

SUMMER 2007

MUSIC ON  
THE BRAIN

KESSLER ON  
FATHER'S DAY

LINDA BRADY  
PLAYING HARD

# OREGON



**CARL MORRIS**  
THE NORTHWEST  
WAS HIS MUSE



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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON



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Kent Peterson



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Cover: From the Carl Morris mural Lumbering, 1943 (see above), which is in the United States Post Office, Main Branch, Eugene. Photograph by Kent Peterson; used courtesy of the John G. Shedd Institute for the Arts, Eugene.

## WHO'S DANGEROUS?

The dangerous professor is not the one with radical ideas ["Danger," Spring 2007], but the one who harbors, exhibits, and instills in students an arrogant condescension toward opposing ideas. My eleven-year journey through academia began at Oregon and ended at Harvard, with six other colleges, universities, and seminaries along the way. I encountered many brilliant minds who were acclaimed in their fields yet who were smugly closed toward competing viewpoints. America has nothing to fear from exposing its brightest young minds to extreme viewpoints, but our nation has much to fear from those who, contrary to all their proud rhetoric about "academic freedom," are hostile toward the serious consideration of contrary worldviews. By contrast, my finest professor made every effort to present every view on the subject in question—and to do so in a way that enabled the student to understand how a reasonable person could hold that position. That was the high point of my education and the approach I used in my career in journalism. Finally, I suggest that a powerful antidote to intellectual arrogance and academic exclusivity is Harvard psychologist Daniel Goleman's book, *Vital Lies, Simple Truths: The Psychology of Self-Deception*.

Don Clark '66  
Arvin, California

Pete Peterson's seizing upon Horowitz's hall of "dangerous thinkers" is both a straw man diversion as well as an evasion of the real point. Have you considered the possibility that the recent avalanche of conservative criticism might be due, not to an ideological backlash, but rather to the truthful accuracy of the charge? And contrary to Peterson's assertion, the actual criticism directed at faculty's liberal prejudice is not of its radi-

cal, freethinking opposition to the "status quo," but rather of the exact opposite; the intense leftist intolerance for any position that opposes its own.

The irony is that these old hippies and yuppies still haven't come to realize that they *are* the status quo of the university today and, paradoxically, they exhibit more intolerance for thinking that runs counter to their doctrines than their "status quo" predecessors ever did. Real open-minded critical thinking will reign at the UO only when independent-thinking students are no longer bullied by liberal professors who delude themselves that they are open-minded, and when the criticisms from former students like Horowitz (and thousands of others like myself) are granted genuine consideration.

Philip B. Bean, M.Arch. '87  
Umpqua

I read my copy of *Oregon Quarterly* from cover to cover and eagerly await the arrival of the next edition.

I read "Danger" with great interest. While I disagree with the perspective of the article and the views of the UO faculty expressed, I also disagree with the viewpoint that their ideas are dangerous and should be suppressed in some fashion. What is dangerous, in my mind, is for either side of the philosophic spectrum to stop listen-

ing to the other. Perhaps the tone of the rhetoric needs to be moderated. If we lose the ability to have civilized dialogue with people with differing points of view, then we have lost a great deal, indeed.

Evan Mandigo '67  
Bismarck, North Dakota

I was amused when I saw "Danger" in the Spring issue. I suspected the gist and was not disappointed. A subtle and idyllic myth is that liberal academia is the bastion of the free, open-minded exchange of ideas and that its detractors, the "powerful," the right, consider such exchange of ideas dangerous. The mirror image comes closer to the truth.

I reflected on my own experience at the UO. In 1973, I and three or four other business students were given failing marks in a sociology course. The bias was so egregious that Dean West of the business school intervened with his counterpart in sociology. My mistake had been in thinking critically about the exploitation of labor in America. I had to defer graduation for a summer pending "reeducation." This was the worst, but not the first, price I paid for "dangerous" opinions during my academic years.

Danger is defined by consequences and for liberals, particularly in academia, there are few consequences. It was ironic to see Lee Bollinger showcased in "Danger," pontificating about academic freedom. It was at his Columbia that Minuteman speaker Jim Gilchrist was recently shouted down.

It is difficult to see how academics can affirm their insular myth about intellectual freedom. Both from personal experience and observation, it is clear that there is a deep-seated, ruthlessly enforced liberal bias at universities.

Bob Bell '73 (summer!)  
Brooklyn, New York

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#### EDITOR

Guy Maynard

#### MANAGING EDITOR

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Chris Michel

#### CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHER

Jack Liu

#### OFFICE

Shelly Cooper

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#### WEB SITE

[oregonquarterly.com](http://oregonquarterly.com)

#### OFFICE

130 Chapman Hall

5228 University of Oregon

Eugene OR 97403-5228

Phone (541) 346-5045

Fax (541) 346-5571

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#### CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Alumni Records, 1204 University

of Oregon, Eugene, OR 97403-1204

(541) 346-3178, [alumni@uoregon.edu](mailto:alumni@uoregon.edu)

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# ¡Sí, Se Puede!

Thanks to a lot of hard work – and the generous help of UO scholarship donors – Gerardo Rodriguez is the first person in his family to graduate from college. His B.F.A. in Digital Arts makes him a hero to his younger sisters, as well as the dozens of middle- and high-school students that he's tutored over the years. "Those young kids – they need to see role models who are successful, who are going to college and are trying to do something with their lives," says the young web site designer and Webfoot mentor. "I am so grateful for all those scholarships and how they helped me out." Can we say that it's equally gratifying to see people like Gerardo transforming lives? *¡Sí, se puede!*

CAMPAIGN OREGON  
Transforming Lives

Pete Peterson raises some important issues surrounding political censorship and the price academics could pay for unwelcome opinions. I would like to add that, although researchers are protected for the content of their research, we are also bound by moral and ethical responsibilities. With the passage of the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act (1990), tensions within the archaeology, anthropology, and museum communities were exposed. Some made the extreme claim that repatriation was in violation of academic freedom because of the potential loss of “scientific” data. The debate resulted, in some cases, in the creation of a false polarity that placed native people in opposition to the scientific community. Academic freedom should not be viewed as an absolute right, but a privilege. There is no such thing as unmitigated academic freedom.

*Melissa Baird, M.S.'03  
Springfield*

## BURLEY BLAME

Many thanks for the memories down the Burley Co-op lane [“Dissolution,” Spring 2007]. I first went to work for Alan Scholz in 1976 and was one of the founders of the cooperative in 1978. Aside from a lengthy “leave of absence,” I worked at the co-op until the summer of 2005. I would metamorphose from production to sales, then to shipping and receiving, back to production, back into sales, and back again into production. More importantly, I served two terms on the board of directors and in the corporate treasurer’s position from 1996 to 2005, at which time the job had become moot.

Marshall’s observations are well taken. I spent endless nights over the final years wondering where things had gone wrong. When I finally came to the conclusion, it was too late and no one would listen to me anyway. Burley was principally a low-tech manufacturing operation that had the advantage of inventory control and shipping from the United States. Everything we made could be easily copied on the Asian rim for a fraction of the labor cost. What Burley really needed was an endless flow of clever ideas.

At the peak of Burley’s success, 1993–95, the capital and brain power was there to do many great things. The shift towards corporate paranoia had started in the offices of Burley’s legal counsel

and was reinforced by the introduction of M.B.A.-trained leadership. A pure kind of democratic working experiment needed to live on thinner ice of liability, at least within its own community. That would have freed up more “energy” to focus on new ideas.

*Russell Morton  
Eugene*

Patricia Marshall’s otherwise fine account of the demise of Burley Design Cooperative understates the frustration that many of us feel about the way business was conducted at the co-op in its last years.

I was one of several UO alumni who joined the cooperative as a way to stay in Eugene after graduating and work in a job that promoted progressive values. Burley was a truly democratic workplace producing elegant and fun products that supported human-powered transportation. When I was hired in 1992, the center of innovation within the cooperative was made up of people who were committed to an equitable workplace and who loved bicycles. This creative and committed group (personified by Bruce Creps and Matt Purvis) earned far less at Burley (with its flat wage structure) than they could in “the real world.” As the co-op grew, many new members did not share these values yet, in many cases, earned more than they would have elsewhere.

When the membership voted in a majority of directors who did not embrace the progressive ideals Burley once embodied, changes were set in motion that would first poison the workplace atmosphere and eventually destroy the cooperative. By that time I had moved on. The general manager was empowered to institute a differential wage and impose a secretive, hierarchical management regime. Protected by the new secretive and punitive structure, managers and directors made bad product line decisions, approved inferior product designs, and grossly mismanaged the business.

The article leaves an impression that the failure of Burley was inevitable in part because the membership was stuck in the idealism of an earlier era. I contend that the failure can largely be attributed to the

### CORRECTION

In “Decades” [Old Oregon, Spring 2007], we mistakenly referred to the Doernbecher Memorial Hospital for Children as the Dorchester hospital.

lack of a remedy for bad behavior that is all too contemporary.

*John M. Morris, M.F.A. '90  
Florence*

## BOUNDARIES

Regarding “No Boundaries” by Carol Ann Bassett [Spring 2007], I would present another opinion. Visiting annually for thirty years, hunting for the cagey chukar, I have stepped over, straddled through, and rolled under hundreds of barbed-wire fences.

Clearly, this part of Oregon is much too harsh, isolated, and humbling for Bassett and the volunteer fence-pullers. They venture out there with no understanding of the singular efforts citizens took to settle and live in such hard country. The volunteers and ODNA [Oregon Natural Desert Association] show little respect for land owners who call the Oregon high desert home. Do these people and organizations ignore the chaos and destruction that has been ongoing in their own backyards, in the Willamette Valley, Portland, and Bend?

Tai chi on a ridgeline? I’ve seen more spirituality from a skulking coyote. A rusted, blown-over barbed-wire fence is a steel barrier? Surely, there are public lands the good-hearted fence-pullers can find closer to their homes—and surely, much more comfortable.

*Scott Kellstrom '70  
Klamath Falls*

## LUXURY-FREE PARADISE

I wasn’t surprised by Harley Patrick’s article, “Honeymoon in Paradise” [Spring 2007], not recommending Molokai, Hawaii, as the perfect vacation spot. Having lived in Hawaii for a number of years, including 2000–2001 on Molokai, I totally agree. If it’s luxury you want, Kapalua is just eight miles across the Pailolo Channel.

Molokai is small, thinly populated, rural, economically poor, and—with the highest percentage of native Hawaiian inhabitants next to Niihwa (off limits to visitors)—wary of outsiders. Residents bridle against what they’ve witnessed as negative changes on neighboring islands. This keeps many luxuries off island. It’s not an easy place to live and tourism doesn’t hold a high priority.

However, the locals certainly aren’t hostile towards outsiders. All are welcome

to join in the homespun entertainment, notoriously long (talk story) conversations, and unspoiled island beauty. It's an atmosphere similar to rural mainland communities—with the added pride in being rough-around-the-edges-but-typically-laid-back Hawaiian.

So if you visit Molokai, share the warm hugs everybody exchanges when greeting, return those waves and smiles as you drive by, enjoy the beautiful scenery, and laugh off the inconveniences.

Scott Davis '70  
La Jolla, California

## NO FRIEND

Khaled Batarfi's essay titled "My Friend, Osama bin Laden" [Currents, Spring 2007] offers some real insights into bin Laden's character. Bin Laden's early statement about how *he* would have handled that altercation on the playground—"You know, if you gave me time, I would have solved the issue peacefully"—might also suggest that bin Laden has been ungrateful and egotistical since his youth. A deed meant to help bin Laden was rebuffed. In Afghanistan, when the United States helped the mujahedeen defeat the Soviet Union, bin Laden expressed a similar contempt. As gratitude for our assistance, bin Laden soon retrained—at us—the very weapons we had given him.

So, would providing bin Laden "the same opportunity that [Batarfi] had—studying and living in America"—really have made bin Laden regard us more favorably? I strongly doubt it. Numerous studies suggest that exposure to our educational system actually *increases* contempt for Western society for those so predisposed. Sadly, the "libertarian" (sic) values that Batarfi so loves about the UO run counter to bin Laden's personal philosophy of control over other individuals' thought and behavior.

Batarfi's fascinating essay confirms that two friends from the same geographic location can turn out very differently. It is all the more tragic, and ironic, when one of those friends becomes a respected educator who embraces global diversity, while the other becomes an isolationist zealot who has murdered thousands of innocent people worldwide. Batarfi's essay, then, says a great deal about personal integrity and grace—or the lack thereof.

Richard V. Francaviglia, Ph.D. '70  
Arlington, Texas

Regarding the recollection of Osama bin Laden by Khaled Batarfi, I would have been more comfortable with the title "My Former Friend, Osama bin Laden." I notice a relatively recent date of his degree, making him too young to experience the very deliberate and ardent, not at all "blind," support for the new state of Israel in 1948. As a teenager I collected thousands of dollars in little blue boxes from Americans of all religions and races, dedicated to planting trees and buying land [in Israel]. Despite all the wars and hardships, Israel has remained a vital democracy and a refuge, as it has just demonstrated by taking in Darfur refugees. Judging by the support of all but a small minority, the tiny state that America helped birth remains our responsibility and our ally, our support quite clear-eyed despite the relentless enmity of the tyrants of the world.

Lorraine Widman, M.F.A. '56  
Portland

The reprint of this article shows poor judgment. Khaled Batarfi, managing editor of a Saudi newspaper, writes about Osama bin Laden as his friend even at this time. He talks about bin Laden as charismatic, pious, peaceful, lead-by-

example, and then "the leader of a holy war against America" and "as the architect of a great war against the West." He obviously approves of bin Laden and his cause. He does not condemn or denounce bin Laden's actions.

We are at war with bin Laden and his associates. Why would you print an article written by someone who is a friend and supporter of bin Laden?

David Pinson '75  
Folsom, California

## LIBERAL ARTS

For what it's worth, in reading your "Decades" [Old Oregon, Spring 2007], I was reminded of a freshman scholarship honorary luncheon I attended the spring of 1954. Dr. Robert Oppenheimer had just had his invitation to speak at the University of Washington revoked, and the more open-minded UO had invited him to come to our campus. His message to us was to take as many liberal arts courses as possible before narrowing our studies to one exclusive field. Oppenheimer's advice seems as pertinent now as it did then.

Jean Fay Harmon '57  
Neskowin



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Michael McDermott

## ROSE CITY AGLOW WITH DUCK PRIDE

“Morrison Bridge Rallies for March Madness,” was the headline of a March 19 press release bearing the logos of both Multnomah County and Pacific Power. The text began, “With the University of Oregon men’s basketball team having won its first two games in the NCAA college tournament, Pacific Power and Multnomah County have rallied their collective state pride and put it on display on the newly lit Morrison Bridge. The recently installed energy-efficient lights on the sides of the bridge are going yellow and green while the Ducks play their way through the tournament. . . .

‘We’re proud of our Oregon Ducks getting to the Sweet 16,’ said Pat Reiten, president of Pacific Power.

‘What a great way to show the team that Portland is behind you all the way.’”

## LEST WE FORGET

*To jot down a shopping list or a phone number, just about any scrap of paper will do, but when memorializing a person, event, or ideal for generations still to come, there’s nothing quite like stone. Ryan Coonerty ’96 writes about the words emblazoned on fifty American monuments—two of them in Portland.*

*Reprinted with permission of the National Geographic Society from the book Etched in Stone: Enduring Words from Our Nation’s Monuments by Ryan Coonerty.*

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JAPANESE AMERICAN  
HISTORICAL PLAZA  
Portland, Oregon, 1990

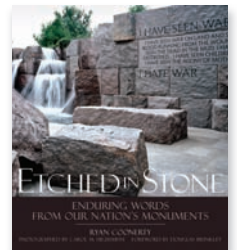
THE 13 BASALT STONES OF THE JAPANESE American Historical Plaza in Portland, Oregon’s Tom McCall Waterfront Park solemnize the U.S. internment of Japanese Americans during World War II, following Japan’s bombing of Pearl Harbor. Each stone is engraved with a brief anonymous poem and the name of an internment camp.

But the plaza, a collaboration of landscape designer Robert Murase and poet Lawson Inada, M.F.A. ’66—both interned as children—is more than a memorial to the injustice of the internment; it is an account of the Japanese experience in America.

The first stone honors the Issei generation—men and women who immigrated to the United States from Japan: “Mighty Willamette! / Beautiful friend, / I am learning, / I am practicing to say your name.” The theme of assimilation continues on the next

stone, representing the Nisei, first-generation Americans: “Sure, I go to school / Same as you. / I’m an American.”

The next stones speak of the isolation and pain of internment: “Rounded up / In the sweltering yard / Unable to endure any longer / Standing in line / Some collapse.” Camps in the barren



ETCHED IN STONE  
ENDURING WORDS  
FROM OUR NATION'S MONUMENTS  
BY RYAN COONERTY



deserts of the West housed some 110,000 Japanese Americans in harsh conditions: "Black smoke rolls / Across the blue sky. / Winter chills our bones. / This is Minidoka." But even worse than the conditions was the pain that lay in knowing that their loyalty to the country was questioned: "Our young men and women / Joined the Army, too / They are proud to be American." Indeed, a regiment of Japanese Americans volunteered from the camps and fought bravely for their adopted country in Europe.

With the end of the war, the Japanese were released and allowed to return home, but while interned, many had lost their jobs, businesses, and homes. The next generations, the Sansei and Yonsei, had to reconcile and come to terms with their country's actions. The concluding stones recognize this struggle: "Going home, / Feeling cheated, / Gripping my daughter's hand, / I tell her we're leaving / Without emotion." The U.S. government issued a formal apology in 1988 and offered some reparations to affected families. The final stone looks to the future: "With new hope, / We build new lives. / Why complain when it rains? / This is what it means to be free."

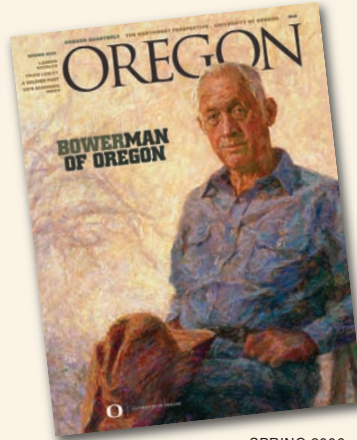
YAMHILL STREET  
Portland, Oregon, 1990

Stand on Yamhill Street in downtown Portland, Oregon, and you will find yourself surrounded by people who are staring at their feet and laughing out loud. The giggling people form human barricades, and soon the sidewalk is clogged, sending the normal flow of pedestrians into disarray. City officials in Portland would not have it any other way.

The culprit is a public-art project that gives an artistic dimension to a nearby city-owned parking garage. (Portland, like many cities in the United States, requires that publicly funded projects, such as parking garages, spend one percent of their costs on public art.) Streetwise—informally known around town as the Talking Sidewalk—incorporates paving stones engraved with quirky quotations into a brick sidewalk. The words and the reactions of those reading them are as much a part of the art as is the visual arrangement of the stones. Artist Bill Will conceived the idea and teamed with novelist Katherine Dunn on the project.

Their hope was to make passersby laugh, think, and pause as they went about their business. Will and Dunn selected a

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SPRING 2006

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## EYEWITNESS TO HISTORY

thousand quotations, ranging from those by Yogi Berra to Shakespeare to anonymous. Eventually, 83 sayings made the cut and were carved into stone. The pavers were placed in various directions to force the readers to move about, weaving through the crowds to enjoy the words.

Some of the more popular quotations include a reminder to “not step on cracks” and Marilyn Monroe’s quip “I’ve been on a calendar but never on time.” Groucho Marx’s remark “I never forget a face but in your case, I’ll make an exception” is engraved near Einstein’s claim “Imagination is more important than knowledge.”

For Will, the art is not the engraved bricks, but the public’s response: “For every person who takes the time to read it, they will imagine something . . . the art is in the mind of the beholder. Hopefully it stimulates their imaginations.” The art is also in watching people react to the quotes, something Will admits to doing. Portland Public Art Director Eloise Damosch says the project “engages pedestrians in a new way.”

