The Magazine of the University of Oregon Summer 2009

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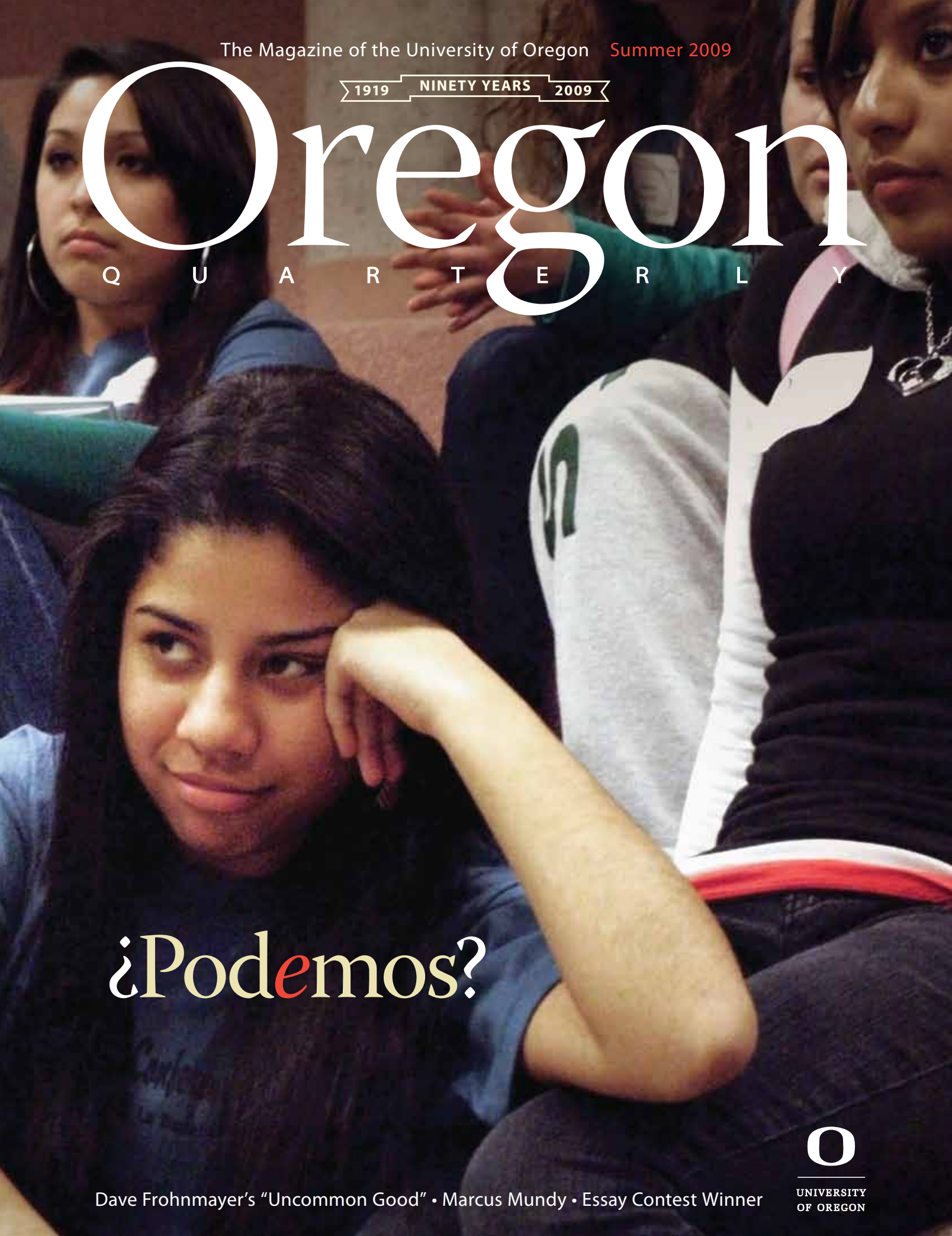
Oregon QUARTERLY



¿Podemos?

Dave Frohnmayer's "Uncommon Good" • Marcus Mundy • Essay Contest Winner

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COVER | *¿Podemos?* (can we) serve the growing number of Latino students? Image shows students attending a workshop on preparing for higher education during Raza Unida Youth, hosted at the University of Oregon this past spring. | Photo by John Bauguess

FROM TOP: IAN BRADSHAW / CREATIVE COMMONS BY JEFF WILCOX / JOHN BAUGUESS / TIM LABARGE

FEATURES

DEPARTMENTS

Oregon
QUARTERLY

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Editor'sNote | Guy Maynard, Editor

OR 150
SUSTAIN THE SPIRIT

Ninety and Counting

I was a contentedly employed editor on a trade magazine when I saw a want ad for the *Oregon Quarterly* editorship fourteen years ago. I hadn't updated my résumé in ten years because I wasn't looking for work. But . . . *Oregon Quarterly* was something special because of my love for and gratitude toward the University of Oregon, which had changed my life by accepting, nurturing, and challenging a former college dropout to the point where I graduated with honors beyond my wildest expectations. And *Oregon Quarterly* was special, too, because when the magazine landed in my mailbox every three months—with tidbits like an economic analysis from Ed Whitelaw, a profile of Ann Curry, or an essay on Northwest literature by Robin Cody—it rekindled that spark of curiosity and discovery that the UO had lit in me, strengthening and deepening the connection I felt toward the University.

For ninety years, the University has produced a magazine for its alumni. For its first seventy-five years, it was called *Old Oregon* (and despite our best efforts, many people still call it that). The magazine has changed in many ways besides it name over those years—check out a sampling of covers and top stories on page 52.

I have felt a keen sense of responsibility as the carrier of this legacy. Four of the past six editors have been mentors and friends to me (Ken Metzler '51, Barbara West '69, M.A. '74, Ph.D. '89, Alan Baas, M.A. '73, and Tom Hager, M.S. '81—the five of us account for close to fifty years of the magazine's history).

As much as the magazine has changed in its ninety years, at least since the Metzler era (which began in 1956), the magazine has been built around strong writing, compelling graphics—and editorial independence.

Editorial independence means that the magazine is edited for readers, not to serve the agenda of University administrators. There are other, better ways to communicate messages and talking points—and my colleagues here do that very well. A magazine tells stories that engage readers. A university magazine, a fellow editor once said, should be a gift to alumni that they are pleased to receive—not another way of asking them for something. If we do our jobs well, we develop and strengthen the relationship our readers feel toward the UO by showing, not telling (Journalism 101), the many ways this institution touches their lives and serves their communities.

Another one-time college dropout who eventually finished his degree at the UO, Jim Warsaw '06, though a lifelong Californian, was drawn to study at the UO because of what he described as the "Oregon spirit." As we mourn Jim's recent death, we celebrate his embodiment of that spirit. Jim was a savvy businessman, a bit of a rebel, and as kind as they come. His eyes sparkled with that Oregon spirit whenever you met him on his frequent visits to this campus that he loved. And he gave back to the UO—not only with the money that helped found the Warsaw Sports Marketing Center, but more profoundly with the way his spirit changed the lives of everyone who studied there, including my son, Corey, M.B.A. '01.

You'll find other faces and voices of the Oregon spirit in Marcus Mundy M.B.A. '07 (page 38), Harold Toliver '54 (page 28), Ana Maria Spagna '89 (page 56), Dave Frohnmayer (page 56), and Alice Tallmadge, M.A. '87 (page 32)—and throughout this issue.

Communicating that spirit—which cannot, thank goodness, be reduced to a paragraph or a catch phrase—is what this magazine is all about. For ninety years *Old Oregon* and *Oregon Quarterly* have told the rich and complex story of the University of Oregon, not in any single article or issue, but over time, through the mix of stories and people and ideas and images that fill these pages, have filled these pages since 1919, and will continue to fill pages into the foreseeable future.

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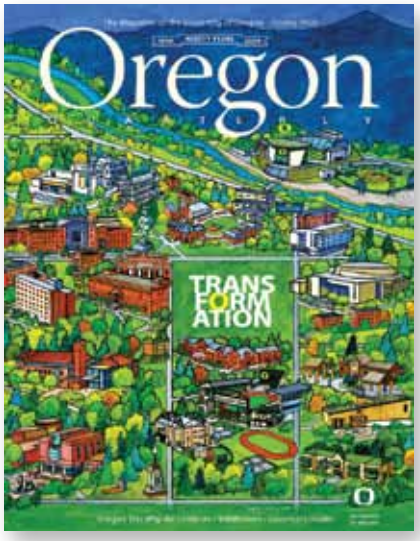

Raymond

A college buddy and I purchased the weekly newspaper in Canyonville, the *Canyon Creek Current,* in 1980. We eventually merged with a competing weekly in Myrtle Creek and created the *Umpqua Free Press.* I lived in Canyonville for five years—pre-casino, I tell people.

The highlight of producing the Canyonville paper each week was driving to Milo Academy, which served as regional publishing house for the Adventist church, and having our paper published on its press. During the two-hour wait, we would drive to the Tiller Tavern for lunch. We were exhausted (usually up all Tuesday night pasting up the paper) but happy. I also found my way to Tiller to cover stories, visit a girlfriend who worked at the ranger station, or run the twice-a-year Tiller to Milo ten-kilometer Scenic River Run. I never, ever tired of driving that stretch of Highway 227 between Canyonville and Tiller—it was always good tonic.

Thanks for sharing your essay about Tiller and Raymond Spore ["An Oregon Story," Editor's Note, Spring 2009].

Jeff Wright, M.S. '87
Eugene

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.

We didn't know Raymond Spore [Editor's Note], but his image, and many like him, springs to mind from our forty years in Oregon. He represented a "state" of mind of rural Oregon. How refreshing!

George '65 and Susan Corrigan '65
San Marcos, California

A note of appreciation for the Editor's Note in the Spring 2009 issue. The story is so remarkably like our own from back then. We were also a group of long-haired kids from Elsewhere who ended up on the banks of the South Umpqua, largely due to the efforts of one couple, Pete and Sharon. We purchased twenty-two wooded acres on the Umpqua about seven miles upriver from Days Creek.

We too had elderly neighbors who befriended us despite our appearances and clueless ways. Jim and Evelyn McKuen were probably in their sixties back then. Evelyn in particular was invaluable in teaching us how to maintain a viable garden despite the persistent deer and how to can and preserve what we grew. That first summer ('72) was the best: languid days skinny-dipping in the river, picking blackberries on the wild scrub island next to our land, and playing our guitars and fiddles. But after four months of country life, as much as we had enjoyed it, most of us reluctantly came to understand that we were urban-suburban creatures whose futures realistically would take shape elsewhere. So we moved back south to California, in my case to San Francisco with my girlfriend (and wife-to-be and one-time UO student), Kathy Patterson, who had shared the summer with me. Only Pete and Sharon remained committed to the dream and set down roots on the Umpqua.

They, too, eventually left the land, to move to Roseburg, where they remain to this day. For those of us who experienced "The Land" (as we will always think of it), it now exists only in our memories, but those memories are among the best of our lives. Thanks for reminding us how amazing those days were.

Curt Shaw
San Francisco

So much enjoyed "An Oregon Story," particularly because I met Raymond and had my initial Oregon experience there in Days Creek (1971) with my fellow Los Angeles escapee, Jim Heilman, whose younger brother, Robert Leo, appears on page 34 of *Oregon Quarterly* ["Why We Celebrate"]. Those were most memorable days filled with adventures and friends. Because of Jim, I had a place to stay and a mailing address which brought me an interview (successful) offer to teach in Camas Valley: my ticket out of LA! Later I received a master in education from the UO.

> "I never, ever tired of driving that stretch of Highway 227 between Canyonville and Tiller—it was always good tonic."

Both Raymond and Jim have recirculated themselves, but they remain with me. Thanks for the memories.

Wayne Powell, M.Ed. '83
Sisters

Mango Love

My husband, Steve Au '60, receives the *Oregon Quarterly*, which he shares with me, and I was very impressed by "Sweet and Sour Globalization" by Sona Pai [Upfront, Spring 2009].

I too love mangoes, and at our hillside home in Lanikai, Hawaii, I have planted seventeen varieties and boast several Indian varieties: Bennett Alphonse, Himayat, Alampur Baneshan—baby trees that are about two feet tall that arrived recently from India and were planted last month in my garden. It will take about three or four years before they fruit, but I have other varieties that have been planted since 1976 and I'm enjoying their sweet taste, some almost fiberless.

I, too, bend over the sink when I eat the seeds of our wonderful crops. Hawaii with its warm sunny days sometimes gets two seasons in a year.

If Pai is ever in our neck of the woods in the summer, I would love to share stories of mangoes and the taste and fruits with her.

I worked in Hong Kong for several years in the sixties and remember fondly one summer when a flight attendant from Lufthansa arrived with a basket of Indian mangoes for

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us, the ground staff. Those mangoes were huge, beautiful, and sweet.

This year will be great for mangoes unless we have a terrible wind storm. All over the state, the trees are flowering and mangoes are already available in the markets and home garden.

Irene Au
Lanikai, Hawaii

Alumni Center

Where in the drawing at the top of page 22 ["Briefs," Upfront, Spring 2009] is the new Ford Alumni Center? I walked by there last week, and I thought the center was being built in the triangle between 13th and Franklin, the old parking lot, not on top of the Hamilton Complex? Renderings on page 45 are more accurate. Thanks for great work in general.

Ray Honerlah, M.S '64, Ph.D. '68
Seattle

Editor's note: The drawing on page 22 is correct. The Ford Alumni Center will be at the corner of East 13th and Columbia, next to the Matthew Knight Arena and across the street from the Hamilton Complex. The construction in the triangle at East 13th and Franklin is for the new Jaqua Academic Learning Center.

Wrong Side

How disappointing it was to open the first issue of *Oregon Quarterly* since the historic elections in November and find an article featuring two Oregon grads who proudly stood on the wrong side of history. ["The Right Stuff," Old Oregon, Spring 2009].

Why not feature some of the hundreds (perhaps thousands) of Oregon graduates who worked (and continue to work) on reversing the terrible course in which Republicans have steered our country for the last eight years?

I understand and respect the need for diversity in all areas, politics especially, on a university campus. But should we be proud of graduates who, apparently, were among the architects of a failed campaign that ended up relying on the worst of politics—smears and lies?

Chad Sullivan '01
Portland

The Ungovernor

I disagree with William Pederson that Mary Lincoln was all that stood between Lincoln and the Oregon governorship in 1849 ["Oregon's Loss, Democracy's Gain," Old Oregon, Spring 2009]. Mary was not the only ambitious one in the family. As Lincoln's law partner, William Herndon, is often quoted as saying, "Lincoln's ambition was a little engine that knew no rest." In 1849 Lincoln was busy trying to pass out Whig patronage in Illinois through the new Whig president Taylor, and wasn't seeking office for himself until an adversary for the Illinois Land Office prompted Lincoln to seek that post. He was torpedoed by a Taylor cabinet member for that post, but Lincoln's voluminous correspondence in his *Collected Works* regarding this period shows no interest by him in Oregon.

David Herbert Donald concluded in *Lincoln* (1995) that Lincoln put the "blame" on Mary, but that he realized that Oregon was overwhelmingly Democratic at that time and would never elect a Whig upon statehood, a belief that later became fact. Moreover, Oregon was in the throes of the long hunt, capture, trial, and hanging of members of the Umatilla tribes following Whitman's fiasco of returning to Oregon against the advice of his church and Oregon pioneers. The overarching Whitman story could hardly have helped encourage a man to move his family from his established law practice and political base. Lincoln's choice not to move to Oregon was most probably due to Lincoln's reluctance to abandon his political base in Illinois. Contemporaneously in Oregon, there were few, if any, established communities outside of Oregon City. Indeed, at the time of the Whitman killings, Oregon wasn't formally a territory yet. Counsel for the Umatilla defendants raised jurisdictional challenges at the trial (after formal territoriality was rushed through Congress) about the applicability of U.S. laws. "Governor" Lincoln was never a serious possibility in Lincoln's mind, in my humble opinion.

Thanks for the excerpt from Daniel Pope's book ["Whoops!" Upfront, Spring 2009]. I took four classes from him and have fond memories of his help and friendship.

George Stevens '80
Los Angeles

Alaby

In the Spring 2009 issue, Chuck Chicks '56, '60 suggests that "everything attributed to Alaby Blivet '63 was actually done by a class-

mate of the same name" ["Mistaken Identity," Letters].

Sorry, Chuck; no cigar. It's a logical mistake, though. Alaby moves from interest to interest and place to place so fast that many people assume he's at least twins. Other people suggest Alaby doesn't exist at all. I've known the man for almost forty years. He does exist and is not a twin. Trust me.

I first met him in a cloud of tear gas and pepper spray swirling around protesters behind Johnson Hall on April 23, 1970. I was there as associate editor of *Old Oregon,* gathering info for an article. Alaby had driven to Eugene from his home in Blivet Junction, Utah, in order to take part in the protests. "Seemed like a good idea at the time," he said later.

(There's a photo of Alaby at that protest on page seven of the July-August 1970 issue of *Old Oregon.* His features aren't real clear, but trust me; it's him.)

Unexpected encounters like that first meeting characterize our four-decade friendship. My phone rings at 3:00 in the morning; it's Alaby calling from an archaeological dig in Afghanistan. Somebody taps me on the shoulder when I'm standing in line for a movie; it's Alaby and his wife, Sara Lee, dropping by on their way to somewhere (their sky-blue 727 is parked at the Redmond airport). My e-mail account chokes on a couple gigs of photos from Thailand; Alaby is there to touch up his meditation skills.

Alaby's alumni notes may read like fantasy, but they capture his essence. His life is a reminder that a fuzzy boundary exists between reality and legend; we risk missing the truth of one if we cease to believe in the other.

Stan Bettis '63
Redmond

Editor's note: Stan Bettis was editor of Old Oregon *in 1971–72, and associate editor for two years before that.*

White Stag

The Winter issue of *Oregon Quarterly* has several references and articles about the original White Stag building on Burnside in Portland. The mention of this building brought back many memories of my initial year employed by White Stag Manufacturing Company. After graduating from the UO in 1952 and getting my master's at New York University in 1953, I started a career in the apparel industry with White Stag (later Warnaco), which lasted forty-three years. I vividly remember the initial "sales training" year, beginning in the building warehouse and shipping basement, then moving up to the main floor, where all of the executive offices were located as well as sales showroom, accounting, design, and pattern making. On the floors above were the fabric storage, cutting room, and dozens of sewing machine operators. Of course, on top of the building was the now famous White Stag sign. This building was originally the Hirsch-Weiss facility and made canvas sails for ships and waterproof clothing for the outdoor lumber industry. Founder Max Hirsch's son, Harold, originated the White Stag label for apparel in this building, beginning with skiwear and later sportswear apparel.

It is certainly fitting that this original White Stag building has now been renovated for current UO functions.

Conrad Christensen '52
Vail, Colorado, and Scottsdale, Arizona

Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

Our Rivers, Our Selves

Oregon writer John Daniel observes that we all live in watersheds, and in this excerpt from his new book, The Far Corner: Northwestern Views on Land, Life, and Literature *(Counterpoint, 2009), he meditates on the implications of that relationship. Author of numerous books of poetry, essays, and memoir, Daniel has won the Pacific Northwest Booksellers Award, two Oregon Book Awards in Literary Nonfiction, a Pushcart Prize, and a fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts. A former Wallace Stegner Fellow at Stanford University and James Thurber Writer-in-Residence at Ohio State University, Daniel lives in the Coast Range foothills west of Eugene. He read from* The Far Corner *on campus in April.*

We engage a river at particular places—bends, holes, rapids, bars, falls. The nouns get vaguer when we try to identify longer parts—reaches, stretches—and become geometrically abstract when we divide a river according to political and economic concerns: sections, segments. Rivers will not hold still for sectioning or segmentation. They are creatures of length, of continuity. To address the health of rivers we must address them in their wholeness, and that means we must deal with ourselves. All of us live in watersheds.

Stream ecologists are working out an idea they call the river continuum concept, which suggests that all rivers, or most at least, share a common ecological gradient along their lengths. From the rills and streamlets of origin to the broad river near its mouth, there is evidence that predictable changes in life communities occur. Shaded headwaters regions, structured by stones and fallen wood, host a guild of invertebrates known as shredders, who begin to break down the crucial leaf- and needle-fall that fuels the stream's organic economy. Small particles of that matter are filtered from the current far downstream, in the river's middle reaches, by a guild of collectors. The wider channel receives more sunlight in these reaches, producing more organic matter from within. Periphyton grows more abundantly, supporting a guild of grazers, and various plants take root in sediments the milder-sloped river deposits. Lower still, where the accomplished river travels its floodplain, its ecology grades into further changes only poorly understood, that zone of the continuum having been less studied and usually more disturbed by human activity.

