

The Magazine of the University of Oregon Summer 2010

Oregon

Q U A R T E R L Y

Mapping in the Bright Lights



Tinker Hatfield • Robin Cody • Essay Contest Winner • Lauren Kessler



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Editor's Note | Guy Maynard, Editor

Mistakes

I had a sign on the wall in the cluttered office I worked from in my first job out of journalism school—editor of the *Tri-County News* in Junction City—that I had ripped out of *Mad Magazine* (one of the most influential publications of my upbringing):

Alfred E. Neuman staring at a poster that said

Everybody Makes Makes Mistakes

For some reason, I could look at that 100 times, and 50 times my brain wouldn't register the double verb.

But I needed that assurance that I wasn't alone in my failings. I made a lot of mistakes at *Tri-County News*. I was a one-person editorial team. Once I massacred the word *sergeant* in a three-column headline. I can't even recreate how badly I misspelled that word, but my publisher—who shoved the tainted pages in my face—probably could. I wrote headlines as the paper was being laid out around 6:00 A.M. on Wednesday mornings, usually after a sleepless night of covering some local government meeting, writing a story about it, and then somehow writing something in the neighborhood of being coherent for my weekly column—all before heading to the newspaper office in Veneta to lay out the paper. After that, I delivered the camera-ready pages to Springfield, waited for them to be printed, drove back to Veneta to stuff inserts into the paper, then delivered the finished product to news boxes around Lane, Linn, and Benton counties. But, dammit, I was still supposed to spell *sergeant* right.

And I've made lots of mistakes since. Fortunately, as my publishing career progressed in the trade magazine world and here at *Oregon Quarterly*, I've been blessed by the sharp eyes and keen attention of some great editors and proofreaders. But in all the pieces and decisions and facts and words that go into a complex publication like *Oregon Quarterly*, it's just not possible to be perfect all the time—I can say that now with some perspective and status as an elder having hit my twenty-fifth year in this profession and my sixtieth birthday earlier this year. We try (unlike the publisher who once told me that if there were no mistakes in his magazine, he was paying too much for proofreading), and we do pretty well, I think, but we still have enough misses to tie a knot in my stomach each time we send a magazine out into the world.

And there are mistakes that can't be easily fixed with a "Corrections" box on our letters page. I made one of those recently: misread something, told somebody something that turned out not to be right, made somebody happy only to have to pull that away. A simple mistake really—a brain blip like that triggered by the *Mad* poster—but fixing it left somebody feeling bad who shouldn't have. I apologized. Apology was accepted. But I couldn't quite make it right for me or the other person.

Everybody makes mistakes. I don't know if I make more mistakes or fewer mistakes than the average person. It doesn't matter. It's easy to find someone who's made worse mistakes than us to somehow make ours seem not so bad. But our mistakes shape us in ways our successes never can: they eat us up, make us run and hide and go through all sorts of distortions to explain or excuse—or they render us humble enough to learn and grow, to rethink the way we do things, to try to make things better, if not wholly right. They're tough teachers but the lessons usually stick.

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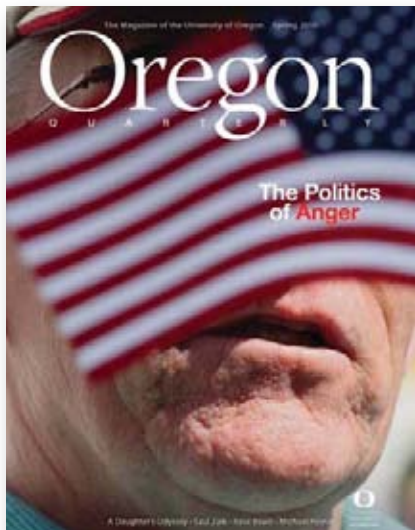
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Yay, Spring!

I love OQ. It keeps me totally in touch with what's happening at the UO. I read it cover to cover. Especially liked the story on Saul Zaik, "The Arc of the Architect."

*Scott Egan '81
Kuwait City, Kuwait*

What a service *Oregon Quarterly* does for your readers. The Spring 2010 issue brought back memories, distant and recent, to us and brought joy to our lives.

We were amazed to see the eye-catching photograph of a completely flat plain in Mongolia with a Turkic image stone dominating the panorama [UpFront]. Looking closer, we saw it was from the new *Archaeology and Landscape in the Mongolian Altai: An Atlas*, coauthored by James Meacham '84, MA '92, director of the InfoGraphics Lab in the UO geography department. Jim recently gave us a tour of the lab, and an early copy of the atlas had arrived that day so we were involved and exhilarated. We are both geographers and support the department financially and assist their students on projects whenever we can.

Second, the article about Saul Zaik ["Arc of the Architect"], the brilliant architect from the Portland area. We knew him in Portland, and we skied together. What an asset he has been to Oregon and the University. Thank you for the versatility in *Oregon Quarterly*.

*Culley '56 and Shiena Polehn
Medford*

I am giving a subscription to OQ to a friend in Ireland because it is the periodical I most look forward to reading throughout the

year. Thanks for providing this high-quality, thoughtful, and creative publication.

*Jim Stark '77, MS '95
Springfield*

Anger and Politics

Robert Leo Heilman's advice: "let bygones be bygones"—ancient and sagely as he suggests—is, if I might be blunt, simple-minded. Does he believe most Americans are so "civilized" as to be expected to forever "turn the other cheek," while rampaging global finance oligarchs ransack their nation into poverty, hijack their every institution for so-called "national defense," and impress them into service, all to advance an agenda of global hegemony that serves only elite financiers, and does so while making everyone opposed to this wholesale mental rape, financial pillage, and filial enslavement appear guilty of treason? Or, is this now the most philistine nation of all time, drugged and seduced by overwhelmingly mindless pop culture, running in tandem with a wholly owned corporate media that incites self-defeating hatred in the form of faux Left-vs-Right politics, which serves to distract virtually everyone from identifying and focusing on their common enemy: The Global Finance Oligarchy and its phony Global War of Terror?

*Jack Gabel '79, MMus '81
Portland*

I eagerly look forward to the *Quarterly*. I always find a name I remember. This time, I read a wonderful feature penned by Robert Heilman, who lives where I grew up, Myrtle Creek. Having also lived in the Los Angeles area and been a frequent visitor of the zoo, I remember the plight of the animals in the old, smaller zoo. They likely had lost their minds with nothing to do amid small quarters. Like Heilman, I suspect people in similar situations frequently end in insanity or violence. I graduated in 1963, a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, and was a letter holder on one of the great Bill Bowerman's track teams. I remember my UO days as wonderful. Thanks for a great publication.

*Bill Klimback '63
Boise, Idaho*

"At the Zoo" seemed a bit cliché-ish. From the photo on the cover (angry-old-white-guy behind the American flag) to the unsubstantiated references about talk radio. According to the author, Tea Party participants are merely

"Perhaps the recent public outcry is just good old American protest from people who are well aware of the problems they face."

fearful people throwing excrement like apes. They are the dupes of a capitalistic industry of deceit. He takes the animal metaphor and moves on to a sweet story of how his childhood zoo has been improved and the animals are much happier. I guess the connection is that the apes should be content in their cages and with their planned nutritional meals.

Heilman would rather we "spend our time and money to reduce human worries." Finally, he touched upon his real agenda: taking money from other citizens to further his utopian ideals. Allow me my own animal metaphor, borrowed from George Orwell. In a utopian society, "Some pigs are just more equal than others." Perhaps the recent public outcry is just good old American protest from people who are well aware of the problems they face. Excuse me while I put down this article and make my poster for tomorrow's rally, "Don't Tread on Me." I am angry and plan to use my freedom of speech.

*Elizabeth Stevens Howe '73
Auburn, Washington*

I have never read a more compelling, thoughtful, and heartfelt comment on the current conflicts that seem to be tearing our society apart than in "At the Zoo." The hatred that permeates our airwaves and printed media reflects and promotes a social unease that appears to be growing exponentially at all levels. This unease is reflected in

Oregon Quarterly Letters Policy

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

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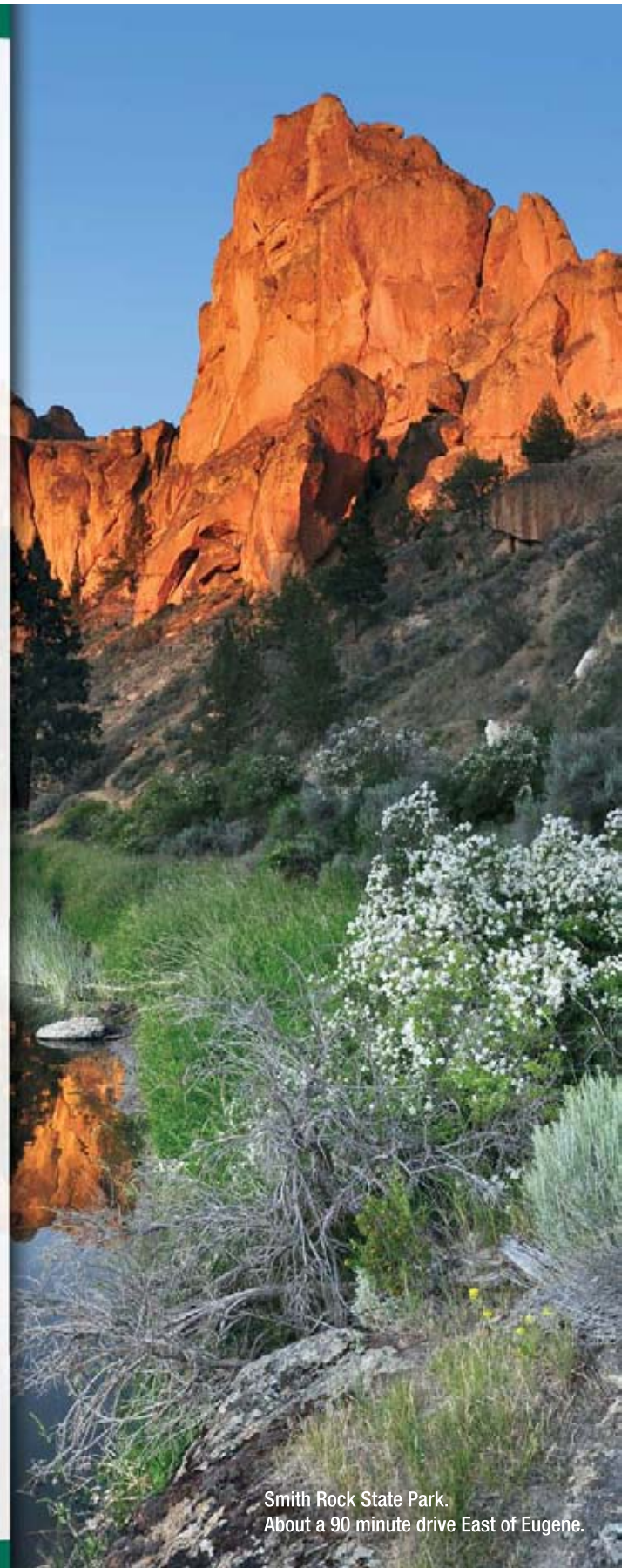


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serious conversations that I hear among my age cohorts (I am ninety). Ironically, so much of it runs counter to our professed Christian faith, which promotes forgiveness, loving our enemies, taking care of the “least” among us, and so on. There appears to be little room for a thoughtful exchange of views. It is too often “us versus them,” “good versus evil,” “they”—quite often the least advantaged—who are taking what should be rightfully “ours.”

*Burt Newbry, EdD '62
Mesa, Arizona*

Robert Leo Heilman in “At the Zoo” says: “What is there to cling to when by your own doing or by others or by cold fate you have lost everything? Stripped of dignity, mired in failure, caged in by tough circumstances and uncontrollable forces, what is left to people but to embrace comforting nonsense and to rage against perceived injustice?” I have never seen a more apt description of the small-town liberal.

*Doug Beck
Merlin*

Robert Heilman’s article, “At The Zoo,” is one of the best I have read on the subject of free and hate speech. He nailed it when he said half-truths and fictions have nothing to do with brainpower or education—“it takes root in the uneducated and the highly educated alike.” I especially liked his reminder that those professional liars-for-profit are far more dangerous than “a thief, a burglar, or a robber (who) only harms a few victims” while the damage from the propagators of hate may affect millions and go on for centuries.

I liked his conclusion but offer an even simpler concept: *Awareness*. As you become more aware of a person or nation you become more understanding, and it is harder to kill them or to go to war against them.

*Paul Fillinger, MBA '65
Lafayette, California*

Thank you for the insightful essay by Robert Heilman. As usual, his opinions defy placement along any political spectrum and are not useful to anyone inclined to define the “other” as essentially different from him or me. Being a good neighbor in places like rural Douglas County requires such an orientation, and that lifestyle offers lessons about our humanness that those of us who live in more urban environments tend to avoid. Examining the abhorrent behavior of others for what it reveals about ourselves may make us uncomfortable, but it’s necessary if we hope to end

our culture of hate and polarization.

*Byron Glidden, MS '86
Eugene*

The United States unemployment rate was 9.7 percent in February of 2010. In addition, on March 5, 2010, MarketWatch reported concerning U.S. unemployment, “The U6 alternative gauge of the unemployment rate, which includes discouraged workers and those forced to work part-time, rose to 16.8 percent from 16.5 percent.” This, in spite of spending almost 1 trillion dollars in “stimulus” spending that was essentially a reward to those who voted for the president, especially public employee unions. And you wonder why the common people outside the big cities, those swing voters of the middle class and conservative citizens who have built this country, the 20 percent of those who pay 80 percent of the taxes, are angry?

*Kenneth E. Ehlers '65
Sisters*

Free Speech and Hate

I wondered what was going on at these repulsive forums, and the clarification came with the Editor’s Note [“Free Speech, Hate, and Community,” Spring 2010]. I agree that a lesson can be taught by allowing these repugnant ideas to be “championed” by giving them a respectable—even a university-approved sponsorship. The lesson is NOT to give these parasites a forum—and the defense of them in the name of “free speech” is a lesson in historical amnesia, naïveté, misplaced “liberalism,” and self-destructive impulses. Until these criminal vipers are tossed out and not allowed on or near campus, I withdraw any financial support for the UO.

*Lorraine Widman, MFA '56
Portland*

I just read and appreciated your Editor’s Note on free speech. The problem I read about around the country is that “conservative”-type speakers such as David Horowitz or Ann Coulter routinely need body guards or police presence to speak on American college campuses. They are even physically attacked. I was a young liberal McGovern fan—Nixon hater in my UO 1970s college days, but it is so important that students be made to understand the exchange of ideas. The “shout downers” need to be arrested by the police, same as the spray paint vandals at the [Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgendered, and Queer Alliance] office. The student who

disagrees has got to be told, “Better stay civil!” Your column was good to read.

*Greg Hilbers '74
Huntington Beach, California*

I appreciate your Editor’s Note in the Spring 2010 issue. Only one problem: You assumed the vandalism was perpetuated by the Pacifica Forum. Is there evidence for this? If not, it is a moot subject. The LGBTQA could have just as easily been behind it for all the obvious reasons. Your entire article is based on this presumption of the former group’s guilt. Come on, I am a UO J-school grad, too, and know the basic fact-finding that must support such allegations before an article like this is written. If there is irrefutable evidence, accept my apologies. If not, you become guilty of the very “hateful speech” you are justifiably against.

*Robin Marks '77
Portland*

Guy Maynard responds: I didn't make that assumption, but I'm sorry if I inadvertently left that impression.

Yell O

It was very interesting to see the O being repainted [“Student Alumni Association Launched, Gaining Momentum,” Old Oregon, Spring 2010]. As president of Alpha Phi Omega, the Boy Scout fraternity, I oversaw the building of the O. It was hard work and we had very hard rocks to get through. We used jackhammers to build the footing. Then concrete to hold it. Certainly glad to see there are persons willing to see to the upkeep of it. Go, Ducks!

*Don Gunther '58
Tucson, Arizona*

Clarifications

Terry Frei, author of the novel *The Witch’s Seasons*, is not a 1967 graduate of the UO (“Bookshelf,” Spring 2010). His father, Jerry, was the Ducks’ head football coach from 1967 to 1971, and the book is based on his observances of that team and those times in Eugene and on campus.

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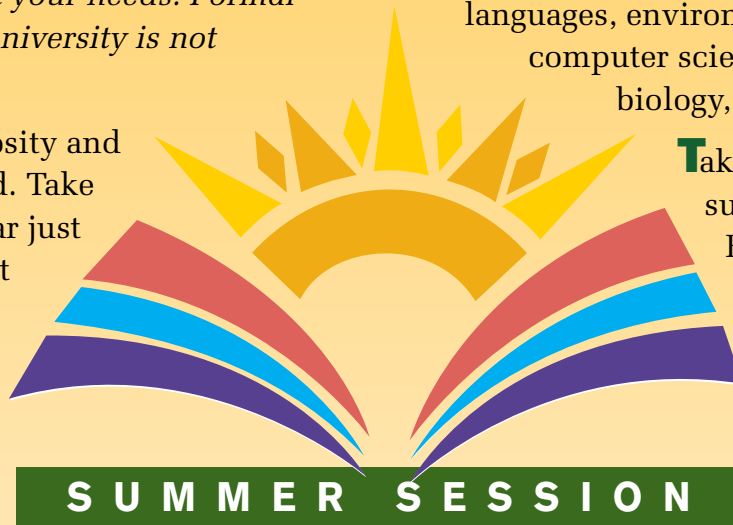
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Eight-week session: June 21–August 13

Twelve-week session: June 21–September 10



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Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

Huck Finn on the Columbia

Tom and Huck were not the only two boys to have vividly recounted adventures along a big American river. In this excerpt from Another Way the River Has: Taut True Tales from the Northwest (Oregon State University Press, 2010), Oregon native Robin Cody hears an old-timer's memory of life on the Columbia in days long past. Cody's other books include Ricochet River and the Oregon Book Award-winning Voyage of a Summer Sun. He read from this book in May at the Springfield Public Library, an event cosponsored by the Duck Store.

“ONCE LIVED HERE,” SAM SAID.
Wait. What? “Where?”
“Right here. When I was twelve, I spent a whole summer at Frankfort, here. A fishing village. These broken piers?” He pointed out stubs of evenly spaced black timbers, the remains of a wharf. “Just before World War II.”

I eyed the shoreline, reclaimed by fifty-year-old firs. Thick underbrush reached down to the water. A pair of buffleheads cruised near shore, diving and disappearing, popping up again.

“My friend and I came on a little steamer from Astoria. Two boys, alone, on our first summer away from home.

I don't recall my friend's name,” he said, after a pause, “but his grandmother met us at the dock. I can see her now. Gray hair in a bun. She wore a faded dress with a flour-dusted apron around her waist. At one end of the dock was a big red fish station. Under the dock, fishing boats were tied stern-to-pilings. The steamer landing was

the village center. A row of wooden houses stood back from the beach. A plank walkway angled from one house to the next. A roadless fishing village.”

You stayed with the grandma?

“She laid down rules. Stay out of the kitchen except at mealtimes. Wash on the back porch. Keep the wood box filled. For a bedroom she showed us the hay loft over the barn. *Good enough for boys*, she said. It was perfect. We slept in the hay under deerskins. There were no beds to make, no floors to sweep. Nothing to pick up. Bats overhead. Mice in the straw. Cows and chickens made the first soft stirrings each morning. Mornings were cold. Colder still was the tap water into a gray enamel wash pan on the back porch. And then to the warmth of the kitchen, its wood stove.”

A narrow black cormorant topped the buoy, its wings spread wide to dry. Caspian terns patrolled the high sky. And Sam had disappeared inside himself.

“By day we were Indians,” he said. “We gathered berries and licorice root from the woods. We built a raft of old fish boxes. The grandmother, busy with canning and sewing, left us alone. We were expected to be nothing but boys—half savage, dirty, always hungry. I think we were the last generation of boys to be trained as fishermen. The village didn’t last another generation.”

Trained? As fishermen?

“The grandmother put us in the hands of Fred, an old Finn. We went out nearly every night in his gillnetter. With the net out, we drifted. Fred instructed us in sex and swearing. In Finnish. The hours of the first drift would pass and the sun would drop where the river meets the sea. Sometimes there was only starlight, or the tiny light at the end of our drift line. The work began when Fred started hauling in the nets. By hand. Nets with fish in them, you can’t imagine. Heavy. Gather the net into the boat. Those early gas-engine boats needed a squarer. Someone on the opposite side of the boat had to row, to keep the boat square to the incoming net. That was my job. I pulled at the oar and kept the boat square to the net. I kept the boat steady as these great gleaming salmon flopped into the well. Salmon piled up on our bare feet, to our ankles, to our knees. Usually we made two runs on the outgoing tide. The second haul came in the cold dark hours before dawn. My friend and I fought over who got to man the sweep.

