatote documents how American Indian households "became the primary site of struggle for indigenous families against the forces of U.S. and Canadian" assimilation campaigns in the late 19th century.

**Escape from the Pipe Men!** (Clarion Books, 2013) by Mary G. Thompson, JD '02. Thompson's young adult novel—"a fast-paced adventure"—follows the exploits of Ryan and Becky, two alien kids from an intergalactic zoo on a quest to save their accidentally poisoned father.

**Love at First Flight** (Astor + Blue Editions, 2012) by Captain William S. "Bud" Orr '65 and Fran E. Orr. "With soaring aerial combat, steamy romance, heartfelt loss, and a silver lining of humor," this memoir, written by a career naval pilot and his wife, is "a captivating thrill ride."

**The Price of Justice** (Times Books, 2013) by Laurence Leamer, MA '69, the best-selling author of such titles as *King of the Night: The Life of Johnny Carson* and *Sons of Camelot*. This non-fiction legal thriller chronicles the true story of the 15-year legal struggle against Don Blankenship, a "coal baron" and head of Massey Energy in the 1990s. "Greed, arrogance, injustice, corruption—it has it all, and, sadly, it's all true," writes John Grisham. (C)

Excerpted in this issue



**MY BEST MORMON LIFE**  
a memoir by Jesse Ellison  
(CreateSpace, 2012)

**COUNTERCLOCKWISE:  
MY YEAR OF HYPNOSIS,  
HORMONES, DARK  
CHOCOLATE, AND OTHER  
ADVENTURES IN THE  
WORLD OF ANTI-AGING**  
by Lauren Kessler (Reprinted  
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# ONCE A DUCK ALWAYS A DUCK

**HOMECOMING – OCTOBER 18-19**



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# Upfront

News, Notables, Innovations

## INTERNATIONAL STUDIES

### Nota Bene

*A \$25 million partnership between the UO and the African nation of Gabon all started with a two-sentence class note sent to Oregon Quarterly.*

**F**OR THE FALL 2010 ISSUE, *OREGON Quarterly* received a class note from Eric Benjaminson '81, sharing the news that he had been confirmed as ambassador to the Central African Republic of Gabon and to the Democratic Republic of Sao Tome and Principe. Eric and his wife Paula Benjaminson, a career foreign service officer, would be headed to the region in a few weeks. *OQ* passed the note to John Manotti, an assistant vice president in the University Development office; he thought it would be of interest to professor of political science Dennis Galvan, codirector of the UO's Global Oregon Initiative and a veteran researcher in West Africa. As it turned out, Manotti was right.

Late last year the Gabon-Oregon Transnational Research Center on Environment and Development was established, funded by a \$20 million investment from the government of Gabon. The money will be used to set up centers at the UO and in Libreville, Gabon, where researchers from the two countries will work together and collaborate with Gabonese partners in the transition from an oil-based economy to one based on sustainable natural-resource management and ecotourism. The many new partnerships between Gabonese and UO researchers will also contribute to the development of the nation's educational system and support increased entrepreneurial endeavor.

The UO is a natural choice for this partnership, according to Gabon's presi-

dent Ali Bongo Ondimba. "The University of Oregon is a leader in the fields of natural resources management, sustainable development, green technology and architecture, and urban planning—the foundations on which we aspire to build in Gabon," he said during the signing ceremony in Washington, D.C., last June.

A country of just 1.6 million people, Gabon has been living off income from its enormous reserves of oil since gaining independence from France in 1960 (current annual oil revenues amount to \$14 billion). But the oil is expected to run out within 20 to 30 years. "They need to diversify," Benjaminson says. "It is not a healthy economy in the long term." Fortunately, oil is not Gabon's only resource. Eighty percent of the country is covered with relatively pristine rainforest, and there are also rich deposits of minerals. "The forest is a smaller version of the Amazon forest—the way it used to be," Benjaminson says. "They also have wonderful marine and riverine environments, and good offshore fisheries." Effectively managing these resources is a challenge. While Gabon has the world's largest population of forest elephants, for example, their numbers have declined dramatically due to poaching for ivory. Similarly, the rainforest is also under pressure from logging and agriculture.

The Gabonese government has pledged to work on a host of issues, including sustainability, climate change, education and housing reform, land use, and infrastruc-



ture such as roads, sanitation, and telecommunications. "This is the Camelot period in Gabon," Galvan says. "They have a relatively young president who has a small group of close, young advisors around him who are the country's best and brightest."

In 2003, then-president Omar Bongo Ondimba (Ali Bongo Ondimba's father) put more than one-tenth of the country's landmass into 13 national parks. Gabon now has the most protected rainforest of any African nation, Galvan says, but the parks are fairly inaccessible due to limited roads and lodging. Park management is complicated by the fact that many Gabonese have traditionally hunted and gathered in those areas. "We need to consider the needs of conservation alongside the needs of people facing poverty," Galvan says.

Collaboration will be a key element in devising, refining, and carrying out research projects. "Every project will have Gabonese partners," Galvan says. "If I come up with a research topic, my topic will change as it gets infused with the Gabonese sense of what a good research project is and how to go about doing it."

Enhancing Gabon's education system is also a strong component of the program. The country's only university has an extremely limited PhD program and is "underresourced," Benjaminson says. UO professors will have the opportunity to create partnerships with professors in Gabon and train students who can then come to the UO for graduate study, he says. At



**Welcome to Oregon!** A delegation of 14 Gabonese representatives visiting the UO in January was led by education minister Séraphin Moundounga (beige coat) with Ambroisine Boubenga Moundounga, Deputy Secretary General of the Ministry of Education (center) and Daniel Franck Idiata, Commissioner General of the National Center for Scientific and Technological Research. The group heard presentations from six UO professors on likely research collaboration topics.

the same time, all of the center's activities will include community outreach, turning research into lessons for primary school kids, with special emphasis on girls and women.

While the UO will lead the program, a number of other Oregon campuses will also be members of the Oregon African Studies Consortium, including Oregon State University, Oregon Health & Science University, Portland State University, and Willamette University. Possible areas of research include everything from forestry and environmental studies to ethnobotany and parasite-destroying drugs to antipoaching initiatives and economic modeling. "Across all the campuses, we have many types of expertise," Galvan says.

Brendan Bohannon is one of several UO professors looking forward to collaborative research in Gabon. "We hope to help broaden their economy by working together to include low-impact ecotourism, sustainable use of the forest, and bioprospecting," he says. Bohannon, a professor of biology and director of the UO's Institute of Ecology and Evolution, has been studying the effects of deforestation on microbial biodiversity in the Amazon Basin for many years. Tiny forms of life such as bacteria and fungi have extremely important biological

**"The whole point is to learn to use our country's resources more wisely."**

functions. "The vast majority of bacteria don't cause disease," he says. "Many are necessary to our health." Besides working with the Gabonese on issues of rainforest management, Bohannon also sees potential in rainforest bioprospecting—looking for novel organic compounds that could have medical applications.

"We hope to establish a long-term research site and exchange students between the two countries," Bohannon says. "UO students could train in Gabon and better understand the rainforest, and Gabonese students would have the opportunity to come here and be trained in the environmental sciences."

Seven Gabonese students are already attending the UO. Gleen Landangoye is majoring in business administration, with a focus on green business and tourism. He plans to put his studies to use at home in Gabon. "We've been counting on the forest for our economy," he says, "but we have

never known that we should protect the forest as well as use it. The whole point is to learn to use our country's resources more wisely."

Galvan couldn't agree more. "Hopefully this collaboration can produce a whole generation who think like Gleen," he says.

The Gabon-Oregon program is under the auspices of Global Oregon, one of five Big Ideas established in 2009 to help guide the future direction of the university. Global Oregon is a strategic initiative to make the student experience, faculty research, and the university's outreach more international. (To learn more about the Big Ideas, go to [provost.uoregon.edu/content/big-ideas](http://provost.uoregon.edu/content/big-ideas).)

Of the \$20 million Gabon has invested, \$5 million will cover setup costs for the program, including creating the centers at the UO and in Gabon. The remaining \$15 million endowment will be managed by the UO Foundation, with distributions from the fund financing operations and research at the two centers.

"Resources will be pumped into both sides of the relationship," Galvan says, "and we'll have the opportunity to learn from each other. I'm excited about this opportunity." 🌱

—Rosemary Howe Camozzi '96

## CHEMISTRY

# Test Kitchen

*Molecular gastronomy drives the menus at some of the world's finest (and trendiest) restaurants. A UO chef and chemist enlist its principles to illuminate concepts of chemistry.*

**S**AY IT'S A SULTRY SUMMER NIGHT and a tomato sounds like the start of a tasty supper. A gastronome might take that tomato, quarter it, drizzle it with fragrant olive oil and piquant balsamic vinegar, and serve it studded with fresh mozzarella and peppery basil. A molecular gastronome, on the other hand, might take the same tomato, boil it together with the algae extract agar-agar, stuff it inside a silicone tube, ice it, and squeeze out a spaghetti-like ribbon of tomato gel.

You say tomato . . . a chef like Doug Lang says reconstructed tomato soup. Lang, head chef of the UO's central kitchen, speaks the specialized language of molecular gastronomy. He has teamed up with Randy Sullivan, a lecture demonstrator in the chemistry department, to spread the good word of chemistry through the scientific side of cooking.

Coined at an experimental cooking workshop in Sicily in 1992, the term "molecular gastronomy" refers to the process of taking ordinary ingredients, such as carrots and beets, and shape-shifting them with a chemist's potions, supplies, and techniques, changing their molecular structure. In the kitchens of high-end restaurants that feature such cuisine on their menus, dehydrators, immersion circulators, and centrifuges share counter space with more traditional cookware, like roasting and soufflé pans. Sodium alginate, Ultra-Tex 3, and hydrocolloids such as agar-agar and maltodextrin share pantry shelves with flour and sugar. And bubbling in the corner? That's a cauldron of  $-195^{\circ}\text{C}$  liquid nitrogen, for flash freezing.

Molecular gastronomy informs the cuisine at some of the world's finest restaurants. Perhaps you've noticed chefs fizzing up plates with all manner of flavored foams. Well, you can thank Spain's Ferran Adria, the "father of foam," for that. As chef of the now-shuttered El Bulli, Adria came up with the idea of mixing highly flavored liquids, such as tomato water, with gelatin and shooting them through a whipped-cream



**Making "Cryogenic Custard"** Sous chef Shawn Savage pours  $-195^{\circ}\text{C}$  liquid nitrogen into a cream base as head chef Doug Lang whisks the mixture into a rich, flash-frozen dessert.

charger. Stateside, Chicago's Grant Achatz has put his own mark on avant-garde cuisine at Alinea, named one of the 50 best restaurants in the world by *Restaurant* magazine.

UO chef Lang has the Alinea cookbook flipped open on the counter of the demonstration kitchen at the recently opened Global Scholars Hall one evening, part of the set for a Lang-Sullivan molecular gastronomy demo. Sullivan's demos are a hit with students because they bring abstract scientific processes dramatically to life. In a previous demonstration, for example, he created an "ethanol cannon," using the spark from a Tesla coil to ignite ethanol in a bottle and shoot out the cork. To demonstrate the power of atmospheric pressure, he poured a bucket of water into a 55-gallon steel drum and boiled it until the drum filled with steam, then sealed the drum and doused it with cold water, causing the steam inside to condense. The audience gasped as

the steel drum collapsed like a flimsy soda can. "Science is fascinating," says Sullivan. "There's color, there's sound, there's smell. It's a sensory extravaganza. But we're usually talking about it in a classroom, which is kind of like talking about swimming."

For this evening's demonstration in the residence hall, Sullivan, Lang, and sous chef Shawn Savage, also of the university's central kitchen, have planned a three-act menu. Dinner begins with a plate of salad greens dotted with caviar-like spheres of carrot and beet juice. To create these spheres, Lang adds calcium lactate and agar-agar to the juices, then pipes drops of the liquid into a sodium alginate bath—"reverse spherification," Sullivan explains. The result is a gel capsule that pops in the mouth, releasing the vegetable juice. The finished salad is dressed with spheres of balsamic vinegar and a sprinkling of olive oil given the texture of wet sand with the addition of tapioca maltodextrin. It *tastes*

like a carrot and beet salad, but the texture is entirely unexpected.

Savage takes over during the second course, making a straightforward scallop ceviche (see recipe) while Sullivan describes the chemical process that allows lime and orange juices to denature the scallops' long chains of molecules, "cooking" the seafood without heat. Savage then whizzes together a mixture of avocado, milk, and agar-agar. He pumps the mixture through a nitrous oxide-fueled whipped-cream canister, creating an avocado foam that makes guacamole look like a country cousin. Then, he uses liquid nitrogen (LN<sub>2</sub>) to freeze slices of Roma tomato, orange, and lime, which he grinds to a fine, pastel palette of garnishes for a "scallop ceviche with avocado espuma and LN<sub>2</sub> dust" that would make the father of foam proud.

For dessert? The menu promises "cryogenic custard." The chefs dunk chocolate Pirouette cookies in brandy, and Sullivan

obligingly flambés them with a blowtorch. Lang uses liquid nitrogen to flash-freeze a vanilla custard base, and the resulting ice cream has a silken-smooth texture from setting up so fast.

Lang and Sullivan put on the first of these science shows in 2011, their presentation one of several Community Conversations, a series of events brainstormed and organized by students and held in the UO's many residence halls. Sullivan is a faculty fellow with the program, which is intended to bring intellectual experiences directly into student housing.

This evening's demonstration is a far cry from Lang's usual duties overseeing 35 cooks as they slice, dice, and steam \$3 million worth of groceries every year for the university's dining halls. His kitchen produces 80 gallons of ranch dressing and 90 gallons of teriyaki sauce each week, contributing to the 15,000 meals served daily on campus during the academic year. "I have a lot more experience with egg cookery than reverse spherification," Lang says. 

—Paige Parker

## Scallop Ceviche

*Shawn Savage, sous chef in the UO's central kitchen, offers this basic recipe as a simple and succulent introduction for DIY molecular gastronomes. The ceviche is delicious on its own, but if you're feeling adventuresome, recipes for the dish's other components—avocado espuma and LN<sub>2</sub> dust—may be found at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com).*

1 pound bay scallops, cleaned and chopped  
2 shallots, minced  
½ jalapeno, minced  
⅓ cup fresh lime juice  
¾ cup orange juice  
cilantro for garnish

Mix all ingredients together and marinate in the refrigerator for four to six hours. Garnish with chopped cilantro. Serve chilled. Serves four to six.

**WEB EXTRA:** Watch a video of Lang, Savage, and Sullivan's cooking demo at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com)

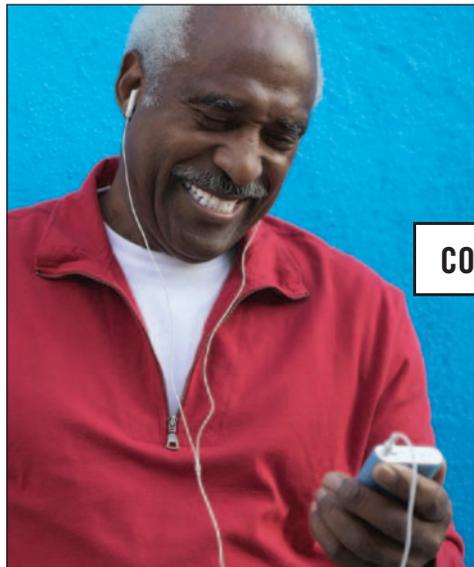
## Extreme Makeover: Central Kitchen Edition

Doug Lang, Shawn Savage, and more than two dozen others chop, simmer, and sauté 15,000 meals per day, all from a cramped, 1949 kitchen in the basement of Carson Hall. Their work space is about to get a lot more comfortable—and efficient—with the construction of a new building that will bring UO kitchen and catering operations together and add about 4,800 square feet of cold storage and 1,500 square feet of dry storage space. The \$8.5 million project, which includes a woodshop that will consolidate repair and maintenance operations currently scattered across campus, will be built on a site near Matthew Knight Arena currently occupied by a dozen 1940s-era cottages built as temporary student housing during the UO's postwar enrollment boom.

While the new kitchen probably won't include liquid nitrogen caldrons or nitrous-oxide espuma canisters, it *will* allow the university to increase its purchasing of local produce and introduce efficiencies expected to save about \$500,000 per year. And that's an appetizing thought indeed. 

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## OREGON BACH FESTIVAL

# Passing the Baton

*The Oregon Bach Festival makes a transition from past to future.*

**H**OW DO YOU REPLACE A legend? That's the question the Oregon Bach Festival faced a few years back when founding artistic director Helmuth Rilling announced he'd be retiring in 2013 (when he would turn 80) from leadership of the world-renowned institution he and Royce Saltzman, a professor in the UO School of Music and Dance, created in 1970. Over the course of those years, the festival had grown from a small workshop for choral conductors and organists to one of world's greatest classical music gatherings.

Now it was time for that most delicate of operations: a smooth transition from a charismatic founder to a successor with a different vision to suit different circumstances. This transition is especially important to Rilling. "I think the most impressive thing we've had over the years is the continuity," he says.

Maintaining that continuity wouldn't be easy. Because the Bach Festival is a university institution, Rilling himself could no more play a role in choosing his successor than could any dean or president.

But change was in the air. In the decades since Rilling had come to musical maturity, Baroque music had been revolutionized by new scholarship that resulted in historically informed ways of performing the music of Bach, Handel, their contemporaries, and even later composers like Mozart. Several generations of performers and conductors have adopted the use of period instruments as well as tunings and performance styles close to what the composers intended (generally referred to as *historically informed performance* or HIP), resulting in more agile and expressive interpretations.

Meanwhile, although his approach evolved significantly over the years as well, in many ways, Rilling continued to embrace the mid-20th-century style featuring modern instruments, choral forces far larger than the composers would have known, and other techniques that, by the beginning of the 21st century, most major Baroque interpreters had left behind.



