

The Magazine of the University of Oregon Winter 2009

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An Aspirational Sort

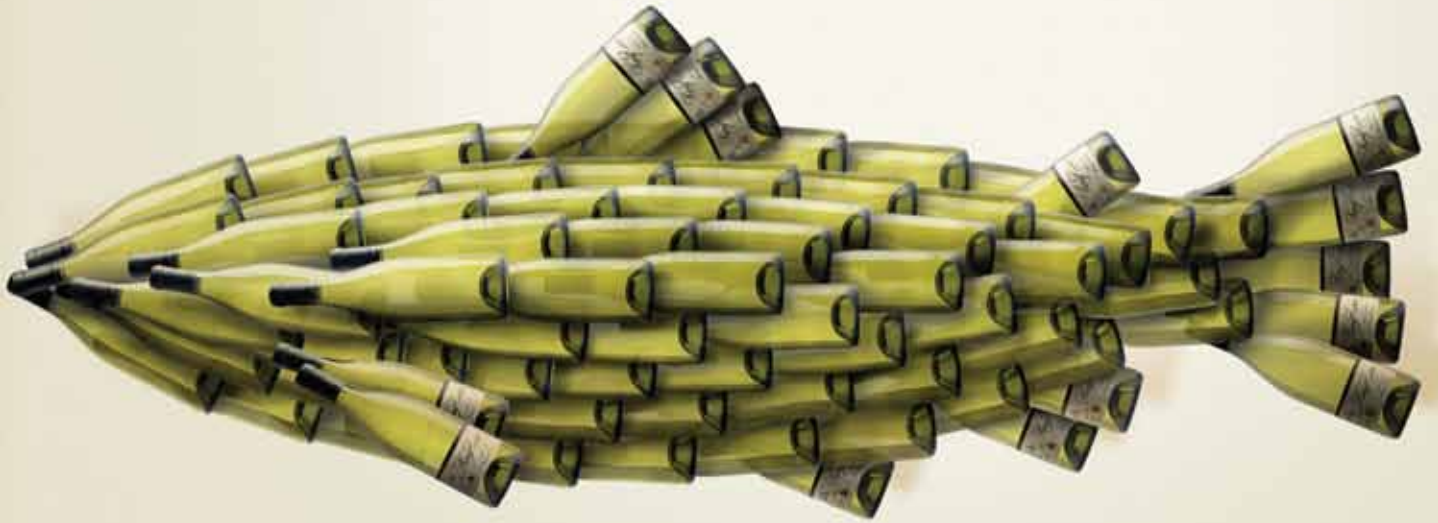
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Oregon

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Editor'sNote | Guy Maynard, Editor

UO Spirit

I think I've got it. How about you?

In a letter to the editor, responding to some comments in this space in the Summer issue, John Vazbys '57 of Mahwah, New Jersey, challenged me to define UO spirit. I, in turn, asked for some help from readers. I got two responses. Not a high percentage of our readership, but the responses were intriguing in their extremely different approaches.

Robert Napier '60 of Nogales, Arizona, was short and sweet in his response, which addresses the specific question of how UO spirit differs from "the spirit felt by an Oregon State University alum." Napier writes: "I was reminded of the answer from Louis Armstrong when a reporter asked him how you define jazz. He said, 'Man, if you have to ask, you'll never know.'"

There is some truth to that. Like jazz, like love and creativity and beauty, *spirit* is more easily experienced than described. And this sort of school spirit is an insiders' affair. We *know*, we tell each other, with winks and nods and conspiratorial smiles. But that response still evades the point of Vazbys' question, which was to pin us down to an actual definition.

Compared to Napier's sixty-five words, Joy McAlpine McDowell '68 of Springfield sent us more than a thousand. And her answer is as specific as Napier's was brief. She refers to the actions of Arthur S. Flemming, who was president of the University from 1961 to 1968, when she was selecting a college and then, later, attending the UO. Flemming, a Republican who served in the administrations of presidents Eisenhower and Nixon, incurred the wrath of the Left for allowing someone from the John Birch Society (an ultraconservative organization that was at its peak in the 1960s) to speak on campus and the ire of the Right when he allowed a leader of the Communist Party USA to come to the UO. The president of Oregon State was among those who said he would refuse permission for a communist to speak on campus, according to McDowell.

"Right there was a distinction worth noting for a young mind in search of a place to obtain a higher education," McDowell writes. "Oregon State University would decide for me what I could or could not hear. The University of Oregon had faith in me to listen and learn from even a controversial speaker."

And it was Flemming who spoke at McDowell's graduation in June 1968. Two months after the assassination of Martin Luther King Jr., and just days after Senator Robert Kennedy had been killed, the atmosphere on campus and around the country was tense. One might expect a university president—a Republican, no less—to urge caution among the graduating students who were very much in the middle of the maelstrom.

But, no. "Don't play it safe," Fleming told McDowell's class.

"Having a faculty and an administration who defended my right to think for myself blew my mind," she writes.

I think she's on to something. The UO spirit is about not playing it safe, breaking type, learning how to think for ourselves, getting the hell out of whatever box somebody else thinks we should fit in. It's Aloura DiGiallonardo finding her way to an international studies major—for now, at least—from the thirteen she was considering (page 16). It's Watermelon Slim driving truck and writing a Ph.D. thesis on rightwing terrorism (page 22). It's Marilyn Krysl forcing herself out of the academic bubble to give her writing more grit (page 36).

I don't always take the road less traveled. But that "Don't play it safe" voice (not Flemming's, who was before my time here, but that of the UO legacy he inherited and furthered) is always there to push me places I wouldn't otherwise go. Sometimes I thrive; sometimes I fall. But it's always good for me to get my mind blown now and then.

[To read Joy McAlpine McDowell's complete response, go to OregonQuarterly.com]



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Well Preserved

Thank you for your article on land trusts ["Puzzle Pieces," Autumn 2009]. It reminded me of many pleasant times I have had in the outdoors of Oregon. I was in the fifth grade in McKenzie Bridge and remember the Drurys. I fished the McKenzie River and climbed to the local lookouts. The Rimrock Ranch bit reminded me of the magnificence of the whole southeastern Oregon high desert country. I have a special interest in the Malheur Lake preserve as my uncle Harry Telford helped to get it established and was its first warden. (He was fired because he had the temerity to arrest a congressman who shot a brace of illegal birds.) It is wonderful that these things are being preserved.

*Nathen P. Edwards '44
Willow Street, Pennsylvania*

Joe Gordon

I enjoyed the article on Joe Gordon ["Duck in the Hall," Autumn 2009]. My father, Walter J. Gray Jr., was in the Sigma Chi house with Joe while both attended the UO. Joe was an "all around" athlete, and the New York Yankees

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.

selected him as a "future" draft pick. According to my father, the Yankees paid Joe \$100 a month *not* to play football in college. This was a substantial sum in the Depression era, and this made Joe even more popular with the brothers, I'm sure. I met him while I was in my brief Little League period, and played ball with a signed Joe Gordon glove.

*Michael Gray '63
Portland*

Luddites

Reading the first line of ["Life in the Fast Lane," UpFront, Autumn 2009] was motivation enough to generate a comment from any reasonable citizen who ever took a drink of bottled water or typed a rebuttal on their computer; that first line reads "The freedom, the power, the speed—cars are *so cool*. At the same time, these modern wonders accounted for the deaths of some thirty million people in the twentieth century . . ."

Dr. Brian Ladd's book, titled *How Cars Conquered Our Cities* [excerpted in the article], caters to Luddite concerns that the world is going to hell in a hand basket owing to dreaded advances in technology. These Luddites cling to the old ways like babies to bottles and gladly let the world speed on by. Of course, technology has risks to the old order, yet nearly all of Western civilization embraces technological advances while technophobes shun them.

*Steve Angvick '89
Burlington, Illinois*

[Read complete letter at OregonQuarterly.com]

Jim Klonoski

Rita Radostitz's remembrance of Jim Klonoski ["Deep Questions and Gored Oxes," Autumn 2009] was right on the mark. For this political science graduate, the groundwork was laid in Professor Klonoski's American Government class in the fall of 1965. With wit, wisdom, and critical analysis, Klonoski challenged students to think before they spoke or wrote. Along with professors James Davies, Daniel Goodrich, and Thomas Hovet, Klonoski's lessons and example are with me today.

*Gunnar Lundberg '69
San Francisco, California*

What a difference fifty years make. Back before red state–blue state and the extreme partisanship that occupies our political landscape, it was a totally different time. I don't

"Klonoski challenged students to think before they spoke or wrote."

remember any of my polysci professors being political partisans. The views they expressed seemed to be more from a scholarly rather than a partisan perspective.

Rita Radostitz's article disabused me of the notion that that still might be the case at the UO. Radostitz believes that, even though Klonoski was chair of the Oregon Democratic Party, he was able to teach "all sides of the issues." Of course, Radostitz shared his political leanings. Not an unbiased view.

*George D. Brandt '59
Oakton, Virginia*

[Read complete letter at OregonQuarterly.com]

Web Extra: Read additional letters, a response from writer Rita Radostitz, and full versions of longer letters at OregonQuarterly.com.

Corrections

In "An Idea Floats on the Water Road" (UpFront, Autumn 2009), we mistakenly identified the **Department of Landscape Architecture** as Architecture.

A story in UpFront "Briefs" inaccurately represented the founders of the Oregon Research Institute. The founders were **Harry Rubenstein**, a Eugene businessman; **Edward N. Fadeley, J.D. '57**, a Eugene attorney; and **Paul Hoffman** of the UO psychology department.

In "Cross Training" (Autumn 2009), we should have listed **Terry Rhoads'** title as Nike's first China sports marketing manager. In addition, the international sports marketing conference in Beijing—put on by the consortium of Fudan University, Nike, the Chinese Olympic Committee, and the UO—took place in spring 2001. In July 2001, the International Olympic Committee awarded Beijing the right to host the 2008 Olympic Games.

Oregon Quarterly apologizes for these errors.



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Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

America's Amazon

Just as millions of American women were about to put down aprons and take up riveting guns, the male-dominated world of comic book superheroes was changed forever in late 1941 by the appearance of Wonder Woman. Danny Fingerth analyzes Wonder Woman in his book, excerpted below, *Superman on the Couch: What Superheroes Really Tell Us about Ourselves and Our Society* (Continuum, 2004). Fingerth spoke at a conference held in conjunction with "Faster Than a Speeding Bullet: The Art of the Superhero," an exhibit featuring more than 150 pages of superhero comic art, on display through January 3 at the UO's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art.

WONDER WOMAN WAS CREATED by William Moulton Marston, Ph.D., a middle-aged, highly educated, highly accomplished adult. Harvard graduate Marston was a lawyer as well as a practicing psychologist. He was most famous as the inventor of the lie detector.

In his own secret identity, Marston engaged in an alternate lifestyle, offbeat even by today's standards. He was married to and had two children with his wife, psychologist Elizabeth Holloway Marston, and also had two more children with his assistant, Olive Byrne, who lived with the Marstons. By all accounts, all three adults got along quite well, and when Marston died, the two women together brought up the four children.

Marston was perhaps the first "pop" psychologist in history. According to Trina Robbins in her 1996 book *The Great Woman Super Heroes*, he was also "a successful advertising man, and the author of popular and scholarly books and articles on psychology." Other accounts, like Les Daniels in his book *Wonder Woman*—a book officially sanctioned by DC Comics—describe a man with great ups and downs in his financial fortunes, and who, depending on how it suited his needs, went from being a [vigorous] attacker of comics to a defender of them, going so far as to serve on DC Comics advisory board. Ulti-

mately Marston would become so involved with comics that he would create—with input from legendary DC executive M. C. Gaines (father of *Mad's* original publisher, William Gaines)—the first female superhero, the Amazon princess Wonder Woman. Created in a virgin birth—rising from the dust—Wonder Woman came to life. She was birthed from dust, like Adam, the granddaddy of us all. No "Adam's rib" style, second-thought origin for her!

The mythic hero is usually born from the union of a virgin and a god, and when the virginal Amazon queen Hippolyta desires a child, the goddess Aphrodite instructs her to mold one out of clay, then breathes life into the statue. Thus, Wonder Woman's divine parent is, in this case, a female deity, and little Diana has two mommies.

Well versed in mythology and fairy tales, Marston (writing under the name Charles Moulton) was able to draw on these primal stories and, with a modern psychologist's sensibility, give them a twist for the audience of 1942. But like many of the heroes and heroines of her day, Wonder Woman swiftly became caught up helping the allies win World War II, which threatened her idyllic Amazon homeland on Paradise Island. When Steve Trevor, an intelligence officer for the U.S., crashes on Paradise and is nursed back to health by Princess Diana (Wonder Woman), he per-

suares her to come back to "man's world" with him and fight the good fight.

Like the Sub-Mariner over at Timely [Comics]—later Marvel—Wonder Woman was able to take whatever ambivalence or outright hostility she might have felt about the world outside her cloistered environment and channel it into Axis bashing. In a sort of variant on Superman's immigrant status, Wonder Woman, too, is an immigrant from Paradise Island, and becomes a champion of the modern-day Paradise that is America in the eyes of the immigrants who flocked and continue to flock to its shores. The very theme of her costume, with its red and blue, punctuated by white stars, is as American as . . . well, as spinach pie, to continue the metaphor of her Grecian origins.

At their 1940s height, Wonder Woman's comics sold millions of copies a month. Along with Superman and Batman, she was the only comics character whose adventures have been published continuously since her introduction several generations ago. Certainly, when most people are asked to name a superheroine, Wonder Woman would be the one they name.

Cultural critics like Gloria Steinem have been famously inspired by Wonder Woman. As Steinem says in her introduction to the 1995 *Wonder Woman: Featuring over Five Decades of Great Covers*:

The lesson [of Wonder Woman] was



that each of us might have unknown powers within us, if we only believed and practiced them . . . Perhaps that's the appeal of Wonder Woman . . . an adult's need for a lost balance between women and men, between humans and nature.

Further, feminist and women's-studies professor Lillian S. Robinson comments in *ArtForum* (Summer 1989):


What enchanted me about Wonder Woman was her physical power. That it was enrolled in the good fight was taken sufficiently for granted that I could concentrate on the power itself. . . .

Wonder Woman merged the natural and the supernatural, without reference to

the extraterrestrial. She wasn't strong the way someone from Krypton would be . . . but she was skilled. She had developed her abilities to a fine, a martial art.

And yet, there always seemed to be something "good for you" about Wonder Woman, as if she were created by a psychologist with a social agenda, as muddled and constantly evolving as that agenda might have been. And since, in a business famous for doing as little expensive demographic research as possible, it's hard to say if *Wonder Woman* was read, at its peak, by more boys than girls, or by more children than adults. Certainly, the quantity of "reboots" and reimaginings of the char-

acter—she has been goddess, warrior, private eye, and much more—indicates that, while philosophically and commercially the idea of having a major superheroine in play was certainly desirable and even admirable, nobody really knew what to do with her. Again, in the hypothetical woman-on-the-street interview, while everybody knows Wonder Woman, and many could even say she was an Amazon, how many people—how many people reading this very book—could encapsulate her origin the way they could those of Superman, Batman, and Spider-Man? With a very popular 1970s TV series and her famous appearance on the cover of the debut issue of Steinem's *Ms.* magazine, Wonder Woman is certainly an icon, an inspiration, and a role model but not necessarily someone with whom you'd want to sit down for a meal. She seems pleasant but not really all that interesting.

Clearly, there are generations of women who were inspired, as Steinem and Robinson were, to a greater or lesser degree by Wonder Woman. No doubt there were many boys who became men with positive feelings about women that stem from Wonder Woman's adventures. But there isn't, it seems, the primal feeling about her that we have about so many of the Ur-male heroes. One part of it may be a societal unease, certainly in existence sixty years ago, about putting women in the traumatic positions into which popular culture puts men. Would the world of the 1940s have been able to make an icon of a woman whose parents were brutally murdered before her eyes the way it had of Batman? What about making a hero of a girl infant, rocketed from her doomed planet as the sole survivor the way Superman was? The very emotional savagery of the origins of the male icons, as opposed to the gentler, literally earthy beginnings of Wonder Woman, means that the men's beginnings would grab you by the throat and not let go. Wonder Woman's origin—birthed of and exuding good intentions—seems lacking in visceral drama the way the dread of orphanhood and abandonment is thrust into a reader's face in the cases of Superman and Batman. It is the intense emotions these origin tales tap into that make them modern myths, as opposed to the trappings of myth in Wonder Woman's origin, but without the accompanying emotional terror that makes her primal impetus perhaps less compelling. 

Roman Holiday

People around the world celebrate holidays in the cold, dark depths of winter, and have done so for millennia, often with traditions that echo today. An expert in Greek and Roman culture and literature, UO classics professor Mary Jaeger discusses the Roman Saturnalia in this piece taken from a public presentation she created for the UO's Museum of Natural and Cultural History.

AROUND THE YEAR 400 A MAN called Macrobius, who was possibly Christian but certainly a pagan sympathizer, wrote a dialogue called the *Saturnalia*. The setting was the night before the Saturnalia—Saturnalia Eve, we might call it. And it reports the learned table-talk of a dozen aristocratic Roman intellectuals; most of it is a discussion of the Roman poet Virgil; but the entrance of a Scrooge-like character, called Euangelos, who thinks that the Saturnalia is a bunch of humbug, turns the conversation in the direction of the holiday itself.

Here is a quote from the dialogue: “Of the many excellent institutions of our ancestors, this is the best—that they made the seven days of the Saturnalia begin when the weather is coldest.”

The Saturnalia was the festival of Saturn, which took place on the date we identify as the seventeenth of December. It fell between two other festivals, that of Consus, the Consualia, on December 15, or the Ides of December; and that of Ops, the Opalia, on the fourteenth day before the Kalends of January, December 19. Over time, the Saturnalia expanded from a single day of feasting to a weeklong celebration.

Consus and Ops were gods having to do with the harvest. By the middle of December the grain supply was safely in storage, and one and all should be both rejoicing in abundance, and concerned to keep the favor of the gods that were going to get them through the rest of December, as well as January, February, March—and so on. The darkest part, the turning of the year, was a good time to honor these gods.

Saturn is a very old and puzzling god. He is Italian. His name may, on the one hand, have something to do with the Latin verb *sero*, which means “to sow”; it may, on the other hand, have something to do with the Etruscan name *Satre* (indicating a possible Etruscan origin). If the first, celebrating a god of sowing in the midst of celebrations of gods of the stored harvest



Saturnalia by Antoine-François Callet

is not a bad idea: the year turns, and while Consus and Ops suggest completion, the end of one season, Saturn suggests the approach of another. The year keeps turning, one hopes, especially when the days are short, and, for a day or so, the sun appears to stand still.

Saturn is not of the present, but the past, associated with a long-ago golden age of peace and primitive agriculture. His world was seen by Romans of the day in stark contrast to their present, a time with the god Jupiter in ascendancy overseeing a society tarnished by the madness of war and a materialistic “love of having.”

This explains something that at first seems odd: the temple of Saturn, right down in the heart of Rome, contained the

public treasury. Why put the treasury in charge of Saturn? Macrobius thought that it had to do not so much with the *presence* of public property as with the *absence* of private property—together with the greed that made the Romans notoriously obsessed with private property. Inside the temple, the cult image of Saturn was tied up with woolen bands at all times except during the Saturnalia. The festival included the ceremonial loosening of these bonds, a temporary release of the god, and thus a temporary return to the golden age. Jupiter reigned the rest of the year, but for a short period, the golden age could once again be enjoyed.

How was the Saturnalia celebrated? Livy, a historian from the age of August-

“Of the many excellent institutions of our ancestors, this is the best—that they made the seven days of the Saturnalia begin when the weather is coldest.”

tus, said that it was in 497 B.C.E. that the Romans dedicated the temple to Saturn, and first established a day of feasting. Sausages may have been a special holiday treat; wine, in large quantities, was definitely part of the celebration. Men wore informal clothing, not the toga. People greeted each other with the cry *io Saturnalia!* They exchanged gifts. There were games and gambling, which was otherwise illegal in Rome.

Probably the most striking thing about the feasts is the role-reversal by which masters became servants and servants, in a sense, became masters. Slave-owners served food and drink to their own slaves (a holiday tradition echoed many centuries later in the British Army practice of officers serving their men on Christmas Day). Roman masters did this not “from the goodness of their hearts” but because keeping the *pax deorum* [“peace of the gods”] demanded it. This was religious ritual; and it was for the good of the state. The Romans could tolerate giving up authority, handing it over, undermining it . . . if it were for a limited time. In a slave-holding society, one terrified of slave revolts, and one that fought serious wars against slaves (the Spartacus revolt is the most famous example), this was a means of releasing pressure. For the slaves, this ritually demanded, short-term social role-reversal might have been not much better than a stiff office party.

An element of the festival familiar to us today was the giving of gifts. A Roman writer, Martial, collected a list of 222 gifts including the homey (pens, lamps, wool-lined slippers, pastries) and the oddly practical, such as hair for wigs—a kind of

gift still with us in the twentieth century: remember O. Henry’s 1906 short story *The Gift of the Magi*? Other gifts from Martial’s list sound rather strange—if not offensive—to modern ears: a girl, a boy, a stenographer, a cook, a dwarf.

