

AUTUMN 2007

KESSLER:  
REALITY AND  
ALZHEIMER'S

INTERNET POKER

NORTHWEST  
REVIEW AT FIFTY

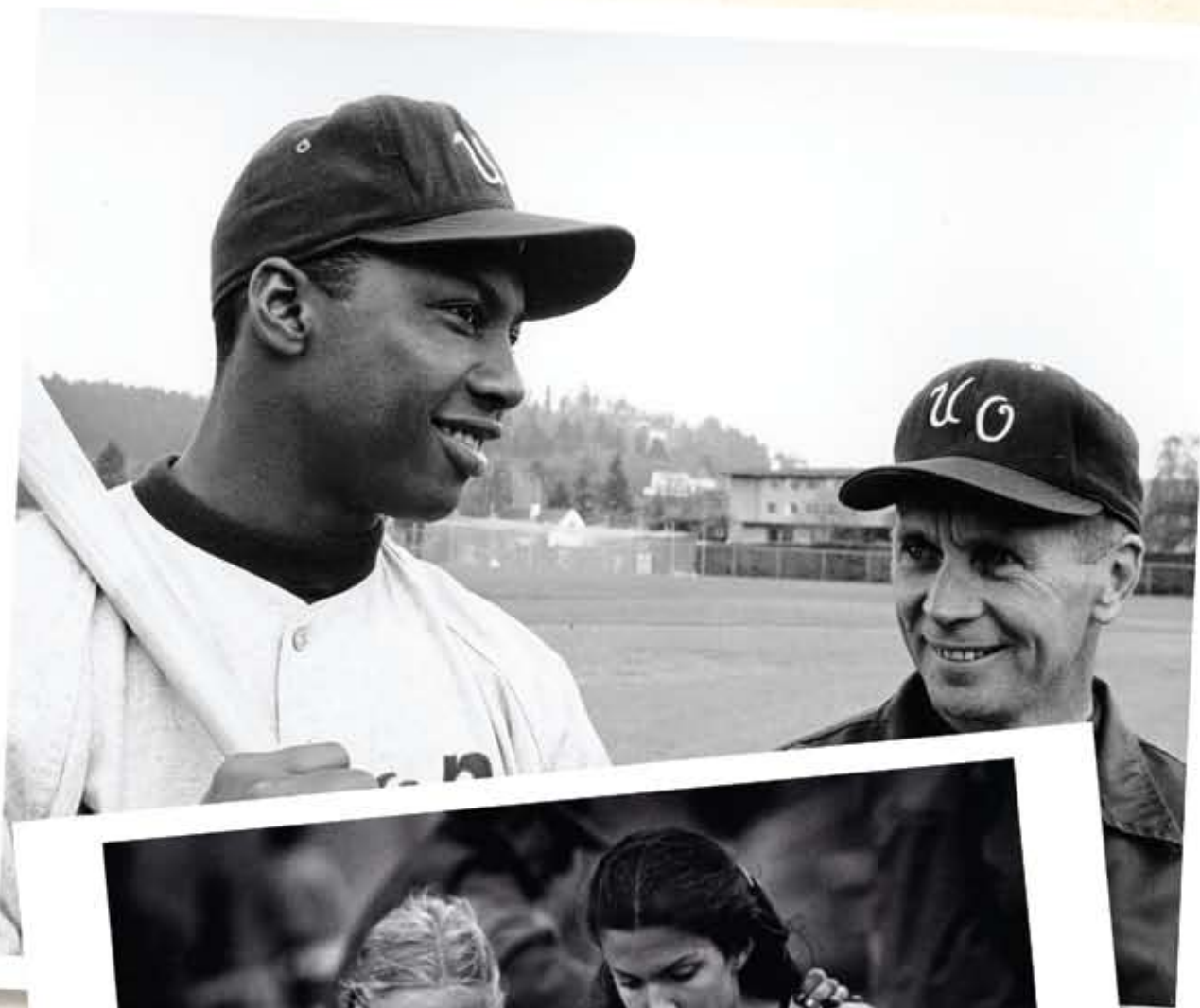
# OREGON

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**FEATURES**

- 16** **TUMBLEWEED INVASIVE, TUMBLEWEED TOUGH**  
*by Claire McQuerry*  
In the winning entry of the student category of the 2007 *Oregon Quarterly* Essay Contest, a Northwesterner abroad reflects on the iconic weed of the American West.
- 20** **ALL IN?** *by Michael James Werner*  
Internet poker is soaring in popularity among college students.
- 24** **ATOMIC MASONRY** *by Jon Palfreman*  
UO scientists are leading efforts to ensure that the tremendous potential of nanotechnology is not muted by unsafe practices.
- 29** **A GOOD DAY** *by Lauren Kessler*  
Work with Alzheimer's patients yields a new perspective on reality and the lives that shine through the fog of the disease.

**DEPARTMENTS**

- 4** **Letters**
- 6** **Currents**  
Final Exam *by Michael Moffitt*  
How Wild a Wilderness *by Kevin Marsh*  
The Red Rose *by Michael Munk*  
Thinking Globally, Investing Locally *by Dave Frohnmayer*  
Pen in Hand, Tongue in Cheek
- 34** **University**  
Street Faire / Obelisk on the Quad / Expanded Theater / LERC Turns Thirty / PROFile: Joseph Fracchia / Support from Salem
- 42** **Old Oregon**  
Celebrating *Northwest Review* / Football 100 Years Ago / Second Life / Helping Hands for Haiti / Class Notes / Profile: Dmitry "Mitka" Vaintrob
- 60** **Oregon Trails**  
Mourning Evil *by Chris Cunningham '76, M.S. '80, and Pete Peterson, M.F.A. '68, M.S. '77*

Cover: *Intricate small structures on a marine organism, by Rachel Merz at the University's Oregon Institute of Marine Biology. 133,000X magnification.*



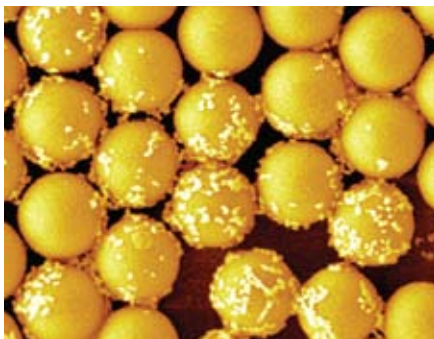
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*Tumbleweed Connection p. 16*



Tim Jordan

*Internet Poker's Popularity p. 20*



Yamin Shen

*Nanoscale Success p. 24*



Creative Commons photo by Thomas Fringale

*People with Alzheimer's p. 29*



UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

## Snowflakes, Stress And Semiconductors: Do You See A Pattern Here?

Richard Taylor does. The UO professor of physics is leading the way with internationally recognized research into fractals, curious patterns found in nature that repeat themselves. Professor Taylor's startling discoveries show that these patterns-within-patterns may significantly reduce stress and have interesting implications for psychology, medicine, even the semiconductor industry. Taylor has applied his studies to art, showing how fractal patterns in the work of abstract expressionist Jackson Pollock can help distinguish a real Pollock from a fake. Transforming lives by erasing academic boundaries might be why Professor Taylor was named Outstanding Teacher in Higher Education for 2005 by the Oregon Academy of Science. The way we see it, it's a pattern of brilliance.

CAMPAIGN OREGON  
Transforming Lives

## NARCISSISM

I am writing in response to Kelsy Friedman's piece "Welcome to the MySpace Generation" [Oregon Trails, Summer 2007]. I am familiar with Ghostbar and very familiar with MySpace and enjoyed her well-articulated perspective on how a night out on the town has turned into a calibrated web-event of self-indulgence. Her points about narcissistic young culture are hard to argue with; however the constant critique of MySpace being a cesspool of shallow human nature is flat and nearing the cliché point.

I think that while MySpace is riddled with narcissism, it can also be credited with being a major player in the modern blog explosion, which can oftentimes reveal utter truthful information—that is, a constant goal of good journalism.

Furthermore, I'd be curious to ask the writer (especially considering her new degree in electronic media): if you're so perceptive to see MySpace's narcissistic nature, why do you chose to participate and contribute to it?

Catherine Cole '03  
Portland

## SKEPTICISM

As a skeptic of human-caused global warming, I suppose I would fall into the "interpretive category" Anthony Leiserowitz defines as the "naysayers" ["The Risk Factor," Old Oregon, Summer 2007]. According to writer Alice Tallmadge, Leiserowitz's characterization of the "naysayer" pretty much implies a mindless rejection of the concept of climate change. In fact, most of us skeptics have formed our opinions on climate change by weighing the scientific evidence presented by all sides of the debate.

As such, it is both insulting and condescending to suggest that we so-called naysayers might be brought around to Leiserowitz's way of thinking by listening to our "religious leaders." Tallmadge more fully reveals Leiserowitz's arrogance when she writes that he proposes to "persuade" others through such methods as using "images of cute, cuddly animals . . . that are endangered by the phenomenon," or "vivid examples of the extreme weather events that might accompany climate change . . . (even if a particular event might not be 'definitively said to be caused by global warming')." Perhaps unintentionally, Tallmadge has exposed Leiserowitz's approach for the propaganda that it truly is.

Greg Kupillas '83  
Mulino

## BIRD, CROC ERRORS

I enjoyed the article on Larry McQueen ["Birdman of Eugene," Old Oregon, Summer 2007]. Unfortunately both of his bird paintings that accompanied the article were mislabeled. The bird labeled "Mockingbird" is an Eastern Kingbird while the one labeled "Downey Woodpecker" is a Downy Woodpecker.

Mark Stevenson '79  
Tucson, Arizona

Note: The writer is the Arizona editor of North American Birds, the quarterly journal of the American Birding Association.

One of my pet peaves is publications that confuse archaeology (the study of human material culture) and paleontology (the study of ancient life). Your article on the Crook County croc [University, Summer 2007] starts out with "Archaeology," but talks about a croc that was 150–180 million years old. Not part of human material culture by over 150 million years! You are an academic publication, not a tabloid. I expect better of my alma mater! I know that Bill Orr knows better, I was a teaching assistant for one of his courses many years ago.

Sandra E. Whitney, M.S. '75  
Athens, Georgia

Editor's note: We apologize for these errors.

## OBL AND THE CIA

I missed Batarfi's essay ["My Friend, Osama bin Laden," Currents, Spring 2007], but however he related his personal memories of Osama bin Laden to the OBL legend, it's certainly meaningless. The CIA put ten times more into creating the OBL legend than they did into Lee Harvey Oswald. Moreover, it's widely known and well confirmed that the CIA has been making war on the third world for fifty years. Anyone who studies this honestly quickly concludes there is no doubt about who runs OBL, And, for anyone inclined to cite anything in the mainstream media to support this myth, we need only recall: "The Central Intelligence Agency owns anyone of any significance in the major media." — Former CIA Director William Colby.

Jackie T. Gabel '79, M.A. '81  
Portland

### OREGON QUARTERLY LETTERS POLICY

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



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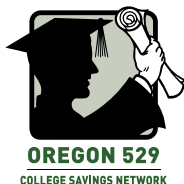
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# Tumbleweed Invasive, Tumbleweed Tough

BY CLAIRE McQUERRY





## RETHINKING THE WEED OF THE WEST



The spring I spent studying in England, I became a sort of novelty among my friends: the only person they knew from the American West. I suppose their conceptions of the West had been colored to a large degree by Hollywood. As far as they were concerned, I came from a land of almost mythic quality, wild and vast.

I RECALL EATING AT OUR COLLEGE DINING HALL one evening, when my friend Sarah asked me about the geography of the place where I grew up. The others at the table all leaned in to hear.

I began simply, with the river that flows through my hometown in eastern Washington State, the lack of rain, the broad plateaus of the desert. This piqued Sarah's curiosity; she had never seen a real desert before. "And what plants grow in your desert?" she asked.

"Well, technically I guess it's not a real desert. It's called shrub steppe. We have shrubby plants—the tumbleweed, the sagebrush. . . ." But I could already tell by my friends' expressions that they had no pictures for the things I was naming. In their British imaginations, filled with landscapes of mild green hills, lawns like pool tables, and large, moss-covered trees, there was nothing matter of fact about the concept of tumbleweed.

"You know, *tumbleweed*," I explained, rolling my hands to simulate the plant's motion. Blank looks. "That dry bush that always rolls across the screen, just before a shootout in old westerns?" Oh, *that*.

Despite the fact that I had lived in England for nearly three months and had never seen a plant that one might



even begin to describe as “desiccated,” I believe there was still some subconscious part of me that could not comprehend a country that had no naturally growing tumbleweeds. I simply assumed their absence so far was the result of population density. With every inch of land occupied by buildings, lawns, and roads, there was certainly no room for them to grow. But step outside of the city, and surely the plants would be there, caught in fences along the roadway, tumbling across fields, clustered densely in ditches.

I suppose we are all prone to these unconsidered cultural biases, notions that prevent us from seeing another point of view, simply because we have not yet understood that there is another point of view to see. When you spend a long time living in one place, particularly if you have never lived anywhere else, it is only natural that you take your surroundings for granted. Sights, sounds, smells. These are no more spectacular than oxygen.

From my earliest years I can remember dislodging tumbleweeds from flowerbeds and fences after a heavy windstorm. My brother and I would spend hours in the backyard, raking and gathering. Even when we wore thick work gloves, thorns would poke through the leather, and they would needle our arms under our shirt sleeves until we were covered with red welts.

I always looked forward to the end of the day, when we would set a match to the pile we had accumulated and burn the weeds down to a scattering of white ash. I loved the way the weeds burned: their crackle, the way the flames sped up the branches, turning each cluster of dried thorn into a small, glowing point.

**I** SUPPOSE MOST NATURAL historians would argue that we’ve misunderstood the tumbleweed. Oddly, despite its strong symbolic ties to the American West, the weed is not a native plant here. It belongs to the Russian

thistle family and was brought to America accidentally by a group of Ukrainian farmers, in a shipment of flaxseed. According to the naturalist David Williams, the weed was first reported around 1877 in Bon Homme County, South Dakota. It wasn’t until 1900 that the tumbleweed reached the Pacific Coast.

I’ve often tried to picture the geography of the arid lands where I grew up as they must have appeared before settlers moved to the region, back when Lewis and Clark crossed through and the inhabitants were migratory native tribes. I now find that I can’t. For the landscape I used to picture was the one I’ve always known, only without any houses, roads, or power lines. These human elements can be imagined away, but it is impossible to remove the tumbleweed from my picture; the plant has become too tightly interwoven with the landscape, as much a part of this desert as the dust-colored hills and plateaus, the clusters of sagebrush and juniper.

When I returned to the States from England, I began to look at tumbleweeds in a new way. These plants, which had always been an unquestioned part of the landscape for me, now appeared indescribably ugly. For months it seemed I had known nothing but green, and suddenly here were the pale hills of eastern Washington. The cattle fences along I-90 were choked with the dried weeds whose colors, I now realized, span the gradient from “bone” to “dirt.”

It is true that the thing we call a tumbleweed is really something closer to the skeleton of a weed. A desiccated globe of thorns. In some parts of the country the weed is called a “wind witch.” And yet, before it becomes these things, the tumbleweed is a tender green plant, with tiny white flowers that cluster beneath its leaves, a plant awaiting autumn and a backwards sort of metamorphosis into its mature form. In the fall, cells at the base of the weed detach, leaving a round, brittle ball that will soon be caught up in the wind, spreading over 200,000 loose seeds in its wake. And this is where the life of the tumbleweed begins—as one of these coiled embryos, covered in a protective

I’VE OFTEN TRIED TO PICTURE THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE ARID LANDS WHERE I GREW UP AS THEY MUST HAVE APPEARED BEFORE SETTLERS MOVED TO THE REGION, BACK WHEN LEWIS AND CLARK CROSSED THROUGH AND THE INHABITANTS WERE MIGRATORY NATIVE TRIBES.



membrane, buried just below the dirt.

When the plant is young, it is tender enough to become food for cattle and wild animals. Yet, there's little wonder that in maturity it is regarded as a noxious weed. Before modern herbicides, the tumbleweed literally drove American farmers from their homes. The exsiccated plant catches fire easily, and when it does, it becomes a wind-lifted torch, spreading to fields and houses. The thorns of the plant were also a difficulty for farmers, making the weed nearly impossible to clear away, lacerating the legs of cattle and horses. And perhaps what is worst about the tumbleweed is the thing it does best: blowing across open countryside and taking root in disturbed soil. Plowed fields provide an ideal environment for the plant to grow, and once its seeds have been dropped, the weed's hardiness allows it to out-compete other species, native or agricultural.

There are times, perhaps now more than ever, when I wonder if it is so wrong after all that the tumbleweed has become a distinctly American symbol. Perhaps there is a metaphor for our country, or the seeds of a metaphor, in this dry ball of thorns.

**I** OFTEN WONDER IF WE move as freely through the world as the tumbleweed does across an open landscape, spreading the seeds of our culture or government in our path. I've heard many people outside the United States argue that, like the tumbleweed, we have a history of doing this with little regard for the culture, the people, or the way of life that was there before us. Is it going too far to say that much of the world, in this present era, thinks of us as a noxious weed?

When I spent my year abroad, just one year after the Iraq war began, I had to tread carefully when new acquaintances learned I was an American. Inevitably, they would want to hear my stance on everything from the war and the president, to our

Americanization of foreign cultures ("What are you thinking, opening a Starbucks in Paris?"). In short, they asked for my defense of U.S. foreign relations. And of course, I did not have one to give.

Yet it also became clear to me that I was not entirely innocent. In an odd way, it was the tumbleweed that led me to this conclusion, that day around the dinner table with my friends. *Of course* everyone else knew what a tumbleweed was, of course every rational English speaker would say "fry," not "chip," to describe a deep-fried potato strip: a thousand little assumptions that added up to one big one. Like many Americans, without even realizing it, I had considered our culture the center around which everything else revolved. The tumbleweed mentality in action.



**ET, FOR ALL THAT**

is nasty about the tumbleweed, there is something to be said in its defense, something about it that you can't help but admire. You see, the tumbleweed is tough; the tumbleweed is a survivor. In the 1940s, when early nuclear weapons were tested in the Nevada desert, the tumbleweed was the first plant to regrow at ground zero. In years of drought, when it is unseasonably cold, when it is unseasonably hot, the tumbleweed will grow and prosper. It is almost impossible to uproot the tumbleweed before it is ready to be uprooted; I remember this from childhood. The roots of the young plant sink deep into the soil, sometimes as deep as twenty feet.

I would like to think there is something American about this too. In a sense, aren't we a country made up of survivors? At least many of our ancestors were: survivors of wars, and persecutions, and famines. My own ancestors came to America in the 1890s, survivors of the Irish potato blight.

And certainly survival is a particular quality of the American West. Thousands died trying to make it this far, before there

were railroads or even pioneer settlements. It was only the strongest, the luckiest, the most determined—the tumbleweeds among us—who survived.