**Maestri** Helmuth Rilling (right) was 37 years old when he cofounded the Oregon Bach Festival. When Matthew Halls (left) takes over as artistic director following this year's festival, he'll be 37 as well.

Maintaining continuity while effecting change seemed a tricky balance. "If we didn't change it enough, that would just be trying to replace Helmuth, and that would never work," says UO senior vice president and provost James Bean. "If we changed it too much, we'd lose that heart of what made Helmuth's festival what it was."

Fortunately, the university had an important advantage in negotiating a delicate course. The search would be led by the festival's executive director John Evans, a former BBC executive who filled the post when Saltzman became director emeritus in 2007.

"We were lucky to have John, who was so well connected internationally, to be able to pull this off," Bean explains. "First, he communicated with Helmuth and other close friends of the festival to determine what values had to be maintained, and then where there was room to grow and try new ideas."

Crucially, Evans kept Rilling informed throughout the process. And when, in 2011, the festival announced the choice of British conductor and Baroque keyboard specialist Matthew Halls as Rilling's

successor beginning in 2013, the value of that preparatory work became evident.

The leader of England's Retrospect Ensemble, the 35-year-old Halls clearly represented a new—or rather old—approach to Baroque music. Skilled and engaging, Halls had grown up with historically informed interpretations and had performed on period instruments with some of the legends of the genre, including Monica Huggett, the English violinist who leads the Portland Baroque Orchestra.

Evans, in fact, had begun preparing the way for a transition to the now-standard style of Baroque interpretation by bringing Huggett's group into the Bach Festival. And the two-year overlap between Halls's selection and Rilling's departure gave festival audiences a chance to gradually adapt to the new sound. A Portland performance at the Arlene Schnitzer Concert Hall during the 2011 festival (only weeks before the choice of Halls as the new director was made public) featured a sort of baton passing, with each conductor directing half the performance. "It's been reassuring for Rilling to be able to see Matthew conduct Mendelssohn, Bach, Tippett, and others at

the festival,” Evans says. “He can feel the festival is in safe hands.”

Last summer at the UO’s Beall Concert Hall, Halls performed some of Bach’s keyboard concertos in a HIP chamber setting, while Rilling led orchestral performances of some of the same works using modern instruments. Each attended the other’s concerts. This year’s Bach Festival will include a *Passing of the Baton* concert July 6 at the Hult Center in Eugene when Rilling and Halls will take turns at the podium conducting Brahms and Mendelssohn; Halls will conclude the program with Brahms’s *Schicksalslied*, “Song of Destiny.”

“This transition has gone in a very natural way,” Rilling says. “I’m glad Matthew was interested in this position. The beautiful thing is that he comes from the same musical tradition. You can say in some ways he has the same musical faith.”

While noting that the festival henceforth will indeed see a greater presence of period instrument players in residence, Halls finds unexpected commonalities between his approach and Rilling’s, despite their different generations and backgrounds. “It’s not as simple as saying Helmuth represents a particular school of interpretation and I another,” he explains. In listening to Rilling’s performances, he says, “I’m constantly fascinated by the extent to which Helmuth has arrived at some of the same answers to questions about the music as I have. To preserve the integrity of a performance, I have to be honest to myself. But I’m a product of all sorts of influences on me—including the music of Helmuth Rilling.”

Another sign that the transition from Rilling to Halls may be equal parts continuity and change lies in their top priority for the festival itself—and it’s not, as might be expected, the many memorable concerts or premieres of new works. In fact, it’s not about performance at all.

“The activities which we have had in Eugene these many years are twofold,” Rilling explains. “On one side we have had wonderful concerts, tours, performances at the Hollywood Bowl, and so on. But the most important thing for me personally and for the idea of our festival is the teaching. Thousands of people have been taught choral conducting in Eugene. The conducting class over the years with so many conductors gave the Oregon Bach Festival great influence on the choral

musical life of the United States. This is one of the most important facets of the Oregon Bach Festival.”

Halls, too, emphasizes education as the most exciting part of the festival’s future. “We shall be announcing some major educational initiatives, including an entirely new course centered on the organ music of Bach,” he says. He also says fundraising is underway for a prestigious orchestral academy similar to the European Baroque Orchestra. By “attracting the best students and supporting the post-OBFC careers of young conductors around America,” Halls explains, “We are ensuring the long-term health and future of our festival.”

So while the Bach Festival will evolve under its new director, it seems likely to retain much of its character, particularly as an educational institution.

“We have already had many conversations about the programs of the future,” Rilling says about Halls. “I think there will be a lot of continuity between what happened in the past and what will happen in the future.”

That includes Rilling’s continued appearances in Eugene during the summer. “I will stay connected with the festival,” he says. “I will conduct and teach at the festival in years to come.” He’ll also continue guest conducting around the world; this year alone, he’s conducted in Moscow, Warsaw, Los Angeles, Milan, Budapest, and beyond. “I’m very grateful that I’m strong enough to do that and my work is appreciated,” Rilling says, “and I hope this will also continue in the future as long as I am able to do it.”

Halls, meanwhile, is looking forward to the shared concert this summer during the farewell celebrations for his predecessor. “I can’t think of many occasions when the outgoing director has offered to pass the baton in the middle of a concert,” he marvels. “We will relish Helmuth’s continued presence, and we will always find a place for him at the festival.”

—Brett Campbell, MS ’96

For detailed information about the 2013 Oregon Bach Festival, June 24–July 14, visit [oregonbachfestival.com](http://oregonbachfestival.com).

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## The Elephant Within



As cable news, Internet punditry, talk radio, and even this magazine's letters to the editor page demonstrate, it often seems that when it comes to politics, values, and beliefs, much more divides us than unites us. But Jonathan Haidt, New York University's Thomas Cooley Professor of Ethical Leadership and the author of *The Righteous Mind: Why Good People Are Divided by Politics and Religion*, believes a more understanding society could await us all . . . if we learned to understand our inner elephants.

Haidt, who has spent more than 25 years studying the psychological roots of morality, says that humans rely heavily on intuition, emotion, and automatic processes when making moral judgments. Our conscious reasoning is used to *justify* initial intuitive conclusions, Haidt says, rather than to empirically make up our minds. He compares the intuitive mind to an elephant, and conscious, rational thought to a rider trained in public relations perched on the elephant's back. The elephant lurches in one direction, and the rider provides reasons for why this is clearly the best direction in which to travel.

The direction in which our elephant leans is based in part on our cultural upbringing, but also has much to do with deeper moral programming. Based on his observations of cultures around the world, Haidt developed Moral Foundations Theory, which states that, for a variety of evolutionary reasons, humans as a species innately value care, fairness, liberty, loyalty, authority, and sanctity. Of course, these common ideals get mixed and reinterpreted by each culture, religious group, and political party, until the under-

lying agreed-upon value is far from apparent to members of groups that interpret them differently. On the American political spectrum, for example, valuing sanctity can be seen in both abstinence pledges and environmental activism: same moral, vastly different interpretations.

Haidt will visit both the White Stag Block and main campus in late May to discuss how these principles shape our current political climate in the 2013 Oregon Humanities Center Kritikos Lecture. A better understanding of why we think and feel the way we do is just the beginning, Haidt believes, but it is a crucial first step to a more cooperative, civil, and productive society. 

—Mindy Moreland, MS '08

## Calendar

### Jonathan Haidt Lecture

"WHAT ON EARTH IS HAPPENING TO US? POLARIZATION, DEMONIZATION, AND PARALYSIS IN AMERICAN POLITICS" MAY 30, 7:00 P.M., WHITE STAG BLOCK

Watch live-streaming video of his talk at: [ohc.uoregon.edu](http://ohc.uoregon.edu).

### Bachfest PDX

JULY 7-12

The Oregon Bach Festival's annual Portland concert series, including artistic director Helmuth Rilling's farewell performance as he conducts Bach's *Mass in B Minor*.

More information: [oregonbachfestival.com/pdx](http://oregonbachfestival.com/pdx).

### Asian-Pacific American Chamber of Commerce 2013 Diversity and Cultural Awareness Workshop

JUNE 20-21

Learn how ethnicity, geographical resettlement, recent migration, cultural development, and the labor force impact social and economic formation in the greater Portland area. More information: [apacc-or.org/events-list](http://apacc-or.org/events-list).

### Design Camp 2013

JULY 15-19

High school students spend a week exploring careers in architecture, digital arts, and product design amid Portland's vibrant art and design scene. For more detailed information: [aaa.uoregon.edu/designcamp](http://aaa.uoregon.edu/designcamp).



T H E B E S T

## ... Place to Enjoy the Fruits of Summer

Few things taste as sweet as a ripe tomato I've just picked on a sunny Saturday morning at the University of Oregon's Urban Farm. Taking a break from turning a potato bed, I lean on my shovel, only to spot a succulent fruit hanging enticingly off a nearby vine. I reach in among the plant's bitter-smelling leaves and pluck the yellow Sungold off its vine. As I bite down, it tastes like pure summer. While tomatoes are bountiful year round in the supermarket, here at the Urban Farm they're a special seasonal treat.

Students and community members have tended the Urban Farm's soil and nurtured its beds since it was established 30 years ago just across Franklin Boulevard from the main campus. Walking beneath a trellis draped with ivy and morning glories, a visitor can see rows of garden beds, overflowing with leafy veggies. Farther along the path stands a harvest table piled with produce, a rickety tool shed, an arbor of fruit trees, and the heart of the farm, a ribbon-wrapped Maypole surrounded by a hay bale circle.

Vigorously turning clumps of soil and breaking them up with well-placed stabs of our wood-handled shovels, the other volunteers and I discover delicious red potatoes still hiding in the

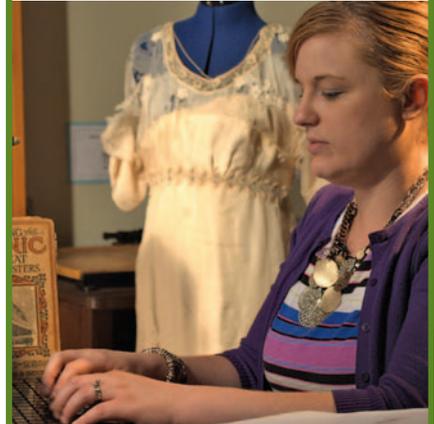
bed alongside nature's aerators, earthworms that quickly retreat back into the loose earth.

Working in the garden for the past two years, I've become more attuned to the timing and labor of the art of eating. During early July, one gathers plump blueberries that, by midsummer, give way to meaty zucchini. In late August, the Eugene sunshine will reach its zenith, providing the final ingredient for crisp autumn apples, Asian pears, and the heirloom tomatoes.

Caring for these beds reminds me of the pleasures gained from hard work and the sometimes forgotten practice of social eating. After completing our garden tasks, we gather around the harvest table to share slices of an exotic melon and exchange favorite recipes. Tasting the fruit is the best reminder of the simplicity of preparing a meal, and that the recipe for happiness is to find delight in the things we eat together. @

—Brenna Houck

*"The Best . . ." is a series of student-written essays describing superlative aspects of campus. Brenna Houck is a graduating senior (in journalism and anthropology) who spends her days immersed in editing Envision and Ethos magazines.*



I'm Genna Reeves-DeArmond, doctoral candidate from OSU. I'm traveling all over the country to conduct my Ph.D research, and I use the Eugene Airport.

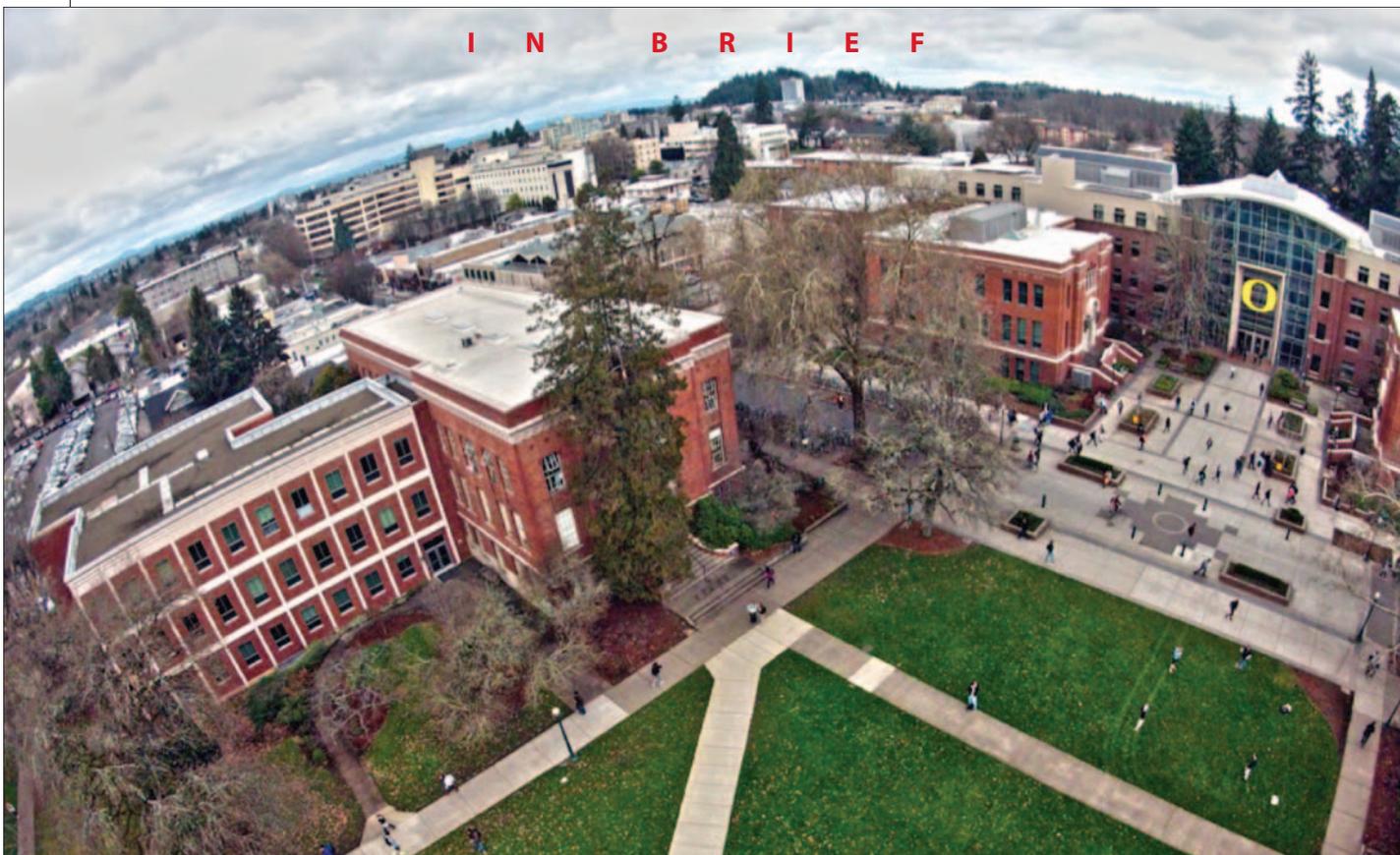
I'm studying how visitors to Titanic museums use dress to learn about and personally relate to the history of 100 years ago.

One of the ways people connect with Titanic's history is through the clothes worn by passengers on the ship, including their social class, life story and experiences aboard the ship. Traveling then took so much planning and now it's so easy!

I use the Eugene Airport- It fits my style.



I N B R I E F



**Bird's Eye View of Campus** Digital Arts students Simon Sanchez and Trevor Till attached a tiny camera to a helium-filled weather balloon, set it aloft over campus, and maneuvered it with tethers of high-test fishing line. The resulting photos provide an unusual perspective on some familiar campus landmarks from an altitude of up to 300 feet. More photos and the story of how the students serendipitously came up with this ingenious idea are available at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com)

## Toward a Better Medford

The UO has selected the city of Medford for a year-long partnership focusing the university's most valuable assets—motivated students and experienced faculty members—on real-world projects, from bicycle routes to industrial redevelopment proposals. The Sustainable City Year Program has previously established collaborations with Gresham, Salem, and Springfield. In a typical year, more than 400 students spend 60,000 hours on projects that enhance livability, conserve resources, and generate economic development—all while reducing environmental impact.

## Dig This

The Register of Professional Archaeologists (RPA) has named the UO's summer field school (the Northern Great Basin Prehistory Project) one of nine RPA-certified programs in the United States, and the only one in the Pacific Northwest. Program students study archaeology, geoarchaeology, and paleoethnobotany and practice survey, excavation, mapping, and record-keeping skills as they work at an active research site.

## New Scholars Signed

Starting in the fall, five students per year will receive full-tuition, four-year scholarships, including room and board, as well as up to \$12,000 in enrichment funds to help them pursue study abroad, unpaid internships, research, or other experiences. A total of 20 students will be awarded the merit-based scholarships from the Stamps Family Charitable Foundation. Similar to the process employed with new scholarship athletes, the UO has hosted "Signing Day" events in Bend, Lake Oswego, Pleasant Hill, and the Portland area to honor the incoming scholars in their hometowns.

## Feeling the Pinch

Across-the-board budget cuts ("sequestration") mandated by the federal government—the UO's largest government partner—began nationwide implementation on March 1. The university has established a website to track sequestration's effects on research programs and other areas of the university. Visit the site at [uoresearch.uoregon.edu/content/sequestration-impact](http://uoresearch.uoregon.edu/content/sequestration-impact).

## Faculty Kudos

UO biologist **Jessica Green** is among 175 North American scholars, artists, and scientists to be named 2013 Guggenheim Fellows. The award honors recipients for their achievement and exceptional promise. Green, an ecologist and engineer who codirects the Biology and the Built Environment Center, specializes in biodiversity theory and microbial systems.