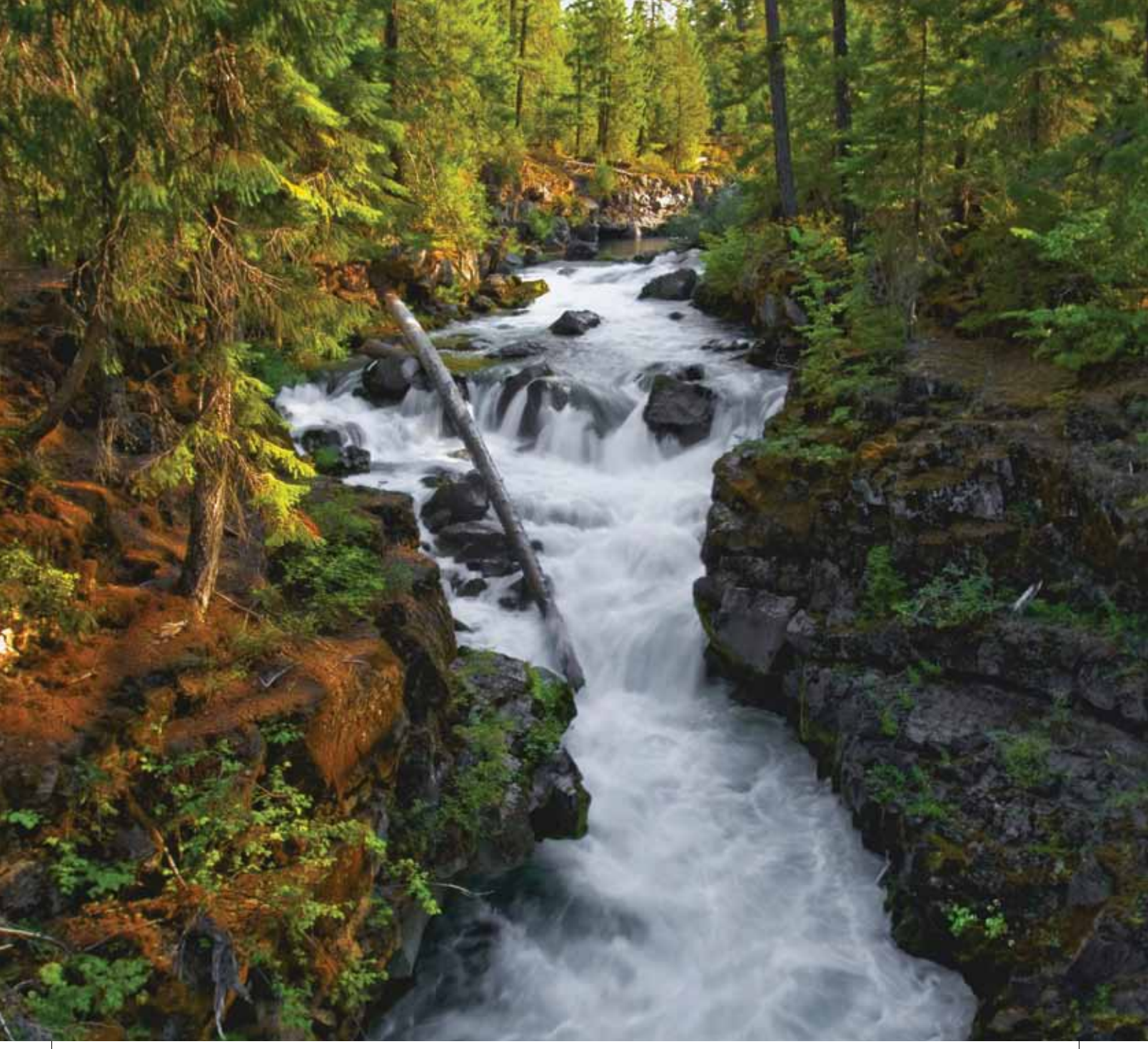
To address the health of rivers we must address them in their wholeness, and that means we must deal with ourselves.

The science of stream ecology is still young, and the river continuum concept is one of its newest hypotheses. It needs testing, refinement, elaboration, but its essential premise makes sense: Rivers have something like a common genotype, a graded biological form associated with their graded fluvial form from source to mouth. The lives and systems of lives you find at a particular river place are not arbitrary; they are flourishing where they belong in the organism that is the river.

And where do we humans belong? How do we belong, and how should we belong? It is not arbitrary that we live as closely associated with rivers as we do. As far back as ancient Egypt and Babylonia, and farther still, our cultures have been built on the floodplains of rivers, on the ruins of continents slowly on their way to the sea. In the modern world our relationship with rivers extends from the high dendritic branchings of their drainages down along each meander and valley to the rich mixed waters of their estuaries.

For better or worse, we are members of the river continuum. So far, it has been better for us, worse for the rivers and their other members. For that, there is plenty of blame to go around. All of us have taken rivers for granted. All of us have participated in their exploitation. The light I'm writing by, the paper I'm writing on, the studs and rafters in the house around me, the food on my table—these and much more have come to me at some cost to rivers, including, no doubt, rivers I regularly notice and admire without thinking about how my way of life might burden them.

None of us, though, not one of us, ever set out deliberately to harm a river, and neither did those who came before.



Natural Bridge Park on the Rogue River

CREATIVE COMMONS PHOTO BY S. LARSEN

We set out only to live our lives and make our livings, and, despite all we have done to them, we love our rivers. In the Northwest we are never far from the lilt and swirl of living water. Whether to fish or swim or paddle, or only to stand and gaze, to glance as we cross a bridge, all of us are drawn to rivers, all of us happily submit to their spell. We need their familiar mystery. We need their fluent lives intermingling with our own.

The National Wild and Scenic Rivers System, and other protective mantles, are expressions of our love. They constitute a first, halting recognition of the vulnerability of rivers and our thoughtless excesses that do them harm. In those unwieldy categories of law—wild, scenic, recreational—we are groping toward right relationship, a way of being that acknowledges our legitimate uses and sets careful limits on them. We are groping toward responsible membership in the river continuum, and we must find our way further. We have learned to cherish wild rivers; those fountains of natural joy must always run free.

We fail those rivers, though, if we continue to fail their lower reaches, the valleys where we work and live, the rivers of home. The river above and the river below are nothing different. The river is always one, and we fail it if we fail to rejoin its segments, to expand its corridor, to appreciate the entirety of its length and breadth and complexity. We will save our rivers only if we follow flowing water's mysterious way of fingering into land and learn the nature of its belonging, so that the continuum might flow on with us as part of it.

Energy 101

President Obama's $787 billion economic stimulus plan includes more than $80 billion to start the construction of a new, national clean energy infrastructure. Sounds like a lot of money. But what does $80 billion really mean in the context of a twenty-first century American energy system? UO physics professor Gregory Bothun recently addressed the subject in a piece—condensed below—cowritten with Jesse Jenkins titled "Economic Stimulus, Clean Energy, and the Scale of Our Challenge: Grading the Stimulus Energy Investments," which appeared in The Huffington Post *and on the website WattHead: Energy News and Commentary.*

Welcome to Energy Literacy 101.

Let's begin by considering four big numbers: 100 million, 1 trillion, 400 million, and 1 billion.

• **100 million.** That's about how many households there are in the United States, each consuming an average of over one thousand watts (one kilowatt) of electricity to run our plasma TVs, charge our iPods, and keep our fridges humming away. Put another way, the total energy-related spending in this stimulus bill amounts to just about $800 per household.

• **1 trillion watts, or 1 terawatt (TW)**, is the total maximum electrical output of the more than 17,000 power plants operating in the United States. About half of that, or roughly 450 billion watts (450 gigawatts) of electrical power is continuously produced by these power plants. That's roughly 1.5 thousand watts (1.5 kilowatts) of electrical power for every person in the country, enough to constantly power fifteen standard light bulbs for every American. However, plenty of the electricity we generate is lost as we transport and distribute it across our aging electrical transmission infrastructure—in fact, our grid wastes 60 million kilowatts of power, equivalent to the output of thirty giant dams the size of the Columbia River's Bonneville Dam. That's enough wasted electricity to meet the combined electrical needs of California, Oregon, and Washington state.

• **400 million** gallons of gasoline are consumed daily in the United States. Daily! That's more than a gallon for every American man, women, and child.

• And here's where we get to **1 billion**: at $2.50 per gallon, Americans are spending $1 billion every single day on gasoline. $80 billion is only enough to buy less than a three month's supply of gasoline for American consumers.

CREATIVE COMMONS PHOTO BY MOZAZ WALLIS

It's easy to see that the $80 billion, two-year investment in the stimulus package is only a first step. A critical first step, no doubt, but a relatively small step all the same. A significantly larger and sustained effort is required to transition the nation's massive energy system to a new, clean energy economy—a fact President Obama and the American public cannot afford to forget.

With this sense of scale as our backdrop, we can now turn our eye to some of the individual components of the $80-plus-billion in energy sector stimulus investments and assign grades to each investment.

We begin with the good grades:

A+: The stimulus provides a much-needed, long-term extension of the critical production tax credit that has spurred the booming wind industry, and extends tax credits for wind, solar, and other renewable energy sources for two years. In the past, these incentives have been implemented one year at a time and allowed to lapse for as much as a year or more at the end of each period, throwing these industries into crippling boom-bust cycles.

A: Approximately $5 billion has been set aside for energy-efficiency retrofits for low-income housing, sufficient to retrofit 1 million low-income homes each year for the next two years. Still, with 20 million to 30 million households in America eligible for weatherization assistance, this is just the beginning of this smart investment.

A: Approximately $11 billion has been set aside to improve the energy efficiency of federal buildings and to provide local governments with block grants for efficiency retrofits. Relatively simple upgrades such as changing out lighting, installing proper insulation and windows, and putting in

programmable thermostats can generally achieve significant energy savings. If the money is spent wisely, we estimate that approximately 250,000 buildings could reduce their energy footprint by about 20 percent—saving energy and taxpayer money.

A-: Another $4.5 billion is dedicated to modernizing the electrical grid with up to $11 billion more devoted to implementing "smart grid" demonstrations throughout the U.S. Upgrading and expanding our transmission system and installing new smart-grid technologies, including "smart appliances" in homes and businesses, would increase the efficiency of the grid and enable grid operators to make smart, real-time decisions about how to generate, store, and consume electricity—an essential step if we are to modernize our failing electrical grid and incorporate the widespread generation of renewable energy into the grid (wind, solar, wave, and more).

Unfortunately, we have now handed out all the A grades that we can, and the remaining investments begin to fall progressively shorter of the A mark.

B: $2 billion for the advanced battery manufacturing grant program to support the manufacture of advanced batteries for hybrids, plug-in hybrids, and electric vehicles. Electrifying transportation is a lofty but critical objective, perhaps our highest collective energy and climate policy priority. It's worth—and will require—far more than $2 billion.

B-: About $8.5 billion has been committed for further research and development in both renewable energy and fossil energy (predominantly carbon capture and storage techniques for coal and gas plants). While this is a substantial increase from today's anemic federal energy research and development budget, energy innovation will take a sustained investment over the coming decades, and this is merely a critical first step.

C+: About $16 billion has been set aside for new mass transit systems, with about half going to intercity rail lines, including new high-speed rail lines, and half going to urban areas for better public transit systems. Expanding access to efficient and reliable mass transit will give people more transportation freedom and cut both oil consumption and global warming pollution, making it a critical investment. The ultimate price tag for the construction of new large-scale mass transit systems is enormous. For perspective, simply extending the existing D.C. metro system to Dulles Airport (and it's about damn time) is projected to cost around $2.5 billion to $3 billion . . . for just eleven new miles of track!

All right, we're now out of the middling but passable grades and right on to the outright failures.

F: Just $0.3 billion for the Energy Star appliance rebate program. That's a nice gesture, but remember those 100 million households referred to above? This amounts to $3.00 per household, unlikely to do much to move the needle of national energy consumption, and a failing grade in our book.

F: Another $0.3 billion has been allocated for the purchase of more alternative-fuel and hybrid vehicles for the federal fleet (including plug-in hybrids if they are available soon). This is symbolic only, enough to convert just ten percent of the federal fleet (or less if more expensive plug-in hybrids are purchased). Why not allocate $3 billion and completely convert the federal fleet to efficient, advanced vehicles?

We applaud President Obama for prioritizing clean-energy investments in the stimulus and Congress for having the good sense to begin laying the foundation for a new-energy economy. The bill focuses on all the right areas—clean-energy innovation and deployment, a more efficient built environment, a smarter, more robust electrical grid, the electrification of transportation, and new mass transit options.

But the scale of our energy transition is simply enormous, and the $80 billion invested in clean energy by the stimulus takes us only the first steps toward an ultimate goal of energy independence and a zero-carbon energy system. Luckily though, history teaches us that incremental progress, when sustained, can produce great achievements; but only if we respond, with sustained dedication and commitment to our energy challenges.

Mighty Oregon

The Oregon Companion, *subtitled* An Historical Gazetteer of the Useful, the Curious, and the Arcane *(Timber Press, 2009) by Richard Engeman, M.L.S. '71, historian, archivist, and former public historian for the Oregon Historical Society, includes more than 1,000 alphabetically arranged entries covering the people, places, and oddball details that make Oregon, well, Oregon. Below is a sampling from the book.*

OR 150
SUSTAIN THE SPIRIT

Beeswax Large chunks of beeswax have been found at various points along the Oregon Coast, particularly on the sands at the mouth of the Nehalem River below Neahkahnie Mountain. The wax is believed to have been the principal cargo of a Spanish sailing ship en route from the Philippines to Mexico; either the vessel *Santo Christo de Burgos* (1693) or the *San Francisco Xavier* (1705) are the likely prospects. Bees native to Mexico did not produce wax suitable for making candles, which were heavily used by the Spanish emigrants there. The wax has given rise to legends of a treasure ship; examples can be viewed at the Tillamook Pioneer Museum in Tillamook.

Bobbie the Wonder Dog Bobbie, a handsome mix of Scotch collie and English shepherd, became separated from his owners, the G. F. and Leona Brazier family of Silverton, while they were driving across Indiana in 1923. The distraught family searched and searched for Bobbie, but did not find him. Six months later, Bobbie appeared in the streets of Silverton, footsore and weary. Bobbie's miraculous journey made him an instant media celebrity, the subject of books, newspaper and magazine articles, and motion picture newsreels. Bobbie died in 1927 and was buried with great ceremony at the pet cemetery of the Oregon Humane Society. Rin Tin Tin (one of them; there were several over the years) laid a wreath on his grave a week later. Bobbie became a Silverton icon, memorialized in an annual parade honoring pets, in a town mural, and in a replica of his doghouse; many Silvertonians, however, remained skeptical of the incident.

Miracle on Alder Street! *Well, okay, it may not be as impressive as the image of the Virgin Mary on a bank window in Florida, the "Jesus tortilla," or the cinnamon pastry resembling the face of Mother Teresa (the "Nun Bun"), but the pattern on this muddy utility vault photographed just outside the new OQ offices on 15th and Alder is at least curiously suggestive of our beloved state. Happy 150, Oregon!*

Lawrence, Ellis Fuller (1879–1946) Ellis Lawrence was born in Massachusetts and educated at Phillips Academy and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he received his master's degree in architecture in 1902. He worked for a Boston firm that sent him to a project in San Francisco, but he stopped over in Portland; the 1906 San Francisco earthquake persuaded him to remain there rather than continue south. In Portland, he was associated with several firms but was also deeply immersed in architectural education through his involvement with the University of Oregon in Eugene. In 1914, he helped to found the School of Architecture and Allied Arts, and served as its dean until his death. He served as campus architect and designed many major buildings, including the library and art museum and, in part, the Architecture and Art Building. He also did a tremendous amount of commercial work, including some 200 residences, the phantasmagoric Elsinore Theatre in Salem (1926), and the Art Deco public market building in Portland (1933). In an odd burst of irony, much of his Architecture and Art Building was demolished and replaced in 1957 with an un-Lawrence-like structure that was graciously named Lawrence Hall.

FROM LEFT: SILVERTON MURAL SOCIETY / ROSS WEST

CREATIVE COMMONS PHOTO BY JESSE HEAVEN LOTZ

Opossum The Virginia opossum, *Didelphis virginiana*, is found throughout western Oregon and in the irrigated areas of northeastern Oregon as well. Southern men who came to Oregon in the Civilian Conservation Corps are reputed to have brought opossums with them as pets and then released them into the wild, and this quite likely did happen. However, the opossum was introduced earlier, about 1910–12, and has thrived ever since. The CCC boys probably helped the transplantation succeed.

Portland Penny When Asa L. Lovejoy and Francis W. Pettygrove platted the future city of Portland in 1844, each proposed a name for the future metropolis. Lovejoy proposed the name of his Massachusetts hometown, Boston; Pettygrove opted for the capital and major seaport of his home state of Maine, Portland. The very penny that was [flipped to decide the name] is in the collections of the Oregon Historical Society, a gift of the Pettygrove family.

Villard, Henry (1835–1900) Born in Germany, Henry Villard came to the United States in 1853. He studied law, but began working as a reporter in the late 1850s; during the Civil War, he wrote for the *New York Herald* as well as the *New York Tribune*. Villard married the daughter of famed abolitionist William Lloyd Garrison in 1866. On a trip to Germany in 1870, Villard agreed to act as the agent for a group of Germans who held bonds of American railroads, which brought him into the arena of high finance. He was involved in the reorganization of the Oregon and California Railroad in the mid-1870s, and in 1879 purchased the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. He also formed the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company and, in 1881, took control of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which completed a transcontinental link to Portland in 1883. Villard made generous contributions to the University of Oregon in those flush times, and Villard Hall is named for him. Villard spent a great deal of effort in attracting settlers to Oregon and the Pacific Northwest in the early 1880s, including emigrants from Germany. His financial edifice crumbled at the end of 1884 and he left the western scene, although he served as head of the Northern Pacific's board of directors from 1888 to 1893. Villard formed the Edison General Electric Company in 1889 and was president until 1893, when it became General Electric. University of Oregon geology professor E. T. Hodge named Villard Glacier on Mount Hood for Henry Villard.

B O O K S H E L F

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

The Islands of Divine Music (Unbridled Books, 2008) by John Addiego '75, M.F.A. '77, is a novel—told in twelve linked stories—of five generations of an Italian American family finding its place in the New World against "a backdrop of immigration, Prohibition, the Cuban Missile Crisis, the Vietnam War, and the new millennium."

An American Gladiator in Rome: Finding the Eternal Truth in the Infernal City (Ladder Press, 2008) by John Henderson '78. "From the maddening and hilarious language lessons to living next to the Vatican to, yes, playing gladiator, this book is about changing your life, your pace, and your passion."

Between the Covers: The Book Babes' Guide to a Woman's Reading Pleasures (*Da Capo Press, 2008*) by Ellen Heltzel '70 and Margo Hammond. "Two veteran book critics who believe books are better than Botox recommend more than 500 books based on what women care about most."

Corporate Culture and Environmental Practice: Making Change at a High-Technology Manufacturer (Edward Elgar Publishing, 2007) by Jennifer Howard-Grenville, UO assistant professor of business management. "Based on nine months of close observation at a major semiconductor manufacturer, [the book] provides important insights into the processes of change that can advance environmental issues within an organization."

Contact: Mountain Climbing and Environmental Thinking (University of Nevada Press, 2008), edited by Jeffrey Mathes McCarthy, Ph.D. '97. "Illuminate[s] the spectrum of human attitudes toward mountains and the natural world, and the growing symbiosis between climbing and environmental awareness."

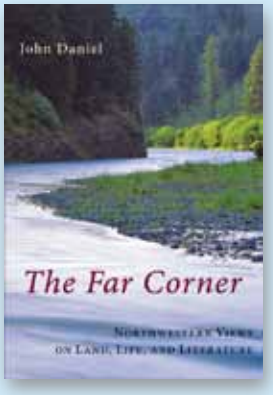
Cézanne's Quarry (Pegasus Books, 2008) by Barbara Corrado Pope, professor emerita, women's and gender studies. "A highly accomplished, compelling novel. Beneath an exquisite veneer of historical detail lurks a thoughtful exploration of science and religion, of old values and new, and of a woman's place in the world."

Getting Ready to Win (Vantage Press, 2008) by Don Read, head Oregon football coach, 1974–76. "Will help the reader—athlete, coach, or fan—attain a keener grasp on what motivation is, and how it works for success in the athletic arena."

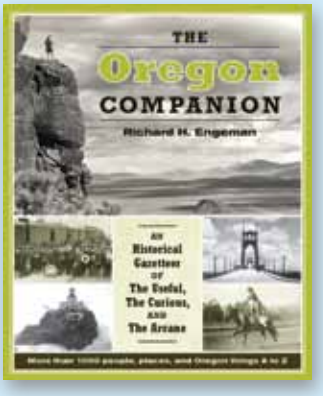
Henry's Sisters (Kensington Publishing Group, 2009) by Cathy Lamb '89. "Poignant, funny, and as irresistible as one of the Bommarito sisters' delicious giant cupcakes, *Henry's Sisters* is a novel about forgiveness, about mothers and daughters, and about gaining the wisdom to look ahead while still holding tight to everything that matters most."

The Local News (Spiegel and Grau, 2009) by Miriam Gershow, M.F.A. '02, a writing instuctor at the University of Oregon. The novel is narrated "by an adolescent girl, Lydia Pasternak, and describes the way her friends, parents, and town are affected by the disappearance of a young person: Lydia's brother."

Excerpted in this issue



THE FAR CORNER: NORTHWESTERN VIEWS ON LAND, LIFE, AND LITERATURE *© 2009 by John Daniel. Reprinted by permission of Counterpoint.*



THE OREGON COMPANION *by Richard Engeman. Timber Press, 2009.*

Nature's Justice: Writings of William O. Douglas (Oregon State University Press, 2009) edited by James M. O'Fallon, Frank Nash Professor of Law at University of Oregon School of Law. "As the longest-serving justice in the history of the U.S. Supreme Court, Douglas was known for writing a host of dissenting opinions. He was also a prolific writer off the bench, a man whose work was as much concerned with nature as with law."

Second Nature: Poems (University of Washington Press, 2008) by John Witte, M.F.A. '77, senior instructor of English and longtime editor of *Northwest Review*. "Teems with expertly realized lyrics, monologues, and narratives, as well as poems based on historical figures from Ovid to Janis Joplin."

Pebble in the Water (AO Creative, 2008) by Bob Welch '76. "*Pebble in the Water* is not a story about making it to the top of the ladder but about what it takes to decide to climb at all—and how doing so can touch the lives of others, and your own. This is truly an inspiring book."

Positive Sports Parenting (Balance Sports Publishing, 2008) by Jim Thompson, M.S. '78. "When youth sports is done right, it can be a virtual classroom for building character and teaching life lessons. *Positive Sports Parenting* is a roadmap for the tumultuous trip that parents embark on when their children take up sports. Don't head for the game without it!"

Web Extra! **Go to OregonQuarterly.com to see additional Bookshelf books written by UO faculty members and alumni.**

A Place to Call Home

The Cheryl Ramberg Ford & Allyn Ford Alumni Center will soon become the dynamic new point of entry to the University of Oregon campus—the front door that welcomes you back to the university.

Where Ducks Connect

At the heart of the university, the Ford Alumni Center will warmly welcome all visitors and immerse them in the pioneering spirit of the University of Oregon, providing equal parts inspiration and information. The building will be home to the UO Alumni Association, UO Foundation, the UO's Office of Development and *Oregon Quarterly,* and headquarters for the tours and orientation held daily for prospective students and parents. It will also serve as a critical base for university outreach and advancement.

The 60,000-square-foot center will provide first-class event and gathering space for alumni, campus activities and the community. Amenities will include a welcoming lobby and lounge, conference rooms, a boardroom, the Lee Barlow Giustina Ballroom, and multi-purpose gathering spaces to ensure broad and varied use. The office environment will house 125 members of the UO advancement team. This modern space will provide every advantage to foster the important connections between the university and our many friends and supporters.

For more information on how to volunteer or make a gift,
contact **Kathie Kurilo Bedbury '86** at **541.346.6279** or **kbedbury@uoregon.edu**

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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
ALUMNI CENTER

Upfront

News, Notables, Innovations

GEOLOGY

Geology of the Gods

Was there more to the placement of ancient Greek temples than location, location, location?

Greece abounds with ancient temples to the gods: from Athens' towering Parthenon to weathered fragments of stone that whisper of the golden age when sacrifices, oracles, and temples were the core of religious practice. Scattered across cities and far-flung rural areas, these relics today pay homage to the heroes and deities of Greek mythology. And University of Oregon geology professor Greg Retallack has an innovative idea that a surprising pattern might have dictated the sites where ancient people chose to construct their temples.