The metaphor is double-sided, and it's not perfect. But it surprises me that everyday objects, the ones that become invisible simply because they are so mundane, so pervasive, are sometimes the things that can reveal the most about us. Sometimes it takes distance to realize this, going away and then returning.

It's not that I've come to love the tumbleweed, exactly—I'll never, for instance, use it as a decorative element in my garden. (Believe it or not, there are farms that harvest this "decorative bush" and ship it out to the lush parts of the country for people who want to add a flavor of the West to their houses or backyards.) But I know this too: driving along I-90 the day I returned from England, when I saw that mat of tumbleweeds caught in the fence, I felt a sort of settling. I felt like I had come home.

*Claire McQuerry is currently earning her M.F.A. in poetry writing at Arizona State University, where she also works as international editor for the journal Hayden's Ferry Review. Recent publications include The Comstock Review, West Wind Review, and Relief. McQuerry is originally from eastern Washington.*

"TUMBLEWEED INVASIVE, TUMBLEWEED TOUGH" BY CLAIRE MCQUERRY IS THE WINNING ESSAY IN THE STUDENT CATEGORY OF THE 2007 OREGON QUARTERLY NORTHWEST PERSPECTIVES ESSAY CONTEST, AS SELECTED BY THIS YEAR'S CONTEST JUDGE, PORTLAND AUTHOR MOLLY GLOSS. MCQUERRY WINS \$500. SETH MICHAEL WHITE OF CORVALLIS TOOK SECOND FOR "THE PHANTOM BARN" (\$200), AND KATEY SCHULTZ OF BURNSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA, WAS THIRD FOR "MEDITATION ON ACTIVISM" (\$75). **WRITERS ARE ENCOURAGED TO ENTER THE 2008 ESSAY CONTEST** IN BOTH THE STUDENT AND OPEN CATEGORIES. THE **DEADLINE IS JANUARY 31, 2008**. DETAILS WILL BE POSTED AT OREGONQUARTERLY.COM AS THEY BECOME AVAILABLE.

# All In?

THE STAKES ARE RISING AS  
INTERNET POKER GAINS  
POPULARITY AMONG  
COLLEGE STUDENTS

BY MICHAEL  
JAMES WERNER

**The living room of Matt Amen's expansive townhouse, with its side-by-side bank of computer monitors, resembles a small-scale air traffic control station.**

On this drizzly spring afternoon the fleshy twenty-three-year-old plops down at one of the three desks. He wears his daily uniform of nylon basketball shorts and T-shirt. His short-cropped hair, normally slick with gel, is as fuzzy as a tomcat's chin—the telltale sign of a go-nowhere day. Amen's boyhood friend Tyler slides in beside him at another bank of monitors. Amen taps the keyboard and the computers whir themselves awake. Virtual poker tables splash onto the screens in droplets of green. One table. Then another. And another. And another. Four tables in all. The profusion of figures and graphics streaming across the screen looks like a glimpse at the Matrix with its inscrutable green rain of letters and symbols. Cards appear on the green. Amen's hidden two-card hands are six, eight; two, ten; jack, queen; king, king.



**K**ING, KING: A GOOD HAND BY ANY MEASURE.

Of course, it all depends on the *flop*.

After all the players receive two down cards, three face-up cards (the *flop*) are dealt to the center of the table for all the players to use. A round of betting is followed by another face-up card (the *turn*), more betting, then a final card (the *river*). The objective is to build the best five-card poker hand combining the down cards with the shared cards.

In most games, several of the players will fold as they decide their hand can't win. Players left after the river make final bets and then reveal their cards in a showdown.

As the Texas hold 'em games go on, Matt and Tyler engage in what sounds like coded conversation:

"This guy's a donk!"

"I've got the nuts."

"What a bad beat!"

"What's the rake?"

"I was going for a gut-shot straight."

Hands are played quickly and Amen's smile retreats,

giving way to a look of pained concentration. He leans forward, his green eyes fixated on the screen. Amen's breathing quickens. His right hand curls tightly around the mouse, his index finger erect, like a snake in strike position.

Amen pumps the mouse button with the urgency of the *Titanic's* Morse code operator. *Click-click-click-click*. The bet grows with each click. \$5. \$10. \$15. \$20. In a few minutes, he is up \$100 in chips in one tournament and down \$100 in another.

The phone rings.

"Wanna golf?" the voice at the other end asks.

"Not today. I'm working."

For Amen, Internet poker isn't a gamble, it's a job. As a college senior at the University of Oregon, he earned more than \$100,000. But he is about to raise the stakes: he is attempting a career as an Internet poker professional. Opportunity abounds on the Internet's 200-plus poker sites, with cash games and tournaments running twenty-four hours a day. Fueling the fantasies of the college set are the stories of Internet poker millionaires, some not yet old enough to enter a casino. In the last few years, the number of online gamblers has swelled as have the coffers of Internet gambling sites. Online gambling is now an estimated \$12 billion a year industry (U.S. residents make up half of the market). The moneymaking potential, however, isn't often realized by the players; Amen is an exception. Experts estimate, that of those who gamble online, just 5 percent end up ahead. Ninety-five percent lose.



**W**ITH HIS FLAWLESS PROFILE, COOL BLUE eyes, and well-coiffed sandy blond hair, Mike looks like the prototypical prom date. The twenty-one-year-old University of Oregon junior thinks his youthful appearance gives him an advantage when he competes against older players at the casinos or the local card club. They tend to dismiss him as "just a kid." But Mike has been playing poker since high school and recently his college studies have taken a back seat to Internet gambling.

Poker exploded in popularity in 2003, Mike's senior year in high school, due in large part to the legend of Chris MoneyMaker. MoneyMaker (his real name), a paunchy twenty-seven-year-old accountant from Nashville, won poker's most prestigious event, the World Series of Poker, that year. At the time, he had been playing Texas hold 'em online for three years, but had never played in a live game before. MoneyMaker won his way into the series, which costs \$10,000 to enter, by playing in a series of online tournaments. At the series, MoneyMaker continued his winning ways, coming out on top among more than 800 of poker's best players and parlaying his initial \$39 buyin into a \$2.5 million payday.

"It made it known that any random guy could play with the big boys," Mike says. "It was like playing Michael Jordan one on one and beating him." So Mike and a few of his high

school friends, smitten with the MoneyMaker legend, started playing for fun.

Televised poker helped spread the phenomenon. As recently as 2000, ESPN was the lone channel broadcasting poker tournaments. The programs drew meager ratings. Five years later poker could be found on nine different cable channels, including the Travel Channel's World Poker Tour, which became the network's highest-rated show. Today, poker is second only to football in popularity as a TV "sport."

When Mike arrived at the University of Oregon in fall 2003, it wasn't hard to find other players. "It was the craze," he says. The informal game he started with his neighbor across the hall attracted other students. Those occasional games in a dorm room doorway grew into a weekly, small-stakes game played in the lounge. The weekly game soon became a two-to-three-night-a-week event. By the end of the school year it had become an every-night affair and for Mike the game was losing its thrill and becoming a necessity. But then school ended and his network of poker-playing friends dispersed. The live card games dried up and online poker became the means to feed his need.

By his sophomore year Mike was playing regularly online, spending his modest earnings from a part-time job. He never considered the risks.



**O**NLINE POKER HAS EARNED A REPUTATION AS the "crack cocaine" of gambling. In an unsupervised college environment, an online gambling pastime can quickly flare into addiction. An estimated 1.2 million young people gambled online at least once a month last year and the number of college-aged males who reported gambling on the Internet once a week more than doubled in the past year, according to a recent study. The federal government, in an effort to curb the industry's growth, passed a law in October 2006 that criminalizes the use of credit cards, checks, and electronic fund transfers for Internet gaming. While it's too early to know how much of an effect the law will have, at least in the short-run online betting is down. Internet casinos, however, are finding ways to circumvent the new law; some now accept prepaid cards or checks that are nearly impossible to trace. Bodog, one of the largest online casinos, now accepts calling cards. Although the law has made it more difficult to get paid, plenty of Americans, including the college set, still frequent the Internet casinos.

It is not uncommon for college students to spend upward of thirty hours per week gambling online. Most, like Mike, don't see the danger. But, as with drinking and illegal drug use, the earlier someone starts gambling, the more addiction-prone he becomes. A survey by the University of Connecticut Health Center found that one out of every four college students who gambles online fits the clinical definition of a pathological gambler, suggesting that hundreds of thousands of students may be addicted.

"This is an enormous social experiment," says Jeffrey Derevensky, who studies youth problem gambling at McGill University in Montreal. "We don't really know what's going to happen."

What is known is that the effects of an Internet gambling problem are usually more severe than other forms of gambling addictions, inviting emotional and financial ruin. "The students who've come in for help have been in bad shape, completely socially isolated and withdrawn and usually failing out of school or near failing," says Sara Dale, a clinical psychologist with the University of Washington's Counseling Center. The steadily mounting debt often leads to a feeling of black despair. Some gamble more, hoping to win their way out of debt. Others take even greater risks to recoup losses. An online gambling addiction drove one desperate undergraduate—the sophomore class president of Lehigh University—to rob a Pennsylvania bank. Another, a nineteen-year-old college student from Cleveland who stabbed himself in the chest before jumping from the ninth floor of a parking garage, saw suicide as the only escape.

But what makes online gambling stand out among addictions is how quickly it can flash from an occasional amusement to an all-consuming obsession and how easily it can go unnoticed. With Internet access a standard amenity on college campuses, every student with the right kind of credit card or bank account is just minutes away from twenty-four-hour high-stakes gambling. In the time it takes to download a song from the Internet, a college student can open an online poker account. Once online, the losses can amass rapidly.

"It's kind of scary how quickly you can lose money playing Internet poker," says Dan, a University of Oregon junior. "You put the money in and you don't even realize how much you've lost."

While alcohol and drug problems often announce themselves through DWIs, drug paraphernalia, and mood swings, the signs of a gambling problem are often less obvious. Problem gamblers tend to withdraw and remove themselves from social situations. In many cases, friends and family members don't see the behavior, much less realize a problem exists, leading some counselors and researchers to dub

problem gambling "the silent addiction." Public awareness is low and research scant, further compounding the problem. Many social scientists and counselors equate it to the state of drug and alcohol research from three decades ago. The nation's major colleges have been slow to acknowledge the problem. Two years ago, when Harvard researchers conducted the first national study of drinking- and gambling-related rulemaking on college campuses, they found that all surveyed schools had an alcohol-use policy, but only 22 percent had gambling guidelines. Even more unsettling,



most universities, including the University of Oregon, still have no special prevention or treatment programs in place to address gambling problems, much less Internet gambling problems.

"It's not even something we are specifically tracking," says Chris Esparza, senior staff therapist and outreach coordinator for the University's Counseling and Testing Center. "That's not to say it doesn't come up." When it does arise, the University's counselors often refer students to a private, off-campus treatment center.

The University of Missouri, Columbia, is one of the first universities to specifically address problem gambling. The university's initial efforts have aimed at increasing awareness as well as educating parents, staff members, and students so they can better recognize the telltale signs of a gambling problem. "We're trying to make this a front-burner issue and change the culture on campus," says Kim Dude, director of Missouri's Wellness Resource Center. "We have a long way to go."

Hindering Dude's efforts are the online casinos themselves, which aggressively target college students, offering

such incentives as a semester's tuition for tournament winners. Some advertise on sites aimed at college students such as CollegeHumor.com and Facebook.com. Some schools have even allowed these virtual casinos to establish a physical presence on campus by sponsoring live tournaments, and the sites have partnered with fraternities and sports teams in an effort to draw casual dorm-room players into the online games. Last year the College Poker Championship, an online tournament, drew more than 30,000 students from thousands of colleges around the world.



**T**HE LURES HOOKED MIKE, who, by the fall of his junior year, was playing Internet poker nearly every day, sitting at his computer some days for eight hours or more at a stretch, his blue gaze transfixed on the screen. School dropped down his list of priorities. To play well, Mike believed he needed to achieve a state of Zen-like concentration. If he closed his eyes for a moment, he could see the competition, not as Internet avatars, but as real-life gamblers seated across a casino table. When fraternity members pushed into his room to play video games, he would snap "Shut up! I can't concentrate." Despite his efforts, online success was elusive, a succession of encouraging wins followed by frustrating losses. Like most avid gamblers, Mike eagerly regales acquaintances with tales of his victories, but when the topic turns to failures he is evasive, often dismissing his losses with an "it's hard to remember," "I lost a little bit," or "it was no big deal." Over the two years,

Mike estimates he lost a couple hundred dollars. But gamblers minimize their losses, treatment counselors point out. Whatever a gambler claims he lost, you can bet he lost at least double that.

Late nights of virtual hold 'em took their toll on Mike: He was denied admission into the University's business school because of his grades. It was a humbling experience for the brash junior. Mike took stock of his life and realized how all-consuming Internet poker had become. So he deleted his Internet casino accounts and vowed never to play online poker again.

But temptation filled his head. Two months after Mike purged his Internet accounts he was feeling the urge. He opened up old accounts. I'm just going to put in \$25 and play some little tournaments for fun, he told himself. It doesn't matter if I win. No, it's better if I lose, he thought. I don't want to become addicted again. But the \$25 turned to \$40. Soon it was \$100. The cards were hitting. It seemed as if he couldn't lose. Thoughts of quitting were quickly discarded. In a few days he had built the small investment into a couple hundred dollars. Then he hit it big, placing second in a 200-person tournament and winning \$720. His account swelled to more than \$1,300, a fortune by his college-student standards.

He spent so much time in his room playing Internet poker that some of his fraternity brothers hectorated him. "You're addicted to gambling, Mike. Admit it."



**A** MEN, WHO GRADUATED FROM the University of Oregon in June, doesn't see Internet poker as an addiction, much less a threat. "It's not gambling if you don't lose," he says. For Amen, it's not about luck, it's about honing skill and strategy until losing becomes a manageable risk. The mantel above his fireplace contains a small library on Texas hold 'em strategy. The books are thick with poker formulas of calculus-like complexity. He studies the tomes for any edge and can recite the odds of most any hand from memory—20 percent chance of drawing the last card of a flush with two cards remaining to turn, for example, or a 7.5 percent chance of getting three of a kind

when you begin with a pair. Amen, unlike most college-age players, literally knows the stakes and can make decisions clearly based on statistics, not gut instinct. As an added advantage, Amen uses a computer program, which compiles statistics on the other players' tendencies—aggressiveness, betting patterns—which are as revealing as a subtle grimace or shifty eyes.

Amen logs upwards of thirty hours per week at the virtual casinos, mostly at night when the less-experienced and sleep-deprived players arrive. He structures his days around those peak winning hours as if he were working the third shift, sleeping from 4 A.M. to 11 A.M., then starting work at 10 P.M. His work isn't without occupational hazards. His wrists and hands ache from the incessant clicking. The pain is so crippling that some weeks he devours Advil just to play. When he finishes for the night, he logs his hours and his earnings (or losses) in a database. The graph of his yearly earnings, with its steep incline, peak, and then a short, but precipitous drop, followed by another steady climb looks like the profile of Everest. In spite of an early losing jag, he says that he's nearly \$100,000 in the black this year.

Amen's earnings have grown from a sporadic dribble to a steady stream. The pivot point on which Amen's fortunes turned was his meeting with the Obi-Wan Kenobi of Internet poker, Nick Grudzien. Amen had contacted dozens of other online poker professionals to solicit lessons, but Grudzien was the first to accept. Amen spent a few days last year with Grudzien at his home just north of Manhattan. The thirty-year-old former Wall Street trader, who earned \$3 million last year playing Internet poker, traded poker lessons for golf instruction from the former University of Oregon golfer.

Amen now preaches the gospel of Grudzien with the alacrity of a late-night infomercial: "Once I met Nick I started making big money. I went from thinking of making \$50,000 a year to thinking of making \$1 million a year."



**A**S AMEN SEES IT, THE ONLY thing that could stop him from making millions online is the U.S.

government. But Amen already has found a way around the new law. The new rule, however, abruptly ended Mike's ambitions. The U.S. Attorney's office froze his Internet gambling account in January. More than \$400 still lingers in his account, untouchable, and he has stopped playing for fear of losing more. Though Mike was frustrated by the new law, he says it was for the best. It helped him reorder his priorities. His grades are the best they've ever been and his friendships are flourishing.

But Mike admits that if he could find a way to play Internet poker for money again, he would.

On a recent spring afternoon, Mike sits down at his computer and seeks out the familiar online casinos, but just for a look. It's been two months since he last played and he's forgotten his password. It takes three tries before he guesses correctly. The bright green poker tables leap onto the screen. He watches wistfully. The more he sees, the more animated he becomes and the quicker the pace of his speech, increasing from the slow crawl of a Southern drawl to a racing New York staccato. He stops for a moment and stares with wide-eyed interest at the screen, lost in the action.