In the end, even the sidewalk itself has a sense of humor, offering William Shakespeare’s lament, “You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things.”

*At the end of World War II, twenty-two-year-old George Wickes was a soldier in the U. S. Army, stationed in Rangoon, Burma, with the Office of Strategic Services (OSS, the wartime military intelligence organization that was a predecessor to the postwar CIA). His experience made him an eyewitness to world history at a moment of monumental transition, and also put him face to face with one of the key political figures of the twentieth century. Wickes, now an emeritus professor of English, has been teaching at the UO since 1970. The excerpt below is from two memoirs—Saigon 1945 and Hanoi 1946—written at the request of a Vietnamese historian. They have been published in Vietnamese, but not in English.*

**S**HORTLY AFTER THE JAPANESE SURRENDER the OSS sent small teams of officers and men to the principal cities of Southeast Asia. Their mission was partly military (e.g., repatriating American prisoners of war, locating the graves of Americans killed during the war, and investigating war crimes), but in the absence of other representatives of the American government (e.g., the State Department), they also performed some peacetime functions, notably monitoring the political situation.

When I heard that an OSS team was going to Saigon, I went to see the officer in command, Colonel Peter Dewey [killed by Vietnamese soldiers on September 26, 1945, and considered by some to be America’s

first casualty in the Vietnam conflict], and told him I wanted very much to go with him. He was unimpressed when I told him I had studied Vietnamese under the Army Specialized Training Program but asked if I knew French. When I replied that I had learned French at my Belgian mother’s knee, he gave me a one-word oral exam: “What is the French word for ‘street?’” He was not testing my vocabulary but my pronunciation, for *rue* is one French word few Americans can pronounce properly. Colonel Dewey, who spoke flawless French himself, was satisfied with my pronunciation and said, “All right, you can go. Be ready at 2:30 tomorrow morning.”

Our arrival in Saigon was quite dramatic.

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We were the first Allied soldiers to land there, and, despite the surrender in Japan, we were not at all sure of the reception that awaited us. Southern Indochina was occupied by some 72,000 Japanese troops. Would they accept the surrender? We need not have worried. When we landed at Tan Son Nhut, some fifty of the highest-ranking Japanese officers were lined up on the tarmac waiting to receive us most respectfully. In the coming weeks, the Japanese were to do exactly what they were told to do, which often meant serving as police and even at times as soldiers against the Vietnamese [who were fighting against French colonial forces in what became known as the First Indochina War], sometimes even under the command of British officers.

*He looks like a martyr all right . . . but kindly rather than fanatic, like a benevolent grandfather for his people.*

. . . The greatest event for the French of Saigon was the reopening of their country club, *le Cercle Sportif*. Wars and regimes and occupations could come and go, but life was not worth living without *le Cercle Sportif*. We went to the grand opening at the suggestion of Major Frank White, who with his journalist's sense of irony noted that British officers were now being feted by the same French residents who had collaborated and fraternized with the Japanese during the occupation. At his suggestion we went again a few days later and observed the social life of Saigon while the sound of cannon fire boomed regularly in the background and ashes from burning Vietnamese villages drifted down on the tennis courts.

Toward the end of December 1945, Major Frank White first suggested that we try to go to Hanoi together to interview [Vietnamese leader] Ho Chi Minh. He then made the proposal to OSS headquarters in Washington, employing the pretext that we would ask Ho if he was a communist and ask what his plans were for the future of Vietnam if the country should obtain its independence from France. Of course we knew the answer to the first question and had a pretty good idea of what the answer to the second would be; and OSS head-

quarters was at least as well informed as we were, for a number of OSS men had been with Ho in the jungle, training Vietnamese guerrillas during the Japanese occupation, and others had been in close contact with him in Hanoi after the Japanese surrender. But OSS had had no one in Hanoi since October and probably welcomed the opportunity to send observers there again.

. . . Frank White and I paid our call on Ho Chi Minh. He received us in his office in the governor-general's palace. As if to indicate his official role, he was wearing a military-style tunic, but wearing it modestly without any insignia to suggest that he was more than a private citizen. We had expected the interview to be in French, but to our surprise he spoke to us in English and reminisced about his experiences in the United States when he worked in restaurants in Boston or New York. When asked if he was a communist, he made no secret of the fact, but when asked if that meant Vietnam would become a communist country, he said he was not the one to determine that, for the political character of the country would have to be decided by the people. He spoke a good deal about the Declaration of Independence, some of which he had paraphrased in declaring the independence of Vietnam the previous September 2. He wanted us to transmit to Washington his high hopes that the United States would aid Vietnam in its efforts to establish itself as an independent nation.

Ho invited Frank to a dinner he was giving that night. When Frank arrived he found himself in the company of high-ranking dignitaries, including several French and Chinese generals and [top Vietnamese army general] Vo Nguyen Giap. To his astonishment Frank discovered that Ho had reserved the place of honor for him.

In a letter I wrote home a few days after our visit with Ho Chi Minh, I attempted to describe him:

*His pictures present him as an emaciated martyr with burning eyes. He looks like a martyr all right (and in fact is one, having devoted practically all of his 60-odd years to the cause of his country), but kindly rather than fanatic, like a benevolent grandfather for his people.*

*Short and very slight, a little stooped, with seamed cheeks and generally well-weathered features, wiry grayish hair, a scraggly mandarin mustache and wispy beard—all in all not a very imposing man physically.*



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Above: *The Ten Symbols of Longevity*, late Joseon period, nineteenth century, ten-panel folding screen, ink and color on silk.



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But when you talk with him, he strikes you as quite above the ordinary run of mortals. Perhaps it is the spirit that great patriots are supposed to have. Surely he has that—long struggling has left him mild and resigned, still sustaining some small idealism and hope. But I think it is particularly his kindness, his simplicity, his down-to-earthiness. I think Abraham Lincoln must have been such a man, calm, sane, and humble.

In the minds of most Americans Abraham Lincoln is our greatest president, the man who kept the nation together through our terrible Civil War and freed the slaves. Though no one uses such language, it would be no exaggeration to say that Abraham Lincoln is generally revered as a saint. Ever since that meeting with Ho Chi Minh I have thought of him in the same light, and when asked what he was like described him as a cross between Saint Francis of Assisi and Abraham Lincoln.

## PULP PHILOSOPHY

*Imagine two grad students, let's call them Bill and Ted, dreaming up an extremely excellent adventure: Dude, we could watch a boatload of Keanu Reeves movies and get credit for it!*

*In fact, doctoral student Michael McCann and master's student Jen Hammond conceived the Keanu Reeves Film Series to showcase the UO comparative literature program's commitment to providing students with a breadth of subject matter—in this case, an extracurricular screening of films ranging from adaptations of classics such as Much Ado About Nothing and Dracula to box office smash Speed and the futuristic A Scanner Darkly, based on the Philip K. Dick novel. Short lectures by various speakers preceded each screening; John Lysaker, head of the philosophy department, introduced The Matrix with these comments, titled "Travels Down the Rabbit Hole."*

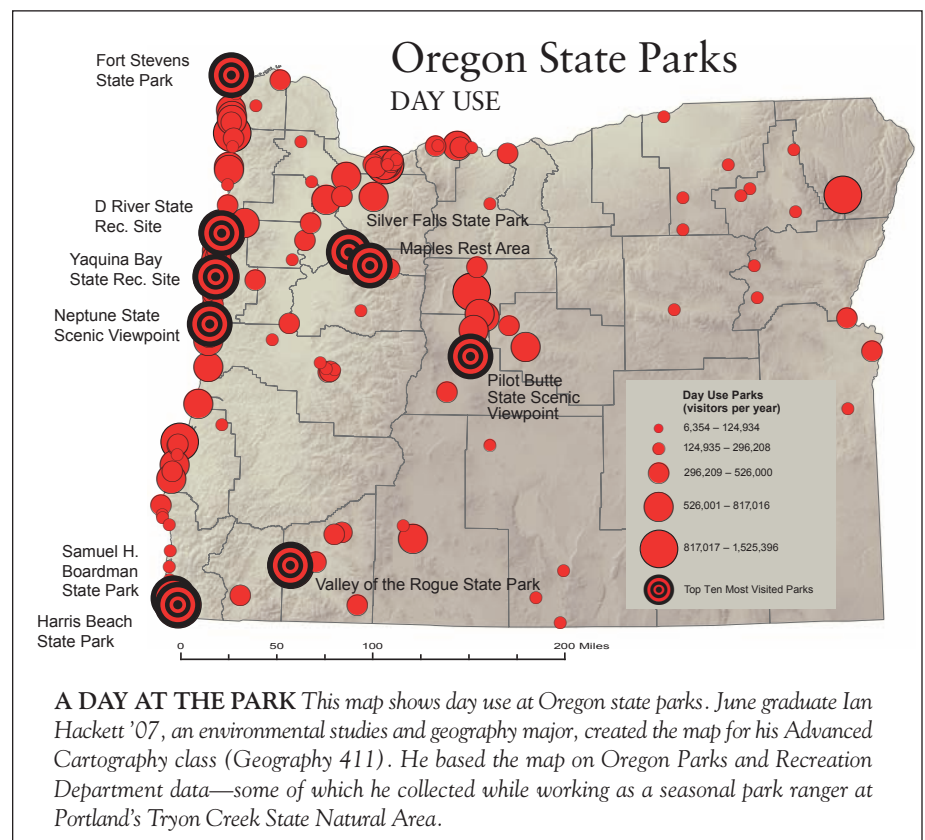
**T**he Matrix is an explicitly philosophical film. Morpheus, Neo, Trinity, and Cypher raise philosophical questions, and those questions are integral to the film's plot. Are humans free or are we fated? What is the mind's relation to the body? Today, I'd like to explore three of these issues with you, and ask you to think about them when

you next watch the film. (I won't tell you my thoughts on these issues, although I'd be happy to discuss them at [jlysaker@uoregon.edu](mailto:jlysaker@uoregon.edu).)

The film's most obvious philosophical issue concerns a distinction between appearance and reality. This problem lies at the heart of philosophical reflection, and it has puzzled folk for millennia, and in untold philosophical traditions, from classical Greece and India to seventeenth-century France on into today's philosophy departments. In the film, we are asked to believe that the world of the matrix is one of mere appearance, whereas the razed world that Morpheus navigates in the Nebuchadnezzar is the real world. But how far down does the rabbit hole go? If you were Neo, why would you believe that Morpheus hasn't led you to just another matrix world, perhaps unwittingly? Couldn't a matrix world involve ports in the back of our heads, cruddy food, and ratty clothing? Next time you watch the film, consider how the film tries to establish the reality of the devastated world and the illusoriness of the matrix world. But don't just listen to what the characters say. Also look at how the film depicts the two worlds. Then press the question: has the film taken this issue far enough?

Here's another question. Who is right, Cypher or Trinity? The philosopher Robert Nozick has argued that very few people would trade real-life experiences for those provided by an experience machine. (He clearly never played a computer fantasy game.) In *The Matrix*, Cypher's decision to return to the matrix challenges Nozick's position. While eating dinner with Agent Smith, or while *seeming* to eat dinner with Agent Smith, Cypher confesses that a world of visceral, convincing pleasures is preferable to whatever the so-called real world has to offer. Trinity objects, and insists that the matrix isn't real. But this raises two questions. First, how important for a meaningful, fulfilling life is something like "contact with reality"? Second, if a virtual reality allows one to make choices and to suffer the consequences of those choices, up to and including death, isn't it as real as any world? Won't both serve equally well in exposing someone's character? At one point, Trinity tells Neo that the matrix cannot tell you who you are. Is this right?

Last question. As far as Morpheus and his pals are concerned, they are justified in killing those still plugged into the matrix. In fact, the film revels in laying waste to as many "copper tops" as possible. The film also makes plain, however, that each





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matrix life corresponds to a human life stashed in a pod somewhere just above the earth's scorched face, and that this life ends when the matrix life eats a bullet or two (or forty). One thus has to ask: are these killings justified? When you next watch the film, take note of whatever reasons Morpheus provides for these killings. How convincing are his arguments? Once you come to a conclusion about your view, imagine how someone might object who held the other view, and then try to address that objection. For example, if you find Morpheus's position unconvincing, ask yourself whether killing is ever justified in revolutionary moments. Were colonial soldiers justified in killing loyalists who threatened the



Brent Harrison

## SCHOOL OF ROCK

This formation mysteriously appeared not long ago in the Willamette River just west of the Autzen footbridge. For some years, the downstream shallows have often been decorated with stacks of rocks (cairns), though we've never seen an installation quite so elaborate or celebratory of the alma mater. Anybody know how far back this tradition goes?

As long as we're on the subject, this from Wikipedia: "In some regions, piles of rocks used to mark hiking trails are called 'ducks' or 'duckies.' These are typically smaller cairns, so named because some would have a 'beak' pointing in the direction of the route. An expression, 'two rocks do not make a duck,' reminds hikers that just one rock resting upon another could be the result of accident or nature rather than intentional trail marking."

**Attention photographers:** we're interested in Duck-related photos—the more interesting or funny, the better. Also, consider sharing shots of you or your friends in Duck regalia (hats, T-shirts, etc.) in exotic or unusual locales. High-resolution digital images work best; low-resolution shots won't reproduce in print. E-mail to [quarterly@uoregon.edu](mailto:quarterly@uoregon.edu).

cause of the American Revolution? Or, if you think Morpheus is right in killing his matrix-deluded opponents, ask yourself whether it matters that these victims are completely ignorant of the state of affairs they're defending?

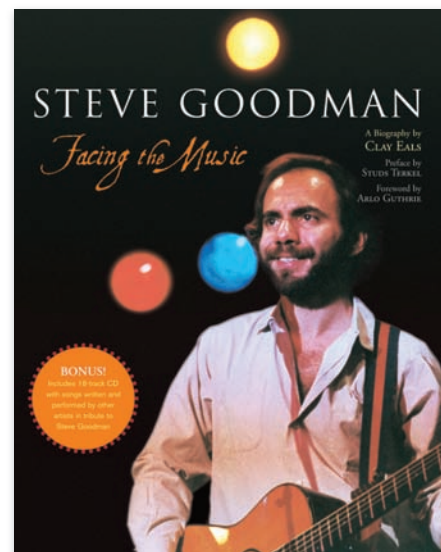
I hope these questions prove fruitful during your next viewing of *The Matrix*. It's a good deal of fun, and often rewarding, to watch films with philosophical questions on the brain. It often leads us to attend in new ways to what various characters do, say, and even allegorically represent. But when viewing films, we shouldn't limit ourselves to those resources, even if our concerns are explicitly philosophical. It is a philosophical mistake to treat film as a transparent medium of communication, as if all the other aspects of a film were mere ornamentation. Instead, we should pay attention to all the ways in which films address us, including the contexts in which they are produced, distributed, and shown. So, alongside the words and deeds of characters, and the multiple meanings those entail, one should also look at filmic elements like costuming, camera placement and movement, editing, music, lighting, and so forth. If you do, the rabbit hole will deepen beyond your wildest expectations.

## GOOD MORNIN' AMERICA, HOW ARE YOU?

*A bar, a beer, and a brief encounter are all part of what led to a recording that has been pouring from radios for decades. Clay Eals '74 has written an 800-page book, Steve Goodman: Facing the Music (ECW Press, 2007) that traces the life of the gifted folksinger and songwriter, including the night he met Arlo Guthrie, who would go on to record Goodman's most famous song. Eals read from his work in June at the UO Bookstore. Below is a condensed excerpt from the book.*

*Text copyright © 2007 by Clay Eals.  
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THE PERFORMER STEVE WENT TO SEE that night in Chicago was the son of American folk music's most revered icon. Then 23, just one year older than Steve, Arlo Guthrie had emblazoned his identity in the country's consciousness,



transcending his status as the eldest child of his famous dad, Woody Guthrie. He had released an LP that featured the 18-minute, anti-establishment, shaggy-dog story "Alice's Restaurant" and had starred in an offbeat feature film of the same name. His profile had risen further with a spacey bit in *Woodstock*, the 1970 documentary of the landmark 1969 rock festival.

A big-enough draw to play larger venues, Guthrie was working the Quiet Knight as a favor to club owner Richard Harding. After Guthrie had finished the last of three sets and the audience filed down the stairs into the sub-freezing night air, he ambled with his guitar to Harding's back-room office to say goodbye. Awaiting him was Steve.

Tipsy and tired, Guthrie wanted to return to his hotel. Harding, too, was inebriated, but he also had a mission. Hearing Steve perform "City of New Orleans" had reminded Harding of youthful railroading days in the late 1940s when he had ridden the Twentieth Century Limited and the Rock Island Line. "I wanted somebody to record it that would make it a hit because the word was out that Steve had leukemia," Harding says. "I wanted him, before he died, to have a major hit, whether he was singing it or not."

Guthrie had been primed for the meeting by Harding, who also had told him of Steve's [leukemia]. It was an instant parallel because Guthrie's father had suffered since his early 40s from the relentlessly debilitating Huntington's chorea (which became known by the plainer title of Woody Guthrie's disease) and died from it in 1967 at age 55. The genetic chance that his father's fatal nervous-system

disorder eventually would befall Guthrie was 50 percent. "I was under the same gun," Guthrie says, "even though nobody knew anything definitive."

After Guthrie ambled into Harding's office, Harding picked up Guthrie's guitar and handed it to Steve. As recalled by WFMT's Rich Warren, who was standing outside the office door, Harding bellowed at Steve, "Sing him the goddamn train song! Play the goddamn train song!"

Harding also backed Guthrie into a corner of the office, Steve said later, and told him, "Now, Arlo, you've gotta take this song down to Nashville and give it to John Cash because it's about trains." Cash had built much of his musical identity upon railroad tunes.

*"Now, Arlo,  
you've gotta  
take this song  
down to Nashville  
and give it to  
John Cash because  
it's about trains."*

Both Steve and Guthrie felt they were being thrown together unceremoniously. As Steve noted later, "Arlo was trying to get out of the room as politely as he could, and so was I."

Guthrie, in the comic version of the story that he has told from the stage for decades, has characterized himself as responding to Harding like a "butthead." For instance, he told a 1996 pub audience in Ireland that he shot back to Harding, "I don't want to hear no songs. I hate songs. I don't even like my songs. Why should I listen to other people's songs, man?"

In contrast, however, Steve observed that Guthrie acted graciously. "He just didn't tell everybody where to go and walk out of the room," Steve said.