While most cities had shrines to most all the gods, Retallack says, certain cities "also showed tremendous biases towards particular deities—Athens for Athena, and Corinth for Aphrodite, Delos for Apollo," and so on. Retallack suspected a correlation between the chief economic livelihoods of an area and the deity favored there. And, as a geologist with a particular interest and expertise in ancient soils, he thought the key to that correlation might be in the earth on which the shrines were built.

As if on a mythic quest, he was off to Greece in search of answers. Retallack crisscrossed the country, collecting soil samples from eighty-four sites and focusing on temples built during the Greek Classical age (480 to 338 B.C.E.). Traveling alone, he often started his work before sunrise and visited as many temples as possible each day. Upon reaching a site, Retallack would determine the soil profile and record the topography, geology, and vegetation.

UO soil expert draws insights about ancient religions by studying the ground beneath Greek temples.

Divinely inspired dirt might be hard to believe, but Retallack's samples make a strong case. Throughout Greece, temples dedicated to Hades and Persephone, the rulers of the underworld, stand on rocky surfaces near cliffs or cave openings. In contrast, all seventeen of the examined shrines devoted to Demeter and Dionysus stood on soil ideally suited to growing cereal grains, vegetables, and fruits, including the sweet and hardy grapes used to make wine—places appropriate to honor the deities of agriculture and winemaking. Temples built to celebrate the hunters Artemis and Apollo were often set away from city centers on rocky terrain that was unsuitable for planting but provided wide expanses for pursuing game. The thick clay soils common to shrines dedicated to Hera and Hermes—the deities associated with shepherding—were equally poor farming lands but provided grazing for herded animals like sheep and cattle.

"It all goes back to soil, that's the bottom line," Retallack says. "It determines what we do and how we make a living. How we make a living determines how we feel about reality and what we hold as precious."

Even where soil is not needed to make a living, it still plays a role. In the boisterous fishing town of Paphos, Cyprus, Retallack

visited a temple to Aphrodite, the goddess of love who was born, fully-grown, by rising out of the sea. "Fishing is a high-risk enterprise for a high-protein diet," he says. "It's done from harbors open to foreign influences and all the vices of the flesh." In seaport towns, behaviors associated with Aphrodite—often revolving around love, beauty, and promiscuity—were a diversion for gods and mortals alike.

The rowdiness of Aphrodite's cult would not be as acceptable in a more agrarian area, Retallack explains. In these places the farmer "trusts to the regularity of seasons and lives in frugal isolation," he says.

Visiting temples and analyzing cult behavior might not sound like the usual work for a geologist, but for Retallack—whose website content includes theories on how dinosaurs became extinct and a selection of "geopoetry"—it fits within his wide range of interests. A native of Hobart, Australia, he has taught at the UO since 1981. His love for everything rock-related started when he found his first fossil on a childhood trip to the beach. Since then he has been an avid collector, always taking detailed notes about each fossil—where it came from, what it is, the landscape where it was discovered. Retallack recently donated more than 9,000 fossils and accompanying field notebooks from his personal collection to the UO Museum of Natural and Cultural History's Condon Collection, where he is a curator.

The inspiration to explore the connection between dirt and deity struck Retallack in a rather exotic setting—while on a research expedition to the Transarctic Mountains of Antarctica in 1995. While tent-bound for days because of blizzards or relaxing in the endless polar sunlight after a long day of fieldwork, Retallack and his team shared the few books they had. Included in the library were Jean Shinoda Bolen's *Gods in Everyman* and *Goddesses in Everywoman,* popular-psychology books that classify people according to types based on mythological deities. "It occurred to me that there may be some underpinning in this and the kind of culture that they grow up in, and particularly the soil—which is the basis of culture in my view," Retallack says.

Acknowledging that the idea was "slightly offbeat," he didn't pursue the project until several years later, when he received a portion of a grant to study the intersection of gender and science from the UO Center for the Study of Women in Society. Understanding—and ignoring—the raised eyebrows of bemused colleagues, Retallack headed to Greece in March 2003, returning in April 2004.

In the land of Homer, Retallack explained his research to several soil scientists who "thought it sounded completely ridiculous in general," he says. Elsewhere he attracted the curiosity of museum and site curators because of his extensive note-taking and sketching. Unable to speak Modern Greek—though he can read the ancient texts—he settled for leaving the impression of being an overly inquisitive tourist rather than a globetrotting geologist.

Stateside, the research received academic and popular interest after it was published in the archaeological journal *Antiquity*. Prior to the 2008 publication, Retallack presented the research at a Geological Society of America annual meeting and gave a seminar talk on the idea as part of the Center for the Study of Women and Society grant. The unique subject matter led to vigorous discussion and a fair amount of dissension.

One opposing argument is that ancient Greece was polytheistic and that the soil types were not as variable as the many gods and goddesses. Without knowing the sometimes tangled history of every temple, there is no way to say conclusively which deity was dominant. Another complaint came from some members of the very group funding it: feminists. These critics did not agree with the need to scientifically categorize people or deities. Typical of his nature, Retallack acknowledged both arguments but hasn't let either derail the project, which he now hopes to expand into a book. "My ulterior motive with this research is to make soil sexy," he says. "I don't think people appreciate what soils are and what they do."

To Retallack, dirt—something most people think about only rarely—is critical to understanding natural and human history. This research, which ties the religious and economic practices of ancient Greeks to the soil they walked on, works toward proving his point. "It's all just earth," he says. "But when you take the dirt and the stories, the mythology, the images of the goddess, the art history, and the rituals, it all falls into place."

—Kate Griesmann, M.S. '08

UO Responds to State Budget Shortfalls

After a long run of troubling economic news, the University of Oregon found reasons to be guardedly optimistic in recent forecasts that showed state revenues are expected to be down $3.6 billion for the 2009–11 biennium—a figure that would likely result in 15 to 20 percent cuts in state appropriations for the UO. Some previous forecasts had projected the revenue shortfall to be as much as $5 billion, which would have necessitated cuts of 30 percent to all state agencies.

"The shocking thing is that this [forecast] is considered good news," UO Senior Vice President and Provost Jim Bean wrote in an e-mail to UO staff and faculty members. "While this is challenging, it a far cry better than the 30 percent scenario."

But, as *Oregon Quarterly* went to press, the state legislature was still in session and additional cuts to UO funding are possible. "We won't be able to fully assess tuition increases or the need for personnel actions until things are more settled," Bean says.

The University has already had to deal with a cut of $8.6 million in state funds for the 2008–9 fiscal year that ends June 30. That loss in funding has been addressed by $3.7 million in cuts to central administration, $2.1 million gained in spring term tuition increases ($150 for Oregon residents, $350 for nonresidents), and $2.8 million in cuts to academic units.

University administrative, faculty, and athletic leaders were asked to contribute a small portion of their salary toward the current deficit. A program was also instituted to allow other faculty members and administrative personnel to contribute through voluntary work-hour reductions or monetary gifts.

By mid-May, 435 faculty and staff members—17 percent of those eligible—had contributed nearly $462,000 through these programs. More than 60 percent of those participants chose to reduce their work hours, saving the UO $327,000, while the rest made outright donations totaling $135,000. Contributions from academic personnel went directly toward reducing the cuts to their departments.

BUSINESS

Brave New M.B.A.s

Today's business students are getting unprecedented training in extraordinary times to help them create tomorrow's healthier global financial system.

During his years in finance, Ben Salm '84 could see the framework holding up our economy growing shakier with one risky deal built on top of the next.

"For some of us, the last fifteen or twenty years was kind of a mirage," says Salm, who founded his own investment consulting firm after working in the industry. "At the end of the day, it wasn't real to me."

So much for Wall Street. Salm relocated to a different street—East 13th—as managing director of the new Securities Analysis Center (SAC) at the University of Oregon's Lundquist College of Business. And he did so at just the time when the financial structure was toppling last year, leaving rubble strewn across the world's economies.

"We have been as consumers, and businesses, and in some cases as governments, borrowing too much. Basically, we've been living—all of us, collectively—beyond our means. And now that debt is coming due," Salm says. "Risk was priced far too cheaply, and too much of it was taken."

Beyond a loosely regulated system that ignored—even rewarded—financial recklessness were the Bernie Madoff types who not only took ill-advised risks with their clients' money but outright *took* clients' money.

Everyone who has seen a headline in the past year knows how the resulting recession has ravaged consumer confidence and retirement accounts, and forced layoffs and home foreclosures. It also has dramatically changed the career horizons for business students, particularly those earning master's degrees with an emphasis in finance and accounting at the SAC, which is finishing its first full academic year just when the market for its students is at a temporary ebb.

"In general, it's been a bull market for M.B.A.s for twenty years," says Salm, who earned bachelor's degrees in business and computer science at the UO and an M.B.A. in applied economics and finance at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

TIM JORDAN

In light of this, why does Salm start sounding as if the current economic storm just may have a silver—or even a golden—lining?

Today's economic woes actually offer a rare bonus to students. "Right now, we've got what I call the world's greatest learning laboratory," Salm says. "We're all students right now, because this really is unprecedented." He adds that with the greater scrutiny currently being focused on Wall Street, we have an unparalleled chance to clean up the system. "That's the best news of all," Salm says. "But it won't be easy." Today's business students will be among those who help restore sanity to the nation's—and world's—financial systems. "We're in the early days of fundamental changes. It has taken us many years to get into this place, and it won't change overnight," Salm says. "I think this generation has a crucial role to play."

The UO and other universities always have built lessons about financial risk and fiduciary responsibility into curricula. "Events these days put an exclamation mark" on these efforts, he explains.

Graduate students in finance and accounting track today may not have as many employers competing to hire them as in past years. Still, Salm is confident UO graduates are better prepared than most to land jobs. The SAC combines the academic and research elements of many M.B.A. programs with exceptionally strong partnerships and practical experience with private finance and accounting firms from Portland to the East Coast, he says. Ironically, the timing couldn't be better. "There's never been greater need for people who are soundly trained in what the art and science of finance is all about. You can't get very far in the business world without it," Salm says. "Wall Street gets the headlines, but the vast majority of jobs are elsewhere."

Elsewhere might be at the regional headquarters of Wells Fargo Wealth Management Group in Portland, where Jeff Savage is senior director of investments. "The University of Oregon is putting together the programs that we like to see people go through," because it attracts passionate

finance students who learn to analyze stocks and other investments at a level rarely found in academia, Savage says. "What they're doing [as students at the SAC] is exactly what we do for our clients."

Elsewhere also might be where Andrew Stearns lands. When interviewed shortly after spring break, he was working to finish his M.B.A. by June while looking for opportunities at midsized investment-banking, venture-capital, and private-equity firms.

"There's a lot of opportunity for networking [in the UO's M.B.A. programs], and networking is what's going to get you a job in times like this," says Stearns, a twenty-seven-year-old who has a graduate teaching fellowship with the Securities Analysis Center. "I'm really glad that I'm a young student with my whole career in front of me so I can build on this."

The nature of the current recession might chase some students out of finance and into the other M.B.A. tracks at the business school, which are seeing increasing numbers of applicants as the recession grinds on.

"There have been so few positive role models here of late. Everybody's got a black eye," Salm says. Yet, students who chose finance for the right reasons still are applying to the program and will have jobs awaiting them, he adds.

Salm believes a new generation of finance and accounting professionals is being trained at the SAC—graduates with the academic credentials to soar high but also grounded in reality by the harsher lessons from the real world.

By early spring, the recession had put the stock market on sale for half price and knocked perhaps a third off the cost of a house in some markets. The words *dismal* and *glum* often get tossed around in writings about this period, the worst economic catastrophe since the Great Depression. Characteristically, Salm recognizes the challenges, but is also quick to assess the opportunities presented in such an environment: it's a terrible time for those who've suffered losses, but "good news if you're a buyer."

Sound like old-school economics?

"The recipe, I think, is the same. You work, you save, and you try to keep your wits about you," Salm says. "Working and saving over a long period of time is the only sure way to get ahead. Things usually work out. Maybe that sounds trite and old-fashioned, but that's what I believe."

—Eric Apalategui '89

CAMPUS

On This Episode . . . MTV Comes to Eugene

Casting call attracts hundreds of* Real World *hopefuls

Fade in.
Cue voice-over:
This is the true story of 300 strangers who gathered on campus one rainy Saturday, hoping to be one of seven people picked to live in a house filled with cameras, where every moment of their lives—every argument and triumph, every sulk and sexual indiscretion and drunken rant—will be taped for broadcast on national television.

If chosen, they would become instant minor celebrities, get a shot at launching their careers, and have their every action scrutinized by a vast audience, all in the name of finding out, as the show's motto goes, "what happens next when people stop being polite and start getting real."

Open on interior of Erb Memorial Union, day.

A team from *The Real World,* MTV's iconic reality show, arrives in Eugene to interview potential cast members for the twenty-third incarnation of their unscripted brainchild. Scheduled to air sometime in early 2010, the program will feature seven members of MTV's target demographic, living together in a yet-to-be-named city. Past shows have taken place in such urban playgrounds as London, Las Vegas, and Boston; New York has been featured three times, but to date, Portland hasn't made the list.

For the applicants, the process is simple. Show up with a photo ID (proving you're between the ages of eighteen and twenty-four) and a recent picture of yourself. Fill out a one-page application, which asks (among other things) about the qualities you look for in a mate, your relationship with your parents, your most embarrassing moment, and "the most unusual thing about you."

After you submit your application, you'll be called into a conference room with a group of nine others for a ten-minute "group conversation." What goes on inside that room, exactly, is a carefully guarded secret. The students from the UO's Cultural Forum handing out applications squirm and use the words "million-dollar lawsuit" and "nondisclosure contract" if you press them for details. "Even if we knew anything, we couldn't tell you," they say.

JOHN BAUGUESS

Ready for their close-up *Dreaming of stardom (and willing to give up privacy to get it),* Real World *candidates gathered recently at the EMU.*

The two MTV folks stay out of sight, except to slip out a side door for occasional cigarette breaks.

If you spark the casting directors' interest, you'll be pulled aside for further questions and more paperwork. The whole process resembles an immense job interview, rife with nervous optimism and requiring a lot of sitting around.

Jonathan Floyd, a soft-spoken sophomore human physiology major, leans against a wall as he waits for his casting interview. Asked how he would describe the show to someone who has never seen it before, he pauses for a long moment. "Absurd," he says.

When the first *Real World* aired in 1992, it bore little resemblance to anything else on TV at the time. Since then, reality shows featuring an endless array of forced situations, plot twists, and ever-more-innovative (or preposterous) premises have become standard TV fare. For the potential cast members of *Real World 23,* many of whom were little more than toddlers when the show began, reality TV has seemingly always existed. And thanks to YouTube, blogs, Twitter, and other Internet applications that make broadcasting one's life as easy as clicking the submit button, the idea of living onscreen is a rather different (and perhaps less daunting) prospect than it was seventeen years ago.

"As a little kid I used to watch it," says sophomore Amanda Toma. She's one of the dozens draped over the EMU's armchairs, carefully filling out the application. She likes the show for its drama-filled entertainment value, but also, she says, because "they actually have jobs. If they have career goals, they try to pursue them. That's why I want to try out. I'm an art major, and I feel like in a larger city there would be more opportunities."

The likelihood that Toma will get that chance is, statistically speaking, highly improbable. Casting calls take place in roughly forty cities, each attracting hundreds of applicants. The process of finding the perfect seven people, with an incendiary mix of experiences, hometowns, and worldviews, takes upward of two months.

Whitney Waterbury, a freshman clad in jeans and a sweatshirt, sits on the floor reading a novel while she waits. The most interesting thing about the show, she says, is how it allows new relationships to unfold among cast members. "You're supposed to be friends with these people who have backgrounds different than anything you've ever experienced before. And you're put into new positions, new situations, and have to handle yourself."

It's a strange prospect, auditioning for reality. Each piece of clothing and carefully coiffed hairstyle on display here today feels calculated, extraordinarily self-conscious. Is this how to look like what MTV wants? Will this make the best possible impression?

But then again, being young, with its parade of interviewing for jobs you're not quite qualified for, fumbling through first dates, and trying to sound intelligent in college entrance essays, often seems like a long process of trying out for the round-the-clock show that is your very own *Very Real World.*

— Mindy Moreland, M.S. '08

PROFile

Juan Epple

Professor of Latin American Literature

PHOTO COURTESY OF JUAN EPPLE

Students compete to enroll in Spanish 331, Introduction to Spanish Theater, a course usually taught just once a year, a course unlike any other at the University. Juan Epple, a Chilean expatriate and lifelong theater aficionado, guides literature students through plays from Mexico, Chile, Argentina, and Cuba. But reading, discussing, and learning about each of the works is simply groundwork for the final project: Each student must perform a scene from one of the plays in front of an audience.

The fear of being on stage is enough to cause butterflies in many of the students (it's a literature class after all—these students aren't drama majors), but Epple has a strategy to coax them past their initial fears. He teaches them Spanish songs then leads them to busy places on campus for impromptu performances. "The goal is to have the experience of being in front of a live audience," he says. The students bravely give it their best, taking turns swaying and singing to the soft sounds of a live guitar while passersby stop, watch, and listen. After the first few lines of the song, the singers' quivering voices grow stronger, steadier, and more confident.

While the students sing, Epple focuses his keen ear on their pronunciation. Different regions of the Spanish-speaking world have distinctive dialects, he explains, and successfully imitating regional accents is extremely difficult. He coaches the students to hear and accurately reproduce the subtle variations.

Crunch time comes at the end of the term. Students take the stage and transport their audience from a performance space on campus to an exotic locale, where locals speak the regional dialect and dress in colorful garb. Epple watches with a quiet satisfaction as his once-shy literature students deliver their lines with confidence. He reflects often on his days in Chile studying to become a teacher—his school's motto, *No se aprende para la Escuela, sino para la vida*, translates, "You don't learn for your school, but for your life."

Name: Juan Epple

Education: Licenciate '71, Universidad Austral de Chile; M.A. '77, Ph.D. '80, Harvard University.

Teaching Experience: Member of the UO Romance Languages department since 1980. Assistant Professor of Spanish American literature at the Universidad Austral de Chile from 1972 to 1974 (interrupted by the 1973 coup, and his political imprisonment in both 1973 and 1974).

Awards: Numerous literary awards, including Santiago's Letras de Chile award in 2008. He has published more than fourteen books, which include two books on Fernando Alegría, a famed Chilean poet, and three anthologies of Chilean literature.

Off campus: A vegetable gardener, Epple can often be found among his plants. He also enjoys creative writing, with a special interest in "short, short fiction."

Last word: "I always tell my students that they should not work merely for a grade, but for the positive response their performance should get from a real, live audience."

— Melissa Hoffman

Lariviere Selected as New UO President

Richard W. Lariviere will become the sixteenth president of the University of Oregon on July 1. The State Board of Higher Education voted unanimously in March to offer the position to Lariviere (pronounced *Luh-riv-yair*), then serving as executive vice chancellor and provost at the University of Kansas.

"I am honored by the trust the State Board of Higher Education has placed in me to lead Oregon's flagship university," says Lariviere. "The University of Oregon is an international leader because of the faculty's outstanding teaching and research. This institution plays a vital role in the educational, civic, social, and economic health of the state of Oregon due to the strong leadership from President Frohnmayer. I am confident that the UO is poised for even greater success, despite current economic challenges."

As the chief academic officer at the University of Kansas, where he served since 2006, Lariviere has overseen the reorganization of the KU graduate school and the School of Fine Arts, as well as expansion of the School of Pharmacy. He also created the Latino Vision Council to guide the university's outreach to the Latino community, bolstered student recruitment efforts, and completely restructured the tech transfer program.

Before arriving in Kansas, Lariviere worked as dean of the College of Liberal Arts at the University of Texas at Austin (1999 to 2006). During his tenure heading the nation's largest college of liberal arts, UTA's rate of external research funding doubled. The school also completed a $120 million capital campaign and hired more than 230 faculty members.

After earning his bachelor's degree in the history of religions from the University of Iowa in 1972, he and his wife, Janis Worcester Lariviere, traveled to India for the first time. He eventually built an academic career around the country's languages, histories, religions, and culture. In 1978, he earned his doctorate in Sanskrit from the University of Pennsylvania. He has published articles and several books on Indian legal history, and has also tackled subjects ranging from religion in India to matrimonial remedies for women in classical Hindu law. He reads eight languages and speaks French and Hindi.

MICHAEL MCDERMOTT

Lariviere is a life member of the Council on Foreign Relations and the American Oriental Society, a fellow of both the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and the IC2 Institute, and a founding member of the Society for Design and Process Science.

Other academic positions Lariviere has held include director of the Center for Asian Studies at the UTA from 1986 to 1994 and ranks of assistant professor to professor of Sanskrit in the Department of Oriental Languages and Literatures at the same institution from 1982 to 1990. He was visiting assistant professor in the Department of Asian Languages and Literature and School of Religion (joint appointment) at the University of Iowa from 1980 to 1982, and was visiting lecturer in the South Asia Regional Studies Department at the University of Pennsylvania from 1978 to 1979.

Janis Lariviere is a longtime advocate for science education and has worked in the field at the University of Kansas and the University of Texas at Austin. The couple has a daughter, Anne Elizabeth, who graduated from Barnard College and lives in New York City.

"Jan and I are excited to begin working with the faculty, staff, students, and the extended UO community. Our goal is to support the great talent of this community so that it can accelerate the University to successes worthy of the people of Oregon."

Web Extras! **Lariviere's UO Q-and-A at YouTube.com: search for Lariviere and "campus forum"**

Lariviere's NewPres website and blog newpres.uoregon.edu

IN BRIEF

UO Grad Programs Earn High Marks

The **UO College of Education** ranks number one among public institutions and fourth overall in the *U.S. News and World Report's* 2010 edition of *America's Best Graduate Schools*. The special education program ranked third, a position it has held for the past four years. The college ranked sixth in total funded research with $29.5 million. The **UO School of Law** also received top-ten honors for three of its programs: Conflict and Dispute Resolution (seventh), Environmental and Natural Resources Law (tenth), and Legal Research and Writing (sixth, up from tenth last year).

Attracting Federal Stimulus Funding

Oregon governor Ted Kulongoski has appointed **Robert Young**, UO assistant professor of planning, public policy and management, to the twelve-member Oregon Way Advisory Group formed to help Oregon compete for $37 billion in federal stimulus funds, to be used primarily for sustainable ("green") projects and job creation.