We were expected to be nothing but boys—half savage, dirty, always hungry.

Rowing kept you warm. All I had was one wool sweater.”

I’d seen at the Astoria Maritime Museum such a sweep, such an oar, on a gillnetter. This was some sixteen feet long and thick as a lodgepole pine. The breed of people who plied that oar in bad weather must have had long limbs and industrial-strength hinges at the shoulder.

Astorians of my mom’s generation were long and strong. Before basketball became an urban game, Astoria High School Fishermen won six state basketball championships from 1930 to 1942. These boys issued from three or four generations of Swedes, Finns, and Norwegians before gas engines made the river accessible to people of normal dimensions. The University of Oregon Ducks, then known as “The Tall Firs,” won the first-ever NCAA basketball tournament in 1939. Three of the five starters came from Astoria. Cause and effect is illusive with human subjects, but imagine the offspring of oarsmen swapping chromosome for a few generations with the sisters of their like-bodied friends.

“When the boat filled with fish,” Sam went on, “we crossed the river to Astoria and unloaded our catch. Fred collected his cash and left us in charge of the boat. He headed for the saloons. Later he’d come staggering down the ladder to the boat and fall asleep. This was our glory time. I was in command of the boat. Run it back across the river to Frankfort! I’d lay a course that would clear the sand banks, the seine nets, the ferry crossing, and then around the point here.

“I can close my eyes now,” Sam said, and he did. “A small boy is at the wheel of a fishing boat. A moon lights the water. Another boy sits at the stern with bare feet hanging over the side, swinging to the motion of the boat’s passage through the waves. An early experience,” he said, “becomes something you go to find but can’t quite get back to. The sense of possibility keeps haunting the mind. Those events shaped my life.”

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Robert Longo, American, b. 1953. *Joseph*, 2000. Lithograph (edition of 50), 70" x 40". Gift of Jordan D. Schnitzer ('73). 2004:8.2, © Robert Longo

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The Terrible Teens

While the terrible twos are, for many parents, a pitched battle of wills with their offspring, the teenage years can feel more like the Hundred Years' War. With the eye of a reporter, the curiosity of an anthropologist, and the open—and sometimes wounded—heart of a mother, award-winning author and longtime UO journalism faculty member Lauren Kessler, MS '75, embeds herself in her daughter's life and recounts the experience in her latest book, *My Teenage Werewolf* (Viking, 2010).

LIZZIE COMES HOME FROM school, walking down the long access road from the street where the bus drops her off. She makes her way to the side door of our house. She's wearing (for the fourth day in a row) a particularly unflattering pair of brown corduroy jeans that sag at the knees and butt, a gray Oregon Girls Rock T-shirt (three days for that item), and a pair of blown-out Sketchers. On her back is a twenty-pound pack that includes, among other things, several dozen broken pencils, two or three sack lunches that she thinks I don't know she hasn't eaten, and a science book so heavy it makes you wonder if there really is that much science a seventh-grader needs to know. She drops everything on the floor of the foyer, kicks off her shoes, and starts to walk down the hall past my writing room. She knows I'm in there. I'm always in there, but she doesn't stop.

"Hi!" I call out. "So, how was school?" I ask before she completely disappears from view. She turns her head and gives me a look. There may be nothing quite so withering as the look an almost teenaged daughter can give her mother. What is it, exactly, that look? Exasperation, annoyance, disgust? And that's on a good day. Sometimes it's pure, unadulterated antipathy. She sighs dramatically and mutters something under her breath. I don't want to know what she says. I can tell where this afternoon is headed.

"So, how was school?" I repeat. I hear the false, purposeful brightness in my voice, and, of course, so does she. Why am I doing this? It's like baiting a bear. She's edged back into view, standing in the doorway to my room. Her hand is on her hip, her head cocked to one side, her eyes focused on a point about six inches above my head. I know this posture. I stood in front of my own mother like this countless times. The stance communicates two of the sacred tenets of teen girlhood: boredom and defiance. The message is unmistakable.



I choose to ignore it.

"School?" I prompt her.

"You're always asking me about school," she says accusingly. "Stop asking me about school."

"Well," I say sweetly, "that's how you spend seven hours five days a week, so naturally I . . ." She interrupts me.

"I hate school," she says.

"You don't really hate school," I say.

"I hate it."

"No, you don't."

"Oh yes I do."

"Oh no you don't."

I'm listening to this conversation as if I were not the one enmeshed in it, and I don't believe what I'm hearing. She's twelve and in a crappy mood. What's my excuse? It's a cliché that adults revert to being children when we visit our own parents. I wonder if I'm the only mother out there who

reverts to being a teenager when faced with her own (almost) teen.

I'm suddenly reminded of a bit of nasty dialog the writer Gay Talese caught between a famous director (Joshua Logan) and a famous Broadway actress (Claudia McNeil) in one of his iconic pieces of new journalism. The conversation begins with Logan critiquing McNeil's stage performance and devolves into this:

"You're a shocking rude woman!"

"Yes, Mr. Logan."

"You're being a beast."

"Yes, Mr. Logan."

"Yes, Miss Beast."

"Yes, Mr. Logan."


"Yes, Miss Beast."

I remember reading this, years ago, having no clue who Logan and McNeil were—their heydays were before my time—but being completely immersed

in their mutual hostility. It comes as a shock—and a wake-up call—that this is sometimes the story of me and my daughter: completely immersed in mutual hostility.

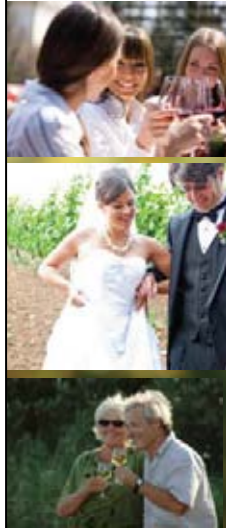
But it wasn't always like this.

There was for us a golden era, a magic decade of peace, love, and understanding that is common in the early years of the mother-daughter relationship. It's like you get a free pass for the first decade or so. You don't even have to work up a sweat. These are the years when Mommy is a saint and a genius, beautiful and beneficent, the font of everything cool and fun. I remember the scores of Wednesday afternoons my daughter Lizzie and I spent together when she was in elementary school. Wednesday was early-release day. I would pick her up at school at one p.m., and we would go roller-skating or bowling or spend an hour at a downtown tearoom sipping hot chocolate from bone china cups and nibbling on the world's fanciest PB&Js. We did projects—making candles, friendship bracelets, tie-dye. We made Valentine's Day cards by carefully ironing sheets of waxed paper between which we had sandwiched the shavings of red and pink crayons. (Thank you, Martha Stewart.) We rode bicycles. We hung out at pet shops, *oohing* and *aahing* at puppies and letting ferrets crawl up our arms. If this sounds a bit precious, it was—but in the unironic sense of the word: special, beloved. She actually looked forward to these times. There was no sense of obligation or dread—Oh god, I have to go do something with my mom again. No rolling of eyes, no looking at me as if I were the enemy or, less dramatically, as if I were the least interesting object in view.

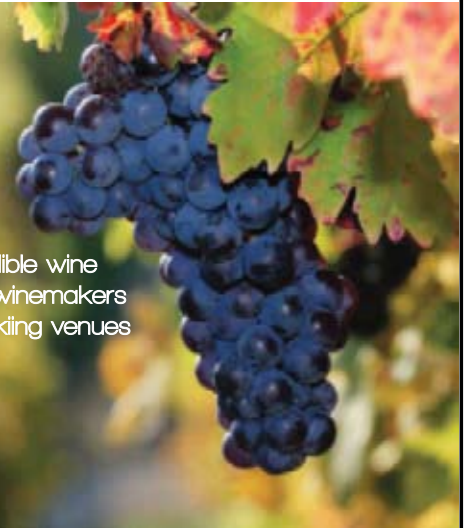
Back in those halcyon days—which were, I am sure, less uniformly glorious than I am choosing to remember—Lizzie pitched fits, as the old expression goes, but the anger was superficial and transient. The battles were contained and low risk (yes, you can watch an extra half hour of TV; no, you can't have cookies for breakfast); the damage, minimal; the resolutions, quick. When it was over, she would sit on my lap. At night, I would curl up next to her on top of the covers of her bed—the four-poster bed that had been mine as a child—and rub her back until I heard her breathing deepen. In the morning, I would wake her with a kiss. She was warm and smelled like a loaf of fresh bread. 

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A Champion's Take on Athletics and Academics

Thousands of fans cheered Bill Walton as he was honored at Mac Court earlier this year before tipoff of the Oregon-UCLA basketball game. But that afternoon in a far more intimate setting, students enrolled in a sports business course had a very tall classroom visitor who talked about sports and business as well as life and learning. Freelance reporter and undergraduate journalism premajor Andy Drukarev wrote the following story for the Oregon Daily Emerald.

AS PART OF HIS PERSONAL FAREWELL to McArthur Court, NBA Hall of Fame center and former Portland Trail Blazers star Bill Walton conducted a Q-and-A session with members of an undergraduate sports business class in Lillis Hall on Thursday afternoon.

Wearing a black and gray half-zip fleece and dark blue corduroy pants, Walton entered the room facetiously shouting, "Here we go, Bruins!" in anticipation of tonight's men's basketball matchup between Oregon and UCLA—Walton's alma mater—as eager students and faculty, including former Oregon athletic director Pat Kilkenny, looked on.

Walton played with the Trail Blazers from 1974 to 1979. He was a member of the 1977 Portland championship team.

After a quick introduction, Walton gave candid answers to a wide range of student-generated questions focused on a variety of topics, from the business and economics of college and professional basketball, to life lessons he has absorbed throughout thirty years in the public eye.

Walton referenced many of his own experiences, particularly those that involved former UCLA head basketball coach John Wooden, to convey his thoughts on life, gratitude, and education.

"Coach Wooden, when he told us that we had to develop as human beings, he also told us that the way to develop is by training your mind and learning how to learn," Walton said. "Education is the number-one key to success."

In recent years, Walton has suffered through debilitating nerve pain and explained how he has grown mentally and spiritually from that experience.

"Your body will fail you before you ever want it to," Walton said. "Your mind will be the last thing that keeps you going. Take the best care of that."



Feeling the love Bill Walton getting an energetic ovation at Mac Court

The first step to nurturing one's mind, Walton said, is to fully embrace the intellectual possibilities made available at an institution of higher learning, like the University.

"What you learn here in school you will never remember," Walton said. "But what you will learn is how to learn, so that when that question pops up and you need an answer, you will know how to go find it."

But Walton didn't just share deep life lessons that he has learned throughout the course of his many experiences.

When asked what he thought of the

NBA's one-and-done rule, which requires players to stay in college for at least one year before turning pro, Walton quipped, "[One-and-done] sounds like the Pac-10 in this year's NCAA tournament," and the audience broke out in laughter.


The response to Walton's comments from the 150 or so students in attendance was overwhelmingly positive.

"He was extremely articulate," University freshman Isaac Rosenthal said. "He's a very good, insightful speaker, and it was really easy to tell the impact that coach John Wooden had on him."

University freshman Craig Loper added that he was surprised Walton's talk seemed to focus more on life lessons than basketball and sports business.

"I didn't expect that at all," Loper said. "Some of the things he talked about were so true. I kind of came here expecting just basketball and what his experiences had been, but to hear his perspective about life in general was really cool."

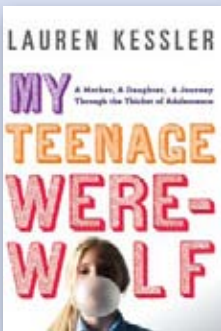
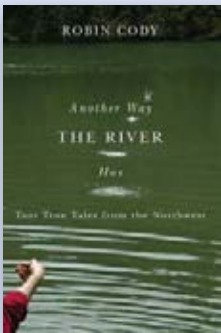
Walton's session lasted about fifty-five minutes, and he spent nearly fifteen minutes after the completion of the discussion to sign autographs and pose for pictures with Oregon students before heading off to McArthur Court to see the Duck men's basketball team play the Bruins.

[*The Ducks beat the Bruins 71-66 in overtime.*] 

Excerpted in this issue

ANOTHER WAY THE RIVER HAS: TAUT TRUE TALES FROM THE NORTHWEST
by Robin Cody (*Oregon State University Press, 2010*)

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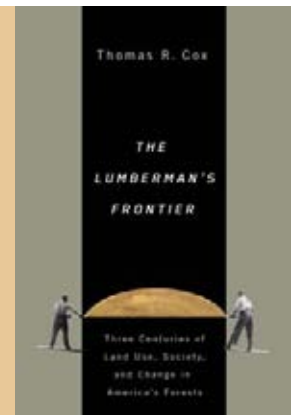
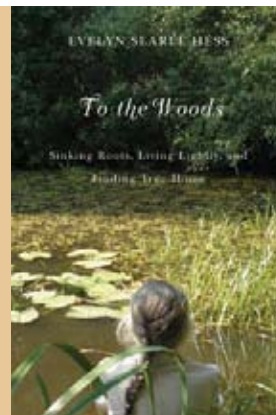
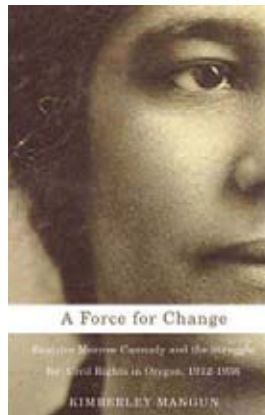
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FREE SPEECH

The Great Debate: Pacifica Forum

THE MOST VIGOROUS PROTESTS seen on campus in many years took place this past winter—and they were not focused on global warming, Wall Street shenanigans that nearly scuttled the world economy, or America’s ongoing involvement in shooting wars in Iraq and Afghanistan. Protesters passionately attacked the presence on campus of the Pacifica Forum, a discussion group that describes its central purpose as providing “information and perspective on the issues of war and peace, militarism and pacifism, violence and nonviolence.” Critics accuse the group of pro-Nazi, antigay, antiwoman,

anti-Semitic, white supremacist hate speech that contributes to an atmosphere of fear on campus. The group’s access to University meeting space is due to a UO policy allowing retired professors to use some facilities at no charge; ninety-four-year-old Orval Etter, an emeritus public policy professor, hosts the group. As protests of the weekly meetings swelled, large numbers of campus security personnel and Eugene police officers were on hand to keep peace. The Register-Guard described the ongoing conflict as “a colossal headache for top UO administrators, who find themselves squeezed between scores of protesters who want Pacifica thrown off

campus and civil rights advocates who say that would violate principles of free speech and open academic debate.” Following initial protests, Pacifica meetings were moved from central campus to Agate Hall (at the edge of campus) and, as protests continued, eventually to the Baker Downtown Center (an off-campus University facility) or other locations as scheduling allows. While events surrounding the Pacifica Forum and associated student protests may be analyzed and debated for years, Oregon Quarterly has asked two students, with differing perspectives on the controversy, to describe the key issues as they see them today.



Protesters gather outside Agate Hall objecting to Pacifica Forum meeting inside.

CREATIVE COMMONS PHOTO BY WOLFRAM BURNER CC BY-NC-ND 2.0

'We told them to leave'

By Cimmeron Gillespie

Hate is a difficult thing, drawing out negative emotions from others. Hate confuses the social conscience and is hurtful. When hate speech persists, it is difficult to uphold composure and keep logic present. Under such circumstances, the protests against the Pacifica Forum have been tried and tested. The presence of the Pacifica Forum has the effect of both harming and negatively representing this community. First, the Pacifica Forum has invited hate groups (including the National Socialist Movement), which threatens the community's safety. Second, P.F.'s language causes the normalization of hate speech and bigoted language, just as growing up around the n-word leaves the perception of its acceptability. Third, P.F. uses deeply offensive language, so bad that others can get away with different language and say it's "not as bad" and in so doing, defend their own bigotry. Fourth, P.F.'s hate

speech can become internalized by its targets and cause psychological harm.

Conscious of the problems stemming from P.F., students came together and formed Breaking Bigotry. We asked the forum's members to leave campus willingly—it never hurts to ask. They did not oblige. We approached University authorities to ask the forum to leave, because their members threatened students and have violated the visitor code of conduct through intimidation. This process yielded no gains, as the administration and Student Senate feared backlash and government political restrictions. Dialogue through official channels yielded little results, yet we continued conversation throughout the protests.

We chose vocal protest to avoid giving tacit approval—recognizing that neo-Nazis commonly use academia as a platform. Recruitment of Nazis is not academic enterprise. We escalated disruptive tactics, generating an incentive to leave. We attempted to create such an unproductive environment for their meetings that they would willingly leave. Their presence on campus gave them perceived collegiate legitimacy and de facto use of student's tuition and community tax dollars to fund Pacifica Forum's meet-

ing. We were openly disruptive; we did not want to debate, because that would suggest there was something to debate and imply legitimacy. For observers, this may seem undemocratic; but having sat through meeting after meeting of hateful lunacy, the only conscientious response was to object to the meeting itself and not allow the ideas growing room. The forum made many students uncomfortable—remember campus is our home. Someone came into our home; we told them to leave.

As people objected to the more raucous protests and emotional energy, we became more deliberate. We decided to attend only the most vicious of presentations and object to specific claims. After months of protest, the University administration then discursively moved the meeting to the Baker Downtown Center, off of the main University campus. This separated the forum from the campus communities they target, but leaves the Baker Center at their mercy.

Cimmeron Gillespie, a junior political science major and coorganizer of Breaking Bigotry, "a coalition for safer communities," attended his first Pacifica Forum meeting in December 2009.

'Bound by the First Amendment'

By Carl Ciaramella

Put simply, the First Amendment wasn't written to protect comfortable speech.

That's why I've defended the Pacifica Forum—a geriatric loony bin I've spent the last three years criticizing and mocking—during its latest escapade.

The forum, too, has rights, and the arguments for kicking it off campus amounted to either sheer ignorance or willful disregard of the First Amendment and the values it enshrines.

First, since the University had a standing policy, which allowed retired professors to reserve rooms for free, it would have been unconstitutional to exclude the Pacifica Forum based on its content. As a public institution of Oregon, the University is bound by the First Amendment, which is extended to all states and cities through the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment.

Second, contrary to a popular slogan floating around Facebook profiles and protest signage, hate speech *is* free speech, like it or not. The Supreme Court ruled in *Brandenburg v. Ohio* that inflammatory speech can only be restricted when it is "directed to inciting or producing imminent lawless action."

Quickly realizing this whole First Amendment business was something of a sticking point, the protesters' rallying cry became "safety" and "community standards." Meeting after meeting was held, and letter after letter written, where students demanded the forum be removed from campus because of the climate of fear it created.

However, once again, the protesters were mistaken. The right to *feel* safe in a public space, if it could be said to exist at all, is not a legitimate justification for censorship. The Supreme Court declared as much in *Tinker v. Des Moines Independent School District*, ruling: "Undifferentiated fear or apprehension of disturbance is not enough to overcome the right to freedom of expression."

But it was not just the immediate threat

of an ACLU lawsuit that should have stayed the University's hand. There were broader issues at play, too. Our system of government is predicated on a free and open society—part of a classic liberal philosophy that goes back to John Locke and John Stuart Mill.

Some protesters went so far as to suggest that it's the community's job to root out and quash horrid opinions, like those of the Pacifica Forum, but to advocate such is illiberal, oppressive, and contrary to the ideals of our country.

Indeed, as Mill wrote in his treatise *On Liberty*: "If all mankind minus one were of one opinion, mankind would be no more justified in silencing that one person than he, if he had the power, would be justified in silencing mankind."

If we claim to value free speech at this University, we must accept it wholly and without exception, warts and all.

Carl Ciaramella, a senior journalism major, has covered the Pacifica Forum since 2007, both as an editor of the Oregon Commentator and a reporter for the Oregon Daily Emerald.

ARCHITECTURE AND ALLIED ARTS

Many Cooks, Delicious Soup

Community effort turns wasteland into garden.

REMEMBER THE TALE OF *STONE Soup*? It's the story of three hungry travelers who came to a village hoping for a good meal.

After arousing the locals' curiosity by announcing their intention to make soup from stones, they set a huge pot of water over a fire in the center of town, dropped smooth river rocks in it, and brought it to a boil. The villagers were so amazed at the idea of creating soup from stones that they began dropping by and offering a head of cabbage, or a few carrots, or some beef or potatoes. "A rich man's soup," they said as the bubbling pot began to emit delicious aromas, "and all from a few stones!"

It seemed like magic, and in a way, it was.

Magic of a similar sort has recently taken form in a vacant lot behind the new federal courthouse in downtown Eugene. Formerly home to the massive Agripac cannery, the two-acre lot was nothing but compacted gravel. You couldn't pierce it with a shovel and it would barely grow a weed. But now, thanks to the enthusiasm of a federal judge, a University of Oregon assistant professor, and a wide spectrum of folks from campus and around the local community, it supports a flourishing garden that has truly been created of the people, by the people, and for the people.