And Guthrie allows that his stage story is an exaggeration. "I wasn't really in the mood to hear a song from anyone," Guthrie says, "but he (Steve) just looked like a little guy. There's a thousand little guys everywhere with songs, y'know? I didn't have a policy about it." The fact that Steve was a friend of Harding's made the prospect more palatable. "I probably didn't hesitate to say yes," Guthrie says, "even though in my story I make it seem

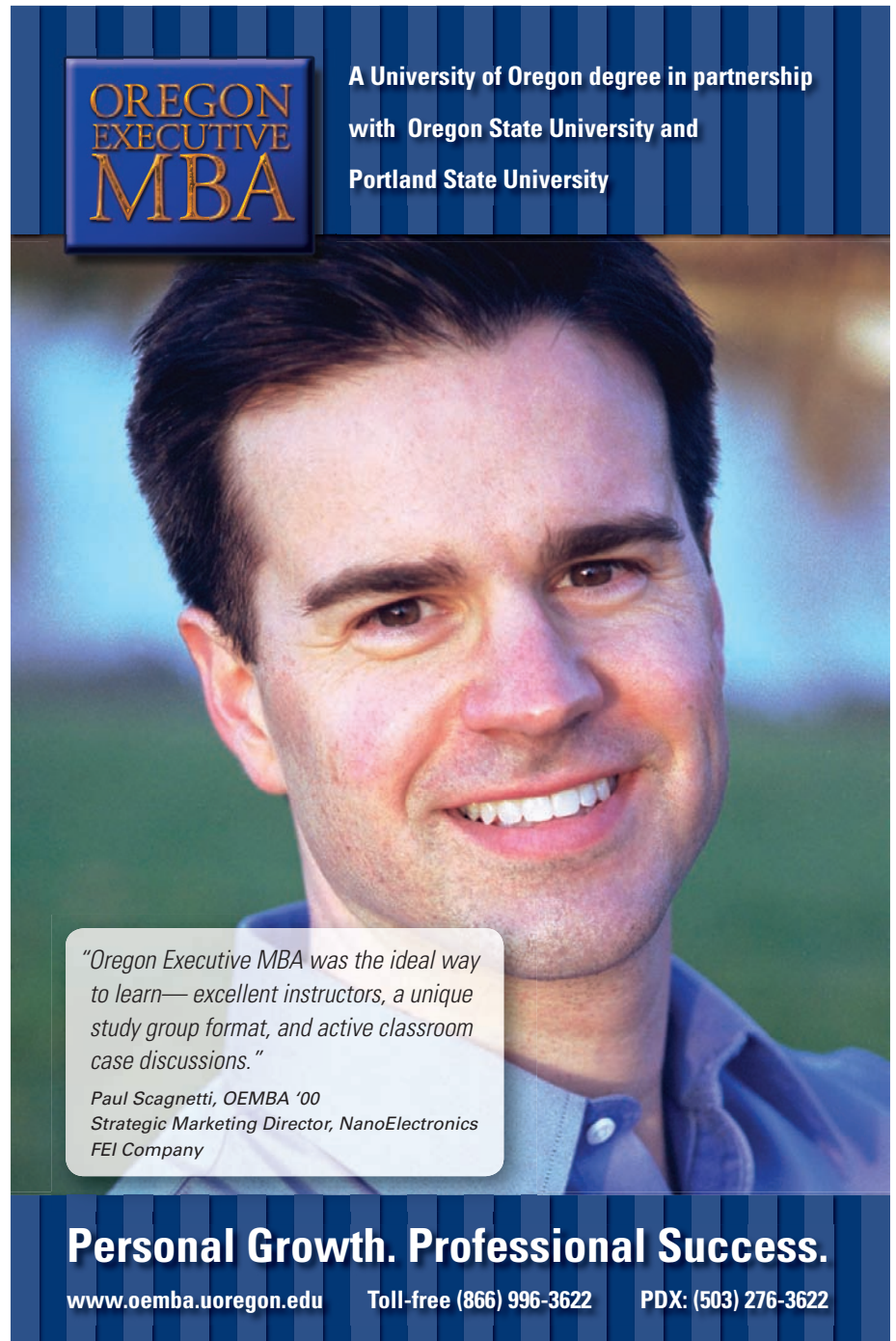
like I really wasn't that interested."

Harding says Guthrie told him, "I'll listen to the song if you say so, but he's got to buy me a beer." In his more colorful stage yarn, Guthrie says that he told Steve, "OK, tell you what. Buy me a beer, I'll sit here and drink it, and as long as it lasts, you can do whatever you want."

So while Harding furnished the beer, Steve performed "City of New Orleans" for Guthrie, who afterward asked Steve for a lead sheet and a tape, both of which Steve supplied. "I put those in my suitcase

and thought no more of them until I got home, it might have been days or weeks later," Guthrie says. "When I got home, I put the sheet music on the piano, and it stayed there for months. I didn't think anything of it. I was just busy doing other things."

Of course, Guthrie ends his stage story otherwise, playing off the beer reference. While Guthrie wouldn't realize or state it until two years later, his punch line was: "It turned out to be one of the finer beers of my life."



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AGRICULTURE 1943, CARL MORRIS'S MURAL IN THE U.S.

## THE NORTHWEST as ARTISTIC MUSE

*Did Carl Morris's devotion to  
the place that inspired him  
cost him the recognition he deserved?*

BY LIDOÑA WAGNER

**Carl Morris seemed destined for New York.** And if the dice had landed differently in 1941, he might be as well known as Mark Rothko, Barnett Newman, and Robert Motherwell. In the 1950s Morris won numerous major awards and had a national reputation as an abstract painter. His European training and friendship with Rothko opened connections to the whole of the New York School of abstract expressionism. But by the time he set up a New York studio in 1953, it was too late. By then the land, water, and light of the Pacific Northwest had seeped into his blood and coursed through his veins. By then the Northwest as artistic muse had claimed Morris with the same tenacity that the white whale gripped Captain Ahab's soul.

It was by accident that Morris came under the spell of the Northwest. While he was teaching at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1938, the Federal Art Project (FAP) tapped him to direct one of its art centers. Wanting to be near water, Morris was tricked into going to Spokane, Washington, by a recruiter's exaggerated stories of an enormous nearby waterfall. Under Morris's direction, the Spokane Art Center took hold and requests for classes grew beyond expectations. To meet the demand, the FAP recruited artist teachers from far-flung states.

From the East Coast came Hilda Deutsch, a sculptor who charmed and challenged Morris from the moment she stepped off the bus and started arguing about art. Hilda modeled for some of his paintings and it wasn't long before the bohemian New Yorker had fallen in love and,





"The Northwest as Artistic Muse" by LiDoña Wagner is the winning essay in the open category of the 2007 *Oregon Quarterly* Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest, as selected by this year's contest judge, Portland author Molly Gloss. Wagner wins \$750. Second place in the open category is Alice Evans of Eugene for "One Long, Precious Moment" (\$300), and third place goes to Amanda Powell of Eugene for "Little Outbreaks of Justice, of Love" (\$100). The winner in the student category is Claire McQuerry of Tempe, Arizona, for "Tumbleweed Invasive, Tumbleweed Tough" (\$500), which will be published in the Autumn issue of *Oregon Quarterly*. Seth Michael White of Corvallis takes second for "The Phantom Barn" (\$200), and Katey Schultz of Burnsville, North Carolina, is third for "Meditation on Activism" (\$75).

Writers are encouraged to enter the 2008 essay contest. The deadline is January 31, 2008. Details will be available at [oregonquarterly.com](http://oregonquarterly.com) as they become available.

POST OFFICE, MAIN BRANCH, EUGENE. PHOTOGRAPH BY KENT PETERSON; USED COURTESY OF THE JOHN G. SHEDD INSTITUTE FOR THE ARTS IN EUGENE.

to the chagrin of conservative townspeople, moved in with the highly respected art center director.

They were an unlikely couple. He was a quiet, handsome Quaker who topped off at six feet in workman's boots. She was a loquacious New Yorker who had to stretch to reach five feet in ribbon-tied patent leather pumps. He grew up in Yorba Linda, California, the same pioneer Quaker community as writer Jessamyn West of *Friendly Persuasion* fame and Richard Nixon of Watergate infamy. She grew up in the Big Apple discussing music and literature at dinner with immigrant parents from Lithuania and the Ukraine. He planned to be a ceramicist and metalworker and ended up a painter. She began as a fashion designer and converted to sculpture. He studied painting in Vienna and Paris. She went to Mexico to see the murals of Diego Rivera.

As the months passed, the two young artists explored the area around Spokane, digging for artifacts of the region's indigenous people. These forays linked Morris back to roots that he'd forgotten in eight years of urban living. The farms and hills of the Palouse reminded the Californian of his roots in the land. Raised on a citrus farm, he had, from an early age, hefted irrigation pipe, picked fruit, loaded produce, and driven the horse-drawn buckboard to market. As Morris and Hilda tramped the Columbia Plateau, he remembered trips into Death Valley in search of

minerals with his high school mentor, ceramicist Glen Lukens. Asked later about his upbringing, Morris would say, "I came from the land."

Within eighteen months of his arrival, Morris had made the Spokane center one of few in the country with enthusiastic community participation. As a result, the FAP transferred him to Seattle in January 1940. They hoped he could generate similar local involvement by launching art programs in outlying areas. Hilda followed several months later.

**But as the war in Europe increasingly drew the focus of the U.S. government,** the Federal Art Project turned its programs over to state governments. Local conservative forces in Seattle squelched innovative programs and Morris was unable to carry out the purpose for which he was sent. Instead he was restricted to office work. In a letter to Norman Rice, dean of the Art Institute of Chicago, Morris wrote, "After my arrival here, day by day my painting sessions diminished. Finally, the cold fact of facing the future as an 'executive' or as an artist had to be faced. Since the policy of this state art program has been turning from arts to crafts, I felt I had no place in it. Therefore, two months ago, I resigned my job." Morris and Hilda were married the same day they quit the FAP.

“My wife and I,” Morris continued, “have a houseboat on Lake Union, just five minutes from the city center. . . . Aside from being a pleasant place to live, the location affords quiet in spite of being in the city. The quiet animation of the boats from the nearby docks furnishes a pleasant activity that by now has become an integral part of our living. I find it extremely inspiring to work here and it is my determination to work and to benefit from my surroundings.”

He invited Rice and his wife to visit. “I can offer a mess of fish from our back window or your choice of any one of two dozen wild ducks that frequent our back porch every evening for a few bread crumbs.”

Whatever living on the water meant to Hilda, it was inspiring for Morris. By 1940, he was close to recognizing that he had found his muse. However, they left Seattle in the summer of 1941 after learning that the commission he’d sought for a mural in the new post office of Eugene had been awarded to Russian émigré Jacob Elshin. Crushed by defeat, Morris was convinced by Hilda that New York had plenty of art schools where they could teach.

By all logic, Morris’s arrival in New York should have been the launch of his East Coast career. But no sooner had the couple settled in with Hilda’s family than a friend called, inviting them, on a lark, to consult a fortuneteller in Greenwich Village. Eager for diversion, Morris and Hilda agreed.

The fortuneteller told Morris “an awful lot of things I didn’t want to hear.” Then, once more examining her crystal ball, she said, “You will get a letter that will send you west.”

Morris responded sarcastically, “OK. I’m going to get a letter.”

Shortly, Morris received a letter saying that the competition for the Eugene post office mural had been reopened.

It seemed the Portland jury had written in their report that if their decision were based on quality, they would have chosen Morris, but they selected Elshin because his work reflected the verdure of the region. Morris the storyteller liked to say, “When the national office received the report, they said, ‘Here, here, we gave no such instructions.’”

Edward Bruce, the head of the section of the Department of Treasury that was in charge of the project, was a stickler for quality. When he saw that the local jury had not been entirely pleased with Elshin’s sketches and wanted to require him to

submit new ones, it made perfect sense to allow the “quality” artist to also submit sketches, this time specifically reflecting the region around Eugene. According to Morris, the federal department wrote the local jury saying, “If you want to put these conditions on it, then we suggest that you open it up to Carl Morris and Jacob Elshin with the understanding that they are competing again.”

Morris and Hilda felt a federal commission would be a feather in his cap. It could lead to other things. Buoyed by knowing the jury considered Morris to be the better artist, they decided he should take the challenge. They could base themselves in Portland where there was a small artist community centered on the Portland Art Museum, and Hilda could teach sculpture in its art school.

After scarcely a month on the East Coast, the two thirty-year-olds packed up and took a train back across the continent. Morris would have about six weeks to prepare his submission. While he traveled to Eugene and Springfield to see the landscape and economic activities of the region, Hilda would find a place for them to live.



*OUT OF THE COULEE, 1945-46*

**The Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art (JSMA) on the University of Oregon campus will present an exhibition of murals by Carl Morris from June 28 to September 9. Titled Carl Morris: History of Religions, the exhibit will display a series of murals commissioned for a pavilion charged with representing the history of religious faiths at the 1959 Oregon Centennial Exposition. The JSMA exhibit will also include examples of Morris’s early work with figurative and landscape paintings. For more information, visit [jsma.uoregon.edu](http://jsma.uoregon.edu) or call (541) 346-3027. A free opening reception will be held Wednesday, June 27, 5:30–8:00 P.M.**

He was absolutely determined to win. And he did.

On December 6, 1941, the eve of Pearl Harbor.

All through the war, Morris worked in the Portland shipyards supervising construction of lifeboats for large warships built on the West Coast. He worked on the murals at night and on off-days. On June 19, 1943, he called in sick so he could go to Eugene to install the murals, one on agriculture and the other on the lumber industry. The murals show Morris’s identification and familiarity with the land and reflect the social realist painting style characteristic of the Depression era. In one mural, sturdy farmers pitch hay in an agricultural setting. In the other, muscular workers stack lumber in a sawmill set in a forested area. Social realist art depicted idealized laborers, a style adopted from socialist mural artists in Mexico.

**A**t the end of the war, Morris was offered director positions at private art centers in Seattle and Ithaca, New York. He and Hilda were also urged by artist friends to move to San Francisco. But relocating with an infant—their son David was born in September 1945—would take all the money they’d saved from the Eugene commission. Morris and Hilda decided instead to use the money to stay in Portland for a year during which they would concentrate on their art. Morris was now able at last to focus on his paintings, which soon began winning national awards.

One of his first nationally recognized paintings was *Out of the Coulee*. The painting’s angular shapes and rich earth tones suggest the harsh alkaline plateau and big sky of northeast Washington, where he and Hilda had fallen in love. Two figures in the abstract landscape clasp so tightly they appear to be one. The painting’s power comes from its expression of the link to the land that was such a vital piece of Morris’s soul. Cash awards, supplemented by fees earned teaching private classes, enabled the couple to stretch one year to two and then three years. In 1949, the house they were renting went up for sale. The couple acquired land in the northwest hills of Portland in exchange for a sculpture and a painting. Morris began building a home-studio using salvaged material from buildings damaged the year before in the Vanport flood.

# the northwest is my studio. CARL MORRIS



HILDA AND CARL MORRIS IN THE STUDIO, PORTLAND, 1955

Morris said he carried that house on his back twelve times, referring to moving bricks, boards, beams, and nails from Vanport into Portland, then up the hill to the undeveloped area on Skyline Boulevard. His comment suggests not only the magnitude of what it took to build their residence but also the depth of emotional investment Morris put into it. If asked, he would probably have said, “I know every nail by name.”

Once Morris and Hilda moved into their partially completed home-studio in 1950, the two artists found themselves surrounded by cedars and with a view that extended from the Tualatin Valley to Mount Hood. As Morris put in a garden and set up a pigeon cote, life among the clouds provided a continually changing light show: morning mist, hypnotic rainstorms, color-drenched sunsets. Experiencing that iridescent light sealed Morris’s fate—much to Hilda’s regret.

That same year, Morris painted *The Cloud*. In contrast to the tight embrace of the figures in *Out of the Coulee*, a distance has come between the man and woman in *The Cloud*. The male figure occupies the whole left side of the cloud whereas the woman’s head is barely inside its lower right corner. A large white area (the cloud) separates the couple. The man has the same characteristics as the figure in Morris’s *Self Portrait* of 1948.

Hilda was convinced that she and Morris belonged in New York. Artists from all over Europe had relocated there, creating a stir. She missed her family and all the museums and shows. The painting suggests

that Morris’s love of the Northwest had, like the cloud, come between them.

Two years later, in a painting called *Machine No. 3*, Morris captured some of the mystery and fascination of living on the water. *Machine No. 3* is totally abstract. There are no figures. The painting can be seen as an aerial view of a marina such as his houseboat mooring on Lake Union or the shipyards where he worked during World War II. The blue-grays of the painting suggest differing depths of water while the harlequin shapes and colors around a central platform bespeak the animated maritime activity of which he wrote in his letter to Norman Rice in 1940.

Taken together, these three paintings reflect Morris’s evolving process of finding inspiration in the natural environment of the Northwest, a gradual letting go of autobiographical figures, and his emerging trust in total abstraction.

**A**s his national reputation grew, Hilda prodded Morris to move to New York. In 1953 he acquiesced to setting up a studio there while she and their son remained in Portland. It was a frustrating experience. Morris was accustomed to long periods of concentrated painting. Having fellow artists drop in unannounced at any time of day or night interrupted his process. Although he was fond of whiskey and vodka, he was shocked by how freely alcohol flowed in the artist community and how it reduced creative dialogue to a senseless brawl. Nor did he appreciate the constant competition for buyers, museum shows, and newspaper

publicity. Within a few months he said with certainty, “The Northwest is my studio.” He packed up and returned to the cloud-kissed hills, the cooing of pigeons, and the rhythmic sighing of rain dripping through cedar boughs.

Though in tune with abstract expressionism, Morris found his muse in nature rather than through an inner process. During the fifteen years in which he came of age as an artist, he had been changed by the beauty of the Pacific Northwest and the lifestyle it permitted. Over the next three decades he used a growing vocabulary of regional textures, shapes, and colors to paint monumental abstract paintings expressing transcendent experience.

Carl Morris became a painter of place—the Pacific Northwest—in the same way that Joan Miro painted the spirit of Catalonia in Spain and Monet painted his gardens in Giverny. However, there was a significant difference. Catalonia and Giverny were not far from Paris, the artistic hub of Europe, whereas a vast continent separated the Northwest from the art center of New York—coast to coast by train was a journey of several days. Not only was the Pacific region seen as a rural backwater by many on the East Coast, it operated on different values.

For fifty years Hilda pushed Morris toward the Big Apple. She insisted his career would never flourish outside the major artistic marketplace. For his part, Morris knew that to desert his muse would be similar to cutting his wrists, as his friend Mark Rothko had done. The Northwest unshakably claimed Morris’s soul. The result was what Hilda suspected: one of Oregon’s most celebrated artists has fallen into obscurity. This legendary artist immortalized the Pacific Northwest in hundreds of paintings. He deserves to be remembered.

*LiDoña Wagner, M.S. '06, has a graduate degree in literary nonfiction from the UO School of Journalism and Communication. Her writing has appeared in Focus (Canada) and American Artist. She is currently approaching agents with “Fresh Starts: Stories and Exercises for a New Beginning,” a manuscript derived from her former work in grass roots empowerment projects. Wagner is also an artist. An exhibition of her paintings will be held at OpusSix in Eugene in fall 2007. Wagner is an international workshop presenter and coordinates leadership programs in the UO College of Education.*



CHRIS MICHEL



# FATHER'S DAY

Hallmark cards weren't made for this guy.

BY LAUREN KESSLER

**F**ather's Day was a big deal in my house not just because it was Father's Day—and my father was one to whom homage was paid, the coins of the realm being argyle socks and cans of Wilson tennis balls—but because it ushered in the annual allowance-draining third week in June. This was the week that included Father's Day, my father's birthday, and my parents' anniversary. One, two, three, right in a row. Every week during the six months between Christmas and the third week in June, I put away a part of my allowance (which topped out at \$2.50 when I was a senior in high school) to buy gifts for these three occasions.

I am remembering this thirty, oh-my-God forty years later because today, June 18, 2006, is my first fatherless Father's Day. My father died last year, August 1, in his bed, in his apartment, after breakfast. One of the home health ladies was with him, the big, pillowy, Sweet-Jesus-I'm-born-again woman whose name I don't recall. My father was a casual, northern-bred racist whose only expressed thoughts about Blacks (and Puerto Ricans) were that they brought down property values. I'm not sure, exactly, what he thought about being cared for by Black women—all his home caregivers were Black women—but I imagine he considered them domestic servants, which in a way they were, and dealt with it like that. When I was growing up, we had had a Black woman come in to clean our house every Thursday, driven in from Amityville, where the Black people lived, in a car with four other Black women who were delivered to other homes in our neighborhood.

It may be that my father didn't think about his caregivers at all, that who they were, what they did, where he was, what was going on, all that just didn't register. In those last six months when he needed twenty-four-hour care, his mind was somewhere else. His brain, robbed of good blood flow by years of coronary artery disease, was sluggish, cloudy, clogged. I don't know how to describe it, only that much of who I thought my father was, was missing those last six months.



My father had been a stubborn, often nasty, irascible man. He pulled no punches. You knew where you stood with him, and where you stood was usually in the doghouse. He disliked a lot of things, including people who sneezed, people who left the lights on in a room after they left, people who sat around and read all day, all auto mechanics, most drivers, especially women, anyone who rang the doorbell—and often, even when I didn't fall into any of those categories, me. He was quick with insults, and even quicker with withering looks. But when his brain started to die, he lost most of his edge. He didn't talk much or seem to be listening. He lay in his bedroom in his hospital bed propped up by pillows, surrounded by my mother's paintings, which hung on all four walls. He lay there with the TV on, a night table crowded with prescription medicine bottles on one side, a big Black woman on the other, and his heart kept beating and beating until one morning, after breakfast, it didn't.