In her book *On Roman Time*, Michele Renee Salzman provides a useful overview of how the holiday evolved:

At times it is difficult to determine exactly when a pagan festival ceased to be celebrated, for generally this happened gradually, in different localities and at different times. Many of the festivals, moreover, did not actually die out; rather, their traditional pagan meaning was transformed over time, with the commemoration of these holidays becoming a matter of popular custom, not of religious belief. So, for example, while the Saturnalia, perhaps the best known of the Roman holidays, noted on 17 December in the calendar of 354, was originally intended to honor the god Saturn, Poemius Silvius records one of its distinctive rituals, the role reversal of master and slave, in his fifth-century calendar, and the holiday continued to be celebrated as a popular festival. Other customary aspects of this day, such as the exercise of good will and the exchange of presents, and even perhaps the wearing of paper hats, were continued within a Christian context: Christmas, celebrated in the Latin West on 25 December . . . incorporated rites borrowed from the popular Saturnalia.

Now, to see a literary parallel to the Saturnalia, let’s jump ahead in time to Charles Dickens’ famous work *A Christmas Carol*, which—odd coincidence!—first appeared in print on a December 17. Set in the industrial revolution, the story is obsessed with time. For Scrooge, time is money, and money—even on Christmas Eve—is not to be wasted. In the context of an oppressive upper class and enslaving poverty, Dickens’ story emphatically pleads for a period of relief for the poor, the manual laborer, even the underpaid office worker such as Bob Cratchit. The agents most pointedly making this argument—Marley’s ghost and the ghosts of Christmas Past, Present, and Yet to Come—are as otherworldly as their supernatural counterparts from the Saturnalia. In the Roman world, the person ignoring the holiday’s message was in grave peril, risking a disturbance of the *pax deorum*; Dickens’ genius was to raise these unsettled spirits once again. 🍷

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Where Have All the Lesbians Gone?

Democrat or Republican, country music or rap, Duck or Beaver—each of the things we enjoy, believe in, or identify with help us form our sense of who we are. But what happens when those allegiances shift, when the terms of identity begin to be redefined? Longtime UO sociologist (now at Rutgers University) Arlene Stein delivered the Department of Women's and Gender Studies' (DWGS) inaugural Sally Gearhart Lecture in Lesbian Studies, titled "The Incredible Shrinking Lesbian World and other Queer Conundra," excerpted below. Stein is the author of several books including Sex and Sensibility: Stories of a Lesbian Generation, Shameless: Sexual Dissidence in American Culture, and The Stranger Next Door: The Story of a Small [Oregon] Community's Battle over Sex, Faith, and Civil Rights. DWGS has recently begun offering a queer studies minor.

ONCE, MANY PEOPLE BELIEVED that if everyone who ever had same-sex desires were to come out, the stigma surrounding homosexuality would be erased, and compulsory heterosexuality would come crashing down. Today we are living in a rather less idealistic moment. It is a moment of mixed signals, of a country lurching toward marriage equality that is in the throes of a massive economic crisis, when university curricula are increasingly reflective of diversity, while institutionalized inequalities of all sorts persist. It is a less utopian time, to be sure, but one that is filled with possibility. And still, anxieties abound, shaping the way we speak about the past, present, and future of sexual politics.

During the past few years, for example, there has been a lot of talk about the decline of the lesbian world. Three years ago, *The New York Times*, a newspaper that is typically not on the vanguard of reporting on the intricacies of sexual politics, ran a story under the provocative headline, "The Trouble When Jane Becomes Jack." It described a brewing controversy surrounding the increasing numbers of lesbians who have come to identify as transgender, some of whom undergo sex reassignment surgery. The story articulated a sense of unease on the part of lesbians who feel that a growing sector of the community is abandoning them. They see the decision on the part of some butch lesbians to transition to maleness as an act of betrayal, a desire to claim male privilege and power, and they fear for the future of the lesbian world. "It's as if the category of lesbian is just emptying out," a prominent gender theorist and professor of literature warned in the article.

The controversy came to a head a year later, when the San Francisco LGBT Film Festival accepted and then banned a satirical sci-fi fantasy short called *The Gender-*



cator. The film tells the story of Sally, a sporty dyke who falls asleep in 1973 after too much partying and then awakens, Rip Van Winkle–like, in an America where gender reassignment surgery is compulsory for butch lesbians. Sally's short hair and propensity for softball make her a viable candidate for "gendercation" (or sex reassignment surgery). So she's locked in a room with an expert gendercator named Tork, who was born a woman but is now a heterosexual male. In this future American police state, female masculinity—and softball—are prohibited. Tork tries to convince "Sal" that she should turn in her Birkenstocks and change her sex. At the risk of ruining the ending for you, a butch rescue squad saves the day, helps poor Sally escape the clutches of the gendercator, and makes the world safe once again for softball, and Birkenstocks. Lest there be any confusion

about the filmmaker's stance, director Catherine Crouch's website offers the following analysis:

More and more often we see young heterosexual women carving their bodies into porno Barbie dolls and lesbian women altering themselves into transmen. Our distorted cultural norms are making women feel compelled to use medical advances to change themselves, instead of working to change the world.

In interviews, Crouch explains her position further. "I wonder about the shared agendas of right wing Christians, medical-pharmacy industry, popular culture," she says, "and out of that wonder comes my film."

"If the politics of the world go the way I describe in the film," she suggests, it will "do away with gay people totally."

Crouch's promotional materials try to


... anxieties abound, shaping the way we speak about the past, present, and future of sexual politics.

strike a universal chord, lamenting gender polarization in general, including the fact that many feminine women must alter their bodies to be appealing to men. But the film reserves its sharpest critique for female-to-male transsexuals—FTM. When transgender activists and their allies heard about the plan to screen *The Gendercator* at the annual LGBT film festival, they initiated an e-mail campaign to ban it on the grounds that it demonized trans people and promoted bigotry. The campaign was successful, and the film was removed from the program—the first time this had ever happened in the thirty-three-year history of the film festival.

One might ask, why should anyone care if Jane decides to become Jack or chooses to embrace her inner *femme fatale*? Isn't feminism supposed to be about self-determination, and women's right to do with their bodies what they wish? These kinds of debates barely register in my New Jersey suburb, where the most pressing issues on the minds of gay men and lesbians are the quality of their children's educations and the robustness of their property values. But in more politicized urban queer centers, these issues can at times seem like matters of life and death. I know this because I lived in San Francisco in the 1980s and early '90s and followed many of these debates with keen interest. And as I reflected on the current controversy over transgender, I realized that it resembled an earlier conflict that occurred more than twenty years ago. At that time, I began to hear rumblings about lesbians who were going straight. One woman I knew expressed fears about the number of friends she had lost to heterosexual conversions, having become convinced that more and more women were forsaking their lesbianism in exchange for heterosexual privilege. As the panic spread through the community, the alleged turncoats were given a name— "hasbians."

It was true that a number of women

who had been captivated by lesbianism through their involvement in feminism in the 1970s had decided, the following decade, that they were in fact primarily attracted to men. I interviewed a number of these women for my book *Sex and Sensibility*. And I concluded that for many self-defined lesbians, particularly those who came out in the heyday of feminism, sexuality or affectional preference is often very malleable. Of course, lesbian feminists

and gay liberationists knew this all along, but they saw the process as unidirectional: one renounced one's false, heterosexual self in order to come out as gay or lesbian. They believed that those who would come out would do so permanently. They didn't imagine that individuals might choose to reverse the political logic of coming out, and that for some women, lesbianism might only be a phase on the way to heterosexuality, or even maleness. 



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B O O K S H E L F

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

15 Generations of Whipples: An American Story (Gateway Press, 2007) by Blaine Whipple '59. "More than a genealogy of the Whipple family, it is a fascinating [four-volume] account of American history and weaves stories that are stranger than fiction with heartwarming and often heart-breaking true tales of America's past."


A Guide's Tale (Vantage Press, 2009) by Gerald R. Patterson '49, M.S. '51. "This memoir follows the early life of Gerald R. Patterson, a remarkable young man raised in the lake area of northern Minnesota that serves as the portal to the boundary waters canoeing country and the Canadian Quetico."

Deception in the Marketplace: The Psychology of Deceptive Persuasion and Consumer Self Protection (Routledge Academic, 2009) by David M. Boush, associate professor of marketing, Marian Friestad, vice provost for graduate studies and professor of marketing, and Peter Wright, Edwin E. and June Woldt Cone Professor of Business. "The first scholarly book to fully address the topics of the psychology of deceptive persuasion

in the marketplace and methods of consumer self-protection."

Eden within Eden: Oregon's Utopian Heritage (Oregon State University Press, 2009) by James J. Kopp '70. "Looks with rich detail at utopian communities, some realized and some only planned, many of which reflect broader social, political, economic, and cultural aspects of Oregon's history."

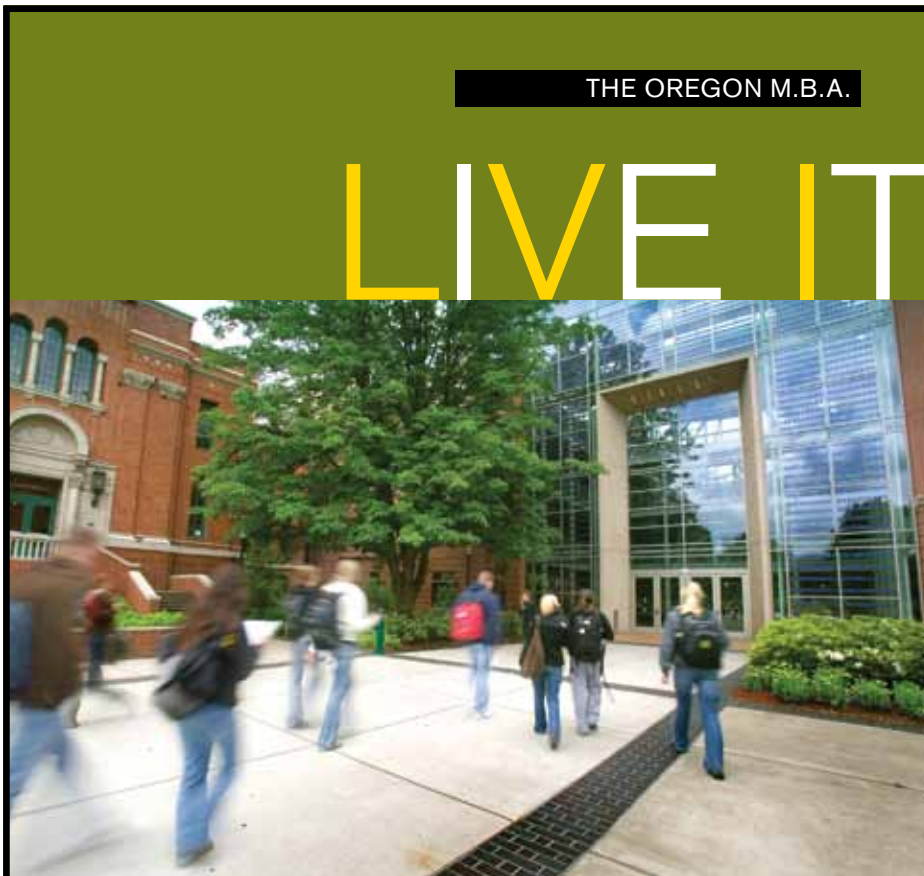
Northwest of Normal (Barclay Creek Press, 2009), a novel by John Larison '02, M.Ed. '05. "Set in the quirky mountain town of Ipsyniho, Oregon—a community of artists and loggers, dope growers and river guides—Northwest of Normal is the humorous story of one village reinventing the American dream."

Getting Back to Work: Everything You Need to Bounce Back and Get a Job after a Layoff (McGraw Hill, 2009) by Linda K. Rolie '77. "Looks at career transition and job seeking, especially in light of the current state of our economy. It addresses a wide array of topics that are important for almost every job seeker." 

Excerpted in this issue



SUPERMAN ON THE COUCH: WHAT SUPERHEROES REALLY TELL US ABOUT OURSELVES AND OUR SOCIETY
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MOLECULAR BIOLOGY

Aaron's Acorn

From humble beginnings UO molecular biology institute turns fifty.

CANNON FIRE COULD HARDLY have been a more emphatic wake up call. The eerie and ominous *beep-beep* of the Earth-orbiting Sputnik spacecraft roused America to an energetic and fear-fueled Cold War imperative: catch up with the Soviet Union's advanced technologies. The University of Oregon was one beneficiary of the well-funded effort to close the "science gap" and in early 1959 formed the Institute of Molecular Biology (IMB) under the leadership of Aaron Novick. Trained in and an early contributor to the new science of molecular biology, Novick soon gathered a stellar group of IMB "founding fathers": Frank Stahl, George Streisinger, Sid Bernhard, and John Schellman—three of whom would be elected to the National Academy of Sciences (NAS).

Soon after Novick's death in 2000, artist and arts advocate Lotte Streisinger, George's widow, began writing a personal account of the IMB from its earliest days; the result, *From the Sidelines* (UO Press, 2004). The book concludes with two epilogues, sections of which are excerpted below, by senior IMB scientists Peter von Hippel and Brian Matthews—both NAS members—that trace the later decades of the institute as it grew into the internationally recognized constellation of scientists that it is today.

Brian Matthews

Professor of physics

[Since those early days] the institute has

expanded to a membership approaching two hundred. It has also served as an example for the creation of highly successful interdisciplinary groups at the University of Oregon and elsewhere. Aaron used to say that when he first arrived in Eugene he never had to read a journal. Indeed, there were no journals in molecular biology. His friends sent him preprints of their articles and these were all he needed.

What were the central elements in the transformation from a founding nucleus to a full-fledged research enterprise? A key factor was the arrival of Pete von Hippel in 1967. Separate from his obvious qualifications as a scientist and a teacher, Pete had extraordinary administrative skills. By their own admission, none of the founding fathers of the institute were especially interested in assuming major administrative roles. Pete was the obvious person and within a year or so of arriving on campus was persuaded to become the institute's director. By the time Pete had served for eleven years in this role, followed by six years as head of the chemistry department, the institute had evolved into its present form.

Pete not only had extraordinary leadership qualities, he also brought unbridled enthusiasm and unbounded optimism—especially important in the early 1970s, as the nation at large and the state of Oregon in particular entered a major recession. Keeping the institute intact during such times required special creativity. Pete was often key in persuading new faculty members to join the institute. Equally, he con-

vinced older members not to leave in the face of inducements elsewhere.

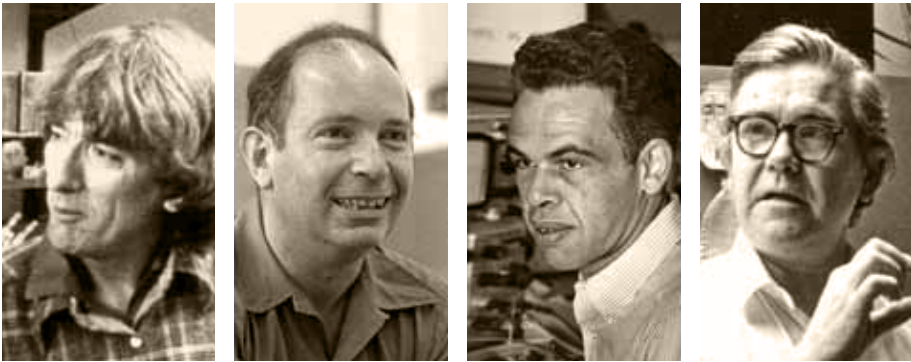
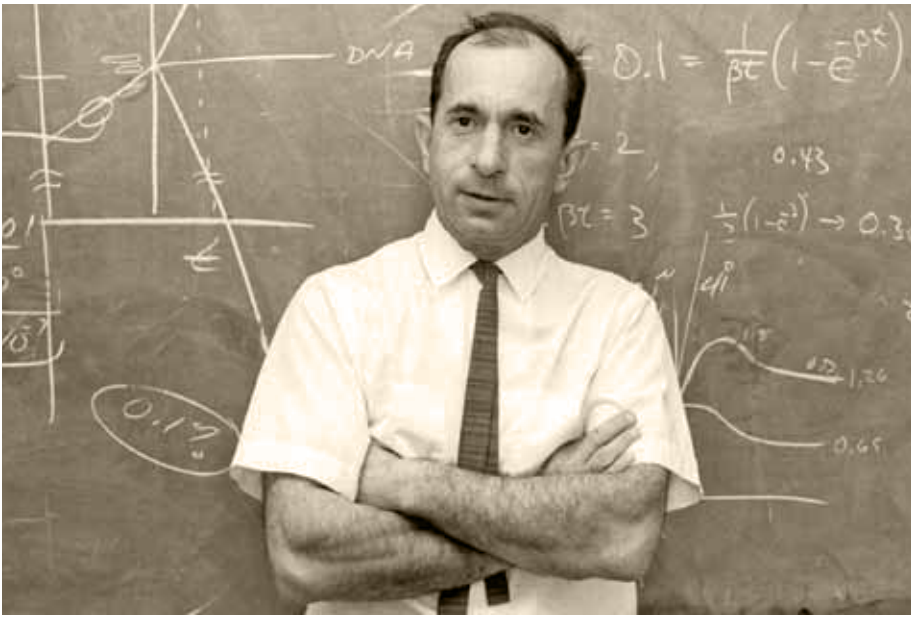
In the late 1980s the institute grew not only into Streisinger Hall, but also into the sunlight of Willamette Hall. During all this Pete was a tireless advocate for the institute and all it stood for.

Pete—together with the other founding fathers, Aaron, Frank, George, John, and Sid—joined the institute as an established investigator. Nearly all subsequent faculty members but one were hired at the junior level. We, the faculty members who came as juniors, had the unique advantage of being nurtured by an extraordinary group of seniors in a very special environment.

Peter von Hippel

Professor emeritus of chemistry

We are now up to some eighteen active labs, each ranging in size from six to twenty graduate students, postdocs, and staff. This success has exacted a price: No individual scientist can now hope to be familiar with (or even to be aware of) all the subdisciplines that have grown up within molecular biology nor can anyone know and be in personal contact with all the workers in even a small subfield within this enormous cosmos. We don't pretend to cover everything, but we do expect that graduate students and postdoctoral fellows who come here will continue to have the opportunity to work within a representative cross-section of modern molecular biology at a world-class level.




Clockwise from top: Aaron Novick, John Schellman, Sid Bernhard, George Streisinger, and Frank Stahl.

The University administration, as well as the funding agencies, have strongly supported us in this, and this has made it possible to bring in young people in a variety of exciting new fields—fields which didn't even exist in the early years of the institute.

Being a young assistant professor these days isn't easy. You have to get grants, you have to attract excellent students to your lab almost from day one, and, working with these students, you have to create a body of research work in five to six years that has worldwide impact! Yet the people whom we have hired have managed to do this, and to remain broad and interesting human beings at the same time.

Colleagues who were recruited (almost all as beginners) in the 1970s, 1980s, and early 1990s all created outstanding research laboratories and are now becoming our senior leaders as well as scientific leaders on the national scene. These include Brian Matthews, Rick Dahlquist, Rod Capaldi, Tom Stevens, Karen and George Sprague,

Diane Hawley, Jim Remington, Eric Selker, Bruce Bowerman, and Alice Barkan, as well as Chris Doe, who came somewhat later. Furthermore, in the past four years (and against amazing odds, since most of our top choices had multiple competing offers elsewhere at the best institutions and with more money) we have managed to recruit a wonderful group of new assistant professors in Bea Darimont, Eric Johnson, Karen Guillemin, Ken Prehoda, Andy Berglund, and now Tory Herman. These new people have again brought us brand-new and exciting fields of science, and are uniformly wonderful colleagues, great teachers, and inspiring laboratory leaders. Clearly the future of the institute is in good hands. Of course many things will change, but thanks to the continuing legacy of the founding fathers the important values will remain the same. The next half century of the institute should be as exciting and fulfilling for those fortunate enough to be here as the first half century has been for us! 

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PATHWAY OREGON

A Pathway to Graduation

PathwayOregon opens the doors to the UO for low-income Oregonians, many the first in their families to attend college.

A LOURA DIGIALLONARDO GREW up in a small farming crossroads in California's Central Valley, a place where kids attended school in trailers and most never planned on higher education. Though her family had little money and neither of her parents went to college, somehow she always knew she would go.

DiGiallonardo, who moved with her mother and two brothers to North Bend on the Oregon coast just before starting high school, is one in the first cohort of 415 students who entered the UO in the fall of 2008 under the auspices of PathwayOregon. The program is the UO's promise to cover four years of tuition and fees for lower-income Oregonians who meet federal Pell Grant eligibility requirements while providing a program of comprehensive advising, academic support, and career guidance. Resources for PathwayOregon come from federal, state, and University programs, including funds provided through private donations.

"I am really grateful for PathwayOregon," DiGiallonardo says as she prepares for her sophomore year. "It's given me an opportunity to go to school with less stress about how to pay for it."

DiGiallonardo's story is familiar to her PathwayOregon peers. Like her, nearly 43 percent of the first class were also first-generation college students, compared with about 12 percent of all UO freshmen last year. And collectively, their families' median adjusted gross income was just over \$28,000 a year. Yet many of these students were just as certain they would find a way to attend college.

That certainty usually comes loaded with debt—mounting bills that often end college careers prematurely. Low-income students historically drop out of college to a much greater extent than middle- and upper-income students, according to Carla Bowers, Ph.D. '07, PathwayOregon coordinator. For the most recent five classes graduating from the UO, for example, the average difference in four-year graduation rates between these two groups of students has ranged from 10 percent to as much as



Members of the first cohort of PathwayOregon students, fall 2008

17 percent. "We're trying to address that disparity," Bowers says.

But the program provides much more than a check. The architects of the program, including Susan Lesyk, director of the University Teaching and Learning Center, and Elizabeth Bickford, director of the Office of Student Financial Aid and Scholarships, as well as former senior vice president and provost Linda Brady, recognized early the need for a strong advising element as a part of PathwayOregon.

"They didn't want to just hand students money," Bowers says. "That doesn't work. It doesn't help facilitate their success once they're here, especially if they don't understand the collegiate environment."