**Tim Gleason**, dean of the School of Journalism and Communication, will receive the 2013 Charles E. Scripps Award as journalism and mass communication administrator of the year. Gleason, who holds the position of Edwin L. Artzt Dean of the journalism school, has served as dean since 1997. He has been a member of the UO faculty since 1987.

## Corps Values

The Peace Corps' 2013 Top College rankings placed the UO at number eight, up two spots from 2012. Currently, 82 undergraduate alumni are serving overseas; the UO has produced a total of 1,165 Peace Corps volunteers. 

PHOTO COURTESY SIMON SANCHEZ AND TREVOR TILL

## PROFile

### Alexander B. Murphy

Professor of Geography and James F. and Shirley K. Rippey  
Chair in Liberal Arts and Sciences



The first few lectures in a course taught by Alexander Murphy can sometimes be a little intimidating for students. The renowned University of Oregon political geographer says that students often come into his classroom the first day believing they are there to memorize place names, but soon he manages to “change their views.” With his aid and expertise, students discover that the *political* map is something more than just borders, capitals, and colored spaces; the subject encompasses information on a vast swath of human activity, from population density to religious affiliation. This new understanding gives students tools to embark on a journey of discovery, asking questions about their world—and no longer taking maps for granted.

One example Murphy likes to use is Timbuktu, a place that is synonymous with an isolated, far-away destination. This West African city is an important case study in how location can influence economies and politics through history. While Timbuktu seems distant to us today, Murphy says, in the 12th century it was an important caravan trade center on the edge of the Sahara. Then, as shipping became more prominent, coastal cities

emerged as the new trade powers, and Timbuktu slid “from the center of activity to the periphery.” Today, the city is making headlines, as the once stable nation of Mali has fallen into the throes of civil war. Timbuktu’s changing geographic significance illustrates “a world that is different from one year to the next.”

Having visited more than 100 countries, Murphy is often jetting to the farthest reaches of the globe. But whether he’s traveling to Northern India or crossing the Peruvian-Chilean border, Murphy is always on the lookout for a tale or insight from his adventures to bring into his discussions and enliven his courses. On one recent 10-day expedition, he traveled to Tabriz, Iran, and addressed the Fifth International Congress of Islamic World Geographers. During the visit, Murphy sat down with a candidate for the post-Ahmadinejad presidency, an individual who might someday stand at the helm of one of the most strategically important countries on the planet. With the world’s geopolitics ceaselessly churning, the subject remains ever fresh. “I look forward to the next time I get to teach political geography,” Murphy says.

**Name:** Alexander B. Murphy

**Education:** BA '77, Yale University; '77–78, Graduate Program, Universität des Saarlandes; JD '81, Columbia University; PhD '87, University of Chicago.

**Teaching Experience:** Joined the UO faculty 1987. James F. and Shirley K. Rippey Chair in Liberal Arts and Sciences '98–present.

**Awards:** Thomas F. Herman Faculty Achievement Award for Distinguished Teaching, 2012; David M. and Nancy L. Petrone Scholar Award, 1996–98; James F. and Shirley K. Rippey Fund Award for Teaching Innovation, 1995–96; and many more university, national, and international accolades.

**Off-Campus:** Murphy enjoys hiking and, occasionally, downhill skiing with his graduate students at Willamette Pass.

**Last Word:** “I want my students to begin to see some connections and interactions that will help them to make sense of the world and their lives.”



—Brenna Houck

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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON



# LOGGING DAYS

BY DANIEL LINDLEY, MS '93

**A**LTHOUGH I LIVE 2,900 MILES AWAY NOW, THE smell of wood chips on a suburban lawn still makes me think of the Oregon woods and the years I moonlighted as a freelance writer for a logging trade magazine. Perhaps “daylighted” would be a better word, for I went out in the woods days, while putting the finishing touches on my master’s thesis nights. The switch from the abstract concerns of a grad-student grind at the University of Oregon to the earthbound duties of a freelance writer slogging through muddy forests was, in its way, as radical as the shift that came a few years later when I moved for an editing job from cool, misty, far-left Eugene to hot, sunny, far-right southwest Florida.

In Eugene, my graduate teaching fellowship at an end and my funds deflating, I answered a call in the *Register-Guard* classifieds for a writer for *TimberWest*. The magazine’s subtitle—*The Journal of Logging and Sawmills*—said it all. Hesitant about covering the demonized logging industry, I nevertheless welcomed even the minimal cash infusions freelancing promised while I finished my thesis on Ambrose Bierce, whom I’m sure would have delighted in my ethical quandary. Like most at the UO in the early 1990s, I considered myself an environmentalist. Could a tree hugger learn to love logging? Soon enough, I got a chance to find out, when the magazine’s owner, John Nederlee, called. The job was straightforward. I’d write about logging crews scattered throughout Oregon, chronicle their daily challenges and how they overcame them, and photograph the machinery—lovingly referred to as “iron”—they used to cut, limb, and buck trees into logs, stack them in decks, load them onto trucks, and transport them to the hungry mills waiting in the Willamette Valley.

I knew nothing about logging and labored under the sort of Disneyfied misconception about the work that most Americans have of many things in life. In our Hollywood-saturated culture, life may not imitate art; but in the minds

of many, life does imitate movies. Soon enough I learned that the industry differed radically from my cartoonish conceptions of stout, bearded lumberjacks toting axes and crosscut saws. Even chainsaws seemed like quaint relics compared to the big, computerized machines that cost hundreds of thousands of dollars apiece and did the bulk of the work in the woods. To compete in a cutthroat business, most loggers had to use this machinery, which could saw through two-foot-diameter trees in seconds and stack 100-foot logs like a man chucking cordwood in a pile. Many of these machines were advertised in the magazine’s glossy pages.

The job seemed simple enough, despite the moral quandaries involved, but it did present some challenges. “Shows,” as the loggers called their work, typically took place in remote places far distant from paved roads. More than once my 1986 diesel Ford Escort bogged down to its axles in mud, and loggers had to take a break from their work to pull me out. That was embarrassing, but not as bad as the occasional near-collision with fully laden log trucks coming around blind curves as they roared down narrow logging roads. Eventually I learned to avoid them by buying and using a CB radio tuned to the truckers’ channel.

Inured to their lives in the woods, the loggers took a far more relaxed view of the many dangers of their work than I. One blithely told me tales of crew and family members getting squished—his word—by falling trees, snags, or limbs. “Widowmakers,” he called them. A hook tender for a crew I visited one chilly winter day in the Coast Range told me that a coworker had been decapitated a few weeks earlier by a steel cable used to reel in logs through the forest. This was all in a day’s work for tough men who seemed remarkably amiable despite the tales they told of bloody Saturday-night brawls in the little bars that dotted the foothills nearby.

Yet somehow this hard and violent life seemed as refreshing as a whiff of fir-scented air to someone more often

*The Hull-Oakes lumber mill,  
about which the author wrote in  
the early 1990s, as it looks today.*





*Ralph Hull, who founded the Hull-Oakes mill in 1937, circa 1990.*



stuck inside the cloistered confines of Knight Library squinting at century-old microfilmed newspapers, or in an overheated classroom listening to dry-as-dust professors drone on about theories of social responsibility. Strangely, I found my biggest challenge to be learning the loggers' lingo. These people spoke an almost entirely alien language. Seldom more than 100 miles from the UO's J-school, working above little logging towns like Sweet Home, Mill City, Willamina, and Lebanon, I sometimes felt as if I were trying to communicate with a group as exotic, say, as the Trobriand Islanders one of my professors liked to cite in lectures. These loggers rattled on, often incomprehensibly (at least at first), about towers, talkie-tooters, skylines, mainlines, carriages, tail-holds, spar trees, squirt booms, feller-bunchers, forwarders, decks and landings, choker setters, hook tenders, chasers, buckers, fallers, crummies, grapple Cats, loaders, shovels, skidders, stroke delimiters, and turns.

One man had to explain to me that the mistletoe he was complaining about was a parasite on trees rather than a cheery relic of Christmases past, as I'd surmised.

Attempting to describe the show he was working on, another explained, "We're working with a Timberjack harvester with a harvester-processor head and a Valmet forwarder, a clambunk forwarder, and long-log forwarder, with four sorts, but there's a lot of dog hair." Translation: He was using a super-fast machine to fall, limb, and buck trees into logs to be picked up by a fleet of tractor-like contraptions with attached wagons to be hauled and stacked in four different piles according to species and size, but the thickly forested terrain covered with spindly trees—the dog hair—was making the job slow and difficult.

Loggers didn't eat lunch; they put on the nosebag, a term dating to the days of horse logging. At the ancient Hull-Oakes steam-powered mill in Bellfountain, which specialized in processing old-growth logs the size of freight cars, the venerable Ralph Hull, bearded like an Old Testament patriarch but dressed in a striped logging shirt and stiff black logger pants, looked as if he'd stepped out of a photo from the 1930s (which is when he started in the business) as he explained his operation to me. After mentioning the pond monkey's part in the process and seeing my puzzled look, he

pointed to the mill pond, where the resident pond monkey, a gangly man in a small vessel called a boom boat, was pushing logs around to feed into the mill.

Eventually, after many questions, all answered patiently and politely, I came to learn the language of logging. I like to think that I came to understand the loggers, too. Had they committed a world of sins? Perhaps. I particularly remember one older logger's sly grin as he reminisced about how much old growth he and his company had taken out of the woods in logging's heyday back in the 1960s. But those days were gone, we both knew, and as he drove me to a quiet, secret spot, a cathedral-like grove of old growth that had somehow escaped the industrial maw of modern logging, he seemed glad it had been spared.

Still, no one showed guilt or contrition. In these men's eyes, they and their forebears had supplied the raw materials that not only built the state and the country, but laid the economic base of a pyramid atop which we stood and looked down. This was so, even if we academics were oblivious to these men's lives as we sat on chairs perhaps lathed out of Oregon wood in the warmth of our classrooms heated by hog fuel, and wrote our conclusions about social responsibility on paper that might have been made in some Northwestern mill.

These men and their culture, in their way, seemed as threatened as any we might have studied farther afield. In just 15 years, one logging company's payroll had declined from 125 employees to 25, the owner told me. If the short-term economics of industrial logging were as much pyramid scheme as economic pyramid, inflated in a housing bubble pumped up by a culture enslaved by growth, was that the loggers' fault? They were born to the business, second- and third-generation loggers cutting second- and third-growth forests, struggling to survive. In the heat of a Florida day, when I smell cedar chips freshly spread in the yards of suburban McMansions, many of them empty or in foreclosure, I sometimes wonder if they have. 

*Daniel Lindley, MS '93, is a writer and editor who lives in Naples, Florida. He is the author of Ambrose Bierce Takes on the Railroad and coauthor of The President's Pianist.*

## FOURTEENTH ANNUAL NORTHWEST PERSPECTIVES ESSAY CONTEST WINNERS

JUDGED BY ELLEN WATERSTON

### OPEN CATEGORY

**FIRST PLACE:** Daniel Lindley, "Logging Days"

**SECOND PLACE:** Gregg Kleiner, "Crossing Lines"

**THIRD PLACE:** Ruby McConnell, "At the Counting Window"

**HONORABLE MENTION:** Dan Falkner, "Hoarders at Heart"

### STUDENT CATEGORY

**FIRST PLACE:** Iris Graville, "Boris's Bluff"

**SECOND PLACE:** Ben DeJarnette, "The Long Run"

**THIRD PLACE (TIE):** John A. Steele, "Remembering Who You Really Are" and Allyson Woodard, "Lunch Hour: How a Hawk Taught Me the 9 to 5"

**WEB EXTRA:** Visit [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com) to read essays by all of this year's winners and finalists.

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# STORIES CARVED IN CEDAR

Six Depression-era murals, hanging in Knight Library since 1937, depict the grandeur of Oregon's landscape, the tenacious spirit of its people, and a dark underside rarely seen in the government-sponsored art of the day.

By Kenneth O'Connell '66, MFA '72  
Photos by Steve Smith

**Artist Art Clough** describes how Oregon senator Frederick Steiwer '06, while vacationing at Odell Lake in 1937, was "appalled to note the countless young men train-tramping." Steiwer's concern contributed to the creation of the Depression-era CCC work program. In this vignette from the Knight Library panels, Clough depicts three men trying to jump a freight train. The figure on the right runs to catch the train, while a second figure has tripped and fallen to the ground in front of him. The third person, on the left, has succeeded in grabbing a rung to hoist himself onto the train, but we see a boot stomping on his right hand from above, as someone tries to break his grip. The numbers "122530" in the upper right may refer to the number of the train, or a date: Christmas Day, 1930. Clough interviewed many workers in the CCC camps; their stories likely informed the images we see in these panels.

“We

**e demand a happy ending; not, as many critically assert, because we are confirmed sentimentalists, but**

**because of the hope and determination that is the distinctly American heritage,”** wrote artist Art Clough in a 1937 letter to University of Oregon librarian M. H. Douglass. **“It seems to me to be the ONE characteristic that sets us apart from all other peoples—and times.”** Clough was describing to Douglass the genesis of his idea for the six huge, carved, white cedar panels that have hung in Knight Library since it opened that same year. The panels, carved between 1932 and 1935 by Clough with assistance from Ross McClure and Jim de Broekert (known collectively as the Grey Gypsy Craftsmen), depict six majestic Cascade mountain peaks, vignettes of Oregon’s frontier history, and scenes from Civilian Conservation Corps (CCC) camps. The CCC was a work program that employed more than 2.5 million young men during the Depression years of 1933 to 1942, providing them with shelter, clothing, food, and a wage of \$30 per month (\$25 of which was sent directly home to their families).

In his letter to the UO librarian, Clough describes a meeting of local lumbermen at the grand Osburn Hotel in Eugene, during which Oregon senator Frederick Steiwer ‘06, who was supposed to speak on the issue of lumber tariffs, instead talked of his concern for the “countless young men” he had seen “train-tramping” as a response to the desperation of the Depression, noting “their bewilderment, their warped outlook, and their seeking a solution by being on the move.” The meeting adjourned with no talk of tariffs, but, according to Clough, with an idea to put these men to work building roads, parks, trails, bridges, buildings, shelters, and fire lookouts; fighting fires; digging irrigation canals; stringing telephone lines; planting trees; and other needed improvements. These activities are illustrated in the intricate, nine-foot-tall relief carvings that hang on the east and west walls of the Paulson Reading Room on the library’s second floor.

Clough (rhymes with “rough” and “tough”) was born Harry Arthur Herbert Clough in Madison, Wisconsin, in 1891. He arrived in Eugene in 1924, and made it his home

until his death in 1977. An innovative teacher, artist, and designer, his vision helped determine the plans for the Oregon state capitol, and he and his Grey Gypsy Craftsmen produced work that can be found in the Eugene Airport, the Oregon Department of Forestry in Salem, and in schools, lumber offices, businesses, and private homes throughout the Northwest. He understood that learning involves using verbal, numerical, and visual information together. We then use the power of our minds to see the symbols and objects carved in space. This approach is clear in the gestural, somewhat abstract, yet highly narrative carvings in Knight Library.

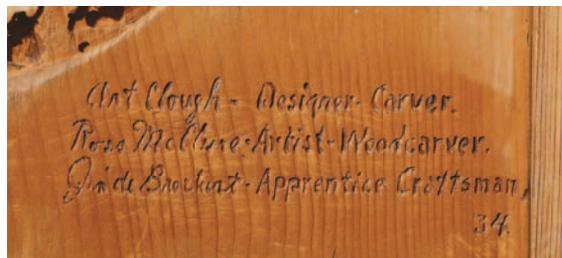
At first look, the panels clearly convey the quintessentially American story of optimism that Clough describes in his letter to Douglass. He writes of his intention

to represent this characteristic in murals, recalling how, as he witnessed the senator’s meeting with the lumbermen, he was struck with **“the idea of portraying the determined trying to find an American way—and the sureness that in every case there is**

**one—which seems to me to be the distinctly American phenomena.”**

A closer inspection, however, reveals another, more intense and somber kind of story. A series of small images runs along the bottom of the panels. Here, we find far darker depictions of the times, stark scenes of the despair and hardship of the Great Depression. The stories were likely gathered from young men, many of whom had traveled from the Midwest and East Coast looking for work, that Clough met at a CCC camp established at Skinner Butte in Eugene. Although Clough did not provide written details of the narratives, research, including that of Kathleen Duxbury, and interviews with some of Clough’s descendants, reveals clues to decoding the imagery in these six unusual panels—windows into history, tucked away on the UO campus. 

*Kenneth O’Connell ‘66, MFA ‘72, is professor emeritus in the Department of Art, where he taught from 1978 until his retirement in 2002. He is researching a book on the life and work of Art Clough, and welcomes information about the Oregon artist at [oconnell@uoregon.edu](mailto:oconnell@uoregon.edu).*



**The lower third** of each of the six panels that comprise the Knight Library murals depicts life in the CCC camps, with scenes of workers building bridges, trails, fire lookout towers, campgrounds, and telephone lines. Here, CCC workers, pickaxes in hand, improve a mountain trail as a deer looks on.



**Car Camping** This page:  
A family, seen with their tent and automobile, enjoys a public campground. Building and improving recreational facilities, such as hiking trails and campgrounds, were common projects for the CCC workers in Oregon.

**Dust Bowl** Facing page, top: The Depression coincided with the Dust Bowl, leaving many farmers destitute. In this image, people trudge through the blowing dust that covers everything but the windmill, visible in the upper right corner. Note that the figures' shoes are blanketed in drifts of dust, all but the one that rests on a ledge above the dust-covered ground. OREGON QUARTERLY PHOTO.

**Farm Auction** Facing page, center: When banks foreclosed on a family farm, auctioneers were brought in to sell the buildings, land, and equipment. Here, the couple on the right is losing their farm; the man near the auctioneer is raising his hand to bid. Friends and neighbors would often conspire to keep bids low, and sell what they bought back to the farmer for pennies. Some would show up with guns, as we see on the far left, to prevent violence or intimidate the auctioneer.