Von Hippel Honored By Microbiology Academy

Emeritus chemistry professor **Peter Hans von Hippel**, at the UO since 1967, is among seventy-two newly elected fellows of the American Academy of Microbiology, an honor that recognizes scientists for their outstanding contributions to microbiology and their expertise in the service of science and the public.

Two National Champs

The **UO debate and speech program** won first place at the National Parliamentary Debate Association's National Championship Tournament held in Stockton, California. Ducks also recently took the **men's track-and-field team** title at the NCAA indoor championships.

Harnessing Student Power

Twenty specially outfitted elliptical exercise machines in the **Student Recreation Center** are now feeding energy into the University's power grid. The machines will be used by students six to eight hours each day, generating approximately 6,000 kilowatt-hours of electricity annually—nearly enough to supply a small energy-efficient house.

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THE DUCK STORE

Uncommon Good

BY DAVE FROHNMAYER

PHOTO BY IAN BRADSHAW

My predecessor, Bill Boyd, president of the University from 1975 to 1980, once observed that the three most enduring institutions of Western civilization are the church, the legislature, and the university. Parliaments and universities date at least from medieval times, the church from far earlier.

As it turns out—contrary to some of my expectations as a youth—significant parts of my life have been engaged with each institution. I grew up in the Medford branch of the Presbyterian Church, where my family, at various times, served in positions of responsibility. This occurred perhaps not so much at the "will of God" as at the will of my mother. Church choir, Westminster Fellowship, participation with the alleged "ruling clique" of high school Presbyterians, Reverend Kirk West officiating at my marriage to Lynn—these were part and parcel of my coming of age. I look back gratefully and with fond nostalgia on these formative experiences.

I served three terms in the Oregon state legislature, from 1975 to 1981, and continued my involvement with that assembly through my eleven years as state attorney general and to this day. My current position has maintained my link to the third enduring institution. I am privileged to have worked at the University of Oregon since 1971 (with the interregnum of my years in elected office) and for the past fifteen years as its president, a position I leave at the end of June.

With all that personal history, a surprise invitation to speak from the pulpit of Eugene's Central Presbyterian Church before classes began last fall led me to reflect on how these enduring entities have been both linked and locked in struggles over their linkage.

These three institutions now stand independent of each other—for public universities, in ways commanded by our Constitution's requirement to separate church and state. Yet both history and common purpose link them. Indeed, each institution has its credos, individual

legends, founding stories, and sinners. And whether from constitution, catechism, or charter, the formal ceremonies and procedures of each have sacraments and rituals steeped in powerful symbolism.

Each entity has its legends. Jefferson, Madison, Abraham Lincoln, Saint Francis of Assisi, John Calvin, Kingman Brewster, James Bryant Conant, Reverend Theodore Hesburgh. Each institution has its founding stories: King John yielding to the demands of his armed barons on the meadows of Runnymede and signing the Magna Carta, the Grand Convention in Philadelphia in 1787, Moses descending with his graven tablets, the schools of Athens, and the medieval streets of Oxford and Bologna.

Of course, each entity also has its sinners: Judas Iscariot, Aaron Burr, and perhaps any university president who made a decision that did not please every constituency. Buffoons and scalawags have shared the capitals, pulpits, and campus offices along with the true seekers and pure of heart. For every Abraham Lincoln there can be a Richard Nixon. For every Dietrich Bonhoeffer we can find a Jim Bakker. For every Mr. Chips there is a Dean Wormer of *Animal House* fame.

But something besides longevity and legends and beyond saints or sinners ties these human institutions together. They struggle for things that will occur in a time frame longer than that of an individual life. They aspire to maintain focus on the enduring, not merely the immediate. Even with this focus, of course, things are never perfect in paradise.

These entities always are in the hands of fallible humans, so they have unavoidable associations with shameful arrogance and inhumanity. But they also share something at their core that moves each of them toward an extraordinary purpose. Sometimes glacially, sometimes haltingly, sometimes in breathtaking leaps, each moves inexorably toward an uncommon good.

I SEE FOUR FUNDAMENTAL WAYS IN WHICH THESE formative institutions—church, legislature, university—are similar.

First, what each of these institutions does *matters.* Their purposes are not trivial. They have values—and it is values that center us, carry us, and inspire us in all the better work that we do. The church at its greatest insists that we put aside our daily task lists and résumé-building pursuits to achieve deeper purpose and contemplate greater meaning. The legislature not only establishes the policy of the day, but it also commits to rules and processes that help to ensure that representative government can endure the sudden swings and panics that afflict any society. The university advances knowledge through teaching, scholarship, and research. We give new generations the tools to critique and create knowledge to serve society. Universities matter profoundly.

Second, the formative institutions are often similar in their manner of arriving at the truth. The Presbyterian brand of Protestantism carries with it a healthy skepticism of authority. It anoints the "priesthood of all believers" and overtly legitimizes very separate paths one may travel to spiritual understanding. A republican form of government in its legislative incarnation takes care not to mix the formal authority of church and state. American versions of republican government regard theocracy as a form of tyranny. The legislature rebels against dictatorship in the governance of its proceedings, and its parliamentary manuals of procedure protect the right of dissent. In the public university incarnations of the academy, a primal sin is the demand that its community members accept unchallengeable dogma in the pursuit of truth. In fact, the concept of academic freedom tolerates an unusual messiness of opinion and often forgives substantial idiosyncrasies of lifestyle if those who wear academic gowns are sincere and determined in their pursuit of a glimmer of the truth. Academic orthodoxy accepts pluralism and skepticism if it is accompanied by dedicated inquiry. It regards dogma as the enemy of discovery.

These institutions are similar in a third way. Each is based on a faith. The church—as Dostoyevsky's novels so profoundly explore—has faith that there is a life and existence broader than the tangible, that there is a transcendence beyond earthly evil. The legislature still is premised on the heritage of Milton and the writings of John Stuart Mill that the free marketplace of ideas in a democratic society will result in actions for the public good. And the university pursues its endeavors asserting a belief that the discovery of knowledge will serve an ultimate good, not the forces of evil.

Finally, each institution is distinguished by enduring service above and beyond the life spans of its inhabitants. Each seeks to demonstrate that it is part of the meaning of a good life, of citizenry, and of selfless service to others.

THESE ARE THE LOFTY IDEALS. OF COURSE, LEGislatures can be muscle bound, partisan, and not fully democratic. By one thoughtful calculation, twenty-one senators representing well less than 20 percent of the U.S. population probably can block any proposal in Congress. Churches can be bloated, exploitative, and bastions of self-righteous intolerance. Universities can be inward looking, self-

satisfied, and smugly tolerant of mediocrity.

Although these institutions in a general way, over the long run, move toward an "uncommon good," in the particular and the day-to-day they are challenged and sometimes fail to live up to the enduring values that underpin them. Failures of church and state are well documented. But it is the challenges to the ideals of higher education that I want to address here.

I deeply distrust ideologues, a reaction intensified by my extended experience with the Rajneeshee commune in the 1980s, my early studies of totalitarianism, and the lessons I learned from the role of the Oregon Citizens Alliance during my campaign for governor in 1990. The fusion of government with religion usually corrupts both. Every time I see excessive orthodoxy in an academic it makes me more resistant and skeptical. The road to hell is paved with the steely-eyed zeal of good intentions. This—among other influences—has led me to a philosophy of leadership in which good intentions matter less than good human consequences. A skeptical capacity to weigh the human outcomes of one's actions is something that each of these institutions, at its best, should foster. For me the ability to produce positive consequences matters—virtuous intentions and catechisms less so.

Universities face a paradox in public perceptions. In this country, as a society, we perceive universities as more important than ever before, as do the world's emerging nations. And those nations clearly do. China, Singapore, Korea, Taiwan—Asian countries that I have visited many times—invest huge amounts in education, and they already possess highly educated citizenries. Polls tell us that Americans know that higher education is a key to economic competitiveness as well as civic progress. But those opinions do not translate into support for public funding for universities, funding that has declined for decades. We have not given higher education the priority it deserves. We risk failing our children and grandchildren. For the first time in our history America's youngsters, as a whole, may be less well educated than their parents.

The University of Oregon has never had the investment capital to match the power of its capacity or rightful ambition. We have been underpowered but powerfully overachieving. It is amazing how good the University is, given these daunting financial challenges. But we are far better off now than when I was asked quite suddenly to assume the presidency in 1994. At that time, we had felt the full devastating effects of Measure 5, the property tax limitation bill passed in 1990. I honestly did not know where the next dollar was going to come from to build anything. Now, our recently concluded fundraising campaign has given us a sense of breathing room and opportunity that I did not foresee. Financial challenges will always be with us. But they haven't defeated us yet. Looking ahead, we can seize this great opportunity to build on the good work of those who have gone before us. We need to explore new models to better fund flagship public universities like the University of Oregon, not to be "private" but to better fulfill our public mission.

We face challenges beyond financing. One set is generational. We are amid truly disruptive forces in the traditional ways we form communities. Much of this challenge stems from new electronic communication technologies. Students who run for campus office, for example, once campaigned by meeting personally with potential voters in and around the EMU. They still do some of that. But now they often communicate with virtual communities through Facebook and other social networks. The medium is amazingly universal, systematic, and viral. It is second nature to the current generation of students, who tell me that their younger siblings have adapted it even more fully to their identities and patterns of interaction. Yet no one fully understands whether these new methods of connectivity ultimately will deepen human relationships or fracture them. The answer to that question has huge implications for how we teach and learn. It also has vast personal and cultural consequences.

At the same time, our faculty members are sometimes more connected to external worlds of peers than they are to colleagues in the next office. They teach, discover, and reside here. They may interact socially to considerable degrees. But often their intellectual communities occupy virtual spaces that are the product of powerful World Wide Web connections. Our still important face-to-face interactions confront these centrifugal forces that have the potential to weaken the internal culture of the University. That challenge is compounded by the pending retirement within the next decade of as much as 40 percent of our current faculty.

These challenges—and the many others we face—require us to examine and adapt the way we pursue our core missions of teaching and research. But every challenge contains an opportunity, and enduring institutions will seize those opportunities or they will cease to endure.

I recall so vividly special memories of the "uncommon good" we nurture.

Some years ago, on one of those wonderful, colorful, but very foggy autumn days on campus, I walked back from lunch at Rennie's along Thirteenth Avenue, headed toward Johnson Hall. The fog was just clearing and the emerging light shone

beautifully on the maple trees, glowing with bright crimson, orange, and yellow. A young woman on a bicycle and a walking friend approached me, about ten yards away. The student seemed to recognize me, jumped off her bike, and ran up asking, "Excuse me, are you the president of the University of Oregon?"

"Why, yes, I am," I said.

"I just want to shake your hand," she said.

"Why do you want to do that?"

"Because I love the University of Oregon," she said, with a big long emphasis on the word *love*. She was filled with youthful exuberance and genuine joy on that beautiful, pastoral Oregon day. I felt a powerful sense of unbridled engagement from that young woman, who obviously was thrilled with her experience here.

Like the church and the legislature, universities matter. The University of Oregon matters because of what we did, what we were, for that young woman. We changed her life, and because of that she will change the life of her community, and on it goes. We *transform lives through knowledge,* from generation to generation. Long ago now, I used that forward phrase in my investiture remarks because it describes universities at their best. That "transformation" is the result of careful planning of courses and majors, and skilled teachers and researchers, but it also happens through the magic and serendipity that is almost inevitable when intelligent, sensitive, motivated people—with all the insecurities and ambition of youth—assemble together at a place like the University of Oregon.

The University of Oregon seems unusually capable of spurring those individual transformations that, in turn, change society for the better. Two of our characteristics might seem to be contradictions, but in fact they are complementary—and they were the first two impressions I had of the University when Lynn and I arrived here in 1971, five days after our marriage. One was the beauty and serenity of the campus. But our second simultaneous striking impression was the sense of bustling raw energy, the joy in discovery, the companionship that one feels with people who are incredibly liberated by an environment of human possibilities. That combination of a serene and beautiful setting and an engaged intellectual community make this a remarkable launching pad for students like that exuberant young woman cyclist.

The beauty and energy that I found when I arrived here remains, but we have become a better university as well. In the past, we had grand men and (relatively few) grand women on our faculty. If you had looked thoughtfully, greater numbers of grand women also held this place together in webs of support offices and through ways we recognize in retrospect as heroic. But now, we have grand men *and* women in the classrooms and labs, who are gaining far more scholarly recognition, making far more powerful discoveries, and are much more likely to be regarded as leaders in their fields than even the great faculty of the late sixties and early seventies.

We have added or remodeled eighteen or nineteen buildings in my tenure, buildings that my successor won't have to fund or build. The structures are symbolic because they are so dramatically visible, but what really is important is what happens when creative people are in facilities that are equal to the quality of their talent, their inquisitiveness, and their energy.

Our promises to donors have come true already. To visit a Beverly Lewis and say, "If you make that gift, then we can keep great people and they will make discoveries that relate to how we recover from injuries or strokes"—and then to introduce her five years later to someone who is doing exactly that work and who has obtained a highly competitive federal grant that will bring millions of dollars and more life-saving new discoveries . . . that is the power of energy, faith, and belief.

To be able to tell Lorry Lokey that our greatest need was the music school addition and then to show him musical performances occurring in the new space that he and 200 other people helped to make possible . . . that is thrilling.

To see the strongest freshman class we have had in years and years and to see the University of Oregon increasingly become a destination of choice . . . that is profoundly gratifying.

We are more poised now to become a creator of human opportunity than we ever have been. I leave this present calling supremely proud of what we have accomplished, but even more excited about the opportunities that will be created for generations who will succeed us.

The challenges will not go away, but the university will endure and advance, because, like the other lasting institutions, the values at our core reach beyond the individual and the transitory to the universal and timeless. We are the keepers of an extraordinary legacy. I thank you for the privilege of helping to advance it for the uncommon good.

Dave Frohnmayer will continue to teach at the University. All of us at Oregon Quarterly *have been honored by his frequent presence in our pages and have felt privileged to work under his leadership.*

Web Extra! **Share your thoughts and memories about Dave Frohnmayer at OregonQuarterly.com or send a letter to the editor (5228 University of Oregon, Eugene, OR 97403-5228).**

THE WINNING ENTRY OF THE 2009 *OREGON QUARTERLY* NORTHWEST PERSPECTIVES ESSAY CONTEST

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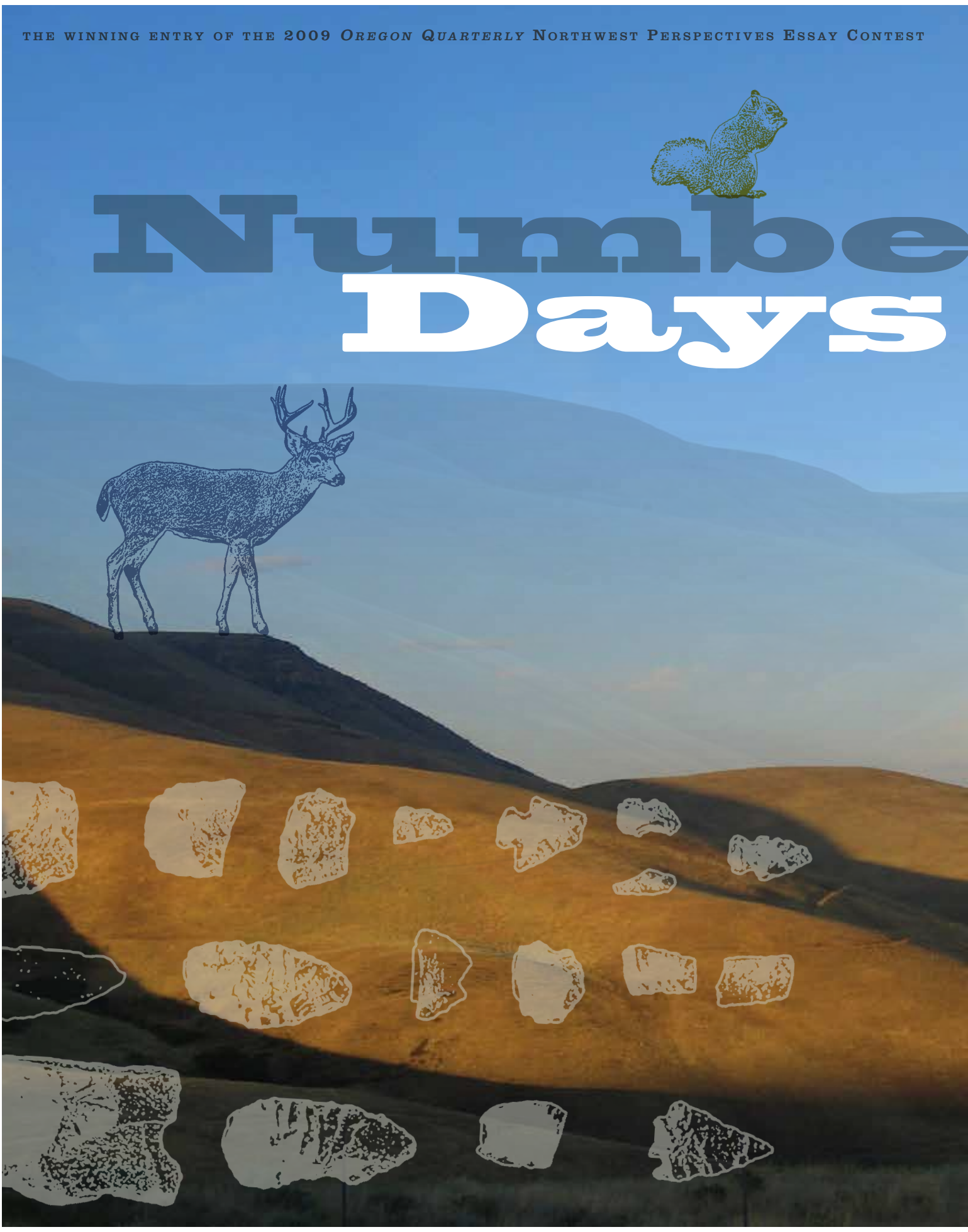

BACKGROUND PHOTOS CREATIVE COMMONS BY JEFF WILCOX / COLLAGE BY TIM JORDAN

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By Harold Toliver

On the extensive list of things in natural history that we hadn't yet tumbled to in my 1950s undergraduate days were plate tectonics and the age of planet Earth. Alfred Wegener in 1912 and Arthur Holmes in the 1920s had laid out the basics of the first of these, but American geologists weren't convinced, and in any case I didn't have time for such things. The second of these depended on the radiometric dating of rock. It, too, had come along, but I don't recall hearing it discussed at Erb Memorial Union.

Would knowing that the Earth had been in orbit for more than four billion years have made any difference? Yes, to the common classroom view of philosophies and religions and such, mostly established when the sun still orbited the planet. But forget the fifties and the curriculum for the moment. What if the study of natural history had gotten under way sooner, truly under way, not as in Egyptian alchemy and theories of the little bits the Greeks called atoms and not as in the golden age of astronomy in Gupta, India. Little that we now recognize as the civilizations that archaeologists unearth would have led some 500 generations into such deep confusion about the Earth and the cosmos. Certainly my beloved Chaucer and Shakespeare would have turned out quite different. Milton would have devoted his immense talent to something other than *Paradise Lost.*

I can't complain about anyone else's ignorance when I and most of my peers were still edging around the most amazing findings of intellectual history well after Darwin's *The Origin of Species*. What had been collected on the biosphere alone before those postwar days (with World War II veterans still on campus) was enough to fill a wing of the UO library. That's not to mention the discovery since then of diminutive things like quarks, new not just to undergraduates but to everyone before particle physicists started smashing atoms. Concerning the body of learning his training in botany had accumulated by the forties, the American naturalist Donald Culross Peattie acknowledged that after forty years in the field what he had learned was "just enough to find my way farther." Looking across the plains of Wyoming, he found a million years, more or less, the minimal span for any topographical scrutiny worth mentioning.

Having been around long enough to bumble through these revolutionary advancements, I can put the difference they make in personal terms. When I left Oregon (also in the fifties), Oregonians were still gazing at pretty much the same mountains, desert, sea coast, and Willamette Valley that homesteaders had in their sights, to some still in the migration mode of the "promised land." It's to an altogether different landscape that I now return even if it looks the same except for more clear-cut patches. Let me explain.

Wallace Stegner remarks that what is imprinted on a young hatchling at the right moment will be its mother for life. Just so: the terrain we know in youth becomes home to us. We carry it everywhere with us. Realizing that billions of years of rising, erupting, and eroding earth lie behind the topographical imprint of my youth changes it like the aging of a parent. Home becomes layered and complex. Its wrinkles and folds and canyons tell tales far beyond those of myths and religions. In geologic time, spinning days and sun-circling years are insignificant until they add up to seven or eight figures. The actual age of Earth almost reaches a Brahma life or federal budget figures. An individual allotment becomes brief indeed, the numbered days running off at fast-forward speeds.

I TAKE A DRIVE NEAR MY CURRENT place at Black Butte Ranch in Central Oregon through terrain untouched by the plow, where Indians held their ground at least 300 times longer than Europeans, Asians, and Africans have in these parts. I knew about the Shoshone in my undergraduate years, too, though I could never quite get the Yamhills properly stationed in my mind around the family farm near McMinnville, owned a century by the English-born Smiths and half a century by the Tolivers. I had only the dimmest notion of the way of life that went with obsidian arrowheads or what the crossing of the Bering land bridge required of their hardy ancestry.

Here in the Mount Jefferson Wilderness, I can better imagine that and the migration through two wilderness continents. Highway 20 from the summit of the Santiam Pass is like all sloped routes of any length in changing a motorist's seasons quickly, accelerating the habitual calendar that accompanies any hatchling's motherland. The forest and the basaltic peaks write their history vertically, the trees in three, sometimes four figures, the peaks in eight. Going from the high-pass winter to the spring settling in a thousand feet lower takes only about fifteen minutes. A mere forty years at that pace would produce ten million seasons.

In May at Suttle Lake, last year's matted grass and pine needles have the damped-down look of remembered snow, but what I see isn't just the snows of a month ago but ice ages. On the lake, rational bipeds, emerged from hibernation, are trolling for trout. Ingenious, these tool-users whose ancestry accelerated in the invention department some 40,000 years ago. A woman is holding up a very small catch. In the brief glimpse I get of her, she looks ready to polish her lying or perhaps her sense of humor. These are both as strictly human as fish hooks, practiced since language came along. Lying first got up to its current speed (I'm guessing) with agricultural stored wealth, elite classes, and city-state dynasties, patriarchal and matriarchal. City-states? Around 500 generations ago, some say. That would make my personal retrospect weigh in at a pinch over half a percent of complex societies and computations in digits.