PathwayOregon encourages students to meet with an adviser either from the program or from the department of their academic major. Last year, the program's two advisers, Bowers and Mimi von Rotz, saw 80 percent of all PathwayOregon students.

One of those students was DiGiallonardo. She'd struggled with choosing a major, at one point considering thirteen possible choices. Bowers, along with a departmental academic adviser, helped

her separate her passions from her milder interests. Eventually, DiGiallonardo picked international studies.

Much of the work of the advisers is to direct undergraduates to the array of learning and counseling resources available to all UO students. To foster those connections, the program's offices are strategically housed within the University Teaching and Learning Center at Prince Lucien Campbell Hall, where specialists teach, tutor, and advise through classes, workshops, math and writing labs, and one-on-one appointments.

PathwayOregon students must maintain the same academic requirements that apply to all UO students, as well as their Pell Grant eligibility. In addition, they must sign partnership agreements in which they pledge to meet with advisers at least once each term during freshman year, draft a four-year graduation plan, complete at least one writing course, and take four courses toward their general education requirements. Other pledges follow in subsequent years.

Since the awards continue for twelve terms or four years, advisers track students'


progress on their pledges as well as toward their graduation requirements. DiGiallonardo got help here as well, charting her four-year road map to graduation. At the start of each term, the advisers call any students not enrolled full-time and gently but firmly prod them, if necessary. When it comes to keeping students on the path to success, Bowers says, "Our philosophy is to be very proactive."

With the first class of PathwayOregon students entering sophomore year, Bowers already sees evidence the program is meeting its goals. For one, 402 of the initial 415 students were still enrolled by spring, a retention rate she considers high. This year's class of PathwayOregon freshman is near 440.

She points to other early indicators of success. Indebtedness rates are down. Nearly 93 percent of the freshman class completed Writing 121, a general education requirement many students often postpone. The group earned a cumulative GPA of 3.01, an improvement from the grades historically achieved by Pell Grant-eligible recipients.

On a more personal level, Bowers gauges the program's impact in the faces of the students. "We see every day in our offices that it's working," she says. "There's never a day we don't have contact with students."

DiGiallonardo is looking forward to immersing herself in her international studies courses this year. Not one to shy away from extracurricular work, she's also active on the speech and debate team and this year joined the ASUO department finance committee. With her international studies major, DiGiallonardo eventually wants to work in developing countries, and sees her academic focus both as a way to use her talents to help people and to return the gifts she's received.

"If you have the ability, you have the responsibility to help people," DiGiallonardo says. "PathwayOregon has granted students like me the opportunity to pursue a higher education. Without that opportunity, there's no way a lot of these students could give back to their communities. PathwayOregon is important not only to the students but to the places these students come from. I am really grateful for the gift, the opportunity that PathwayOregon has provided." 

—Michael F. Tevlin, M.A. '81

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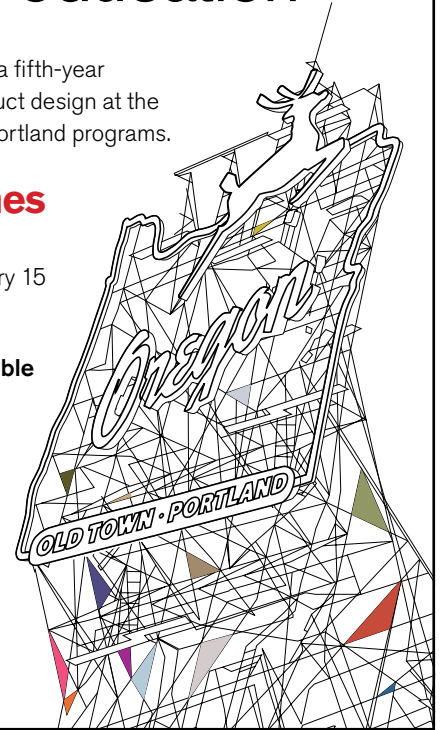
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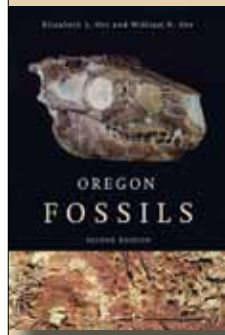
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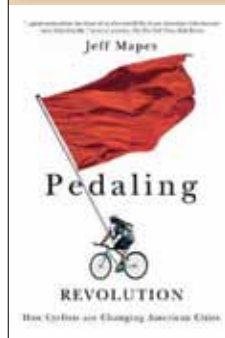
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PSYCHOLOGY

Are a Lot of Us Potential Extremists?

Editor's note: We found the following entry by the distinguished George Washington University professor of political science Lee Sigelman posted on the political science research blog The Monkey Cage (themonkeycage.org).

AFASCINATING NEW STUDY OF militant extremism contains a useful model of the major components of the military-extremist mindset and suggests an unsettling answer to the question posed above.

The study, by [UO psychology professor] Gerard Saucier, [UO doctoral student] Laura Geuy Akers, [UO doctoral student] Sepaphine Shen-Miller, Goran Knezevic, and Lazar Stankov, appears in the May 2009 issue of *Perspectives on Psychological Science*.

Militant extremism, as Saucier and his colleagues define it, involves “zealous adherence to a set of beliefs and values that combine advocacy of measures beyond the norm and intention and willingness to resort to violence.” From their study of a diverse array of militant-extremists around the world (for example, the Baader-Meinhof Gang, the IRA, Shining Path, Theodore Kaczynski, and Timothy McVeigh), a profile of sixteen prominent themes emerged. These themes are summarized in the following composite narrative:

“We have a glorious past, but modernity has been disastrous, bringing on a great catastrophe in which we are tragically obstructed from reaching our rightful place, obstructed by an illegitimate civil government and/or by an enemy so evil that it does not even deserve to be called human. This intolerable situation calls for vengeance. Extreme measures are required . . . We must think in military terms to annihilate this evil and purify the world of it, and we cannot be blamed for carrying out this violence. Those who sacrifice themselves in our cause will attain glory, and supernatural powers should come to our aid in this struggle. In the end, we will bring our people to a new world that is a paradise.”

The authors map the distribution of these sixteen themes across the militant



Timothy McVeigh, shown here outside the Noble County Courthouse in 1995, was executed for his part in the bombing of the Alfred P. Murrah Building in Oklahoma City, which killed 168 people.

groups and individuals they study. No two groups or individuals fit the same profile in terms of their acceptance of these themes, indicating that “militant extremist represents not just one, but an orchestra of responses working in concert.”

“This prototype composite storyline,” the authors concede, “may seem like a dramatic comic-book plot . . . but for psychological reasons, the plot sells. Such a plot is highly attention-engaging and may be profoundly motivating to many individuals.”

That last observation provides a springboard for broadening the analysis from militant extremists to the general population:

“If militant extremism caters to what many people find psychologically attractive, then aspects of militant-extremist thinking should be at least modestly manifest even in normal-range populations. This hypothesis runs against the common-sense assumption that militant extremists are completely different from other citizens and that they hold bizarre and incomprehensible views.”

To test this hypothesis, the authors administered questionnaires to college students in the United States and advanced high school students in Serbia. Each of the sixteen militant-extremist themes was represented in the questionnaires by two items. The basic finding?

“When presented with statements that are in fact extracts of militant-extremist thinking, the typical response was somewhere in the range between ‘moderately disagree’ and ‘not sure.’ No one responded in a fashion one would expect from the most prototypical militant extremist: strongly agreeing with all indicator items. But respondents generally failed to strongly disassociate themselves from the sentiments found in these items. Thus the base rate of fanatical thinking patterns in the population does not appear to be low.”


And among the implications?

“Although militant-extremist leaders no doubt play a key role, it is probably not necessary for participants in militant-extremist movements to be brainwashed or severely indoctrinated. All that may be required is an intensification and an orchestration of sentiments and of ‘framings’ that many people are already . . . at least moderately sympathetic toward.”

All of which puts me in mind of that legendary Ernest Hemingway–Scott Fitzgerald exchange:

“You know, the rich are different from you and me.”

“They have more money.”

Militant extremists may not be so different from the rest of us as we would like to think. 

Essay Submissions Wanted

Oregon Quarterly is currently accepting essay contest submissions. Entries should address ideas that affect the Northwest. Contest judge: Thomas Hager, author of *The Alchemy of Air* and other award-winning books of narrative science history.

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PROFile

David Dusseau

Donald A. Tykeson Senior Instructor of Business



On the first day of his Introduction to Business course David Dusseau puts each student in charge of his or her own imaginary \$40 million manufacturing company. The course functions like a high-tech version of Monopoly with the student CEOs responsible for making all company decisions about research and development, marketing, production, and finance—and accountable for the profits and losses associated with those decisions. Performance is measured daily. The game is highly competitive as the students are pitted against one another as well as cleverly programmed opponents.

The fate of each company rests entirely on the student's ability to make smart business decisions, a skill developed through success, hard knocks, and working with Dusseau.

In classroom discussions, he asks his students to consider the subtleties of business dilemmas: Should Company X, for example, purchase additional equipment? Doing so would increase manufacturing capacity and potential profits, but it would also add to the company's debt load. He asks students to weigh the costs and benefits and then submit their answer electronically with a hand-held iclicker, instantly sending

the information to a tallying device. Dusseau uses this immediate feedback to gauge what lessons the class most needs and tailors his comments to address those specific areas. As the term progresses, the problems and tough decisions each student must address become more complex and challenging.

The aim, Dusseau says, extends beyond the classroom: "Students gain an understanding of the system"—the interplay of ideas, knowledge, decisions, and results. In doing so, "they gain understanding about what forces shape their lives both in relation to business and as individuals."

At the end of ten weeks, some companies have flourished, some have scraped by, and others have experienced difficulty. But regardless of the state of their company when they "retire," each of Dusseau's students leave his classroom with a greater understanding of the complex way in which, in business and in life, one decision informs the next.


Name: David Dusseau

Education: B.S. '75, Ohio State; M.B.A. '85 and Ph.D. '92, UO

Teaching Experience: Began as a graduate teaching fellow in the UO College of Business Administration in 1987; full-time instructor since 1992.

Awards: Voted "Best Professor" in a 2009 Oregon Daily Emerald student poll; Thomas F. Herman Faculty Achievement Award for Distinguished Teaching in 2009; Lundquist College of Business Undergraduate Teaching Award in 1995, 1997, 2002, and 2008; Faculty Above and Beyond Award 2008–9; Harry Jacobs Distinguished Teaching Award in 1998, 2005, and 2007; Williams Fellow, 2002; Donald A. Watson Award in 1993, 1994, and 1996.

Off-Campus: Dusseau enjoys spending time outdoors on his property on the McKenzie River. He and his wife undertake cross-country bicycle trips, the most recent of which was to Maine.

Last Word: "Simple ideas can act together in powerful ways." 

—Melissa Hoffman

I N B R I E F

Science on the Brain

Michael Posner, UO professor emeritus of psychology, was among nine winners of the 2009 National Medal of Science, the highest honor given by the U.S. government to scientists, engineers, and inventors. President Barack Obama presented the medal to Posner, a pioneer in cognitive neuroscience, in a White House ceremony.

Stimulating Awards

Thirty-four grants totaling \$12.3 million have been awarded to UO researchers (as of early October) under the federal government's American Recovery and Reinvestment Act—this represents approximately one-eighth of UO applications (totaling \$99.4 million) under ARRA, with the majority of requests still under review.

Answering the Call

Adell Amos, J.D. '98, UO law professor and director of the Environmental and Natural Resources Law Program, has been named deputy solicitor-land and water in the U.S. Department of the Interior for her expertise in water and land management.

Green and Yellow = Green

The UO is one of only three of America's 100 largest universities to receive a top rating from Greenopia, an independent assessor of green services and products. The ranking is based on building design, waste programs, water conservation, renewable energy usage, and other environmental criteria.


Sailing Over the Bar

Based on July 2009 Oregon bar examination results, UO law grads' first-time exam passage rate is 84 percent, seven percent higher than the statewide first-time average of 77 percent.

Kudos for Dr. Dung

UO archaeologist Dennis Jenkins, Ph.D. '91, who discovered 14,000-year-old fossilized human feces in a southern Oregon cave [see "Dr. Dung's Discovery," Autumn 2008], has won this year's Earle A. Chiles Award from the High Desert Museum in Bend.

All Bruce, All the Time

Bruce Springsteen fanatic Al Stavitsky, longtime journalism professor and director of the UO's George S. Turnbull Portland Center, was in seventh heaven recently, serving as guest DJ on E Street Radio, a satellite radio channel dedicated to The Boss. 

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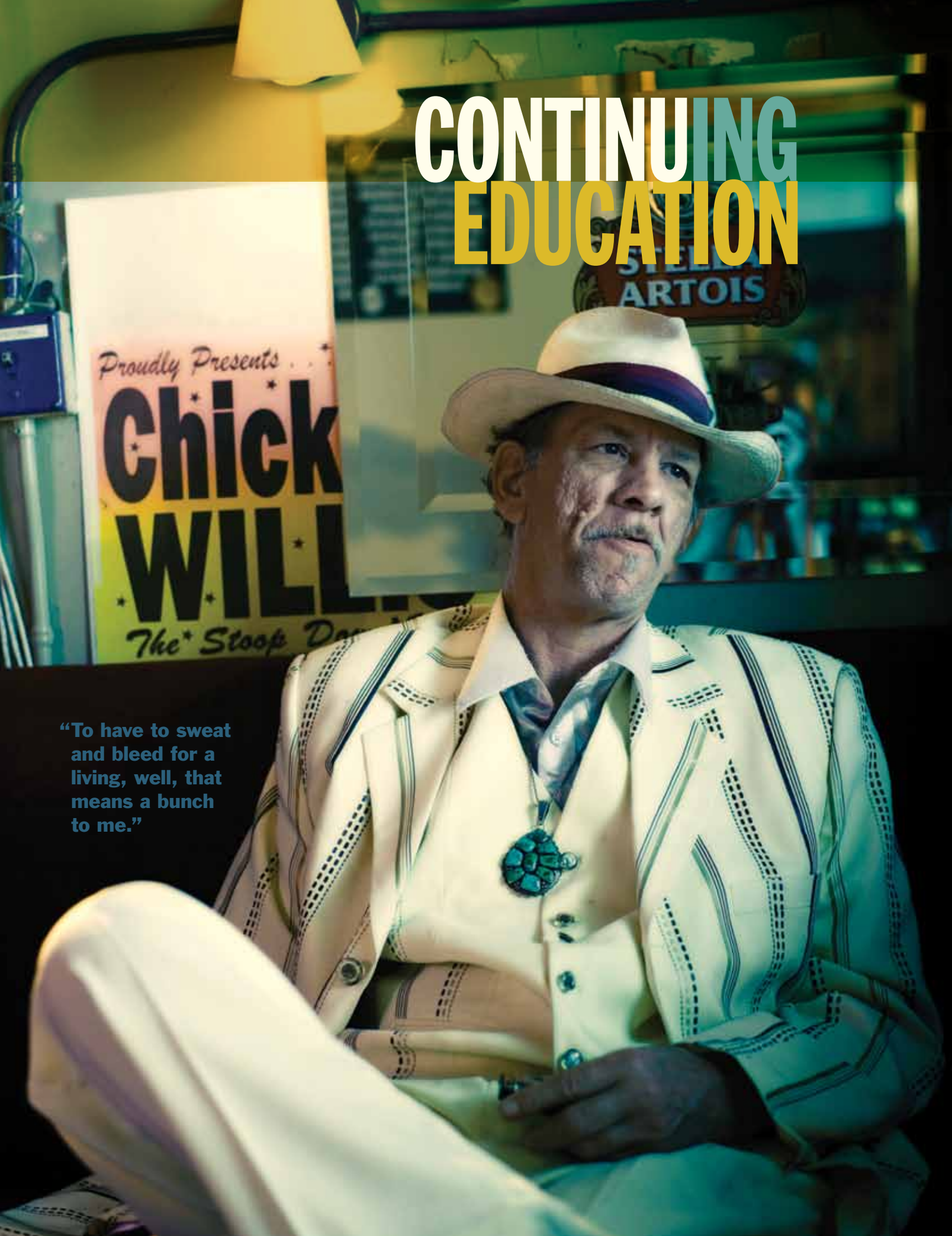
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CONTINUING EDUCATION

“To have to sweat and bleed for a living, well, that means a bunch to me.”



He's been a puppet, a pauper, a pirate, a poet, a pawn, and a king, but for feted bluesman and UO honors history graduate Bill "Watermelon Slim" Homans, music has only been part of his extended graduate course otherwise known as "life."

BY COREY DUBROWA PHOTOS BY MICHAEL SUGRUE

Ooh-oo-this old traveling life goes on and on and on and on . . .

— "This Old Traveling Life" from No Paid Holidays

It's one boiler of a midsummer's day in Oklahoma City, and William P. Homans III '87—AKA slide guitarist and blues singer Watermelon Slim—is feeling every bit of his sixty years of age. He's sitting in the departure lounge of the Will Rogers World Airport, awaiting the next flight to Winnipeg, where he's scheduled to play a series of solo dates before joining his band in Europe for a full-blown tour of Italy, Spain, and the United Kingdom.

"I'm feeling about as bad as I've ever been going out on tour right now," Slim says wearily. "I've got some serious arthritis that's keeping me from being right on top of things. But I'm playing and singing as good as ever!"

The oldest, hoariest cliché in popular music holds that to play the blues, one must live them, too. The genre's history is littered with hard-luck legends and icons as famous for their bare-knuckled lifestyles as for their considerable artistic contributions: Robert Johnson (mysterious death at age twenty-seven after supposedly "selling his soul to the Devil" in exchange for his guitar-playing prowess), Son House and Bukka White (both served time at Mississippi's infamous "Parchman Farm" state penitentiary for shooting different men in self-defense), Lightnin' Hopkins (brief prison stint, worked for poverty wages around the South as an itinerant farmhand), and Willie Dixon (semipro boxer) all lived the lives they sang about so powerfully, pairing the sacred and the profane in equal measure to create a musical form dedicated to rendering the day-to-day existence of working-class people struggling just to get by.

Despite his genteel family roots, college degrees, and membership in Mensa, Homans can relate to the notion that a life spent getting up off the canvas after getting knocked down is a life well-suited to channeling the blues. "I don't know if it's true or not, but I subscribe to that [idea]," he affirms. "Every time I've tried to improve myself, I've come up short, and always ended up going back to driving truck after I'd failed at something. You could call me a man who envisioned himself as a white-collar worker, but it never stuck."

Bill Homans is, above all else, a student of life: he's lived a little bit of everywhere, done a little bit of everything, collected his life lessons a little bit at a time, wherever he could find them. He's that rarity in today's society: a *War and Peace* guy in a 140-character world. But for all his accomplishments—and

there have been many, both before and after leaving Eugene with his history and journalism degrees back in 1987—he remains a humble student and intrepid traveler at heart.

"To have to sweat and bleed for a living, well, that means a bunch to me. Say, they're calling my flight now," Slim says in his characteristically gummy, toothless fashion. "Gotta go. Kirk out."

**If you want me to play
I'll still pick up my axe,
but I'm doing my best
when I'm making tracks.**

— "The Wheel Man" from The Wheel Man

Getting to the University of Oregon was just one of the many unlikely events in Bill Homans' life.

He was born in Boston to a family whose Brahmin roots can be traced back to the late 1600s (he is related to former Massachusetts governor Endicott "Chub" Peabody and former Massachusetts state senator Henry Parkman Jr.). Slim's late father, William P. Homans Jr., was a Kennedy family friend as well as a politician and civil rights lawyer whose strong sense of social justice led to his involvement in cases such as the defense of the Boston Strangler, the Chicago Seven conspiracy trial, and the first test of *Roe v. Wade*. Homans' parents divorced when he was young, and Slim ended up moving (along with his mother and brother Peter, now a renowned classical composer) to Asheville, North Carolina, where a family maid first exposed the young man to the blues by singing bits of John Lee Hooker's "One Bourbon, One Scotch, One Beer" as she bustled around the house.

Homans eventually landed at Vermont's Middlebury College but dropped out in 1968 to enlist—like his father before him—for military service. His combat experience in Vietnam would change his life in ways that he couldn't have possibly anticipated. "I was such a poor [soldier] they didn't even give me a good conduct medal over there," he remembers. "I was honorably discharged. The only good thing that came of it was that I ended up learning to play the guitar."

While recuperating from illness in a military hospital in Cam Ranh Bay, Slim came into the possession of a cheap basswood guitar, which he learned to play upside-down and left-handed using his trusty Zippo cigarette lighter as a slide. He returned to the States disenchanted with U.S. foreign policy, became active in Vietnam Veterans Against the War, and began

“Every time I’ve tried to improve myself, I’ve come up short, and always ended up going back to driving truck after I’d failed at something.”



what can only be described as a sporadic musical career. His 1973 recorded debut, *Merry Airbrakes*, has become a rare and expensive cult item, its lyrics on songs such as “Draft Board Blues” and “Happy Song for Hanoi” reflecting Slim’s increasingly militant antiwar stance. Throughout the rest of the 1970s, established artists such as Country Joe McDonald released cover versions of his early work as Slim built up his playing chops gigging wherever he could, garnering a reputation that resulted in him sitting in with touring stars such as John Lee Hooker and Bonnie Raitt. All the while, Homans supplemented these efforts with a series of “just getting by” McJobs: watermelon farmer (hence the nickname), forklift operator, garbage man, sawmiller (a job that cost him part of a finger), firewood salesman, collection agent, funeral official, political investigator, petty criminal,

and truck driver, a role he would return to time and again over the course of three decades. By the mid-’80s, it was becoming clear to Slim that his talents should be put to better use.