On a chilly Saturday in March, the site looks like an ant colony, with dirt, leaves, and compost being transported in every direction by at least fifty people varying in age from about eight to eighty-five. Working side by side, they're shoveling, wheelbarrowing, laying planks, and smoothing dirt to create beautiful raised beds and walkways. They're all dressed pretty much alike, in sweatshirts, rubber boots, gardening gloves, and caps to ward off the wind. Little would you guess from a cursory look that along with dozens of UO students and community members, the happy, mud-spattered group includes a judge, a probation officer, and a group of ex-cons. "There is a lot of joy here," says Judge Ann Aiken '74, JD '79, chief judge for the U.S. District Court of Oregon. "Some of the best conversations have taken place over a pitchfork."



Ann Bettman and a volunteer crew at work creating an urban garden

It all started one day last fall when Aiken looked out a courthouse window and contemplated the ugly lot behind the building. In her mind she saw a garden take form. It would combine the principles of social service, community cooperation, and sustainability. And it would be beautiful.

Aiken called Ann Bettman '77, MLA '79, UO adjunct assistant professor of landscape architecture and former director of the Urban Farm, and asked if she would like to get involved. "Yes, I'm in," Bettman answered immediately. The two met Anita Johnson '51, part owner of *Eugene Weekly*, at a local restaurant, and Bettman grabbed a napkin and drew a quick sketch of what the garden might look like. Then everyone made a few phone calls and before you knew it, the city, the county, Eugene Water & Electric Board, a couple of congressmen, the UO, and numerous local companies had pledged time, equipment, loam, seeds, irrigation supplies, and more.

"The more people hear about this project, the more they want to be part of it," says Karmen Fore '93, MA '98, district director for Congressman Peter DeFazio,

MA '77. "People believe in the vision. This is a positive representation of what this community is all about: goodwill and community spirit."

"This is a real stone soup," Bettman says. "We're not quite in the center of town, but we're very visible. We're just out there doing it."

Students from the School of Architecture and Allied Arts (AAA) are working in the garden on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and the former prisoners are working there (voluntarily) on Mondays and Wednesdays. The groups come together on Saturdays, joined by volunteers from the UO's Holden Leadership Center, an organization that encourages volunteerism and leadership among students.

Talk to the participants in Judge Aiken's reentry court, a program that helps drug offenders who have been released from federal prison learn skills and reintegrate into society (so that they can avoid ending up back in prison), and you'll hear nothing but gratitude for the chance to work in the garden. "We made bad choices, but this shows we're capable of change," says Daniel

Gibson. "I want the opportunity to prove that I am a good person."

Caleb Chez, another reentry court member, puts his thoughts in more symbolic terms. "We're coming here of our own free will to say that we belong," he says. "Being here makes me feel that I'm Abel, rather than Cain."

It's a simple thing, this garden, but powerful stuff.

Both the city, which has donated use of the property for the next three years, and the UO, which is managing the project through AAA and the Holden Leadership Center, have taken leaps of faith for this project, Fore says. The future is uncertain. The city plans to sell the property in three years. No one really knows how the project will be funded in the future, or who will direct it. "We're painfully aware of the issues around sustaining the project," Aiken says. "We'd like to get it endowed so that we can sustain a faculty member to take on this project."

"Is this a city project, a social service project, or a food-growing project?" Bettman asks rhetorically. "We don't know. We don't know how long it will be there. It's currently a three-year commitment, but maybe we can keep spinning all this if we all love it enough."

Aiken and Bettman are sure that something will work out. "Growth is coming to Eugene," Aiken says. "We should embrace the possibility of making the best of this community and not wait for others to come and make the decisions for us."

Meanwhile, food from the garden will go to people who work in it as well as to various community groups, as yet undecided. But one thing is for sure: this garden will welcome all who wander by. "What happens if people come along and eat the food?" Aiken says. "Well, that's sort of the point. They can walk by and nibble. We don't want fences."

In the fable of *Stone Soup*, the villagers and the travelers sat down to feast together and then sang and danced through the night. Aiken dreams, when fall comes, of a harvest dinner in the street between the courthouse and the garden. She envisions big tables, music, and the community coming together to celebrate.

"Never had they tasted such soup," one might say. "And fancy, made from stones!"



—Rosemary Camozzi '96

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UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES

Dear Diary . . .

Recently discovered diary reveals campus life a century ago, becomes source material in history course.

TWILIGHT CLOAKED THE WILLAMETTE Valley as the southbound train from Portland glided into the Eugene Electric Station on September 12, 1915. Woodrow Wilson was president; war was raging in Europe; and the latest dance crazes—the grizzly bear, turkey trot, and bunny hug—were deemed by some “vulgar and barbarous.” But the most significant event recorded in the diary of one passenger was that she was university bound.

At seventeen, Lucile Saunders '19 was unaware that almost a century later the ostensibly mundane musings of an ordinary University of Oregon freshman chronicled in her handwritten diary would become a rich primary source of historical significance to future generations of UO students. But it did.

In 2006, Conor Ross '08 was conducting research on early University of Oregon student life. As he combed through Knight Library's vast collection of archived materials, he found plenty of information about presidents, deans, faculty members, and famous alumni, but very little from a first-person, student perspective. Fortunately, one item existed: the 1915–16 freshman-year diary of UO undergraduate Lucile Saunders—the only source of its kind preserved by University Archives.

With Lucile's diary as the foundation, Ross pitched the idea of creating a freshman interest group (FIG) to Kevin Hatfield, adjunct assistant professor of history, and for the past three years, students in the Hidden History FIG have been given a rare glimpse into what it was like to be a UO freshman nearly 100 years ago. (The FIG is being retitled *Reboot the Past*, Upload the Future next fall to better reflect the Web 2.0 technology that is ever more fundamental to the course). According to Hatfield, Lucile's diary not only offers students a unique window through which to view someone of their own age, in similar circumstances, on their own campus, but also provides a mirror to reflect on themselves and their own experiences as part of the history of the University. Guided by faculty assistant Matt Villeneuve, students create their own twenty-first century student dia-



Photo of Lucile Saunders McDonald taken from the April 1943 issue of *Old Oregon* magazine.

ries using current technology in the form of digital journals, blogs, podcasts, photo collections, and video, which are then preserved—along with oodles of other University-produced material—in a modern-day online resource repository, the University Archives Scholar's Bank.

Helping to open the door to Lucile's world is Heather Briston, the Mary Corrigan and Richard Solari University Historian and Archivist. The first week of the

term, students visit Special Collections and University Archives for an immersive and tactile tour of the University's rich past. Lucile's era on campus comes to life as students sift through old photographs and scrapbooks and pick up and touch objects like dance cards and beanies from 1907. “The project helps students understand that they are a part of the history of the University from before Lucile all the way through today,” Briston says.

Chronicled in several composition books, along with letters she had written to her mother and her nine-year-old sister, Iris, Lucile's diary collection is a richly woven tapestry depicting the intense experiences common to many students: the joys and woes of a college freshman away from home for the first time. With only a suitcase, an umbrella, \$24.85 in her pocket—just enough after train fare to pay the University entrance fee—Lucile was one of approximately 300 students attending the UO that year. It was a challenge; she juggled jobs, schoolwork, and an active social life while battling bouts of homesickness. She wrote about money anxiously and often. Although there was no in-state tuition in 1915, there was also no financial aid. Lucile received the occasional dollar or care package of food from home, but ultimately she paid her own way, carefully budgeting for housing, food, and school supplies. In a letter to her sister, Iris, she wrote: “You should see the big fat books I have for the course. This one cost \$2.10 and looks like a small edition of the encyclopedia.”

While many of today's freshmen rely on a combination of student loans, scholarships, and their parents' support to help pay for college, Lucile took her near-total independence very seriously. She wrote, “Dr. Straub [for whom Straub Hall is named] keeps nagging at me about writing home for money. I wouldn't take money from them for anything because I don't approve of families robbing themselves to support able-bodied children in college.” To stay afloat, she did odd jobs, including sewing, housekeeping, and babysitting the child of her journalism professor, Eric Allen, namesake of Allen Hall, and address-

ing envelopes at the University for twenty-five cents an hour, until finally landing a coveted reporting job at the *Eugene Daily Guard* (later *The Register-Guard*).

Like most freshmen, she was always on the run: "I worked two hours today, had four classes, chased an *Emerald* story, and helped decorate Villard Hall for the rally." When she felt homesick, she wrote, she'd go to see a "picture show" or climb Skinner Butte and write in her diary. Lucile made time for football games and rallies; she explored the University's underground steam tunnels, and took every opportunity to relieve her "pent-up dance craving."

Today's students can certainly relate to Lucile's entries about quarreling with her roommate, Verna, while living in the UO's women's dormitory Mary Spiller Hall (razed in 1951) and chuckle at her dating dilemmas. On December 10 she wrote, "My most unpleasant adventure, the kind I have been warned against so many times, just transpired and I'm still all aquiver from it." A boy from her journalism class walked her home, but evidently got a little too cozy on the portico. "That's the first time I ever slapped a man, but I don't regret the act. Such things always sounded like heroics in a book before," she said, adding, "I also hope I hit hard enough so his face smarts."

Lucile Saunders McDonald (she married Howard McDonald on Christmas Day, 1922) went on to establish a long and successful career as a pioneering woman journalist, writer, and Northwest historian. She died in 1992 at the age of ninety-three.

Hidden History student Olivia Williams realized that some things never really change. "The stuff Lucile talked about in her entries, like parties, outings, dances, and chats, were similar to what my friends and I express on Facebook," she says. "We'll say things like 'Going out tonight!' or 'Had so much fun with all my friends at the Walton dorm.' Maybe it's just because the main thing on a teenage girl's mind is to have friends and be social . . . it seems like that feeling or emotion hasn't changed much throughout the century."

While monumental events such as the Great War in Europe did not have much of an effect on Lucile's day-to-day life, the fact that the diary doesn't read like a history textbook makes it all the more compelling. "The purpose of the FIG is to challenge and encourage students to move beyond the memorization of historical

facts to interpreting history as a historian might," Hatfield said. "We'll always start with Lucile's diary because it's a wonderful primary source."

Likewise, as University of Oregon students of the future look back on the fall of 2009, they may not read anything about economic meltdown, wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, the raging health-care debate, or that the United States elected its first African American president. What they

will learn about is how the H1N1 swine flu virus clobbered students; how they were never too busy to update their Facebook status or text a friend; how they krumped, stanky legged, and swag surfed to satisfy their pent-up "dance cravings"; how it still rains a lot in Oregon; and how they really, really loved their Ducks.

To access the Hidden History Hub, go to hiddenhistoryhub.pbworks.com. @

—Sharleen Nelson '06



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PROFile

Kathleen Karlyn

Associate Professor of English
Director of Cinema Studies



Students in Kathleen Karlyn's course on movie stars and feminist theory learn tools of analysis that sharpen their skills as media critics. "We are all conditioned to consume media culture in a passive way," she explains. "I tell my students I want them to become active, critical consumers of the media that make up so much of their world."

Karlyn's students explore feminist film criticism by applying its principles to case studies of female stars, including Shirley Temple, Greta Garbo, Madonna, and Oprah. Karlyn leads students in examining the stars in their historical and cultural contexts, analyzing how each star is created and marketed by the entertainment industry, and exploring how fans contribute to stardom.

As director of cinema studies, the University's newest program, Karlyn is definitely teaching what she knows. Cinema studies is an interdisciplinary program that incorporates courses from three different academic units: the College

of Arts and Sciences, the School of Architecture and Allied Arts, and the School of Journalism and Communication.

In her course, Karlyn uses stars to illuminate subjects such as the diva phenomenon, melodrama, sexuality, and race. She expects active participation and thoughtful consideration from each student; groups of four or five students work together to prepare and lead class discussions. A recent session included an in-depth comparison of early film starlet Greta Garbo and *Twilight* saga heroine Kristin Stewart with regard to the manipulation of viewer's emotional responses and the use of music in characterization. She describes the classroom atmosphere as "upbeat," and notes, "I learn from my students, and they learn from each other."

By the end of the term, Karlyn's students have developed a keen critical eye—something she says is crucial in today's media-infatuated society. "This, of course," she explains, "is a goal of all educational endeavors: to help students discover how they can enrich their lives, and the lives of others, by expanding their minds."

Name: Kathleen Karlyn

Education: PhD '92, UO; BA, University of Connecticut, '69; MLA, Johns Hopkins University, '73.

Teaching Experience: Member of the UO faculty since 1987; director of the Cinema Studies Program since its inception in 2009.

Awards: Center for the Study of Women in Society Research Grant in 1999 and University of Oregon Humanities Center Research Grant in 2000.

Off-Campus: Karlyn has been dancing Argentine tango for several years and will be making her first trip to Buenos Aires this summer.

Last Word: "I'd like my students to experience the rewards of understanding intellectual material that they already enjoy in a less sophisticated way." 🍷

—Melissa Hoffman '10

COURTESY KATHLEEN KARLYN

I N B R I E F



On May 21, the Memorial Quad was scene to the investiture of Richard W. Lariviere, sixteenth president of the University of Oregon. The investiture, the formal event at which the authority of the president's office is ceremonially conferred, included a traditional academic procession—marchers in full regalia from all parts of the University, twelve visiting college and university presidents, and delegates representing eighty-five institutions of higher education.

Minority Students Excel

Between 2002 and 2007, **minority students at the UO** had a six-year graduation rate of 67.1 percent, compared with the overall UO six-year graduation rate of 65.3 percent, according to a research report from the Education Trust, an organization that advocates for closing “gaps in opportunity and achievement.”

New Center, Major

A new UO research center, the Center for **Latino/a and Latin American Studies**, focuses on the interconnectedness between Latino and Latina people in the United States and Latin America. The center works collaboratively with the UO's newly established Latin American studies major.

Stimulating Science

A federal stimulus grant of \$9.1 million, awarded under the American Recovery and Reinvestment Act, will allow the UO to expand its internationally renowned **zebrafish research facility**, where researchers conduct biological, genetic, and biomedical research.

A Strong Foundation


The **UO Foundation** endowment ranked first in investment yield for the Pac-10 during the year

ending June 30, 2009, and for the previous three-year period. It also ranked second in the past five years, and third over ten years.

People in the News

Global business consultant and former dean of two prestigious business management schools **Cornelis A. “Kees” de Kluyver** '70, MBA '71, will head the UO's Lundquist College of Business. UO faculty members **Judith S. Eisen** (biology) and **Carol Silverman** (anthropology) are among 180 artists, scientists, and scholars named 2010 Guggenheim Fellows. **Ashton Eaton** broke Dan O'Brien's 1993 world record in the men's indoor heptathlon at the 2010 NCAA Indoor Track and Field Championships; **the Oregon women** took the team championship—their first national title in twenty-three years. **Dana Altman**, who has accumulated thirteen-consecutive postseason tournament appearances and eleven-straight twenty-win seasons in sixteen seasons at Creighton University, has been named the Ducks' nineteenth men's basketball head coach.

UO on TV

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AROUND THE BLOCK

• THE UO IN PORTLAND •

P/OR – UO x 134 = ?

Here's a metaphysical math problem: what do you get when you subtract Ducks from Portland?

Well, those bright Columbia rain jackets will have to go. Ditto the Nikes cushioning the feet of the joggers in Waterfront Park, followed by the park itself, or at least its name: Tom McCall was a Duck. Many hundreds of volumes of poetry and prose will vanish from the shelves of Powell's, while unhappy happy-hour denizens at pubs across the city will lift only empty, lemon-rimmed pint glasses to their lips: the Widmer taps have all gone missing, too. *The Oregonian* will suddenly find that half its Pulitzer Prizes have vanished, as well as a goodly percentage



of its staff. Farewell to the influence of four Oregon Supreme Court chief justices on countless Portland—and U.S.—changing issues, including women's rights, labor laws, and whether the words "under God" have a place in the Pledge of Allegiance. You can forget about those yellow Livestrong bracelets, certain memorable TV spots for Coke and Honda, and the sight of Bruce Campbell shilling for Old Spice. Also gone is the airy, recycled architecture that houses the highly caffeinated creatives who dreamed up the phrase "Just do it" one Stumptown morning decades ago. The Roth IRA will have to be renamed, and Taco Time replaced. So long, Trail Blazers, we'll miss you. But all is not lost: we'll get to keep Flying Spaghetti Monsterism and our computer mice... their inventors went to OSU.

It's been 134 years since the University opened in a muddy Eugene field; the UO has been doing productive work in the Rose City and beyond ever since. Over the years, students of law, medicine, architecture, business, and journalism have made their way north, where course work combined with internships and work experience sprouts new companies, ideas, and callings. The results, we'll agree, have helped create a richer Portland. As the White Stag Block—located at 70 NW Couch Street—hits its stride, new generations of students will be carving out new lives and careers in Oregon's largest city. *Oregon Quarterly* is dedicating this section, Around the Block, as a place for their stories, and those of the thousands of Ducks who call Bridgetown home. Add them all up, and it's a flock to be reckoned with.

—Mindy Moreland, MS '08

CALENDAR

'Summer in the City' courses, June–September

This summer at the White Stag Block, students will design footwear, explore cutting-edge technology through food and couture, dream up products to address the daily needs of Haitian earthquake victims, create comics and travel sketchbooks, experience Portland's Time-Based Art Festival, and much more. Many courses provide professional development and are open to continuing education students.*

Strategic Social Media Workshop, July 10 and 17

Learn about social media as a business tool in a School of Journalism and Communication

workshop combining readings, discussions, in-class activities, and student presentations. Details at turnbullcenter.uoregon.edu.

Design Camp, July 27–August 6

High school students can try their hand at architecture, digital arts, product design, and (new this year) landscape architecture.*

In the White Box Visual Laboratory, July 1–30: WeeGee

Original photographic prints by Arthur Felig (1899–1968), better known as WeeGee, a Ukrainian-born photojournalist and filmmaker famous for his black-and-white renderings of gritty urban life in mid-century New York.

*Visit aaa.uoregon.edu/summerinthecity

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Tinker!

How small-town jock and UO architecture grad Tinker Hatfield '77 became the Star of the Shoe and world's most visible designer.

By Todd Schwartz • Photos by Michael McDermott

The first thing about a shoe is the last.

Then you need to search within its soles: out, in, mid. Then consult the vamp, which is always an upper. That's how you get your kicks.

The first thing about Tinker Hatfield?

We could begin with the fairly startling notion that you can travel virtually anywhere on this planet that has human habitation, from the largest city to the most distant village, and eventually you will almost certainly see a shoe or some clothing that has been designed by Tinker Hatfield. Only one other designer can claim a similar slice of ubiquity: a one-time Portland





Tinker Hatfield recently in his office at Nike headquarters in Beaverton

State University graphic design student named Carolyn Davidson, who in 1971 created the “swoosh” logo that appears on nearly every Nike product—including most of those designed by Hatfield, the athletic shoe and apparel company’s vice president of innovation design and special projects.

Or we could open with the image of Hatfield standing before the Pompidou Center in Paris, a groundbreaking building turned inside out, all brightly colored exoskeleton of pipes and girders and heating ducts. In time he will use the inspiration of this moment to design the first Nike shoe with a window in the arch, revealing rather than hiding the new air-cushion structure within—exposing the sole of the Air Max.

We could begin with today’s hard-to-believe-he’s-fifty-seven-years-old guy in the hip glasses and T-shirt, the renowned

high priest of Nike’s Innovation Kitchen, the new-idea factory on the Nike campus that is off limits to nearly everyone, including most Nike employees. Hatfield has reached the point in his career where he need answer to no one, could even retire with all the Nike stock and the several houses he has designed for his family and the sports-legend friends and the thanks of a grateful sneaker-wearing nation—but he won’t, because design still excites him as much as ever. And because the company still needs a provocateur. Hatfield still thinks by drawing, still sketches new ideas every day, although now using his finger on the screen of his iPad rather than pencil and paper. A guy from the analog time getting more digital every day.

Perhaps we should jump back to Hatfield’s first meeting with the Jumpman himself, über-competitive and perfection-demanding basketball icon Michael Jordan, with whom Hatfield will build a lasting friendship—along with several generations of the game-changing Air Jordan shoe, inspired by everything from fighter jets to panthers to one particularly compelling lawnmower.

But in truth the first thing and the last about Tinker Hatfield, even beyond his design acumen and crazy success and double-secret creative lairs, is athletics. His path runs from athletics to architecture and back to athletics, so sports is where we’ll begin, going back four decades to the furrowed fields of the Willamette Valley and the burgers at the Arctic Circle in little Halsey, Oregon. He’s celebrating after a football game, maybe (Hatfield was a Sunkist All-American), or a basketball game or a track meet (All-American there, too). Maybe it’s a party on the day in 1970 when the kid from Central Linn High School was named the Oregon high school athlete of the year. Sports were everything in his family—his dad was a coach, his mom was a coach, his brother would become a coach, and his sister would eventually marry a coach—and Tinker Jr. (as he was known as a kid, although Tinker was just his dad’s nickname, while it was the younger Hatfield’s actual given name) was good enough to be recruited nationally.