In passing Black Butte Ranch, I see aspen leafing out and glimpse through the trees goslings waddling clumsily alongside a waterway. *They* haven't changed since *Branta canadensis* first came along, destined from the start to dirty up golf courses. I don't see deer around just now or elk heading out to higher ground, but they won't be far off. Sometimes I imagine them waiting patiently for the wheel-and-rifle breed to go away and leave them alone. At Indian Ford Creek, through more trees I see another gathering of fellow bipeds out of their motorized travel shells, huddled around campfires, looking like a museum diorama. Though the mornings still remember February, it is full spring here. A few more minutes will see me on the desert plateau cruising through heat-trapping arroyos that have the feel of July. I'm not there yet, though. Haven't left the forest for the savannah.

With the seasons and the eras properly scrambled, I lift further out of the limited present. I visualize Mesozoic turtle shells in those mobile campers capable of thousands of times turtle speed. I picture the surface of Earth crunching up into mountains pressured by slow convulsions deep within. I picture the meadow behind me at the ranch as an Ice Age moraine and see channeled alluvial slopes as ancient erosion, matched around the globe with Himalayan and Alpine and African canyons. I am reoriented, not disoriented. These spans, stacked in their layers, lying broken in the debris of arroyos, are a book of ages more magnificent than anything our ancestry trivialized in their incredible myths. But as nature's measurements go, even this compression of the seasons down from the pass, even the rock ages, scarcely register on the full scale of speeds, distances, masses, and temperatures that fill out the spectrum. *That* is the fuller story, the better curriculum, and *that's what I missed back then.*

I RETREAT MENTALLY TO RETRIEVE A little more of what I've just cruised by, retrospection being some recompense for missed opportunities. The doe that crossed behind me back at the 4,000-foot level was carrying 38-million-year-old genes in her stiff-legged walk. The trees I've sped past parted ways with our ancestry back in the Mesoproterozoic more than a billion years ago. Richard Dawkins in *The Ancestor's Tale* said our evolutionary path split from theirs thirty-six stages ago. That's too far back for accurate dating but well beyond sponges and fungi. We don't have much in common any longer, the pines, sponges, and I, but I wish them well.

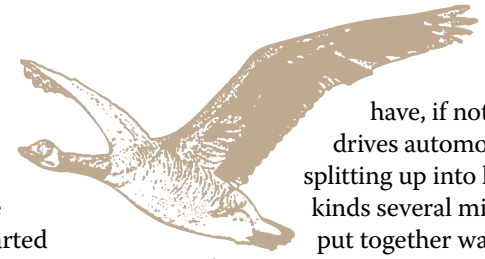
The gray squirrel that was standing alongside milepost 80 had no idea how far back *it* goes. Researchers at Duke calculate that the first

squirrel claims to North American nuts and acorns came 36 million years before their pesky progeny started raiding campus garbage cans. During that interim, their brethren have responded to climate changes more radical than any that current or ancient civilizations have seen. An unreliable atmosphere contributed to an accelerated multiplication of squirrel kinds, which zoologists put at about 11 million years ago. Impatient to cross the highway, that particular fellow didn't look as if he'd gained much intellect—rodent brain still unprepared for turning wheels that plant full weight on a spot no matter what's there.

From farther out on the plain I see in the rearview mirror several peaks above the timbered ridges. The channels for snowmelt were grooved after the last volcanic outburst, within the tenure of Native Americans. Solar uplift is even now gathering moisture at sea for the return journey. Out by land, in by air. What a cycle is there! I can't even guess how long it's been going on, though I know it's but a fraction of star cycles like that of our own native second-generation sun, imprinted on every earthling since creaturely life began.

To Bend and through town. Photons are arriving from distant sources. To get here at just this moment they had to set forth before the sun collected its debris and began its atomic burn. On journeys of various light years, they reach the High Desert Museum just as I do, joined by a flood of rays dispatched from the sun as I was entering town eight minutes ago. Together their kind have been lighting my way by the trillions, bouncing off every surface. They are brilliant in this dry desert air. The pine needles glisten with them. The ailing warrior raptors taking R and R in the aviary luxuriate in them and air their wings in warm comfort. Moderate, this climate, nothing at all like the millions of degrees of star cores and heatless space.

I was on the road just an hour and a half since pausing at the top to look downrange, yet in a manner of speaking I, too, have been quite a while getting here, or my materials



have, if not assembled in quite the form that drives automobiles. My DNA-coded cells started splitting up into liver, brain, heart, and kidney subkinds several million years ago. The ancestry they put together was ready for steering wheels as much as 200,000 years ago, with brains as large as those of most drivers now. (They might have handled automatic. Stick shift, I-5, and urban gridlock I doubt.)

In a reminiscent mood proper for a museum with Indian displays and a familiar-looking farm kitchen from around the 1930s, I wonder if quadruped genes were ever configured for self-consciousness. Probably not. Instinct for individual survival has been around forever, but enough memory and bundled experience to make up a self? That's not the sort of thing that shows up in fossils. I would wager, though, that Lucy, the famous upright *Australopithecus afarensis* specimen of 3.5 million years ago, had enough personality to be called a self. The Pi Phi I knew by that name certainly did, and much ego to go with it.

I'm still miffed that I wasn't paying more attention back when. I got a late start on spans longer than those between meals, and one thing about time always holds: it goes only forward. Squandered moments pack up and leave without saying goodbye.

Harold Toliver '54 is an emeritus professor of English at the University of California at Irvine. He is the author of seven books of literary history and criticism. Since the mid-nineties, he has been writing fiction. He and his wife Mary '54 have written half a dozen mystery novels, four of them set in the Willamette Valley and Central Oregon—the most recent, Leave Not a Trace, *is due out this spring. He is also working on two manuscripts concerning a humanist's reaction to the adjustments modern science requires in matching human-size measurements to extremes in numbers, sizes, times, distances, powers, and so on. Those works lie behind this essay. The Tolivers split their time between Laguna Beach, California, and Black Butte Ranch in Central Oregon.*

Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest

"Numbered Days" by **Harold Toliver** is the winning entry of the 2009 *Oregon Quarterly* Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest, as selected by this year's contest judge, longtime *Sports Illustrated* writer and Olympic marathoner Kenny Moore '66, M.F.A. '72. Toliver wins $750. Second place in the open category is **Gail Wells** of Corvallis for "The Ecstasy of Worms," and third place goes to **Melvin Adams** of Richland, Washington, for "The Wild Gods of the West and the Paradox of Beauty and Terror." Wells wins $300, and Adams, $100. The winner in the student category is **Rebecca Reisbick** of Olympia, Washington, for "The Romance of Salmon," which will be published in the Autumn issue of *Oregon Quarterly*. She wins $500. **Amanda Peacher** of Eugene wins second ($200) for "First Salmon," and **Michelle Theriault** of Eugene takes third ($75) for "Mud Puddle, Cherry Blossom." Peacher and Theriault are UO students.

The other contest finalists are

OPEN CATEGORY
(ninety-four total entries)

- Ellie Belew, Roslyn, Washington, for "Crosscut"
- Robert A. Freedman, Portland, for "Chasing Ducks"
- Liz Harlan-Ferlo, Portland, for "Gathering Anyway"
- Evelyn Searle Hess, Eugene, for "What Makes a Home"
- Nate Liederbach, Olympia, Washington, for "The Property"
- Ross Maxwell '00, Los Angeles, for "Stabbing Westward: Oregon and the Pioneer Gothic"
- Jamie Passaro, M.S. '01, Eugene, for "Twilight in the Logging Capital of the World"

STUDENT CATEGORY
(twenty-four total entries)

- Dawn Pichon Barron, Olympia, Washington, "Gray Area"
- Katherine Gries '05, Eugene, "Saving the Queen"

WRITERS ARE ENCOURAGED to enter the 2010 essay contest. The deadline is January 31, 2010. Additional details will be available at OregonQuarterly.com as they become available.

Web Extra! **Go to OregonQuarterly.com to read more *Oregon Quarterly* Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest selections.**

¿Podemos?

Can we attract the coming boom of college-age Latino students to higher education in Oregon—and are we ready for them?

BY ALICE TALLMADGE

One Friday this past March, more than 1,400 Latino high school students from throughout the mid-Willamette Valley converged at Western Oregon University for a day of workshops targeted to dispelling the myth and statistics that suggest Latinos and higher education are an unlikely fit.

If hope has a color, that day it was the color of the lime green T-shirt each participant in the César Chávez Latino Student Leadership Conference wore, with a graphic of the farm worker activist and the words *Si, se puede* ("Yes, we can") on the back.

And if hope has a sound, it was the thunderous applause that erupted from the gymnasium's packed bleachers when the Woodburn High School mariachi band struck up its first lively chords. And when guest speaker Carlos Ojeda Jr., whose downbeat slacker youth in Puerto Rico was transformed by a mentor's belief that he could succeed in college, told the sons and daughters of nursery workers, construction workers, and small business owners that the door of opportunity is wide open for them—if they choose to walk through it.

"This is your time, your life, your future," Ojeda proclaimed to the swath of brilliant green before him. A deafening roar answered him back.

The students Ojeda addressed are the face of a changing Oregon. In recent years, Latinos have been the fastest growing demographic population in the state. Their numbers doubled between 1990 and 2000, and the growth continues. Today, Latinos make up 10 percent of Oregon's population.

Latinos have settled in communities throughout the state. According to 2007 figures, they make up more than 25 percent of the population in Morrow, Malheur, and Hood River counties. Percentages are less but the numbers are much greater in the Willamette Valley closer to Portland. Latinos constitute 14.7 percent (77,000) of Washington County, 10.5 percent (73,390) of Multnomah County, and 22 percent (68,230) of Marion County.

Nowhere in the state is this demographic shift more visible than in the state's school system. The proportion of Latino students enrolled in K–12 classes statewide rose from under 5 percent in 1990 to 15.1 percent in 2005. Experts project those numbers to keep growing. The high school class of 2007 was 12 percent Latino, says Bob Kieran, assistant vice chancellor with the Oregon University System. Today's third graders—the class of 2018—are 20 percent, and the Western Interstate Commission for Higher Education estimates that by 2017, 29 percent of the state's high school seniors will be Latino.

Although the state has made substantial efforts throughout the K–12 system to accommodate the growing numbers of Latino students, many educators say too many obstacles remain between these students and a college education. The percentage of Latino high school graduates continues to be the lowest of any ethnic group in the state. And proportionate to their numbers in the population, far too few are enrolled in the state's public universities and community colleges.

The price of not fully addressing these conditions is steep, educators warn. Oregon's growing "knowledge

More than1,400 high school students gathered for the César Chávez Latino Student Leadership Conference at Western Oregon University in Monmouth earlier this year. Inset photos are from Raza Unida Conference at the UO.

FACING PAGE: EDGAR ROSALES / INSET: JOHN BAUGUESS

economy" requires understanding complex manufacturing and high tech systems, says Dalton Miller-Jones, psychology professor at Portland State University and chair of the Oregon University System's Student Participation and Completion Committee. In 2008, Miller-Jones's committee hosted a symposium on educating the state's underserved communities, of which Latinos are the largest group. Participants concluded that "Oregon's economy cannot be sustained at a healthy level if we continue on the current trajectory without any change in the educational capital of our citizens."

According to Miller-Jones, the committee is particularly concerned by what he says is an "apparent lack of urgency" in addressing the educational needs of this burgeoning population.

"An intelligent social system does not wait for a catastrophe to strike," he says, "but seizes the opportunity to plan and implement actions that address this growing population in our K–12 schools."

One of the state's most pressing needs, he says, is teachers and administrators who are bicultural, bilingual, or who are trained to be culturally inclusive. Latino students need to have teachers who look like they do, speak their language, and understand their culture, Miller-Jones says. And if that isn't possible, they need teachers who are trained to teach students learning English as a second language in a variety of subject areas and who are sensitive to the needs and concerns of these students.

JOHN BAUGUESS

The state's college and university training programs, he says, haven't shown enough initiative in filling this need

"There's a predictable tsunami coming at us here and we need to be much more responsive to it," he says. "People don't seem to understand that we're going to have a real problem if we are not effective at educating this community."

The University of Oregon's College of Education is paying attention. The college's teacher training program is revamping its curriculum to prepare future teachers for multicultural environments.

Beginning this fall, all teacher candidates will be required to earn an English as a Second Language endorsement, says Edward Olivos, assistant professor in the College of Education. Prospective teachers will learn how to make abstract subject matter more tangible and meaningful to students whose native language is not English. Courses in the social context of education will help future teachers identify their own biases, interact with different ethnic groups, and challenge the expectations they may have for certain groups of students, such as Latinos.

Prospective teachers "will learn how to be an advocate for students and their community, culture, and family," says Olivos. This, in turn, will help minimize the frustration that many Latino students experience. "It will help them feel more a part of their school," he says.

Needs to Succeed

To get a sense of the difference having a strong multicultural administrator—and a determined district—can make, take a look at recent changes at Springfield High School.

The Springfield School District has the highest number of Latinos in Lane County; the high school is 18 percent Latino. Several years ago, racial incidents and fights erupted frequently at the school. Latino parents rarely showed up at school meetings. Administrators had no clear strategy to incorporate Latino students into the social fabric of the campus.

Today, enrolled Latinos have a high attendance rate. The number of racial clashes at the school has plummeted. Latino assistants help out in the office, messages are announced over the PA system in both English and Spanish, the school hosts a GED program for Latino parents with free childcare, there's an after-school graffiti art program, and the school boasts a celebrated mariachi band.

"Fights are down, interracial dating is nothing out of the ordinary. The kids really like each other," says vice principal Carmen Gelman, M.Ed. '04.

What made the difference? A targeted outreach effort throughout the district helped to identify what Latino students need to succeed. At the high school, the hiring of Gelman, a Latina parole officer turned school administrator, made a significant difference.

Once on site, Gelman quickly became a crucial link between Latino students, their parents, and the school administration. She advocated for Latino students and raised their profile at the school, recruiting them to run for student office and assuring them that if they went out for sports, "it was OK to still be Latino." She broached thorny equity issues at administrative meetings and started a campaign to discourage the use of racial and other disparaging terms in the school's hallways.

"When kids come to me, I listen to them," says Gelman. "Kids know when they count, and kids here know they have a voice. And if they see that they matter, they'll stay in school longer."

During the district's outreach effort, says Springfield School Superintendent Nancy Golden, M.S. '74, Ph.D. '87,

Members of the Springfield High School Mariachi del Sol, led by music director Chris Holt '94, perform for the 2009 Martin Luther King Jr. celebration at Springfield Middle School. The vocalist is Angie Perez.

KEN HALEY

the district held Latino-only gatherings where food was served and parents who were shy about their English skills felt comfortable speaking up.

"We asked them, 'What would it take to feel like these schools are your schools?'" Golden says. Latino parents said that they wanted to be involved in school events, and that they and their children needed to feel the school embraced their culture. They said schools needed to have liaisons who spoke their child's language and understood the challenges of being Latino in a mostly Anglo school environment.

Today, the district has three multicultural liaisons on staff. Announcements sent home with students are written in English and Spanish. The district provides classes for teachers who want to learn conversational Spanish. Cultural proficiency is now a requirement for new hires. A group of staff members, administrators, and teachers meets regularly to discuss issues of equity. Schools put on multicultural assemblies, and teachers and administrators are often invited to family celebrations.

The change hasn't come without trials, Golden says. Some district employees were of the opinion that "if you come here, you learn our language, our culture, as opposed to seeing the beauty in terms of what different cultures have to offer," she says. People found themselves engaging in tough conversations about racism, cultural insensitivity, and white privilege. For a while, it was messy. People got hurt.

"It would not be honest to say we didn't go through things like that," says Golden, who now speaks in halting, but well-intentioned Spanish when she addresses Latino parents. "But we have gotten substantially better. And what has been exciting is how willing the community has been to galvanize around this once the vision was out there."

High schools in the Portland area have found success linking Latino students to their school via a multicultural soccer league for boys and girls, which includes forty-two schools from six area districts. To belong, players need to do well in school. "The stronger students teach the beginners," says Saideh Haghighi, who oversees Hispanic outreach at Hillsboro High School. "They wear school colors, their uniforms have the school name. They have school pride."

Hillsboro High School students have also gained from the school's link with MEChA, or Movimiento Estudiantil Chicano de Aztlán, a national Latino student organization that promotes higher education. "Their premise is, 'not if, but when' the students go to college," Haghighi says. The school's chapter brings in university representatives to talk about the advantages college can provide, scholarships, and other opportunities. Members also take on leadership roles—the bilingual MEChA students, for example, are in charge of phone banks used to communicate quickly with parents of the district's elementary and middle school students.

"It's done wonderful things for our kids," Haghighi says. "We are realizing we have to start these chapters sooner—in elementary and middle school."

Rural high schools have additional challenges in meeting the challenges of the expanding Latino population. The Ontario School District, which is 50 percent Latino, was caught by surprise in 2006–7 when the dropout rate at Ontario High School spiked to 8.8 percent, according to the annual report card the school receives from the state's Department of Education.

"It was a blip we didn't see coming," says Bret Uptmor,

principal of Ontario High School. Dropout rates at the school had been below 5 percent for several years, falling to 2.8 percent in 2005–6. For each of those years, Latinos made up slightly more than half the dropouts.

Uptmor believes last year's dropout rate was an anomaly. The school for years has made a point to be welcoming to Latino students, he says, and many bridges have been built between the Anglo and Hispanic populations. "We're a multicultural school," he says.

But Melissa Williams, director of school improvement, admits that the rural district, located at the eastern edge of the state, has a tough time recruiting bilingual, bicultural staff members. Of the school's seventy-five staff members, seven speak Spanish. The area also lacks a pool of adult Latino mentors that can help students understand important concepts, Uptmor says, such as the perplexing high school credit system and the importance of graduating. In general, he says, the idea of finishing high school and going on to college "is very much a part of American culture that doesn't line up with the Latino point of view."

A Path to College

The Latino community is not homogenous in attitudes about higher education, says Miller-Jones, chair of the OUS participation committee. But many students come from families where, although education is valued, the idea of college remains nebulous.

"There are very few community members who have had the experience, who talk about it around the dinner table, or at family gatherings," he says. "It's important to help the community understand how critical staying in school and getting a college degree is."

Latino students, he says, must be given the message—early and often—that higher education is a worthy, achievable goal that will enrich their lives, their families, and their communities. Waiting until high school to introduce or encourage the concept is simply too late.

"We need to turn our attention to them earlier in the pipeline," says Charles Martinez, University of Oregon vice provost for institutional equity and diversity. "We need to work with younger students and their families so they see themselves as having a natural path to college."

Priscilla Vasquez, a fifth-year digital arts major at the University of Oregon, is the daughter of Mexican immigrants. Vasquez says she never struggled with the idea of going to college. "I always knew I wanted to do it. I just didn't know how."

Vasquez got the help she needed from a counselor in middle school, which is when she thinks most students make up their mind about going to college. "You find yourself when you're in middle school," she says. "If you have support, it helps make up your mind."

Vasquez participated in a program in which college students visited her Portland-area middle school and mentored Latino students. Today, she returns the service, this time as a mentor at a Eugene middle school through a program called Ganas.

Ganas is run by Latino students who are members of the UO chapter of MEChA. The *Mechistas* in the Ganas program tutor middle school students, put on dinners and talent shows for students and their families, and take students on tours of the UO and Lane Community College campuses. Most importantly, they are visible examples that, when it comes to going to college, "*Si, se puede*" is not an empty slogan.

"They see someone who looks like them who is in higher education, so it helps students see that they can do it, too," Vasquez says.

The UO *Mechistas* also organize an annual youth conference for hundreds of local Latino high school students, with assistance from the UO Admissions Office and the Eugene 4-J School District. The conference workshop offerings run the gamut from Chicano folklore to filling out the dreaded federal student financial aid form.

As energetic as the one-day conference is, Martinez says it is only one step among many that need to be taken to ramp up Latino enrollment. Like most of the state's public universities, Latino enrollment at the UO has hovered at about 3 to 4 percent over the past decade.

"We have yet to catch the curve, as an institution, of the changes that exist in the state," he says. "When the state is changing this dramatically, but higher ed isn't, it means that there are access barriers."

Efforts to encourage Latino enrollment and retention at the UO range from having every college and university unit implement a diversity plan—and provide an annual progress report—to having key information translated into Spanish on University web pages to building stronger relationships with elders in the local community. "This is a huge shift for our campus," Martinez says. "The entire campus is taking ownership of this."

The University is also realizing it needs to involve Latino families more intimately in the admissions process. Parents of Anglo students are typically considered somewhat peripheral to the student, Martinez says. But in the Latino culture, "parents and the community are allies and col-

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laborators in encouraging academic success for students." Latino parents are invited to attend admission information nights held at high schools. Discussions with prospective students include looking at how higher education can help them give back to their families and their community.

"It would be misleading to say the University is suddenly seen as accessible and welcoming for all students of color," Martinez says. "You don't make that kind of impact in the short term." But, he notes, people are talking, and the University is listening. "There are early kernels of forming different kinds of relationships with our local communities."

Proof that targeted efforts to make a university more welcoming to Latino students succeed can be seen further north at Western Oregon University in Monmouth, which has bumped up its Latino enrollment by "doing a better job of taking the university to the students," says associate provost Dave McDonald.

During the school year, the university holds events for students and their families where university representatives explain financial assistance such as opportunity grants and debunk common myths many Latino parents hold about higher education—that it's too expensive, that universities aren't safe for their children, that once a child goes to college he or she is lost to the family. Once a year, the university brings an admissions team to area high schools with high percentages of Latino students. Seniors can hand in their application in the morning and get a reply by the afternoon.

The result of these efforts? The number of Latino undergraduates at the school has increased by 50 percent in the last four years, from 248 in 2004 to 371 in 2008, accounting for 7 percent of the school's population, the highest percentage of Latinos in any public university in the state.

Latino students at the UO are hopeful their stories and efforts will help attract larger numbers of younger Latino students to the tree-studded campus. Diego Hernandez, a fifth-year UO student, is among them (inset photo on page 34). A political science, ethnic studies, and sociology major, he has also found time to be an active *Mechista,* organizing the group's third Raza conference two years ago.

Raised by a single mom who cleaned houses for a living, he attended seven elementary schools and three middle schools in Oregon and California. Although he escaped being stereotyped because of his race, he knew Latino classmates whose future was sealed by middle school.

"You don't speak like everyone else. The majority of people don't look like you. Your family has financial problems. You get behind in school. And then you get the message you're stupid," he says. "And if you're told by tests results that you're dumb, you start to believe that you don't have a future, educationally speaking."