*Michael James Werner is an Oregon-based freelance writer and assistant editor of the online magazine Etude. He is a second-year master's student in the literary nonfiction program of the UO School of Journalism and Communication.*

## GLOSSARY

**All in:** a player bets all his or her remaining chips.

**Donk:** (short for donkey) chump, someone who makes stupid plays that cost him or her money.

**The nuts or the nut hand:** an unbeatable hand given the cards dealt to that point in the game.

**A bad beat:** when a great hand gets beat by a better hand that takes shape when the last card is turned.

**The rake:** the amount the online casino takes from the pot for every hand.

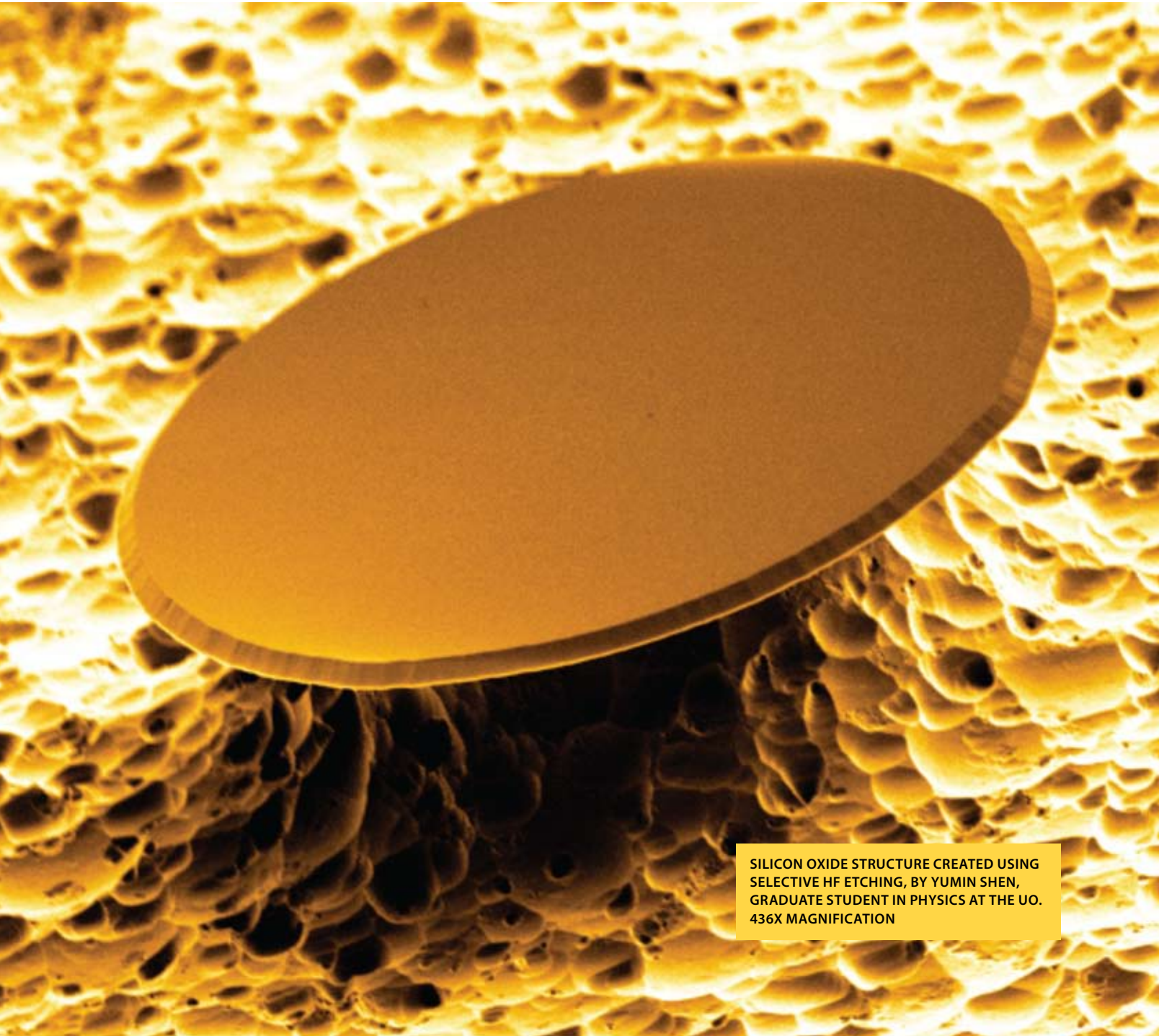
**A gut-shot straight:** a potential straight hand that is missing a card from the middle of the run. A player hopes to get that one card on the turn or river.

*(Thanks to the old Aster poker group for help with this glossary)*

# Atomic Masonry

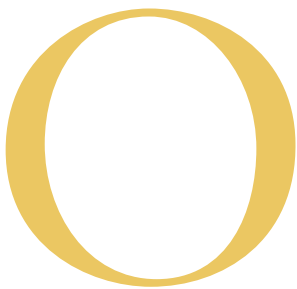
A UO SCIENTIST LEADS EFFORTS TO ENSURE THAT NANOTECHNOLOGY IS SAFE—  
SO THE ENORMOUS POTENTIAL OF THE EXTREMELY SMALL CAN BE FULFILLED.

BY JON PALFREMAN



SILICON OXIDE STRUCTURE CREATED USING  
SELECTIVE HF ETCHING, BY YUMIN SHEN,  
GRADUATE STUDENT IN PHYSICS AT THE UO.  
436X MAGNIFICATION





n his way to class last spring, Jim Hutchison pauses to gaze at a huge hole in the ground.

To most passersby on

the University of Oregon campus, this rain-filled pit is an eyesore surrounded by a chainlink fence. But to Hutchison, a chemistry professor, it's the foundation of what will be home to an exciting new field—nanotechnology, the science of the very, very small. When it officially opens in early 2008, the underground Lorry I. Lokey Laboratories (carved deep into the bedrock to isolate delicate instruments from the vibrations of passing vehicles) will establish solidly the University of Oregon as a leading center for this nascent science.

Nanotechnology's proponents say its promised breakthroughs will change the world: from ultraefficient photovoltaic cells that turn sunlight into electricity to carbon nanowires 100 times stronger than steel; from "quantum dots"—exotic light-emitting crystals used to detect and treat diseases—to wastewater technologies that extract toxic metals from groundwater. Nanotechnology products are already hitting the market.

But some environmental organizations, such as the international Erosion, Technology, and Concentration (ETC) group, claim that nanotechnology "poses enormous environmental and social risks and must not proceed—even in the laboratory—in the absence of broad societal understanding and assessment." Such environmental groups warn that these ultrasmall materials might escape into the environment or sneak into the human body with unknown consequences.

Although Hutchison does not share the views of ETC, he is also concerned about the effects of new technologies—and is doing something about it. He is well known in scientific circles for his pioneering work as a "green chemist," committed to enhancing product safety and promoting sustainable manufacturing practices. Back in his cluttered office in Onyx Bridge, the Luke Skywalkerish-looking Hutchison says he wants materials scientists to learn from chemistry's past mistakes and make this new science green. "Society has an incredible amount to gain from nanotech," he says. "If we do it right, almost every area of life will be affected." But if scientists fail to examine potential risks as well as benefits, says Hutchison, the new science may run into opposition that could thwart its enormous promise.

According to Hutchison, there's no time to waste in developing safe approaches. Nanotechnology is gigantic right now. The federal government is so convinced of its importance that it invests \$1.3 billion annually through its National Nanotechnology Initiative. The State of Oregon wants a piece of what some experts predict may be a trillion-dollar industry

by 2015. To further this goal, the state supports an academic-industrial consortium called the Oregon Nanoscience and Microtechnologies Institute—which includes the University of Oregon, Oregon State University, Portland State University, Pacific Northwest National Laboratory, and nanotech companies such as Invitrogen, an international corporation with a Eugene campus. To influence the safe development of this rapidly emerging field, Hutchison serves as director of the Safer Nanomaterials and Nanomanufacturing Initiative (SNNI). SNNI promotes green practices as the best way of producing high-quality new nanomaterials with "minimal harm to human health or the environment." Hutchison also helped organize a special conference on the safety of nanotechnology last March at Invitrogen, the nation's leading manufacturer of quantum dots.

At Invitrogen's high-tech campus in west Eugene, the assembled industrial and academic scientists buzzed with enthusiasm. About fifty people filled the modern lecture room as a series of speakers came to the podium to outline their vision of nanotech. Most of the conference speakers characterized nanotechnology as a transformative industrial revolution. It's hard not to agree. For most of history, humans engineered large structures such as roads and dams on a scale of meters and kilometers. In the last few centuries, instrument designers and watchmakers mastered the precision of building objects on a scale of millimeters. And, in the past few decades, microchip makers like Intel and Hynix learned to fabricate devices smaller than a micrometer—one millionth of a meter. But nanotechnology seeks to build even smaller—between one billionth and 100 billionths of a meter—opening up a new frontier where elements of chemistry, physics, biology, and engineering converge.

The prefix nano, derived from the Greek word for dwarf, means one billionth. How small is a nanometer? About a billion times smaller than the height of a child . . . or one million times shorter than an ant . . . or roughly 100,000 times smaller than a speck of dust or the period at the end of this sentence. Certainly, much too small to be seen. Here's what's truly profound. Until recently, only nature has known how to precision build on this scale. Now, scientists such as Hutchison are doing the same. As compared with traditional chemistry that combines bulk quantities of elements, shaking and baking them to produce a desired end product, nanochemists can build from the bottom up, precisely arranging atoms and molecules, hoping to control the fundamental properties of matter—such as color, electrical conductivity, melting point, and strength—without changing chemical composition.

During a coffee break, Hutchison grins enthusiastically as he tries to convey the bizarreness of the nanoworld. "Size changes everything," he says. "Take gold. Every high school student knows that gold is chemically one of the most inert substances . . . it never rusts, it maintains its luster." But, he continues, "a small gold nanoparticle, a few dozen atoms in size, is different; it's not only very chemically reactive, it also



SILVER NANOPARTICLES COATING SILICA SPHERES, BY MOLLY EMMONS, GRADUATE STUDENT IN CHEMISTRY AT THE UO. 7,550X MAGNIFICATION

changes color, from yellow to ruby red.”

This alchemy, scientists explain, results from a curious fact: small things have proportionately more “surface” and less “inside” than big things. And this can have striking consequences. Back in the 1920s, long before nanotechnology was conceived, the British scientist J. B. S. Haldane eloquently explained why size matters with a parable about a man, a mouse, and a fly emerging from a bath, each coated with a film of water. The man, who carries with him a film of water that weighs roughly a pound, hardly notices his surface load. The wet mouse, which has to carry about its own weight in water, must struggle. A wet fly, according to Haldane, “has to lift many times its own weight, and as everyone knows, a fly once wetted by water or any other liquid is in a very serious position indeed.” Likewise, a nanometer-sized particle of gold has proportionately an awful lot of surface for its tiny volume, and when other atoms and molecules stick to that surface weird and wonderful things can happen.

In a dynamic presentation, Rice University chemist Vicki Colvin told the conference the inspiring story of how her group used this principle to remove arsenic from ground water—a common and fiendishly difficult environmental problem to remediate. The scientists dropped nanosize iron particles into the contaminated water. As if by magic, the arsenic atoms stuck to the iron particles’ extensive surfaces. Then, using a small magnet, the scientists simply gathered up the clumps of iron and arsenic, leaving drinkable water. (Colvin’s approach to removing arsenic from water differs from that of UO assistant professor Darren Johnson, whose research aims to filter contaminated water through an organic “molecular claw” that grabs the arsenic metal atoms.)

At nanoscale dimensions the surface rules; the surface is *the* determinant of how an object behaves. And it turns out that nature has known for billions of years that surfaces are where the action is. Photosynthesis occurs in nanoscale stacks of disk-shaped, surface-rich

membranes studded with chlorophyll molecules that harvest light energy. In other words, nature captures solar energy through sophisticated nanoengineering of plant surfaces. So if nature can build small and exploit surface chemistry, scientists are saying “why not us?”

But as scientists learned at the conference, there’s ample reason for caution as well as hope (and hype). Animal experiments show that those same gold, iron, platinum, and silver nanoparticles going into products can be unintentionally inhaled or ingested, and may even penetrate the skin. Once inside they can, in principle, migrate to every organ, including the brain. Inorganic nanoparticles and the biomolecules we’re made of may interact in interesting and possibly harmful ways, perhaps inflaming tissues and damaging cells. And there’s this: Hutchison also says nanomaterials can easily escape into the environment; they are “very mobile and very hard to track in soil and groundwater.” Will they degrade safely or build up in the environment, leading to ecological damage? Currently, no one knows. Because of this, scientists like Hutchison are proceeding cautiously.

Such concerns are not just academic. According to the Project on Emerging Nanotechnologies, run by the Woodrow Wilson International Center for Scholars in Washington, D.C., nearly 400 nanotech products already exist on the market. Most are nanoversions of everyday consumer products, such as clear sunscreens, tennis balls that bounce longer, and stain-resistant slacks. Are these products safe? Probably, but no one knows for sure. Federal agencies such as the Environmental Protection Agency are still deciding how to regulate this new field. Hutchison hopes industry won’t wait for the EPA or for subsequent lawsuits. Rather, he argues, scientists should choose the path of green chemistry, which strives not only to build sustainable manufacturing practices that minimize waste but also to be proactive and avoid potential health and environ-

## Big Uses for the Very Small

Researchers see a vast range of significant and far-reaching applications for nanotechnology, from ever-smaller, faster, cheaper electronics—the tiniest features on commercial microchips are now just 65 nanometers across—to producing carbon-free energy by, for example, spray painting photovoltaic cells on buildings. Then there are quantum dots—ultrashall semiconductor crystals coated with biological molecules. Being small (a few hundred atoms across), they travel easily through the body, but because a laser pulse causes them to shine brilliantly, they can be used as probes to detect cancers.

There are textiles. Scientists have fabricated cotton fibers 1,000 times finer than human hair and applied nanoparticles of gold, silver, platinum, and palladium to control the textile's properties, for example its ability to repel water or trap odors. Since the nanoparticle's size determines the final color of the clothes (not the color of the metal itself), it means that for the first time engineers can fabricate variously colored materials without dyes.

Other medical applications are also in development. Silver has powerful antimicrobial properties, and it turns out that microbes don't develop resistance to it as



NICOLE GROSPÉ AND ANDREA CLARK ARE WEARING OLIVIA ONG'S DESIGNS FROM HER "GLITTERATI" COLLECTION. THEY ARE STUDENTS AT THE CORNELL COLLEGE OF HUMAN ECOLOGY'S DEPARTMENT OF FIBER SCIENCE AND APPAREL DESIGN.

they do to antibiotics. So Beaverton-based AcryMed manufactures silver-nanoparticle-impregnated wound dressings that can kill pathogens resistant to all known antibiotic drugs. AcryMed also coats surgical instruments with silver nanoparticles to help prevent bacterial infection.

With nanotechnology, it's possible to combine very different kinds of molecules to form utterly new composites with unique properties—for example, hybrids of rubbery polymers and rigid, clay-based ceramics, to produce, say, light, strong, shatter-proof, heat-resistant engine parts. But perhaps the most exciting frontier involves composites that combine living and nonliving molecules. Scientists are using one-atom-thin sheets of graphene (derived from graphite, the material in pencil lead) as scaffolding to repair injured bone—the sheet attracts stem cells, which then differentiate into bone cells. By contrast, some scientists, such as Cornell's Dan Luo, are using living DNA as a structural building material, exploiting its powers of self-assembly to engineer novel DNA shapes that can be used for delivering drugs to the body safely and efficiently.

—JP

mental problems. By building safeguards into its processes, green nanotechnology can pursue its potential benefits while carefully addressing most of the risks.

As Hutchison admits, proactive nanotoxicology presents a unique set of challenges. In traditional toxicology, where the dose makes the poison, scientists feed animals—usually rodents—measured amounts of chemicals and record adverse outcomes. But in the nanoworld, a material's toxicity may depend on its size and surface as well as its chemical composition. How then to identify dangerous nanoparticles before they're put in face creams and textiles? Hutchison's answer, as he told those at the meeting, is to assemble huge libraries of nanoparticles: some with different sizes and shapes and others for which the chemical cores stay the same, but the coatings (the surfaces) change. Hutchison has reported progress with two libraries of gold nanoparticles, one with cores having about 100 gold atoms the other with cores containing eleven gold atoms. Together with colleagues at Oregon and OSU, his lab staff is test-

ing each particle's toxicity on zebra fish embryos. These tiny vertebrates, first cloned at the UO, which develop from a single cell to a fully formed organism in days, are very sensitive to chemical insult. The hope is to identify potential toxins before they are incorporated into nanotechnology products or applications—and to identify safe particles for general use.

**A**

ll the morning speakers at the Invitrogen conference were chemists. But after lunch, UO psychology professor Paul Slovic gave a different, more sobering perspective on nanotechnology. Slovic, president of Eugene-based Decision Research, has spent forty years analyzing how lay people think about risks and benefits, from nuclear energy to genetically modified organisms (GMOs). Slovic addressed the question on everyone's minds—will nanotechnology become bogged down in controversy as work with GMOs has,

especially if a safety issue arises with, say, a nanocosmetic, or a nanodress? And he went on to report on a new web-based survey of 1,800 mostly U.S. participants on public attitudes toward nanotechnology carried out for the Cultural Cognition Project.

Slovic was not very optimistic that simply providing better information to the general public will make much difference in attitudes. Research has found that individuals "tend to draw different factual conclusions from the same information," depending on their values—that is, whether they are individualistic, hierarchic, egalitarian, or communitarian. In the survey, Slovic and colleagues reported that, despite being given the same accurate and balanced information, respondents characterized as individualists and hierarchists increased their acceptance of nanotechnology, while those labeled egalitarians and communitarians felt more negatively toward it.

On the other hand, he said, the notion of an open and proactive green approach to nanotechnology is a posi-



## New Science Complex to House Nanoscience and other Advanced Research Labs

The Lorry I. Lokey Integrative Science Complex is a two-phase project that will add approximately 130,000 gross square feet of urgently needed space and enhance the ability of UO researchers to explore some of the most promising frontiers of science. The UO's first new construction for the sciences since 1990, the complex will be located on the north side of campus, between Franklin Boulevard and East 13th Avenue, adjacent to the University's newest science buildings.

**Phase 1** (under construction):

### **Lorry I. Lokey Laboratories**

The research facility of approximately 30,000 gross square feet will be located underground (on bedrock) to reduce vibration, thus improving the quality of nanoscale science and other research requiring superprecise measurements. This signature research center is associated with the Oregon Nanoscience and Microtechnologies Institute.

**Phase 2** (in development):

### **Integrative Science Building**

Plans call for up to 100,000 gross square feet of space for training and research in the life sciences. To be located north of Deschutes Hall on an undeveloped site fronting Franklin Boulevard, the building will be designed to foster interaction and integration across many disciplines.

tive factor that might build and preserve trust—a crucial element in public acceptance of a new technology.

The American public still knows very little about nanotechnology. That same Cultural Cognition Project survey revealed that 80 percent of respondents hadn't previously heard of it. Slovic's message is that those interested in promoting nanotech "must attend not only to the content of the information but also to the framing of it." Slovic's research shows that hope can overcome fear. If a new field is framed in terms of its enormous potential benefits to cure, say, fatal diseases—the way genetic engineering and stem-cell research are framed—then the public is motivated to overcome its disquiet and eventually embrace the new, even if occasional safety problems arise. But, Slovic said, if the public sees a new technology as unnecessary (leading to a "flippant" product such as a nanocosmetic), then even a small safety incident can lead to mistrust and fear.

Later that evening, Hutchison stood before a microphone, addressing a public forum about nanotechnology at the University of Oregon where audience input was invited in an effort to gauge public perceptions. After hearing Hutchison and Colvin give less technical versions of their morning presentations and participating in a series of small group discussions, the audience voted on a motion: did they support or

oppose continued development of nanotechnology applications? A significant majority voted in support. At least for those people, the perceived potential benefits outweighed potential risk. Their hopes dominated their fears. But the situation is delicate, says Hutchison. Like Slovic, he believes that it won't take much for the public to turn against nanotechnology, inhibiting research and applications.

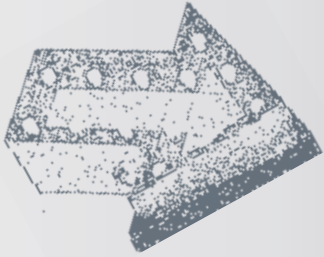
There's a lot at stake. In the same way that the Human Genome Project is transforming biomedical research, nanotechnology's quest to characterize and manipulate the building blocks of the universe may define twenty-first century materials science, affecting everything from buildings and automobiles to weapons and biomedical devices.