When I had left home and was sending Father's Day cards and gifts across the country every June, finding an appropriate card was always a problem. I'd stand in front of the Dads and Grads card displays in bookstores and newsstands—Chicago, San Francisco, Carbondale, McMinnville, Seattle, Eugene, I moved around a lot in those years—and for as long as it took, half an hour or more, I'd open and read every card hoping to find one I could send. I couldn't send one of those you're-the-best-guy-ever cards. That would have been so insincere as to be insulting. Then there were the we-had-great-times-together cards which, until recently, until too late, I wouldn't think of sending because I mostly remembered our Saturdays on the tennis court with my father yelling at me after every shot. I remembered crying on my side of the court, happy at least that he couldn't see the effect he was having on me. Now, of course, I think about the fact that he actually took me out every Saturday, that we not only played tennis, but in the winter, went roller skating and ice skating and bowling. He took me horseback riding. We stopped at Carvel's on the way home. We both loved chocolate. (Among my father's dislikes were people who ordered vanilla ice cream.)

But when my father was still a Man in Full, when I was still locked in battle with him—which is to say, from puberty to about two years ago—I remembered our time together as stressful and unpleasant, yet another excuse for him to criticize and belittle me. So I couldn't send the thanks-for-a-great-time cards. There was also a whole genre of he-did-everything-and-he-did-it-well cards, which I couldn't send, and I-hope-I-grow-up-just-like-you cards, which, needless to say, I didn't. Hope that I'd grow up to be just like him, that is. That left very few cards. Sappy ones were out. Religious ones were out. Ones with men on golf courses were out. And so I stood in front of many a card rack, looking at cards and putting them back, a lump in my throat. Because I didn't have the kind of father about whom Hallmark made cards. Because I didn't have the kind of relationship

with my father about which Hallmark made cards. Because he didn't love me. Because, maybe worse, I didn't love him. But each year I managed to find a card and send it from wherever I was to where he was, which was always 3728 Richard Lane. I could, if I wanted to, see the cards I selected all those years because they are in a box in the closet in my house. My father saved all of them. I brought them home with me after he died.

We find out too late how much people mean to us and how much we meant to them, or that we meant anything at all to them. The last time I saw my father alive, in the spring, he was bedridden and mostly silent. I made him my mother's chicken parmesan, one of his favorite dishes, which I didn't want him to eat from a tray sitting up in bed. I wanted us to have a meal together at the table. It took two of us to get him out of bed and into a wheelchair. I wheeled him into the dining room, and he sat at the table staring straight ahead, slowly, slowly moving a shaky hand up to his mouth, slowly, slowly, chewing his food, which I had cut up in tiny pieces. My father, the irascible father of my childhood, would never have stood for anyone eating like that. I could almost hear that father sighing, clucking, muttering under his breath. *Come on, already. Let's go. Jeezus H. Christ.*

My father, the nasty one, was an eater. Portions could not be too big for him. He judged the worth of restaurants based on how much of his dinner plate was obscured. The ideal plate, invisible under mounds of food, would be 75 percent meat, 25 percent potato, 0 percent vegetable, and 1,000 percent sodium. But that spring, sitting in the wheelchair, staring ahead, struggling to eat, he finished perhaps half of one small portion, maybe an ounce or two of chicken, not much more than a bite my father of old would have taken. Then grunted and waved his hand in the air, dismissing the meal.

During the long days of my last visit, not knowing what to do but knowing I should be doing something, I gave my father foot massages while I told him stories about the Saturdays we spent together: sledding breakneck down the hill at Bethpage State Park, the time the horse almost rolled over on me, the time he bowled 225, the time we almost fell through the ice at the pond, sundaes at Jahn's Ice Cream Parlour that we didn't tell my mother about. He stared up at the ceiling while I talked. He dozed off. He didn't seem to be listening. It probably was too late to tell him all this.

The last thing my father said to me was actually the only full sentence he said to me during my five-day visit that spring. He had uttered an occasional yes or no in response to direct questions, but he had never initiated a conversation. That afternoon, he was lying in the hospital bed, and I was bending over him rubbing moisturizer into his hands. My long hair—you look like Cousin Itt, he used to say to me—fell in front of my face. I swept it back over my ear and smiled at him. His eyes were focused, and I knew he was going to say something. "You've got gray in your hair," he said to me. "Do something about it." That's the last thing I ever heard from my father. The bastard. I miss him.

**I gave my father foot massages while I told him stories about the Saturdays we spent together: sledding breakneck down the hill at Bethpage State Park, the time the horse almost rolled over on me, the time he bowled 225, the time we almost fell through the ice at the pond, sundaes at Jahn's Ice Cream Parlour that we didn't tell my mother about.**

*Lauren Kessler, M.S. '75, has written eleven books, including the just-published Dancing with Rose, which looks at Alzheimer's disease from the point of view of a caregiver in a residential facility. She directs the literary nonfiction program at the UO School of Journalism and Communication. She contributes often to Oregon Quarterly and her work has also appeared in The New York Times Magazine, Los Angeles Times Magazine, O: The Oprah Winfrey Magazine, and The Nation.*

# Science and Song

THIS IS YOUR BRAIN ON MUSIC

Okay, before we go any further, take a moment to answer this question (no reading ahead!): does the word *at* appear in "The Star Spangled Banner"?

Find it?

Now, another question: how did you get to your answer? Did you do like most people and fast-forward through the verses (maybe even mumble-sing, your head rocking back and forth like an energetic metronome) until you came to, ah, there it is: "What so PROUD-ly we hailed, at the twilight's last gleaming. . . ."



Daniel Levitin



## A musician turned cognitive neuroscientist writes new refrains on the brain and the neural impulses that drive our love for music—from Handel to hip-hop.

**Y**ou might feel silly, but consider: when put through this test, professional musicians must go through the same process to get to the *at* in our national anthem. Daniel Levitin, M.S. '93, Ph.D. '96, in his best-selling book *This Is Your Brain on Music: The Science of a Human Obsession* (Dutton, 2006), walks us through this small experiment to demonstrate simply that, with or without musical training, we all encode the experience of song in similar ways. We store the important tones of a piece with similar accuracy and develop “musical contour” naturally. In both his book and his ongoing research, Levitin probes our intuitive sense of music to challenge those evolutionary theorists who posit that music is mere “cheesecake”—an incidental pleasure without which the human species could get along just fine. Levitin instead places music—the complex stimuli that get us tapping our feet and sometimes humming along with melodies we haven’t heard in thirty years—more squarely as an essential piece in the framework of human evolution and cognitive development.

What distinguishes Levitin in his field of cognitive neuroscience is not only his use of both nonmusicians and musicians in his research, but also his emphasis on real-world music and, in particular, popular music. Levitin has shown that musical knowledge comes as readily from listening to the Police’s “Roxanne” or “Every Breath You Take” on your car radio as from a symphony hall rendition of Handel’s *Messiah*. Levitin, a professor and cognitive psychologist who runs the Laboratory for Music Perception, Cognition, and Expertise at McGill University in Montreal, conducts experiments with classical music as well as tunes as familiar as “Happy Birthday,” Elvis’s “Jailhouse Rock,” and Eminem’s “The Real Slim Shady.”

Who better to explore this territory than a musician and former record producer. Before Levitin received his Ph.D. in 1996, he had already gone gold and platinum nine times working with artists as different as Blue Öyster Cult and Stevie Wonder. Here’s a man whose publication credits span the distance from *Billboard* magazine to *Child Neuropsychology*.

And it’s not as if he has given up his music industry connections. Conversations with Levitin are sprinkled with references to times spent with such rock ’n’ roll hall-of-famers as Joni and Carlos (neither of whom require a last name), pop culture icon Cher (who has no last name), and current alternative rock phenomenon Arcade Fire.

**B**ut the chasm between his two worlds was never wide; music has never been far from science. Levitin had a childhood fascination with audio equipment (in the generation when hi-fi technology advanced and exploded on the American market) and with music as varied as rock legends Cream and piano jazzman George Shearing. Graduating high school a year early in 1975, Levitin headed to MIT for a degree in electrical engineering—to learn how to build sound equipment. In a quirky preview of his future, Levitin

remembers reading in an elective course a slim volume by Michael Posner about cognition. Posner, now professor emeritus of psychology at the University of Oregon, would become Levitin’s adviser nearly fifteen years later.

Although he quit MIT to play guitar, Levitin was struck by the notion that “you could construct an experiment, just like a chemist would construct an experiment . . . and probe the origins of thoughts and come up with an answer. I found that very stimulating and remarkable,” he says.

He continued reading his *Scientific Americans* and buying books on psychology even as he moved west and began playing lead guitar in the country-western Alsea River Band, working Waldport and Oregon Coast venues covering songs such as “Poison Love” and “Crazy.” He progressed in the industry from session musician to, eventually, record producer in California.

But he still had time for science. “When I established myself as a record producer, I needed a hobby,” he says. So naturally, “since music was my job, why not have science as a hobby?”

Levitin took calculus at the University of California at Berkeley “in my spare time” and drove to Stanford University to take classes in the only department that was exploring music and the brain—psychology.

“I never really stopped thinking about science,” he says. “I think science is more an outlook or a disposition than just a career or a field of inquiry. You have people who have scientific temperament whether they are scientists or not.”

Levitin came to a crossroads in 1990. His interest was flagging in a music industry that was dropping rock greats such as Elvis Costello because of sluggish record sales. But for a friend’s coaching, Levitin may have become a llama rancher in Oregon, playing his guitar and writing songs. The longtime friend was Lewis Goldberg, a UO professor who studied personality psychology. Goldberg persuaded Levitin he had the temperament and mindset for academia.



Ross West

And he was right.

Levitin returned to Stanford to finish his undergraduate degree in cognitive psychology and cognitive science, while also lecturing on audio recording in the music department. His work began to take the field in new directions by asking questions about the neural basis of our affinity for song and music's impact on us as an indicator of, among other things, how our memory works.

In a significant experiment, Levitin worked on the notion that, unlike classical pieces that could be played by many different performers and still be considered the same song, most rock or pop tunes have a single canonical, or standard, recording. In other words, listeners associate "New Year's Day" with the U2 release, and any other version registers as significantly as Muzak. Same with songs like "New York State of Mind" (clearly Billy Joel) or "Like a Virgin" (any doubts?).

With that in mind, Levitin invited people to a campus laboratory to sing. He excluded songs that had multiple versions (for instance, avoiding the confusion of what to sing when thinking "Twist and Shout": the Isley Brothers or the Beatles?) and recruited nonmusicians to sing popular songs. The results were surprising. More than forty subjects, who complained and protested their way through their favorite pop songs, exhibited similar "music memory." They matched the correct key, or absolute pitch, of the originals at least two-thirds of the time and the tempo with a 4 percent margin of error. When the recordings of the subjects were played side-by-side with the pop-star versions, it almost sounded as if they were all singing together.

That experiment signaled a slight shift in cognitive neuroscience in two ways. First, before then, much of the

research into the way the brain processes music had been done with pings and dings or simple rhythms in a laboratory.

"Most pitch perception work had been done in pure tones," says Michael Posner. "[Levitin] had a more natural way of studying music in its real-world context. He opened up the psychology of music to a more ecologically valid way of study."

Second, the experiment gave credence to the idea that "absolute features of music are encoded in memory," Levitin writes. "And there is no reason to think that musical memory functions differently from, say, visual, olfactory, tactile, or gustatory memory."

In 1992, Levitin moved to the University of Oregon to continue his work. He says his experience studying with psychology professors Posner, Doug Hintzman, and Helen Neville did two things: made him a scientist and instilled the notion of taking a cross-disciplinary approach to problems.

"They taught me to think that I had to have evidence for every statement that I made—and what counted as good evidence—and it wasn't enough to just be satisfied that I had seen something happen once, or in one way," Levitin says. "I had to make sure it wasn't anomalous, to not just poke at a question from one direction."

Applying that lesson in his current work, he uses genetic models (for instance, the study of populations with gene-linked abnormalities, including Down and Williams syndromes), neuroimaging, psychophysics, and "plain old experimental psychology."

The way most programs work, Levitin says, "you train experts in one methodology. [But at the UO] I was trained as a true cognitive neuroscientist, to use all the tools available to really attack the problem from multiple directions. The idea being, if you see the answer coming up again and again from converging methods,



different technologies, different methodologies, then you know you are onto something."

It was only during his postdoctoral work that Levitin began to use functional magnetic resonance imaging (fMRI) to map neural networks affected by music. The images he saw reinforced the notion that "music is distributed throughout the brain"—that music is, in a sense, a whole-body experience: it manipulates our

emotions and forces our toes to tap, hips to sway, and fingers to snap.

And even while we have a collective appreciation for music as a culture, Levitin's work showed that individuals hear the music differently based on personal experience—a then-novel idea in the study of brain mechanisms and music as memory.

Mapping the networks of the brain with fMRI has led cognitive psychologists to understand *where* (not only *when*) the brain responds to a given musical stimulus, what the pattern of response is in the brain, and what brain mechanisms underlie emotion and memory. So far, fMRI results have led to more questions than answers. For example, how is it that an Alzheimer's patient loses most of his or her memory to the disease but can still instantly recall (as perhaps you can?) a favorite song from age fourteen?

On one level, Levitin says, the answer is that, in our lives, times of intense social bonding or intense emotional experience, which for many of us peak around age fourteen, fixes music to our brains. (In other words, your favorite songs will almost certainly

date you.) That's also the time when the brain starts pruning unused neural connections to form the adult brain. That critical pruning process also begins to set

our individual musical tastes—which may very well account for one generation's disdain for Elvis, and the next's for rap.

**B**ut there's another gap Levitin is working on, says Harry Price, professor of music and chair of music education at the UO—the one between music theorists and psychologists. Price teaches one of two courses at Oregon with the same name: Psychology of Music. His class is in the School of Music and Dance, and the other is in Levitin's old department, psychology, taught by Assistant Professor Mike Wehr.

Price, who uses *This Is Your Brain on Music* in his class, sees Levitin's work moving the two sides, the scientist and the musician-artist, toward what Levitin describes as working from the same vein of truth.

"With the new research coming out examining how experience and emotion impact music, musicians and scientists both are more comfortable with messy," says Price, "—that music is a whole, not a part, and the stimulants for study are not always safely contained within a lab. The experiments can be creative and interesting and still be credible."

... music is, in a sense,

a whole-body experience:

It manipulates our emotions

and forces our toes to tap,

hips to sway, and fingers to snap.

For instance, Price points to one study where listeners are given different information about a piece of recorded music. One group is told the performance is by a graduate student; a second group is told it's by a professional performer. The results: the second group gave higher marks to the performance.

If we consider that listeners are affected by cultural and experiential references, "the point is that psychology and emotion overshadow our experience with music," says Price. "The grad student group was ready for the performance to not be as good."

While Price is looking at music from the perspective of nurture (social and behavioral factors that affect how music is perceived), he says Wehr in the psychology department looks at it from nature: from the view of physics and biology—the nervous system response—with a bit of music theory thrown in.

In addition to the textbooks Wehr relies on for his specifically scientific focus on music, he plans to use Levitin's popular book as supplemental reading.

"The book, I think, covers very well the themes of the material I want to get across," Wehr says.

By exploring the themes of musical organization (for example, interval, melody, harmony, and tonality) and its relationship to higher brain function

and theory, Wehr's goal "is to give students the tools [of analysis] to start asking interesting questions about their favorite song, or music that they find powerful." When students are exposed to experiments and modes of analysis, Wehr finds they come up with new ways to look at music and ask questions. For instance, why do people like some kinds of music and not others? Why does a different version of a well-known song elicit different emotional content? How do people with autism or Williams syndrome perceive music?

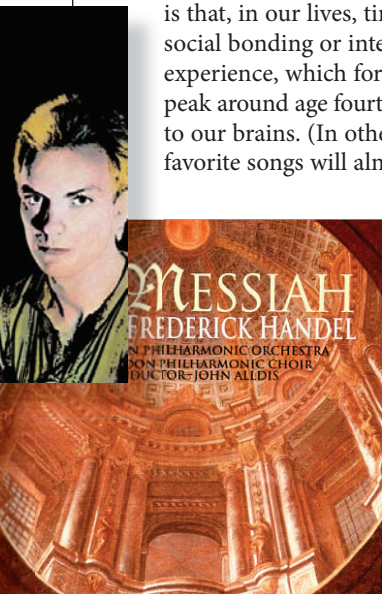
Wehr says this technical approach often brings up fears that music will lose its mystery and be less enjoyable. But the classroom experience says otherwise.

Students "listen to music and experience it in a richer and more meaningful way," Wehr says. "They think about it in a way they haven't before and translate that into a new perceptual experience."

**T**he goal of the cognitive neuroscientist, Levitin says, is "to understand thought processes, memories, emotions, and experience. And the brain just happens to be the box that all this happens in."

Which is the reason Levitin wrote his book. He shows how music is a foundation of thought, a real world wide web: music appreciation links philosophy, history, mechanical inventions, and cultural connection (or disconnection). And even without training, nonmusicians have internalized the tools to understand and better appreciate music by examining its underlying structure. He stresses that knowing music—whether tribal folk or Tchaikovsky, Tupac or Tormé—is basic to all humans. Music is not just the purview of experts and virtuosos but is accessible to anyone with a stick, a voice, or an iPod in hand.

*Tracy Ilene Miller, M.S. '06, is a Eugene freelance writer and editor and an adjunct instructor at the UO School of Journalism and Communication and at Northwest Christian College. She has been editor of several publications, including Oregon Cycling magazine, writes for The Register-Guard, and is a contributor to the online magazine Culinate.*



**LINDA BRADY** assumed the duties of UO senior vice president and provost on July 1, 2006. With nearly a year on the job behind her, *Oregon Quarterly* thought it was time to ask her a few questions.

*You were the first member of your family to attend college, and not only have you earned an impressive array of degrees, but you've had a distinguished career [see sidebar] as a professor and now in a leadership role at a flagship university. What do your academic accomplishments mean to you and your family?*

My father emigrated from Scotland in 1928. He was the second youngest of eight children, and never had the opportunity to attend college. But my parents believed that education was the key to their children's futures. One of the proudest moments of their lives was the day I graduated from Douglass College.

*How does the fact that you were the higher-education pioneer in your family affect the way you think about higher education?*

I am deeply committed to access for underrepresented minorities and students from economically challenged backgrounds. As a public institution, we have a responsibility to provide access and set high expectations for students at the University of Oregon, and we must be committed to their success. We also need to pay serious attention to the cost of higher education. As state support has declined as a percentage of our overall budget, public institutions, including the University of Oregon, have raised tuition significantly in order to support high-quality education. Higher education is becoming less and less affordable for Oregonians.

*Does that commitment affect how you do your job?*

Absolutely. During this academic year, units across campus have developed focused diversity plans that are grounded in the University of Oregon Diversity Plan that was approved in May 2006. I am struck by the widespread commitment to

engaging together in the hard work that lies ahead. Oregon is undergoing rapid demographic change, and the University of Oregon must reflect these conditions in our community. In addition, we are exploring options to ensure all qualified Oregonians who are admitted to the university are not deterred by the high cost of education.

*You've spent all of your life east of the Mississippi River. What attracted you to a job in this far corner of the United States?*

I was drawn to the culture of this great university, which is characterized by a sense of community, a commitment to transparency, and a tradition of consultation and shared leadership. The University of Oregon has a long history of serving the people of the state of Oregon, which resonates with my belief in the social responsibility of higher education.

*What exactly is the senior vice president and provost's job?*

The senior vice president and provost is the chief academic officer and the chief operating officer of the University. The provost provides leadership for matters that affect academic instruction and research. Working collaboratively with vice presidents, academic deans, department heads, and other University and faculty leaders, the provost helps ensure the quality of the faculty and student learning. It's obviously a big job.

*Your academic and professional background is in the field of international negotiations and arms control. Please tell us about your training and work in that area.*

I entered college as a pre-med major. During my sophomore year I enrolled in a required political science course. My instructor made the subject come alive and his intellectual passion became mine. He also convinced me

that being a college professor was the most exciting job in the world—imagine, being paid to think and teach!