“I was just a jock,” Hatfield says today. “I was a decent student, but not the most diligent. I dreamed I would become a professional athlete, and I didn’t really have a plan past that. I used to sketch a lot in high school, just doodles really, and one day I had an epiphany, which was how to draw a house in perspective. I had a simple thought: ‘Hey! Architecture!’”

That was that, until Hatfield traveled around the country on college recruiting visits, being asked at each stop what he planned to study.

“I didn’t know what to say,” he remembers, “so I decided to tell everyone that I wanted to go to architecture school. I had no idea that it was the kiss of death—because *no one* goes to architecture school and also plays big-time sports! So each time I’d say my thing, and the USC or Stanford or LSU faces would fall, and they’d say ‘Oh . . . hmmm . . . no one’s ever done that.’ . . . In a funny way it made me want to do it even more—of course, I had absolutely no concept of how much work it took to go to architecture school!”

Eventually, he narrowed his choice of sport down to track

and field—it seemed the most doable in combination with architecture school—and his choice of college to those who offered both a track scholarship and a well-known architecture program. The UO was one of those, and Bill Bowerman was the first coach to say, “Sure, I think you can do it all.”

Hatfield did, slowly evolving from the track athlete who happened to be going into architecture to the budding architect who happened to be a track guy. In the process he held the Ducks’ record in the pole vault, and finished sixth at the 1976 Olympic Trials. He also suffered an injury that eventually would end his career as a world-class athlete and then redirected all of his focus to architecture and design.

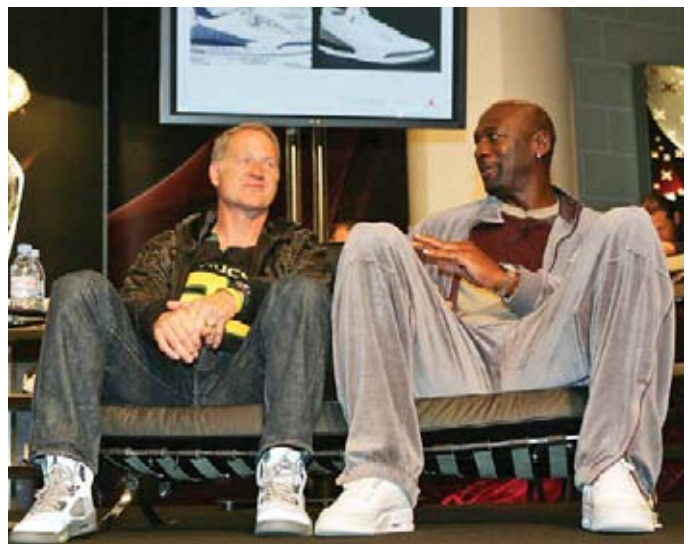
It turned out that Hatfield had found the perfect place. First, there was the School of Architecture and Allied Arts itself, which stressed technology less and thought process and client interaction more—design training applicable to any challenge, not just buildings. Then there was Bowerman—who loved his unique new track-team guinea pig, who could test the coach’s prototype shoe designs and come back with drawings and notes and detailed design feedback. Bowerman had also cofounded a little upstart shoe company for which Hatfield would eventually go to work in 1981.

But for the first few years after graduation, Hatfield practiced architecture in Eugene, applying the design processes and client focus he had learned at the UO.

“I’d love to credit some important people in my education,” says Hatfield, looking back, “especially at Oregon. [Professor emeritus] Michael Utsey was one of the first teachers who really got through to me, and saw something in me. He taught me to draw better and to appreciate the human nature and scale of architecture. I talked to him a lot. Another great influence is [adjunct professor] Otto Poticha, who represented the renegade side of being a designer, kind of ‘out there’ and opinionated and funny, but also really smart and amazing at solving problems in unique ways. [Professor emeritus] William Kleinsasser wrote a book [*Synthesis 9 / A Comprehensive Theory Base for Architecture*] that taught me a lot about the larger context of architecture and pattern language, about the need to understand the entire community and culture. That’s come in very handy as we work around the world for Nike.”

Hatfield’s world was a good deal smaller back then, but it jumped in size when he joined Nike as a staff architect, designing offices, showrooms, and retail stores. Design is as design does, one might say, and before long the many options presented by a young, growing company allowed Hatfield to make a nearly seamless transition to shoe design. And when he got into the game, he took over. With the Air Max and his first Jordan, the Air Jordan III, he scored huge wins for Nike. When he noticed that his friends at the gym all lugged around several different kinds of sneakers for different activities, he created an entirely new category with the first all-in-one cross-training shoe, the Air Trainer. By 1989, Hatfield was creative director of all Nike product design, and the hits just kept coming.

“The design process begins differently,” he says, “between a building and a shoe, but along the way the process becomes



Top: Hatfield on the pole vault runway at Hayward Field in the mid-'70s; Below: Hatfield with basketball legend and sneaker icon Michael Jordan at NikeTown London in 2006.

more and more similar. At Nike, I’ve always started a lot of projects on my own, just because I get an idea. That wouldn’t happen often with a building, because someone has to put up the money! I don’t begin with a marketing brief—I’ve never thought they were that helpful. I just try to pay attention to my own sense of innovation and ability to understand the marketplace.

“But once you get into the meat of the design process, shoes and buildings aren’t that much different. When I sit down with an athlete, say Roger Federer or Kobe Bryant or Lance Armstrong or LeBron James or Brad Walker”—leave it to Hatfield to throw in a pole-vaulter—“they’re the clients, they have specific performance and style criteria, specific needs and desires similar in nature to someone who wants a house or a church or a school. For me it was a natural. Having been an athlete, I think like an athlete, I can communicate with an athlete on any level—I believe personal insight is critical to success. And along with that insight I had the benefit of an education in architecture and design that stressed the

FROM TOP: UNIVERSITY OF OREGON LIBRARIES—SPECIAL COLLECTIONS AND UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES; COURTESY OF NIKETOWN LONDON

principle of hearing and understanding the client.”

Performance comes first, Hatfield makes clear. The style of the shoe flows from that and also embodies something he understands at the core level about the particular athlete, combined with a million absorbed influences—which is how a tough little push mower, hard around the edges, sharp on the inside, meshed in Hatfield’s mind and sketchbook with the facts of Michael Jordan’s sparkle and endless tenacity, and became a strong patent leather band, durable and shiny, encircling the famous Air Jordan XI.

So it went. Hatfield had all the tools:



an innate sense of design that effortlessly (or so it seemed) combined diverse influences with natural market savvy, plus a top athlete’s insight into performance, and a complete willingness (some might say a calling) to push the limits, to smile and shine, from the first hole-in-the-sole Air Max forward, as he nudged the suits way past their comfort zones. *Fortune* magazine named him one of the 100 most influential designers of the twentieth century. To some

it may have looked easy, but they don’t appreciate the long hours and the fact that Hatfield is his own harshest critic and most demanding client. The rare miss aside, he’s been in the zone for a very long time.

Nearly thirty years after joining Nike, Hatfield may be seen as one of the company’s elder statesmen, but he still prides himself on being the irritant (an untouchable one, to be sure) in Nike’s very profitable oyster. But pearls are ever harder to come by.

“I’m a unique case here at Nike,” Hatfield says with a chuckle. “People don’t mess with me too much, because of some past successes, but also because I set myself up early on, with my personality and my approach, as the provocateur. People just expect me to be that rabble-rouser.”

Which was all the rage in the ’80s—but could he do it again in 2010?

“Good question,” he answers. “I wrestle with that when I mentor people on the way up. The world has become a little more conservative in the past ten years. It seems to me that people in general aren’t as risk-taking as they were. When I came to Nike, things were more wide open, and it was easier to be a risk taker—of course, one thing that has a big effect on risk-taking behavior is the nature of what you have to lose if you make a mistake! Nike is now so big that a mistake can be huge, as can be the successes. The company is a microcosm of the rest of the world, and it’s a bit of a struggle—I spend a good part of each day trying to convince people on all sides, from business to sales and marketing to design, that we still need to take risks and be innovative, be those provocateurs we once were.

“I’ve been around long enough that I can say those things. I have some liberties at Nike that others don’t. I take that as a privilege, and I try not to waste the influence I have and the freedom I have to take risks. If I just kept my head down and played the corporate line completely, I’d be squandering the capital I’ve built up over a lot of years.”


Hatfield won’t start playing it safe now—he’s still, at heart, a pole-vaulter, a guy who thinks it’s a good idea to use

a thin, springy stick to hurl himself, upside down and feet first, over the highest obstacle he can. That, and the fact that, what with all the freedom and the money and the hanging out with stars and the secret lair, there simply can’t be many better jobs in the solar system.

For now, he’ll keep putting finger to touchscreen, designing everything from new shoes for many of the world’s top athletes (and the world’s largest footwear bottom line) to quirky vacation homes for his family, composed of his wife Jackie and their three daughters, to just about everything for the UO athletic department, including the stadium-floor-plan “O” logo that has migrated from the football uniforms to become the official mark of the University as a whole. Hatfield is also involved in reuniforming and rebranding Oregon State University athletics (he grew up halfway between the homes of the Ducks and the Beavers, after all), so expect upcoming Civil War games to be very well-dressed affairs.

Every so often he’ll decide it might be the time to just do it, to completely pass the swoosh to the next generation of Nike designers, but then he’ll remember:

“This is just too much fun not to keep doing,” Hatfield emphasizes. “Of course, the world’s always changing and we keep modifying our organization, so who knows? The part of the company I run is supposed to be thinking of things no one has ever done before, and you need a bit of chaos and uncertainty in the mix to do that well. I kind of like uncertainty—probably because of my sports background. In athletics you never know what’s going to happen, you just get out there and go for it.”

With that, Tinker Hatfield picks up the pole and sprints away, running hell-bent for takeoff. 

Todd Schwartz ’75 is a Portland writer who, when he discovered that the world’s oldest existing shoes were a pair of 10,000-year-old sage-bark sandals discovered in 1938 in Central Oregon by the UO’s Luther Cressman, was certain he had some Chuck Taylors older than that.



Disappearing Act

Getting to know—again—a mother changed by Alzheimer's

STORY AND PHOTOS BY JENNIFER MEYER



My mother was never much of a hugger. A pat on the back at the airport maybe. Sideways squeeze at a party. She preferred waving. Now when she hugs me, her whole body presses tight, her whispery cheek soft against mine. She's so tiny. Loose skin on sharp bones. Frail hands clutch my back.

She was a quick-witted woman, my mother. Always eager for an intellectual spar. Kept a party moving. Filled lulls with conversation launchers. "Do you think Nixon thought of himself as a misunderstood hero?" When all else failed, there was the piano. She could make wallflowers sing.

As a teenager, I tended to fall silent around her. Slipped between the wedges of words, never nimble enough for the

flashes of openings. Not clever enough for counterpoints. How I must have confounded her. We were on two different planes, she and I. I would have been happy with a hug. Instead, we learned to tiptoe dance around each other.

I moved to the West Coast after college and kept my visits home brief and far between. She only came to Oregon twice. Both times, she raved about the rocky coast, the waterfalls, and mountains. "What a glorious place to live," she said, surveying the treetops from our deck. "Heaven." But I could never get her to come back again, and eventually I stopped asking.

It's been five years now since she was diagnosed. "Probable Alzheimer's," because the only definitive test is postmortem. Five years since my sister and I swept in like flying monkeys

and lifted her out of her life. Set her up in an assisted-living facility, where we did our best to recreate a two-room version of Mom's stately St. Louis home.

My sister and I had been trying for years to convince Mom to move near one of us. We knew something was up. She'd let the rental she owned go empty rather than deal with finding tenants. She stopped going to book club and her monthly Mensa meetings. She wouldn't let friends in the door, because her house was "too messy for anyone to see." And she denied herself outings or travel until she could "get her life back in order."

"I think I'm losing my mind," she admitted to me once.

I started flying in from Oregon every six months to help put things in order. One time my sister joined me, and under the guise of a happy reunion, we donned old gingham aprons and went on a cleaning spree. Beth has a knack for turning a daunting project into a lark, and before long we were wearing lampshades and scrubbing the kitchen while dancing to show tunes. Mom joined us in a conga line and didn't even notice us sneaking piles of clipped articles and endless sticky notes into the trash. By the time we left, we'd stacked forty-one bags of garbage at the curb and had taken even more to recycling. The deep grain of the old oak dining room table gleamed, but we'd barely made a dent in what was quickly becoming Miss Havisham's mansion.

Not long after that visit, I got a call from Mom. "I'm sitting here in the dark, and I don't know why." The electricity had been shut off after she'd forgotten to pay the bill.

"It's not safe for you to keep living all by yourself with no one around to help you," I insisted after setting up her bills on auto pay. Beth and I both looked into retirement facilities near our homes, but Mom would have none of it.

On my last visit to St. Louis, Mom wasn't at the airport to pick me up, even though I'd called from my stopover in Phoenix to remind her. When she answered at home, she suggested I take a cab.

"Sorry for the mess," Mom said

when I arrived. "If I'd known you were coming, I would have cleaned up." She touched her limp hair, tugged on her wrinkled shirt. "I'm hardly suitable."

Every room was piled with newspapers and magazines. Bulging Walgreens shopping bags slumped in corners, covered chairs and surfaces. The dining room table was heaped again with unopened mail—literally three feet deep. The answering machine blinked with dozens of ignored messages.

When Beth arrived the next day, she was as shocked as I was. "How can she add this much clutter in six months?" she asked. "It's worse than last time."

Fortified by each other's presence, we shifted into high gear, tackling the mail mountain first. Among the usual subscription and credit card offers,



we found a letter revoking her driver's license, lapsed car registration, auto insurance cancellation, overdraft alerts, unpaid bills, delinquent tax notices, and a year's worth of uncashed dividend checks.

We took Mom to her doctor, who ordered a CAT scan and told her she could no longer drive or live alone. We had power of attorney papers notarized, met with her accountant, set up new bank accounts, and arranged for Mom to move into an assisted-living facility near Beth.

We thought she would fight it, this sudden evacuation. Leaving her birth city, friends she'd grown up with. But by then the full, cultured life she'd built for herself was in tatters. After all those years of stubborn resistance, she relin-

quished control with gratitude. Seemed eager for a fresh start. And she donned a personality we'd never known, child-like and docile. "Oh, will we get ice cream when we're done?" We could have been packing her for summer camp.

Atria Senior Living was filled with old people. Hunched and shuffling with walkers. Some in wheelchairs being spoon fed. Stroke survivors struggling to communicate. "Mom doesn't belong here," I whispered to Beth when we first arrived. She was way too young and vibrant. This place was depressing. But Mom greeted her new neighbors with enthusiasm and grace. She was thrilled that her "apartment" was next to the courtyard.

"I'm so lucky," she'd say, several times a day. "I have such a good life." And somehow, just by saying it, it was so.

Beth settled Mom in, and I returned to St. Louis to undertake the dismantling of my mother's three-story home, filled to bursting with valuable antiques, unopened purchases, squirreled junk, and rotting food. Thirty years of accumulation. Three generations of heirlooms. As hard as we had worked, the task ahead was so much larger.

I walked through the rooms of the century-old colonial with the intention of taking inventory. What to keep, sell, or give away. What to fix. The house's neglect was obvious. Broken towel racks, dripping faucets, stained carpets, walls blistered with water damage.

Everywhere there were hints of the private hell my mother must have been going through. Daily lists and reminders. Post-its everywhere. Detailed notes on phone conversations. (No wonder she could rattle off so easily what each of us had been doing.) Stacks and stacks of new books all bookmarked within the first chapter. She must have known for some time what was happening, her mind at war with itself. And she had worked so hard to cover, to compensate.

This was when it hit me. A tidal wave of memories and regret. Grief big enough to smash that wall of competence I'd been holding strong. Alone in that big house, I could wail.

Back at Atria, Mom was adjusting

nically. She ate well, made friends, went on weekly outings, and bragged about her bingo winnings.

Bingo?

"Oh, yes. Your mum, she never misses a game," the Jamaican aid told me. "She's the life of the party around here. Always dresses so pretty. Everybody loves your mum." But mum had convinced them all that she was more capable than she really was, and when she got lost one day walking to the drugstore, we moved her to a facility specifically for Alzheimer's patients. At Silverado, she shares a small room with a congenial woman who calls her by the wrong name. Mom wanders the halls a lot, confused. And she hardly ever remembers to put in her teeth.

When she had to start wearing Depends and getting help with showers, our old Mom temporarily resurfaced. "How dare you touch me! I am perfectly capable of bathing myself, and I will not abide by this!" She fought her white-clad "attackers" with a bathrobe belt. Afterwards, she slumped in her seat—hair wet, shaking—and grasped my hand. "I just want to die. I don't want this. It's unbearable."

My heart split open. *What was she saying? Did she really want an early out?*

I grappled with her words. Not that I really *could* do anything to help her. Here in Oregon, assisted suicide is legal, but to qualify, you must be of sound mind and failing body. Not the other way around. Even if you could designate a stage in the future at which you'd like to be eased away, by the time you reached it, you might feel differently, and who would win—the person you were or the person you are? Who would get to decide?

Alzheimer's is a slow and callous killer. It could be another five years for Mom. She will forget who we are, how to walk or talk, how to move a spoon to her mouth, and eventually how to swallow. No "death with dignity" here. We can hope for a heart attack.

As I held Mom's hand, I wished I could spare her the worst to come. But I knew I could never hasten death for her. How could I live with that?

Months later, Mom has settled into a cocoon of complacency. She's content to sit at the window, watching the birds at the feeder. She smiles frequently—a big child-grin. Most of her sentences are garbled, sprinkled with familiar phrases and Mom-isms. "It's ironic, isn't it, how each tree in the sky wants to eat first, when the leaves outside are so blue?"

She still remembers us kids, if not the grandkids. But even the favorite memories she used to recollect, over and over until we thought we'd go crazy, are lost to her now.


"Remember when Kennedy died and we drove all night to D.C.?" I prompt her. "We stood in the freezing cold at five in the morning to save our place on the curb so we could watch the funeral procession?" She looks at me like I'm speaking another language.

With the diminishing of her brain function, however, her heart has come forward at last. One by one, the crustier layers have peeled away, and I've found the mother I'd always missed. She can't play Scrabble with me, or talk politics, or even ask about my family. But when she sees me, she opens her arms, and her eyes are full of love.

If Old Mom were here, watching over us, she'd be appalled. And maybe she'd rail for mercy. But New Mom is just fine for now, and I'm grateful for this second chance we have.

From that brilliant, brittle woman, a softer flower has bloomed. She strokes my arm with a speckled hand and murmurs, "I always meant to fly upside down."

"I know, Mom," I whisper back. "I love you, too."

When I touch her shoulder, instead of flinching, she leans in for a hug. 

Jennifer Meyer is a web designer, photographer and, when the subject compels her, a writer. She has lived in Eugene for twenty years, where she and her partner raised their two children (the oldest of which is a UO alum). Currently she is revisiting a writing project started thirty-five years ago—a collection of stories about her experiences as a cab driver in Ann Arbor.

Essay Contest

"Disappearing Act" by **Jennifer Meyer** is the winning entry of the 2010 *Oregon Quarterly* Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest, as selected by this year's contest judge, Thomas Hager, MS '81, author of *The Alchemy of Air* and other award-winning books of narrative science history and the former editor of *Oregon Quarterly*. Meyer wins \$750. Second place winner in the open category is **Adam David Nilsson** of Corvallis for "Rhythmites," and third place goes to **Fred Lorish**, MA '68, of Eugene, who wrote "Browntown." Nilsson wins \$300 and Lorish, \$100. The winner in the student category is **Kate Degenhardt** of Eugene for "Surviving Oregon," which appears on page 56 in slightly abridged form. She wins \$500. **Leslie Barnard** of Eugene wins second (\$200) for "Slug Love," and **Truman Capps** of Eugene takes third (\$75) for "State of Paradox." Degenhardt, Barnard, and Capps are all UO students.