Last spring's hole in the ground is now filled with the promise of the Lorry I. Lokey Laboratories. A "science green" takes shape on the street-level landscape, a contemplative open space amid the burgeoning complex of UO science buildings. But preparations for powerful work are taking place below ground. To enable UO scientists to play a leading role in this race to the very small, the Lokey Laboratories will be stocked with state-of-the-art instruments designed to go as far into the nanoworld as it's possible to go. Its most powerful microscopes won't use light because light particles, photons, are simply too big to see objects smaller than 200 nanometers.

Scientists at the new center will view the nanoworld with electrons. Scanning electron microscopes can image objects as small as one nanometer and transmission electron microscopes—which blast electrons through thin sheets of matter—can, in theory, resolve objects one-tenth of a nanometer in size—the *width of a single atom*. Other instruments with exquisite sensitivity will allow UO scientists to manipulate atoms to build materials that have never existed before in nature—new materials that could change the world.

It's a vision that's both exciting and risky, but to Hutchison it's a vision we can't afford not to pursue. For this technology not only has the potential to transform how we live but also brings with it many green possibilities, from cleaning up the environment to reducing energy consumption. "I can't see any technological sector that wouldn't benefit from nanotechnology," says Hutchison. "Everybody wins . . . provided we do it right."

*Jon Palfreman is the KEZI Distinguished Professor of Broadcast Journalism at the University of Oregon. He has made more than forty documentaries for the BBC and PBS, including Emmy and Peabody award-winning shows. His science journalism has been honored with awards from the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the National Association of Science Writers.*



AFTER LOSING HER MOTHER TO ALZHEIMER'S, OREGON WRITER LAUREN KESSLER, M.S. '75, WENT ON A JOURNALISTIC QUEST TO BETTER UNDERSTAND THIS DISEASE THAT NOW AFFECTS MORE THAN FIVE MILLION AMERICANS. WORKING AS A MINIMUM-WAGE CAREGIVER AT AN ALZHEIMER'S FACILITY IN EUGENE, KESSLER WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR "TOILETING, CHANGING DIAPERS, EMPTYING COMMDES, SHOWERING, DRESSING AND UNDRRESSING, SERVING FOOD, HAND-FEEDING, DOING LAUNDRY, VACUUMING, DUSTING, DISINFECTING, TAKING OUT THE GARBAGE," AMONG OTHER THINGS FOR A RESIDENTIAL UNIT—OR "NEIGHBORHOOD"—OF UP TO FOURTEEN PEOPLE. IN HER MORE THAN FOUR MONTHS ON THE JOB, SHE LEARNED LIFE-CHANGING LESSONS ABOUT THE DISEASE. SHE DISCOVERED THAT PEOPLE ARE FAR MORE THAN THE SUM OF THEIR REMEMBERED PAST, AND THAT WHILE ALZHEIMER'S MAY ROB PEOPLE OF THEIR HISTORY, IT DOES NOT ROB OF THEM OF THEIR PERSONHOOD. KESSLER'S EXPERIENCES ARE THE SUBJECT OF HER ELEVENTH BOOK, *DANCING WITH ROSE: FINDING LIFE IN THE LAND OF ALZHEIMER'S* (VIKING, 2007), FROM WHICH THIS EXCERPT IS DRAWN. SHE DIRECTS THE GRADUATE PROGRAM IN LITERARY NONFICTION AT THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON.

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# Good day

## Alternate reality and Alzheimer's disease

BY LAUREN KESSLER

## The third time

this morning that Eloise asks about Barbara, I tell her a new lie. The old lie, that Barbara is at work and can't be reached right now, is not working. So I tell Eloise that I'm going to go out to the front desk and call Barbara. I walk out of the neighborhood and stand by the threshold of the door, just out of view. Then, as I count slowly to sixty, I think about what to do next.

"Okay," I tell Eloise when I come back in. "I just called Barbara." I watch her face change from tense to tranquil, like someone flipped a switch. She unhunches her bony shoulders. I hear her take a deep breath. "Barbara is out of town," I tell her. "But I talked to Tom."

"Oh yes, Tom," Eloise says. She remembers her son-in-law. This makes the call real for her.

"Tom says that Barbara is out of town at a conference," I tell Eloise, making it up as I go along. "She'll be gone for a few days but she promises to come see you the moment she gets home." Eloise understands that her daughter works, that she has a career. She knows about out-of-town conferences. She is satisfied with this explanation.

"You are so good to me," she says. I wonder.

But I don't have much time to ponder personal ethics this morning. Anxiety is in the air. I think sometimes that mood is contagious, that residents spread nervousness and unease among each other like sniffles. Whatever the etiology, Eloise is not the only one who's jittery today. Marianne, generally calm and composed, needs my attention. She is pacing the neighborhood, dressed in her usual professional woman clothes, carrying her handbag.

"Have you seen Frank?" she asks me. I don't remember who Frank is to Marianne, but that doesn't matter right now.

### "No, I'm afraid

I haven't seen him," I say. "But you know, I don't get out of this section of the building very much, Marianne." Section of the building. That's part of the code I use when I talk to Marianne. It allows us to talk about this place without using words that identify it for what it really is.

"Well," Marianne says. "I don't know what his schedule is, but I

assume we're dining together." I nod pleasantly. "When he arrives, please direct him to my office." Ten minutes later, she finds me folding laundry in the living area. "Have you seen Frank?" she asks. I say no. "I'll just check downstairs to see if he's arrived yet," she tells me. There is no downstairs here. Marianne is always so confident in her delusions, so articulate, so precise that it sometimes makes me doubt my own version of reality. Maybe there is a downstairs here. Maybe her room is her office. Maybe she does work here. Maybe Frank, whoever he is, is waiting to take her to lunch.

The noon meal has arrived by cart, and I start lifting the domed covers from the plastic dinner plates. Underneath, the food is, mysteriously, always room temperature, regardless of what it is and when it left the kitchen. As I distribute the plates, I try to persuade Marianne that she should sit down at the table with everyone else. Perhaps Frank meant that you were to meet after lunch, I suggest. Perhaps he wants to get together for coffee. She considers this.

"That may be so," she says. Her voice trails off. I can't help getting the feeling that Marianne is losing faith in this Frank scenario. If so, this calls my role into question. If Marianne, in a moment of clarity, has realized that Frank isn't coming to pick her up, if she has suddenly remembered that Frank in fact died a while ago (I checked Marianne's file before lunch: Frank was her husband, and he has been dead since the late '90s), then she might look at me and wonder: Who is this woman pretending that Frank may show up after lunch? I become the crazy one.

Marianne eats quickly. She has so much to do, she tells me. She has to get home and take care of things, she says. She wants to leave me a note with names on it, her "contacts." I find her a piece of paper. She walks off with it, returning a few minutes later to ask if Frank has called, if he's left a message. She's agitated, but not in that needy way Eloise is when she's agitated. Marianne is more like a harried executive with too much



Some days I lie so much  
that I forget my own lies.

on her plate and too little confidence in her subordinates, of which, I believe, she considers me one. I tell her there is no phone in here, but I will check at the main desk to see if any messages came in. It's exhausting playing along with these scenarios. Some days I lie so much that I forget my own lies.

The next day, Marianne is agitated again. The first thing she says when she sees me is that she is expecting a phone call. "I don't know from whom, and I don't know when," she says, which, I can see by the way she raises her eyebrow, sounds strange even to her. She wants to make sure the call comes through. She wants me to alert the front desk. I tell her that I will, which of course, I won't. A few minutes later, she tells me, as she did yesterday, that she has so many things to accomplish that she will need to go home.

"Do you need me around here tomorrow, or have you got things under control?" she asks. I tell her that whatever she needs to do tomorrow is just fine with me. "So my plans will work with your schedule?" she asks, making sure. It's clear to me how she is experiencing this moment: She is an administrator who will be away from the office for a day, and she's checking with an underling (me) to make sure the office will run smoothly in her absence. I guess we're back to the delusion in which Maplewood is some sort of workplace and not the delusion in which Maplewood is a corporate retreat for female execs. I wonder if there are other ways Marianne experiences this place and how I will keep up with all of them. I assure her again that I have tomorrow covered. Sometimes I am concerned that feeding her delusions may ultimately be harmful; other times I feel certain that, for Marianne, living in a fantasy world is a protection, a solace, and I cannot destroy that.

## These days I

think more and more about alternative realities, about the different worlds inhabited by the people I care for. I have long understood that reality is subjective, that, for example, the mother-child conversation I experience as well-meaning and inspirational can be to my teenage son invasive and embarrassing. But at least we both agree we were in the car together that afternoon, that it was raining hard, that a Green Day CD was playing, that we were mother and son on an errand. We experienced the moment differently, but not so differently, not Marianne-differently.

... The disease now  
does not define them.  
They are who they  
are and they have  
Alzheimer's.





When I allow myself to accept these other realities—Marianne’s I’m-an-administrator-here vision of her life, Hayes’s precise, narrow, mechanistic world—or when I myself create other realities—the ongoing fiction of phoning Eloise’s daughter Barbara—I begin to experience a paradigm shift. It is a shift away from disease, disability, and dementia, and toward “personhood,” a concept I read about in a groundbreaking British book called *Dementia Reconsidered*. Tom Kitwood, the geriatric psychologist who wrote the book in the late ’90s, believes simply, and powerfully, that “the person comes first,” that attention to personhood rather than pathology could, and should, revolutionize Alzheimer’s care. In fact, the book has had a major impact on Alzheimer’s care in Great Britain but not, it seems, in the United States. I think *Dementia Reconsidered* is quietly brilliant and as radical a treatise on disease as Susan Sontag’s far more famous—and far less readable—work. Kitwood’s idea helps me look at Marianne or Eloise or Hayes, or any of the others, as interesting people, not as—or at least not only as—victims of an illness. It’s not that I forget they have Alzheimer’s. It’s that, with the paradigm shifted, the disease now does not define them. They are who they are and they *have* Alzheimer’s.

This doesn’t seem like a lesson I—or anyone else—would still need to learn. The disability rights folks have been telling us this for decades: I am a person with a disability. I am not a disability. I am not Jane Jones, the paraplegic. I am Jane Jones, and my legs are paralyzed. It’s not a matter of politically correct speech. It’s not semantics. It is actually a different way of looking at people.

## The next

morning, delusional, cantankerous Frances M. is in a helping mood, which means I have to keep my eye on her all the time. When I disappear for a moment to take Pam into her room to use the commode, I return to find Frances M. wheeling Addie away from the breakfast table, only Addie is not ready to go. Her plate is full of food. She is grasping a triangle of toast in her hand. I smile, pat Frances M. on the back, and thank

## It’s not a matter of politically correct speech. It’s not semantics. It is actually a different way of looking at people.

her extravagantly—maintaining her good mood is a priority—and wheel Addie back to the table. I get a few bites of scrambled egg into her. While she chews, I walk Frances M. to her place at the table, pull back her chair with an exaggerated flourish and make encouraging remarks about eating breakfast. Then I go back to feeding Addie.

Seconds later, I see that Frances M. is up again and has now started to wheel Hayes away from his table. I stop what I’m doing and go over there. I tell Frances M. that Hayes needs to eat. I put a piece of toast in his hand.

“What do I do now?” he asks.

“You eat the toast,” I say, forgetting that Hayes needs more specific directions. He is motionless. Frances M. hovers, shifting her weight from foot to foot. I try again. “You take the toast and put it in your mouth, and you chew it,” I say. Then I take hold of the hand with the toast and guide it to his mouth. He doesn’t open his lips. I instruct him to open his mouth, then I push a corner of toast past his teeth. “Now chew,” I say. He chews. I go back to Addie.

When I look over my shoulder maybe a minute later, Frances M. is helping Hayes eat. She is feeding him his hot cereal with a fork. The Cream of Wheat is dribbling between the tines onto his clean blue sweater and making its way in sluggish white rivulets down his front to his khakis. My first thought is just how long it’s going to take to get Hayes back to his room, out of his wheelchair, into fresh clothes, back into his wheelchair, and out to the common area. I am about to rush over to shoo Frances M. away—I mean re-direct her, as we say in the biz—when I realize something else is

going on: Frances M. and Hayes are sitting together companionably and talking. The conversation goes like this:

Hayes: Help me. Are you helping me?

Frances M.: Oh yes. This is right. I’m ready now.

Hayes: My back is itchy. It is so itchy.

Frances M.: Deanne will be late for school. I have to do something.

Hayes: I’m Hayes. Hayes Bottoms. Everyone has a bottom.

It sounds crazy. It makes no sense if you pay attention to the words. But if you listen instead to the tone and the voice patterns, if you look at the body language, then it seems very much like a conversation. He asks. She answers. He comments. She comments. They take turns. They look at each other. Clearly they are connecting. I think about the notion of “excessive talkativity,” another phrase coined by Kitwood. We are so focused on words, he says, on the act of talking, that we have forgotten how to communicate without them. More than that, we think there is no communication without words—which, of course, means that we believe we can’t communicate with those who, in the later throes of Alzheimer’s, have lost most of their language. These sentences Hayes and Frances M. say to each other may not make sense as conversation, yet there is meaning here. Frances M. stops fidgeting for a moment. Hayes stops calling for help. They are getting something out of this moment. They are partners in an alternate reality.

## I go over

and give Frances M. a hug. She is not ordinarily very huggable. “You’re having such a good day today,” I tell her.

“I’m a human being today,” she says.





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# ALL'S FAIRE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN BAUGUESS

IT WAS A TIME FOR POLITICAL UPHEAVAL AND social change. And so, in September 1970, University students petitioned administrators for the right to block off Thirteenth Avenue—then fondly known as “People’s Street”—for a vendors’ market. Eventually the hard-won OK was handed down, and, in May 1972, a street fair was included as part of the junior class–sponsored Parents Weekend.

That premiere event was a sogfest. About thirty local artisans endured mud, hail, and sporadic downpours to present their wares. Handmade candles and pottery, clothing, jewelry, leather goods, and an assortment of tie-dyed items sparked the interest of weather-braving shoppers. Vendors spoke of slow sales, but parents and other fairgoers were favorably impressed with the quality and variety of the merchandise.

Fast-forward thirty-five years. For three days each spring and fall, a small city of tents and tarps erupts on Thirteenth Avenue between University and Kincaid, and up to eighty-five merchants—artists, craftsmen, non-profits (think Peace Corps), and food vendors—hawk an eclectic variety of local and international offerings. Rain or shine, business is brisk, with many vendors returning year after year.

The Street Faire is now a major fundraiser for the Associated Students of the University of Oregon. Each fair adds around \$15,000 to ASUO coffers, funds used to support a number of student programs and events. This past May, rain once again fell intermittently on the fair as photographer John Bauguess captured some of the festive sights. The autumn fair is scheduled for October 10–12.

—KATHERINE GRIES '05





## THEATER

## SMELL OF THE GREASEPAINT, ROAR OF THE CROWD

*Curtain set to rise on University  
Theatre upgrades, expansion*

**T**HE THIRD ACT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF Oregon's distinguished theater program opens fall 2008 with completion of the James F. Miller Theatre Complex. With dramatic flair, the University broke ground this spring on the \$7.8 million complex made possible through a \$1.5 million gift from the James F. and Marion L. Miller Foundation and matching funds from institutional, public, and private sources.

For 130 years, theater has played a significant role at the University of Oregon. In fact, it wasn't uncommon in the early days of theater for drama students to perform plays to help fund the struggling UO football team. In 1915, during construction of Johnson Hall, the campus administration building, the blueprints were altered to include a 200-seat theater—Guild Hall—on the main floor, reputed to be the first dedicated theater built on a college campus in the United States.

Still, Guild Hall wasn't without its challenges. There was no rehearsal room, and a steep, winding stairway from the Guild stage led down to two dark, windowless rooms that served as a green room and costume storage. When a set took up the entire stage, there was no crossover from one side to the other. Actors leaving stage right and entering a scene later stage left had to exit through a window, climb down a ladder, walk around the back of Johnson Hall, and come up the stairs through the pass door to enter the other side.

In the 1940s, the scene shop was located two blocks from the theater. A pot-bellied woodstove provided heat for drying the glue and paint used to construct the muslin and flax scenery frames. Because of gasoline rationing during the war, the scenery had to be hand carried to the theater, which often meant waiting for a break in the rain.

University Theatre director Horace Robinson, who joined the UO faculty in 1933, recognized the need for an improved facility. Despite a ban on constructing any new University buildings, he championed



John Bauguess

### TEMPORARY TIMEPIECE TOWERS OVER QUAD

At least for now, the Memorial Quadrangle between Knight Library and the Lillis Complex is home to a half-scale model of one of the most important timepieces in Western history. A group of scholars from architecture, physics, history, classics, astronomy, and the UO Libraries developed specifications for the ten-meter obelisk, or gnomon, based on the Solarium Augusti, the sundial set up in Rome by Augustus shortly after Julius Caesar's calendar reform. The shadow cast by the obelisk marks time by hour, day, month, and season. It also illustrates the rotation of the Earth on its axis and suggests how the Earth progresses in an elliptical orbit around the sun. Workers completed installation of the obelisk before the June 21 summer solstice. The model will remain in place at least through the December 22 winter solstice, allowing project organizers to track a full solar cycle and calibrate the "clock face" where the timekeeping shadow falls. The obelisk is a model of a proposed permanent structure that might be placed in one of several locations around campus should adequate private funds be raised for its completion.



Professor Emeritus Horace Robinson and four costumed thespians from the Department of Theater Arts all participated in the groundbreaking ceremony for the James F. Miller Theatre Complex. The facility, set to open in fall 2008, will upgrade and expand production and performance capabilities.

a clever though controversial proposal to categorize the new theater as a mere renovation of Villard Hall. The University's second act opened in 1949 with the 400-seat University Theatre—aptly renamed for Robinson following his retirement in 1975.

Although the Robinson Theatre was a huge improvement and has hosted more than 1,000 performances, fifty-eight years later the theater arts department has outgrown its backstage accommodations. The scene shop, located directly behind the Robinson stage, makes some rehearsals impossible due to the roar of earsplitting saws and power tools. A disorientating maze of doors, hallways, and stairs descend into Villard Hall's underbelly, the basement level where dye craft area, green room, and costume and scene shops compete for severely limited space. The pocket-sized dye room contains a washer and dryer, a dyeing vat, and a clothesline; a fan in the single window is the only source of ventilation. An adjacent room stacked from ceiling to floor with boxes doubles as a fitting room. "Everything is just stacked as high as it can be stacked," says John Schmor, associate professor of theater arts. "But we're good at using all available space."

## *The Places That Made Me a Painter*



*Outskirts of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, 1932, ink & watercolor, 14 x 20"*

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New theater design features a wall of windows.