“I was married to my first wife and living in Oklahoma. She felt I should be doing something more challenging than being a bus driver and janitor,” Slim says with a laugh. “So I drove into Eugene in a 1965 Dodge Polara, having blown my engine in Elko, Nevada; it’s lucky I even got there! I was a bowler at that time with some half-serious aspirations to professionalism; but I was also a hustler. I got to Oregon and found they had a bowling alley in the bottom floor of the student union, and knew right away I was meant to be there. I became the oldest intercollegiate athlete at the UO; captain of the bowling team for three years. It cost me ten dollars per term for unlimited practice; I bowled fifty, sixty, seventy games per week, and even threw a 299 in that alley. We went to Oregon State for a dual match one time; when it came time for us to bowl, they turned all the lights off. I complained that this was unfair competition, and the OSU coach told me, ‘If you don’t like it, you can put your ball in your bag and go home.’ Those damned Beavers were unsportsmanlike,” he chuckles. “I’ve always had a big grudge against them.”

Well, I’m a bad, bad sinner, and I don’t know if I’ll ever get turned around.

—“Bad Sinner” from *Watermelon Slim and the Workers*

It’s been more than two decades since he left Eugene behind, but Bill Homans made a big impression on those he met during the three years he lived and studied there.

“He was an unusual student; he literally stood out,” recalls William Rockett, emeritus English professor. “His presence was like that of an 800-pound gorilla. I made the mistake one day in class of asking, ‘What did you think of *The Merchant of Venice*?’ Up shot Bill’s hand: ‘It’s an uninteresting, superficial comic opera,’ he says. Here I am loaded up with a response that’s very heavy and literal, puts Shylock at the dramatic center of the play, and that’s his reaction. Homans’ way of relating in class to Shakespeare was real, spontaneous. Here was someone with a great diversity and richness of life experience; his interests were varied. There was no affectation in anything he said or did.”

“He was an unusual combination,” suggests history professor Daniel Pope. “He had quite an upper-crust background, which he was very proud of, particularly his father. But on the other hand, if you saw him, you’d say, ‘Gosh, there’s another wasted Vietnam vet.’ But he was one of a kind in many ways.” Pope saw that individuality in the honors thesis for which he was Homans’ adviser. “He wrote about Vietnam Vets Against the War, and although he had a left-wing political orientation, it wasn’t conventionally so. He didn’t neatly fit in with the resistance movement here in Eugene. He was an iconoclast, a real rebel.”

Homans took full advantage of what the UO and its environs had to offer: athletic competition, multiple degrees, and pursuing his musical calling with more fervor than ever before

in what Pope calls Eugene’s “renegade music scene” of that time. “I was trying to be taken seriously as a musician,” Slim says, “playing the blues with people like Henry “The Sunflower” Vestine from Canned Heat. He and I were roommates while I was there. We lived down on Willamette, played around town quite a bit at places like Taylor’s and Good Times. That experience”—along with exposure to Northwest pros such as Robert Cray and Curtis Salgado, with whom Slim is still in touch today—“certainly advanced my musical education.”

Twin degrees and guitar in hand, Homans left Eugene and tried to establish himself on the European blues circuit. But without any label backing or promotion, he returned to the United States literally a broken man (he had been severely hurt in Amsterdam, both in a fight and a motorcycle-bicycle accident, with Homan and his bicycle getting the worst of that encounter). After bouncing between various locales and jobs for nearly a decade, Homans enrolled at Oklahoma State University in Stillwater as a master’s candidate in history, graduating after submitting a lengthy thesis about the suppression of evidence in Timothy McVeigh’s Murrah Federal Building bombing case titled “North American Fascism: Transmission of the Virus.” It was far from clear, at this point, that perhaps the greatest chapter in Homans’ life remained to be written.

It’s never too hard to be humble when you’ve got the slowest damn truck on the hill. It’s never too hard to be humble, but I’m doing the best that I can.

— “It’s Never to Hard to be Humble”
from *Escape from the Chicken Coop*

After three decades of pursuing the ephemeral dream of playing music for a living, a full-blown career (with all the attendant critical plaudits) has opened up to Homans in the 2000s. And one gets the sense that he’s as surprised by this turn of events as anyone else.

“Part of the reason I didn’t go anywhere between the ’70s and current century is that technically I just wasn’t a good enough guitar player,” he explains. “So when there was no more recording contract [after *Merry Airbrakes*], I went off to work at this job, that job, another job, and it took me twenty-seven years to record anything more. I could write songs and play harp, but I’m something of a late bloomer on guitar. I had to become a master of my own style to have people want to listen to me play.”

But Homans *did* develop his own rugged, searing style, and starting in 2001 with the self-released *Fried Okra Jones*, began to pump out a stream of Delta blues records that captured the imagination of the public and critics alike: 2002’s *Big Shoes to Fill* (dedicated to his father), 2004’s *Up Close & Personal*, 2006’s *Watermelon Slim & the Workers*, 2007’s *The Wheel Man*, and 2008’s *No Paid Holidays*, the latter two of which attained premium *Billboard* chart positions and garnered a truckload of award

nominations (seventeen in all) that resulted in Slim’s election to the Oklahoma Blues Hall of Fame and several Blues Music Awards honors (essentially, the genre’s equivalent of a Grammy Award). His latest release, *Escape from the Chicken Coop*, is a straightforward country record—produced in Nashville with a group of blue-chip session artists—and represents his finest artistic accomplishment to date. Slim’s development hasn’t gone unnoticed by the genre’s many aficionados.

“On first impression, Slim comes across as disheveled and eccentric, but I have come to realize just how honest and humble he truly is,” offers Greg Johnson, president of the Cascade Blues Association, a Portland-based group that promotes blues in the Northwest. “His suit may be oversized, his teeth may be missing, and his face looks worn, but for every line in Bill’s face, there’s a story to be told. His intelligence is baffling, and he is as complete a showman as there is, his music utterly authentic.”

“Watermelon Slim is one Delta mack daddy,” writes *Paste Magazine* senior contributing editor Andy Whitman. “This is no dilettante dabbling in some ancient, petrified musical genre. He wrote most of his originals while behind the wheel of his big rig. He’s the real deal.”

“I’ve been doing this a long time and have seen lots of players over the years who have their licks together but nothing to say,” says Slim’s longtime friend and fellow bluesman Lloyd Jones. “Every guy I run into wants to be the next Little Walter or Stevie Ray Vaughan: it’s all the same song, played the same way. But not Slim. With him, it comes down to storytelling: the life he’s lived is all there in his music. He’s real, and strong: it’s workin’ man’s music. When you hear this cat play, you believe him—immediately.”

Characteristically, Slim takes all the latter-day honors and accolades in stride. He’s delighted (and somewhat amused) by the success he’s finally achieved, after more than three decades of dogged pursuit. Still, he knows that he’s never far from the working-class road he’s been traveling his entire life. Success hasn’t changed him much. “I’ve had the Hollywood ending to a life that really had nothing to do with Hollywood at all,” he laughs. He’s treating this latest turn in his life as another big graduate course, which remains to be completed. Not even the heart attack he suffered a few years ago has stopped his relentless quest to see, learn, and do as much as he can fit in before the final bell rings. “Whatever happens to me now, I’m just playing with government money. Touring and traveling’s the tough part—the music itself is easy. My philosophy is ‘You may be able to play your guitar just fine. But what else have you done with your life?’ That resonates for me.”

By day, Corey duBrowa ’88 serves as the Portland-based president of the PR firm Waggener Edstrom Worldwide. He’s also the University of Oregon Alumni Association’s board president and a mediocre (but enthusiastic) guitarist who knows just enough about the blues to leave it to the experts. Like Bill Homans.

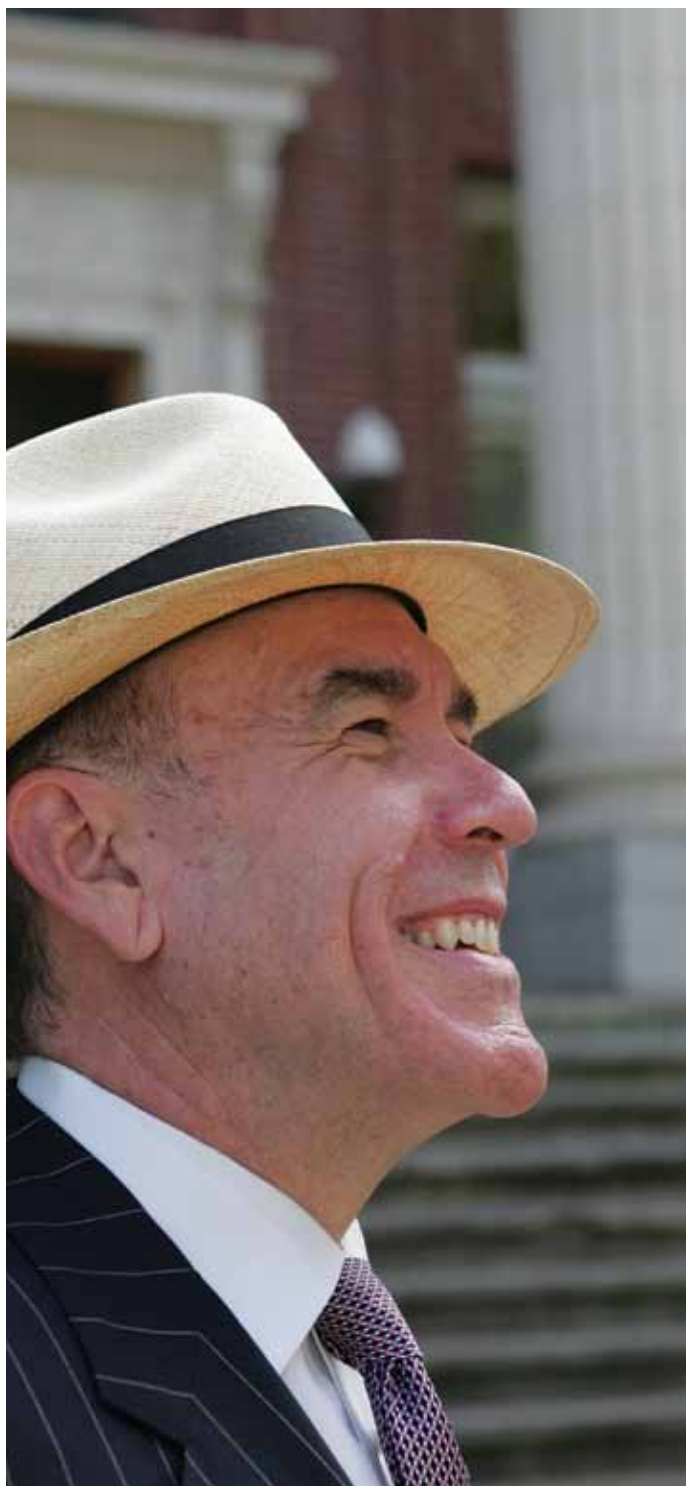
Web Extra: Go to OregonQuarterly.com for a sampling of songs from *Watermelon Slim* and a complete transcript of his interview with Corey duBrowa.

AN ASPIRATIONAL SORT

RICHARD LARIVIERE SETTLES INTO HIS NEW
ROLE AS UNIVERSITY PRESIDENT, IMPRESSED BY
ALL HE SEES AND IMPATIENT TO MAKE IT BETTER.

BY GUY MAYNARD

PHOTOS BY MICHAEL MCDERMOTT



Richard Lariviere always knew he was going to college, though no one in his family had before him. His father, Wilfred F. “Larry” Lariviere, grew up in the Depression and dropped out of school after the eighth grade because that was the norm in his French-Canadian working-class community. But he always felt cheated out of a significant opportunity and was determined that the same thing would not happen to his children. He made an oath when Lariviere’s mother Esther announced her pregnancy, that his child would go to college no matter what the financial obstacles.

For Larry Lariviere, a welder who earned his GED late in his life and worked his way up to be regional manager for a public utility, college was the gateway to a lucrative profession and financial security for his children. For Richard, growing up in Marshalltown, Iowa (just east of smack dab in the center of the state), his father’s fixation on his education sank in so deeply that college was just the next natural step after high school. But something happened that neither of them could have anticipated when Lariviere went to the University of Iowa, what he thought of as his only option for college, less than 100 miles away in Iowa City.

He began to learn who he was and where he fit in the world. “The University of Iowa gave me an inkling of how big the world might be and how much there was to be discovered,” he says. “It also gave me the confidence that I had the ability to participate in that discovery. That experience transformed me into someone who was impatient with my own ignorance—and it gave me the capacity to redress that ignorance.”

His pilgrimage of discovery has led him to delve into the world of religion and law; to meet and marry his wife Jan (also a student at Iowa and the “brightest spot” in the troubling campus atmosphere of the late 1960s); to travel to India; to graduate school at the University of Pennsylvania; to teaching at Penn, Iowa, and the University of Texas; to raising a daughter, Anne (“the best and longest lasting lesson of my life”); to a wildly successful fling in international business; to university administration as dean of the College of Liberal Arts at Texas and provost at Kansas—and now to the presidency of the University of Oregon, where he seems completely at home, just months into the job.

Larry Lariviere imagined that higher education promised a better life. Richard Lariviere has lived that promise and is passionate about upholding it for this and coming generations of students—

especially for students like him whose families don't have a history of going to college.

"Going to a public university changed my life so profoundly and so dramatically that I realized I have a lifelong obligation to give back," he says with unmistakable ardor in his voice. "What you give someone when you educate them lasts a lifetime. No one can take it away from them. It changes their lives, and that transformation takes place on a campus like this. It's really moving."

And he's convinced from his own experience that the most important thing a university teaches students is to know themselves.

"If you come away from your experience at the University of Oregon with a firm understanding of who you are, a firm understanding of the history of your culture, and an understanding of the context in which you are living—social, economic, international—our education has been a great success," he says.

CONTEXT

Lariviere, who took office July 1, has spent much of his first few months getting to know the context of his new job: the state and the University of Oregon. His only time in Oregon before this was visiting a family friend in Hood River when he was a teenager. As he advanced in his academic career, he became aware of the University of Oregon for its reputation as an international leader on environmental issues and has followed, with admiration, the UO's effort to cope with the diminution of state funding in recent history.

But, he says now, he and Jan didn't really know just how great a place this is.

"We are far happier, more impressed, more moved by this experience than anything we could have imagined—it's really remarkable," he says with a gleam in his eye and a lottery-winner's smile. "We literally pinch ourselves every morning when we wake up."

In his first three months on the job, they put more than 8,000 miles on their new hybrid car. They traveled to Charleston, Coos Bay, North Bend, Roseburg, Medford, Jacksonville, Ashland, Bend, La Grande, North Powder, Baker City, Ontario, Fossil, Pendleton, and Portland. Lariviere visited the Warm Springs Reservation, and met with the Coquille, the Confederated Tribes of the Coos, Lower Umpqua, and Siuslaw Indians, and the Cow Creek Band of Umpqua Tribe of Indians. He and Jan have been to Crater Lake, to the Oregon Shakespeare Festival, the Britt Festival, the Oregon Bach Festival, the Pendleton Round-Up. They've fly-fished on the Rogue, the Deschutes, and the McKenzie.

They are smitten.

"The people who have driven around the state with us are probably sick of Jan and me interrupting every conversation every fifteen minutes, saying, 'My god, look at this!'"

The cultural offerings have impressed as much as the beauty of the landscape. Lariviere, whose academic specialty is Sanskrit and Indian religious law, was astonished to find out that the Oregon Shakespeare Festival had last year produced "The Clay Cart," a Sanskrit play.

"They gave 112 performances and it was seen by 50,000 people,"

he says. "I'm willing to bet that there has been no production of that play in history that has ever had a bigger audience. It's amazing. Just amazing."

In his travels around the state, he's met with legislators in their home districts, civic leaders, alumni, opinion leaders, and all the presidents of the community colleges. He's discovered that while people in different regions have different attitudes toward the University, there is great affection for the UO throughout the state—and high expectations. Those expectations are sometimes accompanied by frustration that the University is not doing more to help solve local problems or by the fear that the University is not going to continue to reach out to those communities.

He sought to allay those fears with his visits and provided facts and figures about how many students from each county come to the UO and how much financial aid they receive. And he welcomes the expectations.

"The University is being looked upon to come up with solutions to the problems that confront Roseburg and Medford and other communities around the state," he says. "On first blush, you might want to be a little defensive and say, 'We can't do everything.' But what's behind that expression is a level of confidence and expectation that is very affirming—the University of Oregon is the place that is going to have the answers."

Lariviere says his travels around the state serve another purpose: he wants to make it clear that "the University of Oregon is the university of *Oregon* and not the university of Eugene or the Willamette Valley."

As the new president has discovered unexpected delights around the state, he's also found distinct strengths of the University that he didn't fully appreciate until he showed up for the job.

"The biggest surprise on the plus side is the depth of quality of the faculty," he says. "I knew that there were big guns, both the young up-and-comers and the established people like Frank Stahl, Geri Richmond, Judith Eisen, John Bonine, Steve Shankman. But I didn't realize how good the faculty was once you get past the marquee names. I've been mightily impressed by them."

Lariviere says it's not just the academic credentials of the faculty members that stand out but also their concern and dedication to the well-being of the University as a whole.

"It's quite rare," he says. "There's a collective focus here that I haven't seen before at any institution I've been at, a collective pride in the institution."

It's also rare, he says, for faculty members at a flagship research institution to value teaching as much as they do at the UO.

"I spent a lot of time at Texas cheerleading for the value of teaching because the emphasis was so intensely on research, but that's not necessary here," he says. As he's met with faculty members over the first few months of his presidency, he never had to raise the subject of teaching because it comes up naturally. "It just the way you would hope they would talk about their work. It's very edifying. I don't know if it's something in the water or the climate, but it's a precious feature of this institution."

The UO is also notable, he says, for its creative approaches to developing programs that shine in their fields. He cites the Lund-

quist College of Business as an example. Instead of “emulating top-ranked schools in every detail,” he says, LCB offers a great “nuts and bolts education” and distinguishes itself through its four centers: sports marketing, green management, entrepreneurship, and security analysis. “That is a very, very savvy way to use your assets,” Lariviere says.

Similarly, he says, “the Materials Science Institute is a scientific collaboration like I’ve never seen before, and I was in Austin when the IT industry was burgeoning.” MSI works closely with peers at other institutions and with private industry to shape a research agenda and provide opportunities to students. The institute, Lariviere says, places students in internships at “a rate that’s astonishing.” The students, then, are conscious of the needs and concerns of industry when they come back into the campus laboratories.

“This is a brilliant structure,” he says. “And that kind of collaboration and inventiveness around our core mission of research and education is what distinguishes this place.”

Lariviere says many people have thanked him for reminding them of the beauty of Oregon, with the enthusiasm generated by his fresh eyes on the state’s many treasures. He thinks a similar reminder might be necessary about the value of the University.

“There is a Hindi expression,” he says, calling on his background working in India, where chicken is the most desirable meat and lentils a routine staple, “*Garh ki murgi, dal barabar*—chicken that’s cooked in your house is just like lentils.”

“This is a remarkable place,” he says, “a national treasure. It’s often the case when you have a great resource or asset in your backyard, you kind of overlook it.”

CROSSROADS

To look at Richard Lariviere’s résumé is to see what seems like a straight career path: student, grad student, professor, director, dean, provost, president. But there have been some interesting decision points along his route to Room 110 in Johnson Hall.

As an undergraduate at the University of Iowa, Lariviere indulged in what he calls “the incredible luxury of being able to just pursue whatever is of interest to you” (something, incidentally, he still urges students to do: “Don’t waste this opportunity because it never comes back”). Among the courses he pursued was a freshman survey on religion taught by George Forell (who happens to be the uncle of UO law professor Caroline Forell). It was the late ’60s and Lariviere found that the questions about religion and law that were being explored in the classroom “were being illuminated in daily life in ways that took the classroom into the street.”

Eventually, he focused on the two oldest continuously applied legal traditions: Jewish and Hindu. “I want to see how religion and law interacted to make rules that people chose to live by and how they shape culture.”

When he got to graduate school at the University of Pennsylvania, he had to pick a specialty and he opted for Hinduism and India because, he says, “I didn’t want to compete with the yeshiva kids at that point.

“And I am really glad I did because India afforded me many opportunities in the business world that I wouldn’t have had otherwise.” But that’s still a little ways down the road.

At Penn, he became a specialist in Sanskrit, the classical language of Hinduism and Indian literature. He completed his Ph.D. in August 1978 and, with jobs sparse for Sanskritists at U.S. academic institutions, he accepted a lucrative offer from the Queen Empress of Iran to start a Sanskrit program at Shiraz University. But the Iranian revolution changed those plans in a hurry.

He spent a year teaching at Penn, filling in for three full professors. Then he received a three-year grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities that took him to Paris, London, and India to prepare a critical edition and translation of a seminal Indian text on legal procedure. “This grant literally made my career,” he has written. “I remain deeply grateful to the taxpayers of the United States. The NEH is, for me, one of the high-water marks of American civilization.”

He taught for two years at his alma mater, the University of Iowa, and then moved on to the University of Texas at Austin in July of 1982. In 1986, he took the position of director of the Center of Asian Studies, a move into the administrative side of academia that many scholars resolutely avoid.

“I was asked to take on administrative jobs very early in my career, when I was still an assistant professor,” he says. “I was counseled by my adviser and others not to do it. But I did it and enjoyed a modicum of success. After a few years, I began to realize that I took more pleasure from making it possible for other people to do their work than I did from doing my own work. And it wasn’t supposed to be that way; that’s not the code of the committed academic. So I kind of denied that for a long time and tried to extract myself from it. But the truth of the matter is that I really do take more pleasure from that so I finally just accepted it and said, ‘Why not?’”