I had an opportunity to participate in arms control negotiations in Vienna, Austria, and Geneva, Switzerland, in the late 1970s and early 1980s. We were engaged with the Soviet Union and our respective allies in talks designed to reduce the danger of war in Europe by controlling or eliminating conventional and theater nuclear weapons deployed there. As a scholar, the experience enriched my research and resulted in my book, *The Politics of Negotiation: America's Dealings with Allies, Adversaries, and Friends*. As a practitioner, I was pleased to be part of a process, along with many dedicated civil servants and military officers, which ultimately led to successful treaties.

*With the war in Iraq, friction with Iran and Korea over nuclear weapons, and other geopolitical conflicts regularly in the news, is this a particularly difficult time in the international arena or are the tensions just more visible?*

Some political scientists believe the end of the Cold War created a window of opportunity for world leaders to establish a new model of international relations based on enhanced communication, shared interests, and collaboration. Unfortunately, that window closed quickly. The dissolution of a bipolar international system, in which the United States and the Soviet Union were able to manage tensions, led to the reemergence of historic, intractable conflicts, many grounded in ethnic, cultural, or religious differences and the growing gap between rich and poor in societies around the world. In that sense, the tensions are simply more visible, but the shift in the structure of the international system has made it more difficult for us to manage these conflicts.

# Linda Brady

*“Professional experience  
in international negotiation  
and arms control is terrific  
preparation for academic  
administration,” says the  
UO’s new senior vice  
president and provost*



*Can you give us some advice or insight about how to gauge what's going on with the negotiations and diplomacy related to these trouble spots?*

The work of Roger Fisher and his colleagues in the Harvard Negotiation Project provides a useful framework for understanding international negotiation. Fisher argues successful negotiations separate the people from the problem, focus on underlying interests, not positions, develop options for mutual gain (win-win solutions), and use objective criteria to assess the costs and benefits of alternatives. These are principles that shaped President Jimmy Carter's successful approach at Camp David. Unfortunately, in recent years we haven't been able to translate theory into practice.

*How closely do you follow these international events and developments these days?*

One of the real challenges for someone in my field is the geographic distance between Eugene and Washington, D.C. I'm unable to attend policy meetings in Washington as frequently as I would like. Thank goodness for online resources and CNN.

*Do you miss being involved with issues of such immense global significance?*

I don't miss being in government. When I worked in Washington, D.C., between 1978 and 1986, there was a greater sense of bipartisanship and cooperation, across political parties and agencies. That spirit fell by the wayside in the mid-1980s, and was replaced with a bitter, partisan environment. People seemed more interested in making political points than in solving problems. That environment exists yet today. I greatly value the experience I had in government, including the colleagues I worked with and the insights I gained that have informed my research, but I have no desire to go back.

*What aspects of your background in international events and arms control apply to your current role?*

Professional experience in international negotiation and arms control is terrific preparation for academic administration. International negotiations are conducted within an international system in which nation-states are sovereign and independent. Each pursues its own interests and goals, has a monopoly on the use of force, and is not subject to higher authority. Intergovernmental

organizations, such as the United Nations, provide a framework within which international relations are conducted, but such organizations cannot act without the agreement of their members.

The university environment is very similar. While some believe administrators have real power, given our traditions of intellectual discourse and shared governance, the most important tool we have at our disposal is the power of persuasion. In order to move an agenda forward, we must craft intellectually persuasive arguments and convince our colleagues that proposed changes will benefit individuals and the institution as a whole.

*What was your first impression of Oregon, the state?*

We drove across the country from North Carolina, and as we entered Oregon the entire landscape changed. My first impression was of the diversity of the environment—I never expected to see desert in Oregon.

*How about Oregon, the university?*

I'm impressed with the human scale of the University—the fact that I can walk from one end of the campus to the other in ten minutes or less. The physical beauty of the campus is breathtaking.

*What do you think are some of the best things the UO has working in its favor?*

The people of the University of Oregon are deeply committed to this institution and its continued success. Higher education institutions are only as strong as our people.

*What do you see as some of the thorniest challenges facing the UO?*

Building and sustaining academic excellence in an environment of declining state support for higher education is our greatest challenge. Specific challenges, such as the recruitment and retention of outstanding faculty and staff members, and access and affordability for students, stem from this fundamental problem. Our ability to offer a high-quality University of Oregon education to future generations of students is in danger of being compromised.

*In what directions do you hope to see the UO move during your time here?*

We are focusing attention on the recruitment and retention of top faculty, student success, expansion of graduate

education and the research enterprise, diversity, internationalization, and engagement—including expanding our presence in Portland.

To focus on just one of these priorities, faculty members represent the talent and imagination that will shape the future of this university. Within the next decade more than 50 percent of our faculty will reach the age at which they will consider retirement. This is a national trend that will create an opportunity to shape the American university of the future. But it also represents a significant challenge, as the competition among research universities for the next generation of faculty will be fierce. Faculty salaries at the UO are below the average of our AAU public peers. To be competitive in the marketplace, we must address this issue and provide support to faculty members deemed vulnerable to recruitment by other top institutions. The recently announced Fund for Faculty Excellence awards and related gifts in support of the faculty are designed to reinforce the university's strategic commitment to improve its overall quality and reputation by recruiting, supporting, recognizing, and retaining world-class faculty.

*Expanding the UO's presence in Portland has also been identified as a priority for you. Could you talk about what the UO is doing and hopes to do in this area? Why is it important?*

The University of Oregon has been in Portland since 1884. In spring 2008 we will move our Portland programs to the historic White Stag Block in Old Town Portland. There is strong demand in Portland for UO programs in journalism, law, architecture and allied arts, which will relocate to the White Stag Block. The Oregon Executive M.B.A. Program, a joint program of the UO, PSU, and OSU, recently relocated to new facilities on Market Street. White Stag will also house a UO library satellite facility, university bookstore and Duck Shop, as well as AHA International, the University of Oregon's study-abroad program. I'm excited about the enhanced visibility for the UO in Portland—home to many future Ducks and University of Oregon alumni. We have a responsibility to serve the educational needs of Oregonians. Many live and work in the Portland area and want to take advantage of what the University of Oregon has to offer without relocating to Eugene. In addition, the University

of Oregon in Portland will provide students based in Eugene with significant connections within the Portland community, supporting internships and other active learning opportunities.

*Diversity on campus is another priority. Could you talk about what that means and why it's important?*

Diversity is directly related to our ability to attract intelligent and successful faculty, staff, and students. Building and sustaining quality at the University of Oregon depends on our ability to successfully recruit and retain the next generation of talent while creating a learning environment in which education is enriched by a variety of backgrounds and perspectives.

*How might the campus be different in ten years if the UO makes the kind of progress with diversity that you would hope to see?*

Progress means that in ten years we would see a campus that reflects our society. It also means that our graduates will be prepared to live and work in an increasingly diverse and multicultural society and global economy. Some would argue that if we achieve our goals there will be no need for a formal Diversity Plan in ten years—diversity simply will be part of our identity and character as an institution of higher education committed to excellence.

*What are your favorite things to do when you're not working?*

Walking our dog, Scarlet, is good for her and for me. She is a rescue dog, half beagle and half basset, and very demanding. My husband and I love to travel and have planned a trip to Scotland and Ireland this summer.

*Can you tell us some books you've read recently?*

John Daniel's *Rogue River Journal: A Winter Alone*. A wonderful exploration of personal identity, nature, and family relationships, set in the Oregon wilderness.

James C. Mohr's *Plague and Fire: Battling Black Death and the 1900 Burning of Honolulu's Chinatown*. Jim is a senior member of the UO's history department. I'm reading as much faculty work as I can. It's a terrific way to get to know the quality and depth of our faculty.

Also Perry Chapman's *American Places: In Search of the Twenty-first Century Campus*, an exciting new approach for addressing the design of



**Before starting at the UO**, Linda Brady served as dean of the College of Humanities and Social Sciences at North Carolina State University, a post she held since July 1, 2001. A noted scholar in the field of international negotiations and arms control, she led the Sam Nunn School of International Affairs at the Georgia Institute of Technology from 1993 to 2001, where she also served as a professor of international affairs. She has been a distinguished professor of national security at the United States Military Academy and a senior fellow in international security and arms control at the Carter Center of Emory University. From 1978 to 1985, Brady held several positions in the U.S. Department of State and the Department of Defense. She served as a political analyst in the state department's Office of Disarmament and Arms Control and was special assistant for mutual and balanced force reductions in the defense department during the Carter administration.

**A native of New York City**, Brady graduated in 1969 from Douglass College, the women's division of Rutgers University, with a degree in political science. She received her master's degree in political science from Rutgers in 1970, and her doctorate in political science from Ohio State University in 1974. She has published in the fields of American foreign policy, international negotiation, and arms control. Her current research focuses on the role of negotiation in war termination.

university campuses to support student learning and a healthy and sustainable environment.

*What sort of music do you like?*

I have very eclectic tastes—everything from classical (especially Mozart) to opera (partial to Verdi and Puccini) to Frank Sinatra, Judy Collins, and Motown. Because I'm a fan of Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers movies, I also appreciate the music of Irving Berlin and George Gershwin.

*How do you stay in touch with students?*

This is the first year in my academic career that I haven't taught a class. However, I have lectured in classes in the School of Law, the honors college, and the International Studies Program, and have been impressed with the quality of UO students. In winter term 2008 I will offer a freshman seminar on international negotiation. I look forward to having more regular contact with undergraduates. Teaching reminds us of why we are here and it's what keeps us going.



John Pegg

Dean of Libraries Deb Carver high in the Himalayas

## PLAY HARD

*UO faculty members sometimes take their recreational activities to the extreme.*

**U**O CHEMISTRY PROFESSOR MIKE HALEY was in Clemson, South Carolina, in March giving a talk when another scientist pulled him aside and inquired about Haley's other passion, the one that's not about building and studying the structure of organic molecules. The colleague asked, "Do you want to go run the Chattooga?"

Haley's response was a blend of Oklahoma and Texas exuberance that a mere yes can't really capture. This is a guy with a picture of himself on his office wall paddling a kayak over a seventeen-foot waterfall in Idaho. The Chattooga is a river that's chock-full of drops, ledges, slides, and sluices—a half-mile stretch of it is even called "Five Falls." He's been running rivers for eleven years and has run much of what's worth running in Oregon, so he was eager to try his hand on this legendary river.

And thus he found himself, on a warm and beautiful spring day, deep in the Appalachians. It's an infamous river, the one that nearly consumed Burt Reynolds in the film *Deliverance*, and is still one of the most remote and dangerous runs in the Southeast. He borrowed a boat and the gear he needed, and the colleague served as his guide. He had a blast.

That's Mike Haley. He's ready to go at a moment's notice when the rain has swollen local creeks to just the right level. Sometimes, when conditions look just right, he'll shout down the chemistry department hallway to a fellow paddler and they'll put together a quick trip on the spot. If paddling Tuesday morning means Saturday in the office, so be it. That's one of the great advantages of his job: hard work lets him play hard, too.

Such conversations happen all over campus when conditions for various sports are ideal: the right amount of rain in the river, thick powder snow in the mountains, or a good swell rolling in at the coast. Sunny weather is a great excuse, too. Gray days won't stop the Haleys of the world either. For many of the UO's devoted athletic academics, current less-than-optimal conditions rarely stand in the way of that four-hour run, 100-mile bike ride, or scramble up a nearby rock face.

The list of faculty members who take outdoor sports to extremes is long. The UO has ultra-marathoners, Himalayan climbers, avalanche experts, long-distance bicyclists, and waterfall runners. A nanotechnology researcher is a *tandem* telemark skier.

Molecular biologist John Postlethwait started running in 1971 at the urging of a couple of students and has been a regular with "The Noon Group" UO faculty and staff members who've been meeting for a run every day at noon for three decades. Each year on his birthday, Postlethwait runs his age in miles. In December, he turned sixty-two and, starting at 5:00 A.M., jogged the equivalent of 2.3 marathons in around thirteen hours, "It takes a little longer each year," he says, "but it's fun."

Craig Thornley '86, M.S. '88, teaches in geological sciences and is an ultra-marathoner as well as a ski patroller and rock climber. He attributes part of his success in 100-mile races to the flexibility of his schedule, but he's not averse to running in the dark, either.

Summers off allow for extended trips for some, but to get ready for world-class adventure, proximity helps, too. The University is an hour or two from snow and surf, and trailheads fan out from Eugene into abundant public land. Many local roads have smooth, bike-friendly shoulders. There's a culture here, too, formal and informal, of outdoor adventure.

Philip H. Knight Dean of Libraries Deb



Carver, a rock climber and mountaineer, thinks that university demographics contribute to the culture. Something about being around eighteen-to-twenty-four-year-olds all day is a reminder of how fun it is to be young and see the possibilities for adventure around you.

“Their enthusiasm is infectious,” Carver says.

Students and faculty members trade outdoor expertise. Haley said he learned to kayak from a student, and since that time he’s introduced his sport to a few others who have passed through his office and asked about the waterfall picture. The UO also has the Outdoor Program and physical education programs in outdoor leadership, which have a dedicated faculty. Even informally, schools and departments sometimes come together around an activity. For many years, the School of Journalism and Communication has had a group of devoted white-water rafters and kayakers on its faculty.

For many faculty members, those communities have served as gateways

to sports that they later became deeply involved with. Carver made it a goal to climb Mount Rainier in Washington when she moved here from North Carolina. She was captivated by the idea of it but had not climbed before. She signed up for climbing courses with the Obsidians, a local hiking and climbing group, and, along the way to her goal of summiting Rainier, met her husband. They climb with other UO faculty and staff members.

“Pretty soon it becomes kind of your whole world outside of work,” Carver, a lifelong skier, says. She volunteers with Eugene Mountain Rescue and can be found at the local climbing gym staying in tune for big adventures. Carver climbed in Nepal in April 2006 and wants to climb above 20,000 feet. She just missed a chance at that height on the Nepal trip, but will try again. She reached 18,400 feet in Bolivia a few years ago. “When you set these goals, the idea of not finishing—for me, it’s haunting.”

—MARK BLAINE, M.S. '00



Jim Barlow

Marjorie Taylor

## PSYCHOLOGY

### WHO’S GIVING THE ORDERS AROUND HERE?

*Researcher investigates the phenomenon of fictional characters acting as if they have minds of their own.*

V. I. WARSHAWSKI, THE GRITTY PRIVATE detective appearing in thirteen books by bestselling author Sara Paretsky, didn’t want to go to prison in the book *Hard Time*. And why would she? She knew she’d be beaten up and tortured. She knew she’d have to eat crummy food. So, she refused to go. This left Paretsky with something of a predicament—she had a story to write after all—so she made a deal with V.I. that if she went to prison in *Hard Time*, the detective would find true love in the next novel. V. I. relented and off to the slammer she went.

This exchange between Paretsky and her character, recounted in a Canadian Broadcasting Corporation radio interview, illustrates a phenomenon called the illusion of independent agency, a theory championed by University of Oregon psychologist Marjorie Taylor. As described first in a 2003 paper by Taylor and two colleagues in the journal *Imagination, Cognition, and Personality*, the phenomenon occurs when fiction authors perceive a character as having independent thoughts, words, and actions. The author may be driving the car, but the



Jason Rackley

Chemistry Professor Mike Haley midway over Sunset Falls on the East Fork of Washington’s Lewis River

character is sitting in the backseat, blurting directions whether they're wanted or not.

"Instead of carefully thinking about what the character is going to say, you listen to what the character has to say and you write it down," Taylor says. "That's the way it feels, this sort of taking dictation from your character. And that's a really common experience for writers."

Taylor's theory grew out of her groundbreaking research into children's imaginary friends, work presented in her book, *Imaginary Companions and the Children Who Create Them* (Oxford University Press, 1999). While little Susie may know her imaginary friend Bingo the Dragon is fake, that doesn't stop her from carrying on conversations with it. Some kids even find their imaginary friends bossy and impertinent, unwilling to follow directions, Taylor says. Fiction writers report that their characters often display similar behaviors.

"We're talking about the human imagination here, and I don't think it can be entirely rationalized," says Peter Abrahams, a novelist specializing in crime fiction who's written almost twenty books. "Every day when I'm writing I enter a kind of imaginative space, which definitely for me is a physical feeling. That's when characters can indeed, as some people say, blurt out something that you, the writer actually typing it, didn't intend."

In Taylor's first study, she interviewed fifty writers who live in Eugene. Of the fifty, forty-six reported experiencing the illusion of independent agency; however, each experience is different, Taylor notes. "Sometimes the words are just there in their heads, sometimes they imagine themselves talking to the character, sometimes they just hear the character talking to them or even see the character." Taylor is now working on a larger study in which she is interviewing as many popular authors as she can. It's arduous work, she admits, because she has to read each author's oeuvre before any interviews can occur. She's interviewed some notable authors already, she says, but because she agreed to keep them anonymous within her study, she can't drop names.

Writers often tackle this concept of their characters' sentience themselves, Taylor says. Stephen King, J. K. Rowling, and the recently deceased Kurt Vonnegut (all of whom were invited to participate in the research) have each written or talked about perceiving their characters as separate beings that influence a story.

The writing process is complex, how-

ever, and resists simple explanation. "The old notion that writing is kind of mystical, that you have to be drunk enough and have enough sex and enough divorces, that you just sit there and the voices of the gods talk in your ear, I think is a bunch of bullshit," says Ehud Havazelet, an author of two critically acclaimed novels and an associate professor of writing at Oregon. "There's no muse. All characters have to have their own origin in the real world, in your interpretation."

Havazelet recounts an observation attributed to William Faulkner where, if a writer has worked hard over a couple of hundred pages, the character will have been infused with enough light, motivation, and need that the writer can sit back and let the characters develop themselves. It's after a writer has put so much effort into a character, filling it with details so intricate they surpass even what the author knows about close friends, that the characters seem to come alive.

"Some characters are much, much harder to write than others," says Abrahams, the crime novelist. But thirteen-year-old Ingrid Levine-Hill, the precocious main character in his *Echo Falls* series, is a snap. "I

find her kind of delightful, actually, and so it's almost as if I enjoy being in the company of this imaginary character. Also her grandfather, 'Grampy.' So scenes where the two of them are interacting, I almost feel like a secretary—I'm just writing it down."

And if the scenes ever grow difficult, he could always try cutting a deal.

—MATT TIFFANY, M.S. '07

## INTERNET

### REACHING GEN Y

*UO educators are discovering innovative ways to bridge the gap between old school and new school.*

THE LINGO OF TODAY'S UO CLASSROOM IS taking on the strange and exotic inflections of the Internet: Google this and wiki that, and, oh, you missed last Thursday's lecture? Just check Blackboard or the prof's blog and download the podcast to get caught up.

This foreign lingo, however, translates simply to new ways of teaching and learning. And it has to, because students enrolled



John Hughes

### CRIKEY! KILLER CROCS IN JURASSIC OREGON

Archaeology researchers have discovered remains of an ancient sea-going crocodile in the rocks of Crook County in eastern Oregon. Bill Orr, emeritus professor of geological sciences and director of the Condon collection of fossils, describes the creature as having been six to eight feet long with a fish-like tail and needle-sharp teeth. The reptiles' short, stubby legs would have allowed them to move about on land, where they may have laid eggs. The fossil remains—about half of the animal, estimated to be 150 to 180 million years old—are believed to be from the metriorhynchid taxonomical group. These predators are thought to have been common around much of the world during the Jurassic period. The discovery was made by a member of the North American Research Group (NARG), a private Beaverton-based group doing research in the paleontology, paleobotany, and geology of the Pacific Northwest. According to Orr, an adviser to NARG, fossils from other crocodile families and other reptiles have been found previously in Oregon, but none have been as old as the "Crook County croc."