When the curtain rises on the third act, however, the era of behind-the-scenes production in cramped quarters, unventilated rooms with low ceilings and clamorous steam pipes, sawdust, and performances that must struggle to overcome challenging lighting and acoustics will come to a close. The first major facilities expansion since 1949, the Miller Theatre Complex adds 18,205 square-feet of space and includes a new studio theater with sophisticated lighting and sound, a scene shop, a green room and costume shop, and a shared lobby connected to the Robinson Theatre. Using a contemporary “black box” design, the 150-seat studio theater will have no fixed stage or seating area, which allows it to be configured as needed for each individual performance. The theater will also feature a high-tech transparent tension grid. This tightly stretched grid of steel cables creates a taut “floor” high above the stage; technicians will be able to use it to access and safely adjust lighting and sound equipment. A major renovation to Robinson Theatre includes acoustical upgrades and raised stadium seating, which might eliminate a few seats, but will enhance the audience’s view of the stage.

University Planning associate Fred Tepfer, who has worked extensively on the project, says the new complex with its stunning “wall of windows” exterior should also make a big splash in the community. “It’s going to take us from being a ‘What’s that?’ to ‘Oh, wow! What’s that?’”

Likewise, first-year Ph.D. student James Engberg says there is a growing sense of excitement among the University’s theater arts students.

“I’m not sure how palpable it is right now, just because it still feels like a long way off, but there’s still sort of a general feeling that something good is coming.”

—SHARLEEN NELSON '06



  
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Photo courtesy of LERC

## LABOR EDUCATION

# LOVIN' LERC

*Three decades of helping labor in Oregon*

SOMETIMES YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT you've got until someone else shows you how to find it. The University of Oregon's Labor Education and Research Center (LERC) has been providing that guidance to thousands of Oregon workers since its founding in 1977, and as the center marks its thirtieth anniversary, evidence of its success can be found throughout the state's workforce.

"We love LERC," says Connie Ashbrook, founder and director of Oregon Tradeswoman, a Portland-based group that supports women in nontraditional occupations such as electrical work and carpentry. "I learned how to run an organization and have an impact on public policy from LERC. They gave me the skills and confidence to know I could get started."

Ditto for Sally Cumberworth, a oneshy homecare worker in Cave Junction. She enrolled in LERC courses after publicly funded homecare workers voted in 2001 to be represented by the Service Employees International Union (SEIU) Local 503. The courses Cumberworth took not only taught her how to be an effective union member, but also helped her feel less isolated.

"I can't describe how huge it is to feel you are a part of something," says Cumberworth, who now sits on the SEIU board of directors. "When you're a homecare worker, you don't have coworkers, you don't feel like a part of the community. Now when I go out I see people I know in the stores. And now I'm mentoring others to be leaders and encouraging them to go to LERC classes."

Whether from their modest quarters on the east edge of the University campus—an older three-story house with offices tucked into every imaginable nook—or from their Portland office, the LERC staff of eight faculty members and five administrators extends the center's research and training efforts to a host of union and job-related issues. For example, grant-supported LERC projects have taught construction workers, dental hygienists, and phone company employees how to minimize back and neck injuries. LERC staffer Barbara Byrd's research helped create more welcoming work environments for women apprentice electricians. Staffer Gordon Lafer testified before Congress on the right of workers to organize unions.

## NEWS IN BRIEF

### BATTER UP

The UO has reinstated baseball as one of its intercollegiate programs. Plans call for Oregon (the only school in the Pac-10 Conference without baseball since it was one of four sports eliminated for financial reasons following the 1980–81 season) to resume competition during the 2008–9 season. The University will also add the sport of varsity women's competitive cheer and discontinue its wrestling program following the 2007–8 season.

### BOFFO BACH FEST

The thirty-eighth Oregon Bach Festival wrapped up a successful 2007 season, having filled 31,000 seats at fifty events in seventeen days and injected nearly \$6 million indirectly into the Oregon economy. President Frohnmayer conferred upon outgoing OBF cofounder and executive director Royce Saltzman the official title of executive director emeritus.

### UNESCO IN EUGENE

Steven Shankman, director of the Oregon Humanities Center, has been awarded the UNESCO Chair in Transcultural Studies, Interreligious Dialogue, and Peace, a position designed to foster greater understanding of the world's religions and cultures, to encourage academic study of the roles they play in global conflict resolution, and ultimately to promote world peace.

### ECONOMIC IMPACT

An international assessment organization, Research Papers in Economics, ranks the UO economics department thirteenth among public U.S. universities and in the top 5 percent of economics research organizations in the world for its impact through working papers and journal articles.

### STUDENT AFFAIRS VP NAMED

Robin Holmes has been appointed vice president for student affairs. Holmes, a licensed clinical psychologist, has worked at Oregon for fifteen years, most recently as the interim dean of students and the director of the University Counseling and Testing Center.

### MUSEUM TURNS TWENTY

The UO's Museum of Natural and Cultural History recently celebrated twenty years of sharing its vision of Pacific Northwest culture from its headquarters on the eastern edge of campus (1680 East 15th Avenue).



## PROFILE

### JOSEPH FRACCHIA

THERE'S A REASON THE CLASSES OF Associate Professor Joseph Fracchia are standing room only. Fracchia's Visions of Freedom courses make history current and compelling for the undergraduates he teaches in the UO's Clark Honors College. Each of the courses, which Fracchia describes as "variations on a theme," examines the concept of freedom

through a specific lens, such as socialist worldview, the constraints of race and class, or utopian thinking.

It's all a bit heady for freshman students tackling these graduate-level concepts, but Fracchia believes in elevating his students to the level of the material, not the other way around. "Students get really excited talking about these kinds of issues," says Fracchia. "It's going to get discussion going, and that makes for a successful class."

Fracchia actively collaborates with his students, entrusting them with leading class discussion and posing questions to visiting experts. His teaching approach incorporates two key guidelines: "Respect the students by challenging them," and "translate the material into terms the students can understand, without diluting the content."

And his students seem to respond. "I am a psychology major, so taking history classes from Professor Fracchia meant that I was completely out of my element and comfort zone," says recent graduate Katie Spaventa '07. "He was challenging me because he knew that I could actually do it, and when someone has that kind of confidence in you it makes all the difference in the world."

Fracchia credits his students with keeping his job interesting, citing as an example a biology major who, on his own initiative, penned a thirty-seven-page essay replicating the style of a nineteenth-century novelist, when the assignment called for only eight pages in modern English.

"I never get bored," says Fracchia. "I never find it tedious to teach the same material. No two classes have the same students, so it is impossible to teach the same class twice."

**Name:** Joseph Fracchia

**Education:** B.A. '72 and Ph.D. '85 in history, U.C.–Davis; M.A. in history, U.C.–Santa Barbara, 1975

**Teaching experience:** More than twenty years at Oregon, teaching undergraduate and graduate courses in history and sociology.

**Awards:** Numerous, including the Ersted Award for Distinguished Teaching (1988), the Sherl K. Coleman and Margaret E. Guitteau Professorship in the Humanities (1992–93), and the Evelyn Nelson Wulf Professorship in the Humanities (1998–99). Most recently, the Thomas F. Herman Faculty Achievement Award for Distinguished Teaching (2007).

**Off campus:** Fracchia enjoys cooking Italian cuisine, as well as skiing and kayaking. Also, he reports, "I'm very good at doing nothing."

**Last word:** "Fifty percent of the responsibility for the class is mine as the teacher. The other fifty percent is yours as the student."

—AARON RAGAN-FORE

Each year, hundreds of union members attend LERC classes that address an array of issues, from how to handle workplace bullying to public speaking. Its collective bargaining institute has achieved statewide renown. Summer schools bring together groups such as organizers and labor-relations professionals to catch up on current developments, learn new strategies, and network.

"By no means are we an ivory tower crowd," says LERC staffer and University of Oregon associate professor Marcus Widenor.

Following World War II, unions increasingly looked to public universities to help educate workers about labor organizations and to research labor issues, says LERC director Bob Bussel. In Oregon, public sector unionism grew during the 1960s and acquired "a new sense of legitimacy" when, in 1973, the legislature passed a bill giving public employees the right to collective bargaining.

Four years later, the state legislature approved the establishment of LERC. During the center's first fifteen years, Oregon's economy withered, first under a national recession and then as a result of the collapse of the timber industry. Membership in manufacturing unions fell and the numbers of workers in service industries began to rise. The changing economy called on the center to broaden its focus from traditional union concerns, such as worker safety and negotiating skills, to look at issues such as future job markets, leadership development, and building support alliances with community organizations.

LERC has also helped usher in an era of less adversarial relationships between labor and management.

A former nurse's aide, Dave Raahahn now represents 4,500 union workers at Oregon Health & Sciences University as a staff member with the American Federation of State, County, and Municipal Employees. In 1999, Raahahn was in one of the first groups of workers to earn certificates through LERC's U-LEAD (Union Leadership Education and Development) program, a series of courses on becoming a leader both inside the union and in the community.

The program taught Raahahn how to be an effective communicator while sitting at the table with upper management. Without LERC trainings, he says, "I might have been so adversarial I wouldn't



have known how to get things done without yelling and pounding my fist on the table.”

The future promises continuing change as the state’s workforce becomes more ethnically diverse and more dispersed. The rise in the numbers of people who don’t fit into traditional categories—such as contract workers, day laborers, or people who have more than one employer—will challenge the flexibility of unions in how they provide representation, and to whom. Global influences will affect markets and jobs. To stay in the game, Oregon’s workforce will always need boots on the ground, hands on the wheel, and eyes on the horizon.

LERC fully intends to be there to nurture and link all the required parts, while continuing to help Oregon workers realize their untapped potential.

“I owe it all to LERC,” Raahahn says. “I would never have gotten this far if it wasn’t for those folks.”

—ALICE TALLMADGE, M.A. '87

## SALEM SUPPORTS EDUCATION

THE OREGON LEGISLATURE ADJOURNED in June having approved most of the University of Oregon’s funding priorities, including the largest capital construction budget in the University’s history and an estimated increase of more than 12 percent in the University’s operating budget. The higher-education budget received widespread support from citizens and editorial boards across the state.

A total of \$561 million was approved for capital construction, repair, and deferred maintenance for the Oregon University System in the 2007–9 biennium, an increase of almost 35 percent above the level set for the 2005–7 biennium. The legislature approved more than \$50 million in state funding for construction projects at the UO, easily breaking the 2005 record of \$26.6 million. This includes \$30 million in general obligation bonds for phase 2 of the Lorry I. Lokey Integrative Science Complex and \$2.5 million in general obligation bonds for Hayward Field improvements related to the 2008 U.S. Olympic Team Trials in track and field.

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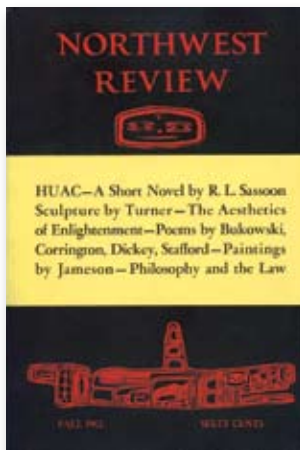


Tim Jordan

John Witte, editor of Northwest Review since 1979

## NORTHWEST REVIEW TURNS FIFTY

**F**OUNDED IN 1957, *NORTHWEST REVIEW* was the brainchild of a group of UO English and history professors who recognized the need for a Northwest-based, nationally circulated review appealing to the general reader. After fifty years, the magazine is among the oldest and most esteemed reviews in the country, and the recipient of every major award made to such publications. Work first published in *Northwest Review* has been honored with O. Henry and Pushcart prizes and been selected to appear in the *Best American Short Stories*, *Best American Essays*, and *Best American Poetry* anthologies. The *Review's* authors have gone on to win MacArthur grants, Guggenheim Fellowships, and Pulitzer Prizes. On the publication's pages, young, first-time authors and poets have rubbed shoulders with the likes of Joyce Carol Oates, Ted Hughes, Gary Snyder, and Ursula Le Guin.



Editor John Witte says the magazine receives approximately 4,000 submissions annually. The publication is edited largely by University alumni and graduate students, who have the option of earning academic credit for their work. Piles, sometimes mountains, of incoming submissions from around the world wait to be logged in and distributed to *Review* editors. A very small number of these stories and poems—no more than 2 percent—will find their way into the magazine. The rest receive gentle and respectful rejections. The magazine's small, cluttered office on the third floor of PLC is a primary destination on any literary tour of the Northwest. William Stafford, the late Oregon poet, described the phenomenon by saying, "*Northwest Review* is a publication to which the wise, and honest, and literate, may repair!"

*Oregon Quarterly* asked a number of

current and former staff members to write briefly about their experiences at *Northwest Review*.

### VALERIE J. BROOKS

Associate Fiction Editor, 1995–99

*It's always the voice.*



What's it like being an editor at the *Northwest Review*?

Go back to your childhood. Remember or imagine green fields, the search for one four-leaf clover. Hours. Days. Searching. Back bent over. False finds. Almost giving up. Then you find one.

Now you're an adult. You're carrying stacks of manuscripts home to read. Your back aches. So do your eyes. You read every one, from beginning to end. After months, when you've had enough of serial animal killers, beginning M.F.A. voices, or the constant flow of [Raymond] Carver knockoffs, you read one story and your heart beats fast. The voice. It's always the voice. Full of nuance and subtext, rolling with a love of language. This writer doesn't watch too much television. This writer reads the classics. This writer will fill your readers with their own thrill of discovery. You hold the manuscript to your chest, close your eyes, and, just for a moment, feel that childlike joy once again.

### THOMAS KLINGFORTH

Associate Fiction Editor, 1982–85

*Writing the rejection notes was the hardest part.*



As an editor of facts-only magazines with fever-dream titles such as *Liquid Chromatography*, I welcomed the opportunity to spend countless hours in the *Review's* dim office evaluating manuscripts

that reimagined reality, even if the chairs were uncomfortable and, outside, the roses bloomed and the stars realigned and impatient cats wanted feeding.

The process, if not the chairs, enhanced my appreciation for brevity. "This may be the most vile thing I've ever read," I wrote on one comment sheet, "but it is refreshingly brief. Highly recommended!"

Writing the rejection notes was the hardest part. Most of us were receiving our own curt notes of regret from various publications and, simpatico, we attempted to balance gentle encouragement and realistic expectation, to convey some small semblance of grace to our faceless supplicants.

After four years it finally became too much, as words only blurred the page and reality outpaced imagination. I left the *Review*, forsaking art for artifice. Today, I enjoy a comfortable chair, survey graceless narratives promoting tarnished gewgaws and melamine-tainted cat food: "Wipes clean with a damp cloth!" "Magically delicious!" "Apply directly to forehead!"

Vile turns of phrase, yes. But refreshingly brief.

**THOMAS L. LEONHARDT**

Editorial Intern, 2003; Associate Fiction Editor, 2003–present

*I was too frightened to write comments on the same sheet as the "real" editors.*



I was lured to the *Northwest Review* by a class seductively titled "Literary Editing." The short, cryptic entry in the course catalog had long enticed me with the romantic connotations of the term *editor*, the mysterious thrill of participating in, and even shaping, literature. The class inspired me to speak up, to have an opinion, and to convert the tacit knowledge I had absorbed reading stacks of short story collections into a single, pithy paragraph. An editor must formulate an opinion, defend it, and know when to concede for the greater good, or the deadline. This challenge was very appealing to me, and I thought I might be good at it. Being chosen as the magazine's intern, the next term gave me the opportunity to earn my way on to the staff. At first I was too frightened to write comments on the same sheet as the "real" editors. Somehow I survived and was offered a position on the staff. The real work was not as glamorous as I imagined: most of one's time is spent wading through an endless stream of well-intentioned, heart-rending mediocrity. The exceptional stories, the ones you want to read again and to share, these are the rare rewards, the payoff.

**JOHN ADDIAGO**

Associate Poetry Editor, 1976–79 and 1981–86; Poetry Editor, 1979–81.

*We should all try not to hate editors.*



My sister took a picture of me grinning madly during the Poetry Hoo-Hah cosponsored by Ken Kesey and *Northwest Review*. I think the magazine was supposed to grant academic legitimacy to an event the

University feared was silliness on hallucinogens. In the picture I have long hair and a hat resembling a leather pizza.

I could frame my years at NWR between Kesey's Hoo-Hah and Reagan's war on Nicaragua. Serious, passionate work about words, long arguments only we few cared about while huge political puppet heads wagged above us. Good work among good people. We each agonized over pieces loved but lost to group consensus. There were snide comments and sometimes hurt feelings. There were also treasures we put in print. As poetry editor I wrote thousands of what I considered gentle rejections, and I remember one guy

writing back, "I will try not to hate you." I remember another who lived in a tree near Dexter Reservoir.

Tell me writers aren't sensitive, nutty people. The *Review* helped me as a writer. Thank you, John Witte, for trusting my judgment and keeping the magazine thriving. We should all try not to hate editors. We're in this thing together.

**HANNAH JOY BONTRAGER**

Editorial Intern, 2007

*You learn to take passionate and sometimes surgical care.*



The *Northwest Review* seeps in—it seeps and then grows tenacious roots, and you know there's probably no going back to before it taught you to pay attention to your life.

You start out at eighteen, surprised and almost caught off guard when you read it for the first time; it is by turns extravagant and understated, dexterous and raw. The wisdom of its chosen voices rings true, even to your newly ripening self. You're hooked. It invites

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you to make connections, compels you to participate.

In college, you take ENG 412, Literary Editing. The class shadows the *NWR*—you learn by fabulous, electric immersion and via dialogue with voices on both the page and your team. You learn to take passionate and sometimes surgical care.

Most recently, you've stayed on as an intern editor. Here you are, proud and humbled, weighing in on a story's negotiation of momentum and tension, authenticity and originality, personality. You're learning to echo the bravery of the best writers: to trust and to articulate yourself with honesty and virtuosity. There's also the challenge of consensus, making choices as a team, sharing and listening with generosity.

**BECCA BARNISKIS**

Associate Poetry Editor, 1999–2001

*The process was maddening at times.*



*Question: How many editors does it take to publish a poem?*

*Answer: Every single one who shows up!*

I am not kidding. The editor at *Northwest Review*, John Witte, made all of us associate editors unanimously agree before he would publish any particular poem. The process was maddening at times. Exhilarating. Eye-opening. Those weekly editorial meetings wherein we had to make a case for a poem we thought was strong enough to publish were among the most rigorous learning experiences I had as a graduate student in the Creative Writing Program at the University of Oregon.

And that kind of careful—often spirited—collegial discourse continues to inform my work with arts educators today. My experience at the *Northwest Review* grounded my education in real work for real audiences. It provided me with a window into the way professional writers could and should speak to one another: What does it mean to work collaboratively? To listen deeply? To remain open to possibility? Or to defend a strongly held aesthetic judgment?

My fellow editors at the *NWR* taught me to be articulate and forthright about what I see and wonder about in a poem. Best of all, I learned that the joy of poetry is the joy of discovering what I don't yet know.