His role as director of Asian studies brought him in contact with some high-powered executives in the information technology industry. He and a University of Texas colleague started a partnership, with the university’s blessing, to advise IT companies about doing business in India. They were in the right place, at the right time, with the right sorts of information. It went very well.

“It was very seductive,” Lariviere says. “I was making a lot of money. India was just being discovered by the IT industry. It was just great, great fun.” His industry colleagues urged him to give up his academic pursuits and go into business full time. But he had also been asked to apply for the position of dean for the College of Liberal Arts at Texas. He was torn.

“Then I got out of bed one morning and realized that if I had a great day as a businessman, I’d make more money,” he says. “If I had a great day as a dean, some kid would get a better education, and I realized those two don’t balance at all. And I resolved right then and there to gradually withdraw from the business side and stick with academia.

“We all have to decide what we’re going to do with our time. We can’t replenish it, we can only spend what we’ve got and I can’t think of any better use of one’s time than in education.”



ISSUES

Lariviere was still in the thick of his honeymoon period as UO president when he ran into what he calls a “detour”: the incident in early September when UO football player LaGarrette Blount threw a punch at a Boise State football player—a punch broadcast around the nation that caused a wave of negative reaction toward the University. It was the first public crisis of the Lariviere era, and tested a new football coach, Chip Kelly, a new athletic director, Mike Bellotti, and a largely new team in the president’s office.

Lariviere issued a statement calling Blount’s actions “reprehensible,” and Kelly suspended Blount for the season while maintaining his scholarship and offering him continuing support and a role on the team. Lariviere says he’s “very, very sorry” for the damage the incident did to the institution’s reputation and for the personal consequences for Blount, but he believes the University “responded about as well as we could under the circumstances.”

“People communicated extremely well, Bellotti, Kelly, [my] staff,” he says. “It really told me what the character of this place is: there was no self-defensiveness, no circling the wagons around individuals or egos but rather a clear concern for the welfare of the institution and for the young man involved.” He believes that, led by Kelly, they arrived at a collective response that was “very humane and sophisticated.” Since that original response, Kelly, with Lariviere’s support, has said he may allow Blount to play again if he meets certain academic and behavioral conditions.

Here is a sampling of Lariviere’s thoughts on broader questions about athletics and other issues facing the University:

ATHLETICS: “The first thing to remember about a big Division I program like this is, there are 500 young people who are getting an education paid for, many of whom would never be able to afford it otherwise. The behemoth machine around NCAA athletics is something that is just astonishing. It’s bigtime entertainment as well as education. Those are very different things and people tend

to confuse them. This institution is extremely lucky, and we should all be quite proud that [our athletic program] is self-sustaining. So, in addition to being just a fan of athletics personally, I feel we’ve got a program here to be proud of. It brings—almost all the time—great renown and credit to the institution. I have to confess that it’s my nature to want to be the best at everything. Period.”

FUNDING AND NEW RELATIONS WITH THE STATE:

“If we continue on the funding path we are on right now—we’ll never destroy the place; it will always be here—but over time we will force mediocrity on this university. You can’t continue to cut the state allocation to the University of Oregon and cap our ability to increase tuition in the name of accessibility. If I think about this very long, I get a knot in my stomach because the notion that only the rich can afford to come here flat gets me mad. We have excellence here and we need to preserve it and make it accessible to kids whether they’re rich or poor as long as they are capable of succeeding here. And we can do it if they’ll let us.

“We have to have not only a reorganization of the governance of the University but also a new fiscal relationship with the state. We’re having conversations with political and civic leaders about that right now. The response has been very encouraging. Our goal is to have something ready for the next legislative session in 2011, and by that I mean a carefully reasoned and articulated set of solutions that have been vetted by constituencies around the state.”

DIVERSITY: “We’ve got a lot more that we need to do. This has been a remarkably homogenous state and it’s changing and we have to get out in front of that change as an institution. We’ve got to get the message into every community in Oregon that if you work hard and God gave you the gray matter to succeed here, it doesn’t matter who you are. And the way that message will be accepted is when people step on the campus and see folks like them. It’s a big challenge, especially in communities that don’t have a tradition, like my family didn’t, of going to university. It’s a very high priority for me.”

INTELLECTUAL CLIMATE: “Our stock in trade is controversy: it’s ideas that upset the apple cart, that make people uncomfortable, that nobody had thought of before. The only way you can engage in that kind of tough intellectual discourse is in a civil manner. When you sacrifice civility, you’ve said that the person who can shout the loudest or flex the biggest muscle is going to prevail, and those aren’t our criteria. Our criteria are truth and accuracy and what works. People who want to prevail by shouting don’t like universities whether they’re on the right or left.”

THE HUMANITIES: “The idea that you engage in a course of study so you will be an identifiable profession at the end—an accountant, a doctor, a lawyer, and so on—is something we’ve lived with for the past fifteen years at least. But I see it eroding. I asked every student I met at IntroDucktion what they wanted to study and one of the really encouraging things was the frequency with which I heard people say, ‘I want to be a writer’ or ‘I want to be a journalist.’ Finally, I started to ask them what they knew about the state of the newspaper industry. They don’t care. They say, ‘I’m going to go out and tell stories and I’m going to do it in a way that people are going to be fascinated by, probably do it on the Internet. You ask who will pay for it. That will all get sorted out.’ That’s exactly the kind of optimism you want to see in kids at that point in their lives.

“If you write and think clearly and critically, if you know who you are and are deliberately conscious of your context and your environment, what your history is, and if you know what you feel passionate about and why—man, those are the tools you need to succeed. And those big questions are the very ones that you engage in when you do the humanities.”

INTERNATIONAL CONNECTIONS: “Alumni and students in Asia are very important to our future. We have a wonderful collection of alumni and supporters in Korea, Japan, Singapore, Hong Kong, a growing brand presence in China, all of which needs to be nurtured. I’ll be making a couple of trips in the next year or two to that region. We have very few students from India. [India sent more students to the United States than any other country in 2007–8, almost 95,000, according to the Institute of International Education.] I think there is enormous potential for stronger relationships with appropriate research institutions in India, but also just making Indian students aware of the terrific opportunities we offer.

“The ideal education is that every student would have some international experience. It’s important for the obvious reason that in these students’ working lives, the international dimension is just going to keep getting larger, but there’s another side of study abroad that goes to the core of what we’re trying to do. You learn more about yourself when you study abroad than you do about any other topic. *Nothing* does that with greater efficacy and intensity than studying abroad.”

PORTLAND: “Portland is vital to the University of Oregon. We have tens of thousands of alums there. It’s the largest, most

vital city in Oregon so we have to have a proportionate amount of efforts invested. That’s why the White Stag Building is so important. It’s a venue for us to hold our programs: the law school, journalism, business school, architecture, the athletic program, and so on. Our presence in Portland has been characterized as a competition with Portland State. I don’t see it that way at all. PSU has a very special and incredibly important mission in Portland that we could never fulfill. But we have things to offer the community that are unique, and that’s what we intend to do.”

AN ASPIRATIONAL SORT

In late May, during a visit to campus before he officially took office, Lariviere said he was still trying to figure out the “Oregon Way” he’d heard so much about. Since then, in addition to his travels around the state and many conversations with students and staff members, he’s read *Bowerman and the Men of Oregon* by Kenny Moore ’66, M.F.A. ’72, a gift from former president Dave Frohnmayer, and *Sometimes a Great Notion* by Ken Kesey ’57, recommended by Caroline Forell, the niece of his teacher at the University of Iowa.

On the Bowerman book: “I learned a lot about who Bowerman is, that he had that kind of edge of being an Oregonian who can look somebody straight in the eye and call ‘B.S.’ That’s a highly desirable trait.”

On the Kesey book: “There is a wonderful scene at the very beginning of the book, where the labor organizer is talking to some disgruntled union members who are mad at Hank Stamper, though we don’t know what he’s done yet, and Kesey says that the organizer is the only one who knows that it’s raining. It’s a great book.”

But how is Lariviere doing in figuring out the Oregon Way, beyond that it has something to do with straight talk and being one with the rain? “I’m making some progress. I don’t think the Oregon Way is amenable to being reduced to a sentence or two. It’s about a set of attitudes—it’s a hard-eyed conservative estimation of what’s possible tempered with great ambition to do things that nobody thinks are possible. And some days the aspirational side dominates and other days the hard-eyed realistic estimate dominates. I’m an aspirational sort on the whole.”

And the impatience that took hold in him with the world of possibilities he discovered as an undergraduate at the University of Iowa is still very much a part of his character, a trait that he readily acknowledges as a flaw, but one he has no intention of giving up any time soon.

“I’ve been very blunt with the staff here about my impatience and asked for their help, not in controlling my impatience but in reminding me what can be done instantly, what can be done quickly, and what’s going to take a lot longer. This is a big, complex, bureaucratic place and I want every single problem fixed immediately. And it can’t be done. But I don’t want to give up my impatience because a big, cumbersome, complicated bureaucracy has a tendency to slow down to barely perceptible movement.

“And we can’t afford that.”

Guy Maynard ’84 is editor of Oregon Quarterly.

PHOTOGRAPHER GRAYSON LAYNE MATHEWS believed that photography was an extension of the mind. In both his social documentary and more abstract fine art photographs, his distinct style illuminated as much about him as it did his subjects.

Following his death in 2007 at age fifty-eight, after years battling physical ailments and depression, his family recovered shelves and boxes full of negatives and photographic prints from his apartment in Klamath Falls and donated them to Special Collections in the Knight Library at the University of Oregon. The images emerging from that collection—a sampling of which are shown on these pages—reveal his often haunting personal interpretations of landscapes and people that offer mysterious evidence of the way things are not normally seen.

In 1970, working on a master's degree in fine arts at the San Francisco Art Institute, Mathews was one of the first photographers to receive a National Endowment for the Arts Individual Artist Fellowship. The Eugene native was among a group of talented young students, including Annie Leibovitz, who studied at the art institute in those days.

For two years, traveling in his Chevy pickup on the highways and back roads of the American West, he documented the lives of professional rodeo cowboys. With his Leicas and Nikon F cameras loaded with Kodak Tri-X and 1,000 ASA speed 2475 Recording Film (perhaps the fastest black-and-white film available at the time) he photographed in dusty, sun-baked arenas of small-town fairgrounds and smoky, dimly lit big-city auditoriums. Away from the fury of competition, he photographed in lonesome bars, cafés, and motels.

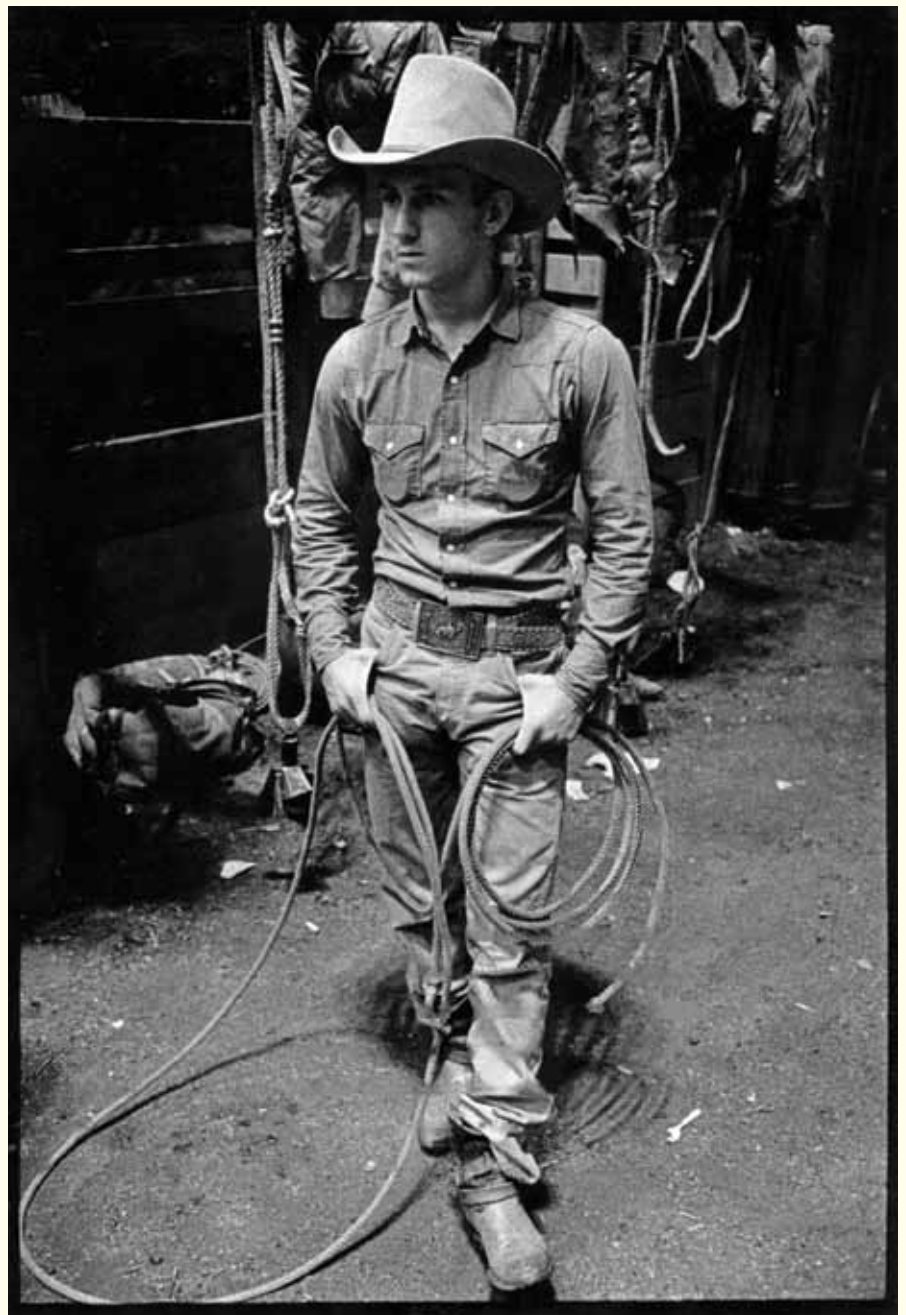
Later he became a freelance professional photographer and teacher at the university level in California, South Carolina, and Virginia. Throughout his career his work was widely shown in galleries across the United States. One of his landscape series is in the permanent collection of the Smithsonian American Art Museum.

In 2001 he returned to his longtime hometown of Klamath Falls to be near his family and help watch over his elderly parents. In his final years he made a series of photographs that depicted natural and human transformation of the Klamath Basin landscape. Nothing made him happier than to travel the quiet roads that led through the countryside, and anyone who joined him would get a lesson in local history.

A few years before his death, he talked about his admiration of the cowboys he got to know—their athletic abilities, independence, and honesty. He recalled his inspiration to photograph rodeo in the song he first heard thirty-five years earlier: Judy Collins singing Ian Tyson's song "Someday Soon," the words of a young woman who yearns to be with her love, a cowboy somewhere on the road, far away.

*There's a young man that I know, his age is twenty-one,
Comes from down in southern Colorado.
Just out of the service, and he's lookin' for his fun—
Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon.
My parents can not stand him 'cause he rides the rodeo.
My father says that he will leave me cryin'.
I would follow him right down the toughest road I know—
Someday soon, goin' with him someday soon.*

—JOHN BAUGUESS

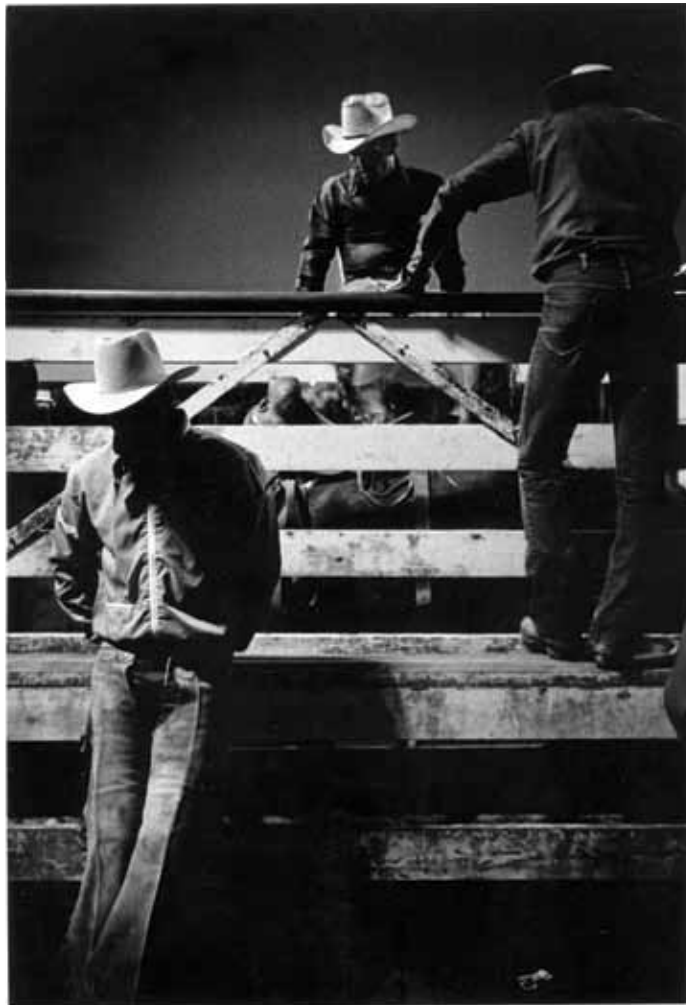


The Toughest Road: The Photography of Grayson Layne Mathews



Top: A 1970 photo of Bobby Steiner, who became the World Champion Bull Rider in 1973. Left: Grayson Mathews self-portrait.





Attired in typical western garb, Grayson Mathews blended into the world of professional rodeo cowboys, capturing them in a motel room (Spokane, Washington, at upper left), isolated in the repose of their own thoughts before entering the fierce competition of the arena, or behind the scenes in small towns (St. Paul, Oregon, at lower right) or big city arenas (San Francisco's Cow Palace, at lower left).





In addition to his rodeo work in the early 1970s, Mathews often photographed the western landscape devoid of people. Upper left, in a 1976 black-and-white photograph, an old truck has been left abandoned on a ranch near Upper Klamath Lake. Although Mathews was a meticulous technician working with small- and large-format film, he began photographing with digital cameras several years before his death in 2007. The color photographs here are among a large body of digital work he made traveling the back roads of the Klamath Basin.

For more information on the Grayson Mathews Collection at the Knight Library, go to <http://libweb.uoregon.edu/speccoll/photo/mathews.html>.

Web Extra:

See a slideshow of additional photographs by Grayson Mathews at OregonQuarterly.com.

Writing *the* Wind

As a child, award-winning poet and short-story writer Marilyn Krysl, M.F.A. '68, imagined that words rose from the ground and the wind lifted them to our mouths. Now, she knows it's true.

BY TODD SCHWARTZ | ILLUSTRATION BY DAN PEGODA

Go to the center of America and you will find Kansas. Go to the center of Kansas, and planted amid the wheat and corn and sorghum fields you will find a small crop of streets and houses that is the town of Sylvan Grove. Now go to the center of the twentieth century, when the war years were about to become the jet age, and you will find a little girl playing away the long, sweet summer days on her grandparents' farm.

Mornings and evenings her grandparents read aloud from the Bible, and for the girl it is like hearing Adam and Eve speak. The words roll and blow and thunder. Then the little girl goes outside and talks to trees and sings to the birds and carries on dialogues with the rabbits and chickens. The idea comes to her that words rise up out of the ground, catch the wind, and are blown into the mouths of people, who can then speak. Soon, adults will teach her that this idea is crazy. But time will pass, and when the girl is herself an adult, she will know that she was right all along.

So this is how the story begins, with an idyllic childhood in Kansas. But the reader loves drama, so now comes this:

When Marilyn Krysl (the Czech name rhymes with "diesel") is ten years old, she gets a bad case of the mumps, and when she recovers she has lost the hearing in her left ear. No one can see her wound, but she believes she is crippled. This is before the days of therapy or counseling, and her family has no real comfort to offer her. The partial deafness changes her in another way as well.

"It made me very sensitive," Krysl remembers, "to other people who are wounded or in difficulty. I felt from that moment on that I could just look at people and tell who was really happy and who was carrying some painful thing. Since then I've always noticed the hurt people more than the well people."

And the reader also loves conflict, so there is this:

When Krysl is twelve, she is uprooted from her beloved Kansas by a tornado of hope on the part of her mother, who runs a beauty shop, and her father, who is a teacher. It is 1954, and they believe they must move to the magical, booming West, where all things are possible.

"My parents, mostly my mother, decided we were going to go west," Krysl says, "where money grew on eucalyptus trees and fell gently to the ground, and every town was Hollywood and everyone was a movie star. She looked for that place a long time, but never found it."

Instead, her father finds a job teaching music in Eugene, and her mother opens a new beauty shop, and Krysl isn't in Kansas anymore. She leaves behind the farm and the lovely life defined by the landscape and the words rising from the ground—not to mention her very first boyfriend—and it will be many long years before she forgives her parents.

Krysl has been a serious reader from very early on—she read *War and Peace* at nine—so most days she retreats to her rich interior life, lived on the page, where she always feels safe.

Now you might expect something unusual to happen in the story, a turning point, and it does:

One of her mother's friends leaves a religious magazine on the coffee table, and Krysl picks it up. An epiphany flutters in the air. Soon, Krysl has written a story about a man she invents who helps Christ carry his cross. She sends the story off to the magazine, and a few weeks later they send her a check for \$50! This, then, is the epiphany: She is a sometimes-lonely junior at South Eugene High—but now she is something more: a published author.