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## NEWS IN BRIEF

**HALF A BILLION RAISED**

Campaign Oregon: Transforming Lives, the University's fundraising initiative, has passed the \$500 million mark toward a goal of \$600 million for student and faculty support, programs, and facilities. The bulk of donations so far have come from alumni, nonalumni friends of the University, parents, and faculty and staff members. Other gifts have come from sources such as corporations, foundations, and family foundations. Nearly half the donations have come from out of state. The total endowment of the UO Foundation, which receives, invests, and disburses private gifts made to the University, has exceeded a market value of \$400 million for the first time.

**KILKENNY NAMED  
NEW ATHLETIC DIRECTOR**

In March, Pat Kilkenny '74 became the University's new athletic director. A native of Heppner, Kilkenny served on both the UO Department of Intercollegiate Athletic Advisory Board and the UO Foundation Board of Trustees. He previously served on the UC San Diego Athletics Board and the San Diego State University athletic director's cabinet. Kilkenny, former chairman and chief executive officer of the San Diego-based Arrowhead General Insurance Agency, guided his business to become a nationwide organization with written premiums of nearly \$1 billion when he sold the company in 2006.

**NEUROSCIENTIST HONORED**

Helen Neville, director of the UO Center for Cognitive Neuroscience of Attention, has been elected a fellow of the prestigious American Academy of Arts and Sciences—inducted along with such luminaries as Sandra Day O'Connor, Al Gore, and Google CEO Eric Schmidt. She joins nine previous UO recipients, including President Frohnmayer.

**WORKING FOR PEACE**

The Peace Corps reports it had seventy-eight UO graduates volunteering worldwide in 2006, enough to earn a ranking of sixth among schools producing participants, the same high rank as in 2005. In all, more than 900 UO graduates have served in the Peace Corps.



Al "The Podfather" Stavitsky and doctoral student Michael Huntsberger at work on a podcast

Dave Ragsdale

today, millennial students—the group is also dubbed Generation Y and Generation Next—demand it. These students exist comfortably between the actual and virtual worlds, so today's educators are looking for ways to shift their approach to teaching class material.

According to the January 2007 results of the Pew Research Foundation's report "A Portrait of 'Generation Next'—How Young People View Their Lives, Futures, and Politics," these baby boomer progeny "use technology and the Internet to connect with people in new and distinctive ways . . ." and "their embrace of new technology has made them uniquely aware of its advantages and disadvantages."

As UO freshman Jewel Myers says, "Times are changing and the Internet is becoming more and more a part of our everyday lives."

As the world changes, teaching needs to keep pace. The UO Teaching Effectiveness Program is aimed at helping teachers do just that. In a recent workshop titled "Pop Culture I and II: What Are My Students Talking About?" faculty consultant Leslie Rutberg introduced the virtual world as a way to make class "examples, activities, and illustrations accessible and connected to [students'] values and interests."

The workshop also introduced new media or "hypermedia" as "the kind of information format Generation Y is most comfortable with . . . nonlinear, interactive, exploratory, participatory, multilayered." Hypermedia formats include online video-games, content sharing (YouTube for video, podcasts for audio, wikis for collaborative

authoring of information), social networking sites (MySpace, Facebook, Friendster), and virtual worlds (Second World).

Many educators are far from the novice end of this learning curve. In fact, many UO professors and instructors are finding innovative and successful ways to apply new media tools in the classroom. Arts and administration instructor Scott Huette is using blogs, websites that allow for online journaling, to help engage students in his Art and Human Values course. Planning, public policy and management assistant professor Marc Schlossberg is incorporating personal digital assistants (PDAs) and GIS (geographic information system) mapping software to have students in his Social Planning GIS course explore ways to improve the livability of local Eugene communities. Instructor Mark Blaine in the School of Journalism and Communication and his reporting students have created Tabula Rasa, the "first-ever School of Journalism wiki," to foster web-based collaboration.

Students are taking note of these new elements popping up and enlivening their classes.

UO sophomore Erin Fine says, "I'm taking math this term, and part of our grade depends on work completed in WebAssign [an online interactive classroom website program]. I also have an English professor who is incorporating a class blog into the syllabus."

But UO educators are not only using new media to create connections with the students and the classroom material—they are using these tools to connect the students to the world at large.

Journalism Associate Dean and Professor Al Stavitsky has been using podcasts—audio and video streams that can be downloaded to computers or MP3 players—in his J 201 Mass Media and Society class since 2005. Last fall, Stavitsky created a podcast for his J 201 students while attending a public media conference 5,100 miles away in Amsterdam. This was a special addition to the audio podcasts (complete with an “Al Pod” hip-hop theme song) Stavitsky posts for the class each week. (To check out Stavitsky’s audio and video podcasts, visit his blog at [jcomm.uoregon.edu/weblog/ags](http://jcomm.uoregon.edu/weblog/ags).)

Fine, who took J 201 with Stavitsky, says, “The podcasts connected the readings with the lectures. Overall, [Stavitsky’s] use of Internet technology was both helpful and fitting, considering that the class was Mass Media and Society. It just made the class that much more interesting.”

These new formats require of the educator at least as much set-up and maintenance as older teaching techniques, but they also put more power and accountability into the hands of students to track class material and their own performance.

“I know I’ll never lose the syllabus if it’s online instead of crammed in a notebook somewhere,” Fine says. “[And] professors who use the Internet for communication are also more likely to be in touch during nonclass time, either sending out e-mails that relate to the homework or sending articles about current events that pertain to the class.”

—BOBBIE WILLIS SOEBY, M.A. '01

**MUSIC**

**BACH TO THE FUTURE**

*Oregon Bach Festival to debut new executive director*

ON JUNE 29, WHEN THE CURTAIN GOES UP on the thirty-eighth Oregon Bach Festival, a new executive director will be present and preparing to succeed cofounder and long-time festival stalwart H. Royce Saltzman. During the University’s eight-month international search, John Evans rose above a field of forty candidates. “Evans just blew us away,” says Brad Foley, dean of the UO School of Music and Dance and chair of the search committee. “His knowledge, his broadcasting experience, his connections with European music figures . . . his background was really superior.”

Evans, fifty-three, looks forward to diving into the festival season with Saltzman

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Jack Liu

## PROFILE

### ELIZABETH REIS

ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR ELIZABETH REIS knows that sometimes learning lessons close to home is the best way to make history come alive.

Students in her class call their mothers asking about Vietnam. They call their grandmothers, wondering about wartime rationing. Working on oral history projects, they learn about the past from the lives of family members.

Reis has respect for the power of personal experience. Her grandmother, Leona Tamarkin, was a refugee during the First World War and later immigrated to America. Scarred by traumatic experiences, she rarely spoke about her childhood.

Her grandmother finally told her story through a memoir, which started out as a letter to Reis. The book, *Dear Lizzie*, was published in 2000.

When students in Reis's History of Women in the United States class read the book, the story leaves them awestruck, staggered by the eyewitness accounts of the atrocities of war and power of the human experience.

For their own projects, students conduct a recorded interview with a family member and then head to the library to explore the historical context of their family member's experiences.

The finished product is much more than the resulting term paper. Over the course of their research, students become historians, passionate about family experience and excited about history.

"I had a student last term who wrote about her grandmother delivering a stillborn baby," says Reis. "The grandmother had never talked to anyone about the experience before and that was so powerful for them to share."

When listening to the students' interview recordings, Reis is often captivated by the material. "I usually try to just listen to a short part," she says. "But I get so into it, I'll look up and it's twenty minutes later. I have to make myself stop or I'd never get through all of the papers."

Now in her tenth year of teaching this course at Oregon, Reis believes it not only teaches students to learn from the past, but also helps to unite families in the present.

**Name:** Elizabeth Reis

**Age:** 48

**Education:**

Ph.D., University of California, Berkeley, 1991

M.A., Brown University, 1982

A.B., Smith College, 1980

**Teaching experience:** Undergraduate and graduate courses in women's and gender studies. Seventeen years at the University of Oregon

**Awards:**

UO Sheri K. Coleman and Margaret E. Guitteau Professor in the Humanities, 2006–7

UO Ersted Award for Distinguished Teaching, 2004

**Off Campus:** Spending time with her children, a son who is a freshman at Cornell University and a tenth-grade daughter

**Last Word:** "People die. It would be tragic for someone not to have ever asked to hear their stories."

—WHITNEY MALKIN

and cofounder Helmuth Rilling, the Bach festival's artistic director and conductor. "I believe in continuity—but nothing stands still," says Evans. "I want to build on the extraordinary legacy and very strong foundation that Helmuth and Royce have worked so hard to develop. I believe we can nurture and broaden this legacy without changing the personality and profile of the festival too much."

Evans is well equipped to achieve that goal. His new colleagues at the UO describe him as a compelling character, effervescent and bursting with energy, and his career accomplishments are testament to that praise. From 1985 to 2006, Evans worked his way up from production to head of music programming for the BBC's cultural station Radio 3. During those years, he was responsible for numerous award-winning programs, including *Live from Tanglewood*, which was selected as the radio broadcasting event of the year in 1996 and earned the prestigious Sony Gold award. He worked with Leonard Bernstein and the London Symphony Orchestra on the video and audio production of Bernstein's operetta *Candide* and other projects, and has maintained a connection with the Bernstein estate since being involved in a tribute to Bernstein after his death. "We did a whole day of broadcasting live from Manhattan," says Evans, "celebrating Lenny's love affair with the Big Apple."

"I love the States," he says. "Throughout my time at the BBC, I've done major projects in America nearly every year since 1985." With radio programming and recording associates in New York, Boston, Chicago, and points west, he intends to cultivate those connections to widen and diversify the Bach festival's audience. "Broadcasting is something I'm certainly going to be looking at."

Calling the Oregon Bach Festival "a jewel in the crown of the summer festival scene in America," Evans says that the OBF is rife with possibilities. He speaks of expanding the festival into several large events, retaining the main festival in July as the heart of the program while maybe adding a series of themed festivals at different times of year—Easter and Christmas, for example. Collaborating with children's choirs, musical organizations, and dance ensembles from other Oregon locations to round out the themed seasonal festivals would also strengthen the Bach festival's presence and visibility, says Evans.

Greatly impressed with the OBF's Youth



Gideon Hart

New Oregon Bach Festival Director John Evans

Choral Academy—which draws eighty accomplished high school participants from around the country each year—Evans says, “It’s the type of program that truly deserves nurturing for the next generation. I’d like to develop a youth orchestral academy to complement that effort.”

A native of South Wales, Evans spent much of his professional life in London where the pace, he admits, is somewhat strenuous. But his career began with a six-year stint in Aldeburgh, a small historic village on the English coast. While he completed his doctorate on the work of British composer Benjamin Britten, Evans ran the vocal master program at the Britten-Pears School, and worked with operatic tenor Peter Pears. Early this spring, Evans stayed at the Red House, Britten’s “rather spooky” home at Aldeburgh, while he completed the annotating and editing of Britten’s private diaries for publication.

Though his career has kept him immersed in classical music and opera, his musical tastes extend to other areas. He enjoys jazz and classic Broadway music: Gershwin, Kern, Porter, Bernstein, Rodgers and Hammerstein, and “I’m an absolute Sondheim nut. I’m almost as obsessive about Sondheim as I am about Britten.” But what’s in his personal CD player? “Well, I’m a big fan of Sting,” Evans answers. “And Ella Fitzgerald. My father was a saxophonist and a dance-band leader, so Ella was quite important in our household.”

—KATHERINE GRIES '05

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Downy Woodpecker



Larry McQueen has painted more than 1,500 bird species.

Zamie Miller

## BIRDMAN OF EUGENE

*With keen eye and steady hand, artist creates startlingly lifelike avian images.*

SOMETIMES, BIRDS FROM HALFWAY around the world arrive at Larry McQueen's Eugene home in a box, a phenomenon his wife once called "the migration of dead birds."

Weighing only ounces, these birds have been carefully prepped, skinned, and stuffed with cotton. They have no eyes—eyes are soft tissue and decompose quickly, McQueen explains. In his second-floor artist's studio, he carefully inspects a specimen, called a "skin," for detail. Then, first with a pencil and then with a brush, McQueen brings it back to life.

Listening to him talk about his work is an art lesson, an eco-tour, and an education in ornithology all in one. "I need photos of the caught bird and of the habitat and plants, info on the habits and natural posture of the bird, and finally, the skin," he explains. He doesn't use the skin as a model—a living bird looks quite different than the specimen. He relies on the skin for shape and size of bill, feet, closed wing and tail, and other important details. "But the perched bird is something that has to be taken from life," he says.

"Fortunately, it helps that I have a lifetime of looking at birds."

Looking at birds—and drawing and painting them—has been McQueen's self-described "obsession" since his childhood in Mifflinburg, Pennsylvania, where a hummingbird in the backyard first captured his attention. He was a founding member of the Bucknell University ornithology club at age twelve and spent a lot of time observing birds in the wild. "I'd come into the house and try to draw what I had just seen," McQueen says. Legendary bird artist Louis Agassiz Fuertes became an early inspiration.

His fascination with birds took McQueen west to Idaho State University, where he earned a B.S. in biology in 1961. For a few summers, he worked for the fish and wildlife service in Idaho studying the predatory relationship of golden eagles and pronghorns.

Following a stint in the Army, he relocated to Eugene and, taking advantage of the GI Bill, enrolled at the University of Oregon to study art. The late David McCosh was his favorite painting teacher,

for what McQueen describes as "a quiet way of instructing, which was directed to the task at hand and most helpful. . . . McCosh had a profound knowledge of color and he expanded my consciousness of color." McQueen worked parttime as an illustrator for the Oregon State Museum of Anthropology at the UO—"I did some of my best illustrative work there," he says—and later as a full-time photographer and graphic artist for the Lane County Intermediate Education District. He met and married Elga Brown, M.S. '70, who was studying education at Oregon.

Once Brown started work as a kindergarten teacher, McQueen felt that, with the family having at least one consistent source of income, it was safe to make his art a full-time occupation.

"I realized I could do what I always wanted to do," he says. "We decided to see how it would go."

His first commission was painting some illustrations for the Portland Audubon Society book *Familiar Birds of Northwest Shores and Waters* in 1975. "Fifty dollars a painting, and they kept the paintings,





Mockingbird

but I was glad to do it for the experience,” he says.

Since that time, McQueen’s work—in all about 2,300 paintings, he estimates—has appeared in dozens of periodicals and field guides ranging from the popular (*Bird Watcher’s Digest*) to the scientific (*The Wilson Journal of Ornithology*). His work was published in several issues of *Audubon*, the magazine for the 600,000 members of the National Audubon Society, as well as on the cover of the annual catalog for Victor Emanuel Nature Tours—the largest birding tour company in the world—almost every year since 1985.

Although “well-known bird artist” is probably an oxymoron, McQueen is considered among the very best. He is mentioned in a “favorite artist” discussion on *birdforum.net*, which bills itself as “the net’s largest community dedicated to wild birds.” He is among the “twelve contemporary masters of the genre” featured in a 1988 book by Susan Rayfield called *Painting Birds* and is featured in Nicholas Hammond’s *Twentieth-Century Wildlife Artists*.

Bird watchers keep life lists, a tally of how many of the world’s 10,000 recognized species they have seen. McQueen’s own life list includes about 2,200 species, “not a real accomplishment today compared to many world birders,” he says. But an achievement that puts him among the

birding world’s who’s who is the fact that he’s painted about 1,550 species. At the moment he is working on a watercolor painting of an evening grosbeak, a migratory bird that arrives each spring in the Willamette Valley to, as McQueen instructs, “gorge on new seeds of maple and elm, prior to their journey to the mountains, where they breed.” The image he’s laboring over is the arrival of a pair of grosbeaks at their nesting site while snow still lingers. He’s been at it for several days, struggling to get the vegetation just right. In a pile, discarded, are six or seven trial runs. This process—absorbing the reference materials, planning, making mockups, creating the environment—is always one of trial and error, he says.

John O’Neill, one of the nation’s foremost living ornithologists and bird painters, first encountered McQueen’s work in a juried exhibition in 1980. Right away, O’Neill contacted McQueen to work on *Birds of Peru*, a comprehensive field guide that documents Peru’s nearly 1,800 species. “All of North America excluding Mexico has a total list of half that many,” says McQueen, who drew 1,200 figures of birds for the book—about one-third of the total.

Thirteen artists and three authors worked on the monumental project, which, due in part to vagaries of funding, has been in process for more than thirty years—so far. Its long-awaited and greatly anticipated publication by Princeton University Press is projected for later this year.

“I recognized right away that Larry would be a very good person to have on the project,” remembers O’Neill. “His interpretation has always been so perfect. There are a lot of good technicians... but probably only twenty-five or thirty incredible painters who are really outstanding, who really understand birds.”

What is it that puts a wildlife artist among the elite? “There are tiny little things that we would never notice, that to him are a big deal,” O’Neill says. “I would trust him to paint a bird he’s never seen... Larry’s paintings are the bird—as close to the living bird as you can get.”

*The Spirit of Birds, a showing of thirteen of Larry McQueen’s paintings, is on display weekdays from 9:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. through the end of June in the dean’s office reception area of Knight Law Center on the UO campus.*

—ZANNE MILLER, M.S. ’97



Anthony Leiserowitz

## THE RISK FACTOR

*Global warming is one thing,  
how we feel about it may  
be quite another.*

**A** CONSCIENTIOUS MOM BUCKLES HER two toddlers in the back seat of her car and drives several crowded freeway miles to a store where she can buy pesticide-free grains and produce for their meals. Her overweight neighbor down the street rarely exercises and subsists mostly on fast food, but will rail for hours about the health dangers of emissions from overhead power lines.

Without being fully aware of it, these individuals—and all the rest of us—daily navigate the mental terrain known by researchers as risk perception, whether it involves deciding to take a plane trip, climbing a mountain, lighting up the after-dinner cigarette, or downing that second pint of beer before driving home.

“It seems like a weird thing, but once you are introduced to it, you realize this field underlies almost every single important decision we make in our lives about anything,” says geographer Anthony Leiserowitz, M.S.’98, Ph.D.’03, a former courtesy research associate in the University of Oregon’s Environmental Studies Program.

Leiserowitz, now director of strategic initiatives at the Yale School of Forestry and Environmental Studies, came upon the field of risk perception after a circuitous academic route left him wondering what it was about humans that allowed them, over

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and over, to make decisions that resulted in spoiling the very ecological environment they depend on to sustain them.

His studies in environmental science and policy at Oregon led him to Paul Slovic, a leading researcher in the field of risk perception and a professor in the UO psychology department since 1986. "I finally had found a field and a language that allowed me to focus in on and look at how people perceive environmental issues and respond to them," Leiserowitz says.

Leiserowitz used the risk perception approach to survey people's attitudes about what is widely considered to be

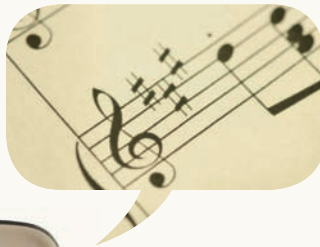
*People are good at recognizing concrete threats, but less skilled at assessing risks that are "diffuse, invisible, and have abstract effects that they don't see."*

the greatest challenge facing the earth today: global climate change. The results of one of his surveys are included in the volume *Creating a Climate for Change: Communicating Climate Change and Facilitating Social Change* (Cambridge University Press, 2007).

Leiserowitz was curious about what factors are involved in the way people assess the risk of global change. Between November 2002 and February 2003, he sent out hundreds of sixteen-page surveys across the United States and 673 were returned. Leiserowitz found that the majority of the respondents perceived the risk from global warming as "moderate" because, in short, it wasn't affecting them personally and lacked a sense of urgency. At the time the survey was taken, the issue wasn't attracting the overwhelming media attention that it does today. Al Gore's movie *An Inconvenient Truth* was still in production, science seemed much more conflicted over the phenomenon than it appears today, and the Bush administration was challenging the issue's legitimacy. In general, survey respondents saw climate change as a problem that in the future would likely affect nonhuman nature or people who live in distant countries, but it wasn't perceived as a particular risk to their own health.