Thanks to a mentor he found at Reynolds High School in Troutdale, Hernandez thrived in high school and received a Diversity Building Scholarship to attend the UO. He plans on a career in law, possibly in civil rights or labor law, but he doesn't plan on keeping his story, or what he's learned in his struggle, quiet.

"The only reason I'm here, why a lot of us are here, are the people who built the ladders for us to climb with," he says. "Nothing was given to us. We had to build and fight for justice, and everybody's been sacrificing in order to give equal access to everybody else. I'm just trying to make sure I do my part in using the privileges I've earned to help others."

Alice Tallmadge, M.A. '87, is an adjunct instructor at the UO School of Journalism and Communication and a freelance writer. She lives in Springfield. Her last feature for Oregon Quarterly *was "Last Rites" (Spring 2008).*

Legal Roadblocks

Latino students who are undocumented are not eligible for federal financial aid. Many of these students have spent most of their lives in the United States, have been educated in U.S. schools, and are bicultural and bilingual—exactly the qualifications teacher preparatory programs are looking for in Oregon and elsewhere. "But if they don't have a Social Security number, there's no hope for them to go to college. It is devastating for them," says Elena Espinoza, multicultural liaison at Springfield High School. Because K–12 schools don't ask about students' immigration status, the numbers of undocumented high school students in Oregon is unknown. But those who work with Latino students know of students' whose future prospects dead-ended through no fault of their own.

"All throughout high school I took the hardest classes I could—calculus, biology, university-accredited classes," says "Marianna," who has lived in the United States since she was three. (She asked that her real name not be used.) In her junior year, she learned that being undocumented meant not only was she ineligible for financial aid, but that she would have to pay out-of-state tuition to attend a university. First her hopes crashed, then her 3.89 grade average. "I just stopped trying to do good in school," she says.

The federal DREAM (Development, Relief, and Education for Alien Minors) Act would allow some undocumented students who meet certain standards to earn conditional residency and a path to citizenship. During a six-year period they could attend college or enter the military. Defeated by eight votes in the U.S. Senate in 2008, the DREAM Act was re-introduced in Congress in late March. Dalton Miller-Jones, chair of the Oregon University System's Student Participation and Completion Committee and a psychology professor at Portland State University, says such an act is needed to stop the waste of resources and potential. "We are eliminating a very talented group of people," he says, "people who could become skilled, gain an education, and contribute to the economy."

Marianna, nineteen, managed to graduate from high school and is now married and the mother of a six-month-old. She is considering taking community college classes. "I've let time go by and things are better," she says. "I want to go back to school and do something with my life that will make me feel better, instead of having to say that I quit."

— A.T.

HOPE, BUT VERIFY

Marcus Mundy, president and CEO of the Urban League in what just may be America's whitest major city, is in the accountability business.

BY TODD SCHWARTZ
PHOTOS BY TIM LABARGE

Marcus Christian Mundy, M.B.A. '07, is a joyful, savvy, politic, and passionate man. He is successful and respected, a sought-after expert in health-care finance. He's also a black man in America and the president and CEO of the Portland affiliate of the "nation's oldest and largest community-based movement devoted to empowering African Americans to enter the economic and social mainstream"—which means he has some truth to tell and will readily stand and testify on the subject of race in . . .

Wait.

A story about race? But we're *done* with all that, aren't we? An African American is president of the United States, for heaven's sake, and every judge on every network TV show is a black woman—this is happy, "Kumbaya"-singing, postracial America. Everything is totally fine now. And, even crazier, a story about race in *Oregon*? Who could be more progressive, more colorblind than Oregonians?

True, the state has come a very long way since Oregon was home to one of America's strongest Ku Klux Klan groups in the 1920s. Robed Klansmen paraded on Portland streets, and, championed by no less a personage than the speaker of the Oregon House of Representatives, the conveniently initialed Kaspar K. Kubli, the Klan sponsored several anti-Catholic and anti-minority bills in the state legislature.

Today, the small number of Oregonians who are African

American (2 percent of the population statewide, slightly less than 7 percent in Portland, which led journalist Blaine Harden in a 2006 *Washington Post* article to declare it America's "whitest" big city) have become equal partners in our community. Right?

Wrong. Actually national estimates put it at more like 73 percent equal**.** But that's up almost half a percentage point from the previous year. Kumbaya!

SEE, HERE'S THE THING:

the America of President Obama *feels* a lot different than pre-Obama America. The bell can't be unrung, the door is open for good, and so on. But the shiny new digital full-color America, at least by the numbers, *looks* a lot like the dusty old analog black-and-white America. Change may be in the air, but not so much on the street.

The national Urban League's annual report on the state of black America, which measures the parity between whites and blacks in the United States based on economics, education, health, social justice, and civic engagement, put what the league calls the Equality Index at 73 percent for 2008. Which was up 0.41 percent from 2007.

Black median income sits at 61 percent of white households. Three times as many blacks as whites live below 125 percent of the poverty line. Black children are twice as likely to be uninsured as white children. The high school dropout rate for black students is improving, falling from 15 to 13 percent—but college enrollment among recent black high school graduates dropped by 15 percent. The average jail sentence for blacks is forty months, compared to thirty-seven months for whites (which is closer than it was in 2007, when it was forty-four months to thirty-four).

All of these numbers were arrived at before the U.S. economy went into commode mode, and the resulting decline may very well have hit African American households harder than white households. And the Urban League of Portland is at work on a State of Black Oregon report that will reveal where we stand locally. In any case, you can hold this truth to be self-evident: Everything is not totally fine now.

So where does this leave Marcus Mundy?

Motivated. Vigilant. And, as the fifty-year-old father of four says of himself, "Old enough to be cynical and young enough to be hopeful. I didn't think a Barack Obama would happen in my lifetime, so for me it means a real sense of personal pride that someone who looks like me has achieved that office. Many of the same old problems still exist, but I think this moment demonstrates an expanded way of thinking on the part of all Americans. Now, whether the majority is being dragged kicking and screaming into the future, or is looking forward with hope and saying, 'We want to be part of the right kind of change,' I'm not sure. But the fact that America has entered a global century, involving people of many colors, is definitely beginning to creep into peoples' consciousness."

Mundy's consciousness, and that of his six brothers and two sisters, was shaped early, and one-by-one the nine Mundy siblings all graduated from college. Born in Los Angeles, to a father who was an educator-turned-hospital administrator for UCLA and a mother who was a homemaker-turned-educational assistant for the public school system, Mundy grew up in a household where learning, working hard, and doing right were the golden rules. Along the way, his parents did what they could to isolate their kids from the more overt forms of racism.

"But just being black in America, you can't ever really hide from that, even if you're a ten-year-old kid growing up in L.A," Mundy remembers. "My father was from Tuskegee, Alabama, and my mother was from New Orleans, and I heard many tales of racism. On my mother's side both my grandfather and grandmother were domestics. In New Orleans it wasn't the back of the bus, it was the back of the streetcar, but the experience was the same. My paternal great-grandfather, for whom I'm named, was a Methodist minister."

But Mundy can declare something that is very rare in black America: On his father's side he is a fourth-generation college graduate. The signature, in fact, on his great-grandfather's college diploma is that of Mundy's grandfather, who had gone to school at Bennett College in North Carolina. The son later became a mathematics professor and the registrar at Bennett, convinced his minister father to attend college, and signed the document when Mundy's great-grandfather graduated. "I'm a very lucky black man, to have had that kind of history, and that kind of intention and direction," Mundy says. "Of course, as a fourth-generation college grad, I should probably be as rich as Bill Gates by now! I don't know what happened there."

When Mundy finished high school in 1976, he headed east to Howard University in Washington, D.C.

"I chose Howard for several reasons," he says. "First, I'd gone to an all-boys high school, so I wanted to be sure *that* didn't repeat itself in college. I wanted to go far away from home and experience that first taste of independence. And I chose a historically black university because both my parents had gone to black colleges and enjoyed their experiences. And I'd gone to a predominately white high school; I was ready for some new inputs."

Mundy, a longtime math-lover, thanks in part to his grandfather, began as a chemical engineering major. But it wasn't long before he grew tired of coming home each night to face hours of differential equations. Mundy wanted to find something that involved numbers but would also let him use the other things he enjoyed: writing and strategic thinking. So he switched to business. And he found himself involved in the business of health-care finance, thanks to a limited choice of campus jobs.

"I was a work-study student," Mundy explains, "and as a senior in the school of business I went to the registrar's office to get my job, and the available choices were either in

the campus bowling alley or in the hospital business office. I thought the latter was more in line with where I wanted to go. I got some good exposure there, and ultimately they offered me a job after graduation."

After two years at Howard University Hospital, Mundy moved to Medlantic Healthcare Group in 1985 as a reimbursement analyst. He began moving up a ladder of success that spanned several jobs in several cities in the South and East. But he was never far from the realities of race, usually played in minor keys.

"There's something called microinequity," says Mundy, "which is the sum of all the little niggling things that happen on a daily basis to people of color or people with disabilities, things that the majority population just never has to deal with—bottom line, anytime you just walk into a room, you're always the black guy. When I worked for a healthcare company based in Atlanta, my territory was Virginia and North Carolina, so I would go to small rural hospitals to analyze their Medicare and Medicaid reports and help them optimize their reimbursement. And I would go into these all-white boardrooms in coal-mining towns and farm towns, and some of the board members wouldn't want to shake my hand, or wouldn't look me in the eye, or wouldn't respect what I was saying.

"But the great equalizer was that I had what they wanted. I would find these rural hospitals an extra $50,000 or $100,000 in profit, and suddenly it was 'Whoa—the *black* guy found that!? Then he's okay with me.' I think in a much grander way that's what Obama has done: 'The *black* guy can fix this? Then he's okay with me.'"

BY 2000, MUNDY WAS working in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, as the manager of risk advisory services for Big Four auditor and professional services giant KPMG. His wife Leslye was offered a job with Nike in Portland, and "after interviewing out there to see if they would have me," Mundy transferred to the KPMG office on the unfamiliar turf of Oregon.

"The first time I was in Portland was when we were house-hunting," Mundy says, "and I liked it immediately. The first thing I noticed was how beautiful it was. I didn't know exactly what to make of it—I was mostly used to bigger cities—and I soon noticed how white it was. I think it's gotten even whiter since then, which is neither good nor bad, it just is. And I remember there were a lot of Birkenstocks!"

Mundy and his wife didn't get much time to enjoy the Northwest together. He was left alone with their three daughters and one son when Leslye died suddenly in 2003. By then, Mundy had become a vice president and the regional compliance officer for Kaiser Permanente, and he threw his energy into his kids, who ranged from just three to seventeen years old at the time. Together, with support from family and friends, the Mundys made it through, but not a day or an achievement goes by that doesn't contain an empty space where the proud smile of mother and wife should shine.

Mundy also immersed himself in work to benefit the Portland community.

"I've always been loyal to the Urban League," he recalls. "They gave me my first real job in L.A., in one of their high school programs, and I've stayed involved ever since, either as a board member or volunteering as an adviser to young professionals. But I still sometimes wonder how I found myself in this particular chair."

Marcus Mundy talks with a vendor at an Urban League of Portland career fair this spring.

Said chair being located behind the president's desk at the Urban League of Portland. The local affiliate of the national organization was founded right after World War II, thirty-five years after what would become the Urban League was born in 1910 in New York City. The organization grew out of the so-called Black Migrations at the turn of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The U.S. Supreme Court's approval of segregation in the 1896 *Plessy v. Ferguson* decision and the hard-as-chains system of economic, social, and political oppression the white South quickly adopted turned what had been a trickle of African Americans moving northward into a flood.

As the Urban League's written history points out, "Those newcomers to the North soon discovered they had not escaped racial discrimination. Excluded from all but menial jobs in the larger society, victimized by poor housing and education, and inexperienced in the ways of urban living, many lived in terrible social and economic conditions. Still, in the degree of difference between South and North lay op-

portunity, and *that* African Americans clearly understood."

But they would need help, and a multiracial group of reformers came together to create "the fledgling organization [that] counseled black migrants from the South, helped train black social workers and worked in various other ways to bring educational and employment opportunities to blacks. Its research into the problems blacks faced in employment opportunities, recreation, housing, health and sanitation, and education spurred the league's quick growth. By the end of World War I the organization had eighty-one staff members working in thirty cities."

BY THE END OF THE nineties, the Portland affiliate of the Urban League was in trouble. Mundy explains it this way: "Like many organizations, the Urban League tried to grow too fast and lost its focus. And many nonprofits have succumbed to the allure of chasing dollars. If any agency anywhere was granting money for anything back then, the Urban League would go after it. And, by virtue of being a well-established organization, we would get a lot of those grants—some of which we probably had no business getting. That may be a bit too strong, but it's clear that those grants required better financial management and better accountability, and everything sort of broke down to the point that we weren't managing the dollars or the programs properly."

So there came a change in leadership. The respected, no-nonsense state senator Margaret Carter took over, and the Urban League slowly began a comeback to fiscal health. Mundy became a board member during that comeback, and in 2006, when the league was looking for a new president and CEO, they turned to him for interim help.

"I was in grad school at the time [at the Oregon Executive M.B.A. program], and I'd left Kaiser and was running my own health-care consulting firm," says Mundy. "The league asked me if I would step in as interim president while they conducted a three-month executive search. I'd been involved in searches before, so I had in my mind that six months was more likely. Nine months later, they still hadn't seen the candidate they wanted to see, and they began to turn their gaze on me. When they asked if I would consider taking the job, I hadn't even considered the possibility. But I was getting to the age when it was time to do more than just trying to get the next big job and the next big paycheck. It was time to give something back. Not that I'm a total altruist—I have kids to feed and I like to make money, but I just kept hearing my mom's voice telling all of us kids to be good people."

When asked what the league saw in him that it didn't see in the others, Mundy immediately answers, "The perfect mixture of humor and intelligence and forthrightness—and *humility*, of course, I should have said that one first.

"Seriously, I think they were looking for someone with a bottom-line business and financial focus," he says. "The Urban League is an unusual organization in that we have social service programs and also are an advocacy group. . . . So it's my job to bring my corporate experience to building relationships with power and money. We have to give our funders a value proposition and offer a return on investment. If we don't understand that our funders don't give *gifts*, they make *investments*, then we won't succeed."

If Mundy's track record holds true, he will succeed, although he would be just as happy if some kumbaya miracle happened and the Urban League was no longer necessary. Even though there's enough miraculous floating around out there that now the president of the United States looks like him, Mundy's not holding his breath. Or, sometimes, his tongue.

"Even when I was working with a local firm not so long ago," Mundy says, "a big job came open and I asked if they had interviewed any black candidates. When you're the only black in the room, if you don't ask the question it usually doesn't get asked. As tiresome as it is, that's my responsibility, being in the accountability business. So they said, 'Oh, we couldn't find any good candidates.' Now I'm normally *much* more politic than this, but I said, 'Well, explain to me *how* you couldn't find any good candidates. What process did you use? I mean, I'm sitting two feet away from you in about fourteen meetings per week, and you never asked me to recommend anyone. I'm a member of a black accountants association, I'm part of a black M.BA.s association, a member of a black health executives association—I could have given you names instantly. I went to a historically black college with one of the best business programs around, I have alumni connections—what about this don't you *get*?' That's the challenging part of my job. Portland is very progressive if you're a salmon or a tree, but maybe not so much if you are a person of color. Progress is as progress does."

Or perhaps progress is as Marcus Mundy (along with many others who share an appreciation for the possible) does. And will continue to do. Everything is not fine now—but it's better.

"One of the reasons I took the Urban League position," Mundy says, "is that while we are a small band of African Americans in this town, it's a hardy bunch. And a very contributing bunch—a powerful force when we put our heads together. That's the hopeful part of the job. I think this moment in our country represents real change, but I also believe that even when my son, who's nine years old, reaches the workforce, the Urban League will still be needed and relevant. If everybody did what they were *supposed* to do, then we'd be out of business, and God bless us for being done. I think Reagan said, 'Trust, but verify,' and I'm willing to trust—but the league is also in that verification role. And if nobody's watching, well, just look at where our economy stands right now. So I never stop being hopeful—and I never stop watching."

Todd Schwartz '75 is a Portland writer who has never, ever, sung "Kumbaya."

Four Wings, Six Legs, Fifty Thousand Eyes

Amazing and abundant, dragonflies add to outdoor summertime fun.

THEIR NAMES RESONATE LIKE A roll call of brightly clad superheroes, or maybe professional wrestlers: shadow darner, blue dasher, American emerald, cherry-faced meadowhawk, spot-winged glider. *Look out for the Pacific clubtail, the flame skimmer, the spiny baskettail!* But instead of fighting crime or throwing chokeholds, they hover, gentle and fairy-like on iridescent cellophane wings, dipping and darting over ponds, streams, and lakes. The mellow, droning buzz of dragonflies has lulled many a human explorer to indulge in that most pleasant summer extravagance, an outdoor nap.

The dragonfly, its toothpick-thin body armored in a bright metallic flash of color, is the stuff of myths and admiration worldwide. One European tale warns that dragonflies may stitch shut the eyes and mouths of naughty children, cursing men, or scolding women, while in Japanese lore the dragonfly is often revered as the spirit of the rice plant and the provider of plentiful harvests. The insect—in both larval and adult form—is considered a delicacy in some Asian cuisines.

Artistically, the dragonfly motif enjoyed an ethereal presence during the art nouveau period, gracing the lamps and jewelry designs of Louis Comfort Tiffany and French artist René Lalique. Long before that, many Native American tribes also favored the insect's image on pottery and woven goods: The dragonfly is often associated with water purity since its life cycle revolves around fresh water sources.

Who *isn't* fascinated by dragonflies?

For Steve Gordon '73, that fascination became an enthralling hobby that adds zest to his retirement, and also led him to coauthor a book, *Dragonflies and Damselflies of the Willamette Valley, Oregon: A Beginner's Guide* [CraneDance Publications, 2005]. Throughout his career as a municipal planner, Gordon often enjoyed the colorful antics of dragonflies during field trips to the wetland areas around Eugene. Like countless other folks, he and his wife enjoyed the many species of dragonflies that zoomed through and hovered in their backyard vegetable and flower gardens. On one occasion, he even sketched the intricate wing patterns of a dragonfly perched on a bush, then tried—and failed—to find a field guide to help him identify the creature.

Then, in the late '90s, Gordon spoke at a wetlands scientists' conference in Tacoma where he watched a "dragonflies and wetlands" presentation by Dennis Paulson, a noted expert on the insect. "I was hooked," Gordon says. "I really just wanted to know more about dragonflies, so I started searching the Internet for Oregon dragonfly contacts." Gordon discovered another Eugene

Striped meadowhawk dragonfly, one of forty-nine known Willamette Valley species

CARY KERST

dragonfly enthusiast, Cary Kerst—the two had met previously while working on wetlands-related projects—and they decided to see how many local dragonfly species they could identify. An entomologist, Kerst had studied dragonflies (Latin order *Odonata*) in college, and was happy to share his considerable knowledge with Gordon.

Odonates have a three-stage life cycle: egg, nymph, and adult. The adult female lays eggs (by the hundreds or thousands) in vegetated water areas. Within a few days, eggs hatch into nymphs that begin to feed immediately. Depending on species, nymphs live in muddy sediment, in water, or on live vegetation; all are ravenous predators with hinged lower jaws that dart out quickly to grab prey such as mosquito larvae or small fish. They breathe through gills located in a rectal chamber and can also rapidly expel water from this chamber—a jet propulsion mechanism used for escape from other predators. Nymphs mature in one to three years, molting and shedding exoskeletons ten times or more before the final metamorphosis produces those large, gauzy wings.

Adult Odonates live only two to four weeks, says Gordon, and that brief time is focused on feeding and reproduction. Dragonflies are highly valued for their mosquito-munching appetites; their huge compound eyes have 30,000 to 50,000 facets each, providing a 350 degree view—the perfect tool for scoping in on tiny prey. "They're capable of flying 35 miles per hour," he says, "so there's no limit, really, to the types of insects they might eat."

During mating, the male grasps the female behind her head, and the female bends her abdomen up to the second section of the male's abdomen to receive sperm. In some species, the male remains attached to the female while she deposits her eggs to prevent her mating with other males. A protective suitor, the dragonfly male might even remove the sperm of other donors from a female's reproductive area to protect his own progeny.

The dragonfly—and the closely related damselfly—have been buzzing around for more than 300 million years. Some ancient specimens identified in fossil remains were as big as model airplanes: *Meganeura mony*, which lived about 325 million years ago, had a foot-long body and a twenty-seven-inch wingspan.

Present-day species of dragonflies and damselflies are estimated at 5,500 worldwide; of those, 350 dragonfly and 128 damselfly species are North American natives. Eighty-nine species are found in Oregon. Starting with the available field guides on California and Washington species, Gordon and Kerst began building their own information set based on species they found in the Willamette Valley. They attended "dragonflying" expeditions with Oregon dragonfly experts Jim Johnson and Steve Valley, building a specimen collection and gaining exposure to dragonfly habitats in other parts of the state. "There are forty-nine species known to live here in the Willamette Valley," says Gordon, "and three more that we suspect are here, but haven't found yet—though we probably will."

Eventually, the Audubon Society and local nature organizations asked Gordon and Kerst to lead dragonfly trips and make presentations to gardening clubs and other groups around Eugene. "And one day we realized we had all this information . . . we just decided to put together a book for our area," says Gordon.

The result of their effort is a colorful and light-hearted field guide that provides historic and scientific information, maps to Willamette Valley dragonfly habitats, and, most important, plenty of large photos of these most intriguing insects. "We've tried to include photos that illustrate the field marks you need to see for identification," Gordon says. "This book focuses mostly on males since they are more colorful and easier to identify by sight." Another book may be on the horizon with more photos of and detailed information about female specimens.

Gordon admits that dragonflying has become a considerable time investment in his retirement years. "My wife, Susie, has been very understanding, and helps me to strike a balance between the dragonflies and our family obligations." The couple's children, Kimberly [Ackerman] '99 and Josef '04 aren't involved in his dragonflying, but Kimberly's son Benjamin Ackerman, age seven, thoroughly enjoys expeditions with his grandpa, trudging through the muddy fields with dragonfly net in hand.

—Katherine Gries '05

Web Extra! **Go to OregonQuarterly.com to see a slideshow of dragonfly photos by photographer Cary Kerst.**

Shaking Up Shakespeare

Director plays fast and loose—and has a lot of fun—with the Bard.

If you slipped last-minute into a darkened Hillsboro theater last winter, anticipating a traditional staging of *The Comedy of Errors*, your expectations were about to be bonked on the noggin with an animated mallet.

As the Critic, a condescending character you've never heard of, commandeered the stage to blather about the amateurish quality of most contemporary William Shakespeare productions, you might have looked down at your program to see the Bard's name blendered into "Shilliam Wakespeare."