**Waking in a Cemetery**  
Facing page, bottom: Some of Clough's images were likely inspired by tales shared by CCC workers from the East Coast. With a touch of dark humor, he depicts a policeman scratching his head, apparently puzzled at the sight of so many people waking up in a New York cemetery. People who found themselves homeless might sleep in parks, cars, forests—even cemeteries. OREGON QUARTERLY PHOTO.





**Clough's full panels**, above, measuring about nine feet high by eight feet wide, are installed at either end of the Knight Library Special Collections and University Archives Paulson Reading Room on the second floor. Each panel features a prominent Oregon Cascades peak—Mount Hood, Mount Jefferson, Mount Washington, Three Sisters, Three-Fingered Jack, and Mount Thielsen—and a band of "fog" depicting stories from the state's pioneer history. Scenes of CCC activities fill the bottom portion of each main image. The small carvings along the panels' bottom edges offer a darker view of Depression-era life.

To see the panels, visit Knight Library Special Collections and Archives on the second floor. Summer hours are Tuesday through Friday, 10:00 A.M. to 4:30 P.M., but we recommend calling the library at 541-346-3068 to confirm.

**Web Extra:** View a slide show of images from the panels and a video of Ken O'Connell discussing the work of Art Clough at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com).

# SIDEWALK OR STREET?

*Compelled to step up her activism by the urgency of climate change, a mother wrestles with a moral dilemma: How does one take an effective stand for a cause on which her children's future depends, and still remain present for them as a parent?*

BY MARY DEMOCKER '92

**February 17, 2013, 1:15 P.M.**

*Two hundred students and community members are about to break the law. And I'm about to break it with them.*

*It's a sunny afternoon and the crowd is fresh from the three-day Social Justice, Real Justice conference sponsored by the University of Oregon's Multicultural Center students. We're marching to demand action on climate recovery and to express solidarity with 48 environmental leaders recently arrested at the White House for the same cause. "We don't have a permit for this march," a student announces from the Erb Memorial Union (EMU) amphitheater stage, a platform the university officially designated as a site for free public speech in 1962. "So stay on the sidewalk if you don't want to risk arrest."*

*Oh. Didn't know that.*

*Boisterous protesters now stream down East 13th Avenue toward the university's western boundary. I have two blocks to decide: sidewalk or street? I'm supposed to meet my husband and kids at a friend's memorial service soon. We arrive at the corner of 13th and Kincaid, the campus border, and I hesitate. This was the site of another civil disobedience in 1970, when students, tired of dodging cars that barreled through campus, stopped them with the impromptu—and illegal—construction of a brick planter. University and city officials later made the street closure official.*

*Now, as marchers flow into Kincaid Street, I consider the perils of arrest. At the least, it would involve*

*a trip to jail, a besmirched record, and a fine. I don't know the going rate for blocking traffic on behalf of climate justice, but between the kids' school fees and dental bills, I'm not feeling flush. And what about those batons and rubber bullets visited upon peaceful Occupy Wall Street and Occupy Oakland protesters for similar traffic-obstructing crimes? I'm counting on police to provide fair warning before whipping out pepper spray, and on fellow protesters not to provoke violence. But I don't know the players here. I have no basis for trusting either side.*

*Decision time. I have a busy afternoon planned following the memorial service: groceries, laundry, homework support. I consider the urgency of the cause, and think of my friend who died, an artist and rebel. Wondering where this march might lead, I step into the street.*

**I consider myself politically engaged,** but my activism of late wouldn't earn me a very hefty FBI file. Like many other baby boomers, I've expressed my ideals through lifestyle choices, polling booths, and occasional fundraisers for beleaguered candidates. Though my passion for world change can run high, my loyalty always lies, first and foremost, with my children. Caring for them is a 24–7 labor of love that can't be accomplished from a jail cell. But as a mother, I'm also pulled to confront anything that jeopardizes their future—and climate change certainly does. When a crisis looms so large that it threatens every system that sustains life on Earth—how can a mother respond appropriately and still continue the intimate work of raising a family?



*Protesters march along 13th Avenue in Eugene on February 17, 2013, following the student-organized Social Justice, Real Justice conference. Photo illustration by Tim Jordan.*

**My first—and, so far, only—arrest** was 28 years ago. As a student in music and politics at New York University, I met Central American refugees who had fled U.S.-supported dictators and death squads. “Your government ignores me,” said a soft-spoken, white-haired Salvadoran mother who had seen soldiers kill her son. “They’ll listen to you.” Eager to help, I organized teach-ins, street theater, and petition drives to senators. They didn’t listen. So when the Senate voted to continue funding the covert war in Central America, I joined hundreds of other activists and students in a peaceful—if rowdy—blockade of my senator’s New York office until two policemen carried me away. A year later, Columbia University balked at divesting from companies profiting in South Africa under apartheid, so I grabbed my sleeping bag and joined students on the steps of Hamilton Hall in a 10-day occupation.

I believe both campaigns helped; Central America was eventually allowed to lean left on its own and Columbia divested. Other universities and cities followed suit, adding to international pressure on South Africa to dismantle apartheid. Over time it succeeded, and I learned that if a just cause + education + protest + patience don’t get results, a little peaceful civil disobedience might help move things along.

**By 1986, New York’s charms had faded** in the traffic fumes, and when I decided it was time for more music study, I looked to the other coast. The West had mountains, Eugene had culture, and the University of Oregon had harp scholarships.

Oregon also had political backbone, electing progressive leaders such as Senators Hatfield and Morse, who both opposed the Vietnam War, and environmental champion Governor Tom McCall. The state boasted land-use planning, publicly owned beaches, and the country’s first bottle bill. I was won over by the Slug Queen, bike paths, and mammoth old-growth trees that produced the sweetest air I’d ever tasted.

But I’d arrived during the “greed is good” decade, when Oregon was serving up those trees to logging companies. I wasn’t the only one horrified as ancient forests were reduced to stump-strewn meadows. While I practiced harp at the UO’s music school, members of the Survival Center, a student-run environmental activism group, battled to save old growth. I attended rallies and signed petitions, but my main efforts were toward living simply “so others may simply live.” I married another student, and whenever we could, we explored Oregon’s stunning wilderness.

I was pregnant with my first child when the 1995 Salvage Logging Rider suspended protections of old growth forest. Activists, among them UO students enraged by the new clear cuts, stormed Northwest streets and courtrooms under the banner of the radical environmental group Earth First! When United States District Judge Michael Hogan ruled that even

the spotted owl reserve at Warner Creek, 45 miles southeast of Eugene, was fair game, Earth First! activists dug in—literally—to save it from the chainsaw. Timothy Ingalsbee, PhD ’95, who studied the Earth First! movement in the Pacific Northwest during the 1980s and ’90s, remembers, “They went straight from the hearing up to the woods, and stayed for a year.”

I stayed home with my baby. I practiced attachment parenting—breastfeeding, soothing her cries, keeping her close. If she needed a kidney or lung, I’d have offered mine. I’d never felt such fierce protectiveness.

Meanwhile, Earth First! prevented logging equipment from reaching trees by digging trenches and erecting a block-



*Earth First! blockade of Warner Creek salvage logging in 1995. Photo by Kurt Jensen.*

ade across Warner Creek’s access road. Their nonviolent but confrontational methods drew both fervid support and scathing criticism and—after some of the protestors buried themselves in the road up to their necks—international attention. Warner Creek Blockade became a tourist destination. And it succeeded.

**Wholesale clear-cutting of ancient forests** ended in the late 1990s, but trees still fell as global temperatures rose. Al Gore’s 2006 *An Inconvenient Truth* alarmed me—and many others—with its documentation of climbing temperatures that have already brought more droughts, wildfires, floods, and pests. Global warming wasn’t a far-off threat, or even—as I’d hoped—one that would await redress until my nest emptied. I redoubled my efforts at a low-carbon lifestyle: more local food, less driving. In 2007, author and 350.org cofounder Bill McKibben spoke at the UO as part of his “Fight Global Warming Now” tour. Following his talk I asked, “What’s more important, shrinking my family’s carbon footprint or political activism?”

“Activism. We’ve got to cut industry emissions,” McKibben replied without pause. “Yours are minuscule in comparison.”

So I worried less about hanging laundry and more about petitioning leaders, but was quickly dismayed. It seemed every

campaign aimed only to avert new threats—new deep ocean and Arctic drilling, longwall mining for coal, or fracking for natural gas. No campaign aimed to cut current emissions.

Meanwhile, my children built rock sculptures along creeks, rescued worms from puddles, and asked why adults allowed clear-cuts and litter.

**In March 2009, *National Geographic* offered** me my first glimpse of Canada's vast tar sands oil fields. The sinking feeling in my belly reminded me of that moment in my pre-teen son's favorite action films when the good guys—blood-soaked underdogs battling to save Earth—behold their worst nightmare lurching toward them. *Holy crap.*

If you've never seen images of the tar sands fields, picture a black, smoking hole that extends as far as the eye can see. Think Mordor from *Lord of the Rings*. The oil fields' link to world markets is the Keystone pipeline through America's heartland. By the time this bitumen—more soil than oil—has been wrenched from the earth, wrung from sand, and pushed through hundreds of miles of pipe, it possesses a colossal carbon footprint. Climate scientist James Hanson, former head of NASA's Goddard Institute for Space Studies, has studied Earth's atmosphere for 47 years. He has declared it “game over” for the climate—probably within my children's lifetimes—if proposed Keystone phases III and IV become operational.

I moved into a state of near-constant alarm, torn as I was between moral imperatives: How could I parent well in the short run—pack lunches, tend wounds, save for college—while parenting well in the long run, which demanded heroic political work, like, *now?*

I sought spiritual guidance on fitting into polite society while my planet was destroyed. One devotee of an eastern religion warned, “Your attachment to the physical world will bring you suffering. I like whales, but it's okay if they go extinct. Same with humanity.”

“You have no children, then?” I asked. He shook his head.

I decided it's a healthy impulse to be attached to my children's survival, even if it meant I was spiritually immature. But my plate was pretty full with parenting and work. I'd need some champions.

Maybe the president could rescue us—didn't he promise freedom from the “tyranny of oil”? But when it came to energy policy, Obama was now singing his “all-of-the-above” leitmotif over the Republican “drill, baby, drill” chorus. Isn't the president a parent, too? Aren't Malia and Sasha, like my kids, writing reports about polar bears drowning?

Maybe the champions I needed were activists with time to hold Obama to his promises.

“How about you?” I asked my mom, 82. “You're retired.”

“My energy's limited,” she confessed.

I sat my teens down. “What would it take for your generation to address climate recovery?”

“Make it cool,” they suggested. “Have, like, Taylor Swift or Justin Bieber support it—and not just tell us what to do, but do it themselves.”

I don't know any pop stars.

My Facebook friends, mostly parents who care deeply about their kids' futures, sighed, “Climate change. Too overwhelming.” I could relate. But if my politically astute friends in this tie-dye, blue-state university town wouldn't jump into the climate recovery fight, who would?

**In the fall of 2011, my champions arrived,** it seemed, people as frustrated as I was with the economic and political status quo, who used peaceful, direct action to tell the world. Wall Street was occupied.

Initially dismissed by mainstream media, Occupy Wall Street's ranks grew. When labor unions and military personnel joined in and occupations sprang up in cities worldwide, including Eugene, the nation started to pay attention to the biggest movement in decades. I joined two thousand Eugenians in a march through downtown, but returned home to fix burritos for my family before tents went up in the Park Blocks. Whenever I passed Occupy Eugene, I offered encouragement and apples. Though I didn't hear much about climate change, I was heartened by Occupy's on-the-ground democracy as a model for transforming our political structure. Over the 2011 holidays, Occupy sites around the nation were closed down one by one. But the concept of “the 99 percent” had taken hold.

**February 17, 1:45 P.M.**

*Police cars hover in alleys and cruise behind us. My friends suggest we stick together and walk on the edge, ready to bolt if necessary. They don't want trouble, either.*

*I can't find the student who e-mailed me about this march. He'd described the distinctive hat he'd be wearing and invited me to say hello. Where is he?*

**The dawn of 2013 found few politicians** denying global warming outright, but their actions told a different story. They rubber-stamped countless fossil fuel projects, expanding an infrastructure of denial.

Bill McKibben's recently launched fossil fuel divestment campaigns on college campuses, including the UO, certainly qualified him as my champion. But I found signing online petitions from strangers a lonely form of activism. We didn't march together. We'd never even met.

Craving the company of flesh-and-blood activists, I checked on the university's divestment campaign at a meeting of the UO student group Climate Justice League. About two dozen students split into three work groups. Our divestment group had five people.

“Why aren't more students here?” I asked.

One responded, “They think global warming is stupid, but not enough to come to meetings.”

Noah DeWitt, a senior journalism major, said later, “My generation is really comfortable, at least within the UO. And the crises are mind-bogglingly huge.”

### **February 17, 2:10 P.M.**

*Halfway through the march, protesters roll a dumpster into 11th Avenue. My friends say, "Someone's spray painting. Let's go." We leave, annoyed at the stick-it-to-the-man vandalism. Are they trying to discredit our protest?*

*"They're like vultures," my friends fume, "feeding off the hard work of organizers."*

**Trust is important in any relationship**, but in activism—particularly civil disobedience, which risks safety and freedom—it's essential. In the decades since my 1980s student days, especially post-September 11, the definition of "free speech" has contracted while that of "terrorism" has expanded. A lot. The stakes have risen for activists. So has the distrust.

I asked Eugene attorney Lauren Regan of the Civil Liberties Defense Center, a nonprofit that provides legal support and education to activists, about recent convictions against some environmental activists, which are fueling that distrust. Regan notes that some who have returned to activism after "a couple of decades off are often shocked by the cloud of distrust that surrounds activism now," although "they love the young activists' . . . ability to [use] social media and network—it far surpasses the 1970s." She tells me that even though the Occupy Eugene march was the largest in Eugene's history, "it was difficult to keep people positive around it because they were worried about cops," concerned that protesting would be dangerous for their families or damaging to their careers.

### **February 17, 2:45 P.M.**

*On my way to the memorial service, I swing past the WOW Hall, the march's destination. No paddy wagons. Protesters appear happy. There is no media coverage of our big civil disobedience. Is it worth leaving my family on a Sunday if it doesn't save the world?*

**Maybe it was time to ramp it up.** As I considered how, Bill McKibben asked 350.org members to block the Keystone pipeline. If I jumped into that fray, what level of involvement would be effective—and safe? Some activists arrested for impeding construction of Keystone's southern leg are facing severe legal and financial repercussions.

I'd still give my lung—or life—if my kids needed it. But was it fair to them if I risked my freedom—or their college funds—for a campaign that might fail? Was it fair *not* to?

Then, champions. Right under my nose. The student organization Land Air Water (LAW) has hosted the annual Public Interest Environmental Law Conference (PIELC) at the UO School of Law since 1983. At the 2013 PIELC, titled Earth: Too Big to Fail, I met some teenagers who have flipped the game. They're in court, all right—but the defendant for the last three years has been the United States government. These students—including South Eugene High School's Kelsey Juliana—are demanding that the government uphold its obli-

gation to protect the atmosphere on which their lives depend. UO law professor Mary Christina Wood developed the theory and strategy of Atmospheric Trust Litigation (ATL), building on University of Texas law professor Gerald Torres's concept of atmosphere as a public trust asset.

"Eugene lawyer Julia Olson took this theory," says Wood, "connected with students, and filed cases in all 50 states. ATL is now going global. People are now saying, 'The public trust applies to water. It should apply to atmosphere as well.'"

Torres introduced the young plaintiffs to the PIELC audience, saying, "ATL may be crazy, but it may also be the only thing that works."

As I listened, something faint but sweet stirred in me. Hope.

### **February 17, 6:00 P.M.**

*I learn that other marchers stopped the spray painting and returned the dumpster to its place. The police, hundreds of feet away in their cruisers, hadn't even noticed.*

*Maybe I was too jumpy. I could have interrupted the vandalism, I guess, instead of giving up and fleeing. That hadn't even occurred to me. Would they have listened to a middle-aged stranger? They listened to someone.*

*Maybe it's time to stop waiting for others to lead.*

### **Together, the 2013 UO Social Justice, Real Justice**

conference and the PIELC drew more than 4,000 participants. Speakers from around the world shared their visions of healthy futures for the places and communities they love, along with sharp criticism of government complicity with destructive industries. Thuli Brilliance Makama, an attorney from Swaziland, spoke to a packed crowd in the EMU Ballroom about her struggle to defend the environmental and human rights of local communities against multinational corporations. She asks those with whom she clashes [in Swaziland]: "How do you sleep with yourself at night, when the profits you are enjoying are based on denying a community of their basic survival means?"

In the same room 14 days earlier, Social Justice keynote speaker Cornel West ("The Martin Luther King Jr. of my generation," said the African American student next to me) also addressed an overflow crowd about issues, including environmental crises, that affect the world's poor. They are, after all, the world's first climate victims when seas rise, drought wipes out subsistence farms, or storms annihilate weak infrastructures. The fiery West described American society as "well-adjusted to injustice," and, quoting Henry David Thoreau, asked, "How can I shatter the sleepwalking of my neighbor?" He decried recent laws "criminalizing dissent" that "keep the culture of fear reinforcing the culture of silence."