The findings, Leiserowitz says, shore up other risk perception studies show-

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### FROHNMAYER PLEDGES TO CURB UO CARBON EMISSIONS

UO President Dave Frohnmayer announced during campus Earth Day festivities that he signed a commitment to reduce the University's "carbon footprint." The document, known as the American College and University Presidents Climate Commitment, pledges the University of Oregon to support a broad effort by the nation's higher education institutions to address global warming by neutralizing their greenhouse gas emissions and accelerating research and educational efforts to equip society to re-stabilize the earth's climate. The heads of more than 150 institutions across the country have signed the pledge.

"Addressing climate change in our curriculum as well as campus operations is an urgent and integral part of our mission," Frohnmayer said. "Higher education plays a critical role in preparing the new workforce and creating the knowledge that will help society create the strategies, technologies, policies, and economic opportunities that will allow humanity to thrive while protecting our life-supporting environment."

For more information go to [presidentsclimatecommitment.org](http://presidentsclimatecommitment.org).

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ing that people are good at recognizing concrete threats, but less skilled at assessing risks that are “diffuse, invisible, and have abstract effects that they don’t see.” When people cannot feel or imagine a risk, he says, they don’t have an emotional response to it. And emotions “are what provide the motivation for action.”

Leiserowitz and others credit Slovic with opening new avenues in the field of risk perception. In the early 1980s, his studies demonstrated that people are far

more apt to use emotion, imagery, and associations in assessing risk than the analytic approach used by experts.

“Experts judged risk by probability, the severity of consequences,” Slovic says. But his work showed that people attach greater danger to risks that contain a “dread” quality—meaning that they elicit a sense of being uncontrollable, catastrophic, or fatal—or an “unknown” quality. For example, people rated alcohol—a familiar, predictable substance—as low risk despite it being associated with tens of thousands of motor vehicle accidents and deaths each year. In contrast, respondents also perceived nuclear power, which incorporates elements of both dread and the unknown, as a much greater risk, even though the number of deaths attributed to the technology has been comparatively minuscule.

Slovic, who is also founder and president of the Eugene-based nonprofit Decision Research, found that perceived benefit also influences people’s assessment of risk. “If we feel good about an activity, it fools us into thinking the risks are low,” he says. In the same vein, “if we don’t see something as a good thing to do, we become more sensitive to the risk.” For instance, even though x-rays are connected with nuclear technology (perceived as highly risky), people tend to be tolerant of them because they appreciate the technology’s many medical applications.

Perception of risk can also rest on a single word, if it is potent enough. He notes that when magnetic resonant imaging (MRI) first came on the market, it was called nuclear magnetic resonance imaging. “They quickly learned to drop the nuclear,” he says.

Similarly, Leiserowitz found that lack of a clear “villain” can lead people to downplay a formidable risk, as found in his research. Global climate change arises from invisible gases that are part of nature, and it involves weather, the random risks of which people have no choice but to tolerate. In addition, the changes it causes are incremental. “It’s easier to ignore what happens in a drip-drip fashion as opposed to a single, solitary dramatic event,” he explains.

Avoiding such an event—which could come in the form of a cataclysmic ecological wake-up call—is on the minds of Leiserowitz and many of his colleagues, who are unabashedly concerned about climate change and global warming. For him the challenge is how to get the public’s perception of global warming risk more in line with

what he believes the true risk to be. Such a closer alignment could play a vital role in getting the public and policymakers to support difficult and potentially costly choices, as well as to commit to the hard work of changing deeply ingrained habits.

To this end, Leiserowitz used his analysis to develop several communication strategies. He divided respondents into several “interpretive communities,” or groups that, generally, share demographics, values, political leanings, and similar attitudes toward climate change. Representing approximately 7 percent of the U.S. population is a group he termed “nay-sayers,” made up of individuals who perceive climate change as a very low risk. This group tends to be vocal and politically active, and have strong political and private-sector allies. Affecting this group’s attitude toward climate change, he says, will likely require casting the issue in terms of economic costs and opportunities, or on the national security issue of fossil fuel dependency. The group also may be persuaded if they hear the message from sources they trust, such as religious leaders.

He suggests that messages aimed at persuading other groups should take different approaches. Some will be motivated by images of cute, cuddly animals, such as polar bears, that are endangered by the phenomenon. Others will be more impressed by vivid examples of the extreme weather events that might accompany climate change, such as “heat waves, hurricanes, flooding, or drought” (even if a particular event might not be “definitively said to be caused by global warming”).

Leiserowitz recommends using approaches that bring climate change down to a local or regional level and that emphasize its visceral effects. What is needed, he says, are more concrete images and stories about people, places, cultures, and ecosystems “to fill out the picture,” and “bring the issue to life.”

The debate over how to respond to global warming is contentious and the stakes are extremely high—perceived by some to be nothing less than the fate of the planet, by others as the arena where vast sums of money stand to be gained or lost with changes in environmental policies. As the public debate and policy proposals unfold, those involved will suggest numerous strategies for addressing the risks of global warming—perhaps the most successful will also take into account the public’s perception of those risks.

—ALICE TALLMADGE, M.A. '87



Hurricane Katrina in the Gulf of Mexico

**UO GEOGRAPHY PROFESSOR HAS ROLE IN MAJOR CLIMATE-MODELING PROJECT**

University of Oregon geography professor Patrick J. Bartlein is playing a role in the newly launched Project PALEOVAR, funded by the National Science Foundation.

The effort seeks to understand the interaction between short-term variability and climate conditions over the past 50,000 years. Participating researchers will consider climate variability using numerous land and oceanic factors, which will be combined for the first time, to project possible climate changes in response to global warming.

In recent years, Bartlein has studied the interplay of vegetation and fire events of the Pacific Northwest over the last 12,000 years.

Along with Bartlein, project PALEOVAR involves several researchers from OSU and the University of Minnesota. Under the project’s NSF grant of \$3 million over five years, Bartlein received \$439,000.

## DOTTIE BAROQUE

*Designer adds color and fun to the fine art of dressing the table.*

**W**HAT DO YOU DO WITH A DEGREE IN Romance languages, combined with a love of classic literature in general and Shakespeare in particular? If you're Rosanna Bowles, M.A. '79, you design fabulously beautiful tableware, a mix of classic patterns and edgy, trend-setting design, and you sell it all over the world.

Of course, it didn't happen all at once. Bowles faced the classic liberal arts uncertainties upon graduation, compounded by the fact that in the late 1970s, the door was just starting to creak open for women in the business world. Fluent in Italian and French, but facing limited choices, Bowles even went so far as to interview with the CIA. "They were looking for people who were culturally savvy," she remembers. "But I could never keep a secret."

As an undergraduate, Bowles had spent a year in Perugia, Italy, following the lead of her older sister. Nearby Deruta has been famous for its artisan ceramics since the Middle Ages. There, Bowles met crafts-



*Rosanna Bowles puts her training in classics to work in designing her tableware.*

men who created fine tableware the way it had been done for centuries. Nowadays, ceramics are fired in electric ovens rather than wood-burning kilns, but otherwise the process hasn't changed very much.

Were the local craftsmen receptive to an American woman learning some of their trade secrets? "Something has to be beautiful, but if it is, they don't care if the

design is contemporary or classic." Once the craftsmen saw that she had a good eye and aesthetic integrity, they took her under their wing. And, she remarks with a grin, "Italians love women."

Back in Oregon, Bowles finished her bachelor's degree at Portland State University, then entered the University of Oregon to study Italian literature and



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NEWS IN BRIEF

**ALUMNI CENTER  
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The campaign for a new, on-campus home for UO alumni continues to make strides. Donations for the Alumni Center, a Campaign Oregon: Transforming Lives project, recently surpassed the \$8 million mark and are on target to hit the halfway point this fall. The selection process for an architect to design the \$20 million building that will be located at East 13th Avenue and Agate Street, is underway, and an announcement is expected in early summer.

**UOALUMNI.COM  
GETS A MAKEOVER**

A revamped Alumni Association website is now available online. A much more dynamic layout provides easier access to updated stories about the University, UO alumni, and campus life. It also offers improved ways to stay connected to the University, friends, and classmates. Check it out: uoalumni.com.

**STUDENTS TAKE THE FLIGHT**

The Alumni Association has taken its student support to the next level. This fall will mark the official launch of a student membership organization, The Flight. Run by members of the Student Alumni Association, it offers leadership opportunities for students and also promotes spirit and tradition on the UO campus.

**HOMECOMING: OCTOBER 12-14**

Homecoming 2007 promises to be better than ever as more schools and departments are collaborating to develop activities for alumni returning to campus. In addition to the Ducks versus Cougars football game at Autzen Stadium, activities will include special alumni events on campus, tours of academic program areas as well as individual schools and departments. Alumni will be impressed by the many changes to campus and vibrancy of student life! Specific details will be available as the date draws near.

garnered a graduate teaching fellowship. She discovered that she loved to teach. She has fond memories of the “little cultural world” that was the Romance languages department in Friendly Hall—drinking coffee and comparing notes with colleagues from around the globe.

Bowles had the insight that ceramics was the perfect mix of her passion and her studies. Working with artisans that she met during her year abroad, she designed and contracted her first line, Casa Venturi. It featured a sketch of a house in simple, childlike strokes. The shipment from Perugia was delivered directly to her home, and she hand washed every one of the 30,000 pieces before storing them in her garage. During her first year of business, *Metropolitan Home* magazine featured her plateware in a photo spread. Soon, her creations were being shipped to destinations both national and international.

Her line of tableware, teapots, and glassware is all about fun. Peeking through the showroom window while I waited for Bowles, I saw Alice in Wonderland’s tea party come to life: polka-dotted plates in bright colors, classic Baroque scenes painted on teapots and cups, elegant Tuscan patterns in earth tones, thick pitchers and plates reminiscent of that American classic, Fiesta ware. If the style is hard to categorize, it’s because her imagination and ideas on utility play such a big part in the design. Tea’s Me, Dark Chocolate, American Bungalow, Dottie Baroque—the names of the lines are almost as intriguing as the items themselves.

“Every day I’m using art and language,” she says, “the things I studied at school.”

Bowles’s love of dressing the table took its first inspiration from her mother, who learned to cook Italian to please her husband, and then took on the art of French cuisine, courtesy of Julia Child. “My mom was like a sponge. She did everything from scratch.” Bowles’s mother had settings for every conceivable occasion, from orange and brown cups and plates for Halloween to Santa’s mugs for Christmas.

After graduate school, Bowles borrowed \$15,000 and started her own business in Seattle. Now, her products are featured in many high-end fashion magazines and by stores such as Nordstrom and Anthropologie, as well as on her own website, [www.rosannainc.com](http://www.rosannainc.com). “We’re trendsetters in the industry,” she says, after first apologizing for bragging. “Our vision is to make plateware more fun, celebratory—getting people back into connecting with people.”

Outside the United States, her brand is sold in Europe, Brazil, South Korea, Dubai, even China, where most of the manufacturing is done. In a postmillennial boomerang, her goods are designed and marketed in Seattle, manufactured in China, shipped back to the U.S., and then back to China for retail sale. Lately, the company shipped its first order to Afghanistan, though the exact location remains a bit of a mystery. It may take a real CIA operative, with or without a degree in classics, to get to the bottom of that one.

—RICHARD BERMAN, M.F.A. '83

ALUMNI EVENTS

**JUNE 28 Portland**

Alumni Networking and Career Connection Event

**JULY 3 Southern California**

Hollywood Bowl Event

**AUGUST 12 Eugene**

Eugene Ems vs. Spokane Indians

**AUGUST 30 Eugene**

Tailgate Auction

**OCTOBER 12-14 UO Campus**

UO Homecoming

**NOVEMBER 30 Portland**

Holiday Music Fest

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1940

**Margaret Griffith '49** and **Warren Smith '49** have enjoyed a long marriage—they were wed on the day of their graduation. Warren graduated from MIT with his M.A. in architecture before the couple moved to Seattle. They lived in Holland for two years before settling in Connecticut, where Warren commuted to New York City and Margaret taught school in Ridgefield. In 1962, they moved to Florida, where Warren established his architectural firm. Margaret spent her time working in the community. She founded the Lakeland Chapter of the Leukemia Society. They are both recently retired.

1950

**John R. Faust Jr. '58** and **Joyle C. Dahl '59** of Schwabe, Williamson & Wyatt in Portland were named in the 2007 edition of the peer-reviewed referral guide, *The Best Lawyers in America*—Faust for appellate law and commercial litigation and Dahl for tax law.

1960

**Alaby Blivet '63** is now touring the country—in a biodiesel-powered bus driven by his wife **Sara Lee Cake '45**—delivering a stirring PowerPoint presentation he calls “An Inconvenient Fashion Truth” in a crusade to bring back platform shoes. “It’s counterintuitive,” he says, “but Americans can decrease the size of their carbon footprint, by increasing the size of their soles.” A platform, he notes, not only sequesters a great deal of atmospheric carbon dioxide, it’s also slenderizing.

**John Leland '63** exhibited his artwork in an April showing at Yoshida’s Fine Art Gallery in Portland.

**Jon Jay Cruson '64**, M.F.A. '67, is a member of the painting commission for Scott & White Memorial Hospital in Temple, Texas. One of his paintings was recently purchased for the collection of the attorney general of Washington state in Olympia. Another painting was accepted in the collection of the UO School of Law.

**Stephen Green '66**, M.S. '68, retired after working in California state government. Previously he worked as a newspaper reporter and editor for thirty-two years. He and his wife live in Fair Oaks, California.

**Gordon Gribble**, Ph.D.'67, coauthored *Palladium in Heterocyclic Chemistry: A Guide for the Synthetic Chemist*. He is a chemistry professor at Dartmouth.

■ **Kathryn L. (Martin) Hutchinson '67** is a new member of the Marist Catholic High School Hall of Fame. She is a past president of the Marist Foundation.

■ **Stephen A. Hutchinson**, J.D. '67, was recently inducted into the Marist Catholic High School Hall of Fame. He is a past president of the Marist parents and alumni association.

**Mahima R. Kundu**, M.Ed. '66, Ph.D. '67, lectures internationally on holistic health and life management. He is a yoga master who has studied in India.

**Gary Wiren**, Ph.D. '68, was inducted into the Professional Golfers Association of America Hall of Fame in December. In January, he was inducted into the World Golf Teachers Hall of Fame.

1970

**Yvonne (Turnbow) Warzynski '70** retired in January from her job at the Oregon State Hospital in Salem after a career of more than two decades. She will continue to work and volunteer as a drug and alcohol counselor. She is also a participant in the UO mentor program.

■ **Richard K. Mickelson**, J.D. '74, retired after twenty-two years as a circuit court judge (Fifteenth Judicial District). He had previously retired in 1999 after twenty-nine years of service in the U.S. military, obtaining the rank of lieutenant colonel. He resides in Gold Beach with Kathleen, his wife of thirty years.

**Klement Hambourg**, M.A. '75, is now a resident of Victoria, British Columbia, having retired from the faculty of Lebanon Valley College in Pennsylvania as professor emeritus in 1997. In 2002, he established the Celebration of Chamber Music series in Victoria, now in its fifth season.

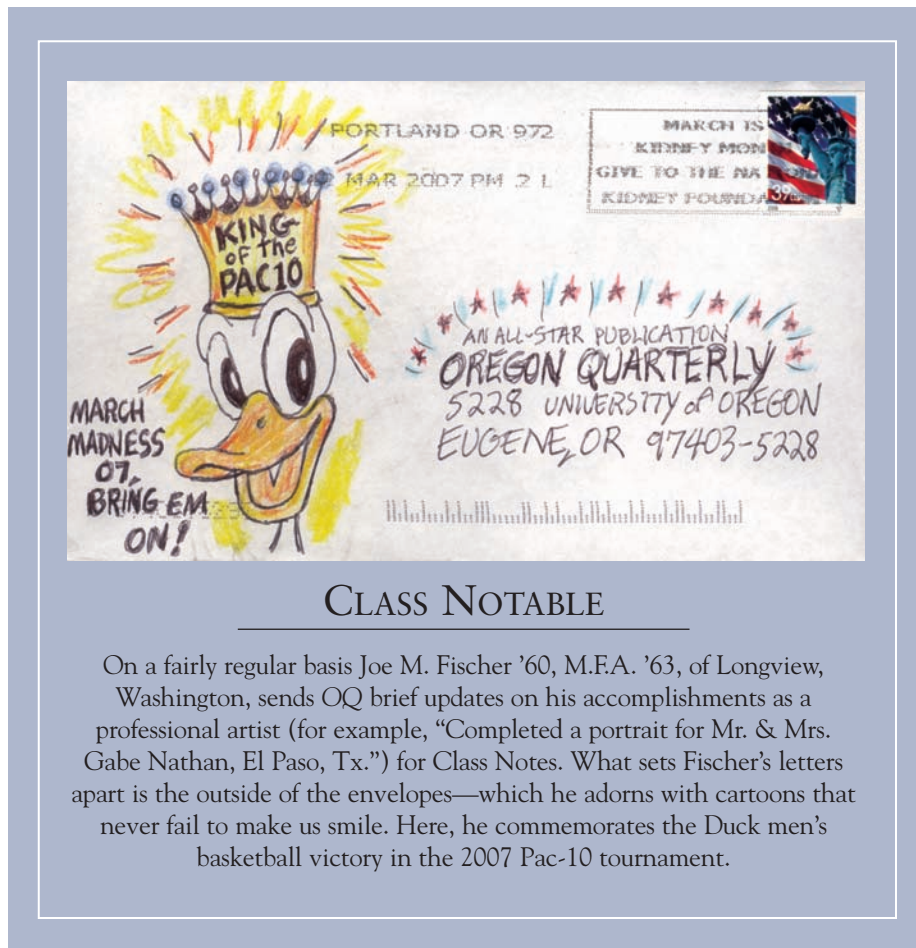
**Bruce Gutgesell '76** retired after thirty years of teaching music at Juanita High School in Kirkland, Washington. He is a past president of the Washington Music Educators Association and held elected offices for the Washington unit of the International Association of Jazz Educators. In 2004, he was inducted into the Washington Music Educators Hall of Fame.

**Ray Miller**, M.S.'77, Ph.D. '84, will be honored with the School of Music and Dance's 2007 distinguished alumni award. Miller has directed or choreographed more than 200 musicals, operas, plays, and dance concerts. He has written articles and reviews for numerous academic journals. A book on the history of dance on the American musical theater stage will soon be published by Praeger Press. He currently is president-elect of the Congress on Research in Dance.

1980

**Lisa Pardini '81** works as a public defender for Multnomah Defenders in Portland.

**Edgardo Simone '82**, M.A. '83, will be honored with a 2007 faculty award for distinguished teaching from the School of Music and Dance. His film credits as orchestrator in the past six years include *Men in Black*, *Skin Walkers*, *Spider-Man* and *Spider-Man 2*, *Big Fish*, *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*, *Corpse Bride*, *Charlotte's*



CLASS NOTABLE

On a fairly regular basis Joe M. Fischer '60, M.F.A. '63, of Longview, Washington, sends OQ brief updates on his accomplishments as a professional artist (for example, “Completed a portrait for Mr. & Mrs. Gabe Nathan, El Paso, Tx.”) for Class Notes. What sets Fischer’s letters apart is the outside of the envelopes—which he adorns with cartoons that never fail to make us smile. Here, he commemorates the Duck men’s basketball victory in the 2007 Pac-10 tournament.



*Web, Planet of the Apes* (2001), and *Meet the Robinsons*. He has won several awards, including an American Music Center-NEA grant, a prize from the Young Composer's competition of the National Association of Composers, and the BMI Composition Award.

**Angela Tobin '87** works with the Learning Community, a nonprofit organization that helps parents and schools work together. She lives in Tigard with her husband and son.

**Paul Chandler '88** is a member of the music committee at the Unitarian church in Vancouver, Washington, and also serves as a featured musician and piano accompanist for Sunday services. He is currently the lead guitarist with Graham and the Crackers.

**Monte Muirhead '89** has been named editor of the *Winston Reporter*. He previously worked as a reporter, anchor, and news director for a number of television stations in Oregon. A native of Oakland, he is a past member of the Oakland School Board and a founding member of the Oakland Community Theater.

**Jane Reed '89** has published a book, *Is Your Body Baby-Friendly?*, which describes Dr. Alan Beer's work in treating couples who have had trouble conceiving.