On stage, the Critic droned, "You probably think that Shakespeare is incredibly difficult to follow, that the language is archaic, the plots nearly undecipherable, and most of the stories no longer relevant to your lives. So, we are only doing this to sell tickets, and drinks at the bar, and perhaps kill a couple of hours in what is otherwise a town completely bereft of nightlife."

Then it would hit you: This is not your father's great-grandfather's Shakespeare. (It would have hit you weeks earlier, had you attended a rehearsal critique in which director Scott Palmer '91 instructed the cast: "The groping was all over the place today.") For two hours, cartoonishly costumed actors take Shakespeare's already-zany play and give it a goosing, with a Looney Tunes twist.

"I feel best about my work when people love it and hate it at the same time," says Palmer, artistic director of Bag&Baggage Productions, a former traveling company that has settled into Hillsboro's renovated Venetian Theatre and Bistro. "I would say that for the most part, the adaptations are successful. I want my audiences to always think and be reflective about Shakespeare."

Palmer mines many genres and multiple sources for his adaptations. As founding director of the Glasgow Repertory Company, he staged an aggressively political *Henry V* outdoors that had Scottish audiences climbing fences to catch sold-out performances. He transformed *King Lear* into an intimate family drama set in the 1950s around issues of aging and dementia. He did *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as a silent movie and *Titus Andronicus* as Japanese kabuki theater. He has reshaped *Romeo and Juliet*, reimagined *Macbeth*, tinkered with *The Tempest,* and did much to *Much Ado about Nothing.*

BILL WAGNER

Scott Palmer's Shakespeare—lots of latitude, no shortage of attitude

For his version of *Comedy*, Palmer reached back to Warner Brothers cartoon reruns, much as Shakespeare plundered plots and language from earlier playwrights such as Plautus.

"My sense of humor was absolutely born out of Fred and Barney and *Gilligan's Island* and Daffy Duck. That's the stuff my brother and I watched every Saturday morning. That's the stuff that trained me to think stuff is funny," Palmer says. Four hundred years earlier, Shakespeare whacked the same funny bone with a comically rendered beating in *The Comedy of Errors*. "Dropping an anvil on somebody's head has not gone out of style."

Some Shakespeare purists consider his works untouchable. "Then there are those of us who see them as living works of drama that change over time and respond to changes in audiences and changes in the world," Palmer says.

John Schmor, M.A. '89, Ph.D. '91, head of the UO's Department of Theater Arts, said every state has Shakespeare festivals, but Palmer is among a minority of American directors to be so bold with the Bard. Schmor is, too, with productions that have included *Hamlet* with zombies and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* as a Mardi Gras musical.

Schmor says that Shakespeare and his Elizabethan contemporaries were quite willing to radically rewrite plays, so much so that Shakespeare's originals no longer exist. The notion of "the great English poet" whose text must not be altered came centuries later, during the Victorian era. It's a reverence known today as "Bardolatry."

"I personally think that's a disservice to his theater," Schmor says. "I'm glad [Palmer] is doing what he's doing."

While Schmor radically reworks Shakespeare's texts to tell a new story, Palmer goes a step further by adding passages from other works and from his own fertile imagination—deepening audience members' delight or furthering their fury.

One reviewer, for example, hailed Palmer's modern *Lear* as something "to cherish" while another said the same production

"My sense of humor was absolutely born out of Fred and Barney and *Gilligan's Island* and Daffy Duck. That's the stuff my brother and I watched every Saturday morning. That's the stuff that trained me to think stuff is funny."

"stripped away its soul." Recently, one gushing group of viewers came to *Comedy* night after night. But Palmer also keeps a letter from an irate patron who wrote following an earlier production: "Who the hell do you think you are? Shakespeare is probably rolling over in his grave right now after what you did to his play." Another confronted him in a bar and accused him of "murdering" *Romeo and Juliet.*

"Most of the Shakespearean companies are in fidelity with the text," says Kirk Boyd, director at the former Willamette Repertory Theatre in Eugene and veteran of the Oregon Shakespeare Festival in Ashland. "I think as artists we're challenged when we take a piece of literature and try to mine what's in there. There's plenty of artistry and work to do with just what's in there. I don't have anything against [major adaptations]—I'm just not into it. I want my Shakespeare traditional."

"His adaptations always have a reason," counters Maggie Chapin, who has acted in many of Palmer's productions. "They're so fresh, and they're so new—especially for someone who loves Shakespeare as much as I do."

In February 2010, Scott Palmer will debut his original adaptation melding Shakespeare's The Taming of the Shrew *with fellow Elizabethan playwright John Fletcher's* The Woman's Prize, *a hilarious but nearly forgotten sequel to the Bard's popular comedy.*

—Eric Apalategui '89

She from Whom All Blessed Strings Flow

Four generations of University harpists, one unlikely matriarch

OR 150 SUSTAIN THE SPIRIT

Adjunct instructor of harp Laura Zaerr '84 can name the entire line of succession of University of Oregon harp professors on just three calloused fingers. Before Laura, there was Sally '57. And before Sally, there was Doris Helen '31. Before Doris Helen, there was no harp program at Oregon. But there was Ruth Lorraine Close. And because of Ruth, now there is Rachel, and all the others.

But let's not get ahead of ourselves. Let's start at the beginning.

She was never quite the picture of a fairy godmother. She had bobbed red hair, high-society manners, and a closet stuffed with the sort of *Great Gatsby*–era fashion that would make Daisy Buchanan jealous. But for dozens of lucky and talented harp students whose wishes she's granted, Ruth Lorraine Close might just as well have sported gossamer wings and a glitter-bespangled wand. Close never attended or taught a single class at the University, but her spirit and influence continue to be passed from generation to generation of Oregon harpists.

Born in 1896 to a wealthy East Coast family, Ruth Lorraine took up the harp at age eight. Hoping to cultivate her obvious talent, her parents took her abroad to soak up the belle époque grandeur of the Continent and to study with some of Europe's greatest teachers. In addition to her harp lessons, the young protégé studied conducting, piano technique, music theory, and soon could speak four languages. She enrolled at Stanford University at age fifteen, and was one of the first women to complete a prelaw degree there. After graduation, she wed a banker named Carlos Close, and the two moved to Portland.

Years of performing followed. The young Mrs. Close was the principal harpist with the Portland Symphony Orchestra (later renamed the Oregon Symphony), which had been founded in the year of her birth, making it the oldest orchestra in the West. In the mid-1920s, the orchestra was one of the largest and most highly acclaimed symphonies in the nation. Portland by this time was a thriving city, with an ever-increasing network of streets and bridges and more cars per capita than Chicago or New York. In such a modern environment, with women gaining voting rights and occupying a staggering 2.4 percent of the local work force by 1920, a female presence among the symphony's ranks was certainly quite novel, but not unheard of.

From left: Sally Calkins Maxwell (seated), adjunct instructor of harp Laura Zaerr, and Rachel Miller; inset: Ruth Lorraine Close

If any doubts remained regarding her fitness to be a member of the orchestra, however, Close's concert reviews would quickly lay them to rest. Each year between symphony seasons, she traveled extensively, giving well-received performances around the Northwest, as well as in San Francisco, London, and Paris (where she was able to indulge her penchant for tiny French slippers embroidered in all the season's most fashionable colors). An item in the *Morning Oregonian* of April 11, 1929, titled "New York Hails Harpist," proclaims that Close's recital in Steinway Hall, her first New York concert, was applauded by a "large and discriminating audience," and had been a grand success.

At home in Portland, dedication to her students was just as important to Close as her own accomplishments as a musician. She was the head of her department at the Ellison-White Conservatory of Music, where she taught French as well as instructing young musicians on the harp. One of her students, a Eugene native named Doris Helen Patterson, so benefited from her tutelage that in the spring of 1927, she was chosen from among eleven of the nation's top high-school-age harpists as the soloist for the 260-member National High School Orchestra. Patterson's reward, apart from the honor of being chosen, was the privilege of performing on a Gothic-design harp valued at $2,000—the same price as an expensive house at the time.

Four years later, in 1931, it was Patterson (later to become Doris Helen Patterson Calkins) who founded the University of Oregon's harp department and became

INSET PHOTO PROVIDED BY SALLY CALKINS MAXWELL / GROUP PHOTO BY JACK LIU

its first professor. The 1931–32 School of Music course catalog notes that a term's worth of weekly harp lessons in her studio could be had for $18. Calkins retained 90 percent of that fee, while the University received the rest; music professors were paid no additional salary.

Years passed. The Great Depression and ensuing political upheavals and war forced the Portland Symphony to suspend its regular concerts from 1938 until 1947. At the University, a new wing was added to the School of Music in 1950 to accommodate ever-expanding needs. Close and her husband moved to California; he died, she remarried. All the while, Calkins performed and taught while raising her own family, including her daughter, Sally, who had begun her own career by playing with the University harp ensemble when she was just six.

Fast-forward to 1969, when the fairy godmother first appears on the UO scene. When Ruth Close died at age seventy-three, she left bequests to Stanford University and a number of other institutions and associations. The remainder of her generous estate, however, was left to the University of Oregon, for the purpose of establishing a scholarship fund for advanced music students, preferably (but not exclusively) those hailing from Oregon or Washington and studying the harp or composition. The money was a great and welcome surprise for the School of Music, which godmother Close recognized as home of the outstanding harp program on the West Coast at the time.

The scholarship fund aided scores of University music students, and, thanks in large part to Doris Helen Calkins' efforts, funded the Ruth Lorraine Close Awards. Beginning in 1975, these awards offered $2,000 scholarships to each of three winners of a contest presided over by the National Harp Society and held each year in Eugene. The national Close Awards were adjudicated by internationally recognized musicians, who, while on campus for the competition, also held master classes with award contestants and University students. Close's name (and the University) became well known in harp circles as a result of these prestigious awards. The national awards competition ended in 1990, but Close scholarships have continued to this day to support UO music students.

Sally Calkins Maxwell, the little girl in the University harp ensemble, grew up, graduated, and eventually replaced her mother as harp professor in 1975. After a long career at the School of Music and on the national harp scene, during which she became something of an expert on Ruth Close, Maxwell was replaced by one of her own students, three-time Close scholarship winner Laura Zaerr, in 2001.

Now it is Zaerr who is shepherding a new crop of young harp players along the paths to their careers (and yes, some are young men). Among her students is Rachel Miller, a freshman music major who credits her own Close scholarship as the major source of financial support her family needed to send her to college. Miller is already excelling on her instrument, hopes to travel the world with her music, and perhaps one day may become a teacher herself.

Somewhere, one imagines, her unlikely fairy godmother is playing her harp up in a heaven full of tiny French shoes, smiling down at the thought.

—Mindy Moreland, M.S. '08

UO Alumni Calendar

Go to **uoalumni.com/events** for detailed information

June 3
SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ALUMNI CHAPTER
Hollywood Ducks networking night
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

June 4
EUGENE, OREGON
Senior sendoff
UO seniors celebrate their graduation

June 28
TREASURE VALLEY CHAPTER
Wine, cheese, tenors, and strings event
SUN VALLEY, IDAHO

July 7
UOAA TRAVEL PROGRAM*
Italy's magnificent Lake District

July 11
PORTLAND CHAPTER
Portland young alumni pub crawl

July 25
PUGET SOUND ALUMNI CHAPTER
Puget Sound taste of Oregon event

August 6
UOAA TRAVEL PROGRAM*
Switzerland traveler's choice

August 8
UOAA TRAVEL PROGRAM*
Cruise the legendary Rhine River

August 16
NORTHERN CALIFORNIA ALUMNI CHAPTER
Oakland A's baseball game

(*FOR DETAILED ITINERARIES, SEE UOALUMNI.COM/JOIN/TRAVEL)

UNIVERSITY OF OREGON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

How Class Notes happen . . . and how YOU can participate

Class Notes are an easy way to let your UO friends (long lost and otherwise) know what you're up to, where you've ended up, or who you've blossomed into. New job? Retired? Married? Had a child? Won an award? Written a book? Hobbies? Volunteer work? Your UO friends want to know.

Where do *OQ* Class Notes come from? We don't have the staff to scour newspapers, magazines, and the Internet to keep up on Oregon grads, so we rely on you, our readers, to give us the material that we can pass along to recipients of the roughly 100,000 magazines we publish each quarter as well as to viewers of our website. Many Ducks go online and fill out our easy-to-use form (from **OregonQuarterly.com,** click on **Submit a Class Note**) or send an e-mail to **quarterly@uoregon.edu**. Others mail in the form that appears on page 53 of this issue, or send newspaper clippings directly to our office:

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Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1940s

At age eighty-eight, **George Mosher** '43 is still an active member of the Birmingham, Michigan, community. Mosher, together with his late wife, Doris, is credited with founding Michigan's Oakland Community College, which has become the state's largest community college and the fourteenth largest in the nation. An attorney, Mosher continues to work for Brooks Kushman, a Birmingham firm, and says that he has no plans to retire.

■ **Betty (Brown) Tucker** '48, a member of Alpha Gamma Delta, recently returned from a cruise on the Royal Princess with her grand niece, Linda Bell. The ship sailed from Montreal, Canada, to New York last October. Tucker reports that the fall colors in New England were outstanding (maybe even better than in Oregon). Tucker and Bell are looking forward to their next adventure.

PHOTO COURTESY OF MIKE E. WALSH

CLASS NOTABLE

■ **Mike Walsh** '72, a Eugene artist, was one of only 141 artists worldwide invited to contribute a work to the Tenth International Shoebox Sculpture Exhibition, organized by the University of Hawaii. Pictured above, Walsh's sculpture, "Waiting for the World to Change," will travel internationally with the exhibition through 2011.

1950s

■ Writer, artist, and retired teacher **James McGrath** '50 has published his third book of poetry, *Dreaming Invisible Voices* (Sunstone Press, 2009), illustrated by ninety-five-year-old artist Margreta Overbeck. McGrath has been published in seventeen anthologies. He has lived, worked, and taught in Asia, Africa, and Europe.

■ **Elizabeth "Beth" Ann (Brinker) Dilts** '56 met **Marilyn (Lundell) Urness** '56 and **Sally Stadelman** '56 during their freshman year living in Carson Hall. The three women eagerly plan annual reunions, encouraging other women from their hall to attend. Dilts is a retired social worker. She and her husband, ■ **David Dilts** '59, have two children and two grandchildren and make their home in Walla Walla, Washington. Urness, a member of Delta Gamma sorority, is a retired English teacher and library media specialist. She and husband Ed live in The Dalles, have four children and five grandchildren, and are very proud of the newest Duck addition to their family: **Kiffanie Urness**, Ph.D. '08. Stadelman is a travel agent living in Seaside. She has two daughters and seven grandchildren.

■ After thirty years of city and county planning, **Culley E. Polehn** '56 has retired in Medford, where he is a volunteer on the city's transportation committee.

■ **Constance A. Hammond** '59, M.Ed. '62, wrote *Shalom/Salaam/Peace: A Liberation Theology of Hope in Israel/Palestine* (Equinox Publishing, 2008) and traveled to London for the book launch. Hammond is enjoying catching up with old friends as she speaks in various states on her American book tour. After years living in Rome, Boston, and several cities in Washington, Hammond has returned to Oregon and serves as the assisting priest at All Saints Episcopal Church in Portland.

1960s

Joe M. Fischer '60, M.F.A '63, exhibited forty recent paintings for the better part of March in the main gallery of the Longview Public Library in Longview, Washington.

Duane Loppnow '60, M.S. '64, a member of Phi Kappa Sigma and a professional sculptor, has taught his craft for many years at various institutions such as Western Oregon University, the University of California at Santa Barbara, and Santa Barbara City College, where he is currently artist in residence. One of his pieces can be seen in the outdoor sculpture garden at the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art.

Alaby Blivet '63 and wife **Sara Lee Cake** '45 continue their biodiesel-powered bus tour crisscrossing the state in celebration of Oregon 150. On a caffeine-addled run from Nimrod to Netarts, the couple was inspired by a half-off special at an unlicensed auto body paint shop to "pimp our ride" and had their vehicle emblazoned with the words "Further than Furthur" in Kandy-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Day-Glo paint.

Robert V. Hardy Jr. '64, a third-generation Duck, has published his first book, *Circular Passage* (BookSurge Publishing, 2009), a memoir about his world travels over the course of sixteen months in the mid-1960s.

■ **Cliff Jernigan** '64, a semiretired attorney, enjoys marketing the cabernet sauvignon of Olive Hill Lane Press winery, the grapes for which grow on the Jernigan estate. He's authored three books on international trade and corporate taxation, and has retired from his four-year senior management post in the Internal Revenue Service. He and his wife of forty-four years, **Berdine (Benson) Jernigan** '64, a real estate broker, are living in Woodside, California, where they enjoy traveling, fine food and wine, and golfing together.

■ After twenty-one years with the city of Philomath, **Carol Coons Wigle** '65 has retired from her post as police clerk. Previously, Wigle served fourteen years in a split position of police clerk and court clerk.

Jan (Anderson) Galloway '67, a retired nurse and proud mom and grandmother in Portland, writes to inform that her daughter Kathleen Holstad, a Beaver, is the marketing director of the Tillamook Creamery Association and has recently published *The Tillamook Cheese Cookbook: Celebrating 100 Years of Excellence* (Arnica Publishing, 2008). Galloway reports that her daughter, Janelle Kelsey, a retired linguist in the U.S. Navy, is the manager at the Joann Fabrics superstore in Tigard. Kelsey's husband, two sons, and daughter have all served or are serving in the Navy.

Jan Sieberts '67, a forty-year veteran of the Alaskan banking business, was reappointed chairman of the finance committee of the Anchorage Community Development Authority. He also chairs the finance committee as a board member of Alaska Pacific University.

Ira Sadoff, M.F.A. '68, an award-winning poet and the Arthur Jeremiah Roberts Professor of Literature at Colby College in Waterville, Maine, has written a book titled *History Matters: Contemporary Poetry on the Margins of American Culture* (University of Iowa Press, 2009).

John Dick '69, a member of Sigma Nu, broke his own state powerlifting record in the masters 5 category (age sixty to sixty-four) with three lifts totaling more than 1,014 pounds.

David Simpson '69 has published his first novel, *Sobered by Snakebite* (CreateSpace, 2009), which recounts several episodes that occurred while in Venezuela with his family during the mid-1960s.

1970s

J. Sydney Jones '70 has written his eleventh book, *The Empty Mirror* (Minotaur Books, 2009), a historical mystery thriller set in Vienna in 1900. The novel is the first in a series. Jones lives in Soquel, California.

In an attempt to reconnect with fellow Ducks, psychologist **Emmanuel Bernstein**, Ph.D. '71, is offering free copies of his book, *The Secret Revolution: A Psychologist's Adventures in Education* (Trafford Publishing, 2007) to any University faculty member or student who e-mails him at mannyber@yahoo.com.

Clarence Harper Jr. '71, M.A. '73, a Portland resident and a volunteer with the Neighborhood Emergency Team since 1995, was awarded a Presidential Lifetime Achievement Award from AmeriCorps and has also received the Spirit of Portland Award for his thirteen years of service as an emergency preparedness promoter.

PHOTO COURTESY JEFF CLARK

DUCKS AFIELD

Jeff Clark '70 celebrating with other Oregon fans at an orphanage in Kathmandu, Nepal, after learning (via the Internet) of a Duck football victory over Arizona State University. Clark, a retired commissioner with the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service, and his wife Bonny, a retired dental hygienist, were in Nepal last year as volunteers to help provide dental care to 1,000 local children.

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

David Patterson '72, M.A. '76, Ph.D. '78, has received the 2008 National Jewish Book Award in the category of Modern Jewish Thought and Experience for his book *Emil L. Fackenheim: A Jewish Philosopher's Response to the Holocaust* (Syracuse University Press, 2008).

Prominent Oregon banker **Rick Smith** '75 has been named vice president and correspondent officer for the new Pacific Northwest branch of Minnesota-based United Bankers' Bank. Smith, a lifetime running enthusiast who makes his home in Gladstone, continues to officiate track and cross-country competitions not only for the UO, but also the Pac-10, the NCAA, and the U.S. Olympic team.

Dan Cox '76, a member of Theta Chi fraternity, has been named the Oregon Dairy Products Commission's director of marketing. Cox is a sixth-generation Oregonian with a legacy of family dairy farming in Linn County.

Raymond Cohn, Ph.D. '77, an emeritus professor of economics at Illinois State University, has written a book titled *Mass Migration Under Sail: European Immigration to the Antebellum United States* (Cambridge University Press, 2008), which provides an economic history of European immigration to the United States.

Jeffrey Strathern, Ph.D. '77, was one of seventy-two microbiologists recently elected to fellowship in the American Academy of Microbiology. Fellows of the academy are elected annually through a highly selective, peer-reviewed process on their records of scientific achievement and original contributions that have advanced microbiology. Strathern is the head of the genome recombination and regulation section of the Center for Cancer Research with the National Cancer Institute.

Concert pianist **Jeannine Jordan**, M.M. '78, D.M.A. '84, together with David Jordan, presented thirteen performances of *From Sea to Shining Sea*, an organ and media production celebrating the first 200 years of the organ in the United States. The performances took place in various cities across the nation as a part of the American Guild of Organists' International Year of the Organ: 2008–9. Jordan is the president of Pro-Motion Music in Lincoln City.

Artist **Mark Randall** '78 is a member of the current mixed-media exhibition at the Kingstad Gallery in Beaverton, entitled *Subject | Object : Hunting | Gathering | Telling Tales.*

1980s

Architect **Paul Adamson** '80 authored *Eichler: Modernism Rebuilds the American Dream* (GibbsSmith, 2002), now in its third printing. Joseph Eichler was a pioneering developer who hired progressive architects to design modernist homes for the growing middle class of the 1950s.

Ruth Nestvold '80, a fiction writer who lives in Stuttgart, Germany, has had an exciting start to the year. She wrote *Flamme und Harfe* (*Flame and Harp*) (Random House Germany/Penhaligon, 2009), a fantasized version of the medieval tale of Tristan and Isolde. Nestvold has also been named a finalist for the 2009 Nebula Awards by the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America for her short story "Mars: A Traveler's Guide," which was published in the January 2008 issue of *Fantasy and Science Fiction* magazine.