### **April 22, 2013—Earth Day**

*Sandra Steingraber, a well-known biologist and scholar-in-residence at Ithaca College, is in jail for protesting natural gas storage in salt caverns under Seneca Lake,*

*the area's drinking water source. Her children are younger than mine.*

### **It turns out there are lots of climate champions.**

So far, 60,000 have signed on to block the Keystone pipeline. Texas ranchers are rolling up their sleeves, irate that foreign corporations can force oil pipelines onto their private property. Indigenous rights groups help lead the fight against countless “dirty energy” projects in their communities. Even the conflict-averse Sierra Club, underscoring the urgency of global warming, lifted its 120-year ban on civil disobedience so top leaders could lock themselves to President Obama’s front gate to demand climate recovery.

Student activists, more wary now of arrest than their 1960s and ’70s counterparts, aren’t rushing to that front line in droves. But by April, 323 campus groups had piled onto the fossil-fuel divestment campaign—triple the number since January.

I asked some UO students what political changes are necessary to create the future they want. Joseph, an African American student who declined to give his last name, responded, “We need complete political reform. This country is built on genocide, rape, and murder. The foundations are rotten. We need to change politics from the ground up because the political system itself is a roadblock to justice.” A woman, describing herself as “indigenous to the Oregon territory,” powerfully expressed similar feelings during the question period following West’s speech. She tearfully grieved the “subordination of the red people and their land and their babies.

Our people were slaughtered and we still carry a lot of those burdens and that pain.” She thanked West for “speaking for the red race, because we are left out.”

When West climbed down from the stage and embraced her, the entire audience—all 600 of us—stood, applauding loudly. I wasn’t the only one wiping my eyes.

Something had happened. We listened, together, to her grief. And when everyone in that room rose, it was an affirmation of what I’d hungered for: authentic dialogue about the things that matter. Health for our land. Health for our people. A say in how things go.

The confluence of the social justice and climate recovery movements is growing—and fast. Will it unite “the 99 percent” enough to avoid the frightening future now predicted for my children? I don’t know. I desperately hope so.

**April 28, 2013**

*My husband and I sign up to block the Keystone pipeline. I’m unsure what this will involve, exactly. My hope is to toe the legal line, then return home to care for my children. But as a last resort, I’ll join the long line of adults through time who have placed their bodies between children and imminent harm. I’ll stay put until that threat is removed—or until somebody hauls me away.* 

*Mary DeMocker ’92, a freelance writer and harp instructor occupies her front lawn with interactive art installations. She blogs about the journey from worrier to warrior at [climatemom.com](http://climatemom.com).*



*The author and her children in their front yard, April 2013. The latest in a series of “yard art” installations, a large facsimile of a pipeline and oil spill draws attention to their campaign urging Obama to deny Keystone’s permit. Dozens of postcards—hand-drawn by the children, addressed to the president, and prestamped—were offered to passersby to fill out and mail in a kid-decorated, floral mailbox. Photo by Michael Arellano*

In early 1960, the Erb Memorial Union hosted the annual Parents Weekend combo contest for student musicians. Freshman Glen Moore '63 showed up with his acoustic bass, anchoring the rhythm section of three of the five jazz groups slated to perform. Moore listened closely to the other students. One especially stood out. "He was playing a little piano, then trumpet, and even bongos. He even had a bongo solo!"

The sophomore pianist noticed Moore, too. "He had a sound right from the beginning," Ralph Towner '63 remembers. "He had those big strong hands." Although Moore was playing an acoustic instrument, "he'd hit a note on the bass and there was electricity right away."

That highly charged first meeting of bassist Glen Moore and the bongo-playing pianist, Ralph Towner, sparked the most durable and acclaimed musical combination ever to emerge from their home state—whose name they eventually took a decade later, a continent away, when they formed the jazz and world music quartet Oregon.

The two young jazz musicians began jamming and then performing together. Soon, they would join forces with a third nascent star of the university's fertile turn-of-the-decade jazz scene—another student whose sublime voice and instinctive understanding of song interpretation also impressed listeners at one of those Friday Fishbowl gigs. When the sponsors asked Nancy Whalley, as she was then known, to help organize and lead another of these events later in the term, she made a point of listening to other student performers so she could recruit top talent for her backup band. When she heard Towner and Moore, she immediately noticed their musical skill, and also, like Towner, Moore's "great big hands. I love hands. The girls all thought he was beautiful—he had that same kind of animal crazy that Jim Morrison did."

She approached them. "Hi, I'm Nancy. I sing and play drums. Would you be willing to get together with me?"

"What are you doing right now?" Towner replied. They repaired to a university piano practice room. "Ralph sits down at the piano," she recalls. "He touched the keys and I lost my mind. He sounded like [preeminent jazz pianist] Bill Evans, and I idolized Bill Evans." When they performed together for the following Friday's show, "People went crazy!" she remembers. "They kept coming up to us and saying, 'You guys are really good!'"

They were—and are. By the end of the century, Nancy King (she changed her name after she paired with San Francisco saxophonist Sonny King later in the 1960s) had built a reputation among the cognoscenti as perhaps the finest jazz singer alive. At this February's Portland Jazz Festival, she was crowned a Portland Jazz Master and performed in duo showcases with her longtime piano accompanist Steve Christofferson and with her big-handed bass partner, Glen Moore. Oregon, too, is still going strong. In the coming year, the quartet is scheduled to headline the Portland Jazz Festival—54 years after its two principals met in the EMU.

The three musically precocious students entered the UO at the peak of jazz's popular and critical approbation. Several of the albums released that year—Miles Davis's *Kind of Blue*, Ornette Coleman's *The Shape of Jazz to Come*, Charles Mingus's *Mingus Ah Um* and *Blues and Roots*, Dave Brubeck's *Time Out*, John Coltrane's *Giant Steps*, Bill Evans's *Portrait in Jazz*, Thelonious Monk's *At Town Hall*, Ella Fitzgerald's *Gershwin Songbook*—became classics not just of jazz, but of American and 20th century music. In 1959, it seemed possible for a college student to imagine a life in music that was simultaneously art and pop.

But though they didn't know it at the time, jazz was about to be shoved aside (at least in mainstream consciousness) by rock and other popular genres. Towner, Moore, and King would experience this shift firsthand, embarking on their careers just as jazz moved from the center to the margins of popular culture.



# oregonjazz

**Three Musical Luminaries  
First Met at the UO**

**BY BRETT CAMPBELL, MS '96**



*Nancy King and Glen Moore  
performing at the 2012 Portland  
Jazz Festival in February.  
Photo by John Rudoff.*

**b**orn at Sacred Heart Hospital, Nancy Whalley grew up on her family's mint and wheat farm outside Springfield, where she spent idyllic days riding her horse Sunny Babe, hunting for Indian arrowheads, and sleeping outside on warm summer evenings, intoxicated by the aroma of tansy and hay bales. After the family bought a little house at what was then the unpaved outskirts of Eugene, she fed her lifelong affection for animals by working at a horse stable. Her mother, a dance teacher, made sure her daughter grew up with ballet, children's theater, and music. As a girl, Nancy won a beauty pageant, resulting in offers to try out for Hollywood films and the San Francisco ballet. But, as King likes to tell the story, once she heard Ella Fitzgerald on the radio, she knew she wanted to be a jazz singer. As a 14-year-old, she camped out at McArthur Court to be first in line for tickets to Fitzgerald's 1954 appearance there.

Four years later, she received a scholarship to study music at the university, even though her flitting mind—"I was ADD before they knew what ADD was"—and inherent musicality conspired against her learning to read music. A sympathetic professor heard her sing and wangled a scholarship contingent on her commitment to learn to read music and to join the University Singers.

While at the UO, King worked at the McDonald movie theater in Eugene, where she could listen to the great film singers. She played regularly with Towner, who lived above a restaurant where they got a job playing standards for diners and dancers several times a week, packing the house many weekends with students. "Nancy was crazy but brilliant," Towner recalls. "That was a chance to develop under fire, like getting thrown in the swimming pool to learn how to swim. We got some really good experience."



*Nancy King performing at the 2012 Portland Jazz Festival in February. Photo by John Rudoff.*



*Nancy Whalley receiving trophy as Miss Press Photographer, August 11, 1958. Eugene Register-Guard photo.*

**r**alph Towner had played in adult dance bands even as a teenager growing up in Bend, where his mother was a church organist and piano teacher and his dad a trumpeter. Like King, Towner (born in Chehalis, Washington, in 1940) and his four siblings enjoyed a music-filled childhood. "I wouldn't sit still for my mother's piano lessons because I could imitate the records by ear," he recalls.

Arriving at the university in 1958, he discovered a jazz scene populated by dozens of Eugene musicians who'd played in big bands during the war, settled down, gotten day jobs, and formed small or medium-sized combos, playing pop songs for dances at places like the Elks club, the Eugene Hotel, and other venues. Visiting musicians such as Fitzgerald and Oregon's own Doc Severinsen (recipient of the UO's 2012 Distinguished Service Award) would come through town and sit in with groups like Caleb Standifer's renowned big band. The city also harbored a tiny avant-garde jazz demimonde, populated by somewhat scary (to a teenager from the provinces) beatnik types who indulged in bebop and postbop instead of swing dance music, and in cannabis as well as Coltrane.

Towner majored in composition, studying with "a wonderful professor named Homer Keller," and getting by on talent more than discipline. "I had a way of hearing a certain kind of music and understanding its language, how it manages to convey feeling or emotion," he remembers. "I was very good at writing Bach chorales without studying in the theory class. I just knew how it worked. But I was always waiting till the last second. At the end of the year my freshman theory teacher said to the class, 'Unfortunately, I have to grade for quantity and not quality, so I have to give Ralph a B' instead of the A I deserved. But it backfired. I wasn't challenging myself. I didn't know any better.'"

**G**len Moore was already a veteran musician by the time he arrived in Eugene in 1959, a year after King and Towner started at the UO. As a teenager growing up south of Portland, he'd performed as a member of the Young Oregonians, a traveling troupe of 50 young talents, sponsored by the Portland newspapers, who barnstormed the state by bus. He also played background music on solo piano for banquets and other events. After the streetcar stopped running from his parents' home in Milwaukie and he could no longer easily get into downtown Portland for lessons, Moore realized he needed exposure to a bigger world of music. The UO beckoned.

Along with occasional construction work using skills learned from his carpenter father, Moore worked his way through the UO by playing pickup gigs with Standifer's band and other combos. Bass players were always in demand, and Moore quickly learned to find work by attending musicians' union-sponsored jam sessions at the EMU. He made rent money but also acquired vital on-the-job training; this was an era before easily available fake books (simplified sheet music containing a song's melody line and basic chords), so he often learned chord changes on the fly.

Once while playing at a dance, Moore was startled upon suddenly encountering an unexpected key change on the bridge of a pop tune. He froze, finding his way back into the tune a few measures later. Afterwards, the grizzled band-leader whirled and growled, "Why didn't you play that note?" "I didn't know it," Moore stammered. "Then play anything, even if it's wrong, but never leave a note out and make the dancers stop." "That was a pretty rich and wonderful—sometimes terrifying—setting to try new stuff," Moore remembers.

Moore studied literature and history, and fondly recalls history courses taught by Stan Pierson '50. But he quickly found out where the pianos were at the music school, and signed up for lessons with a grad student who'd been a serious pianist back east. Moore was deeply influenced by some



*Glen Moore performing at the 2012 Portland Jazz Festival in February. Photo by John Rudoff.*

**“PLAY ANYTHING, EVEN IF IT’S WRONG, BUT NEVER LEAVE A NOTE OUT AND MAKE THE DANCERS STOP.”**

of the great jazz pianists of the time—Dave Brubeck, Ahmad Jamal, Oscar Peterson, Billy Taylor, Erroll Garner—and studying their music helped him understand chord structures. The school lacked a faculty bassist, so he studied with cello professor Robert Hladky (“he hated the bass”) but realized that the cello was too small to work in an acoustic jazz combo.

Another UO mentor, Chuck Ruff, had been a jazz pianist in New York before being injured in World War II, and Towner's roommate, Jack Murphy, was a serious jazz bassist who threw occasional gigs Moore's way when Murphy was already obligated (as he happened to be on the day of that providential combo contest when the three stars-to-be first aligned). They introduced both Towner and Moore to the jazz of the day. Moore also took private lessons and played gigs (including modern bop) during the summers when he went back to Portland.

But amid all the various and ever-changing configurations of musicians in and around the university at that time, there was, Moore recalls, something special when he, Towner, and King played together. “Nancy was like a dream,” he says. “It was like playing with a Marilyn Monroe who was an Ella Fitzgerald sound-alike. It made my knees weak to be in the same room with this beautiful woman.” (Apparently he wasn't the only one. King remembers once causing a driver, distracted by her shapely legs, polka dot chiffon dress, and teenage beauty, to drive up a curb and through the window of Eugene's Cadillac dealership.)



*Ralph Towner. Photo © Paolo Soriani-ECM Records.*

“NANCY KING IS A MARVEL OF PERFECT PITCH, PHRASING, DYNAMICS, INVENTIVENESS, AND HONEST EMOTION.”

**b**ut the trio's partnership proved short-lived. This was a tumultuous and at times terrible period for King, marked by events that moved her away from Eugene and further into her musical career. The nascent civil rights movement was starting to affect the UO campus, and King had dated some black football players, who, she recalls, at that time were restricted to their rooms after dinner. King says that football coach Len Casanova warned her to leave his players alone, but she refused. She tells the story of participating in a protest against the discriminatory conditions, chaining herself with other students to the library doors; a half dozen of her fellow protesters spent the night in the Lane County jail.

It wasn't only her politics or a run-in with the law that convinced her it was time to move beyond college. She recalls a party at a friend's apartment that turned into a nightmare when a trio of party-crashers got her drunk (the first time she'd consumed alcohol), raped her, and left her passed out, bruised, and bleeding. Not long after this, a liaison resulted in her becoming pregnant; her parents sent her to a home for unwed mothers for the duration of her pregnancy (she temporarily lost custody of the baby, then regained it).

After that, she visited a former roommate, now married to a jazz saxophonist in San Francisco who needed a singer, and from there, she was quickly and fully immersed in the Bay Area's rich jazz scene.

King returned to Oregon in the late 1970s as a single mother, raising her growing family (she'd had two more children with jazzman Sonny King) and gradually building a reputation performing around the country. She's now recognized as perhaps the greatest jazz singer of her generation. "Nancy King is a marvel of perfect pitch, phrasing, dynamics, inventiveness, and honest emotion," says veteran jazz journalist Doug Ramsey.

**m**oore, too, got involved in the racial conflicts of the time, marching in campus protests in 1963 and '64. A roommate had gotten him into a fraternity that needed a bass player for its parties. He paid his way, in part, by working in the kitchen. But one night at a house meeting came the announcement of a rent increase. Unable to afford it, Moore

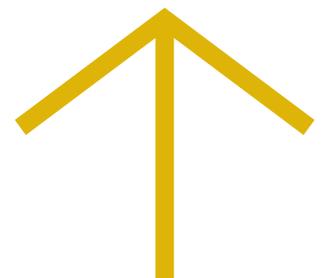
knew he'd soon be moving out. But before he took action, an official from the Greek house's national office visited and addressed the group. "You've been hearing that some of the national fraternities are beginning to pledge coloreds," the man said. "I'm here to tell you that we're not gonna do this." Making a virtue of necessity, Moore rose and announced, "Then I quit."

With King gone, Towner and Moore—both Bill Evans aficionados—honed their chops playing gigs wherever they could find them: in dorms, at fraternity and sorority events, venturing to the coast to liven up a logger bar, and once getting \$100 to play at a high school homecoming party in Drain.

During his senior year, Towner heard a classical guitarist play—an event that would change the course of his life. "I was just fascinated," he said. He bought a cheap guitar, worked out a couple of tunes, and then asked his favorite professor, Edmund Cykler, to name the best classical guitar teacher in the world. "Karl Scheit," came the answer. Scheit taught in Vienna, and Towner—who'd never been east of Burns, Oregon, spoke not a word of German, and had \$300 to his name—was soon on a bus to New York, where he caught the cheapest flight he could find to Europe. Once there, he hitchhiked to Austria and somehow passed the audition. He spent the next nine months in a \$12-per-month room, practicing 10 hours a day, barely eating, soaking up the skills that would turn him into one of the legends of 12-string jazz guitar.

"I was like a big empty bowl," he says, ready to be filled with new musical ingredients. By then both his parents had died, and he had no obligations. "I needed to do something that drastic," Towner remembers. "I was undisciplined, winging away on pure talent. I came back with a new life." He borrowed \$100 for the return flight to the United States and, broke, hitchhiked back to Eugene.

Towner got a job at the local cannery and enrolled in graduate school, but never got his master's degree. He detested the then-trendy thorny music of academic modernist composers like Milton Babbitt. He played a couple of classi-





Members of the group Oregon. From left, Paul McCandless, Glen Moore, Mark Walker, and Ralph Towner. Photo courtesy Oregon.

cal guitar gigs where “there was nothing but bile coming out of the audience,” and “the guitarists who played better than you hated you, and the others thought they should have had the gigs. And they all played the same few pieces,” he says. With classical composition and classical guitar performance off the table, “I realized what I wanted to do was what I’m doing now”—playing original, partly improvised music that touches hearts and souls as well as minds. He moved to Seattle for a year, then to New York.

After taking a few UO graduate courses, Moore, too, thought about going for a master’s degree in history. One of his teachers came to hear him perform. “Why would you want to teach history,” he told Moore, “when you can make history?”

In 1966, Moore headed north to Seattle, where he met jazz legends-to-be like Larry Coryell and Michael Brecker. He and his wife followed Towner’s footsteps to New York, then to Europe, living briefly in Copenhagen. Then they headed back to Seattle, then Vienna, then met up with Towner in Portland for a few months. Eventually, the musicians wound up back in New York, where they joined folksinger Tim Hardin’s band in time to play the original Woodstock Festival in 1969. They joined the pioneering Paul Winter Consort the following year, and then, with another Winter alumnus, oboist Paul McCandless, formed the ensemble Oregon. This group has since released more than 25 albums; created a unique blend of jazz, classical, and world music, and its members have also maintained productive solo careers on the side. Along the way, they’ve played with many of the major figures in jazz and beyond.