The other contest finalists are as follows:

OPEN CATEGORY

(sixty-six total entries)

Claudia Charlton, Port Orford, for "The Harvest"

Kate Dyer-Seeley '99, Vancouver, Washington, for "Pack It Up Kids—We're Leaving: Lessons from an Unlikely Football Fan"

Thomas Eckert '01, Portland, for "Betty"

M. T. Hoyer, Davis, California, for "The Rapids of Addiction"

Denis Mortenson, Salem, for "Remembering Dad"

Joanna Rose, Portland, for "Fishtrap and Back Again"

Richard Taylor, Eugene, for "The Curse of Jackson Pollack: The Truth behind the World's Greatest Art Scandal"

STUDENT CATEGORY

(twenty-two total entries)

Diana Coogle, Applegate, "Living Intimately with the Earth"

Gail Cole, Corvallis, "Oregon and Its Cowboys"

Writers are encouraged to enter the 2011 essay contest, when the judge will be 2009 National Book Critics Circle autobiography award finalist Debra Gwartney, who was the winner of the first Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest in 2000. The deadline is January 31, 2011. Additional details will be posted at OregonQuarterly.com as they become available.

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

Day *in* Court

BY ELLEN WATERSTON

A speeding ticket leads to a restoration of faith in a changing Central Oregon.

Less than often, more than once, headed back out to our High Desert ranch via Highway 20, I would be pulled over by the same state trooper. “You again,” he would say. Humoring him, I’d point out that if he delayed me too long the ice cream would melt, gesturing toward the month’s worth of groceries stacked high in the back of my station wagon; that husband and children were waiting and my babysitter probably worn to a frazzle. He’d usually wave me on good naturedly, but not before we took a moment to take in the eastern horizon basted in the rays of the sun setting behind us, behind the spires of the Cascade Mountains. He never wrote me a ticket.

The trip from the ranch to Prineville, Madras, Redmond, and Bend and back was a 300-mile circle, took a full day. Tractor and swather parts, chicken feed, milk supplement, and veterinary medicine. I’d hurry through the smaller towns to make it on time for a late lunch with girlfriends in Bend followed by a quick game of tennis, outside if the weather was good, often at a friend’s well-appointed ranchette, and if it was winter, in the Crane Shed, an old lumber storage building—an enormous basilica of a thing that had outlasted its usefulness and no longer stored cut lumber. Instead, someone with a sense and style of humor that seemed to be more prevalent in those days had installed a couple of makeshift tennis courts. If you put a quarter in the slot the lights would go on for an hour and, despite the dank cold and the pigeon poop, a decent game of tennis could be had. In 2007 the crumbling wooden structure became Bend’s cause célèbre when a developer wanted to tear it down to make way for a new upscale mall. A protest was mounted and a plan to preserve the old Crane Shed as a



historic building was presented to the city council. But having calculated the worst-case fine he’d receive versus what his buyer would pay, the developer marshaled an army of gigantic front-end loaders and Cats and knocked the shed down under the cloak of darkness before the City of Bend

had come to any decision. The millions he received in the sale easily offset the paltry fine of \$60,000 he was charged for his misdemeanor. The proposed development for the site has yet to materialize given economic downturns. The massive lot sits empty, affording an unobstructed view of the Deschutes River and the Cascades. Sagebrush and a few clutches of wild rye start to make a tentative comeback. Returned nesting ground sparrows quarrel over house sites.

Between trips to town I'd keep my tennis game sharp, playing every once in awhile on the McCormack's tennis court at their ranch on Bear Creek. Cows would pause on their purposeless trip down the dirt road that flanked the court to apply their tiny brain to the question of why those humans were fenced inside such a small, grassless pasture. Coming up with no satisfactory answer, but no doubt pitying our lot, they moseyed away.

Sometimes I took my infant children with me on the runs to town, plopping them in a playpen in back of the station wagon, armed with zwiebacks. This was before the days of car seats and seat belts. They'd roll around inside, ricocheting off the padding, delighted with the turns. They'd chortle at the trooper when we were stopped. After taking in the sunset, sometimes he and I would take a moment to compare our versions of life, love, and the pursuit. I saw only possibility, I told him. He waved me on home.

But today I was driving to Portland. I had by now lived in "town" for as long as I had lived on the ranch, my children grown and, for better or worse, on their own, their tormented father dead from a self-inflicted gunshot wound, my second marriage in a shambles, and I forcibly relieved of my naïve belief that things would turn out as I had hoped or dreamed: happy familial commotion, an enduring relationship, dare I say life on a ranch? On this trip I wasn't headed to town to buy farm implement parts. Instead I was driving from Bend to Portland and using that drive to put my parts back together, glad to think, reflect about the who, what, where, and why of my life that had played out on this High Desert stage.

I drove through the Crooked River National Grasslands, a prairie that, as it approaches Madras, settles out into perfect fields of agricultural promise, giant pivots staggering like Franksteins in stiff-legged circles. They irrigate rich harvests of mint, garlic, wheat, and seed crops planted right up to the front door of tidy, contrite farm houses begrudgingly permitted a small corner of land next to looming machine sheds that shelter dinosaur-sized machinery. Madras is a microclimate, a farmer's heaven ever since a post-World War II project delivered water to its thirsty plains and long growing season. It is a town of unusual ethnic diversity: Native Americans, thanks to the Warm Springs Reservation to the north, Mexicans, thanks to the seasonal labor that spawned a permanent population, second and third generations of homesteading Caucasians. With its dry surrounds that encroach just beyond the irrigated fields; its low-slung, stucco buildings; its wide, dusty streets named

after letters in the alphabet as though the town was to be only a temporary encampment, Madras has more the air of a sun-bleached southwestern border outpost than a town in the center of Oregon, an Oregon so often thought of (by those who don't know) as a state of lush green and endless rainfall.

But Oregon is, in fact, mostly desert. Oregon is mostly this gritty, beautiful, hardscrabble landscape. Madras in some ways most truly represents the region socially, economically, and environmentally. Its Central Oregon cousins seem to have taken on false identities or lost them. Sisters pretends to be a Western town with false fronts and building codes that require that the ruse continue. Prineville, once a mill town and a monument to the genius of Les Schwab, who built his tire-manufacturing empire there, is now in search of an economic identity since the closure of the mills and Schwab's death and the relocation of the headquarters. Bend seems preoccupied with a more hip vision of itself, chasing a tourism-based economy (dubbed "industrial tourism" by Edward Abbey) that is proving to be as ephemeral as the morning dew. No, for a dose of what's left of the real, go to Madras. I didn't anticipate what a bracing dose I would get.

I had just passed the auction yards coming off that straight stretch of farm land. The yards are the last ones left in the region. It used to be every town had their own. Redmond, in my lifetime, once had two. At the Madras yards, the elevated boardwalks still crisscross above pens filled with livestock. Buyers, in caps or cowboy hats, boots, and blue jeans, walk slowly back and forth like penitentiary guards as though the cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs might be planning some sort of insurrection. They hook a heel of their cowboy boot on the railing fence and pause long enough to hear the wind, to feel the dry heat, to smell the fresh-cut alfalfa lying in windrows in the surrounding fields. They write some numbers down on the ubiquitous small spiral-bound pad of paper carried in their ink-stained shirt pocket, and then lazily, coolly head back into the auction barn. Inside the sawdust-covered arena, the hazer on horseback herds the confused and scared animals in frantic circles. The singsong monotone of the auctioneer is spliced with a loud "Hey!" or "Hut!" when he spots a bid signified by the surreptitious touch of a cap brim, the tilt of a pencil, the lift of a chin. "Sold!" And the reluctant performers are escorted abruptly off stage, kicking their heels in protest against the nipping cow dogs.

Highway 97 is a national highway and yet is dangerously only two lanes wide. Loaded cattle trucks swing wide to turn their big semi loads slowly off the highway into the auction yards. School buses stop to let children off. People drive all manner of rigs at all manner of speeds—a plodding, extra-wide tractor going from one field to another; old farmers in beat-up Chevy pick-ups in no hurry to get anywhere; reckless teenage drivers; migrant workers, ten plus, jammed into an overheated van, scarves hanging down from under



their hats like sheiks. The stretch of 97 between Bend and Madras is referred to as the ribbon of death, it has claimed so many lives. The highway jams together the pace of the country with the breakneck mode of getting somewhere fast, things to do on city time. I was on city time. Checking my watch, I realized I was running late. I stepped on it, sixty-five, seventy-five miles per hour, left the livestock auction in my dust. Then I noticed the flashing light in my rearview mirror. This trooper, unlike my friend from my ranching days, was in no mood for conversation. He cut me no slack. The hefty price tag on the ticket led me to decide to appear in court to see if I could get my fine reduced. On the appointed day I tiptoed slowly back to Madras, fifty-five miles per hour all the way.

At reduced speeds it's amazing what one sees. Red-tailed hawks diving for sage rats. The stooping ballet of the farm laborers, now out of their van, necks and faces covered, genuflecting toward the earth, a posture as old as time, memorialized on canvases across the world, symbolic of the relationship between land owners and their workers, gentry and peon. I saw horses startled by a dust devil, galloping, heads and tails high, across their pasture. I was struck by the perfection of the black angus cattle against the green of the fields. Such a day! The sun sipped the moisture out of the ground through a straw, filled the air with smells of growing things.

The courthouse in Madras, constructed in the 1960s, is made of cement, strong and massive, reinforcing the message of permanence and, in this case, the rule of law. On my scheduled day in court, and a few minutes late, I walked up the buffed linoleum steps, my hand gliding along a carved wooden banister. Large windows with vertical panes of glass framed the juniper-studded hills. The embedded perfume of years of Mr. Clean pinched the air.

I gave my name as I entered the room and took my seat in one of a row of oak pews separated by a wide

aisle that led up to the thronelike chair of the judge. The court recorder sat at a table below on the right and on the left, one woman sat alone in the separate pews reserved for the jury. I didn't know her function and studied her for a clue. She was trim, short hair in tight round curls, Sunday morning Methodist curls. She wore a floral, belted dress, flat shoes, bifocals. She could have been seventy or even older. She sat schoolmarm straight, a pad of paper and pen in her lap. I still had no idea why she was there.

The judge was announced by the court reporter. "Please rise." All of us did. He ceremoniously entered the courtroom, throwing his long, black robes out behind him as he settled into his chair. In silence we, a motley crew of Mexicans, Native Americans, Caucasians, all sat back down. Already there was something otherworldly, out of space and time about this courtroom space and this appointed time.

There were nine of us scattered among the pews. Some mandated to appear, others like myself volunteering to do so, others there as support to their friends. As the last to arrive I would be the last to be called and so I sat and watched as each defendant walked down the aisle to stand before the judge.

When I was small, traveling by train in New England was common. My mother and I spent a lot of time in train stations going between Andover, where we lived, ("And over, and over, and over!" the conductor used to call when we pulled into our station) and Boston, Massachusetts, where most of her relatives (my aunts, uncles, cousins) lived. On those trips she introduced me to one of her favorite pastimes, inventing stories about the people waiting for the train. We sat next to each other on the wooden bench, whispering our invented histories about the man with the cane, the young mother and her fussy baby. I still survive long airport delays with this distraction, and in the Madras courthouse on this day I had plenty of fodder, and time, as I awaited my turn.

Across the aisle from me was a picture-perfect young teenage couple. Their fingers twined and untwined, their thighs pressed against each other's, her head against his chest—as many body parts touching as was publicly acceptable. He wore jeans that traced his muscled thighs, his manhood. A cotton shirt hung loosely off his shoulders. She was sheathed in tight pants, her perky ripeness contained inside a halter top, her eyelids painted bright blue, and a fountain of blonde hair twisted into a barrette and pinned at the back of her head.

When he was called and got up to walk toward the judge, she leaned forward desperately as though unable to breathe without him. She gripped the edge of the pew, watched intently as he strode toward the judge, pulling his cap off his head at the curt instruction of the court reporter. He stood upright before the judge, *yes sir, no sir*, maintained he had been falsely accused by the police officer, that the report indicates a collision and there was none, instead his empty gooseneck horse trailer had hit some gravel on a turn and fishtailed but he was driving under the speed limit. His girlfriend silently mouthed every word he said, inching her way along the pew closer to the aisle, closer to him. No other vehicles were involved and he did not hit the guard rail. The officer had accused him of things he did not do. Farm kid, I thought. White bread. Entitlement. Marry young, maybe the girl he was with, carry on farming the land his father farmed, his grandfather farmed. He'd been driving tractors and balers since he was ten. Knew seasons. Knew the hardship of losing a calf, a crop. Men had their job: work hard, play hard. Women had theirs, supporting their husbands. Life was black and white, in bold letters, easy to read and understand. In keeping with happy endings, the judge dismissed the case. The boy sauntered back to his pew, gestured to his girl, and the two walked out side-by-side. He playfully hooked his fingers in the belt loops of her tight pants, pulling up on them slightly. She laughed.



Next, a young Native American woman, maybe five feet tall, stocky, joined by two white girls there to support her. Lots of whispering and commotion among them. She giggled after every answer to the judge. Like a teenager. Only she wasn't and it wasn't her first offense and she had not paid a previous traffic violation. The judge levied a high fine and a stern warning. She and her friends left, noisily reasserting their version of the story and of the world. But the reality of the decision that day would catch up with her. I could see it. Her version of the world would not stand a chance. She was naïve and vulnerable and she was asking and relying on directions from people as lost as she.

"Come to the Meet Market!" was embroidered in red letters across the back of the shiny, purple jacket worn by the next defendant, part of "Meet" covered by a stringy ponytail. The smell of cigarette smoke followed her up the aisle. The judge addressed this rough-hewn woman in a weary, familiar tone, asked her why she was again driving with a suspended license, had failed to take care of other misdemeanors. Was she aware this behavior would land her in jail? "I drove cuz no way else to get to work. Ain't gonna hitch, ain't gonna walk, I'll tell you what. Not all the way from the rez." The judge and his threats didn't worry her. She had twenty-four hours to come up with the money for the past tickets? What a joke.

"I don't got that kind of money."

"The court can assist you with a payment schedule."

Her body language made it clear that the possible repercussions were nothing compared to what she confronted at home with her husband, who sat in the courtroom, his belly resting on his knees, his thick, brown arm slung over the back of the pew, nothing compared to life on the reservation as a white woman.

There was one more to be called before it was my turn. His dark pants were pressed, his white shirt clean, a crucifix around his neck. His dark hair

was slicked and neat, some gray appearing above his ears. He wore boots, the heels worn so far down on the outside, his knees splayed slightly. The elderly woman with the gray pin curls, who had sat through the proceedings, now got up and came and stood by the defendant in front of the judge. Why? I wondered. He turned his cap in his hands, stood head down before the judge as though he had entered church.

He had. At least that's how my invented story about him went. His future was in the hands of this priestlike figure seated up above him. He was used to bowing to authority, to work. He wanted to believe in this system, any system, just as he wanted to believe in God. That the right thing, the just thing can happen. Will happen. That he will experience it before his time is up. That he is seen, recognized by powers greater than himself. Maybe he would find a place that received him, absolved him of his troubles, soothed his brow, held him, would recognize him for the honest and hard-working man he was. *No mordida*. No graft. No hardship. No unfairness. Things would fall into place. All that had gone before would now make sense—leaving Mexico, getting his papers, years of farm labor in California and now in Oregon. That his wife would get the medicine she needed for her diabetes. That he could afford false teeth. That his children and grandchildren would uphold the values he stood for. That the droopy pants and chains and backward caps of his grandsons meant nothing, were just a style. This courtroom, salvation. This churchlike space, redemption.

When the judge asked for his name, the elderly woman by his side effortlessly and instantaneously translated what the judge said into Spanish and then what the defendant said into English. The court translator? I don't know what I thought one would look like, but this apple-crisp woman was not it. She repeated in Spanish without inflection or emotion the judge's observations that all the required

He wanted to believe in this system, any system, just as he wanted to believe in God. That the right thing, the just thing can happen. Will happen.

documents from his years working in California had been submitted, showed no infractions, that, on review, he was properly licensed. The judge paused and reflected for a moment, leafing through the papers. The room was absolutely silent. The judge tapped the end of his pen on his desk, leaned back in his swivel chair, looked directly at the man before him. "Case dismissed." The Mexican man did not move. The translator repeated what the judge had said. "Case dismissed."

The man, his cap in his hands held against his waist, respectfully bowed his head. "*Gracias*."

I couldn't restrain myself. I yelled out "Bravo!" as he walked out of the courtroom. My faith in the order of things, the possibility of happy outcomes, not just for the entitled but for Everyman, had been restored; the perfection of life's theater, the cautionary tales and parables every moment affords. "Order in the court!" reprimanded the judge. "Next defendant: Ellen Waterston. Please approach the bench." My fine was reduced. I drove back to Bend slowly, much more slowly, and richer, far richer. @

Ellen Waterston lives in Bend. This essay is part of a collection, Where the Crooked River Rises, to be published by Oregon State University Press later this year. Waterston has also written There Was No Mountain, a memoir, and two books of poetry, Between Desert Seasons and I Am Madagascar, the winner of the Willa Prize in Poetry in 2005. She was the winner of the 2008 Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest.

Maps for the *Times*

Erin Aigner brings color-rich and data-intensive cartography to the Gray Lady.

By KIMBER WILLIAMS



From ancient times, cartographers have been sensemakers.

Unraveling the mysteries of distant lands. Charting the stars. Illuminating far-flung horizons to bring the unknown within reach. But twenty-first century cartographers have a whole new set of tools to enrich the tradition that began with wall paintings and papyrus. Technology has expanded the very definition of mapmaking. More than lines and place names and static documents, maps have become a way of understanding the intersections of economy and environment, commerce and culture, politics and people. And for one UO graduate, the resilient art of mapmaking has helped chart the way to a remarkable—if not slightly surprising—career.

NEW YORK—With keyboard and computer screen, Erin Aigner '99, MA '02, is mapping tiny pieces of pop culture—precise color-coded locations where scenes from several of this year's Oscar-nominated movies were filmed around New York City.

Days before the gilded awards show, Aigner is meticulously pinpointing the exact soul food joint in Harlem where "Precious" Jones steals a bucket of fried chicken, the Queens rooftop where Julie Powell hosts a dinner party, the Brooklyn bistro where Julia Child's "Parisian" luncheon with her sister and husband was filmed. The resulting infographic is a movie wonk's delight—a fun, quick-hit visual tour packed with juicy insider details. And it fits nicely

with the pre-Oscar buzz humming through the nation's newspapers this weekend.

It's just one of many maps that thirty-two-year-old Aigner will crank out from her desk during any given day. As a graphics editor at *The New York Times*, she creates data-intensive maps that help make sense of things.

From tracking the aftereffects of an 8.8-magnitude earthquake in Chile to charting new avian flu outbreaks, Aigner seeks out data, crunches and analyzes it, and employs a Macintosh, a PC, and assorted computer programs to craft clear, easily digested images that will accompany the day's top stories.

Hot spots for pirate attacks off the Somali coast? Congressional trips on the corporate dime? An animated trek up Mount Kilimanjaro? There's a map for that.

The statistical risk of developing cancer due to California air pollution? Aigner collected data from health studies and environmental agencies to chart deadly peaks in ozone levels across the Los Angeles basin.

One week, she may be tracking regional differences in Medicare costs across the United States. Next, she's mapping the annual fall migration of monarch butterflies in their desperate race toward Mexico.

From illustrating the slow, uneven comeback of post-Katrina neighborhoods in New Orleans to tracing the latest outbreak of bed bugs in New York apartment buildings, it's a dynamic job that demands a big dose of the creative as well as the analytical.

For Aigner, that has proven a perfect fit.

Aigner is a cartographer by training—a career that first took root as she was learning about geographic information systems (GIS) in the UO geography department's InfoGraphics Lab. She's also a bit of an oddity. Few American newspapers employ fulltime mapmakers, relying instead on wire services or staff artists. Fewer still hire a trained geographer-cartographer for the job.

The New York Times is an exception. There, Aigner has earned a place among an award-winning team of more than twenty-five graphics professionals who research and craft diagrams, maps, charts, and interactive web features. Together, they represent an array of backgrounds, experiences, and advanced degrees, including statistics, graphic design, journalism, cartography, urban studies, and economics.

That intellectual muscle shapes the paper's daily infographics, from small two-column locator maps to huge, colorful data-intensive illustrations.

And though there are other trained cartographers on the staff, *New York Times* graphics director Steve Duenes sees Aigner's experience with mapmaking and GIS as "immensely beneficial."

First used by landscape architects, GIS programs merge cartography and database technology to take real-world places, objects, and coordinates and tie them to a database of attributes for analysis and computer-assisted mapping. Today, GIS is synonymous with computer mapping.

With her background, not only can Aigner create sophisticated maps, "she has trained a number of others in different software applications and mapmaking methods," Duenes explains. "You couldn't fill our department with technical illustrators alone and do the things we do."

Far from being an artistic afterthought, today's newspaper infographics are seen as part of a bigger picture in multimedia storytelling, as newspapers everywhere compete to retain and engage readers.

"Information graphics are not just art," Duenes wrote in a recent online discussion. "They're a combination of art and journalism and a little bit of science. We want to produce quality journalism, and compelling information graphics must be part of that mix."