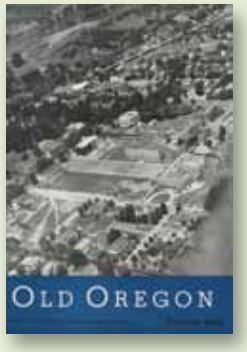
Rachel Bristol '82, executive director and CEO of Oregon Food Bank, was awarded the 2009 Dick Goebel Public Service Award at the 2009 National Anti-Hunger Policy Confer-

Continued on page 54

NINETIETH ANNIVERSARY DECADES

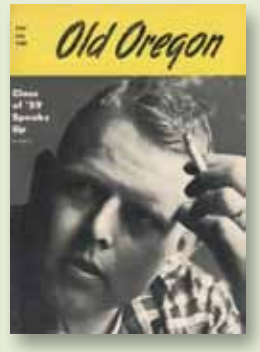
1919

1929



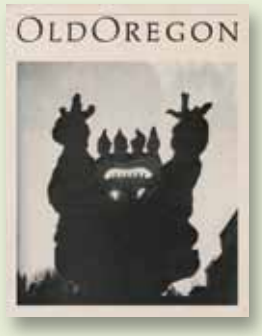
1939

1949



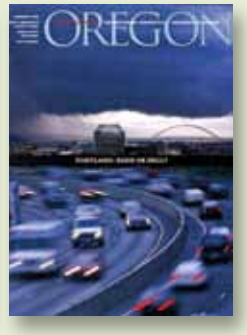
1959

1969



1979

1989



1999

"... [W]ith a closer organization, and with the "Old Oregon," the new alumni magazine, as a medium of information and inspiration, alumni will be better able to advise and help the University in its many functions and problems."

This year *Oregon Quarterly* celebrates ninety years of continuous publishing (the first seventy-five were as *Old Oregon*). We thought it appropriate to show-and-tell a sampling of covers and top stories from our nine decades.

1919 Statewide University Day: "Oregon alumni are loyal, and many have rendered exceedingly valuable service to the University. I am sure, however, that they will agree that with a closer organization, and with the "Old Oregon," the new alumni magazine, as a medium of information and inspiration, alumni will be better able to advise and help the University in its many functions and problems." —P. L. Campbell, UO president

1929 University Regents Meet at Commencement: The "last" meeting of the University of Oregon Board of Regents (to be replaced by the State Board of Higher Education).

The Oregon Mothers Organize: A total of 450 mothers come to campus to form a group "to serve in every possible way the interests of the sons and daughters of the members, the students of the University of Oregon."

1939 Board Names R. J. Maaske EOCE Head: Oregon alumnus Maaske is named president of Eastern Oregon College of Education.

U. of O. Again Carnegie Center: The University is chosen as the site of a summer Carnegie Art Center, along with Harvard University. The UO receives a grant of more than $3,000, which covers traveling and living expenses for twenty-three art teachers.

1949 Brown Trust Work Continues: *Human Growth*, a sex-education film developed at the UO with support from a trust fund left by Dr. E. C. Brown of Portland, garners national headlines and surprisingly little criticism.

Mysterious Oregon Author Stirred 1920 Literary World: Opal Whitely '21 of Cottage Grove went from a literary sensation to a penniless patient in an English mental institution.

1959 Class of 1959 Speaks Up: June graduates speak out on the space age, nuclear war, the Beat Generation, conformity, the balance of activities and academics, fraternities and sororities, liberal arts education, and marriage.

The One-Way Ride: The tradition of "senior rides"—in which fraternity pledges capture senior housemates, drive them to distant points, and leave them to get back on their own—is in danger of extinction as only half of the UO's twenty-four fraternities continue the custom.

1969 Opal Whitely: A Princess in Fairyland: A literary sensation as a young woman and later thought to be a fraud, Opal Whiteley '21 of Cottage Grove continues to fascinate academics and Oregon history buffs.

A Draft Resister, an ROTC Cadet: Two UO seniors discuss their broadly divergent approaches to military service.

1979 Managing Stress: UO psychologists at the Behavior Research Center offer a low-cost stress-reduction program to members of the community.

Being a Townie: How it feels to be a local in Duckville.

1989 Farewell, Paul Olum: A look at the legacy of Paul Olum, one of the best-loved—and most controversial—presidents in UO history.

The Liberal Trap: A challenge to the supposed open-mindedness of the liberal academy.

1999 Portland: Urban Eden or Sprawling Hell? Portland is a model of urban livability. Can it stay that way?

Our Oldest House: UO researchers have uncovered the oldest house in North America—and clues about the oldest Oregonians.

Tell us what's happening!

Send us news of yourself, your relatives, your friends—anyone who ever attended the University. Please include current addresses as well. **ATTENTION PARENTS:** Are you receiving your children's copies of *Oregon Quarterly*? If they now have a permanent address, please notify us. Thanks.

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SUMMER 2009

Duck Sites | Websites of Interest to *OQ* Readers

CLASS NOTES *Continued*

ence in Washington, D.C., sponsored by Feeding America, the nation's largest charitable hunger-relief organization. Bristol has been combating hunger in Oregon and southwest Washington for twenty-six years.

Janette K. (Higgens) Hopper, M.F.A '84, a painter and professor of art at the University of North Carolina at Pembroke, exhibited a series of works painted in the fall of 2008 titled "Last Wild Places," featuring several images of Washington state landscapes, at her university's A.D. Gallery.

Charles Kunert, Ph.D. '85, professor of biology and dean of the College of Theology, Arts, and Sciences at Concordia University in Portland, has been named Outstanding Teacher for Higher Education by the Oregon Academy of Science. Kunert has been at Concordia University since 1969.

Edward Lee Lamoureux, Ph.D. '85, has written *Intellectual Property Law and Interactive Media: Free for a Fee* (Peter Lang Publishing, 2009) with Steve Baron and Clair Stewart. The text has been written for students of media and communication and provides a comprehensive overview of the complex legal landscape surrounding new media and intellectual property rights. Lamoureux is an associate professor of multimedia and communication at Bradley University in Illinois.

Christine Hammerton '88, performed in the 2009 presidential inauguration parade in Washington, D.C., as cocaptain of the color guard of Portland's Get A Life marching band, an adult band that ranges in age from twenty-four to seventy-four.

Environmental professional and geologist **Mike Pappalardo** '88 has joined NextEra Energy Resources (formerly FPL Energy), which has energy facilities all over the country and is the nation's largest wind and solar-energy generator. Pappalardo has worked in renewable energy since 2001 and lives in Eugene with his wife, Jennifer.

Marvin Sharp '89, founder of Sharp's Gymnastics Academy in Indianapolis, Indiana, received the Order of the Ikkos medallion from the United States Olympic Committee for excellence in coaching, after one of his athletes won a silver medal in Beijing.

Annette Stadelman '89, fine wine manager with Young's-Columbia Distribution in Portland, was awarded the title of Australian Educational Ambassador by the Society of Wine Educators.

1990s

Charles "Chuck" Rood '90, a financial adviser with U.S. Bancorp Investments Inc. in Portland, has been named the top bank representative in the "Top 50 Bank Reps" list by *Bank Investment Consultant*, a trade magazine for investment consultants and senior sales management in bank investment programs. Rood, a member of Theta Chi fraternity, works at the U.S. Bank Private Client Group office in Portland.

After nearly two decades of prolific research of cattle genomics, research chemist **Timothy Smith**, Ph.D. '92, has been named the Northern Plains Area Senior Research Scientist of 2008 by the Agricultural Research Service of the United States Department of Agriculture. Smith, together with members of iBMC Consortium, a research group working to revolutionize genetic improvement and genomics research in cattle, was also awarded a 2008 Technology Transfer Award for Outstanding Efforts.

■ **Manda Bednarczyk** '96, a flight attendant with Alaska Airlines, and **Thomas Nguyen** '93, a member of Sigma Chi fraternity and a finance manager for Waggener Edstrom Worldwide, are engaged to be married in June. Congratulations!

■ **Mark Rhinard** '96, a senior research fellow at the Swedish Institute of International Affairs, was appointed to lead the institute's research program on the European Union.

Dr. Forest Mealey '98 is a physician living in Emeryville, California.

Christopher Preston '98, a professor of environmental philosophy at the University of Montana, has written *Saving Creation: Nature and Faith in the Life of Holmes Rolston III* (Trinity University Press, 2009). "The book is about the place where God, nature, and biology meet," he says.

2000s

Alice Henderson, M.A. '00, has written her latest novel, *Voracious* (Jove, 2009), centered around a hiker, lost in Glacier National Park, who must escape the backcountry while facing a dangerous foe.

Timothy "Andy" Zenor '00 married Meghan Fowler in July 2008. The two currently live in Los Angeles, California, where Zenor is a producer for *The Ellen DeGeneres Show*.

Celeste Edman '03 became a licensed insurance agent in December and has joined KPD Insurance as a sales executive.

Luke Jackson '04, a member of the Idaho Stampede basketball team, was named the National Basketball Association D-League performer of the week for games played during the week of January 20, 2009. Jackson is the first Idaho player to earn this honor this season.

Jason Lee Smith '05 has written his first novel, *The Truth of Rain* (PublishAmerica, 2008). The story is about Thomas Kerrigan, an injured war veteran, who finds himself in the middle of a class war as his disintegrating life forces him deeper into the vice district, where a new type of political and sexual liberation reigns. Smith lives in Eugene.

Deana Dartt-Newton, Ph.D. '09, is the new curator of Native American ethnology at the Burke Museum of Natural History and Culture, located on the University of Washington campus.

In Memoriam

Thelma Mary (Summers) Kirkland '33 died at her home in Springfield at age ninety-seven. Kirkland and her husband, Mathew, owned and operated Kirkland Florist Company in Eugene until 1962. She was a teacher for many years in the Springfield School District. Kirkland is survived by her two sons, G. C. "Clay" Kirkland and **Clayton "Mel" Kirkland** '66, M.B.A. '77, a retired lieutenant colonel; two granddaughters, Kellie Kirkland Spangler and **Lori I. Kirkland** '91; and two great-granddaughters.

Glenn Kantock '38, a member of Phi Delta Theta fraternity, died at age ninety-four. After serving as a supply sergeant for four years in the U.S. Army stationed in Saipan, Kantock settled in Santa Rosa, California, in 1952. A timber man and a private pilot, Kantock built an active life around his passions. Kantock is survived by his three children, Glen, Chris, and Sherrie.

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.

Lavern (Littleton) Davis '40 a member of Sigma Kappa sorority, died in February at age ninety-one. Davis married **Robert "Bob" Davis** '42 and had four children, **Gary** '66, **Kim** '71, **Scott** '72, and **Tod** '75.

William S. "Bill" McLennan '47 died in January after a long series of illnesses. After serving in the Army Air Force as a first lieutenant navigator in the South Pacific during World War II, McLennan graduated and married Janet Watts. A member of the District of Columbia Bar, he spent three years working on the East Coast before moving his family back to Oregon, where he practiced law in Portland from 1955 until his election as Multnomah County Circuit Judge in 1972. McLennan, an extremely active civil servant, enjoyed spending time outdoors, hiking, and backpacking. He is survived by his wife, Janet, three children, and six grandchildren.

Retired teacher **Virginia (Jones) Gillmore** '48, M.Ed. '65, died at her home in Yachats at age eighty-five. At the outbreak of World War II, Gillmore enlisted in the Women Accepted for Voluntary Emergency Service (WAVES), which placed her in Bremerton, Washington, working in a highly secret radar unit. As a teacher, Gillmore devoted herself to her students. Her philosophy was that "you give every child in the classroom a chance to be successful." Gillmore, an avid traveler, is survived by daughters **Anne Quirk** '73 and Betsy Price, as well as many nieces, nephews, and grandchildren.

Benjamin F. Barton '50 died in his home in November. Barton was a member of and president of Pi Kappa Alpha before serving in World War II and the Korean War. He and his wife, Shirley, met at the American Legion Club in Coquille, where they settled and raised four children, **Kathrine** '82, Mary, **Jesse** '80, and **John** '84. Barton was an extremely active member of the community in both civic and volunteer capacities.

Robert M. "Bob" Cockburn '50, M.S '55, Ph.D. '55, died after a long battle with diabetes and failing health at age eighty. Cockburn served in the U.S. Army after marrying **Gloria Douma** '50. Their first child was born in Camp Bussac, France. Cockburn practiced medicine in southeast Portland for almost forty years, including nineteen in a solo family practice. He is survived by Gloria and their three children, **Timothy** '80, **Dan** '82, and **Brigitte** '85, two sisters, eight grandchildren, and many nieces and nephews.

John C. "Jack" Doyle '50 died in September at age eighty. After serving in the United States Air Force, Doyle opened a motor repair shop in Hillsboro. He and Carol, his wife, raised three sons and made their home in Pacific City.

Carl Louis "Lou" Gilbert Jr. '50, a veteran who served in three wars, died at age eighty-four. Gilbert spent twenty-five years as a professor of history at the University of San Diego, eventually achieving emeritus status. During an active retirement, Gilbert continued his longtime interests in genealogy, photography, history, and politics.

Edward S. Vannet '50 died in August at age eighty-two. A member of Theta Chi fraternity, Vannet volunteered for the Army Air Corps after his freshman year. Upon graduation, Vannet was hired as a teacher and head basketball coach at his alma mater, Hood River High School. Vannet devoted fifty-five years of service to that school district and Hood River Valley athletics, remaining active in retirement as a substitute teacher for fifteen years.

After a battle with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma, psychologist **Daniel Koblick**, Ph.D. '57, died at age eighty-six. Koblick served as an associate professor at the Illinois Institute of Technology for almost thirty years. Upon retirement in 1991, he returned to a childhood passion, the viola. Koblick lived in Chicago, Illinois. He is survived by his wife, two siblings, two daughters, and a granddaughter.

Robert L. Yonker '60, M.Mus. '62, died at age seventy-seven. Yonker spent five years teaching band in Astoria, where he met and married **Carol Adams** '60, M.S. '62. They moved to a small farm west of Yamhill in 1966. Yonker taught band in the Yamhill–Carlton School District for the next twenty-two years. After retiring in 1988, he served twelve years on the Yamhill Carlton School Board. In 2005, he sold the farm and moved the family to Silverton. In addition to his wife, Yonker is survived by daughter **Katherine "Kathy"** '91, son John, a sister, and two grandchildren.

Chris F. Karp '64 died in July at age seventy-two. An active member during the formative years of the University of Oregon Outdoor Program, Karp was also a member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity. A veteran of the Army 298th Signal Corps, Karp was superintendent of Alaska State Operated Schools and an administrative officer for Alaska's Department of Transportation in Nome.

Faculty In Memoriam

W. Scott Nobles, former UO professor of speech, died at age eighty-five. Nobles served in the U.S. Navy in World War II and in the Korean War, and began teaching at the University in 1955. In 1969, Nobles became the first Dewitt Wallace Professor of Speech and Director of Forensics at Macalester College in St. Paul, Minnesota. Nobles was an avid bridge player, a dancer, a devoted Minnesota Twins fan, and a bad golfer.

Just Right Here

By Ana Maria Spagna '89

A small crowd of volunteers assembles outside a cabin, pushing wheelbarrows, carrying rakes and loppers, chainsaws and gas. We do this every Monday night, at a different neighbor's home, but with an early-season wildfire burning, this week it's more urgent. Helicopters thwap overhead. Smoke obscures the horizon.

When I was a kid in Southern California, each October the sky turned orange, and on TV, red garlands of flames snaked down brown suede hills. Bazillion-dollar homes in Malibu tottered uncertainly, silhouetted against roiling flames, then fell and slid toward the sea. For a kid like me, cross-legged on the shag rug, there should've been terror in it, except that it was as predictable as the World Series or Wimbledon. With a shrug, I thought: Gawd, how dumb! Those people should move away! Today, in the Cascades, the sky turned dirty yellow as overcooked squash. It happens every year. Most people know the story: a hundred years of fire suppression created lousy forest conditions—trees crowded too tight, disease and pest-plagued—and global warming added climatic conditions. Just right here, in the past decade, wildfires in the surrounding wilderness burned 5,000 acres, then 50,000. The sheriff delivers evacuation notices that stack up like junk mail announcing the obvious: Move away! I'm running a chainsaw instead.

Like most of my neighbors in this tiny mountain town, I built my own home. I built it here because I love this place, blindly, indiscriminately, probably foolishly. I love it because the mountains rise steep and craggy, and the forest holds silence like a blessing, and the river runs fast and blue. The house took my entire life savings, a heavy debt, and a year to build. My hair turned gray overnight. I thought: I never want to do that again as long as I live. I also thought: I will never leave.

That was years ago, before the fires started to grow so large, before talk-radio hosts and newspaper editorialists joined the chorus: move away, move away! Now even the firefighters who hold daily briefings can barely restrain their exasperation. We would not have to bother, they think, if it weren't for you.

True enough. We live in what's called the wildland-urban interface. (The acronym, WUI—WOO-eee!—makes the discussion sound a lot more fun than it is.) Population estimates for the WUI vary from 34 million in the lower forty-eight to 140 million. What doesn't change is the forecast of doom: the number is growing fast. If not for us, government agencies could manage forest fires differently, allow them to burn unhindered more often and do the work that fire should do. That's a problem, I agree, one with plenty of large-scale solutions worth debating.

Meanwhile, for me and my neighbors, the problem is simpler. This is where we live. What can we do about it?

In June, we sent out letters to every property owner offering to do some work, any work, to help protect their place. We tacked a sign-up sheet in the post office, and right away, names appeared in ballpoint scrawl. We showed up with tools, removed dead vegetation, thinned live vegetation, pruned tree limbs, did anything we could to prevent a rogue ember from burning down a house.

We bragged to a visiting state forester.

"We're creating a whole lot of defensible space."

"That's no way to think of it," he said.

"What do you mean?"

"When the Big One comes, there might not be anybody around to defend these cabins. Not safely. You gotta think in terms of survivable space."

It was a sobering, if inarguable, point.

Back at the cabin, nightfall approaches. A cool breeze blows, and the river runs gray with glacial melt. A six-year-old tugs on her mother's leg to point out wild rose petals floating pink in an eddy. We're chatting as we work, about music and gardening, anything, anything but fire. There's laughter and camaraderie, and I'd like to say that it's all Amish barn-raising and square-dance fun. Mostly it's just work, and for most of us it's work after work.

But it's making a difference.

A woman in her sixties stands poised to throw a long limb onto a burn pile. I race forward to help, and she yanks back.

"I used to play semipro softball. Contrary to what people think, I can throw."

I step back and watch her hurl the heavy branch high.

"Don't underestimate me," she says.

I smile.

"I never will again," I say.

I'm hoping that might apply to all of us, those of us here tonight, those of us in the tiny mountain town, and the millions of us staked out in the WUI, disparaged and discouraged. We can do more than you think. More, even, than we think.

When we're done affixing blame and wringing our hands, done analyzing history and zoning laws, done filling out forms and making computerized overlay maps and attending meetings, when we're done looking for market solutions or government grants, when it seems like there's not a thing left to do except move away, we can pick up a tool, any tool, and get to work. Just right here.

Ana Maria Spagna lives in Stehekin, Washington. She is the author of Now Go Home, *a collection of essays, and winner of the 2002* Oregon Quarterly *Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest.*

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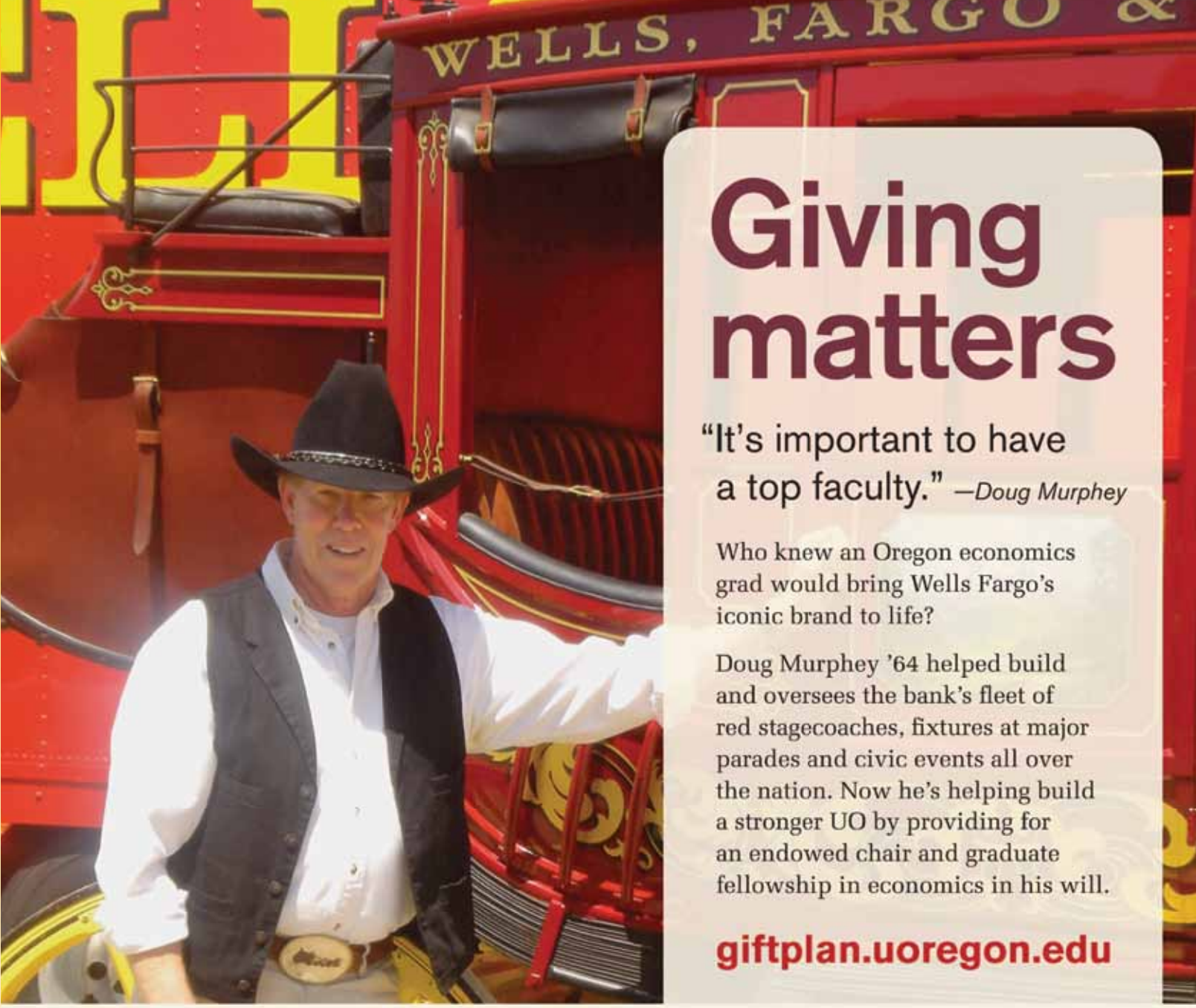

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