**CECELIA HAGEN**

Associate Poetry Editor, 1977–82;  
Associate Fiction Editor, 1983–84;  
Fiction Editor, 1984–92

*Editors need to be thunderstruck enough by the power of literature to be willing to do this work for free.*



One of the duties of an editor is to find other editors to be on the staff. Good editors need to be intelligent readers who can articulate what they like about a story in a concise, engaging way. They need to be

thick-skinned enough that, when others disagree, no umbrage is taken. Editors need the time and devotion to read the steady stream of submissions, and need to be thunderstruck enough by the power of literature to be willing to do this work for free.

When I remember my years at the *Review*, it's the staff I remember the most. The famous or excellent-but-obscure writers we said yes to were thrilling to find, but the day-to-day reward came from the chance to work with people who were skilled at figuring out how and why a story achieved its goal.

I remember the five or six of us sitting in those overstuffed chairs, manila envelopes splayed across the faded carpet in the middle of the room, arguing heatedly for or against whatever story we were considering. We took the work seriously, and we had wonderful fun doing it.

**FELECIA CATON GARCIA**

Associate Poetry Editor, 1997–98

*Who wouldn't want their poem to survive this process?*



Every writer has a magazine or two in which we are determined to see our work. It might be because the magazine is well known and reputable, because it has a vast circulation, or maybe because it's run

by the English professor who failed us in college. *NWR* has been that magazine for me, and *not* because of any grudge against John Witte. A lot of magazines say it, but the staff at *NWR* really doesn't care if or where you've studied, how many fancy publications you have, if you are prepared

to donate your fortune to the magazine, or whether they know you. At *NWR*, each piece is read carefully, and if it makes the first cut it is passionately discussed, critically engaged, picked apart and put back together with an unmitigated respect for the craft. If your work doesn't *move* the editors, doesn't hold up under pressure, if each and every one of them doesn't agree that it's one of the best they've seen, it won't go in. Who wouldn't want their poem to survive this process?

After leaving *NWR*, I submitted poems to the magazine each summer, and for six years running I would open the mailbox and find John's very nice letter saying, in essence, "sorry, not the best." I understood from the comments that not only was it not one of the better poems they were seeing, but there was a sneaking suspicion that I might have something better still to write. Then, last summer, John's letter said, "We love them," and I knew I was finally getting somewhere. I'd thought this would satisfy me for a while, but it turns out I'm just trying to get into those pages again.

**Valerie J. Brooks** has received fellowships to Hedgebrook writers colony, Villa Montalvo Arts Center, Soapstone, and Vermont Studio Center. Her novel-in-progress, *Finding Vincible*, earned the Monticello Award for Fiction and a grant from the Elizabeth George Foundation. Her short story "Dead Children" was published in *Scent of Cedars: Promising Writers of the Pacific Northwest*. She served on the board of directors for Oregon Writers Colony and helped coordinate the Mid-Valley Willamette Writers Speakers Series for seven years. She lives on the McKenzie River with her husband, Daniel Connors.

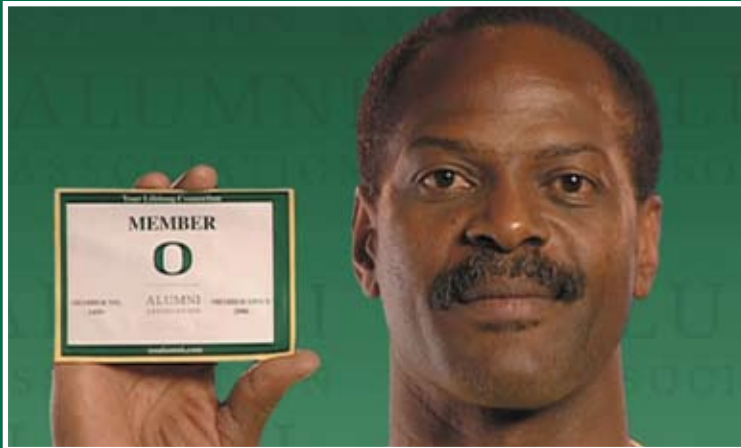
**Thomas Klingforth** '82 has published short stories in *Alchemy* and *The Anthology of Eugene Writers* and was a runner-up for the 1982 Katherine Anne Porter Prize in Short Fiction. He lives in Eugene with the love of his life and a clutter of cats.

**Thomas L. Leonhardt** '03 is working on a master's degree in library science at Emporia State University.

**John Addiagio** '75, M.F.A. '77, has published stories and poetry in various literary magazines, strives to publish novels, and lives in Corvallis with his wife, Ellen. His daughter Emily attends the UO.

**Hannah Bontrager** '07 is executive director of Ballet Fantastique, a nonprofit dance academy and chamber ensemble in Eugene. She has danced professionally with Colorado Ballet and as a soloist with Ballet Fantastique, and satisfies her literary bent

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as a part-time editor at Pacific Northwest Publishing. She graduated with degrees in English and dance.

**Becca Barniskis**, M.F.A. '01, lives and writes in Minnesota, where she works as a teaching artist, freelance writer, and consultant in arts education. Her poems have recently appeared or are forthcoming in *Prairie Schooner*, *Conduit*, *Blackbird*, and others.

**Cecelia Hagen**, M.F.A. '75, grew up in Norfolk, Virginia, and studied writing and dance at Connecticut College. Her poems have appeared in *Web del Sol*, *Caffeine Destiny*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Exquisite Corpse*, and other magazines and websites. Portland's 26 Books Press published her chapbook, *Fringe Living*, in 2000. She has received awards from the Association of Writers and Writing Programs and Oregon Literary Arts, and been chosen as the 2007 poet of the year by *Passager* magazine.

**Felecia Caton Garcia**, M.F.A. '98, is currently completing a Ph.D. in American studies at the University of New Mexico. In addition to publication in *NWR*, her work has appeared in *Blue Mesa Review*, *Indiana Review*, and was recently selected by Ted Kooser as part of the American Life in Poetry series.



1907 University of Oregon football team

Photo courtesy University of Oregon Libraries—University Archives

## KNIGHTS OF THE MEGAPHONE

*100 years ago football was a very different game.*

**A**RTHUR VAN DUSEN GATHERED HIS foot soldiers by the dormitory at seven o'clock on a cloudy October evening 100 years ago. Men in shiny low-cut shoes, high collars, and plaid suits mingled with others whose tastes were less informed by the menswear ads in the *Morning Register* and tilted toward the functional. They were tidy of course—in a few blocks they'd meet the coeds—but they wore boots. Of the 375 students enrolled at the University of Oregon that fall, about 250 of them had gathered. Many carried the little books of simple cream-colored paper bound by one metal stitch and printed with simple verse:

*Rush 'em, crush 'em—play like sin!  
Oregon, Oregon's got to win!  
Get some ginger, get some vim!  
Make a touchdown—die or win!*

Yell leader Van Dusen and his aides—his “knights of the megaphone”—limbered everyone's vocal cords with a few of the songs from the book, old standards whose sometimes clunky rewrites were overcome with an abundance of enthusiastic spirit.

*Oskey wow wow!  
Whiskey wee wee!  
Oley muckee-ei!  
Oley 'Varsity!\**  
*Oregonei-i!  
Wow!*

(\*The word *varsity* at this point had not entered the language. It's a shortening of *university* and in this era was usually written in this form.)

Carrying lanterns, they headed for the center of Eugene on Eleventh, the 'Varsity in the lead.

Oregonians have been crazy about football since it was first played on campus in 1893. In fact, the rabid devotion today's Ducks fans exhibit is compartmentalized in a way that our forbears never knew. A century ago, the sport and the University were held together by a shared ambition and enthusiasm—bordering on obligation—that seem hard to imagine today. Football at the turn of the twentieth century was at its most intimate, and reflected a university system and a nation that was coming to terms with its place in the modern world.

In 1907, more than thirty young men—about 10 percent of the Oregon

### ALUMNI EVENTS

#### SEPTEMBER

**8 Ann Arbor, Michigan**  
Michigan football  
Pregame party

#### 22 Northern California

Stanford football  
Pregame party

#### OCTOBER

**12-14 Eugene**  
Homecoming

#### 20 Seattle

UW football  
Pregame party

#### NOVEMBER

**15 Tucson**  
UA football  
Pregame party

#### 24 Southern California

UCLA football  
Pregame party

#### 30 Portland

Holiday Music Fest

student body—were members of the football team. They reported to Kincaid Field every day for afternoon practice, pulling on puffy canvas pants and thick sweaters with thin leather shoulder pads. A few of them wore leather headgear—not quite a helmet—that warded off some blows and kept their ears from tearing in close play. All wore high-topped leather boots with crude lugs on the bottom.

On this October evening before the first game of the 1907 season, as Van Dusen and his crew were gathering, team and fans alike were enthusiastic about their prospects against Pacific University from Forest Grove the next afternoon, but unsure about how the season would unfold. Nearly all of their starters from the year before had graduated, and today many were injured from practice and the scrimmages against Eugene High School. Players nursed deep bruises that they called “poops” and were waiting expectantly for an innovative new device that would reduce the amount of bone-on-bone contact that players suffered in practice—a tackling dummy. Unfortunately for the players, the manufacturer was late in delivering the dummy.

On a Wednesday morning at Villard Hall just two weeks before, President Campbell had spoken to the biggest gathering of Oregon students yet assembled at the beginning of the school year. He asked them to pitch in with spirit—emphasizing that energy and enthusiasm were what would shape the University of Oregon in the era of the automobile and airplane. The pioneer spirit was finding new avenues in industry, and the value of Oregon was greater than the wood and wool it supplied the rest of the country. The *Oregon Weekly*—the student paper—reported that the speech was well received.

Football had tracked this modern spirit closely and with it the evolution of the American university. Western schools had imported talent, techniques, equipment, and even a few fight songs from the established elite schools in the East. The increasingly competitive game had a make-it-up-as-you-go-along aspect that resulted at times in agonies far greater than defeat. Nineteen men had died playing football in the 1905 season, and college presidents across the country had responded with a clearly codified—and democratically agreed upon—set of rules. It may be hard to imagine the game today without thirty-minute halves, ten yards for a first down, and the forward pass, but these new rules set the tone for how

universities would manage athletics in the coming century. That meeting of presidents evolved into the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

Oregon rolled with the innovation. The team threw its first forward pass in the opening game of 1906, and though only one of the passes the Webfoots threw that day gained yardage, they beat an outmatched Astoria Athletic Club. Stanford and Berkeley, the football powerhouses of the West Coast, had dropped out of competition after the deadly 1905 season—deeming football too brutal for their students—so preeminence on the field was up for grabs. In 1907, the Oregon team had every opportunity to assert itself—if it could overcome Washington, Idaho, and that team from Corvallis.

By that October Friday, yell leader Van Dusen had gathered before his megaphone more people than ever for a pregame rally. The students started a steady cycle of cheers and songs as they paraded into downtown through streets lined with townspeople who added to the enthusiasm. The Eugene Military Band joined them and provided accompaniment, volume, and polish to many of the tunes. On Willamette Street, all 250 students “romped and hippy-ti-hopped” in the serpentine dance, the *Register* reported.

Now with townspeople and coeds in tow, the rally found its way to Kincaid Field and the grandstand next to Villard Hall, where the freshmen had built a huge bonfire. The songs and chants abated as the speakers—six of them—addressed the rollicking crowd. Last to speak was George Hug, coach at Eugene High School and letterman from Oregon the previous year.

Hug’s words are lost, but his presence is a reminder of how much has changed. Hug was the referee for the next day’s game, yet here he was urging his former team to fight on. After he concluded, the band struck up “Boola Boola”—Yale’s famous fight song adapted with Oregon lyrics—and the program ended, the crowd in high spirits.

The *Weekly* reported that Hug called a clean game the next day and that there was no protest from Pacific. Oregon routed the Congregationalists, 52–0, but ended the season with one loss, to that school from Corvallis.

*Forward, Oregon!*  
*Forward, Oregon!*  
*(Repeat.)*

—MARK BLAINE, M.S. '00



Photo courtesy University of Oregon Libraries—University Archives

*Phil McHugh crowns Lee Blaesing homecoming queen for 1956.*

**During homecoming week**

celebrations that have touched three centuries, Oregon students have shown their school spirit through a variety of imaginative activities, some a little weird, some a little wild. A noise parade, capable of drowning out a Chicago elevated train, once thundered down Thirteenth Avenue. Fierce tugs of war engaged hundreds, enormous bonfires raged amid cheering crowds, and a dog named Horse won election to the esteemed position of court chaperone. A kangaroo court roamed campus and enforced the week’s many traditions, meting out punishment to offenders. One year, Oregon State’s homecoming queen was kidnapped and photographed in an Oregon sweater. Another year, a group of about 100 Beaver men, in town to gloat about their previous day’s football win, were held hostage inside a downtown café while Ducks marched outside, demanding that the invaders be dunked in the Millrace before returning to Corvallis.

What’s in store for this year’s homecoming scheduled for October 12–14? Check [www.uoalumni.com](http://www.uoalumni.com) for details.

— JOSHUA BOLKAN

NEWS IN BRIEF

**LOOKING BACK ON BASEBALL**

With baseball coming back to campus in the 2008–9 season, we want to take a look back over some historic highlights. The game of bats, bunts, and box scores was, in 1877, the first intercollegiate sporting event played on campus. The UO produced two All-Americans (Earl Averill in 1951 and Dave Roberts in 1972), sent twenty-two players to the major leagues, and had twenty-five straight winning seasons under Don Kirsch and Mel Krause from 1952 to 1976.

**TRACK AND TRAFFIC**

The 2008 U.S. Olympic Track and Field Trials will take place at Oregon next summer, drawing crowds of fans, hundreds of sports journalists, and more than 1,000 athletes competing for the right to represent the United States at the Beijing Olympic Games. In preparation for the event, road crews are busily upgrading the streets surrounding Hayward Field. Look for improvements.

**RECOGNIZING ALUMNI**

The 2007 UO Alumni Association honored Krista Parent '84, M.S. '92, D.Ed. '04, as the Outstanding Young Alumnus; Margo Grant Walsh '60 as the Distinguished Alumnus; Jennifer Chiem '07 as the Paul Olum Award recipient; and Ed Bergeron, M.B.A. '78, with the Jeanne Johnson Alumni Service Award.

**ALUMNI CENTER**

Plans are progressing for the new on-campus home for UO alumni. The \$20 million facility, to be located at the corner of East 13th Avenue and Agate Street, has been officially named the Cheryl Ramberg Ford and Allyn Ford Alumni Center. In other naming news, the International Lounge and International Resource Center in the EMU has been renamed the Mills International Center.

**PLAYING FOR BLOOD**

It's time for the Ducks to end the Beavers undefeated reign in the Civil War Blood Drive! Give blood November 1–17 and help the UO whomp OSU in the off-the-field competition. To find out where you can donate throughout the state of Oregon, call (800) 448-3543 or visit [civilwarblooddrive.com](http://civilwarblooddrive.com).



Screen shot courtesy Eva Sylwester

*(Second) Life of the Party: Dressed in a green kilt, Tom Layton's avatar looks at statues of Victorians Charles Babbage and Ada Lovelace, commissioned for this virtual celebration of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's birthday. Another avatar, OregonQuarterly Writer, is the redhead in the foreground.*

**YOU ONLY GO AROUND . . . TWICE?**

*UO students and educators explore a brave new virtual world.*

CAMPUS RECRUITMENT MATERIALS SAY the University of Oregon is ninety minutes from the coast, but Michael Aronson's New Media and Digital Culture class met regularly in a beach house with a good view of an ocean during spring term 2006.

Well, their bodies were physically located in a Knight Library classroom, but their beach resort was in Second Life, an Internet simulation where people use customizable characters called avatars to navigate through a virtual world that looks in many ways like a video game. Second Life users build their world as they go along, so someone has made a Second Life rendition of just about every real-world feature imaginable, from rivers to Skee-Ball machines, although Second Life is not limited to things that exist in the real world.

While Second Life may have the appearance of a game, people take it seriously. News wire service Reuters has a full-time correspondent stationed there. As of June 2007, more than \$1.6 million changed hands every twenty-four hours

among the more than seven million participants in Second Life.

Normally, real money is required to rent or purchase land in Second Life. As in nonvirtual life, these arrangements vary based on the individuals and property involved—for instance, renting a trailer park space might cost less than \$1 per month, but a retail space might cost about \$28 a month. To encourage educational uses of the technology, Second Life developer Linden Lab gives instructors rent-free classroom space—a one-time only offer. Aronson, assistant professor of film and media studies in the English department, already got his free class in the beach house, so he has obtained a grant from the Oregon Humanities Center to pay for rent and other expenses in Second Life when he teaches New Media and Digital Culture again this fall. His plans for that course call for using the emerging virtual technology even more intensively; the class, he says, might include guest speakers in Second Life (who, of course, would appear as avatars).

To Jonathon Richter, research asso-



ciate in the UO's Center for Advanced Technology in Education (CATE), 3-D worlds like Second Life are simply the third phase in the evolution of the Internet. The first phase was static web pages, and the second phase was websites such as blogs and Wikipedia that can be edited by viewers.

Richter believes that referring to Second Life as a game is incorrect because Second Life is not structured with any defined goal. In this way, it's a lot like real life.

Some people develop goals once they get into Second Life, though. One example of such online inspiration is retired high school English teacher Tom Layton, who volunteers at CATE. When initially setting up his Second Life account, he gave all the usual information and was then asked to select a last name for his avatar from a menu. Noticing Doyle as one of the choices, Layton was reminded of his days teaching Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes stories. He christened his character Arthur Conan Doyle and was soon struck with the dream of recreating Doyle's British estate, Undershaw, in Second Life. Layton established a non-profit foundation to raise money for this purpose. His work-in-progress is located in an area of Second Life architecturally and culturally related to Victorian England. Other historical eras and places represented include ancient Rome, the Renaissance, and the Wild West.

Academia has its eye on these developments. Richter recently received a \$10,000 grant from the Northwest Academic Computing Consortium to catalog every object in Second Life that could be used for educational purposes—everything from overhead projectors to reproductions of historic mosques. At this point, he estimates, he'll find several thousand such objects.

While Richter doesn't foresee the disappearance of brick-and-mortar campuses any time soon, he can imagine a day when "some people will opt to do their educational experience entirely in these 3-D worlds."

Though one might access Second Life while sitting alone at a computer, the virtual world doesn't have to be a lonely place. I attended the birthday party Layton threw in Second Life for Conan Doyle one Saturday this past May, where numerous online friends of his showed up for fake food, fireworks, and boat races. While it was confusing to hear people

complimenting the party's refreshments—provided not because avatars get hungry, but because that's what people expect at parties—the Second Life interface is so human that, just like in middle school, I felt awkward for showing up in the wrong clothes. Everyone else was decked out in authentic Victorian garb while my avatar was woefully underdressed in a nondescript shirt and pants.