That can mean creating in-depth, breaking news graphics predicting, say, the landfall wind speeds of Hurricane Ike. Or squeez-

ing someone down Saddam Hussein's "spider hole" to accurately depict its dimensions for a 3-D diagram. Or analyzing Super Bowl advertising strategies and displaying them like a playbook—this is a team that can dissect, amplify, and illustrate almost any subject arising anywhere in the world quickly and dramatically, bringing raw data to life.

The pressure is high, the demands are great, the topics intriguing. And any section of the newspaper is fair game.

Few people wind up working at *The New York Times* by accident. For seasoned journalists, it can be considered the pinnacle of a career. Despite ongoing economic struggles throughout the newspaper industry, the *Times* still boasts weekday circulation of close to one million readers.

Yet, Aigner—who has never taken a journalism class—admits that working there is an outcome she could never have predicted.

If you had asked her, as a young UO student, to map the course of her professional life, the result might have looked like a jumbled mash-up of encyclopedia entries.

Interests? There was art, always art. Growing up in southwest Portland, she loved arts, crafts, and drawing. But by high school, a practical streak made her confront the economic realities of earning a living wage from art. By the time she arrived at the UO, Aigner had decided upon a compromise. "I really loved drawing and thought that architecture would allow me to draw," she says.

Once on campus, Aigner had second thoughts, torn by competing interests. Growing up in Oregon had nurtured a deep love of the environment. And she'd always been drawn to physical sciences. The possibilities gnawed at her.

"Architecture was a rigorous program to pursue at eighteen," Aigner acknowledges. "The program was so strict in the curriculum, there just wasn't a lot of room for electives. Once I got to Eugene, I realized there was so much out there, as a freshman does, and I started surveying departments"

Call it the early awakening of a budding analyst. Aigner studied, researched, and weighed the data. In the end, she found herself turning to a burgeoning multidisciplinary program—environmental studies. Many of the requirements could be found in the geography department. "It ended up being a really good fit," she says.

Somehow, Aigner put off taking a required cartography course until her senior year. "At the time, I was rebelling against doing things on the computer," she recalls, laughing. "I grew up in a single-parent household; we didn't even have a computer at home. And I really loved drawing."

It was an ironic choice. If she had signed up a few terms earlier, "I would have been able to take the last actual pen-and-ink cartography class from [UO geography professor] Bill Loy, the grandfather of Oregon cartography," she laments.

When Aigner finally did take the course in 1998, she loved it and promptly signed up for an advanced cartography class with James Meacham, director at the UO InfoGraphics Laboratory. "She had a lot of natural curiosity and raw talent—the only student to earn a perfect score that term," says Meacham, who remembers Aigner as organized, meticulous, and extremely conscientious.

For More Bicyclists, More Lanes, Racks and Signs

The number of New Yorkers commuting by bicycle has increased 45 percent since 2006, according to a City Transportation Department survey. As part of a campaign begun three years ago, the city has

built new bike lanes, installed more than 750 new bike racks and more than 600 street signs designating bicycle routes, and distributed 23,000 free helmets and 680,000 free maps of bike routes. After a

recent visit, Andy Clarke, the president of the League of American Bicyclists, said, "New York City compares well and is improving faster than almost any other city in the U.S." ERINAIGNER

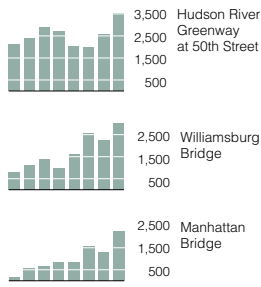
Urban Bike Networks

New York City has created 204.5 miles of new bike lanes in the past three years, nearly doubling the number. The city says it plans to create 50 miles each year until 2030. Below is a comparison of the city with those known to be friendly to bicyclists.

New York

Bike commuters: **26,243** (0.7% of all commuters)
Approximate number of city bike racks: **6,100**

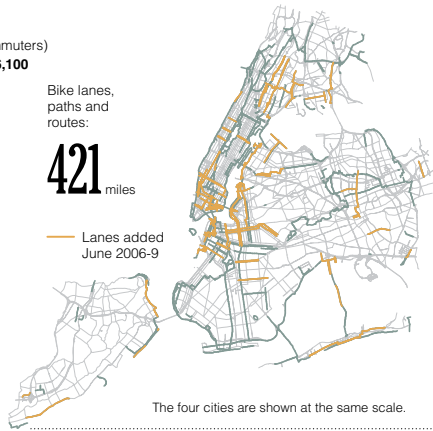
Weekday bike commuters at selected sites, 2001-8



Bike lanes, paths and routes:

421 miles

Lanes added June 2006-9



The four cities are shown at the same scale.

Chicago

Bike commuters: **13,736** (1.1%)
Bike racks: **8,200**



138 miles

San Francisco

Bike commuters: **10,514** (2.5%)
Bike racks: **1,550**



147 miles

Portland, Ore.

Bike commuters: **10,987** (3.9%)
Bike racks: **4,725**



303 miles

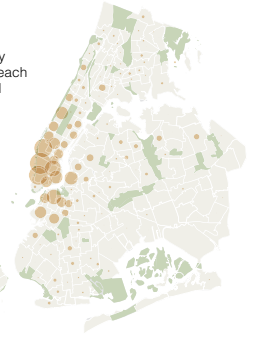
Locking Up Your Bike

New York has been installing single and double inverted "U" racks on sidewalks across the city in a program called Cityracks, which is intended to "encourage cycling for commuting, short trips and errands." Most are in Lower Manhattan and parts of Brooklyn, according to data released this summer by the Department of Transportation that is the basis for a map on its Web site:

nyc.gov/html/dot/html/bicyclists/bicycleparking.shtml

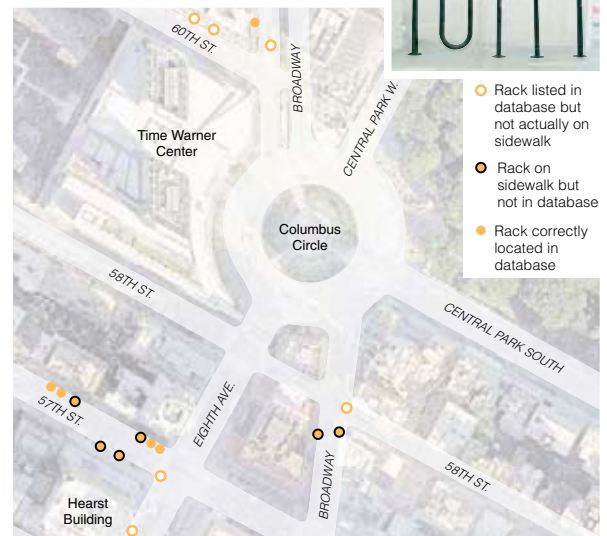
But a spot-check of the data showed many discrepancies, which city officials say they are trying to address. Below, a look at the area around Columbus Circle, where six locations listed in the data did not actually have racks, six actual racks were not listed in the data, and five were correctly sited.

Number of city bike racks in each neighborhood



Number of Cityracks

1,493 double 4,475 single



Sources: New York City Department of Transportation; San Francisco Municipal Transportation Agency; City of Chicago Department of Transportation; Metro Regional Government (Portland, Ore.); U.S. Census Bureau

THE NEW YORK TIMES

Bike commuter Erin Aigner worried that added bike lanes in New York City would overload existing bike racks, so she gathered data and created this illustration that ran as a standalone graphic in The New York Times.

"There was a great design sense, as well as an intellectual curiosity, a willingness to help other students with their mapping projects and an ability to solve complex problems on her own," he recalls.

"She had great promise."

UO geography professor Susan Hardwick, who served as Aigner's academic advisor, remembers "this eager young woman who was excited, really passionate about integrating the world of design cartography with human geography, interested in doing something different. There was an edge of originality to her, from the very beginning."

At the time, Meacham's advanced car-

tography classes were creating maps for the web-based *Atlas of Lane County*, covering topics ranging from watersheds and salmon habitat to school districts.

"We were supposed to publish it online, but it didn't quite get done," Aigner says. "I volunteered to continue the project to see it up and running. No compensation, no credit—I just wanted to see the work online, to see our work mean something" (to view it, check geography.uoregon.edu/infographics/lcweb/lcindex.htm). The project gave Aigner a taste of what was possible, cementing her desire to make maps. It also demonstrated her competency with big-scale mapping projects.

Without knowing it, she had positioned herself to join one of the most acclaimed mapping projects ever attempted in Oregon—the second edition of the *Atlas of Oregon*.

In 1976, Bill Loy and UO graduate student Stuart Allan had produced a landmark publication to honor the UO's 100th anniversary. The *Atlas of Oregon* was considered exemplary, offering an extraordinary glimpse into the state's history, geography, and people. Twenty-five years later—Allan having become an internationally renowned cartographer—the pair joined forces again to publish a second edition of the award-winning atlas, which features

more than 700 maps, charts, and diagrams showing Oregon's landforms, wildlife habitats, and geography, as well as tracking human activity such as politics, religion, and economic growth.

Resources for the updated atlas were drawn from the UO geography department, the UO InfoGraphics Lab, and Allan Cartography, Inc. While recruiting talent to work on the project, Meacham thought of Aigner. He tracked her down at a Eugene boutique, where she had landed following graduation, and pitched his idea. She was intrigued.

In 2000, Aigner returned to the UO to pursue her master's degree. She also signed on as a graduate research assistant dedicated to the second edition of the *Atlas of Oregon*.

"It wound up being more than a full-time job," recalls Stuart Allan, who owns Allan Cartography. "For a graduate student, it was a terrific project, with all kinds of extremely interesting and varied topics that called for different cartographic approaches."

For the last six months of the project, Aigner worked out of the Allan Cartography offices in Medford. The work was all-consuming. "Very long hours. Sort of like, 'Thank God it's Friday, only two more working days until Monday,'" Allan says. "There are people who can't do that. Erin could."

Aigner's responsibilities exceeded a typical internship. "It wasn't just a question of putting numbers together—Erin was responsible for getting these maps built," Allan says. "Cartography is a funny blend of graphic skill, geographic insight, and the capacity to figure out how to convey what's important. Particularly now, in the digital age. It used to be that every component of a map had to be built piece by piece. Now, the data come in and you have to pare them down. The worst thing you can do is to flood your image with too much information. The reader is swamped. From a cartographer's point of view, it comes down to deciding what really matters."

Allan acknowledged that for a young cartographer, the *Atlas* project was an unparalleled classroom. "I had exactly the same training ground twenty-five years earlier [with the first *Oregon Atlas*]. She

was following the same path. There is simply no substitution for going from raw ideas to a completed map. You can study it forever, but in the end, you've got to make one. In that way, cartography is like learning to swim—ultimately, you have to dive in."

For nineteen months, Aigner dove deep into final production on the project, even driving to the Pearl District in Portland to see the finished book run on the presses. Today, she wonders if the thrill of seeing her work transform from blank page to print influenced her career path toward journalism.

Some stumble across their own good luck; others simply make it happen. As Aigner was completing her master's thesis in 2002, Hardwick encouraged her to apply for a four-month internship in the cartographic division at the National Geographic Society in Washington, D.C.

By the end of August, Aigner had finished her thesis. Two days later, she was on her way to Washington, D.C.—the coveted internship was hers.

Yet within a few weeks on the job, Meacham contacted her with another opportunity. He knew someone at *The Washington Post* looking for a cartographer and artist for the paper's News and Art Department. Was she interested?

Aigner had never been inside a newsroom. She didn't even know who Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein were. But she liked seeing her maps in print. And her training was flexible enough to support it. GIS skills can be applied in many settings: government and federal agencies, environmental services, transportation planning, even the U.S. Census. Newspapers were simply another option—one with lots of variety.

By January 2003, Aigner was working at *The Washington Post*. And in the nation's capital, the business of news was booming. A sniper was terrorizing the Beltway. And the United States was inching ever closer toward war in Iraq.

Aigner found the work deeply engaging. This was mapmaking with a very human face. From school shootings and economic development to foreign uprisings. She felt amazingly well prepared for it. After the *Atlas of Oregon*, Aigner under-

stood the demands of deadline-driven work. Now, she found a new intensity, an immediacy that hadn't been there before.

"Making maps of Iraq day after day, being there until two or three in the morning—I was probably the person least affected by the war, but it was such a different, difficult subject," she says. "I suddenly had to pay so much attention to the news all the time. You are the person who is supposed to be the expert."

She stayed two years. Although she loved the job, there was much she didn't love about Washington, D.C.—the soggy produce, the oppressive humidity, the bureaucrats. She quit after the 2004 elections, determined to return to the Pacific Northwest.

Aigner chose Eugene, where she took a contract position doing GIS work. "I just wanted to come home," she says. "All my stuff was literally on a truck when I got an e-mail from *New York Times* graphic director Steven Duenes."

The *Times* was looking for a cartographer. "I called and said that I was flattered, but that I'd just moved back to Oregon and it was impossible," Aigner says.

Duenes left the door open. "If you ever change your mind, stop by the office, we'd love to meet you," he suggested.

Mulling it over, Aigner discussed the offer with Meacham. He reminded her of a day, shortly after 9/11, that she had burst into his office clutching a copy of *The New York Times* and pointing at a map saying, "This is what I want to do!"

Now, the newspaper had come calling. "Are you crazy?" Meacham asked her. "This is *The New York Times*!"

The New York Times.

Of course, he was right.

She flew east for an interview. They offered her a job that day.

Interactive media. Multimedia storytelling. Infographics. Smart maps. These are phrases that increasingly drift about America's newsrooms, as journalists grapple with how to build a better product. Aigner knows that she is creating practical, hands-on news you can use—maps that may likely be clipped and pocketed and pulled out down the road.

Presidential parade routes. Olympic venues. Electoral outcomes. It is work that matters.

"The best reporters want good graphics to go with their stories. And a good graphic can convey a lot of information in a short amount of time," she explains. "What I do is often event-driven. We're usually making graphics and maps that either correspond to an event or respond to news."

A typical day may include departmental meetings, consultations with reporters, the hunt for external data, research and analysis—all before a map is ever created. The process is symbiotic. Her projects are often conceptualized in partnership with reporters and other graphics editors, with everyone contributing a bit of their expertise.

Sometimes a project is all her own. For instance, when Mayor Michael Bloomberg promoted a plan to create miles of new bike lanes in New York City—2,000 miles of lanes were added from 2006 to 2009—Aigner, an avid cyclist, suspected that there weren't enough public bike racks to support it.

"I had gone to farmer's markets and I'd seen bike racks completely jammed with bicycles. Anything that was a pole had bikes glommed onto it, and it seemed that everyone was pushing a stroller or bike," she recalls.

Her goal? Conduct a block-by-block survey of the city to determine the location of public bike racks, then compare that with other bike-friendly cities, neatly demonstrating the need for more bike racks.

"That turned into a summer-long project born from my own pet peeve," she laughs. "It ran as a large, stand-alone graphic in the Metropolitan section of the *Sunday Times*."

Coming to work on the second floor of *The New York Times*—the same floor as business reporters—Aigner views herself as "a cartographer who works in the field of journalism" or some days, a "graphic journalist." Some days, she feels more akin to a feature writer, "getting a lot of time to do research, while simultaneously working on three or four projects."

In a typical week, Aigner may do projects for nearly any section of the newspaper, working with all kinds of data. Building plans. Government reports. Scientific stud-

"Are you crazy?" Meacham asked her. "This is *The New York Times*!"

The New York Times.

Of course, he was right.

She flew east for an interview.

They offered her a job that day.

ies. Satellite imagery. On-site reporting. Police drawings. Public records. The trick is translating it all into a succinct visual, helping readers dig deeper into content, absorb a concept, or make sense of the headlines.

"If a reader can glance at a map or simple chart and quickly orient themselves or understand a statistic, and then continue reading the story without skipping a beat, it means we've edited and designed those graphics well," according to graphics director Duenes. To create a map is to tell a story—even if you don't know what lies beyond the edges of that map or how the story will end.

If Aigner didn't expect to wind up with a prestigious career that merges mapmaking and journalism, there are those who are not surprised.

"Her job kind of makes perfect sense—the ideal blend of cartography and real world problems," says geography professor Hardwick. "As you look at geography, you realize it's everywhere. We offer this wide perspective that could be useful to understanding the world at large . . . what's unusual is the high level that Erin has achieved with it."

That her maps are seen by hundreds of thousands of people each day is "good for the field [of cartography]," mapmaker Allan observes. "*The New York Times* has a very high standard of graphic presentation. They don't just plug in what comes over the Associated Press. They really think about this stuff."

Aigner's abilities as a critical thinker makes the work a good fit, Meacham adds. "As a cartographer, if you don't understand the underlying subject, that could be a huge failure," he said. "But Erin has that. She's smart, she tries to question and understand."

Sifting through criminal records to demonstrate how restrictive residency laws

make sex offenders wind up living in geographic clusters on Long Island. Receiving field reports to help track bomb strikes in the Middle East. Employing digital elevation data and satellite images to build a 3-D mountain. Breathing visual life into raw data.

Her greatest aggravation is the desire for more time to polish her daily deadline work—every journalist's lament. And Aigner can't help but worry about the overall health of the U.S. newspaper industry—last year, *New York Times* employees faced pay cuts and layoffs.

For now, she simply enjoys doing what she loves. And she loves to design and display data. "I'm surrounded by such smart, talented people, and the diversity of the subject matter is amazing," she says. "Sometimes I'll be making maps of Istanbul and New York City and an Olympic venue on the same day."


Suffice it to say, Aigner is not someone you would want to take on in a round of *Jeopardy*. "If the category is geography, I have to leave the room," she admits, laughing.

In her spare time, she teaches spatial analysis and GIS methods in the Urban Studies Program offered through Barnard College at Columbia University. "I love teaching and remaining connected to academia and students—they are so earnest, such hard workers," Aigner says. "I feed off their energy and keep current."

Though she dreams of returning to the Pacific Northwest some day, Aigner acknowledges that after almost eight years on the East Coast, "this is where I was meant to be."

She remains an Oregonian at heart, making her home in Brooklyn, where she finds a "kindred chemistry" that reminds her of Portland.

Now, with the onset of warmer weather, she's been thinking about biking those ten miles to work.

You never know. She just might find a story along the way. 

Kimber Williams, MS '95, makes her home near Atlanta, Georgia. Her last piece for Oregon Quarterly was "Ascent of a Woman," Autumn 2008.

Web Extra! For links to other graphics by Erin Aigner, visit OregonQuarterly.com.



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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

Made for Standup

Greg Behrendt makes it in the long-shot world of comedy.

GREG BEHRENDT '91, A COMEDIAN and writer probably best known for his relationship-heavy standup act and his book, *He's Just Not That Into You*, describes his coming unto comedy as “a really long, slow car crash.”

When he arrived at the UO, it was to study business. He joined the rugby team and he joined a frat. And then he got kicked out of the frat. He broke his hand and forsook rugby. And then he kicked business. For theater. “I thought it would be easier!” he confesses.

Watching a classmate deliver a comic monologue captured Behrendt's imagination. “That seemed fun. Being alone on stage and being funny.” When he graduated, he moved to San Francisco, over the bridge from where he grew up in Marin County. But entry-level positions on stage and TV were in shorter supply than he had hoped. He auditioned repeatedly, but failure to get any roles finally drove him into a life of comedy. In fact, a fellow member of the improv group he had joined told him he was made for stand-up. It was comedienne and actress Margaret Cho, who had yet to make her bones as a standup queen and gay icon, but she already had a keen eye for talent.

Emboldened by Cho's assessment, Behrendt moved to Los Angeles, a bigger market for comedians, with more clubs, more opportunities. He fought for years through the murky circuit of clubs and other comedy venues. He was getting jobs and laughs, but during those early years, he never quite found the alchemy so many top-level comedians use to transform per-



Comedian Greg Behrendt performing at Bumpershoot '08 in Seattle

sonal experience into that rarest kind of material, the mercurial stuff an audience can recognize themselves in.

“My comedy career didn't really start until five years later,” Behrendt said, “when I got sober.” In retrospect, he says it was

booze that kept him believing his comedy should sound like that of his friends, the comics he lived and gigged with and who would later be known by the rather vague term “alternative comics.”

These comedians would become some of the most influential of their generation, and Behrendt would be identified as a member of the club. Acid-edged Mort Sahl, wearing band T-shirts instead of cardigans, they birthed a type of personal, story-focused comedy that frequently avoided the clichéd, brick-wall comedy club tropes. These included his roommate David Cross, Patton Oswalt, Brian Posehn, and Janeane Garofalo. Their bitingly funny stories described struggles with Christianity and Judaism, pricked social expectations and conventions, and turned their disgust for a rancid political culture into cathartic (and frequently hilarious) orgasms of contempt.

“I wasn't good enough and I was angry and fat and my standup didn't amount to anything,” he says about those early days. Only when he got off the booze did he get fearless about letting his nonfreak flag fly.