Moore returned to Portland in 1980, often reuniting with King for duet performances that still melt the hearts of anyone lucky enough to hear them. “Since we’d met 18 years before, I’d been to New York City, toured around the world, all sorts of things,” he explains. “But we were like already old souls meeting. And I could finally play up to her standard.”

In the years since the three fledgling musicians left Eugene, jazz has declined in popularity. Yet Towner, Moore, and King have persevered, managing to forge their own original approaches and make a living doing so—without compromising their individuality or artistic integrity. The university helped pave the way. At the UO, Moore and Towner first deeply immersed themselves in classic jazz and first encountered the classical guitar sounds that still inform their work separately and together. It’s where the once naïve King learned how to sing jazz and hold the stage, and also where she confronted and surmounted daunting challenges that toughened her enough to survive even more severe difficulties—health problems, family crises, financial troubles—along her rocky path to jazz immortality.

Most of all, it’s where they found each other—brilliant young musicians whose natural skills were augmented by a determination to follow their own personal creative paths, regardless of cultural trends or personal setbacks.

Though she usually sticks to venerable standards, no one sings jazz like Nancy King, who, like Moore, lives in Portland and is a member of the Oregon Jazz Hall of Fame. Towner has lived in Rome for many years, but visits the Northwest regularly; the band always draws an enthusiastic crowd when it plays at the Aladdin Theater on its occasional reunion tours.

If you listen closely to Oregon’s music, even in works composed half a world and half a century away, pastoral tunes like “Green and Golden” and “Distant Hills,” you might hear echoes of their Northwest origins. And there’s no missing the chemistry that Moore and Towner, and Moore and King, still display when they perform together. More than 50 years on, the magical musical partnerships first forged in the Fishbowl continue to flourish. 

*Brett Campbell, MS '96, lives in Portland and writes about classical music for Oregon ArtsWatch, Willamette Week, San Francisco Classical Voice and other publications.*

**WEB EXTRA:** See performance videos of Nancy King and Oregon at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com)

## Marching to His Own Beat

*Randy Ellis brings a distinctive style to policing the West University area.*

**A**GGRESSIVE PANHANDLING, public drunkenness, and drug dealing—20 years ago the stretch of East 13th Avenue just west of campus was a magnet for these illegal activities. Shops had bricks thrown through their windows and customers were calling in to see if it was safe to enter the neighborhood.

“The businesses were fed up. The students were fed up, and the other users of the area—the people have to come in here to go to the hospital or go to the university or do shopping—were fed up,” recalls Randy Ellis, who has been a beat cop in the area for much of the past 20 years. “It was a disaster zone, I never left the street.”

Dog bans and other rules enacted by the City Council at the request of the University Business Association alleviated some of problems (many offenders owned dogs and so avoided the area), but the neighborhood also benefitted from Ellis’s presence and skill for dealing with people. His philosophy: “If you’re going to be here, you’re going to obey the rules.”

On one typically erratic Eugene day, the kind that can’t decide if it will rain or shine, Ellis is patrolling in his blue police cruiser. His window is rolled down and his freckled arm rests leisurely on the edge. With 43 years on the force, the barrel-chested and mustachioed Ellis is intimately familiar with the West University area. “You just have to keep your hand on it to keep it from getting too far out of control,” he says, grasping the wheel as he pulls down a narrow alley off East 11th Avenue.

As he patrols the streets, Ellis makes sure he recognizes faces in the neighbor-

hood. If he spots someone unfamiliar, he may take a moment to introduce himself. At other times a student, business owner, or resident may seek him out, flagging Ellis down from a street corner for a quick talk or some honest legal advice. “You want people to feel comfortable, like, ‘Jeez! We see the same cop all the time,’” Ellis says.

He makes conversation easily—even with those who may have, on occasion, threatened to kill him. “You have to be careful,” he says, “Every now and again somebody is going to challenge you, and that’s the guy I have to worry about.” His years of daily contact with street denizens of all stripes has allowed Ellis to hone his senses and recognize the subtle differences between a real threat and one that’s just talk.

Born in Los Angeles, Ellis attended Northwest Christian College (now Northwest Christian University) with the intention of becoming an associate youth pastor. But after graduating in 1970, he could not, with confidence, decide what to do next. As a “stopgap,” Ellis responded to a newspaper ad seeking Eugene police officers. “Truthfully, I had never intended to stay here this long,” he says, but working the streets has allowed him to tap into the theatrical element of preaching that he loved. Policing, he says, isn’t a science, it’s an art form. “I didn’t have enough compassion to be a minister but I had enough concern to be a police officer.”

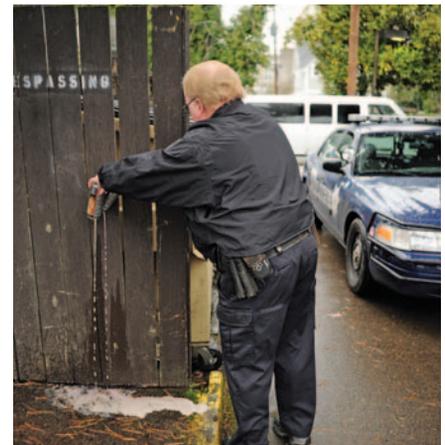
Retired Duck Store manager Jim Williams ’68, who worked in the neighborhood for 36 years, has watched Ellis grow into his position. “It’s a rare person that does what Randy does. He just has that heart and soul that makes it all work,”

**“Truthfully, I had never intended to stay here this long,” he says, but working the streets has allowed him to tap into the theatrical element of preaching that he loved. “Policing isn’t a science, it’s an art form.”**

Williams says. “I think he’s got a ministry here.”

Sheila Daughtry, owner of local business Rainbow Optics, also knows Ellis. She recalls how on one particularly chilly day, the officer came across several local homeless people seated on a curb drinking beers. After he poured out their alcohol, one of the men complained that he was hungry. “When he got off duty, Randy went over to 7-Eleven and they had hotdogs, four-for-a-dollar,” Daughtry says. “He sat down with them and they all had hotdogs!”

Ellis’s efforts in the neighborhood have helped inspire those who live and work in the area to get involved in his projects. For five years now he has collected clothing, sleeping bags, blankets, and other



**On His Watch** Eugene Police officer Randy Ellis knows the streets and people of the West University Neighborhood, where he has long served using creative and unorthodox approaches to law enforcement.

items in the fall to provide the homeless with supplies in time for the damp and sometimes bitterly cold Eugene winter. At first, Ellis paid for the items out-of-pocket and collected used boots from his fellow police officers around the holidays. But as members of the community realized that his efforts were addressing a genuine humanitarian need, they started writing Ellis checks and piling items in the West University substation. “If you have the ability to help people, and you don’t do that, you’re wrong,” Ellis says.

Back in the cruiser, he makes his rounds of the neighborhood. Spotting Susan, a homeless woman rolling a shopping cart, he pulls to the curb. “How’s Susan today?” he asks. She grins and laughs. They have a history. Ellis has lent Susan his cell phone on occasion so she can check in with her sister—on other days he has assisted Susan when she has become disoriented and lost in her own world.

Susan occasionally buys Ellis packaged cookies. Some people are amazed that he accepts them, let alone eats them. But Ellis shows a level of respect and understanding

for the people he works with that exceeds most expectations. “If you don’t accept it, you could totally destroy somebody,” he says. “Most people want to be treated well and most people deserve to be treated well.”

When it comes to policing, Ellis is known for his unconventional tactics. Fourteen years ago the West University area saw a surge in graffiti. The city proposed plans to discourage taggers, such as creating designated graffiti walls, but Ellis had a different idea. He made a stencil and did some tagging of his own, expressing his feelings through art to the brazen vandals by adding “sucks” in neon pink paint to each piece of illegal graffiti. The label was an excellent deterrent, says Ellis, which helped discourage taggers looking to show off their work to friends.

“What Randy is good at is coming up with these creative solutions to human problems,” says Deborah Healey ’76, PhD ’93, secretary for the West University Neighbors.

Not every issue is as easily resolved. The afternoon is winding down, and Ellis is making one more pass through

the neighborhood. A bicyclist waves him over, tipping Ellis off to some trespassers drinking in a nearby yard. In moments, he is confronting the group of transients. Addressing them by name, he lays out their options: Either give up the beers and leave with a ticket, or exit in handcuffs. Everyone in the group takes the easier option and they depart sullenly from the yard—with the exception of Robin, who slurs as he swears at the officer. Ellis handcuffs and escorts him into the back seat of the cruiser. While he sees this kind of resolution as a last resort, sometimes, Ellis says, it’s necessary. “There’s no nice way to arrest somebody,” he says. “There just isn’t.”

Ellis admits that on occasion the job makes him feel cynical, but he still wakes up each day and puts on his uniform. “I wouldn’t do it if I didn’t like it,” he says. “Ninety-nine percent of the time I look forward to coming to work. It could be a challenge. It could be boring. You never know. It’s usually fun. It’s kind of what you make it,” he says. “You don’t do something like this for any glory.”

—Brenna Houck

OREGON DAILY EMERALD — ALEX MCDUGALL

# Fruits of Their Labor

*Local Latino farmers benefit from close ties with UO graduates, faculty members, and students.*

JUNE STRAWBERRIES MARK A BLESSED end to the rainy season. With thoughts of shortcake, smoothies, and homemade jam, soggy Oregonians rally on U-pick farms to savor the first taste of summer. For one group of farmers, the U-pick season means blue skies of another sort: a step away from poverty and funds for their kids' educations.

They are members of Huerto de la Familia (the Family Garden), a Eugene-based nonprofit helping local low-income families become economically self-sufficient through organic agriculture. Average families of four seeking the organization's support live on less than \$1,500 per month. Unemployment, language barriers, immigration status, and low education levels push them to the margins of society, says Gerardo Sandoval, associate professor in the UO Department of Planning, Public Policy and Management. Many of these families don't have enough food.

Huerto is addressing this issue by providing garden space and seeds to participants. They learn how to grow their own food and how to start independent food-related businesses like the U-pick farm. For several years, UO staff members, students, and alumni have pitched in to support Huerto and the people it serves.

Huerto founder and executive director Sarah Cantril '90 first learned of these pressing community needs while working at Centro LatinoAmericano, a nonprofit social service agency that assists immigrants. Later, she worked with new Latina mothers at Eugene's Parenting Now! (formerly Birth to Three). The women Cantril met "needed healthy food but did not qualify for food stamps," she says. In response, she took action, renting a single community garden plot in Eugene's Whiteaker neighborhood in 1999. There, Cantril and six other women grew their own food.

The following year, they tended five plots. In 2004, Cantril turned the co-op into a nonprofit organization and rented more community garden space in West Eugene to accommodate the growing number of families wanting to join. She secured a grant in 2008 from Heifer International



**Acting Local** Farmer Alberto Astuhuaman (in vest) watches UO designBridge students at work on Huerto de la Familia's multipurpose structure. DesignBridge is a multidisciplinary student organization linking the UO with the surrounding community by offering design and design-build services to local organizations that could most benefit from the help.

(a faith-based charitable organization established to fight hunger and poverty) to launch the Small Farmers Project, a farm-stand business owned by four families who started out as Huerto gardeners. They run the six-acre U-pick strawberry farm on Beacon Drive in Eugene and grow black-cap raspberries for Pacific Northwest restaurants. As per Heifer guidelines, the families invest some of the profits into college funds for their kids. For three years, they sold berries from a tiny folding table set up on the farm.

UO architecture students saw this as inadequate and offered their services. "Huerto needed infrastructure, and we needed a final project," says senior Will Smith, then enrolled in a landscape architecture course focused on site design and construction. The students' primary design objective was to make the building portable, he says, because Huerto farmers don't own the land they till. If the growers had to move, students wanted the structure to

go with them. "We had no idea how to do this," Smith admits. Nevertheless, the students proceeded, and with a lofty goal. "We wanted to build an icon of their identity."

When the students presented potential designs to Huerto farmers, confusion ensued. "In class we learned to make glossy presentations to clients," says senior Alex Froehlich, "but we picked up early on that this was not going to work." The farmers lost interest in the students' schematics and instead focused their attention on the 3-D cardboard models, pulling them apart, swapping components around, putting them back together to fashion a final design. "They didn't care about the shape of the roof," Froehlich says. "For them location of the door was important. We didn't think of that."

To build the wood-framed structure, students had to learn how to cut wood and metal and pour a concrete floor. "Our teachers were hands-off, and we had never done this before," Froehlich says. "Over

time, we developed a strong relationship with the farmers, so they helped us. Language was not a problem.”

In 2011, the architecture students, their friends and families, their academic advisors, Huerto staff members and families, and City of Eugene permit inspectors gathered at the U-pick farm for the structure’s ribbon-cutting ceremony. The building now serves as a produce stand, a tool shed, a packing area, a garlic processing room, and a space for general meetings. “It was the perfect project for a perfect client,” Smith says. “It brought everyone together.”

While the architecture students were pounding nails, another group of students was discussing Huerto’s other needs. Renee Irvin, associate professor of planning, public policy and management, was teaching a course in philanthropy in which students researched local nonprofits, visited them, examined their finances, and presented their findings to their classmates. Then, the group voted on the organization that would benefit most from a charitable donation. In 2010, they chose Huerto and awarded it \$15,000, a gift made possible by the Oregon-based Faye and Lucille Stewart Foundation. Cantril says the money was “an absolute lifesaver,” allowing her to hire a garden project manager.

Filling this position was Joanna Lovera ’00, a longtime organic gardener who has worked on the UO’s Urban Farm. She now helps 60 families grow corn, chilies, tomatoes, and cilantro by soliciting seed and seedling donations from local farms, arranging compost deliveries to garden sites in Eugene and Springfield, and by working side by side with gardeners.

She’s organized countless UO student volunteers from fraternities, sororities, Freshman Interest Groups, the College of Education, the Urban Farm program, the Department of Environmental Studies, the Center for Latino/Latina and Latin American Studies, the International Studies Program, the Survival Center, and the Spanish studies program of the Department of Romance Languages to whack weeds, plant seeds, spread compost, sprinkle fertilizer, and fix rototillers with Huerto families. They helped build a children’s garden for Huerto kids to work and play in. Community pride is swelling among those involved with Huerto, Lovera says, because every volunteer further connects low-income Latinos to the

UO. “Entire classrooms will come—20, 30, 40 people—to meet the families and garden with them. Speaking Spanish is not necessary.”

Keeping Huerto operational is a considerable enterprise requiring grant writers, PR people, and board members. For the past three years, interns have filled these roles, paid with stipends coordinated through the Wayne Morse Center for Law and Politics. “Huerto is an ideal organization to support because it exposes students to nonprofits, deals with issues of migrating families, and supports faculty scholarship,” says Morse Center associate director Rebecca Flynn.

This year, the Morse Center will host a media and democracy conference that will include the screening of a three-part documentary on Huerto as part of the event’s film festival. *Harvest of Pride* focuses on the Small Farmers Project, Huerto family gardeners, and how they are creating small businesses for themselves. Environmental sciences graduate Chris Roddy ’12 wrote, directed, and produced *Harvest of Pride*. “The films were designed to be vehicles for education and advocacy,” Roddy says. However, he adds, they go far beyond that and are “filled with portraits of families walking a challenging life path.”

As with many of the links between campus and Huerto, support for the films came from many areas. A journalism professor advised Roddy, the theater arts department provided space for interviews, and the Center for Latino/Latina and Latin American Studies donated money to translate the farmers’ Spanish into English subtitles.

The films have been shown at private fundraising events and food justice conferences around the United States. Huerto’s communications and development coordinator, Joanna Bernstein ’12, is collaborating with the Morse Center to promote the films on campus and in Eugene. As Gerardo Sandoval’s former student, she became friends with Huerto participants several years ago. Since then, she’s witnessed how their gardening success has made them increasingly proud of their culture. There’s more to this story than growing food and selling strawberries, she says. 

—Michele Taylor ’10, MS ’03

**WEB EXTRA:** See a slideshow of the design-Bridge student project at [OregonQuarterly.com](http://OregonQuarterly.com)

## UO ALUMNI CALENDAR

For detailed information visit: [uualumni.com/events](http://uualumni.com/events)  
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call: 800-245-ALUM

### June 11 and 16, August 13

**Duck Biz Lunches**  
PORTLAND

### June 15

**PAC 12 Night at Petco Park**  
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

### June 19

**Duck Biz Lunch**  
BELLEVUE, WASHINGTON

### June 26, August 21

**Portland Science Nights with UO faculty**  
PORTLAND

### July 12

**Ducks in Tahoe Dinner auction and golf tournament**  
LAKE TAHOE, NEVADA

### July 14

**Duck Night with the Portland Timbers**  
PORTLAND

### July 16

**Duck Biz Lunch**  
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

### September 29

**Duck Night with the Portland Timbers**  
PORTLAND

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- Class of 1963 50th Reunion  
- Multicultural Alumni Reunion  
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# A Life Telling Stories

Famed journalist and UO graduate Ann Curry inspires next generation with 2013 Ruhl Lecture.

**A** FEW YEARS BACK, VETERAN television journalist Ann Curry '78 agreed to bungee jump off a bridge in Middlebrough, England, to raise money for two charitable organizations, Save the Children and United Way. After making sure her harnesses were properly adjusted, her jump assistant gave her simple advice: *tiptoes on the edge, focus on the horizon*. Then, Curry executed a perfect swan dive toward the river, 120 feet below.

That's how Curry, 56, has approached her 25-year journalism career, with fearlessness and professional abandon, whether covering war zones in Syria and Rwanda, traveling to Japan in the aftermath of the 2011 tsunami, or climbing Mount Kilimanjaro to report on global climate change.