This issue of how the computer interface affects social interaction is a major topic of Aronson's class. When some students complained that Second Life was alienating—all that technology getting

*Richter believes that referring to Second Life as a game is incorrect because Second Life is not structured with any defined goal. In this way, it's a lot like real life.*

in the way of face-to-face communication—Aronson challenged them to consider how it compares to using an iPod or talking on a cell phone rather than interacting with people nearby.

"These are students who are highly networked," Aronson says. "This is one way to get them to step back and think about that critically."

In some ways, Richter says, Second Life mirrors real life too much, and he would like to see users express more imagination. One curious real-world holdover: it never rains in Second Life, but people still put roofs on their buildings. He admits that when he built a Second Life office for CATE he stuck to recreating a classic Oregon landscape, with log cabins, trees, and a stream with a bridge over it—and, yes, the cabin has a roof.

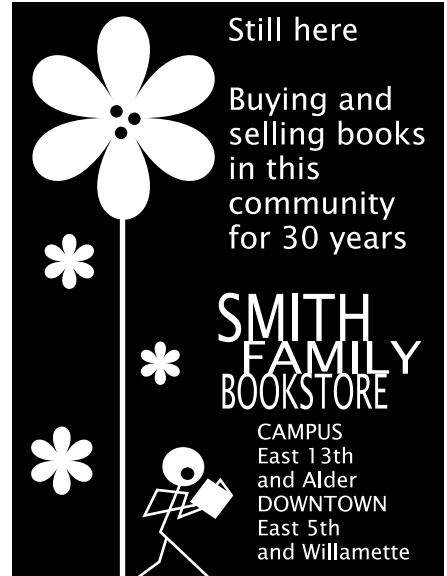
"I wanted to introduce this strange world to my friends and colleagues, so I filled it with things they would recognize," he says.

To see Second Life, go to [www.secondlife.com](http://www.secondlife.com) to set up an account and download the free software. Once in Second Life, CATE is accessible at Eduisland 156, 22, 22. Undershaw is accessible at Babbage Square 229, 119, 38.

— EVA SYLWESTER '07

**Address Changes.  
Class Notes.  
Letters to the Editor.**

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Francisco Geffard

*Michael Schapiro is working to make one part of the world a better place.*

## HOPE FOR HAITI

IN 2000, THE EUGENE-BASED JAZZ BAND Nectar Way broke up, leaving drummer Michael Schapiro '97 at a loss. "It felt like something was missing in my life when it ended," he says. Schapiro had studied philosophy at the University of Oregon because it "had a level of questioning the norm" that he'd grown up with, and it helped provide a foundation for his humanitarian interests. After working with school systems and a disabilities service in Eugene, Schapiro was ready to get involved in more work to help make the world a better place.

He signed up for the Peace Corps—knowing well that fluency in a new language and two years in a foreign country would open his eyes to a larger world. Leaving behind his "very liberal" lifestyle in Eugene—where he lived in a community household, volunteered at a co-op, took the bus to work everyday, and ate only organic food—he soon found himself on a plane to Haiti.

"Stepping off the plane onto that hot steamy runway, smelling the thick Haitian air, was unforgettable," Schapiro says. Haiti is the poorest country in the western hemisphere and faces extreme problems of deforestation, pollution, unemployment, inadequate education, and limited access to food and potable water. Schapiro describes the homes made of scrap wood with tin roofs, crowded together without clean water or electricity in Ferye, the village of 10,000 that would be his new home. For generations the villagers have cut down trees to use as charcoal, he explains, and now all that remains is low-lying brush and cacti with goats and cows roaming the land eating all remaining vegetation.

Determined to help revitalize the scarred desert-like landscape while at the same time providing much needed food for local impoverished villagers, Schapiro decided to grow food and trees. He created a permaculture plot, an area where locals

could participate in sustainable agriculture. Schapiro built a well, paid villagers to help him hoe the dry grass, fenced the area with barbed wire, built ten beehives, and planted vegetables and trees. "We probably planted between four hundred and six hundred trees," he says, using money from his own wages and U.S. Agency for International Development grants. Soon, the plot became a shady oasis in the middle of the barren countryside, yielding honey and beans to share with the community.

In a related project, Schapiro began teaching students in five schools throughout Ferye how to be more environmentally conscious. He developed a small nursery, planting dozens of citrus trees to give students an opportunity to learn firsthand about the importance of the environment.

Just as the permaculture plot was taking root and Schapiro's educational efforts were beginning to bear fruit, all Peace Corps projects were put on hold due to mounting political tensions in Haiti, resulting in yet another coup, one of thirty the country has seen in the past 200 years. "It's the pattern of Haiti," Schapiro explains. "Things become developed, and then political instability tumbles everything that was created."

In early 2003, just two months before the end of his two-year stint with the Peace Corps, the U.S. State Department issued an advisory for Americans to leave Haiti. "Gangs were forming; people were marching in the streets, and police were shooting and beating people," Schapiro says.

Schapiro returned to Oregon, but he remained determined to help his Haitian friends, even from thousands of miles away. Despite the constant state of crisis and ongoing threat of kidnappings, Schapiro and another former Peace Corps member and friend, Ryan McCrory, haven't stopped their work in Haiti, even without the structure of the international aid organization.

Establishing the nonprofit Haitian Sustainable Development Foundation (HSDF), the men work with a local aid agency to ensure that Haitian children are attending classes, and have the school uniforms and books to get the education they need. When the men aren't on their annual trips to Haiti, they're busily working in Oregon to gain funding in any way they can: giving presentations about their work, writing grants, and even selling art

they gather in Haiti. Each trip back to Ferye, Schapiro collects colorful landscape paintings by local street artists. He builds frames for them, and then displays his gallery, the Kreyol Collection, throughout Oregon. Each piece that sells means another Haitian child gets free education for a year. "Education is very important for the future of Haitians," Schapiro says. "Eighty percent of the population is unemployed." Poverty, corruption, and crime are recurring themes throughout the country, but Schapiro remains optimistic. "The world can change," he says, "and we can help."

—KAREN NAGY

## AID FROM OREGON

Crucial funding for the Haitian Sustainable Development Foundation comes from a group of Oregon students who were eager to help send Haitian children to school. After Schapiro gave a presentation about his work, disabled students in the special-needs department of Eugene's Sheldon High School brainstormed ways they could contribute to his foundation. The result: they created an annual large-scale garage sale. "This group of kids is often on the receiving end of what you could call charity, but they rarely get the opportunity to give back," says Sheldon teacher Dea Lisk '01, M.A. '06. Now in its third year, the benefit sale has proven to be a huge success, raising over \$3,150. They split the profits between the local Food for Lane County and HSDF's educational sponsorship project in Haiti. Twenty-seven Haitian students were able to attend school for the past two years due to the Oregon kids' effort.

—KN

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1950

**Jerry Beall** '55 has been named to the Western Petroleum Marketers Hall of Fame in honor of his fifty years serving the industry. Beall is chairman of Beall Corporation, a Portland-based tank and dump-trailer manufacturer. He and his wife **Beverly** '54 reside in Portland.

1960

**Joe M. Fischer** '60, M.F.A. '63, and his wife Alona made a contribution to the David McCosh Scholarship in Painting fund in the School of Architecture and Allied Arts.

Annoyed by the seemingly endless months of presidential campaigning, **Alaby Blivet** '63 considered tossing his hat in the ring as a last-minute, dark-horse underdog just weeks before November's election. When wife and potential running mate **Sara Lee Cake** '45 pointed out that the campaigning would not conclude until November 2008, a flabbergasted Blivet was heard to mutter, "The horror. The horror!" before retreating to his Blivet Junction, Utah, compound to brood.

**Robert "Bob" Bumstead** '63, M.A. '78, was awarded the President's Award for Excellence in Professional Education from Pacific University. Bumstead taught English in the Eugene public schools for thirty-three years and has been an assistant professor at Pacific University's College of Education since 1997.

1970

**Gene D. Block**, M.S. '72, Ph.D. '75, is the new chancellor of UCLA. Block joined the University of Virginia as an assistant professor in 1978, becoming a full professor in 1989. A widely respected biologist, his area of expertise is in the cellular physiology of biological clocks as well as aging. In 1991, Block was named founding director of the National Science Foundation's Center for Biological Timing, based at the University of Virginia. Two years later he was named the vice provost for research at the university, and in 2001 he was named vice president and provost. He is married with two children.

■ **John Lively** '74 joined Satre Associates, a Eugene consulting firm with specialties in planning, landscape architecture, and environmental services. Lively will work as chief operating officer, bringing his many years of experience in business management to oversee business operations and planning.

**Edward Fruson**, M.A. '77, worked as a superintendent of schools in northern Saskatchewan, Canada, until his retirement in 1995. He enjoys spending time at his cabin, traveling, and reading.

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

■ **Jeff Matthews** '77, J.D. '81, is currently serving as president of the Multnomah Foundation board.

**Janice Rubin** '77, M.S. '93, published her article "Career Development for People with Psychiatric Disabilities" in *Career Convergence* magazine in April. Rubin presented this article in July at the National Career Development Conference in Seattle. She has also recently published her poetry in *Herstory: The Launch Anthology of elizaPress Publications*. A resident of Eugene, Rubin works as a certified rehabilitation counselor, doing vocational rehabilitation counseling and consulting.

**Kelly Hagan**, J.D. '79, joined the board of the Multnomah Foundation this year.

**Robert "Bob" Hastings** '79 was promoted to the position of agency architect by Portland's metropolitan transit agency TriMet in June. Hastings has been managing architectural urban design with TriMet for the past seven years, and is now supervising all agency architectural design, land-use planning, and urban design efforts. He served as president of the Portland chapter of the American Institute of Architects from 1993 to 1994, and as president of the Oregon chapter from 1998 to 1999. Hastings is the current chair of the AIA Oregon's Design Conferences Committee.

1980

**Noel Boxer** '83 was named the National Democratic Institute for International Affairs' country director in the Democratic Republic of the Congo.

**Greg Smith** '83 launched his new nutritional beverage product, "Click," a mocha espresso energy drink, in June. Smith is president of Clickco, based in Fresno, California, a company that he and his wife Beth founded. The Smiths are also founders of GEMS Fitness for Women—an upscale fitness and weight-training club with three locations around Fresno and a 2007 winner of the Central Valley People's Choice Awards.

■ **Katha Cato**, M.F.A. '84, and her husband **Don**, M.L.A. '76, won an award for best feature film at an international film festival in Swansea, Wales. Their independent film, *Be My Oswald*, won best feature among 1,100 films entered. Katha plays the main character in this comedy. The film also won best drama at the fourth annual Queens International Film Festival and the Founder's Choice Award for best feature film at the New York International Independent Film and Video Festival. The Catos (profiled in the Spring 2007 issue of OQ) are currently traveling, promoting their film.

**Patrick Keough** '84 has been promoted to the rank of U.S. Army colonel and is on assignment in Tokyo, Japan. Recently, Keough was on combat deployment in Baghdad, Iraq.

**Yvonne (Gemmell) Keene** '86 is a senior consultant with Cliff Consulting of Oakland, California. Prior to this, Keene worked as an independent consultant for Ketera Technologies and Lonely Planet Publications. She also spent twelve years working at Accenture. Keene has two young sons.

**Leslie (Clason) Robinette** '87 has been promoted to coordinator of district communications in the North Clackamas School District. Her husband, **Dan Robinette** '88, M.Ed. '92, has been teaching physics in the same district for nineteen years. They have two sons.

1990

**Carol DeLancey** '90 left her oceanographic education career after thirteen years. She now lives in Portugal with her fiancé and stepson, where she is teaching Pilates and pursuing a writing career. A wedding in Canada is planned for 2008.

**Rick Henson** '92 recently earned a master's degree in public administration from Columbia University. A resident of Manhattan, Henson traveled this summer to Europe to remarry in Italy and to sail the Greek Islands.

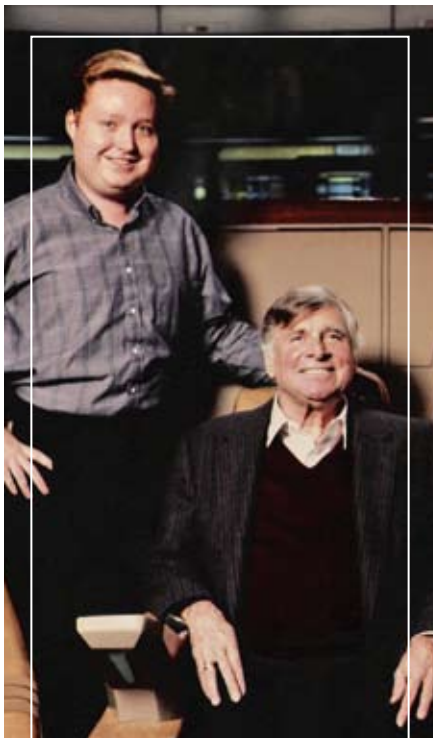
**Timothy J. Resch** '92 has been named a partner at the Portland law firm Samuels Yoelin Kantor Seymour & Spinrad. Resch earned his J.D. in 1998 from the law school at Lewis and Clark College. After graduation, he became an associate of the law firm, providing them counsel through 2000, and again from 2004 through the present. From 2000 to 2004, Resch worked as a legal officer with the Office of the Prosecutor at the United Nations International Criminal Tribunal for the former Yugoslavia in the Hague, the Netherlands. During this time, he traveled extensively throughout Bosnia, Croatia, and Serbia investigating serious violations of international humanitarian law.

**Jennifer (Smith) Jechart** '93 graduated from the University of Phoenix in July with a master of arts degree in elementary education. Jechart and her husband live outside of Pocatello, Idaho, with their four-year-old daughter.

**Lane DeNicola** '94 completed her Ph.D. in science and technology studies at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute in New York this June. This fall DeNicola begins working, supported by a Mellon grant, as a faculty fellow in the geography department's program in science, technology and society at Syracuse University.

**Christian Oelke** '94 has been named a partner in the law firm of Scarborough, McNeese, O'Brien & Kilkenny in Portland. Oelke works as a business, tax, and estate-planning attorney. He and his wife, **April (Porcelli) Oelke** '95, are avid gardeners with three young children—"all future Ducks of America."

**Andrew Mayer** '95, '96 was awarded the Seoul Metropolitan Government Honorary Citizenship Award on April 29. This award confers honorary citizenship upon international residents of Seoul in recognition of their contributions to the city and local community. The mayor of Seoul City presented this award to Mayer for his participation in city events, his comparative research of Seoul with other world cities, and his rescue of a Seoul citizen after a subway platform misfortune.



Eric A. Stillwell with *Star Trek* creator Gene Roddenberry

## CLASS NOTABLE

**Eric A. Stillwell** '85 recently joined the government and community relations staff at the University of Oregon. Prior to returning to campus, he spent twenty years in Hollywood working in the television and motion picture industry—most memorably as script coordinator on *Star Trek: The Next Generation* at Paramount Studios, where he worked across the hall from legendary *Star Trek* creator Gene Roddenberry. In 1989, Eric cowrote the classic time travel episode “Yesterday’s Enterprise,” which remains a fan favorite. In recent years, he was an associate producer on USA Network’s *The Dead Zone*, ABC Family Channel’s *Wildfire*, and the children’s television series *Nanna’s Cottage*. Eric is married to Debra J. Stillwell, a nursing supervisor at Willamette Valley Cancer Center in Eugene.

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## PROFILE

## GENIUS AMONG US

*Prodigy conducts Ph.D.-level work at UO before graduating high school*

**D**MITRY “MITKA” VAINTROB HAS THE perfect mind for math.

At age eleven he learned calculus during summer vacation without a textbook. In eighth grade, he enrolled in graduate-level math courses at the University of Oregon. And before he could vote, Mitka earned the equivalent of a Ph.D. in mathematics.

“I was doomed from the start,” Mitka says. The slope-shouldered eighteen-year-old with the crown of bubbly dark curls is the son of two academics: UO math associate professor Arkady Vaintrob and Julia Nemirovskaya, a UO adjunct assistant professor of Russian literature and culture. Making campus even more of a family affair, his uncle Alexander Polishchuk and aunt Maria Nemirovskaya also teach in the UO math department. His parents, who emigrated from Russia when Mitka was two, cultivated their son’s curiosity from the beginning, and even then it was startling.

His mother remembers bringing her toddler to a playground full of slides, jungle gyms, and clamoring potential playmates. Mitka surveyed the scene, scooped up a pebble, and asked, “What does this consist of?”

In school, Mitka struggled, not to keep up but to keep interested. He corrected his kindergarten teacher’s faulty mathematical logic. And she in turn labeled him an insolent, lazy dimwit. By the time his grade-school classmates were puzzling over long division, Mitka was grasping the idea of higher dimensional spaces—realms foreign to many college math majors.

After observing this precocious achievement, Mitka’s father helped his son further explore math in a series of tutorials. Without books or calculators, the two simply discussed principles and problems each morning at the breakfast table. Mitka seized the puzzles and pondered them late into the night, bringing solutions and follow-up questions to the next breakfast seminar.

These informal chats formed the core of Mitka’s math education—until he came to study in the UO math department at age thirteen. After meeting and talking math with the boy, Brad Shelton, head of the UO math department, offered him a spot in the upper-division honors calculus class.

There Mitka was among the University’s brightest undergraduate minds, and he wasn’t fazed in the least; in fact, honors calculus was, he says, “too easy.”

But life at the University was not without its challenges: “I was much more worried about finding my



*Dmitry “Mitka” Vaintrob*

way home by myself,” Mitka says in a lingering Russian accent. Like an absent-minded professor, he has never been adept with spatial directions and still regularly loses his way, even with detailed directions. Time management is his other weak spot. He uses four bedside alarm clocks, but is still habitually late.

After honor’s calculus, Mitka asked to be placed in a more advanced course. That meant graduating to graduate school.

“We’ve never had a middle-schooler take classes in our graduate program, but Mitka ended up being one of the top two in the class,” Shelton says.

Future biographers of this math prodigy will likely mark the launching point of his career as the summer of 2006. That’s when longtime family friend Pavel Etingof, a math professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology who appointed himself to be Mitka’s personal math mentor, called the seventeen-year-old to suggest a worthy problem, one no other mathematician had yet unraveled. It was within an emerging field related to string theory called string topology, an extremely advanced study of algebraic spaces. Mitka had been yearning for just such a challenge.

To Etingof’s surprise, Mitka solved it—in just four weeks. And he didn’t stop there. Mitka dove even deeper into the abstract minutiae of string topology, not only asking a question never posed before, but also discovering its answer. Inspired, like a poet wielding mathematical symbols, Mitka expressed his findings in a formula experts have described as “beautiful.”

Over the next nine months, Mitka entered his findings in three high school math contests (two national and one international) sponsored by technology titans Intel and Siemens. He competed brain to brain against nearly 5,000 of the best young math minds on the planet. His research won not only the praise of judges (one of whom called it “publishable, Ph.D.-level work”), but also three cash prizes totaling \$200,000.