“I never thought of my comedy as that ‘alternative’ in terms of its content. My friends were talking about their trouble with God and country,” he says. “I just wanted to go to Williams Sonoma, you know? I just want to get my sweater on. As a comedian, you have to be a genuine version of yourself. Otherwise, people know.”

With booze and time behind him (sober for twelve years now), Behrendt's career started to take off. He scored an HBO special, which he called “Mantastic.” HBO allowed him the choice of directors

and he chose a talented comic, writer, and director named Michael Patrick King. A couple of years later, King had become the executive producer of the hit show and cultural touchstone *Sex and the City*, and that show's writing room contained five straight women and two gay men. King asked him to become a straight man for the show, but not in the usual sense.

"They needed someone to come in and say, 'No, a straight guy wouldn't carry a purse' and 'Yes, it's OK to have a straight guy cry here. I would.'"

Behrendt agreed, with alacrity, to become the show's consultant.

A bonus outcome of this work was the book he wrote with one of *Sex and the City's* writers, Liz Tuccillo. The book, a volume of relationship advice that gave women a peek over the gender fence, was called *He's Just Not That Into You*. It wound up first on the bestseller lists and then later in the movie houses. He has since produced several more books in the advice vein, including the latest, written with his wife, Amiira Ruotola-Behrendt: *It's Called a Break Up Because It's Broken*.

Although he makes jokes about being just well-known enough to be mistaken for others more famous, he is an established comic. The work ethic he developed early on keeps him as busy as any midway hustler. He performs, films standup specials, produces DVDs and CDs, maintains a website and social media accounts, and even produces a comedy series. He also plays guitar in an instrumental surf-punk band called the Reigning Monarchs. (Aside to music types: think JFA meets Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet.)

"This level of activity has always been pretty average for the guys from my crew because when we started there was no work to be gotten as a standup. You did whatever you could do, whatever needed doing, so you could go out and do standup for free."

"There's a difference between being shocking and taking a risk," he said. "Shocking is easy. Who can't do it? Comedy is daring to take a risk, outing yourself personally, risking yourself."

His current routine features a prolonged and baroque story that proves he is capable of practicing what he preaches. The story undresses his vanity in a way few men would ever willingly choose to do. It details his encounter with the actor Jon

Krasinski ("Jim Halpert" on the television show *The Office*) in a hotel gym. Early in their relationship, Behrendt and his wife had played a fantasy dating game. Their "free pass" was the celebrity they were allowed to sleep with. Behrendt's wife had recently informed him that she was changing hers to Krasinski.

"Oh," said Behrendt. "Are we still playing?"

Seeing the fifteen-year younger actor on a treadmill inspired Behrendt to keep up. Well, let's call it what it was: he raced the younger man. He nearly died in his attempt to keep up a pace twice normal and for four times longer, all the while intoning the mantra, "You can't [have] my wife." Behrendt then continues the competition in the weight room. The horrendous workout is so damaging to him that he winds up pinned to the bench with a choice: Drop the weights or soil himself. To hell with it, he says, dropping the weight. Take her.

The impression you get talking to Behrendt is that, no matter how many achievements he has now or winds up with in the years to come, he's always going to be anxious for the next thing. He's less of a mountain climber and more of a sailor. And as any sailor will tell you, no matter how far you sail, the horizon is always the same distance away.

Nowadays, Behrendt is as likely to be in residence somewhere as touring. He does a gig the last Tuesday of every month at the Los Angeles club Largo at the Coronet.

"It's playing to the home crowd. When you go out and do an hour in a club [on tour], it's difficult to write. You owe them a show, you can't dick around."

At the Largo, though, that's what it's about. Not just because it's fun.

"I write on stage," Behrendt said. The initial idea comes up in the course of the day, a bit from a conversation with his wife or something he witnesses. He will jot down the kernel of the idea as it occurs. Then, later in the day, he may tell the story, to see if it retains the necessary radioactive comedy half-life to make it on stage. And there, on stage, he will tell it, retell it, rework it, or discard it.

"I owed myself the opportunity to become a better comedian. If you're in this for the long haul, you're driven to replace things, you're driven to move along." ®

—Curt Hopkins '91

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Track-and-Field Master

At seventy, the former UO women's athletic director is at the top of her game.

IN HURDLES, TIMING AND BALANCE are vital. First, you need a good start. Anticipate the gun but don't get jumpy at the starting line. Then you have to steer your body so you hit the hurdle at just the right stride, with the correct leg in position to clear the bar and continue running smoothly. Repeat as needed and cross the finish line just as your energy runs out.

It works for Becky Sisley.

"When I looked at the scoreboard and saw the time, I was just elated," says Sisley, who followed her own advice at the World Masters Athletics Championship in Lahti, Finland, last August and finished the 200-meter hurdles in 41.08 seconds, an American record for her age group and good for bronze.

The UO professor emerita wasn't finished.

The heptathlon: 6,050 points and the gold medal. Eighty-meter hurdles: 17.34 seconds (bettering her own American record) and gold. Pole vault: 6 feet 10½ inches and gold; 4 x 400-meter relay: gold. Javelin: silver; 4 x 100-meter relay: silver.

Her age: seventy.

"In Finland," Sisley says with a laugh, "I did nine events and I was just amazed that I survived."

Sisley's accomplishments at the world championships were impressive indeed. But amazing? Hardly.

Consider: *Amaze* means to surprise greatly or fill with astonishment. Sisley was just doing what she's been doing the past twenty-two years, and the fact that she set a U.S. record in the 200-meter hurdles, an event that was new to her, comes as no shock at all.

In 1987, Sisley was forty-nine years old and eight years removed from her six-year tenure as the University of Oregon's first women's athletic director. There was an article in the local newspaper about a world master's track championship coming to Hayward Field the next year; Sisley had always wanted to try the javelin and high jump, so she decided to train for the meet,



Becky Sisley flying high in the 300-meter hurdles at the 2009 Masters Games in Sydney, Australia

much like a mere mortal decides to take up collecting coins or keeping scrapbooks.

The following spring, she competed against seasoned track-and-field veterans and former Olympians in the javelin, high jump, long jump, and triple jump, finishing fourth in three of the events.

Less than a year of training and she was

holding her own against the best. Remarkable.

At nationals two years later, Sisley won five gold medals. Amazing.

In 1994, she heard about a pole vault clinic, and decided to give it a shot. That August, she won gold at nationals. Borderline absurd.

But all the success on the track has come at a price.

"I was a workaholic," Sisley admits, something that harkens back to her time as women's athletic director, when she oversaw the main thrust of Title IX compliance, no mean feat. By the time she retired, the stress was so great she was suffering from symptoms her doctor thought were caused by a brain tumor.

This Herculean work ethic benefited her early in her track-and-field career but has posed a problem recently. "It takes a lot of dedication and commitment and time, and it takes an effect on your life," Sisley says. "I'm not as well-balanced as I'd like to be. That's what I'm working on now."

And, like the hurdles, she's working on timing.

One Thursday late last January, the sun was out in Eugene, and Sisley went to Hayward to run stairs. She was feeling good when something occurred to her. "I thought, 'Uh oh, can I really do this because I have to run the hurdles tomorrow?'" she recalls. "You have to be careful about doing the same kinds of things over and over, repetition."

At her age, injury is a real concern. In 2005, she herniated a disc and had to skip nationals because she could barely walk. The only reason she went to worlds was to support her teammates. (But being who she is, she still threw the javelin, albeit while standing still. She finished fourth).

Since then, she's become wiser when it comes to working out. "Less is best," she says. "If in doubt, don't do it."

And with that need for timing her workouts so she doesn't overextend one part of her body comes another of her frustrations: logistics. "I struggle with what to do when and where, worrying about the weather."

If she does find a place to practice the pole vault or hurdles, she still has to set them up, which can be just as exhausting as the training itself. There's "old folks yoga," as she calls it, for flexibility. Weight training twice a week. Exercises to strengthen her core.

It takes its toll, and Sisley is trying to balance this with other activities.

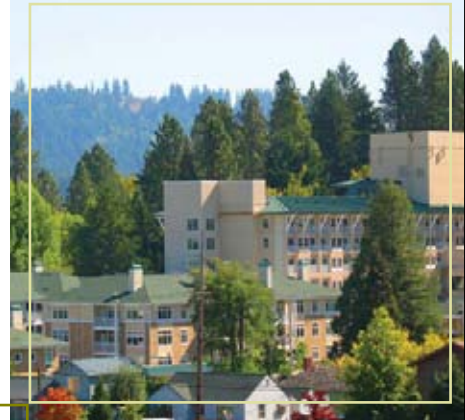
Recently, she took up golf and is planning on attending an academy this year. Don't be surprised if she makes waves on the Ladies Professional Golf Association's Legends Tour next year. @

—Matt Tiffany, MS '07

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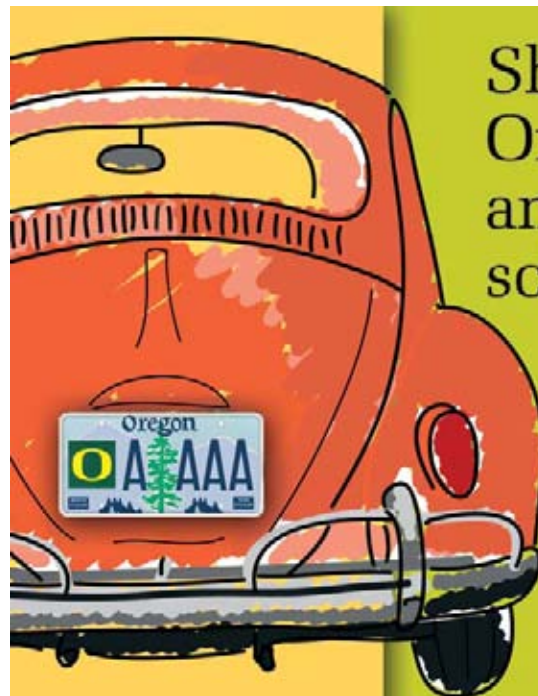


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Finding Eve, Virgin Flies, and the Origin of Clothes

Molecular geneticist Mark Stoneking has been one very busy man.

IT'S NOT EVERY UO ALUMNUS WHO, within a dozen years of graduation, can formulate theories that make the cover of *Newsweek* and be the focus of an article in *Time*. By jumping into the deep end of molecular genetics following his master's and doctoral studies, Mark Stoneking '77 quickly achieved international recognition and, with it, a share of controversy.

In 1987, while a postdoctoral fellow at UC–Berkeley, Stoneking and two associate researchers (Rebecca Cann and Allan Wilson) published findings in *Nature* magazine that challenged previous notions of humanity's origins. The trio's main assertion was that all human beings alive today share a certain part of their genetic inheritance (called mitochondrial DNA, or mtDNA) with one woman who lived between 150,000 and 200,000 years ago in Africa. (mtDNA is a unique and powerful research tool because, unlike DNA, its sequence is passed directly from mother to offspring without modification by the father.)

The media went wild over the implications, and Charles Petit, then a science writer for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, christened our mutual ancestor “mitochondrial Eve.”

“Allan Wilson preferred ‘our common mother,’ but obviously that wasn't as catchy as Eve,” Stoneking says. “I have mixed feelings about it—on the one hand, it's a very powerful image, that of a woman whom we're all descended from. On the other hand, it easily lent itself to misinterpretation.” Unlike the Bible's version of Eve—half of the very first human couple—the researchers' Eve was just one among perhaps 20,000 contemporaries of her species. Their Eve was, in terms of genetics, a lottery winner: while her genes went from generation to generation, the lineages of every other female from that period all eventually died out.

That concept jolted many paleoanthropologists, rocking their belief that the worldwide spread of humanity occurred as



Mark Stoneking on a 2007 research trip to Zambia in southern Africa

early humans interbred with older hominid types such as *Homo erectus* and possibly even Neanderthals in multiple regions of the Eurasian and African continents. They vociferously objected to Stoneking's conclusions, and a heated debate over “mitochondrial Eve” rages to this day.

What most disturbed critics was Stoneking's assertion that this common matrilineal ancestor reproduced our ancient great-grandmothers a mere two hundred thousand years ago. Paleoanthropologists believe the last common ancestor lived more than a million years ago. Even more upsetting to some, other geneticists working from Stoneking's theories then found evidence that our most recent common patrilineal ancestor, a “Y-chromosome Adam,” probably lived about half as long ago as Eve.

While the results of his research put Stoneking in the middle of energetic scientific dispute, getting to his rather thrilling conclusions “took thousands of hours of fairly tedious work,” he says. Still, the critical ‘aha!’ moment took place one after-

noon in Berkeley after a computer had pieced together the vast amount of data the researchers had collected in their worldwide survey of mtDNA types. He spread the twenty or so pages of computer printout on a laboratory table and began scouring the figures. “I asked Wilson to help, and the two of us sat hunched over the printout, counting mutations.” Then they saw it, an obvious and unmistakable split, on one side of which appeared only African mtDNA types. “We sort of grinned at each other—this was the first clear evidence we had from the data that the ancestor was African—and for that space in time, we were the only two people on Earth privy to that knowledge.”

Fanning the flames of contention even higher, in 1997 Stoneking took on the Neanderthals. From his office in the Max Planck Institute for Evolutionary Anthropology in Leipzig, Germany (where he is currently a University of Leipzig Honorary Professor of Biological Anthropology), Stoneking assisted his department head, Svante Pääbo, in completing an analysis of Neanderthal DNA that was more than

50,000 years old. Their conclusion? It had not contributed in any way to the mtDNA of modern humans. This caused another uproar among paleoanthropologists, who'd been willing to bet the farm that Neanderthals and modern humans had, at least in Europe, crossbred at some point.


Stoneking has a knack for doing science that captures the popular imagination; not long ago, for example, he figured out when primitive people stopped running around naked and started wearing clothes. Using a "molecular clock approach" his team dated the genetic divergence between head lice and body lice, the latter commonly residing in clothing. "That told us when clothing became important, and we concluded it was a surprisingly recent innovation—around 70,000 years ago." Both *Nova*, the PBS science series, and a Discovery Channel crew interviewed him this year about these findings.

While Stoneking remembers his undergraduate days in the UO Department of Anthropology fondly, not everything went perfectly. "My first hands-on research experience arose when Ed Novitski, a professor

in genetics who was investigating chromosome mechanics in fruit flies, hired me as a student assistant," Stoneking recalls. "He put me on a project producing a complex chromosomal rearrangement by an elaborate scheme of raising and irradiating lots of male flies, and then crossing them with virgin females with a different chromosome arrangement" in search of a rare mutation. "We had to check thousands of flies to see if we had the ones we wanted." Stoneking pauses to smile. "I got mixed up and I ended up keeping the wrong flies! When I realized my error, I went with some trepidation to tell Novitski of my mistake." The professor had a reputation for a short temper, so Stoneking was nervous that his research career was about to end before it ever really got started. Fortunately, his mentor took the news calmly. "I learned two valuable lessons," he says, "always make sure you know exactly what you're doing before you start an experiment, and give students a chance to learn from their mistakes."

Stoneking is currently using molecular genetics to investigate anthropological questions concerning the origin, relation-

ships, history, structure, and migration patterns of human populations. "Depending upon the question, we focus on either contemporary populations or ancient specimens," he says. "Just now we're looking at genetic perspectives or variation in the Caucasus, India, and various Pacific migratory groups. We're ultimately interested in identifying and characterizing signals of selection in recent human evolution." In typical Stoneking fashion, the hard-core science is shedding new light on questions of general interest—such as why African Pygmies are so short. His research team's findings suggest it may be "a consequence of alterations in their thyroid hormone metabolism due to adaptation to an iodine-deficient tropical rainforest diet."

His wide-ranging research has brought him numerous awards, grants, and fellowships, and has taken him to Zambia, Indonesia, the Philippines, and the Solomon Islands. His position at the world-renowned Max Planck Institute has him at the pinnacle of his profession. In terms of individual growth, that's quite an evolution. 

—Joseph Lieberman



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Trials of the Links and Diamonds

Exploring golf and baseball from a legal perspective

IMAGINE YOU'RE PLAYING GOLF with a friend. He sees you down the fairway looking for your ball, but lines up his next shot anyway, and swings away. He wasn't aiming at you, but his ball smacks you in the head, causing injury.

Should you sue him? If so, for what? Maybe negligence. He didn't exercise reasonable and ordinary care for your safety, right? Didn't even yell, "Fore!" However, golf is a sporting event, and injury is an understood risk of playing the game. Liability may only apply to willful and wanton conduct, and you know he didn't hurt you on purpose.

But you're mad (that's the main thing, right?), so you sue. Do you have a case?

According to John H. ("Jack") Minan, JD '72, a University of San Diego law professor and avid golfer, attorneys who play golf wonder about things like this all the time. He just took it a step further. In 2007, Minan wrote *The Little Green Book of Golf Law*, a compilation of actual cases of golf-related disputes that went beyond the reach of the rule book and had to be settled in the legal system. Think of it as a lay reader's guide to where the rules of sport give way to the rule of law.

The incident described above is one of them. (The plaintiff—he's the guy who got plunked in the head—sued for negligence and eventually lost.) There are nineteen cases in all, arranged in chapters headed "Hole One," "Hole Two," and so on, to match the number of holes in a round of golf, plus the proverbial "nineteenth hole" at the clubhouse bar. Fittingly, "Hole Nineteen" is about a man who knocks back a few too many beers, forgets he locked his clubs in his car before commencing to drink, then assaults a golf course employee for allegedly stealing his clubs. (He escaped having to pay damages by declaring bankruptcy.)

The resolution of "Hole Twelve" is a bit more uplifting. It details the case of Casey Martin, the Eugene golfer with a physical disability who famously brought suit against the Professional Golfers Association, alleging its ban on using golf carts in tournaments violated the Americans



Jack Minan ready for a quick nine

with Disabilities Act. Martin, who now coaches the UO men's golf team, won the case, which Minan cites as a rare example of a golf-related lawsuit reaching the U.S. Supreme Court.

Each "hole" in *The Little Green Book of Golf Law* presents an easy-to-read case summary that occasionally bogs down in legalese, but always provides insight into the machinations of the American justice system. It has sold over 10,000 copies so far, a number Minan describes as "not John Grisham, but respectable."

Jack Minan's career path has taken him

into just about every legal area *but* sports law. These include land use, property, water rights, comparative law (comparing the legal systems of different countries), and, most recently, issues related to water and air quality. Beginning in 1999, he served two terms on the California Regional Water Quality Control Board, and he was also on the Board of Governors of the Southern California Wetlands Recovery Project. He joined the USD faculty in 1977, after having taught at the University of Toledo. Before teaching, he spent a year as a trial attorney for the U.S. Department of Justice.

Former UO colleagues aren't surprised by the variety in his career. "Jack was just good at everything all the way around," remembers Barbara Aldave, who has taught at the UO law school since becoming the first woman on its faculty in 1970. "Jack had a little more imagination [than the] typical nose-to-the-grindstone type of law student."

"Jack was hard-working and serious, and he enjoyed it," adds Professor Emeritus Gene Scoles, who was then law school dean. He says Minan was also "the kind of guy who would take responsibility in matters that would put him on the hot seat for a while."

Minan demonstrated this quality by getting Aldave and classmate Jody Stahancyk, JD '73, admitted into the previously all-male legal fraternity, Phi Delta Phi. The move got the UO chapter kicked out of the international organization, but Minan lobbied successfully for its reinstatement the following year.

Once out of school, Minan was eager to find legal fields that offered newly developing possibilities. So perhaps his versatility is best explained by his simple statement, "I kind of look forward to different areas." But a light-hearted, quick-reading book on golf law? Where did the idea for that come from?

"It started simply because I have a shameless love affair with the game of golf," he insists. So he started collecting legal cases for a book that he originally called *The Real Rules of Golf*. Then came the

rejection slips from twenty-five publishers before he found the one willing to take a chance on him, right? Hardly. Without using an agent, Minan showed his manuscript to Rick Paszkiet, an acquisitions editor for ABA Publishing, the publishing house of the American Bar Association, and “we had a contract in no time.”

If that isn't enough to infuriate every frustrated unpublished writer, there's more. Paszkiet says he immediately thought, “Wow, is this a great opportunity for us!” He didn't wait long to ask Minan to follow up with a book on baseball law.

So Minan teamed up with Kevin Cole, dean of USD's law school, to write *The Little White Book of Baseball Law*. Published in 2009, it mimics the golf book's format by offering eighteen innings (a double-header, as he says in the preface) of legal disputes over such things as ticket scalping, bean-ball pitches, image and mascot trademarks, Major League Baseball's antitrust exemption—everything but the infield fly rule.