Curry drew on her rich vein of experience in late February when she exhorted a packed audience of 250 mostly journalism students to hold on to their sense of mission and not be distracted by ratings, page views, or other measures of fleeting media popularity.

"Stand up for stories that people should know about, even if the subject matter might not be popular," Curry told the rapt crowd at the Ford Alumni Center's Giustina Ballroom. "This has always been the ethic that has set apart the great journalists of our time. Let it be what sets you apart."

Curry, who grew up in southern Oregon, was on campus to deliver the School of Journalism and Communication's Ruhl Lecture. The annual event, which fosters contact between the journalism school and members of the media, is endowed by Mabel Ruhl, widow of Robert Ruhl, former editor and publisher of the Medford *Mail Tribune* and a 1934 Pulitzer Prize winner.

Curry referred to journalism's past and stressed that students in the audience would be instrumental in creating its future. "You are joining an ancient tribe, a continuum of truth-seekers, each taking the baton and running, often headlong into a headwind, one generation after another, reshaping our profession, from Stone Age storytellers to town criers to city editors to



Ann Curry shares her passion for storytelling with students during a recent campus visit.

newspaper boys to radio reporters to newsreels, then to television broadcasts and live reports," she said, an evolution that has led to today's "immense, unpredictable, and intoxicating Web."

"Is it possible your generation will make the fathomless Web into a limitless home for quality reporting? I actually think you can, and I dearly hope that you do."

Curry stressed that this new generation of journalists will be forging a different kind of relationship with news consumers. "It is your time to become agile and to become open to what will be a new world of constant change and a deepening relationship between journalists and citizens," she said.

Despite the challenges that invariably come with reporting news, and the reports of journalism's uncertain future, Curry assured students their commitment to the profession is not crazy. In fact, she said, "It's courageous and it's smart."

"It puts you in line to grasp one of life's rarest and most exciting of opportunities,

the chance to pioneer something entirely new," she said. "And it dangles that richly fulfilling prospect of having a life telling stories that might help make the world a better place."

Commitment to such stories will likely lead to some bumps along the way. "The question is, will you stand back up?" she said. "And what will you stand up for?"

"I have faith that if your motives are pure, that eventually good will come. It is in this way journalism is an act of faith in the future. It's not about what you get, it's about what you give."

Curry, who has won a slew of awards for her reporting, demonstrated that resilience this past year when she was forced to step down from her one-year stint as coanchor of NBC's *Today* show, reportedly a casualty of flagging ratings. Her new title is national and international correspondent and *Today* anchor-at-large. The show's ratings have continued to decline since her departure.

Prior to Curry taking the podium, students sent her tweets. Two large screens in the front of the ballroom projected the messages from audience members who were either physically in the ballroom, at one of the two campus overflow rooms, or watching the streamed talk online.

Tweets ranged from the expectant ("So excited to hear one of my journalism idols"; "So stoked for AC") to the humorous ("@ Ann Curry, look for the redhead with the pink lipstick"; and "Man if you didn't snag tickets for #Ruhl you're missing out. There's pizza, ice cream and somebody just handed me a margarita").

Curry, herself an early Twitter-user, initiated a national groundswell of goodwill last December when she tweeted a suggestion following the shootings at Sandy Hook Elementary School in Newtown, Connecticut. "Imagine if all of us committed to 20 mitzvahs/acts of kindness for each child killed in Newtown," she tweeted. "I'm in. If you are."

Tens of thousands of people responded to what became #26Acts, (the name comes from the number of students and teachers killed in the shooting). The kind acts

## “Journalism is an act of faith in the future.”

included individuals paying strangers’ layaway bills, to giving away gift cards, shoveling snow, and donating to food banks. People described their good deeds via tweets and Facebook posts.

In a posttalk discussion with SOJC dean Tim Gleason, Curry stressed that she didn’t claim ownership of #26Acts or consider it her role to ascertain the accuracy of what people said they had done. She was more a curator, she said, who collected or retweeted people’s stories so others could assess them. “The only way for it to be successful was for it to be free. And I’m pretty convinced a lot of people should feel really great about having done some really nice things as a result of the pain they felt over what had happened in Newtown.”

Later on, audience members waited patiently for a turn to pose with her for photos or exchange a few words. Eiko Treder was one of the first to speak with her. Treder, who works at Lane Community College, had earlier written Curry a note telling her that, after the tsunami in Japan, some of Treder’s family members were missing. Curry’s on-scene reports were the only ones she could listen to.

“So many journalists were trying to make you cry. I didn’t need that,” Treder said. “She wasn’t selling the story—she was *telling* the story. I could tell she was compassionate about the suffering and what people were feeling. When she came on, only then I felt I could really cry, share the fear and the hurt.”

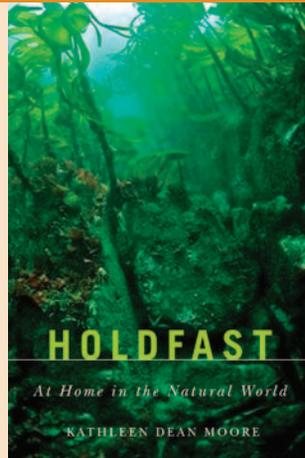
SOJC junior Kayla Ackerman waited 30 minutes for her turn with Curry. Ackerman, too, grew up in southern Oregon, and she wanted to tell Curry she had been an inspiration to her throughout her childhood. “She is doing things that matter and making a name for herself,” Ackerman said.

When she finally spoke with Curry, Ackerman explained their connection and thanked her for her talk. Curry responded by turning the focus onto Ackerman.

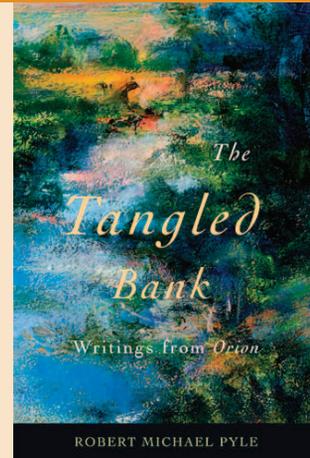
“If something I said inspired you, know that it exists already in you. All I did was touch the nerve,” she said. “Let it move you into a life that in the end you’ll be glad you chose.”

—Alice Tallmadge, MA '87

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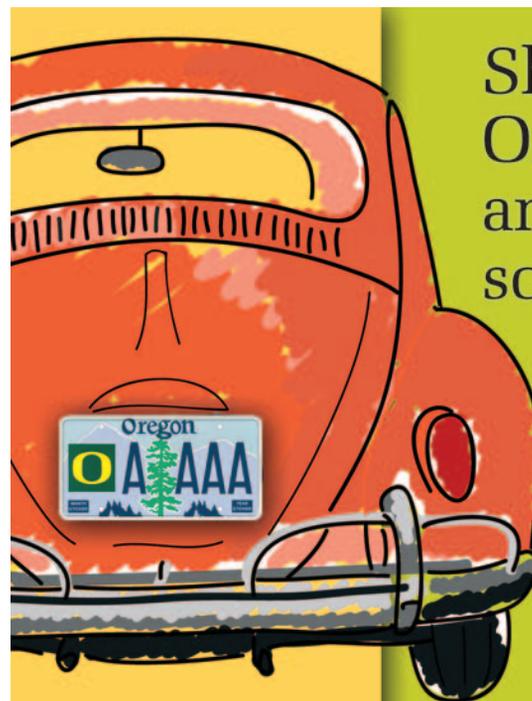


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# Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

## 1950s

The Colorado Bar Association has honored **Warren D. Braucher '51** for his 50 years of outstanding service to the legal community. Braucher, who specialized in transportation law, served as an assistant attorney general in Colorado. He retired in 2000.

## 1960s

■ **Warren Rucker '60** retired in January after selling his Arizona Sign-A-Rama business. Rucker owned and operated the franchise for 15 years, following a 35-year career in the corporate world where he headed advertising efforts for Continental Airlines, American Hawaii Cruises, and America West Airlines. He and his wife, Karen, recently celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary and his retirement with a trip to Hawaii.

**Elliot Carlson '61** received the Samuel Eliot Morison Award for Naval Literature for his biography, *Joe Rochefort's War: The Odyssey of the Codebreaker Who Outwitted Yamamoto at Midway* (Navel Institute Press, 2011), one of three distinguished historical literature awards the author won last year.

**Joe M. Fischer '60**, MFA '63, completed a portrait commissioned by retired UO track coach **Bill Dellinger '56**, MEd '62, as a gift to UO assistant athletic director **Vincent Lananna**, and his wife, Elizabeth. **David Rankin '60**, MS '68, and **Dianne Rankin '60**, MS '69, added to their extensive art collection when they acquired Fischer's painting of the Cape Disappointment lighthouse.

**Alaby Blivet '63** has been elected mayor of Blivet Junction, Utah, in a landslide victory resulting from an unusual stealth write-in campaign coordinated by his sister-in-law Lucrezia Agrippina Lucosta Defarge Blivet. "That Lucy, she's a real dynamo," says Blivet. "I didn't even know I was running until she called and said I'd won." He notes that because "nothing much happens in the Junction" and the small town mayor's duties are largely ceremonial, "I'm the perfect guy for the job."

**Mark McCulloch '64**, JD '67, has joined the Portland law firm Farleigh Wada Witt (FWW). He was a partner at Powers, McCulloch & Bennett, LLP, which merged January 1 with FWW. He continues to focus his practice in the areas of civil litigation, professional malpractice, personal injury, and large asset noncustody divorce proceedings.

**Kenneth O'Connell '66**, MFA '72, is a proud grandfather to Fiona Abigail McMillen, who celebrated her third birthday on May 4. Fiona's parents are **Anneka O'Connell McMillen '97** and Jesse Charles McMillen of Eugene.



### DUCKS AFIELD

**Ducks Down Under** On a visit to Australia, **Jeanne Zuelke '85** poses with her husband **Russ Albertson '83**, and son **Teddy Albertson '12** against a background of blue water and the Sydney Opera House. **Emily Albertson**, currently a junior at Oregon studying art and journalism, was behind the camera. 📷

**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 images will reproduce well in our pages. Send your photo along with background information and details of your class year and degree to [rwest@uoregon.edu](mailto:rwest@uoregon.edu).

**Patricia Powers Dicks '66**, MEd '67, recently joined fellow class of 1966 Alpha Omicron Pi sisters **Nina Corkins Clinton**, **Sharon Densmore Popp**, **Barbara Earl**, **Gail Johnson Jern**, **Judy Pearson Grahn**, and **Shelby Risser Hosford** for reunions in Newport and Eugene.

■ **Ron Weed '66** recently acted as translator on a joint Rotary-Episcopal Medical Mission to Belize, where he worked with the Mopan Mayans. Weed teaches at Legacy Alternative High School in Kennewick, Washington.

**William D. Pederson '67**, MA '72, PhD '79, was selected by the Louisiana State Endowment for the Humanities as its 2012 Humanist of the Year. Pederson is the American Studies Endowed Chair in Liberal Arts and founding director of the International Lincoln Center at Louisiana State University.

**Glen Gilbert '68**, MS '71, dean of the College of Health and Human Performance at East Carolina University since 1999, was named interim vice chancellor for advancement. Gilbert is the longest-serving dean at ECU and has been influential in improving the faculty and degree programs in his college.

## 1970s

In search of a warmer climate, **Ron Barber '70** has moved from Bend to Honolulu, where he serves as assistant manager at Roto-Rooter Plumbing and Drain Services.

**Marva Dasef '73** published her 11th novel since her retirement from the Oregon Judicial Department in 2005. The book, *Faizah's Destiny* (MuselUp Publishing, 2013), is a young adult fantasy adventure story.

■ **Benny Won '73**, JD '76, a financial advisor, recently cofounded Capstone Wealth Advisors, an independent financial services practice in Salem.

**David Ping-ye Lung '74**, MA '78, MArch '78, was awarded the 2013 Ellis F. Lawrence Medal, the highest alumni honor presented by the UO School of Architecture and Allied Arts. Lung, an educator and heritage conservation scholar, serves as dean of the faculty of architecture at the University of Hong Kong and holds several honors and distinctions including the UNESCO Chair in Cultural Heritage Resources Management and the Lady Edith Kotewall Professorship in the Built Environment.

**Lawrence Nagel**, MLS '77, retired after three decades as western regional manager with Midwest Library Service, a book and services broker to academic libraries nationwide. He lives in Ashland and has written a personal narrative about Mount Saint Helens and Spirit Lake, *Loowit Lodge Fire*. His son plans to graduate from Oregon in June '13 with a double major in geography and international studies.

■ **Robert Brown '78** was named senior vice president of Laporte & Associates, Oregon's largest independent property, casualty, and benefits insurance brokerage. Brown specializes in construction services, health care, and workers' compensation for complex risks.

**Gina Green '78** was elected to the advisory board of The Nature Generation, an environmental nonprofit organization. A senior associate at Tetra Tech, Green is a biodiversity, climate change, conservation, and agricultural specialist with 25 years of experience designing, implementing, and evaluating initiatives to protect and manage natural resources around the world.

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## 1980s

■ **Paul Nieratko** '81, senior specialist and design studio instructor for Michigan State University's landscape architecture program, recently won the 2013 Howard and Lili Ann Camden Endowed Teacher-Scholar Award for excellence in teaching. Nieratko's career at MSU spans 27 years of studio teaching in urban design, park and open space systems planning, golf course architecture, and community outreach and engagement projects.

■ **Martha Clarkson** '83 has won *Open City* magazine's RRofihe Trophy Short Story Contest for the story "Her Voices, Her Room."

■ Last summer, Chip Kelly invited **Dan Dodderidge** '83 to speak to the Oregon football team about saving and investing. Dodderidge is a published author on investing and a financial advisor at Wells Fargo. His daughter, Brooke, was featured in the *Register-Guard* about her September 11, 2001, birthday in New York City.

**David Lesser** '83 became mayor of Manhattan Beach, California, after serving two years on the city council.

**Michael McConnell** '83 was named one of five Unsung Heroes for 2012 by Lake Oswego for his outstanding service to the Lake Oswego Farmers Market, which draws 10,000 patrons every Saturday from May through October.

**Mike Gangle** '84 retired February 28 after many years as a probate attorney in Portland.

**John Heldt** '85 has published *The Show*, the third novel in his Northwest Passage time travel series.

**Lisa Moore**, MS '85, PhD '88, was appointed executive director of the Queen Anne Helpline, a community-based social service nonprofit located in Seattle.

**Tim Clarke** '89, MA '93, was recently promoted to principal audio engineer at Fisher-Price, Inc., where he has worked since 2007. In addition to his day job at Fisher-Price, Clarke continues to perform, tour, and record as a trumpet player with many eclectic music ensembles throughout western New York. His son, Colin, and daughter, Kendal, both recently graduated with honors from East Aurora High School.

■ **Colonel Nikki Powell Butler Greenwood** '89 was sworn in November 29 as the 18th Chief of the Army Medical Specialist Corps, where she was commissioned in 1989. Greenwood currently serves in the Human Resources Command, in Fort Knox, Kentucky.

## 1990s

**Elise Fauvre Burke** '91 was appointed director of marketing and sales for McClenahan Buer, a full-service marketing agency in Portland serving clients in the technology business-to-business sector.

**Renee James** '86, MBA '92, assumed the role of president of Intel on May 16. As part of a two-member executive team with CEO Brian Krzanich, James will be the highest-ranking woman in the computing giant's history. James steps up from her position as chairman of Intel's software subsidiaries, Havok, McAfee, and Wind River. Over a 25-year career with the company, she has served as executive vice president and general manager of Intel's Software and Services Group and as director and COO of Intel Online Services.

**Jeffrey S. Perry** '92 was made a partner at Dunn Carney Allen Higgins & Tongue LLP in Portland. Perry has more than 15 years of experience practicing tax and corporate law.

**Lisette Sens-Holwerda**, MBA '92, was named to the 2013 The Next Women 100 list by *The Next Women Netherlands*, an online magazine that recognizes female Dutch entrepreneurs.

**Mark Massé**, MS '94, is pleased to announce the pending publication of his fourth novel since 2004, *Whatever Comes* (BookLocker.com, 2013). This modern-day morality tale follows a writer in 1970s Cleveland through his decade-long "fool's journey to find love and success."

**Jenna Bayley-Burke** '98 published her 11th romance novel, *Caribbean Casanova* (Samhain Publishing, 2013), in March. This is the second in her series, *Under the Caribbean Sun*, with four forthcoming titles scheduled.

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## 2000s

**Lisa N. Ellis**, JD '00, a Seattle-based immigration attorney at Ellis Li & McKinstry PLC, published *Visa Solutions for International Students, Scholars, and Sponsors: What You Need to Know (Quick Prep)* (Aspatore Books, 2012).

■ **Heather Koury**, MS '00, was named an honorary member of the American Institute of Architects, one of the highest honors the organization bestows. Koury has acted as executive director of AIA Memphis for 10 years.

**Cameron Lambricht** '03 has released his debut novel and the first volume in his science fiction trilogy. *Blazing the Sun* (Incandescence Press, 2013), set in the 24th century, centers around Samson Ford, "a young spaceship racing pilot who unintentionally becomes entangled in a solar system-wide battle to quarantine natural-born human beings."

Former Ducks and NBA player **Luke Jackson** '04 was hired by Northwest Christian University to succeed **Corey Anderson** '94, who is stepping down from his position as men's basketball coach for the Beacons.

**Tyler Anderson** '05 joined Miller Nash LLP as counsel. Anderson served as legal extern to Nike, Inc., and was the business and finance articles editor for the *Stanford Journal of Law*.

**Timothy B. Hering**, JD '05, was made a partner at Dunn Carney Allen Higgins & Tongue LLP in Portland. Hering specializes in real estate, business transactions, and financial services, and was selected in 2011 as a "Rising Star" in real estate law by *Oregon Super Lawyers* magazine.