"I received several amazing gifts in a short period of time," recalls Krysl. "I published that first story, and I had a couple of really wonderful teachers who encouraged my poetry; and then, for that poetry, I was lucky enough to win a one-year scholarship to the University of Oregon. And that's where I met Ralph Salisbury, who invited me to join his 400-level writing course as a freshman. I was naive and untutored, and Ralph was kind and gentle. How lucky to have him as my first real writing teacher. He truly nurtured me, and I will always be grateful. I became a writer because I had that string of lucky breaks as a really young person."

So the story moves forward, establishing texture and rhythm:

Krysl reads, and she writes, and Salisbury reads, feeds, prunes, and nurtures what she writes. She publishes in national magazines, and soon enough it is 1968, she earns her M.F.A., and the days as a student are over. She quickly realizes that she doesn't know how to do anything *but* write, so she will have to get a job teaching writing. Before long, Krysl goes to work at the University of Colorado at Boulder, and she will teach there for the next three decades. As she does, she will channel Ralph Salisbury and be an intuitive reader and master the delicate science of being encouraging, which is what teaching writing is mostly about.

And of course Krysl will write. Her work will appear in *The Atlantic* and *The Nation* and *Best American Short Stories* and the *Pushcart Prize* anthology. No less an icon than the late John Updike will say of her, "Krysl is funny, fierce, and feminist in the best possible way, and a technician of variety and resourcefulness. I read her short stories with considerable pleasure, surprise, and admiration."

Krysl joins the community of poets, short story writers, and academia-housed literary authors who are as invisible to most Americans as sea cucumbers. They have neither six-figure advances nor movie deals, but there is a small inland ocean of brilliant, landmark writing that happens far from the open-water and rare tidal waves of the best-selling authors. Krysl swims here comfortably.

"It was always clear to me," she says, "that I was going to be a literary writer and not a popular writer—and I've always been happy with that. My work has always been sort of weirdly esoteric in one way or another. When I first began as a writer it didn't even occur to me that I should move to New York City or get an agent and a New York publisher. As the marketplace took over our cultural life in the '70s and '80s, and everything just got bigger and bigger with globalization, I've watched books become a product that giant corporations can profit from, which has reshaped the literary world. Of course, now that the economy is in such a mess, tons of small presses are reappearing, as authors and publishers tire of the rat race of trying to come up with mil-

lion-selling books. It will be interesting to see how that plays out."

But this is not that story. This is still the story of the girl with the mumps, and the woman with the left ear that will admit no sound, but that has put her in tune with the weak and the wounded in our world. So the story now calls for adventure, some risk, some danger.

"When I began teaching, it was obvious that the academy is a very safe, cloistered place," Krysl says, "and that if I was going to grow as a writer I was going to have to leave and go out into swirling life—experience things that are difficult and frightening and moving. I'm grateful that I have been able to spend my life in the academy, but just as grateful that I could get away from it and challenge myself."

As a volunteer nurse at Mother Teresa's Kalighat home for the destitute and dying in Calcutta.

As an unarmed bodyguard helping to protect civil rights activists in Sri Lanka. Doing research for a novella in that continuing caldron of war, inhumanity, and famine, Sudan.

"It's important to me to be able to say, 'I came, I heard, I saw, and I did not turn away. I am still here and I will tell others,'" Krysl says. "But I'm mostly a coward. So I look for situations that force me to be brave. Being in a country torn by civil war and doing accompaniment work was another wild and good wind blowing through me. I honor the idea of 'think globally, act locally,' but I also need to experience political solidarity with people in other parts of the world. I need to be near them, to be there in the flesh.

"I seldom go with the specific idea that I will write about it— but inevitably you do write about whatever happens to you."

The poems and short stories in Krysl's books, including *Warscape with Lovers* (Cleveland State University Press, 1997), *How to Accommodate Men* (Coffee House Press, 1998), and the recent winner of the Richard Sullivan Prize in Short Fiction, *Dinner with Osama* (University of Notre Dame Press, 2008), are often set in war-torn locales, seen from a committed but not strident feminist perspective, spun through with originality, layered with surprising and beautiful language, and dealing with human relationships: families, women and children, men and women. One reviewer has suggested the coining of a new literary category, the "political lyric," to describe her work.

And always Krysl's writing is sensitive to the wounded, the weak, the exploited—her own long-ago wound still draws her to that place. But will the reader accept a slight plot twist? A



lot of Krysl's stuff is funny as hell. The extraordinary short story collection *Dinner with Osama* is full, as another reviewer has written, of "the details of the ordinary, the absurd, and the apocalyptic [told in] outrageous and deeply affecting ways."

The title story, in which well-meaning, upper-class yet painfully politically correct Sheila decides all will be forgiven if she just invites Bin Laden for a nice dinner party, begins,

I'm on the Boulder mall half an hour before my herbal wrap appointment, shopping for an eyeliner not tested on rabbits, when I get the idea: Why not ask Bin Laden over for a glass of Chardonnay and something light but upscale? Me, Sheila, your average liberal neocolonial with a whiff of Cherokee thrown in way back when. I've been known to cook up a delicate Pesto Primavera or some boisterous Buffalo Enchiladas, take your pick. Better yet, something showy to appeal to his self-image as a major player—my Alaskan salmon à la Tetsuya marinated in fresh basil, coriander, thyme, and grape seed oil.

Shoppers bustle past with gleaming, logoed bags. Though Osama's hosts, the Taliban, are anti-woman, I'm no threat. Think a latter-day Julia Child stuffing a Thanksgiving turkey. I've got a Ph.D. in minding the human 7-11, serving all comers and keeping an eye on the clumsy bruiser who's about to knock the bottle of olive oil off the shelf. I'm an expert at chatting people up, and this is Boulder, where we aspire to getting it right. A passing tee reads "meat: that's what's rotting in your colon." There's an ordinance against marketing fur within the county, and our Eddie Bauer carries the de rigueur parka with the built-in air pollution level monitor. Our city's joined the suit against global warming, and some of us have deeded our upgraded designer homes through trusts to the descendants of the original Arapahos. Shops specialize in North Korean ginseng, South Korean ginseng, Nicaraguan ginseng, and a fabulous new strain grown in Connecticut. You can order arias sung for the spleen tailored to your personal astro printout and, if the acupuncturist recommends it, get a liver massage.

In Krysl's story, of course, Osama accepts and shows up at Sheila's house, dialysis machine and all. Things do *not* go as planned.

"This is an age," Krysl explains, "when things are so bad that you can't even believe they are happening. This is an age that calls for satire, and it's blossoming. In our progressively, sadly, and frighteningly dumbed-down nation, these are great times for those whose minds are still intact enough that they can recognize satire!"

Krysl is at the Boulder mall when the idea for the story comes to her.

"When war was declared in Iraq," she says, "the Quakers in town—yes, there are Quakers in trendy Boulder—began holding silent vigils on the mall. I couldn't handle not doing something about the war, even if only symbolic, so I stood with them. And

there were all these expensive, upscale stores around us, people were walking past with their shopping bags full of \$300 T-shirts and \$500 shoes. I became hyperaware of the privileged, oblivious money culture around me, and suddenly I was thinking about the war and 9/11. I had the ridiculous notion that if enemies could just have dinner together, by the end of the meal you could declare world peace. Right away I knew the story would *have* to be satire."

In the novella that concludes the *Osama* collection, "Welcome to the Torture Center, Love," Krysl, who volunteers to help the Lost Boys of Sudan and cofounded the nonprofit Community of Sudanese and American Woman, examines the peculiar shape love takes when it is cooking in the inferno of that war-torn, famine-fired nation, where the absurdities of evil are all too real. Krysl, as narrator, writes: "News has become mere anecdote: one person crowned Miss America, another beheaded. It's mostly image now, and here I am with the *Times* in one hand, a latte in the other . . . Yes! I told you we don't have much time—and have you noticed how your right hand doesn't know what its twin is doing? Tear yourself away from your nightly bowl of Netflix, and observe your right and left hands."


Here, perhaps, the reader is beginning to see that indeed we don't have much time, and senses that the end of the story is near. But it will not be a denouement—everything will *not* be made clear, and questions and surprises *will* remain. Because words will continue to rise from the ground, drift on the wind, and the sixty-seven-year-old Krysl will continue to write them down.

"I feel that as writers we trick ourselves into imagining that we are actually doing this thing called writing," Krysl says. "Such egos! I am very sure that I'm not doing anything other than occupying this place where some interesting language seeps through.

"Buddhist texts describe reality as the 'dependent co-arising' of all events . . . Events are impermanent, and those events that change very slowly may seem permanent, but eventually these too morph, change, disappear.

"Language appears as another form of dependent co-arising and, like everything else, language eventually passes away. I am now very much aware of this flux, this passing away, and of my own impermanence. I feel very precarious, and this is sometimes thrilling. At other times it's simply a fact. I am more and more aware of life as a 'gift event.' To be a body, and a body that utters speech—imagine! And the breath that makes the sounds of speech possible, that breath is also an event, given to me by what surrounds me, by what arises as I arise.

"I think of myself, the 'writer,' as being a conduit through which patterns of language appear in the world."

The story ends, and begins again. 

Todd Schwartz '75 is a Portland writer who also thanks Ralph Salisbury for the exceptional benefit of his unerring ear and unwavering generosity of spirit.

The Electric Storytellers

Building a place for history to call home

AT THE INDUSTRIAL-CHIC WORKSHOP of Portland's Second Story, Inc., commuter bikes hang from the ceiling and old-world-museum diagrams of wild birds and molusks decorate the walls. The two office dogs (Dola and Uni) pad softly between workspaces. Seated in front of giant Apple computer monitors, a crack team of twenty or so digital, design, and information technology pioneers (many of them Ducks) is hard at work, creating ever-more-innovative ways of sharing and exploring knowledge.

Meanwhile, on the other side of the continent, a visitor to the Library of Congress enjoys a bit of Second Story handiwork as she walks in front of a wall of shiny dark panels, which respond to and follow her movement with a gentle electronic burst of light, color, text, and drawings, as if she were interacting with an overgrown iPhone. She stretches a hand toward the wall and the colors intensify, touches a particular image or word and more information about that subject appears. It's elegant and beautiful, and one heck of a way to learn about the Declaration of Independence.

Second Story has been designing such award-winning displays and interactive media stations for fifteen years for such high-profile clients as the recording industry's Grammy Museum and the Walt Disney Company. Now they're dreaming up a totally new way to tell and retell the University of Oregon's story.

When the UO's Ford Alumni Center opens its doors (tentatively scheduled for May 2011), a remarkable sort of museum

will be unveiled inside, the brains and guts of which are currently being developed at Second Story. To be located next to the new Matthew Knight Arena near Franklin Boulevard, the four-story alumni center will feature in its lobby an interpretive center that, as currently envisioned, will offer campus visitors much more than merely a listing of upcoming lectures, some archival photos, and a comfortable place to sit while waiting for the 12:30 P.M. campus tour. It will provide a beautiful, interactive window into the heart and soul of the University, helping each visitor, whether setting foot on campus for the first time or the thousandth, to experience the University's story anew.

"This isn't going to be a nostalgia center," Second Story creative director Brad Johnson says of the interpretive center-to-be. What it will be, though, is a bit hard to describe, in no small part because the project still sits firmly in the conceptual phase, being designed for a building that doesn't yet exist. Fundraisers are currently working to raise an additional \$4 million for completion of the \$32.5 million alumni center named in honor of Cheryl Ramberg Ford '66 and Allyn Ford, who gave an initial \$5 million lead gift in 2006. Plans change rapidly, and often.

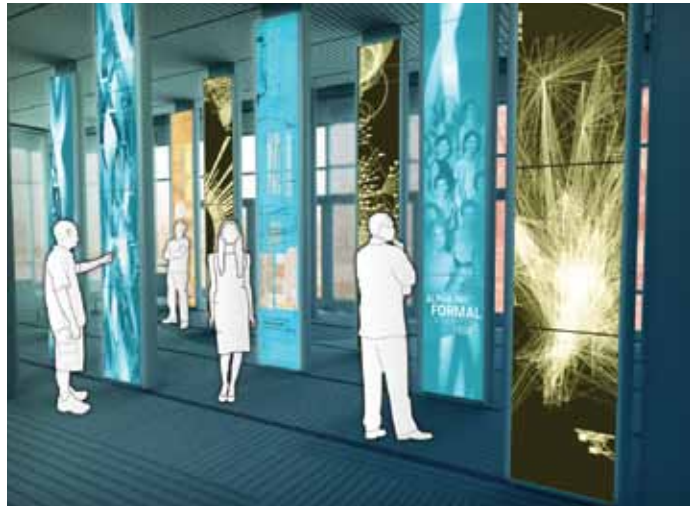
Finding a balance between the artistic, technological, and logistical demands of an extensive interpretive center is no small task, and the challenge is only intensified by the need to design a space that will meet the rigorous LEED standards of the Alumni Center's eco-conscious construction. Assistant professor of architecture Lars Biehler (profiled in the Winter '07 issue of *OQ*)

worked with Second Story to develop the architectural design elements of their plans, and the firm has called in engineers and other experts to help figure out the nuts, bolts, and coaxial cables of the project.

On the other, more poetic end of the design process spectrum, the Second Story team is using the idea of water—specifically waterfalls, streams, and rivers—to metaphorically unite the elements that make up the center. Johnson compares the UO to a bedrock channel through which each student progresses and then departs; just as the riverbed of the University changes the course of each student's life, so too does each student subtly leave his or her mark on the University itself, collectively carving out a canyon of shared experience and memory.

Johnson describes the work his company has done thus far as an "inside-out" design process, one based on figuring out the best way to tell the story of the UO, and letting that knowledge inform the way that the physical aspects of the interpretive center take shape. Current artist's renderings of the center feature a flowing wall-mounted sculpture, plenty of seating, and lots of those giant iPhone-like screens, some mounted on the walls, some as free-standing, movable panels, others set into the floor, and one as a high-tech table top, where visitors can view and interact with campus maps and information. "The goal," says Second Story managing director Julie Beeler, "is to create something visually beautiful and enriching, but also intuitive and easy to use."

What will be displayed on those giant screens is also a work in progress. Second



Artist's conception of the interpretive center in the atrium of the planned alumni center adjacent to the new Matthew Knight Arena. Motion- and touch-sensitive screens will provide an "intuitive and easy to use" way for visitors to explore the UO story.

Story is working with University personnel from all academic disciplines, University Archives, campus technology experts, and current students to select and create all that's to be accessed in the interpretive center. "We want the University to create the content," Beeler says. "Everyone's contributing."

Eventually, personal stories, historical data, archival footage, and current pieces of art and reportage will be housed in a central databank that visitors will navigate through interconnected "story streams" on the interactive media panels. Visitors will use simple touch-screen navigation tools to explore those subjects and time periods that especially pique their curiosity.

Interactive media's particular delight is the ability it gives each individual to choose, to have the information he or she finds most fascinating mere fingertip-swoops away: a personalized, immediate,

interconnected web of facts, images, and stories. Johnson calls the data management system being designed for the project "a kind of magical glue" that holds thematically linked material together, making it simpler and more intuitive to navigate than a traditional database, yet infinitely more dynamic and free-flowing than a documentary film.

Those features likely to appeal to the widest audience will be most prominent and easy to access. But the rest of the information will be in there, too. So if your particular obsession concerns the original tiles in the Deady Hall bathrooms or the varieties of trees growing on campus, you'll have to dig a little deeper. The system is designed to reward passions and encourage curiosity.

The screens will also feature videos that will play automatically for the technologically disinclined or interaction-hesitant.

But don't think for an instant that the content will be one endless, static loop, repeating ad nauseam: after the alumni center opens, the stories available to visitors will continue to grow and change. Thanks to the content management system built into Second Story's design, University staff members will be able to continually update, add to, feature, shuffle, and change the information, ensuring that this multifaceted portrait of Old Oregon never gets dusty or faded around the edges.

Second Story hopes that the interpretive center they ultimately create will not only provide a warm "welcome home" to visiting alumni, but will also help to introduce future Ducks to a University that will shape and be shaped by them. "To think that this will become a more effective way to recruit for new students," Johnson says, "that's really exciting." @

—Mindy Moreland, M.S. '08

The Way We Were

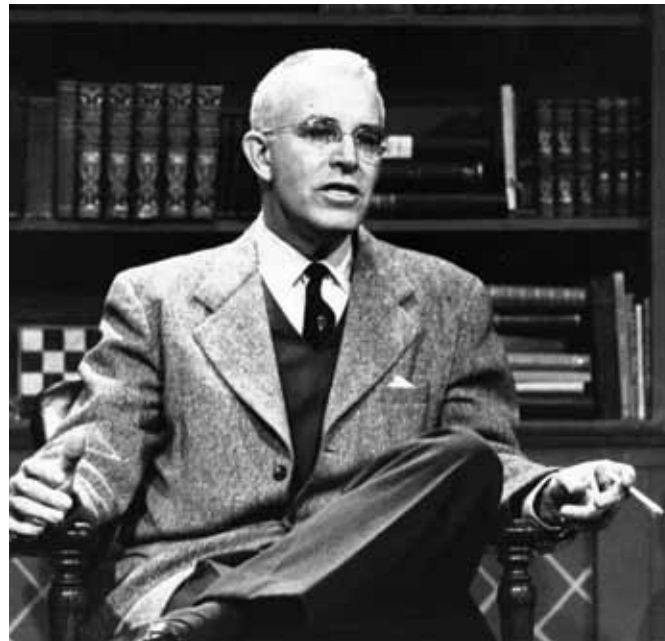
Memories of “the long sixties” at the UO

E *GLISH DEPARTMENT graduate students who attended the University of Oregon in the turbulent years between 1965 and 1975 gathered on campus in August for a reunion. John “Jack” Wilson Foster, Ph.D. ’70, says he and event coorganizer Rob Garratt, Ph.D. ’72, “were motivated not by simple nostalgia or by the mere wish to see old friends again but by a desire to celebrate and commemorate some extraordinary years in the life of the department, the University, the state, and country, and of course in the lives of the grad students.” Attendees came from as far as New York, Saskatchewan, Alberta, Ontario, Pennsylvania, and Ireland. Faculty members who had taught in those years also attended, including William (Bill) Cadbury, Thelma Greenfield, Joseph (Joe) Hynes, Glen Love, William (Bill) Rockett, Ralph Salisbury, Barre Toelken, Kingsley Weatherhead, and George Wickes.*

OQ solicited attendees for memories of or reflections on the era. Below is a selection of their responses.

Invasion of Cambodia—Spring 1970

I was teaching a lit class in Chapman Hall, W. B. Yeats’s lines, “things fall apart, the center cannot hold . . .” Outside the open window, we heard the sound of boots, marching. I sidled to the window, peered out, saw squads of National Guardsmen, rifles at port-arms, marching toward Johnson Hall. I turned to the class, said, “The poem is in the streets. Let’s take a closer look,” dismissed the students. Some fled, some went to coffee, some preceded me to Johnson Hall, only a few yards away. I stopped in front of a tall young man, his eyes staring over my head, his knuckles white on his rifle. A phalanx surrounded the building, shoulder to shoulder. I leaned toward the young soldier, whispered, “You don’t have to do this.” He kept silent. Just then, other soldiers and police began



Kester Svendsen

dragging handcuffed students down the steps toward waiting military trucks. One was a young woman, one of my students. She saw me, I can’t guess how, called out, “Doctor Sparks, help us!” I went with some others, took the only action we could, lying down on the tarmac behind the trucks. I watched as another soldier fired up a pepper fog sprayer and began walking down the row, spraying directly into the faces of the people on the road. Some vomited, some cried, trying to run. . . . It was hellish.

—Lance Sparks, D.Arts. ’76

Gold to Airy Thinness Beat

Kester [Svendsen] designed the [English] department at the time—both faculty and graduate students—in his vision of excellence and diversity. Short in physical stature, wiry, a former pugilist with an acerbic wit and Milton scholar (his *Milton and Science* was legendary), he was the source of many encounters in our socialization into the profession. . . . Svendsen’s formality extended to his renowned research and methods class. We were required to memorize the bibliographical data for 100 primary works of reference that were to

be on his final exam. Jack Foster and I, two aliens left behind on campus during our first Thanksgiving holiday in Eugene, pooled our resources and recited those data cards to each other nonstop for four days as we listened to a single Bob Dylan album over and over. While Kester personally was an approachable man, his access was guarded by a formidable, sphinx-like executive secretary, Mrs. Erb (spouse of a former UO president for whom the student union is named). Mrs. Erb maintained decorum in Prince Lucien Campbell Hall and, most importantly, jealously guarded access to Professor Svendsen’s office. Nonetheless, Kester was, as his beloved Donne once said, “gold to airy thinness beat.”

—Dan J. Tannacito, D.Arts. ’70, Ph.D. ’72

Blue Jean Blues

As an amateur campus impresario, [I brought] the real thing to the UO, including Bill Monroe and the Bluegrass Boys. Bluegrass as a species of country music had little following on campuses then, but local Eugene people came to the student union to listen to Monroe, and this meeting of town and gown delighted me. I also brought to campus the famous bluesmen Bukka White and Furry Lewis. These legends actually sat in my living room after their concert and sang and played for a few of my friends. Could this have happened anywhere else? It was more heady stuff for a lad from Belfast, a city that back then was a cultural backwater, when Van Morrison was still with Them, before he went solo into musical history.