## 1990

**Shannon McBride '90** was awarded the Northwest Education Association's Educator of the Year award (Secondary Division, Pacific Region) for 2007 after a seventeen-year career in teaching. She currently teaches at Lakeridge High School in the Lake Oswego School District.

**Mark Schumock '90** has been appointed as an assistant attorney general in the natural resources section of the Oregon Department of Justice.

**Stacy Cormier '93** and her husband recently adopted a daughter. They also have a three-year-old son.

**Julie Sparlin '93** is working as a first-year anesthesiology resident in Buffalo, New York.

**Matt Aiken '94** performs and teaches music. He is on the summer jazz percussion faculty at The Summer Interlude in New York City. He also performs with the Creative Arts Program in Brooklyn, the San Francisco Bass Workshop, and the American Festival of the Arts in Houston, Texas.

**Angel Gambino '97** was recently named vice president of commercial strategy and digital media at MTV Networks UK.

**Alycia N. Sykora, J.D. '97**, of Edwards Law Offices in Bend is president of the Deschutes County Bar Association.

**Sarah (Glaze) Black '99** recently earned a master's degree in teaching with a focus in elementary education from Lewis and Clark College. She and her husband **Jeston Black '99** reside in Portland.

## 2000

**Margaret Graham '00** recently returned from teaching at a women's college in Jeddah, Saudi Arabia. She spent her first year helping to build an art foundations program. In her second year, she created the first printmaking studio in the country.

**Lily Barmor Rose, Ph.D. '04**, is a member of the Seattle Composers Alliance, the International Alliance for Women in Music, the American Composers Forum, and *Composition Today*. Last August she was awarded second place in the Cappella Gloriana Choral Competition in San Diego, California, with her composition *October*. She also received a Masterworks Prize for the overture from her doctoral dissertation.

**Jasmine Bartz, D.M.A. '06**, and husband Ezra have announced the arrival of their daughter Amelie, born on December 28, 2006.

**Dave Camwell, D.M.A. '06**, is now assistant professor of saxophone and jazz studies at Simpson College. Last summer Camwell performed Ibert's *Concertino da Camera* at the University of Manitoba, and performed a work he commissioned from Nate Brown for live electronics and saxophone at the World Saxophone Congress.

## In Memoriam

**Isabel Turnbull '31** died in January at the age of ninety-five. Born in New Salem, North Dakota, she was a charter member of Zeta Tau Alpha sorority and remained an active member after graduation. Turnbull taught high school in the Eugene-Springfield area throughout her life. She also worked in her local area to found the Westminster Presbyterian Church and the Willakenzie volunteer fire department.

**Ruth Staton Siegenthaler '33** died at the age of ninety-six in February. She was a member of the Eugene Opera, Mu Phi Epsilon, and Very Little Theatre.

**Naomi Willoughby '37** died in February at the age of ninety. She was born in Portland and operated a farm in Coburg.

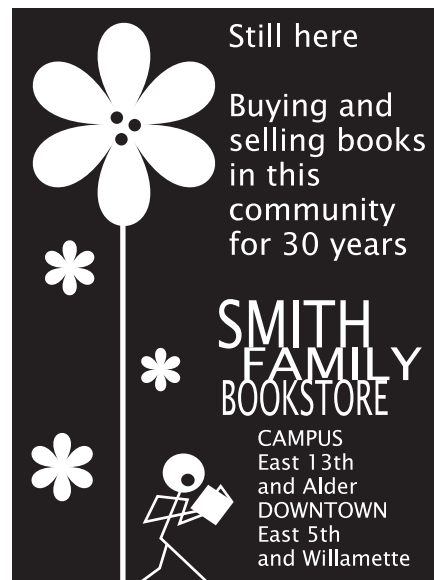
**Dorothy Bates Schwieger '40** died in June of natural causes. She was ninety. Schwieger was born in Myrtle Creek and was a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma, the Junior League of Eugene, and the Sunshine Girls. She enjoyed spending time with her four children, gardening, collecting rocks, playing golf, and traveling.

**Frank Meek '41** died in February at the age of eighty-seven.

**Bob Hone '48** died in December at his home in Clyde Hill, Washington. He was born in Winona, Minnesota, in 1921 and spent his youth in rural eastern Oregon, graduating from high school in Pendleton. He served in World War II as a naval aviator and flight instructor. After the war he earned his degree, then, along with his brothers, opened an apparel business. He played a role in the development of the World Trade Center Seattle in the late 1970s.

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## ASKING GOOD QUESTIONS

*A UO grad is the first nonengineer to oversee the U.S. Army's \$1.7 billion annual R&D budget.*

**U**.S. Army chief scientist Tom Killion, Ph.D. '78, could not have anticipated the reaction he received on being introduced to an injured soldier in Walter Reed hospital's occupational therapy ward.

"I didn't know who to thank," said the young woman who had had portions of both her legs amputated as the result of a rocket-propelled grenade that flew into the cockpit of the helicopter she was piloting.

Killion was taken aback.

"All the technology you gave us worked," she went on, naming off the ballistic vest that kept her alive by shielding her heart and lungs, the flight suit that protected her from burns, and the high-tech helmet that preserved her vision and hearing.

"The fact that she and so many others who would not have survived in the past are alive today is a tribute to technology and the skills of the people in the field," says Killion. "We are constantly asking how we can do even better."

Asking and answering those questions is helping the Army move toward achieving its ultimate goal of placing only unmanned vehicles in harm's way.

Killion sets the priorities for basic and applied research that is revolutionizing how soldiers fight and how well they can recover from both physical and psychological trauma. How did a boy from Wichita, Kansas, with a Ph.D. in experimental psychology from the University of Oregon become responsible for Army science and technology? As it turns out, Killion's training as a cognitive neuroscientist, his knowledge of state-of-the-art training techniques, and his expertise in robotics made him a good fit at this stage in the Army's transition to a fully networked combat force.

"There is no clear career path to this position," Killion reflects, "but I give great credit to my mentor at the University of Oregon, Mike Posner, for creating a stimulating and challenging intellectual environment where I learned to ask good questions and come up with strategies for finding answers."

Rather than trying to make computers mimic human decision-making, Posner's graduate students studied how humans learn. "Mike was an early adopter of technology that measures brain behavior," Killion says. "Part of the progress in cognitive neuroscience is due to the explosion in the ability to measure what's going on in the brain when people respond to something in their environment."

Killion went on from Oregon to lead research on electronic combat training in the U.S. Air Force and develop technologies for unmanned aerial vehicles for the U.S. Navy. He crossed over to business planning



*Tom Killion*

and management for the Army Research Laboratory, graduated with highest distinction from the Naval War College, and became the first nonengineer appointed as the Army's chief scientist in March 2004.

Many of the biggest questions facing Killion concern helping soldiers master what is known as "Future Combat Systems," a family of manned and unmanned systems connected by a common network.

"A popular misconception is that the Army is low tech," Killion says. "Our soldiers are learning to deal with robots, graphical user interfaces, and complex electronics in our various weapons systems. We need to consider how people learn when we design these systems. I think that's why my boss felt

I was the right person for the job at this time."

Asked to name some of the recent innovations that he finds most exciting, Killion quickly lists examples that glimpse the scope of Army-funded research efforts. The Chitosin bandage stops severe arterial bleeding within two-to-four minutes. A laser-based system neutralizes surface mines. FALCON (short for Forward Area Language Converter) provides on-the-spot translation and analysis of captured documents in forty-six languages including Arabic. "Bottom line," he says, "these things may not make headlines but they save lives." And there is a long tradition of military-funded research advances making their way to the public sector, especially in technology and medicine.

Looking to the near future, Killion sees flexible, rugged, lightweight displays replacing breakable glass displays on computers and PDAs used by soldiers. Flexible nanotechnology-based armor, already on the drawing board, will harden instantly to stop bullets. Brain-controlled robotics, such as synthetic hands, will respond to brain signals in much the same way as flesh-and-blood hands.

Although he focuses on helping soldiers, Killion expresses confidence that Army innovations ultimately will benefit all of society. "I think that tissue regeneration capability will make a difference not just for wounded soldiers but for people who have lost limbs or lost function due to disease, aging, or accidental injury," he says. "This is a truly exciting area."

When not working on what many of us would think of as futuristic (if not science fiction) technologies, Killion manages a remarkably balanced life. He swims regularly, reads avidly (materials science, physics, mysteries), and delights in his granddaughters, ages nine and two. He also enjoys serving as a science fair judge at his older granddaughter's school, reminding students to "keep asking good questions and finding ways to answer them."

—Melody Ward Leslie '79

**Gordon Gerretsen '49** died in December at the age of eighty-two. He was born in Roseburg and served in World War II as a medic. After graduating from Oregon he opened and operated Gerretsen Building Supply with his younger brother Don. Committed to service work, he was involved in the Boy Scouts of America, City of Roseburg Planning Commission, and the Roseburg City Council. He also served for over twelve years as a water utility commissioner and was involved with a number of service groups.

**Morven "Mo" Thomas '49** died February 16 in Eugene. While on campus he was a member of Alpha Tau Omega fraternity and Friars honorary society. He worked as a certified public accountant for a many years and as chief financial officer of New Pacific Corporation. Thomas also served as president of the Eugene Planning Commission.

**Dr. Robert H. Gray '53** died in January at age seventy-eight. He was born in Portland and graduated from Jefferson High School as student body president. At Oregon, he was a member of the Sigma Chi fraternity and Asklepiad, a premedicine honorary society. After graduating with his medical degree, Gray served in the Navy as a medical officer and later practiced medicine as an internist. He retired in 1996, then moved with his wife to Santa Fe, New Mexico, where he enjoyed volunteering, fishing, and woodworking.

**Robert Warren Scott '54** died in November at age seventy-five. He grew up in Klamath Falls and graduated from Oregon with degrees in business and communications. He served as a captain in the Air Force and later worked in radio broadcasting and lighting products. During his retirement, he became a Coast Guard captain and ran charters through the San Juan and Canadian Gulf Islands.

**Harold Joseph Arent Jr. '55, M.S. '59**, died in January of liver failure. He was eighty-three. Arent graduated with degrees in history and library sciences. He taught English and social studies at Benson Polytechnic High School in Portland for twenty-eight years. An Army veteran, he was a member of Gethsemane Lutheran Church.

**Robert Allan Strowger '63** died in January at the age of sixty-four. He and his wife Mary lived in Martinez, California, where he worked as a shipping manager.

**Lawrence Amund Barnes '65** died in December. While at the University of Oregon, he played basketball and graduated with a degree in general science. Barnes then served in the Air Force with assignments in Japan, Vietnam, and Portland. He worked as an airline transport pilot with United Airlines. He was a member of the American Legion Post 14 of Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, Masonic Lodge of Coeur d'Alene, Scottish Rite, Air Line Pilots Association, Lutheran Church, and the Girl Scouts of America.

**Dean McWilliams, Ph.D. '69**, died in December at the age of sixty-seven. He had recently retired from Ohio University, where he was a professor of English and the humanities. While teaching,

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SUMMER 2007

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he received many awards and also taught as a Fulbright professor overseas. He enjoyed wood-working and crafting furniture.

**Philip ‘Phil’ Jackson Miles** '72 died in January at the age of fifty-seven. He worked as a records analyst at the state archives in Salem before becoming the Marion County licensing and records supervisor. He was appointed chief deputy of Marion County clerks in 2004 and was also active in the Oregon Association of County Clerks. He enjoyed spending his spare time with family and friends, as well as reading; studying history, genealogy, and geology; and listening to music.

**Harry “Lee” Phillips** '75 died in January of a massive heart attack. He was fifty-four. He worked as a CPA in Portland for over thirty years.

**Dirk Jacobson DuBois, M.A.** '00, died in August of cancer. He was thirty-seven. DuBois was born in Newport and grew up in Eugene. He attended Western Oregon University majoring in health and physical education. After teaching and coaching baseball in Elko, Nevada, he returned to Eugene to teach and coach at Briggs Middle School. He completed his master's degree at Oregon. DuBois enjoyed hunting, fishing, and caring for the environment.

**Jeremy Hayes Dawe** '02 died in January at age twenty-eight of a massive cerebral hemorrhage. He loved music and traveling, and took a solo-backpacking trip through Europe after college graduation. He also spent many summers in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains as a camper and then a camp counselor and climbing instructor. A May 2006 graduate of the Washington University (St. Louis) School of Law, (where he was an editor of the *Global Studies Law Review*), he worked as an associate in the business law department of Seltzer, Caplan, McMahon, Vitek in San Diego, California.

### Faculty In Memoriam

**Richard Schlaadt** died January 6 of cancer at the age of seventy-one. He was born in Portland and graduated with a degree in physical education and health from Lewis and Clark College, where he played baseball. He later received his master's from the University of Illinois and his Ph.D. from Oregon State University. Schlaadt taught as a professor at Oregon for over thirty years. He served as the department head for school and community health and developed the school's Substance Abuse Prevention Program and Drug Education Program for Oregon Teachers. He was the recipient of many national teaching awards. In his free time, he enjoyed traveling, volunteering in his daughter's

school, and membership in the Rotary Club.

**John Gustafson**, a professor of music education at Oregon from 1956 to 1967, died November 14 of natural causes. He was eighty-nine. He served in the Navy during World War II in Europe and at Guantanamo Bay in Cuba.

**Howard Louis Ramey** died December 14 of age-related causes. He was ninety-two. Ramey was born in Rainier and married Marjory Allingham (who would eventually retire as the UO's housing director) in 1947 in Portland. They had three sons. He served in the Army Signal Corps during World War II, stationed for more than two years in Tehran, Iran, where he was awarded the Bronze Star. He later worked as director of financial aid at the University of Oregon, as the technical director of the University Theatre, and in educational television. He retired in 1976.

### IN MEMORIAM POLICY

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

### DECADES

*Reports from previous Summer issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly*

**1927** Joel Percy recalls 1876, the first year of University operation, in *Old Oregon*. Since Eugene had no bank, young Percy gave local merchant (and University stalwart, regent, and eventual building namesake) T. G. Hendricks the \$200 that would see him through a year on campus. Hendricks put the money in a sack and safely stowed it in his safe.

**1937** A faculty vote for the five-day week mandates that Oregon students will no longer attend classes on Saturday.

**1947** With help from the Phi Psi house, a Saint Bernard named Snowbelle mounts an energetic last-minute campaign and is elected to the Junior Weekend court.

**1957** *Old Oregon* goes in-depth on co-eds "Getting Ready" for the junior prom—a "transformation from pedal-pusher-clad college girl to charming Cinderella" that requires the better part of a day and includes the "Hair Washing Routine," "Waiting for the Hair to Dry," "Applying Nail Polish," the "Final Touch" (applying lipstick), and of course "Keeping the Date Waiting" the regulation five minutes.

**1967** Former UO student body president (1963–4) Phil Sherburne creates a scandal by going public in a *Ramparts* magazine story that exposes fifteen years

of clandestine CIA funding of the National Student Association, an apolitical confederation of college groups representing over a million students. Sherburne served as national affairs vice president for the NSA, the organization from which the CIA's Covert Action Division No. 5 gained intel on foreign student groups and individuals who might someday emerge as leaders in countries of special interest.

**1977** The UO alumni office is offering a tour of Russia—three days in Moscow and four days in Leningrad, round-trip air fare, rail transportation, hotel accommodations, three meals daily, guided sight-seeing tours, and two theater performances—at a cost of \$799 per person.

**1987** A proposal is in the works to site the federally funded \$4.4 billion Superconducting Super Collider, an oval-shaped particle accelerator fifty-two-miles in length, near the UO. The Reagan administration's Big Science project could bring 177,000 permanent jobs.

**1997** A UO professor estimates that three-quarters of students lack sufficient computer and Internet skills to succeed in his classes. A possible remedy comes from the library, now offering Get Ready! a program teaching computer terminology, database research, use of electronic mail, and Internet navigation.

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# WELCOME TO THE MYSPACE GENERATION

by Kelsey Friedman

As we rise fifty-five floors to Ghostbar at the top of Las Vegas's Palms casino, I hustle to pull out my camera. With only twenty seconds to make that perfect memory, I stretch out my arm and my friends and I freeze, posing drunkenly with the drab backdrop of the elevator doors.

After our attempt at a self portrait, a stranger nearby offers the delightful words: "Do you want me to take it?" We pose again for our new photographer and as she returns my camera she shouts "MySpace!" The entire elevator laughs because we know that's where this photo will go.

A national, comprehensive psychological study of 16,475 American college students released in February showed them to be "more narcissistic and self-centered than their predecessors," according to an article by Associated Press national writer David Crary. It's no surprise to me.

We have grown up in an age of consumerism and high-priced pop culture. We want the money we think we deserve so we can buy the products we think we need. We go to college and thus feel entitled to the best jobs and the best lives. We go out and get drunk so we can dance with strangers, embarrass ourselves, and laugh about it in the morning when we scroll through our cameras.

In two hours at Ghostbar, my group snapped over 250 photos on a variety of tiny digital cameras. This collection of photo documentation will someday prove that we once smoked cigars on the panoramic balcony, indulged in overpriced cocktails, and laughed, danced, and sweated together—and with total strangers—at one of Las Vegas's hottest twenty-something nightclubs.

But without the city's neon lights and the casinos' impressive façades towering behind us, our vacation photos could have been anywhere, any day. Not only are we part of a technological age that allows us to easily take multitudes of photographs and videos on cameras and cell phones, we are a generation of narcissists.

We shoot photos of ourselves to post them as our profile pictures on MySpace. At the bars it is typical to see cameras flashing all night long. We don't hesitate to ask strangers to snap photos for us, nor do we mind when they ask us to do the same. Facebook is now a verb. We demand our friends "facebook" their photos so we can not only look at ourselves, but so our other friends can see where we have been and with whom. We document the most mundane moments of our lives because "someday these will be memories."

And after all is snapped and done, we file away these photos on our computers or CDs. For a few months we might look back at them and occasionally even print them out. But eventually they become artifacts gathering dust with the school projects our



Chris Mitchell

mothers saved and the collections of trolls and Tabasco bottles we once adored.

So when our parents and their baby boomer friends see these pictures and wonder why we take ten different shots of the same pose, why we need documentation of "another night at Max's," the answer is simple: we love to look at ourselves.

We retake snapshots over and over again because we don't like our crooked smiles, our double chins, our squinting eyes. Even without the controversial

tools of the beauty industry, we have the ability to create the image of perfection, simply by deleting the reality we dislike and preserving that which we do.

Crary quotes Professor Jean Twenge, the psychology study's lead author, explaining that "current technology fuels the increase in narcissism." With technological manipulation, we can create the illusion of perfection; the desire to do so is in itself narcissistic.

We want to remember these youthful nights as perfect—even when they are far from it. We were there and we won't let anyone forget it. Because we are the best, the most entitled, the most privileged. We have the world at our eighty-word-per-minute fingertips and we will take what we deserve.

But I wonder: do we deserve any of it? With all this technology and ease of self-sufficiency, we have lost the notion of work ethic. Our definition of interpersonal communication rarely puts us face to face. Appearance and possessions; money and status; these materialistic conceits are the symbols of our existence.

We are a culture of things, and as we step into our roles as leaders, I am afraid that our country might never recover. Our compassion is dwindling. As long as we continue to think first of ourselves and then only sometimes of our responsibilities, our society will continue its collapse into a self-righteous, privileged nation.

We are the narcissist generation, and unless we grow out of it soon, I fear that our egocentricity will alienate us from the rest of the world and from each other. Will pop culture take over the government? Will the attractive flourish while the not-so-beautiful are excluded by natural selection? To save our generation from its shameful fall into self-indulgence, we must shift the lens away from ourselves and focus instead on becoming part of the bigger picture.

*Kelsey Friedman will graduate this June from the UO School of Journalism and Communication with degrees in electronic media and magazine, as well as with a certificate in film studies. After graduation, she plans to travel to Africa and Southeast Asia and then join AmeriCorps when she returns to the United States.*

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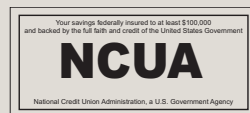
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