**Julie Krogh** '07, an associate at the Denver law firm of Brownstein Hyatt Farber Schreck, has been appointed to the Knowledge Is Power Program (KIPP) Colorado advisory board. Using her previous experience as a teacher in an underserved public school, Krogh will provide strategic guidance to support KIPP staff members and plan events.

## 2010s

Interstitial Theatre, founded by **Kira Burge** '10, is now in its third year as a gallery offering digital art exhibits in Seattle. This spring, Interstitial launched its six-month Mobile Screen Tour across the city, bringing video art into the streets and away from the physical gallery space.

## In Memoriam

The last surviving member of the Tall Firs, reserve guard **Ford Mullen** '39 has died at age 96. Mullen was a member of the UO's 1938–39 NCAA Championship basketball team and played baseball for the university from 1937 to 1939. After graduation, Mullen taught and coached briefly at Eugene High School before joining the Seattle Rainiers minor league team. He returned to the UO in 2009 as an honored guest to attend Oregon's first home baseball game since 1981. Mullen and his wife, Jessie, had recently donated his basketball letterman's blanket to the athletic department.

Director of the Bureau of Land Management during the Kennedy administration, **Karl Landstrom** '30, MA '32, died January 27 in Ozark, Alabama, at age 103. Landstrom, who

received his ROTC training at the UO, was a veteran infantry battalion commander in France and Germany during World War II and a retired army colonel. He received his JD degree in 1959 from George Washington University. A contributor of letters to the editor at the *Washington Post*, *Washington Times*, and other publications, Landstrom remained active in his later years, and still mowed his own lawn at age 100.

**Mary Ellen Eberhart Henderson** '37 died December 10 at age 96. A longtime resident of Eugene, Henderson was a Pi Beta Phi sorority member who taught art, typing, and journalism at secondary schools across Oregon. Henderson was well-known for her beautiful jewel and

bead decorated eggs and ran a business selling her own designed collections of miniature interiors and furnishings. A dedicated volunteer, Henderson received a Communications Achievement Award as Outstanding Volunteer for her years at Eugene Hearing and Speech Center.

**Richard L. Reese** '44 died on April 12 at the age of 93. A member of Sigma Chi fraternity, Reese and his wife, the late **Jeanne Merritt Younger Reese** '45, met as students at the UO and were married in 1942. His studies were interrupted by the attack on Pearl Harbor, when he was called to service as member of the U.S. Army Reserve. He later worked with his father and brother at the Reese Insurance

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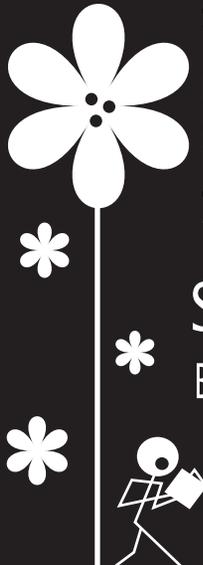


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Agency in Sacramento, California, his hometown. The Reeses made lifelong friendships during their time at the UO, and remained enthusiastic Ducks fans.

Distinguished interior architect and leader of the regional chapter of the Society of Architectural Historians, **Mirza Dickel** '47 died in Portland on December 8 at age 90. Throughout her 50 years in the business, Dickel became known for her classic designs and craftsmanship. She was invited to create a room in the Pavilion of American Interiors at the 1964 World's Fair in New York and was noted for her work on the restoration of the historic Bybee-Howell House on Sauvie Island, where she met fellow renowned architect and future husband, **Wallace Kay Huntington** '52. Together they restored and eventually lived in the William Case Farmhouse in Saint Paul, Oregon.

**Leigh Francis Hales** '53 died December 11 at age 82. A Beta Theta Pi member, Hales met his wife, **Jean Boyden** '55, at the UO. Hales was a veteran of the U.S. Air Force and Air National Guard, and started his business career at the J. C. Penney Company in Spokane. After working at Penney, he took a position teaching business at Spokane Community College and later at Spokane Falls Community College; he taught for 30 years.

**Anne Toussaint** '56 died in February at her home in Reston, Virginia. She was 79. Born in Duluth, Minnesota, Toussaint grew up in Eugene before attending the UO. She taught in public schools in California, New Jersey, and New York; worked for the Regional Plan Association in New York City; and was an editor for the ERIC Clearing House at UCLA. Toussaint traveled extensively, accompanying her family on assignments to Cairo, Egypt, and La Paz, Bolivia, for the Department of State.

**Robert S. Furrer** '57 died March 18. Furrer was a member of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity and, after receiving his architecture degree, became a professional planner for the Ministry of Public Works in Kuwait. He left the country in 1990, prior to the Iraqi invasion, and made a home with his wife in Lake Oswego. The two enjoyed many years of world travel.

**Carole McCracken Dysart** '59 died March 12 in Arlington, Virginia. She was 76. A nurse certified in critical care and paralegal nursing, Dysart also helped educate young medical care providers. She retired in 2003.

**Ronald Chandler Sogge** '59 died February 20, 2012. During his time at the UO, Sogge ran track under coach **Bill Bowerman** '34, MEd '53, and also met his wife of 53 years, **Margaret J. Sogge** '59. Following graduation, Sogge led a 40-year career as an architect, designing many homes, schools, banks, churches, and community facilities.

**Gwyneth O'Connell** '66, MFA '68, died March 28 of lung complications. An art teacher at South Eugene High School at the time of her death, she had taught art at the University of Oregon, Treasure Valley Community College, Lane Community College, and Maude Kerns Art Center.

**Lau Teng Chuan** '73, MS '73, died May 8, 2012, from stomach cancer at age 83. A longstanding International Badminton Federation council member, Teng Chuan was the executive director of the Singapore Sports Council for 17 years and acted as secretary-general of the Singapore National Olympic Council from 1995 to 2002. He played for the Singapore national badminton team from 1956 to 1958 and later became the coach of the national team.

*Continued on page 62*



**CLASS NOTABLE**

**Preserving the Nation's Treasures** Newly appointed director of the Smithsonian Institution's Center of Folklife and Cultural Heritage in Washington, D.C., **Michael Mason** '89, (center, hands raised) has worked with the Smithsonian for 20 years and is known for helping develop innovative and exciting community-based exhibitions that link researchers, collections, and compelling stories. He is pictured here in his previous position as assistant director for exhibitions at the National Museum of Natural History during construction of that museum's Hall of Human Origins. 

COURTESY MICHAEL MASON, SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

## D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Summer issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly



**Gown with the Wind** Graduating members of the Class of '63 face one more challenge before entering the world beyond campus: safely exiting the commencement platform, where a poorly placed State of Oregon flag flaps in a strong breeze, whipping grads in the face as they clutch their newly received diplomas. Old Oregon later quips, "The class weathered this tempest . . . and then proceeded on to bigger problems."

**1923** Room and board in the Friendly Hall men's dormitory costs \$7.50 per week for a shared two-room suite. The 200 women residents of Hendricks and Susan Campbell Halls each pay around \$31 per month.

**1933** Students are feeling the effects of the devastated economy. Sororities and fraternities have begun cooperative food buying to lower costs. Expensive dates are out and low-budget and "Dutch" dates are increasingly popular. *Old Oregon* observes, however, that students seem to be having about as much fun as usual.

**1943** A dramatic scene occurs at the train station when many student members of the Enlisted Reserve Corps depart for Fort Lewis, Washington, at 3:45 A.M. to join the war effort. Several campus women defy university curfew regulations to be on hand to "kiss the boys goodbye."

**1953** The Webfoot bowling team, riding an undefeated season record, knocks down 3,494

pins and captures the national intercollegiate championship, "the Rose Bowl of bowling," besting the Boilermakers of Purdue by 29 pins.

**1963** British novelist Aldous Huxley speaks on campus; among his comments, "If our educational system were right, we would train children to retain their ability to have visionary experiences and to move back and forth between the real and the visionary world."

**1973** A UO student group receives a \$13,340 research grant from the National Science Foundation to study the possible harmful side effects of blood doping, a procedure which, according to the students' proposal, was rumored to have benefited some participants—particularly distance runners—in the recent Summer Olympic Games held in Munich.

**1983** The homecoming committee is making an "all-out effort" to fill this fall's Homecoming Weekend with "entertainment for all ages." Plans

include a serenade competition and tug-of-war at the Millrace, painting the "O" on Skinner Butte, a fun run, golf and tennis tournaments, a nighttime "light parade," giant balloon ducks, and a window display contest among local merchants.

**1993** Sparks fly as faculty members take sides on the issue of expanding the multicultural core requirement from a single course on race, gender, or non-European studies to two courses, with the second devoted to contemporary race relations in the United States. A "flurry of memos and heated discussions," fiery standing-room-only meetings of the University Assembly, and several different votes on the issue result in action: the formation of a committee to report back next spring.

**2003** Oregon earns a dubious distinction with the publication of a study by the National Center for Public Policy and Higher Education, which calculates the state has made the deepest cuts to higher education of any state in the country this year. [@](#)

**CLASS NOTES** *Continued*

Teng Chuan is regarded by many as the father of physical education in Singapore for his key role in implementing the physical education strategy in schools.

## Faculty and Staff In Memoriam

**Charles "Dusty" Miller**, longtime director of the Erb Memorial Union, died in January following complications from a fall. He was 65. Miller came to the UO in 1992 after working in student unions on other campuses since his college days at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He led the EMU through the mid-1990s renovations and was instrumental in obtaining support for the current renovation proposal. He retired in 2010.

**Una Wilkinson**, a painter and former visiting art faculty member, died March 6 at the age of 100 in Segré, France. She was the widow of the late **Jack Wilkinson**, an innovative painter and philosopher who served on the UO art department faculty from 1944 to 1968, the final six of these years as department head. They had met as art students in Paris in 1938, but with Europe on the verge of war, returned to California in late 1939 and were married the following year.

**Orval Etter** '37, JD '39, a UO associate professor emeritus of planning, public policy and management, died

March 21 at age 97. Before his retirement in 1980, Etter worked for the Bureau for Municipal Research, updated numerous Oregon city charters, and taught courses on municipal government and nonviolence. Etter had a passion for classical music and helped establish the Emerald Chamber Players, which led to the formation of the Eugene Symphony in 1965. Committed to peaceful conflict resolution, Etter founded the Pacifica Forum in Berkeley, California, in 1952. Though in later years the group's meetings on the UO campus received criticism for discussing controversial topics, Etter remained dedicated to the principles of free speech and public discourse throughout his life.

**Stanley Arthur Pierson** '50, an emeritus history professor, died January 12 at age 88. A man "dedicated to a life of intellectual exploration and scholarship," Pierson first enrolled at the UO in 1943. With the intention of becoming a sportswriter, Pierson wrote for the *Oregon Daily Emerald*. His education was interrupted by World War II, however; Pierson returned to school in 1947, graduating Phi Beta Kappa. In 1953, Pierson married a classmate, the late **Joan Mimnaugh Pierson** '50, MA '52. He went on to receive a master's degree and PhD from Harvard and returned to the UO in 1957, kicking off a 35-year career of exceptional teaching. Pierson received the Ersted Award for Outstanding Teaching in 1964 and authored four books on European history.

**Gary (Joe) Harlan Searl** '59, MS '66, died February 20. Born in Wyoming in 1931, Searl was a Korean War army

veteran. A dedicated educator, he taught at both Drain and Lincoln high schools before joining the staffs at the University of Oregon and Lane Community College as a professor of cultural geography. Searl was one of the founders of the UO Department of Geography's summer program in geographic education for K-12 teachers and traveled extensively, teaching and performing field work in more than 20 countries.

**James (Jim) Kenneth Van Leuven** '64, MS '66, died March 26 at age 72. Following graduation, Van Leuven worked for regional newspapers and as a part-time correspondent for the Associated Press. A gifted teacher, researcher, and administrator, he taught at five universities in the West. From 2000 to 2006, he held the first endowed professorship in public relations at the UO School of Journalism and Communication and coauthored a leading textbook, *Public Relations: The Profession and The Practice*. He retired in 2006. 

### 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](mailto:quarterly@uoregon.edu).

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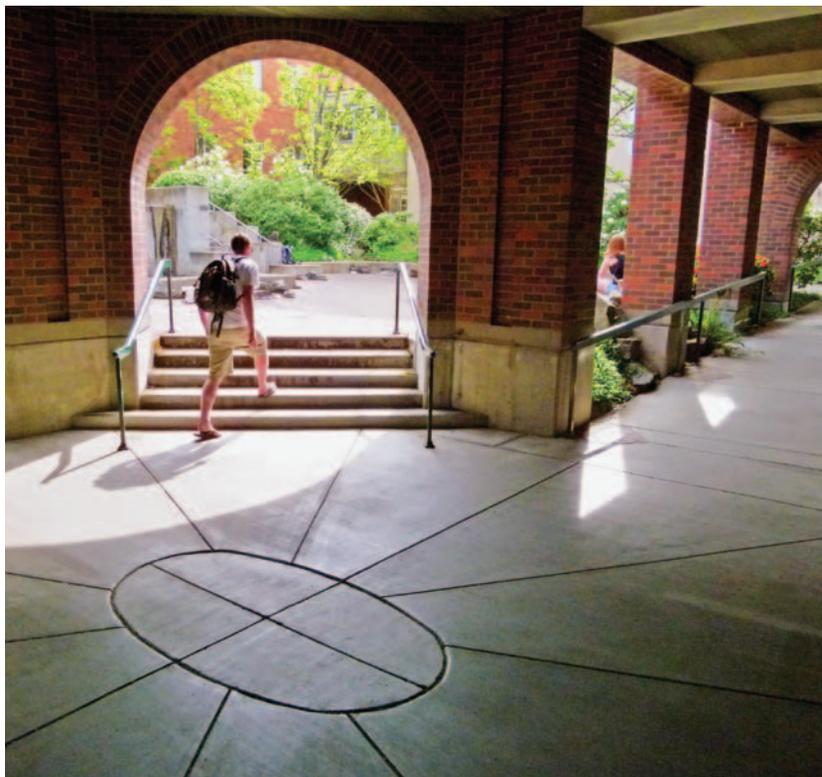
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# Acute Recognition

By Ruby McConnell '01

It is 1:00 in the afternoon on a Wednesday. I am in a second-floor classroom of Cascade Hall staring blankly at the chalkboard. Rain is pouring down the windows. Similarly, sweat is pouring down the face of our professor, then department head Dana Johnston. He is tall and thin, and capable of drawing almost anything in three dimensions, which he has done, all over the board. He is also very excited. He has been trying for the last 60 minutes, and in fact the last five weeks, to get us to understand how light is reflected and refracted against and through the molecular framework of minerals. He is trying to get us to visualize this. He is getting a lot of blank stares. Not just mine, and not all just due to lack of understanding—the



material is, regardless of one's passion for the field, unbearably tedious, and despite his energetic cheerleading and the true usefulness of the information, incredibly boring.

There are 20 of us here, trying to survive the weeder year of the geology major. We are smack in the middle of it, trapped with one another in almost all of our classes: chemistry, calculus, and here, in optical mineralogy. Optical mineralogy is the grim follow-up to the lesser intro to mineralogy, the geological equivalent of gross anatomy, in which the name, chemical formula, and 10 most distinguishing features of some 150-odd minerals are memorized. Our mastery of this information was tested with the dark humor typical of the fifth-year graduate students who taught the class: a lab exam consisting of the identification of 20 nearly identical green and black minerals in hand sample. Optical mineralogy involves exactly the same task, though now the goal is to identify said minerals in thin sections using microscopes with polarized light. For us, it means hours and hours in the student lab and countless treks from the Science Library, through the Cascade courtyard with its odd rock art and cryptic concrete engravings, and into Columbia.

I usually locked my bike outside the main office, one of the few covered bike racks not always full, the Cascade breezeway being unnoticed and underutilized. It was a shortcut to the other science buildings and a gathering place where we would meet before heading to lunch or to study, or after exams. We would stand out of the rain on the little patch of decorated concrete, which looked more like an afterthought than any kind of real public art.

Professor Johnston's voice cuts back through my thoughts. "This is the

acute bisectrix." What did he just say? A cute bi what? What is he talking about? On the chalkboard he has drawn an ellipse with a series of lines tracing through and around it. His voice is reaching a fevered pitch, and he is explaining that this thing both exists and does not exist inside of every mineral. That this imaginary thing is what allows us to use light to differentiate one mineral from another under the microscope. That without this imaginary thing we would not understand much of what we understand about rocks. My brain shuts down for a couple more moments. We had started the year in a full classroom and had already lost nearly half our ranks. The professors warned this was a trend that would continue until graduation day—a

warning that proved true when I walked with only one other undergraduate two years later. On this day, with graduation still far off, I can feel myself beginning to slip, slowly sliding under the weight of this barrage of information. I start to think that I might not get through it.

Five weeks later, we are preparing for the final exam. We live in the geology lab, only leaving to cross under the breezeway and through the courtyard for another cup of coffee. Today, I am heading for the chemistry lab, late, because my GTF, again, has been generously tutoring me outside of office hours. I am still struggling. It is still raining, and I am running at full speed. I take the stairs leading down into the breezeway in a single jump and land, one-footed, looking down at the engraved concrete. The same engraving I have walked across hundreds of times. But this time, I look down and, with a shock of recognition, say out loud, "Acute bisectrix." It stops me in my tracks.

There it was, as it had been all along. Carved right into the ground outside the geology building: the acute bisectrix. It was a subtle tribute to one of the fundamental concepts of the science. In that moment, it was proof that it was working, that I was learning, that this was becoming my science. I was going to be one of the ones who made it. 

*Ruby McConnell '01 completed her BS in geological science with a minor in environmental studies at the UO and is a registered geologist with the state of Oregon. She went on to study dance as a postbaccalaureate student at the UO from 2009 to 2012. She lives in Eugene, where she dances and writes.*

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