—John Wilson Foster, Ph.D. ’70

The Times They Were A-Changin’

Everything changed at almost the exact moment [the period covered by this reunion, 1965–75,] was over. . . . From that time on it was all Culture Wars all the

time, all struggle around poststructuralism and ideology and the like. . . . What was said, especially at the [reunion banquet], gave vivid reminder of how different it was before those culture wars, for both good and ill. It's as if for this weekend we were all frozen in aspic (no, wait, maybe one is just "refrigerated" in aspic, not frozen), speaking in our universe of literary history, individual authors, courses in American lit and the like. . . . Who now would talk like that, or who would have for the last thirty years? No mention here of queer studies, Lacan, postcolonialism, cultural studies, etc., etc. There was a good side to the social-intellectual world we inhabited—there's no reason not to remember fondly the things we all said that turned out to go out of fashion . . . (after all, even deconstruction, and structuralism itself, seem dead as dodos, too—just slightly younger dodos).

—Professor Emeritus
William "Bill" Cadbury

Learn, Baby, Learn

I [taught] English comp, and one term (1967?) they put all the Black Panthers in my class. About a dozen of them. Most of the other students were coeds, looking like future airline stewardesses of America. It was a strange mix. The immediate problem concerned language in class. The Panthers swore a lot, m*f*er being a favorite. This visibly upset some of the ladies. So, we had a class discussion and decided, democratically (the Panthers had a powerful voting bloc), swearing would be allowed in class and if anyone didn't approve, they could transfer to a different class. Only several did. The rest of the ladies went nuts swearing in class! It seemed like a kind of liberation. But how to get the Panthers to write? They thought my assignments were capitalist propaganda. I finally assigned them to write articles for the Panther newspaper and ended up teaching them how to write better propaganda.

This story has a P.S. Three years later I was called into the chair's office. A parent had a complaint against me. Did I frequently say m*f*er in class? The family's daughter used the term and when asked where she learned it said, "We said it all the time in Mr. Deemer's class!" So I related the story of my Panther class, which actually was the only time I swore in class. ☺

—Charles Deemer, M.F.A. '71



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Jung at Heart

Swiss psychologist's theories explored in new library

WHILE STROLLING THROUGH the newly dedicated HEDCO Education Building, a visitor might come across a rather unexpected sight: statues of the Virgin Mary, the Hindu deities Shiva and Ganesha, Buddhist bodhisattvas, and the pagan Green Man. The artworks are on display at the Robin Jaqua Library of Archetypal Psychology, located on the building's second floor near the Department of Counseling Psychology and Human Services. This gift to the College of Education is only the second university library in the United States dedicated to the study of archetypal psychology.

The library focuses primarily on works related to the theories of Swiss psychologist Carl Jung (1875–1961), founder of analytical and archetypal psychology. Archetypal psychology explores individual psyches in light of collectively inherited unconscious ideas, images, and stories that appear in the art and cultures of people around the globe. Books in the library cover subjects ranging from aboriginal mythology to fairy tales, and authors from Dante to Stephen Hawking. The collection includes more than 3,000 books and six active journal subscriptions, as well as twenty-two instructional films written, directed, or facilitated by Robin Jaqua, M.A. '71, Ph.D. '75. Commenting on the vast scope of Jung's work, Jaqua says he "presented the idea of the archetypal collective unconscious that all human beings have shared since the beginning of time."

Jaqua is a fourth-generation member of a pioneer California farming and ranching family. Her mother, Anna Hope Robinson, nurtured in her a strong intellectual curiosity. Robinson herself was a serious student of religion, philosophy, and psychology. She was the first analysand (the Jungian term for a person undergoing psychoanalysis) of Robert Johnson, who had studied with Jung and later became a renowned Jungian scholar in his own right. "My mother's in-depth personal work made a lasting and positive impression on me," says Jaqua. "It inspired me to read and study."

Two significant gifts of books from



Robin Jaqua seated in the new Library of Archetypal Psychology that bears her name

Robinson played especially important roles in shaping Jaqua's life. "On my graduation from high school in 1938, my mother gave me Esther Harding's *The Way of All Women*." The best-selling book on feminine psychology by the first prominent Jungian psychoanalyst in the United States introduced Jaqua—and thousands of others—to Jung's ideas.

When her mother died in 1965, she left Jaqua "her precious collection of books written by Jung and other depth psychologists."

Jaqua went to the UO for a master's degree program in counseling and followed it up by entering a doctoral program in counseling psychology. Her dissertation examined a therapeutic system used to treat emotionally disturbed children.

She then enrolled at the Jung Institute in Zurich, where she extended her previous studies into treatment for emotionally disturbed children to adults and expanded the research to include Jung's theory as well as those of other psychologists.

Studying at the institute also afforded

Jaqua the opportunity to learn from some of those who had been members of Jung's inner circle. One of her teachers, psychiatrist Deiter Bauman, was Jung's oldest grandson; during his high school years he'd lived with his famed grandfather. Another teacher, Aniela Jaffé, recorded and edited Jung's autobiography *Memories, Dreams, and Reflections*. The most famous of her teachers, Marie-Louise von Franz, worked closely with Jung for more than three decades and founded the Jung Institute. An author of more than twenty books, von Franz is known particularly for her exploration of the archetypal nature of fairy tales, and the subjects of alchemy and active imagination. Jaqua felt privileged to attend von Franz lectures on fairy tales. "Von Franz, known for her strong opinions, was highly intellectual and steeped in rationality," she recalls.

While conducting research at the institute library, Jaqua discovered a vital part of Jung's legacy had been left in disarray. One of the tools he used for decades in working with analysands was to have them repro-

duce images from within their psyches or from their dreams. He believed this “spontaneous art,” as he called it, reflected the patient’s inner state and the symbolism provided clues to help make positive personal transformations. “I was shocked to see this work thrown helter-skelter and stacked in piles several feet high with no thought given to its preservation,” Jaqua says. She worked with the institute’s librarian, Farina Maag, to organize and catalog the art—and in doing so created a library archive that continues to be a valued and well-used resource for teaching and research at the institute.

Returning to Eugene, Jaqua began using her training as a Jungian analyst—working with children, graduate students at the University, as well as with individuals “in the second half of life,” a period Jung found particularly promising for personal growth. Her work extended far beyond counseling. She became the director of training for the Pacific Northwest Jung Society and joined the board of directors of the New York City–based Archive for Research in Archetypal Symbolism (ARAS), an extensive pictorial and written archive of mythological, ritualistic, and symbolic images from all over the world and from all epochs of human history. She continued her studies. She wrote and directed films. She collected more books—and made her personal library accessible to interested students, academics, and independent researchers for decades before establishing the library on campus.

Though she stopped her practice as a therapist seeing individual clients at age eighty-eight, she continues to work with both women’s and men’s groups, and she finds time for research and writing for publication. She contributed to the publication of *An Encyclopedia of Archetypal Symbolism*, published by ARAS. After more than three years of research, she is currently contributing two essays, one on the star and the other on the lotus, to the most recent ARAS publication, *The Dictionary of Archetypal Symbols*.

As for the future? “I plan to lead several study groups,” she says. “I am committed to keeping the library open to students and the public on Friday afternoons and will have a knowledgeable volunteer available to answer questions. I want current students to become familiar with the contents of the library so they will know what is available to them.”

—Ann Maxwell



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Artist on the Rise

Portland painter's dreamy triptych adorns lobby of new downtown tower.

A DECADE AGO, MOLLY CLIFF-HILTS toted a few of her paintings to an auction for her sons' preschool in Portland. Although she'd studied art at the University of Oregon two decades earlier, run an interior design firm, and never stopped drawing and painting in her spare time, she hadn't seriously tried to market her work. By the night's end, her pastel still lifes had become the object of a minor bidding war, and the forty-year-old painter realized that others might be interested in her art. Five years later, one of her paintings was in Bill Gates's collection, and today, her paintings command five- and six-figure prices at galleries and exhibitions from New York City to Los Angeles.

She came to the University from the San Francisco Bay Area in 1976 to study art, architecture, and linguistics. "One of my first classes was with LaVerne Krauss, and she was bigger than life," Cliff-Hilts recalls. "She brought exhilaration into the studio and it was thrilling. The academic art community was really vibrant at the University of Oregon in the 1970s, with LaVerne Krauss, Marion Ross, George Johanson, and the interdisciplinary rela-

tionship between the arts and allied arts departments." That environment of fruitful cross-pollination informs her latest work, which incorporates photography, print-making, and painting.

Cliff-Hilts worked at the Excelsior Café, where she met and dated fellow student and coworker Dave Hilts, M.Arch. '78. She transferred to the University of California at Santa Cruz for her senior year, after her family moved to the Santa Cruz Mountains. A brief marriage and a move to Las Vegas followed, but she never forgot Dave, and when she was visiting Eugene years later, she called him on a whim and the two were reunited. She moved to Portland, where he was practicing architecture; they married in 1991.

In many of her early works, Cliff-Hilts painted oversized oil pastels of fruit and vegetable images she'd loved since childhood—pears, tomatoes, cherries—radiant with vibrant colors often applied with a palette knife. Those proved to be quick sellers at small shows and gatherings in her leafy home at the foot of southeast Portland's Mount Tabor. She also became known for hosting periodic salons attracting artists,

politicians, architects, and friends from her community work, gatherings which grew to include a couple of hundred guests.

Her work quickly attracted attention and commissions from local restaurants and other venues. Then came an invitation from a New York gallery in Chelsea and solo and collaborative shows with New York artists, culminating in a major exhibition at Portland State University's Autzen Gallery in 2006. Pendleton Woolen Mills commissioned her to design throws. Her 2008 collaboration with singer-songwriter Kristin Hersch from the band Throwing Muses, *Paradoxical Undressing*, has so far appeared in London, Glasgow, the Hague, Sydney, and Detroit.

Over the years her themes and subject matter have become progressively more introspective, sophisticated, and "other-worldly."

"I'm interested in the things you tune out," she explains, "and then when you stop and look at them, you see the beauty."

Her techniques also evolved. She began experimenting with encaustic, a method involving the use of hot wax and colored pigments to achieve deeper layering.



Molly Cliff-Hilts in front of Slipstream, commissioned for the lobby of the new Cyan building

Then, seeking a more potent way to highlight the contrast between foregrounded crisp, reality-based images and dreamy, lush backgrounds, she tried various processes. Finally, around 2005, she devised a method that involves using a computer to transfer photographic images onto waxed lithographic plates and then superimposing them onto oil-based painted backgrounds. The luminous effect can be magical, almost hallucinatory, with obvious roots in the great English Romantic painter J. M. W. Turner (one of her major influences, along with German artist Caspar David Friedrich and American painter Wayne Thiebaud) but glowing with a distinctly twenty-first century electricity.

The method works beautifully in *Slipstream*, commissioned for the lobby of Gerding Edlen Development's new Cyan building (333 Southwest Harrison Street, near Pettygrove Park in downtown Portland), with its ethereal, nature-inspired background fronted by the grit of urban life. That juxtaposition reflects the green-oriented philosophy of the company [featured in *OQ's* Winter 2008 issue] and the city's attempt to find a sustainable balance between the natural and human-made worlds.

"*Slipstream* portrays a familiar landscape that exists just outside the building's many windows, as a glowing, atmospheric environment that is both tough and fragile," says Kate Wagle, art professor and administrative director for the UO School of Architecture and Allied Arts in Portland, "Her triptych . . . complements its sustainable, urban site perfectly."

Even as she spends ample time in her studio, Cliff-Hilts continues her social and community networking. Her latest project involves forging a sister city connection between Portland and Brooklyn. Her recent artistic success, though, has been clouded as her extended family and friends have been beset by illness, deaths, and other difficulties—what she calls "a trifecta of tragedies"—and darker themes as well as spiritual concerns have found their way into her current projects. Yet Cliff-Hilts insists, "My work is always hopeful." She's still trying to sort out the new directions her creativity is taking her. At the same time, she says, "I'm really to that point where I feel satisfied, like this is what I set out to do and I'm finally there. That's an incredibly satisfying feeling. I'm glad I kept pushing it." @

—Brett Campbell, M.S. '96

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DUCKS AFIELD

Who says there's no "O" in "Africa"? Not Portland lawyer D. Ben Henzel '90, J.D. '94, who spent eight days hiking up Tanzania's Mount Kilimanjaro and is shown here (*left*) atop the continent's highest peak at more than 19,000 feet. "I couldn't think of anything that would be more fun to signify the accomplishment than the Duck flag," says Henzel. 

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.

UO Alumni Calendar

Go to uoalumni.com/events for detailed information

November 21

THE OREGON TAILGATE PREGAME PARTY
Oregon vs. Arizona
TUCSON, ARIZONA

December 2

Thirteenth Annual Tailgate Auction
EUGENE HILTON

December 3

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Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1940s

Freelance writer **Elaine Dahl Rohse** '42 won second place in the annual Oregon Newspaper Publisher Association's Better Newspaper Contest for her weekly column in the *McMinnville News-Register*. Her book, *Poverty Wasn't Painful* (Inkwater Press, 2008), was published last year. Rohse lives in McMinnville with her husband, **Homer Rohse** '46, former general manager of the *News-Register*.

Ray Packouz '43, a member of Sigma Alpha Nu, is a proud Duck living in Lake Oswego. He and his wife Dorothy have been married for sixty-three years.

Betty McFadyen '45 lived and taught school in Guam for forty-five years. McFadyen is proud to have two Duck heirs, **Patricia** '69 and **Bard** '70.

Betty (Reynolds) Beck '47 is a retired elementary school teacher living in Milwaukee.

■ **Carolyn Hinson Ireland** '48, a member of Alpha Gamma Delta, has been married to ■ **William "Bill" Ireland** '48 for sixty years. Ireland gets together with a group of AGD sisters several times a year.

Warren Lovell '49 retired a few years ago as medical examiner and coroner of California's Ventura County and is working part time at age eighty-six as a medical legal consultant. Lovell writes that while he enjoys the Southern California climate, he misses the beautiful greens of Oregon.

1950s

Mary Ann Delsman '50, M.S. '63, returned to Oregon from Southern California last year upon retirement from the United States Air Force.

■ **Morris G. Sahr** '51, M.A. '53, a certified financial planner in Charlottesville, Virginia, is listed in the thirty-seventh edition of *Who's Who in Finance and Business*.

Albert "Al" Martin '54, a member of Beta Theta Pi, wrote *Ollie, Ollie Outs in Free: A Novel* (AO Martin, 2008), which tells the story of how six partisans in Nazi Germany help 7,000 Jews escape to England.

George E. Hering, M.Ed. '55, a retired educator, with his son, **Thomas E. Hering** '76, a marketing communications professional, proudly watched as his grandson,

■ **Cameron Hering** '09, graduated this summer, marking the third generation of Hering men to hold UO diplomas.

■ **David Mackin** '57, a member of Alpha Tau Omega, a certified financial planner and senior vice president of Wells Fargo Advisors in San Francisco, California, competed in Portland's Waterford Crystal 2009 World Handball Championships in October.

Joseph J. Peak '57, M.Ed. '61, a member of Lambda Chi Alpha, and his wife, Irene, owned an antique shop for a number of years but are now semiretired. The couple has a booth space at Quality Antiques, a market in Fortuna, California.

1960s

Thomas "Shakey" Levak '61, a member of Beta Theta Pi, was inducted into the Oregon Sports Hall of Fame this fall for his record in competitive karate, including seventeen United States Karate National Championships and a number of international and world championships. [Levak was profiled in the Autumn 2005 issue of OQ.]

Ann Strachan Bethune '62, a member of Kappa Alpha Theta, is a licensed professional counselor in Portland.

Janice (Nakata) Modin '62 retired after forty-five years as a flight attendant and instructor for Northwest Airlines. Modin lives in Burbank, California. [An error appeared in Ms. Modin's class note in OQ's Autumn issue.]

Hoping to "cash in on the synergies of globalized gastronomy," **Alaby Blivet** '63 says his company, the Blivet Biscuit Works, is launching a line of "tasty kim chee-inspired snack and beverage treats"—everything from 'Chee-Whiz' and 'Kim-Brownies' to 'KrunChee Munchies,' and 'SeoulQuench' kim chee-flavored bottled water. "In these tough economic times," says Blivet, "we think of these products as our own stimulus plan for America's taste buds."

A painting of North Head Lighthouse by artist **Joe M. Fischer**, M.F.A. '63, was recently acquired by the Columbia Maritime Museum in Astoria.

Grant Ledgerwood '63, a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, is the progression mentor in the Prince's Trust, a national charity foundation sponsored by the Prince of Wales and aimed at assisting at-risk young adults with education and employment opportunities. His professional practice, Strategy Design Studio, is based in Kent, near London.

Rebecca Lee Darling '65, M.A. '69, won second place in the adult nonfiction category in the 2009 Willamette Writers Kay Snow writing contest for her essay *Queen of the Nile*.

Bruce Bonine '67 is president of Medical Facility Innovations, which provides architectural consultation and medical planning services for major medical centers worldwide.

Carl Wooten, Ph.D. '67, is teaching at California Polytechnic State University, San Luis Obispo, where he has been working for sixteen years. Wooten has forty-five years of teaching under his belt and reports that he has no intention of retiring soon! His story, *Ramblers and Spinners*, is included in the anthology *Writes of Passage: Coming-of-Age Stories and Memoirs from The Hudson Review* (Ivan R. Dee, 2008).

James C. Casterline '68 is practicing law in Seaside. He and his wife of forty-two years, Maureen, live in Gearhart with Luke, their faithful dalmatian.


California attorney **Thomas Dempsey**, J.D. '68, received the Public Justice Foundation's Champion of Justice Award for his leadership and record of inspiring accomplishments in public interest law.

■ Recent retiree **Vincent J. McGilvra** '68, a member of Phi Delta Theta, is enjoying traveling, most recently to Egypt and Greece. McGilvra owns Skipper's Smokehouse Restaurant and Music Emporium in Tampa, Florida.

LeslieAnn Butler '69, a member of Alpha Chi Omega, has written *If Your Hair Falls Out, Keep Dancing* (Nightengale Press, 2008), a how-to book that addresses "dealing with



CLASS NOTABLE

Soprano **Cassandra Ewer** '87 performed on two recordings that received 2008 Grammy Award nominations and won a Grammy for her work as featured soloist on a third, *Spotless Rose: Hymns to the Virgin Mary*, in the Best Small Ensemble Performance category. Her professional appearances have included concerts in Carnegie Hall and Avery Fisher Hall, and ten seasons with the Oregon Bach Festival chorus. She and her husband **Richard Ewer** '89, an accomplished composer, live in Phoenix, Arizona. 

emotional and cosmetic aspects of hair loss, whether from alopecia areata or chemotherapy.”

■ **Steve Pearson** '69 retired as senior vice president for human resources at Building Materials Holding Corporation, a nationwide building materials sales and services company. Pearson lives in Boise with his wife and the two Model T Fords he is restoring.

Charles Urbanowicz '69, Ph.D. '72, is retiring from thirty-seven years of teaching anthropology at California State University, Chico. He will spend more of his time lecturing aboard cruise ships, a favorite pastime.

1970s

Avette Gaiser '70 is the proprietor of Hidden Cove Bed and Breakfast on Devil's Lake in Lincoln City.

■ **Doug Plambeck** '72 received Portland General Electric's 2009 Outstanding PGE Volunteer Award, which honors individuals who have shown an extraordinary commitment to their communities throughout the year.

Linda (Welch) Crew '73 has published a new edition of her historical novel *A Heart for Any Fate: Westward to Oregon, 1845* (Ooligan Press, 2009). First published by the Oregon Historical Society Press as a Stephens Prize winner, the book went on to win numerous awards, including making the Oregon State Library's list of the 150 best Oregon books for the sesquicentennial. Crew lives in Corvallis with her husband of thirty-five years.

David A. Sonnenfeld '73 served as a coeditor for *The Ecological Modernisation Reader: Environmental Reform in*

Theory and Practice (Routledge, 2009), his third book, a volume aimed at classroom, scholarly, and policymaking audiences. Sonnenfeld is a professor and chair of the environmental studies department at the State University of New York College of Environmental Science and Forestry in Syracuse, New York.

Pete Sorenson '73, M.A. '79, J.D. '82, is living in Eugene and serving his fourth term as a Lane County commissioner. Sorenson is the chair of the 2009 Board of Commissioners and lectured on citizen enforcement of federal environmental laws at several law schools this fall.

Sue Dowty '74 was named the 2007 Oregon state middle-level adviser by the Oregon Association of Student Councils and then 2008 Region 7 middle-level adviser of the year by the National Association of Student Councils. She has been teaching middle school and advising student councils for almost thirty years.

Tim Verkler '76 published *Denali Diary*, a photo journal featuring photographs of a 1975 UO Outdoor Program mountain climbing adventure in Denali. The book is available at www.denalidiary.com.

Kim Goldberg '77, who is an award-winning poet, journalist, and author of five books, is living in Nanaimo, British Columbia.

Klement Hambourg, D.M.A. '77, former artistic director of the Celebration of Chamber Music concert series in Victoria, British Columbia, has relocated to Kitchener-Waterloo, Ontario.

Warren Nelson, M.S. '78, a partner at Fisher and Phillips in Irvine, California, was named one of the Labor Relations

Institute's "Top 100 Labor Attorneys" in the United States. Nelson was also selected for inclusion in "The Best Lawyers in America, 2010" ranking.

Dan Friedmann '79 has cofounded D2M Consulting, a management consulting company that targets new and small businesses and assists with technology, marketing, and business process improvements, along with strategic financing guidance.

1980s

Timothy M. Leonard '83 has written *A Century Is Nothing*, a novel about Omar, an exiled Tuareg Berber, and Mr. Point, a Vietnam veteran, as they embark on a pilgrimage through the Middle East and, in turn, the subconscious.