Although Mitka only lacks a thesis and the qualifying exams to earn a doctorate, he is excited to begin another four years this fall at Harvard, where he will, of course, major in math.

“I enjoy math because it’s abstract yet completely logical, just not obvious,” he says. “When you put the pieces together—well, I guess it’s just beautiful.”

—KATIE CAMPBELL

**Jeremy Prickel '97** has been named a partner and shareholder at Jones & Roth, a CPA and business-consulting firm in Eugene. Prickel has worked with the company for more than ten years as a CPA as well as a certified medical practice executive. He and his wife Lindy have two young sons.

■ **Betsy Linden '99** became a commercial real estate appraiser in October 2006 with Modern Valuation Techniques in Oakland. She lives in San Francisco.

## 2000

**Neil Patrick Hallinan '00** earned a J.D. degree and a certificate of specialization in criminal law from Golden Gate University School of Law in June.

**Matt Partney '00** has been promoted to the writing staff of the hit CBS television series *CSI: Miami*. Partney has worked with the *CSI: Miami* producers for the past three seasons. Previously, he worked three seasons on the Warner Bros. television show *Angel* as an assistant to the producer, and one season on ABC's *Gideon's Crossing*. Partney received a regional Emmy scholarship award in 1999 for his work on a documentary shot for Oregon Public Broadcasting about Coos County pioneer Louis J. Simpson.

**Francie Picknell '00** left for Zambia in early July to work with the Society for Family Health (SFH) as a Crisis Corps volunteer with the Peace Corps. As an organizational development adviser, Picknell is assisting SFH with providing health services to low-income Zambian families. She previously served as a Peace Corps HIV/AIDS education volunteer in Swaziland from 2004 to 2006. Picknell earned her master's degree in public health from Tulane University in New Orleans in 2006.

**Susan Holmes, M.L.A. '06**, joined Satre Associates, a Eugene consulting firm specializing in planning, landscape architecture, and environmental services. Holmes enters Satre Associates' environmental services team with a background in environmental analysis and regulatory compliance. She will assist clients with environmental compliance at local, state, and federal levels, managing development opportunities within regulatory environmental parameters.

■ **Bryson Buck '07** joined Satre Associates, a Eugene consulting firm with specialties in planning, landscape architecture, and environmental services. He will work on the firm's administrative team, with a focus in financial management and business forecasting.

## In Memoriam

**Thelma "Bertha" (Rice) Miller '28** died in April at the age of 101. She was born in Kansas and moved to Eugene with her family in 1924. After graduating from the UO with a degree in English, she worked as a stenographer in Eugene before marrying Vernon Miller. The couple moved to Moro, where Thelma was involved with a number of ser-

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vice and church groups, including the Eastern Star and Daughters of the American Revolution. Miller lived in Sherman County until 1974 when she and her husband moved to The Dalles.

**Maxine (Hansen) Volstorff '42** died on May 11 at age eighty-six. She was born and raised in Portland, earning a degree in business administration at Oregon. During World War II, Volstorff worked as a flight attendant for United Airlines. In 1944, she married her high school sweetheart, Clifton, and worked to pay for his medical school tuition. They had five children. She and her family lived in the Santa Clara Valley in California. Volstorff was an income tax preparer with H&R Block for more than twenty-seven years, earning the distinction of enrolled agent.

**Whitson Cox '43, '48** died in April at age eighty-five. Cox, a member of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity, was a prominent architect and watercolor painter with works in public and private collections. In 1971, he became a consulting architect for California State University, Sacramento, and designed many campus buildings. He also served as past president of the West Coast Watercolor Society, judging competitions around the country. Cox was a chapter, state, and national director of the American Institute of Architects. He became an AIA fellow and also received the Distinguished Service Citation.

**Mary Frances Smith '43** died on May 10 at age eighty-five. Born in Seattle, Washington, Smith

was the only girl child in a family of five boys. During her youth, she traveled with her family and then settled in Portland. After graduation she went to work for a New York ship design firm planning liberty ships during World War II. Later, Smith relocated to San Francisco, California, where she worked as a stewardess on a Norwegian freighter, circling the globe twice. She then took up accounting, working for several small garment manufacturers before joining the CPA firm of Gordon Johnson. Smith was passionate about social activism her whole life, and helped to open up the Press Club of San Francisco to women.

**David P. Ashrow '44** died at age eighty-six on April 23 in Ojai, California, where he lived for the past thirty years. Originally from Portland, Ashrow was the youngest of three children born to Russian immigrants. He served the U.S. Navy from 1941 to 1945, working as a medic. After Oregon, Ashrow continued his education in San Francisco, California, where he earned his D.D.S. degree at the Col-

### 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.

lege of Physicians and Surgeons in 1949. In 1953, he moved his practice from Santa Maria to Ventura County, where he was considered a pioneer in the field of pediatric dentistry. Ashrow was president of the Santa Barbara-Ventura County Dental Society

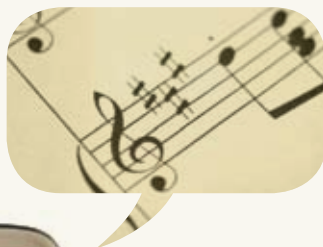


Julie Swinehart

## DUCKLING GETS A PISA THE ACTION

When four-and-a-half-year-old Samuel Swinehart heard that the family was headed for Pisa, he might have had visions of pepperoni dancing in his head. Instead, he and brother Rowland as well as mom and dad—Julie (Toupal) Swinehart, M.Ed. '99 and Joe Swinehart, M.Ed. '99—traveled to Italy. Upon returning to Prineville, the Swineharts remembered *Oregon Quarterly's* request to our readers to send in photos of family or friends in Duck regalia (hats, T-shirts, and such) in exotic or unusual locales. Other kinds of Duck-related shots also are welcomed—the more interesting or funny, the better. *Technical note: High-resolution digital images work best; low-resolution shots won't reproduce well in print.*

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and served as a dental consultant for the two counties' health departments. In 1976, Ashrow married actress June Allyson, and upon retirement in 1977 he took up a part-time career as an actor. He appeared in a number of made-for-television-movies and wrote and directed three commercials.

**Donald Linklater England** '45, M.D. '47, died in April at age eighty-three. England married Katherine Sutherland in 1946. He served in the army during the Korean War. After graduating from the UO medical school, he completed his internship in Pittsburgh and his residency in Baltimore. England worked as a primary-care physician for more than forty-five years.

**Fred Holmes** '53 died in June at the age of seventy-eight. He served the U.S. Navy as a yeoman in Kodiak, Alaska, from 1946 to 1949. At Oregon, he earned his degree in accounting and was a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity. Holmes was a partner in the CPA firm Moletore, Holmes & Preston Co. in Medford.

**Joan (Dundore) Sullivan** '54 died May 7 at age seventy-four after a seven-year battle with cancer. Sullivan was born in Portland. She was a member of Gamma Phi Beta sorority. In 1958, she married **Donn M. Sullivan** '55, whom she met at Oregon. They had three boys: **Donn Michael Sullivan Jr.** '85, **Brian Dundore Sullivan** '87, and Christopher Sean Sullivan. Joan Sullivan worked teaching high school at a number of schools in Portland,

specializing in English, Latin, French, and history. She was very active in her community, spending more than thirty-five years volunteering with the Oregon Historical Society. Sullivan also dedicated four decades of service to the Catholic Archdiocese of Portland and was a parishioner at St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.

**Ruth "Ruthie" Catherine Zenner** '57, a member of the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority, died in April. She had two daughters and lived in Portland.

**Ronald "Boyd" Devin** '59, M.S. '61, died on November 10 at age seventy-three. Born in Heppner, Devin was a drama professor for thirty-eight years in Oregon and Washington, teaching at the secondary and university levels. During his tenure at Eastern Washington University, Devin led four groups of students on USO tours in the Philippines, Korea, Europe, and Japan. He retired in 1996 and moved to Mesa, Arizona, where he became active with the Arizona Wing Commemorative Air Force and began traveling around the country as a flight engineer. Devin was married with two children.

**Rod Mills** '79 died in April after battling brain cancer. He was forty-nine. Mills was born in Germany on a U.S. military base. He grew up in San Jose, California, and moved to Beaverton at the age of fourteen. Mills graduated from Aloha High School, where he met his wife, Janice Hollister. He attended Oregon State University before graduating from the UO with a degree in political science.

Mills received a J.D. from UCLA and practiced construction law in Oregon and Washington for twenty-two years.

## Faculty In Memoriam

**Philip Dole**, architecture professor emeritus, died on November 13 at age eighty-five. Dole earned his undergraduate degree in architecture from Harvard in 1949, and his master's degree in architecture from Columbia University in 1953. He worked as an architect in Boston, New York City, and Oregon. Dole served on the UO faculty from 1956 to 1986, teaching architectural design studios and historic preservation courses. He also taught in London, Virginia, and California. Throughout his career as a historical architect, Dole documented and recorded hundreds of sites and buildings built in the Pacific Northwest between 1840 and 1930. He played an important role in establishing the statewide historic preservation program in 1966, and in 1976 he was appointed to the State Advisory Committee on Historic Preservation where he served for two terms as the historical architect. Dole also served as editor of the *Journal of Architectural Education* in 1969, establishing it as an independent quarterly of the American Association of Collegiate Schools of Architecture by the end of his tenure at Oregon. In 1970 he was the chief organizer and chair of the first statewide workshop on historic preservation. Dole is most acclaimed for his book, *The Picket Fence in Oregon: An American Vernacular Comes West*.

## DECADES

### Reports from previous Autumn issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly

**1927** English professor Miss Julie Burgess writes in *Old Oregon* of her recent travels to the eastern Mediterranean and encounters with "Arabs of Syria and Palestine," about whom she asks, "What can fate do to a man who wants next to nothing, who can wrap a goat's hair coat about him and lie down with a stone for a pillow . . . dreaming dreams of infinite beauty or holiness?"

**1937** Track-and-field star George Varoff, holder of the world's pole-vaulting record, returns from a tour of Europe and participation in numerous meets, though he was unable to match his 14 feet 6½ inch mark.

**1947** Plans for the thirtieth annual Homecoming are in high gear. Festivities will include a noise parade, a procession of floats judged by the volume of noise they produce.

**1957** Architecture students are producing plans for the houses of tomorrow—one of the most futuristic, a dome-shaped translucent structure built entirely from plastic, draws the attention of several national firms.

**1967** Starting salaries for June graduates have risen to

unprecedented levels according to a national survey, with salaries for humanities and social science grads jumping 7.7 percent to \$7,368 per year.

**1977** UO biologist George Carroll contributes to trailblazing work on lichen (*Lobaria oregana*), revealing that the organism converts soil-enriching nitrogen from a gas to a solid, which eventually falls to the floor of Douglas fir forests and is absorbed as nutrition by tree roots.

**1987** The University turns itself into a golf course—at least for Frisbee players. The recreation and intramurals office distributes hundreds of maps showing an eighteen-hole course (with, for example, lamp posts as holes). Par is sixty-five.

**1997** An *Oregon Quarterly* feature addresses the new and exponentially proliferating communications system called the Internet (known to familiars as the Net), posing the question, How will we respond to the brave new world of video chats, online commerce, e-mail, telecommuting, online education, and the darker stuff of Net-delivered pornography and propaganda?

# MOURNING EVIL

by Chris Cunningham and Pete Peterson

**W**E WERE UNCHARACTERISTICALLY quiet during the train ride from Berlin to Oranienburg on our last day in Germany. We had decided with some trepidation to visit the original buildings and grounds of Sachsenhausen, which Hitler considered the premier architectural model for the Third Reich's network of concentration camps.

Since the early '90s, Holocaust historians have amassed records and gathered narratives from Sachsenhausen survivors. Historical preservationists have meticulously excavated ruins, and preserved and renovated buildings. The complex is no Williamsburg, Fort Clatsop, or even Alcatraz, but a place that tells of unspeakable atrocities. Sachsenhausen serves as a reminder of the darkest side of humankind. Equally important, it's "a place of mourning and remembrance."

Under overcast skies and against a cutting wind, we entered the complex, walking the same route that commander Heinrich Himmler's SS troops had used seventy years ago to herd prisoners into the camp. Inside, guided by an audio tour, we walked from one numbered map site to another: a decrepit laundry building, a dreary prison kitchen, wall-less latrines—then, sites of randomly dumped ashes and the mass graves of 7,000 corpses.

We passed through a block of cells where the Gestapo tortured prisoners, an infirmary where SS doctors performed medical "experiments," a pathology building for after-execution autopsies, a trench where the SS murdered conscientious objectors and those who had resisted Hitler's policies. We gawked at remains of gassing chambers where Zyklon B (hydrogen cyanide) had poisoned thousands, and at the burned brick and twisted metal remnants of the crematoria—the ovens.

Even after hours of seeing the crass forensic evidence, it was a blow to our guts to view displays of artifacts, drawings, and photos, as well as to read prisoners' personal stories in Barracks 28 and 39. Hitler's National Socialists had jailed political opponents—Communists, Social Democrats, and trade union leaders—and then groups deemed socially or biologically inferior, including Jews, Gypsies, homosexuals, Jehovah's Witnesses, and the disabled. From 1936 to 1945, the Nazis incarcerated between 120,000 and 200,000 prisoners in Sachsenhausen. Of these, 26,000 to 30,000 died from hangings, firing squads, gassings, and the results of beatings, maltreatment, and starvation. During the war, the Third Reich also held Russian POWs at Sachsenhausen.

In 1945, with Soviet troops defeating the German army on the eastern front, SS authorities received orders to evacuate all concentration camps. At Sachsenhausen, the guards killed prisoners considered dangerous or unfit, and then forced the remainder—about 33,000—to ride in open rail cars, or walk, to northern Germany. The SS reasoned that the evacuation was necessary, in part, to prevent inmates from telling their stories to Allied and Soviet liberators. On this brutal winter



Chris Cunningham

"death march," many died of starvation and exhaustion—some just days before Soviet and American troops liberated the camps.

The gruesome history of Sachsenhausen doesn't end there. Between 1945 and 1950, the Soviet secret service used Sachsenhausen for its "Special Camp Number 7," where it held 60,000 German political prisoners. Museum records indicate that at least 12,000 died of malnutrition

and disease.

In 1993, four years after the Berlin Wall came apart, the newly unified German government established the Brandenburg Memorials Foundation to preserve the country's material artifacts and structures from the Nazi and Communist eras—such as those at Sachsenhausen—in order to create "a new opportunity for the fostering of a German commemoration culture."

Near the close of our long, painfully somber day, we came upon an inscription from political philosopher Hannah Arendt that clarified why German residents and tourists alike must visit such places.

"Without memory and the representation of memory in the tangible object (which in turn stimulates memory), the currency of living exchange, the spoken word and the thought, would disappear without a trace."

No doubt every country and culture is tempted to preserve favorable history but ignore—maybe even cover up—ugly facts. But as Arendt puts it, cultures must preserve evidence of evil, as painful as these realities may be.

Perhaps for that reason, the preservationists at Sachsenhausen view the museum as "a place of mourning and remembrance in a European context, while facing up to the tasks of a modern museum of history."

We Americans have erected monuments to honor heroes and great feats, as well as landmarks and exhibits that remind us of some of our inhumane or unjust acts. A Salem, Massachusetts, museum, for example, documents the 1692 witch trials and executions; "Trail of Tears" markers in the Southeastern states trace the 1838–39 forced relocation of Cherokees, Creek, Choctaws, Chickasaws, and Seminoles from their ancestral lands; and a memorial in Richmond, Virginia, acknowledges the centuries of Black American enslavement.

Last February, a group in Eugene erected a memorial garden at Willamette Street and Sixth Avenue. Not far from this location, in 1942, the U.S. government loaded Japanese Americans onto trains for transport to internment camps—another unjust, racist episode in our history.

Factual inscriptions, first-person accounts, and dramatic displays flat-out confront visitors with such painful facts. Hopefully, they also spur us to be accountable, to reflect—and to mourn.

*Chris Cunningham '76, M.S. '80, and her husband Pete Peterson, M.F.A. '68, M.S. '77, are freelance writers in Eugene.*

# Philanthropic Transformation



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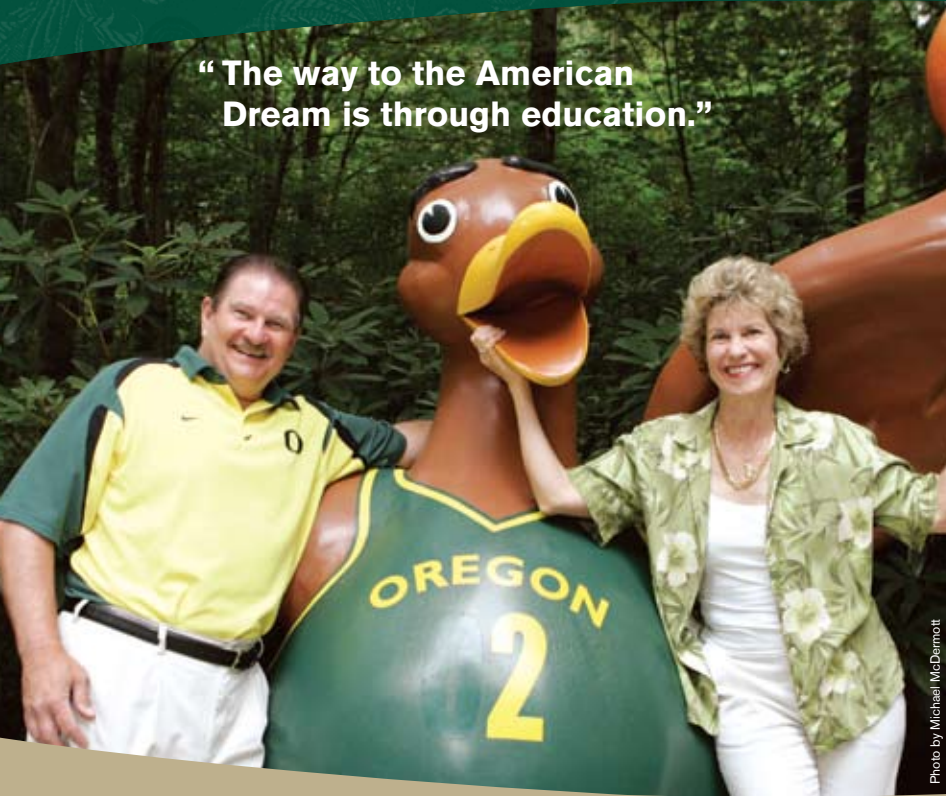


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Ray retired three years ago as Kaiser Permanente Northwest's vice president of medical operations. He says the only way he was able to go to college and “live the American Dream,” was because tuition was affordable in the late 1960s. He studied math at the UO and earned his degree in pharmacy from Oregon State.

“We feel very strongly that the best way to help the next generation live the American Dream is to make sure education is affordable and that the university can retain excellent professors,” he says.

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