John A. Heldt '85, a member of Sigma Nu, is vice president and president-elect of the Montana Library Association's Public Library Division. He is the reference and information services librarian at Lewis and Clark Library in Helena. His wife, **Cheryl (Fellows) Heldt** '86, a member of Delta Delta Delta, is the school system coordinator for Montana's Office of Public Instruction.

■ After more than five years as the vice president for university relations at Portland State University, **Catherine McVeety** '85 recently became vice president of college advancement at Mount Hood Community College and executive director of the Mount Hood Community College Foundation. McVeety has worked in development for more than twenty years.

Cheryl (Bayne) Landes '86 was selected as an associate

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With deep appreciation, the OQ staff,

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fellow with the Society for Technical Communication, an honor celebrating her more than fifteen years of experience in technical communication. Landes is the owner of Seattle-based Tabby Cat Communications. [An error appeared in Ms. Landes's class note in *OQ's* Autumn issue.]

■ **Marcus Prater** '86 is the executive director of the Association of Gaming Equipment Manufacturers, a Las Vegas-based global trade organization representing the interests of slot machine companies and other gaming suppliers.

Sharlene Simon '86 is the assistant director of research proposal development at North Carolina State University.

Leslie Clason Robinette '87 earned universal accreditation in public relations from the Public Relations Society of America. She works as coordinator of district communications for North Clackamas Schools, Oregon's fifth-largest school district. She and husband **Dan Robinette** '88, M.Ed. '92, who teaches physics at Clackamas High School, live in Milwaukie with their sons Zane and Logan.

Laura Girardeau '88, M.S. '95, and husband **Christopher Hundhausen**, M.S. '93, Ph.D. '99, are enjoying their baby Lily Grace, who is a budding comedian, artist, and "staunch Obama supporter!"

Ted Tellefsen '88 is a manager with Scottrade, a leading branch-supported online investment firm. Tellefsen manages the company's Fairfield, California, office.

1990s

Kathleen Sousa-Yonehiro '90 is the hula instructor at Hula Halau O Kehaulani, the hula school she founded in 2006 in Ewa Beach, Hawaii.

Geoffrey Collver '94, Ph.D. '99, is the legislative director for Ohio state treasurer Kevin Boyce.

Genoa Black '95 married Dr. Bryan A. Black last year. The happy couple resides in Newport.

Joseph Franco '96 has joined Portland law firm Markowitz, Herbold, Glade, and Mehlfaf as an associate. Franco's practice will focus on complex commercial litigation.

Zach Hochstadt '96 is a founding partner of Mission Minded, a marketing communications firm serving nonprofit organizations. He and his wife, Sadie, have two children and live in San Francisco.

Daniel A. Talley, Ph.D. '96, is a professor of economics and statistics at Dakota State University in Madison, South Dakota.

Jennifer (Roland) Cadiante '98 edited a collection of articles from *Learning and Leading with Technology* magazine titled "The Best of L&L: Selections from Volumes 31-35," released this year by the International Society for Technology in Education, a nonprofit educational technology association that started on the UO campus in the 1970s.

■ **Dan Harbison** '98, a member of Chi Psi, the director of interactive marketing and media for the Portland Trail Blazers, received national coverage from *USA Today* for his groundbreaking use of Twitter and other social media platforms on behalf of the Trail Blazers.

■ **Anthony E. Clark** '99, Ph.D. '05, and his wife, ■ **Amanda C. R. Clark** '01, M.A. '05, have relocated to Spokane, Washington, where he has accepted a position as assistant professor of Asian history at Whitworth University and she will continue working toward a doctorate in library and information studies.

Jonathan F. Douglas, M.B.A. '99, who is a managing principal in the Orlando, Florida, Office of International Archi-

ture, served as moderator for a panel discussion at the 2009 Midwest Lodging and Investors Summit, held in July in Chicago.

Jennifer Vernon, M.A. '99, has published her first book of poetry, *Rock Candy*. Her poem "Blackberry Pie" was recently featured on *The Writer's Almanac with Garrison Keillor*.

2000s

Louis Copbianco '00 is the director of legislative affairs for Ohio state governor Ted Strickland. Copbianco coordinates legislative strategy not only for the governor's office but also for every state agency that reports to the governor.

Maurice Hamington, M.A. '00, Ph.D. '01, has written his fifth book, *The Social Philosophy of Jane Addams*. An associate professor of women's studies and philosophy at Metropolitan State College of Denver, Hamington recently became the director of the school's Institute for Women's Studies and Services, making him one of the few men in the country to ever head a women's studies program and a women's center.

■ **Richelle Leaverton** '02 married **Nick Rice** '01 earlier this year at a winery in central California.

Dan Flanagan, M.Mus. '03, lecturer in violin at the University of California at Davis, is concertmaster of the Sacramento Philharmonic Orchestra, Sacramento Opera, and California Musical Theatre. Flanagan and his wife, Rita, opened Sacramento School of Music, a community music school, in 2008.

Sonya R. Lawson, Ph.D. '03, was awarded tenure at Westfield State College in Massachusetts, where she is an assistant professor of music history. Her paper, *Prototypes and Categorization: Working Toward a More Inclusive History of Jazz*, was accepted for presentation at the 2009 National College Music Society conference. Lawson has also written a chapter for the book *De-Canonizing Music History*, which will be published by Cambridge Scholars Publishing this fall.

Pianist **Anna Ballard Bendorf** '04 and her husband, Adam, founded Alberti Publishing, a music publishing company specializing in high-end, cutting-edge curriculum and resources for private piano teachers. Bendorf also recently cowrote *The Right Notes*, a teaching aid for piano students.

Alex Pajunas '06 won best photo essay and best sports photograph in the Oregon Better Newspapers Contest. Pajunas works as a photographer at *The Daily Astorian*.

Dancer **Hannah Bontrager** '07 performed several solo roles, including the sugar plum fairy in *The Nutcracker*, with the Manassas Ballet Theatre in Northern Virginia in the company's 2008-9 season. She performed in and coproduced *Danse en Rouge: Variations in Red* at the Hult Center in Eugene, and choreographed the Eugene Symphony's *Carnival of the Animals*.

Cory Eldridge '07 won best news photograph, best enterprise reporting, best general feature, best sports story, and best special section in the Oregon Better Newspapers Contest. Eldridge works for *The Dalles Chronicle*. [A piece by Eldridge describing his experiences in the Middle East appeared in the Winter 2006 issue of *OQ*. The story was expanded and reprinted in the online travel magazine *Worldhum*.]

Jesse Jones, M.Mus. '07, composed *Toccata for Orchestra*, which was performed by the American Composers Orchestra at Columbia University's Miller Theatre in May.

Scott Ordway, M.Mus. '08, has started work on his Ph.D. at the University of Pennsylvania as a Benjamin Franklin

Fellow. He is the music and culture critic for *ArtsEditor*, Boston's online magazine.

Coast Guard Seaman **Evan D. Trapp** '08 recently graduated from the United States Coast Guard Recruit Training Center in Cape May, New Jersey.

In Memoriam

Hans H. Plambeck '35, M.A. '38, died at age ninety-eight. Plambeck, a mathematics and sociology professor, taught for twenty years at what was then Oregon State College. His wife of sixty-seven years, **Julia Umstead** '37, preceded him in death in 2007. Plambeck enjoyed travel, camping, gardening, and working puzzles.

Robert S. Lovell '42, a member of Delta Upsilon fraternity, died following a long illness. Lovell was active in countless civic and community organizations in Astoria, where he lived with his wife of sixty-seven years, Mary. Lovell was also a lifelong member of the Boy Scouts of America, serving for thirty-two years as scoutmaster of Troop 211 in Astoria.

Dorothy Jean (Johnson) Rath '42, former president of Alpha Gamma Delta sorority, died at the age of eighty-eight at her home in Hastings, Nebraska. Rath worked for many years for Midwest Irrigation in Henderson, Nebraska.

Marjorie Wiener '44, the first female editor of the *Oregon Daily Emerald*, died in June at the age of eighty-six. Wiener served as the editor of the student newspaper in 1944 and was among the first female reporters and editors at the Eugene *Register-Guard*. A painter, Wiener exhibited at galleries in Virginia and Massachusetts.

Career public servant **Freeman Holmer**, M.A. '46, died at the age of ninety-one. In the late 1950s and early 1960s, Holmer was a part of Oregon governor Mark Hatfield's core policymaking team, serving as the state budget director as well as chairman of the Governor's Policy Coordinating Committee. Holmer worked for ten years as vice chancellor of the Oregon State System of Higher Education, based in Eugene, where he also sat on the city council in the 1980s. He and his wife, Marcia, raised two sons.

Joel Lawrence Richardson '53 died at the age of seventy-seven. Richardson worked in underwriting for State Farm Insurance for thirty-four years in Salem, where he and his wife, **Martha Richardson** '54, a member of Alpha Xi Delta sorority, raised three daughters. A faithful Presbyterian, Richardson was an ordained deacon and an elder in the Presbyterian Church of the United States of America. Richardson's father, **Joel Henry Richardson**, graduated from the UO in 1910.

George Shirley '57, a member of Chi Psi, died in July after a battle with colon cancer. Shirley worked as an administrative attorney with Nationwide Insurance in Portland for twenty-nine years before retiring to Tucson, Arizona, where he served as a docent at the Tohona Chul Park and was a member of the board of the Friends of the University of Arizona Libraries. Education was important to Shirley; in 2005, at the age of seventy, he earned his third academic degree.

Continued on page 55

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.

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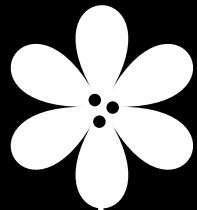
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D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Winter issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly



A dapper Horace Robinson with student actors at the groundbreaking ceremony for the Miller Theatre Complex in 2007, current home of the Robinson and Hope theaters.



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ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

1919 A student council committee forms to plan a fitting memorial to honor the University's war dead.

1929 The UO's 133 telephones will soon be connected through an on-campus exchange. Instead of searching through a long list of names for a number, a caller will reach any department on campus via the University exchange operator, who will be familiar with all campus numbers and able to make immediate connections.

1939 Ten players (20 percent) on this year's fifty-man varsity football squad weigh in at more than 200 pounds, with six-foot left tackle James Stuart the heaviest hitter of all, tipping the scales at a full 225 pounds.

1949 After many years and several hundred productions in the old Guild Theater in Johnson Hall, the University Theater opens a new 400-seat performance venue in Villard Hall under the delighted eye of theater head Horace Robinson.

1959 Representing the first wave of what is expected to be a flood of increasing college admissions due to the postwar "baby boom," the class of 1963 has arrived and is hard at work.

1969 Following a new policy by the UO administration that athletes can wear their hair pretty much as they please, head football coach Jerry Frei stays in step with the times, forego-

ing the crew cut and letting his own locks lengthen.

1979 Based on population forecast models, Stanford biologist Paul Ehrlich's hugely popular book *The Population Bomb* has frightened readers for more than a decade with predictions of mass starvation, food riots, and nuclear holocaust as a result of human overpopulation—all by the year 2000. Now UO assistant professor of sociology Lawrence Carter, a researcher of the effects of fertility, says *not so fast*, pointing out a number of errors in Ehrlich's projections and noting, "Forecast models are by no means exact, and errors do occur."

1989 Newly inaugurated UO President Myles Brand welcomes Senator Mark Hatfield and Governor Neil Goldschmidt '63 to the opening ceremony of Willamette Hall, the \$45.6 million science complex that is the largest construction project in Lane County history and estimated to have added the equivalent of 550 full-time jobs to the local economy during the three-year life of the project.

1999 UO officials notice abnormally high use of a student's website, leading the FBI to investigate suspected illegal file sharing. The student pleads guilty to felony charges and becomes the first in the nation convicted under 1997's No Electronic Theft (NET) law. ©

JACK LIU

CLASS NOTES *Continued*

James "Jim" Tiger '60, J.D. '71, died at the age of seventy-one. Tiger was a beloved member of the Stayton community, where he practiced law for almost forty years. A founding member of Stayton Area Rotary, a Marion County master gardener, and a former first citizen, Tiger also established a grant program with Stayton High School in 2001.

Phil Hansen '67, J.D. '70, died in August at the age of sixty-four. A Clark Honors College student, Hansen ran the 3,000-meter steeplechase for coach Bill Bowerman and was a member of Sigma Chi fraternity. For thirty years he was a corporate tax attorney and CPA in San Francisco, employed by U.S. Fleet Leasing, KPMG, and Ernst & Young. Retirement brought a deep reconnection with the UO: Hansen acted as an alumni representative for the UO School of Law, he endowed the Philip and Teresa Hansen Germanic Languages and Literatures Scholarships, and in 2007, he wrote and published *The History of Germanic Languages at Oregon*. Phil's first wife, **Susan [Pennington]** '68, preceded him in death. Hansen is survived by his wife Terri and his children **Meredith** '96 and **Christian** '97.

Bob Gerding '63, Ph.D. '67, died at age seventy-one. Gerding cofounded Gerding Edlen Development Company, the firm that helped transform Portland's downtown core with beautiful but Earth-friendly buildings. A lifelong lover of theater, Gerding and his wife of forty-nine years, Diana, often took long trips to Ashland's Shakespeare festival. Gerding gave much of his time and his self-made fortune to Portland's Center Stage theater company.

Ronald W. Snidow '63, M.S. '69, a member of Beta Theta Pi fraternity and cocaptain of the 1963 football team, died of

complications from Lou Gehrig's disease. Snidow played for ten years in the NFL before settling in Southern California, where he worked in commercial real estate. He and his wife, **Marcia Williams** '64, a member of Delta Gamma, raised two sons in Irvine, California. Snidow was inducted into the University of Oregon Athletic Hall of Fame this fall.

Mark O. Wittenberg '96 died from cancer at the age of thirty-six. A partner at Cerrell Associates, a public relations firm in Los Angeles, California, Wittenberg's passion was spending time outdoors. He was an avid rock climber, mountain biker, golfer, and fisherman. He was also a gourmet cook and part owner of two Los Angeles-area wine bars.

Eugene native and former UO wrestler **Kenny Cox** '01 died at age thirty-nine in an adventure on Kaua'i, Hawaii. Inspired by the novel *Into the Wild*, Cox had recently moved to Hawaii to live off of the land. He spent more than three months living in the open in Kaua'i's Kalalau Valley.

Faculty and Staff In Memoriam

Myles Brand, former UO president and head of the National Collegiate Athletics Association, died at age sixty-seven. In his five years as president (1989–1994), Brand piloted the University through some of its toughest financial times. His presidency ended abruptly when he accepted a job as the president of Indiana University, where he drew notoriety as "the man who fired Bobby Knight." Trained as a philosopher, he became the head of the NCAA in 2002.


WEB EXTRA: Read Myles Brand's thoughts on

becoming UO president in the cover story of *OQ's Autumn 1989 issue*—go to the [Web Extras link at OregonQuarterly.com](#).

Warner Peticolas, professor of chemistry for thirty years, died at the age of seventy-nine. Peticolas spoke beautiful French, picked up in the numerous years he spent teaching abroad. An adventurous man, Peticolas enjoyed traveling, skiing, windsurfing, hiking, and camping.

Retired ceramics professor **David Stannard** died after a yearlong battle with brain cancer in August. Fascinated by clay, Stannard developed new ways to create glaze ingredients using unusual materials such as sawdust or wood. He will be remembered as a humble potter and a master craftsman.

Theater arts professor emeritus **Horace Robinson** died at the age of ninety-nine in October in Eugene. He came to the UO in 1933 as a technical director and scene designer. In 1946 Robinson became the director of University Theatre (a position he held until 1970) and oversaw the construction in 1949 of the theater attached to Villard Hall. In addition to his on-campus work of teaching, directing, and serving as department head, Robinson led student theater productions on USO tours to entertain troops in places such as Japan, Korea, and the Philippines; served on many theater boards; was active in civic associations; and wrote a book on theater architecture. Upon his retirement in 1975 the University Theatre was renamed in his honor. He served as a consultant on the renovation and expansion of UO theater facilities completed last year.

WEB EXTRA: See two *OQ* stories related to Horace Robinson—go to the [Web Extras link at OregonQuarterly.com](#). 

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Tracy Kidder
"Strength in What Remains," 2010, date TBA. *Clark Honors College*



Paul Courant
"The Book—Not Just Another Gadget," January 21, 2010. *Knight Library*

Suzanne Moore
"MANUScript: Historical Roots of the Modern Manuscript Book," February 4, 2010. *OHC*



Frances Moore Lappé
April 5, 2010. *OHC*



Seymour Hersh
February 18, 2010 in Eugene
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Upside Down

The view from a four-year-old Redmond subdivision

By Rebecca Lundgren '95

On the day we moved into our new house, my daughter took a ride in the neighbor girl's pink Barbie Jeep, laughing with her new friend as they cruised around the cul-de-sac. A father and his son threw a football across the street, the ball soaring toward our impressive view of the snowy Three Sisters. Older kids ran past the moving van to play in a tree fort in the nearby canyon.

I looked at our spacious new home and thought, "Finally, it's our turn to enjoy a new house in a shiny neighborhood."

Three months later, the first "For Sale" sign appeared in a neighbor's front lawn. Two years later, we would look at empty houses on both sides of us—the yard bordering ours dead brown with weeds overtaking the landscaping. We paid \$315,000 for our average four-bedroom home—right where it was appraised. Now the similar-sized empty house behind us is listed at \$182,000.

Central Oregon's wild real estate party came to a crashing end, and we're left feeling like contestants in some kind of real estate edition of *Survivor*. Our region once topped the lists as one of the best places to live, visit, and dine, with one of the hottest housing markets in the country. Now we struggle with severe homelessness, the sixth highest rate in the nation, according to a September 2008 report from the National Alliance to End Homelessness.

Named Echo Rim Estates by its California developers, our subdivision is the last development on the northern edge of Redmond. Homes on the eastern side of the subdivision border the Dry Canyon, a natural city park where a bicycle trail winds past native grasses, juniper trees, and rim rock. We used to walk our dog down the dirt road that led past the old farmhouses and pastures that were replaced with rows of similar-looking houses, with motor boats and camp trailers in the driveways.

Back in 2005, when our home was built, it seemed like everyone was upgrading to a new house and every construction worker worked overtime to keep up with the frenzy. A friend put an offer on a house before she even looked at it because houses sold so fast. I remember driving around the construction zone and asking my husband, "Where are all these people coming from?"

"Where are they working to afford these homes?"

Through the better part of the housing boom, we were content to stay in the small, 1970s-era home we purchased in 1998. Our mortgage was affordable enough that I could feel good about staying at home with our children. But the birth of our third child in 2006 left us overwhelmed and cramped for space, and, I admit, I longed for something new and clean.

And here's where we made our biggest mistake: We purchased our new home before we sold the old one. Encouraged by the head-spinning market, we figured it would only take a couple months to sell a 16,000-square-foot lot along the canyon. But then, the market froze. Just a handful of people would even look at our property. The two offers we received disappeared as soon as



we tried to counteroffer. After it sat for six months on the market, we rented our old home, our stress aggravated by the insurance company demanding that we put a new roof on it.

Over the next two years, signs of trouble surrounded us. The screaming "Price Reduced" signs in front of houses looked like they belonged on used car lots. Some would be changed to say "Price Slashed" or "Drastically Reduced." Dozens of yard sale signs lined residential streets as people prepared to move or tried to make a little extra money.

It's become a depressing hobby to read the dozen or more pages of foreclosure notices published every week in the


Redmond newspaper. It stings more when I recognize names of families from my children's school.

When it opened in 2006 to serve our unprecedented growth, our modern elementary school was an emblem of our region's success. Last year, I noticed the increasing number of unemployed fathers sitting at the curb waiting to pick up their children. My daughter came home sad several times, telling me of another friend moving. A first-grader down the road came by to tell us her dad was giving the house back to the bank.

I can point to several families where the father has left town for work, to South Dakota, Portland, Hermiston, Walla Walla. My kids no longer have PE and music teachers, and they only attend school four days a week. It's a bit ironic that the school was named for the late governor Tom McCall, the father of Oregon's land-use planning system.

In this aftermath, I've felt a lot of anger at the greed that propelled us to pave over so much land when we did not have the jobs to support the growth. One former neighbor, an appliance salesman, stopped paying his mortgage when his commissions dropped but then spent every weekend playing at the lake with his boat. He lived mortgage-free for about six months. Before he left, he ripped out the new appliances from the house and hauled away the shed from the backyard.

Meanwhile, we continue to pay the mortgage on a house that is seriously upside down in value and, as we're discovering, built with unnecessary haste. The paint quickly faded, the irrigation system never works, and you can see cracks in the drywall. We feel stuck, but grateful to be stuck after hearing so many sad tales of families losing homes and jobs.

I can look out my window and still see an open field and the Cascade Mountains. Cattle graze in an adjacent pasture that would be houses if we had continued at the same pace. The city moved to open that land for development just before the market collapsed. I can sense some kind of divine intervention telling us it was time to slow down, time to refocus on community—if we can just hang on long enough. 

Rebecca Lundgren is a freelance writer and the winner of the 2005 Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest. An earlier version of this essay appeared in The Source, a weekly newspaper in Bend.



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—Nico Larco

▲ Every year, leading architects come to Eugene to work with UO students like Morgan Law (left) and Assistant Professor Nico Larco, thanks to gifts honoring Pietro Belluschi.

Building Futures



◀ Pietro Belluschi (1899–1994), a Portland, Oregon, architect and architecture dean at MIT, was a leader of American modern architecture. He lectured and led design studios at the UO.

He and his wife, Marjorie, created the Pietro Belluschi Visiting Professorship to bring leading architects to Eugene to work with UO students.

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