Both books rank among ABA Publish-

ing's top sellers. Their success inspired Paszkiet to launch a whole series of Little Books, featuring other authors with knowledge of different legal areas. *The Little Red Book of Wine Law* is already out, soon to be followed by books on coffee law (presumably brown) and music law (blue?). In addition, Minan is working on his third book for the series, which he says will deal with sports law and the amateur athlete.

“Jack provided the seed for the series,” says Paszkiet. “He's an absolutely great guy to work with. He's an academic, but he also understands the day-to-day demands of the publishing business.”

The Little Book series isn't likely to supplant air and water quality as Jack Minan's next legal specialty, but it's proving to be a fun side gig. “The golf book has been remarkable in that . . . I get a lot of speaking engagements,” he says. A golf tournament sponsor even hosted him as a guest in its corporate box. So far, he says, “it has been a remarkable ride.”

—Dana Magliari, MA '98

UO Alumni Calendar

Go to uocalumni.com/events for detailed information

June 3

UO Senior Send-off

EMU AMPHITHEATRE
EUGENE

July 7

UO President's Reception

SINGAPORE

July 9

UO President's Reception

HONG KONG

August 6

Alumni Relay for Life Team

LANE COUNTY CHAPTER

August 21 and 28

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Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1940s

Nancy Lewis Moller '43 is a retired educator, orchardist, and bottled water entrepreneur. Moller remains active as the Hood River coordinator for the World Affairs Council of Oregon, working with the U.S. Department of State's international visitors program.

■ **Kenneth Lodewick** '47 wrote an article in 1955 titled "The Unfortunate Rake' and His Descendants" for *Western Folklore* magazine, which was recently published in *All This for a Song* by Norm Cohen (University of South Carolina at Chapel Hill Libraries, 2009). Lodewick and his wife live in Eugene.

William (Bill) Deller '48, a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, keeps busy volunteering. He lives in Everett, Washington.

■ **Jeanne Simmonds Keevil** '48, former editor of the *Irvine World News* in Irvine, California, has been added to the wall of recognition at the Irvine Civic Center. Keevil now lives in Lake Oswego.

1960s

Tom Doggett '60, a member of Tau Kappa Epsilon, celebrated fifty years of marriage to **Barbara Doggett** '60 in December. Congrats!

The Blivet Biscuit Works is introducing the world's first wireless hi-def flat-screen packaging on boxes of its flagship Wheat-O-Yum-Yum snack crackers, reports CEO **Alaby Blivet** '63, designer of the "breakthrough advertising delivery system so bold it'll make NASCAR blush." The five-by-seven inch screen "combines the jaw-dropping clarity of *Avatar* with pinpoint demographic targeting capabilities to provide advertisers unprecedented access to consumer mindshare." "Bye-bye static cardboard, hello twenty-first century," beams Blivet. A 3-D version of the packaging is "already on the drawing board."

Gary Goodson '63, MS '67, was recently nominated to the United States of America Gymnastics Class of 2010 Hall of Fame.

Edwin C. Davidson, MS '64, a member of Sigma Nu fraternity, was recently honored by Crow High School with the naming of Ed Davidson Gym in recognition of twenty-nine years as a teacher, coach, and principal at Crow High School.

Earl R. Anderson, MA '67, PhD '70, professor emeritus of English at Cleveland State University, was awarded the D. Simon Evans Prize for his book, *Understanding Beowulf as an Indo-European Epic: A Study in Comparative Myth* (Edwin Mellen Press, 2010).

Hazel M. Dillon Anderson '68 is a fundraiser for the National Inventors Hall of Fame in Akron, Ohio, which provides nationwide science-related enrichment programs for elementary-school children.

■ **Robert F. "Bob" Turner** '68, a member of the UO Foundation Board of Trustees and the Dean's Board of Advisors at the Lundquist College of Business, was elected chairman of the board at Jeld-Wen's annual meeting. Turner has been with the company since 1971.

■ **Gregory Foote** '69, JD '72, a member of Sigma Phi Epsilon, retired after thirty-two years as a Lane County Circuit Court Judge. Also a playwright, Foote has written *This Patch of Sky*, which premieres in June at Eugene's Lord Leebrick Theatre Company.

1970s

■ **Howard W. Robertson** '70, MA '78, has published a new book of poems: *Two Odes of Quiddity and Nil* (Publication Studio, 2009).

Jack Sheehan '71, a member of Theta Chi fraternity, published his fifteenth book, *Quiet Kingmaker of Las Vegas* (Stephens Press, 2009), which tells the story of banker and financier Parry Thomas. Sheehan has lived in Las Vegas, Nevada, since 1975.

■ "Back to Timbuktu," a statue by **Mike E. Walsh** '72, has been featured in "Wordplay," an invitational exhibit at the John Michael Kohler Arts Center in Sheboygan, Wisconsin, this spring.

Larry Maday, MS '74, retired after thirty-four years as a mathematics teacher at Tinley Park High School in the southwest suburbs of Chicago. In his tenure at Tinley Park, Maday coached twenty-four seasons of football and twelve seasons of track and field.

Kim Goldberg '77 released her sixth book, *Red Zone* (Pig Squash Press, 2009), a photo-poetic diary of homelessness in Nanaimo, British Columbia, where Goldberg lives. The book has been adopted as a literature course text at Vancouver Island University.

Joe Hlebica '77 earned a master's degree in traditional Chinese medicine from San Diego's Pacific College in 2008, following an externship at the Chengdu University of Traditional Chinese Medicine in Sichuan, China. Hlebica plans to specialize in acupuncture for sports injuries and hopes to open a practice in Eugene.

Governor Ted Kulongoski has appointed **Libby Tower** '77 of Eugene, a public relations and marketing veteran, to the Oregon Arts Commission.

Former college sweethearts **Sherry Wysong** '77 and **Lee C. Hebert** '75, MA '78, were reunited ten years ago and were married in February. The happy couple make their home in Woodinville, Washington.

Libbie (Winn) Pelter '78, associate professor of chemistry at Purdue University, Calumet is coprincipal investigator of a \$6.1 million U.S. Department of Energy research grant in support of the Indiana Electric Vehicle Training and Education Consortium.

■ After a thirty-year career in the United States Air Force, serving at stations across the country, **Becky Beaman** '79 retired as a full colonel and has returned to Oregon to "ponder options" for her life's next phase. Welcome back!

Bonnie Henderson '79, MA '85, is a freelance writer and editor in Eugene. An avid outdoorswoman, Henderson is the author of two hiking guidebooks. Most recently, she joined the board of directors at Eugene's Northwest Youth Corps, the region's largest outdoor conservation and youth education program.

1980s

Hill & Knowlton's chief executive officer **Jimmy Tay** '81, won the Public Relations Agency Head of the Year honor at the Asia-Pacific Public Relations Awards ceremony held in Hong Kong in November.

Alan L. Contreras '82, JD '85, is coauthor of *Handbook of Oregon Birds: A Field Companion to Birds of Oregon*, a "field-friendly, portable guide to the seasonal status and distribution of Oregon birds." Contreras, the past president of Oregon Field Ornithologists, lives in Eugene.

■ **Douglas Mitchell**, JD '83, has been elected to the board of directors at Eugene's Northwest Youth Corps, the region's largest outdoor conservation and

youth education program. Mitchell has practiced law in the Eugene area since 1983.

Linda J. Sellers '83 is author of the Detective Jackson mystery series, which is set in Eugene. A former journalist, Sellers has interviewed numerous homicide detectives, a medical examiner, a pathologist, and a SWAT sergeant, in addition to attending a local homicide scene to add authenticity to her writing. The third novel in the series, *Thrilled to Death* (Echelon Press, 2010), is due out in August.

Loren Berry '84 was named a fellow in the Construction Specifications Institute at its annual convention in Pennsylvania. Fellows are nominated by their colleagues and selected by a jury of fellows in recognition of their accomplishments in advancing the goals of the institute, namely improving construction technology and specifications and educating people in the construction industry.

Doug Levy '84 has spent ten years running his own government affairs consulting and lobbying business, Outcomes by Levy. He lives deep in Husky country (Kenmore, Washington) and is "married to a Beaver," with whom he has two sons.

John Hribernick '86 is a certified public accountant with Miller, Kaplan, Arase and Company in Seattle, Washington.

Steve Potestio '87, cofounder of the creative placement agency 52 Limited, has founded Potestio, a human resources and recruitment firm.

Caitlin Hecsh '88, proprietor of Artistic Design and Print in New Mexico, celebrated ten years of business in 2009. Hecsh designs website graphics, publications, and other printed materials.

Lori Jo Oswald '88, PhD '94, owns and manages FormsInWord.com, an online resource for federal and state business forms, and wordsworthwriting.net, a technical editing and document formatting company based in Alaska.

Eric Apalategui '89 recently launched BestFishingInOregon.com, a free online resource for recreational anglers. A longtime newspaper reporter, Apalategui also is a freelance writer whose work frequently appears in *The Oregonian* and *Oregon Quarterly*. He and his wife are raising two young children near Beaverton.

1990s

Scott Carter '94 has written *The Last Great Getaway of the Water Balloon Boys* (Simon and Schuster, 2010).

Robert Henson '95 has been elected president of the Picture Archive Council of America, the trade organization that represents the interests of companies that license images for commercial and editorial reproduction.

Melissa (Matusch) Beatty '97 succeeded at bringing KidzArt NW to profitability inside of two years—in the worst economy in many years—and is ready to



CLASS NOTABLE

Cold Duck Lifelong Alaskan **Kate Lynch '94** enjoying the sun and temperatures around thirty below zero at Cripple, Alaska, the halfway point in the 1,149-mile Anchorage-to-Nome Iditarod Sled Dog Race. Lynch presented the Halfway Prize trophy to the first musher to reach Cripple. Behind her are food and supply bags that support the seventy-two teams in the competition. @

take on her next adventure. Ready to put that business degree to the test? Make her an offer! Check out www.kidsartNW.com.

■ **Leslie Stewart '97** married Scot Turner in Portland in October. Turner works at Portland State University and Stewart is an English language acquisition specialist for Salem-Keizer Public Schools. The couple lives in Salem.

Natalie Ballard Strauhall '99 and husband Matthew welcomed their first child, Desmond Fiel Ballard Strauhall, on November 22, 2009. The Ballard Strauhalls live in Corvallis.

2000s

Scott Harris, PhD '01, associate professor at Saint Louis University in Saint Louis, Missouri, has written his second book, *What Is Constructionism? Navigating Its Use in Sociology* (Lynne Rienner, 2010).

Kellie Horn, MS '03, has teamed up with fellow Duck **Kristine Slentz**, MA '76, PhD '86, at the Washington State infant toddler early intervention program to provide statewide technical assistance and training.

Brian James McCauley '03 married **Aubrey Mercer McCauley '02**, a member of Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority, in February in Portland. Brian works at Umpqua Bank in Tualatin, and Aubrey is the development director for the Oregon and Southwest Washington chapter of the ALS Association, which

provides support for those in the region affected by Lou Gehrig's disease.

Kali Bean '06 was elected by her peers to serve as director of volunteers on the board of directors for the Portland chapter of the Public Relations Society of America.

Julie Ma '07 was elected to director at large of the new professionals group on the Portland chapter board of directors for the Public Relations Society of America.

Sara Wurfel, MS '09, was elected to serve as president-elect on the Portland Metro chapter board of directors for the Public Relations Society of America. Wurfel is currently the director of communications at AARP Oregon.

In Memoriam

Howard E. Kessler '39, a member of Sigma Delta Chi, has died. He was recently preceded in death by his wife of seventy-two years, **Edith Davis '39**. As students at the UO, Davis and Kessler founded the "Two-Can-Live-As-Cheaply-As-One Association," garnering national publicity at the height of the Depression and celebrating what would become their lifelong relish for thrift. The couple raised a daughter, Stephanie, and made their home in Surrey, British Columbia. Kessler was a perpetual optimist who maintained his innate pep and sense of humor throughout his life.

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Thomas A. Landles '40 died recently.

Elvid M. Steele '40, a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity, has died. He is survived by his second wife, Betty, his son, **David '71**, a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity, daughter Kathy, four grandchildren, and one great-grandchild.

Charles Russell "Russ" Chandler '49, a former state highway department career man, died at the age of eighty-six. Chandler married Marilyn Walker in 1981 after being a bachelor for more than fifty years. The couple enjoyed many years of traveling and spending time at their home on the Oregon coast. Chandler spent his free time playing golf, listening to classical music, and volunteering.

University "lineman of the century," **Bradford Ecklund '50**, a member of the football team and Sigma Nu fraternity, died at age eighty-eight. He served in the U.S. Marine Corps, where he attained the rank of sergeant and was a hand-to-hand combat instructor as well

as USMC Golden Gloves boxing champion. Ecklund played for the New York Yankees football club, which later became the NFL's Baltimore Colts. Retiring in 1953 from professional football, Ecklund began coaching, first at Gresham High School and later, at the pro level, for the Dallas Cowboys, the New Orleans Saints, and the Chicago Bears, among other teams. Ecklund spent his second retirement substitute teaching in New Jersey's Lenape Regional High School District.

Robert Wilkins '52, a longtime La Grande city leader, died at the age of seventy-nine. Wilkins, a member of Phi Kappa Psi fraternity, served in the United States Army during the Korean War. He went on to become president and principal in Eastern Oregon Agencies, Inc., an insurance agency in La Grande and Enterprise. He was a member of the board of directors for the Oregon Land Title Association and past president of the Union-Wallowa County Board of Realtors. He was the recipient of the 1979 Man of the Year award from the La Grande-Union County Chamber of Commerce.

Harry Morton Asch '56 of Laguna Nigel, California, former president of Sigma Alpha Mu fraternity, died in December after a long battle with congestive heart failure. A tax attorney, Asch culminated his career as the district counsel of the western district of the Internal Revenue Service. He also taught and administered the graduate tax program for Golden Gate University in Los Angeles.

Walt Henningsen '56, a member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity, died at the age of seventy-six. After serving in the U.S. Air Force, Henningsen owned a medical supply business until retirement. He married **Sally (Hoy) Henningsen '58**, a member of Gamma Phi Beta sorority. The two were married for fifty-one years and had two daughters and six grandchildren.

John Edwards Nance '57, a member of Alpha Tau Omega fraternity, died at the age of seventy-four. Nance, a writer and photographer, spent forty years chronicling the Tasaday tribe, a group of cave-dwelling people discovered living in the Philippine rainforest in 1971. Nance established Friends of the Tasaday, a foundation to help the tribe and to preserve its rainforest home.

Robert D. Simmons '60, a U.S. Navy man, died at the age of sixty-two. Simmons married Laurie Knoles in 1961 and they moved to Palo Alto, where he worked at the Lockheed Missiles and Space Company for many years. Active in retirement, Simmons and his wife enjoyed many outdoor adventures. He is survived by his wife, their two children, and three grandchildren.

Evelyn Hermann, DEd '62, died at age eighty-six. After meeting Shinichi Suzuki in Japan in 1963, Hermann spent the next forty years working with him. In 1973, Hermann started the Suzuki Institute of Dallas, now known as the Dallas Conservatory of Music, and worked with the International Suzuki Association until retiring as CEO in 2004. Hermann taught the Suzuki method in China, Japan, Korea, and Australia, and was the string advisor to the Suzuki Association of Taiwan.

Tom Wellnitz '67, a member of Kappa Sigma fraternity, died at the age of sixty-four. He is survived by a daughter, two sons, a sister, **Bette Jo Wellnitz '71, MED '76**, a brother, and four grandchildren.

George B. Stevens '68 died after a short battle with cancer. Stevens spent the last twenty-five years working as a technical writer in San Francisco. He is survived by his father and his sister, **Betsy Stevens Howe '73**.

Diana "Dee" Lund Nelson '69, a former president of Delta Gamma sorority, died in her Portland home from colon cancer. "Dee" had a long and successful career

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. E-mail to quarterly@uoregon.edu.

Tell us what's happening!

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

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D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Summer issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly



The Pioneer Mother, one of several campus landmarks created by A. Phimister Proctor

1920 Opal Whiteley '20 creates a sensation as her childhood journal is serialized in the *Atlantic Monthly* as "The Story of Opal." Her editors gush, "in our quarter century of experience we have never met with its like."

1930 Famous New York-based sculptor A. Phimister Proctor (whose *Pioneer* has adorned the campus since 1919) is commissioned to create a central-campus statue commemorating Oregon's pioneer mothers.

1940 More than 2,300 copies of the UO's *Oregana* yearbook are distributed with hopes running high that it will once again win All-American honors in a nationwide yearbook contest—as it has for three of the past four years.

1950 Twenty-five University men are placed on probation for membership in the outlawed Theta Nu Epsilon secret society ("skull and keys"). A related parade and dance on Alder Street turns into a mob disturbance, but nothing like the scene the *Chicago Sun Times* breathily reports under a page-one banner headline proclaiming "250 STUDENTS IN OREGON RIOT."

1960 After a red-carpet reception at the Eugene airport, King Mahendra and Queen Ratna of Nepal are welcomed to campus with a twenty-one-gun salute. UO president O. Meredith Wilson obliges the queen's long-

held desire to visit an American supermarket, serving as guide on an impromptu visit to Safeway.

1970 An experimental, student-devised ART 407 course, The Social Mythology of Walt Disney Productions ("a critical analysis of the Disney Corporation as a purveyor of American culture, and the implications of Disney productions for sociology, psychology, art, and religion"), is offered for credit through the SEARCH (Students Exploratory Actions Regarding Curriculum Heterodoxy) program.

1980 "Probably the most photographed and beloved art object in Eugene," the six-foot tall, 1,200-pound bronze *Indian Maiden and Fawn* statue, designed by A. Phimister Proctor and cast in Rome in 1926, is damaged by vandals outside the art museum.

1990 For a class exercise, journalism students devise meaningful equivalents to the cost of the controversially expensive \$36.6 billion B-2 stealth bomber program. One response: build a \$61,000 house for each of America's 600,000 homeless people.

2000 Data gathered by a campus survey research group for the Oregon Annual Social Indicators Survey reveal that 42 percent of Oregonians feel that a nuclear war during their lifetime is "very likely" or "somewhat likely."

OFFICE OF COMMUNICATION-DESIGN AND EDITING SERVICES

CLASS NOTES *Continued*

in medical laboratory technology and is survived by her husband, **John Nelson** '70, a member of Delta Tau Delta fraternity, and children Andrew and **Sarah** '08.

Astoria resident **Karl Stanley Konka** '72 died in September at age sixty-one. After retiring from his seventeen-year career with U.S. National Bank of Oregon, Konka remained active with the Astoria Moose Lodge. An avid hunter and fisherman, Konka was also a voracious reader who loved science fiction.



DUCKS AFIELD

Duckling on Board On a "last childless vacation," **Meg (Upshaw) Anderson** '99 stands overlooking the Kilauea Iki Crater at Hawaii Volcanoes National Park on the island of Hawaii while wearing a shirt that reads "OREGON It's not a baby . . . it's a duck." In the background is Halemaumau Crater, venting its noxious gases. 🐥

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.

Kathy (Randall) Cullis '76 of Bend died at the age of fifty-seven after a valiant three-year fight with cancer. Cullis married in 1977 and was a news anchor at many television stations including KOMO (Seattle) and KMTR and KEZI (Eugene). She moved from Eugene to the big island of Hawaii where she worked as a morning radio news anchor for the Kona Association for the Performing Arts. A member of the Screen Actors Guild who appeared in film and television roles, Cullis was nominated for the islandwide Po'okela Award as "leading female in a musical" for *Mame* in 2001. She was nominated again the following year for her role in *Night of the Iguana*. In 2003, Cullis and her husband moved to Bend, where she remained active in local theater.

Michael Dennis Quigley, PhD '89, died unexpectedly at the age of fifty-nine in Sacramento, California. For more than two decades, Quigley served as a university professor, the last ten years at California State Polytechnic University in Pomona. Quigley's passion was his family, and although he didn't have any children of his own, he was a devoted son, brother, and uncle. At the time of his death, Quigley was engaged to be married to Nonie Stevens, with whom he shared a love for traveling.

Faculty and Staff In Memoriam

Col. Glenn T. Beelman, former mathematics department senior instructor emeritus, died at the age of ninety-two. Born in South Dakota, Beelman served for twenty-three years as an officer in the U.S. Army before retiring as a colonel in 1962. For the next sixteen years, Beelman worked in the mathematics department at the UO. He is survived by his daughter, **Diane Pattison** '69, two grandsons, and three great-grandchildren.

Charles Dowd, UO professor emeritus of music, died in March from cancer at the age of sixty-one. Dowd, principal timpanist for the Eugene Symphony for thirty-five years, had recently retired from his post as Philip H. Knight Professor of Music at the University of Oregon School of Music and Dance. He was the author of six books on percussion performance and pedagogy.

Anne Leavitt, MS '84, PhD '95, former UO vice president for student affairs, died in April from cancer. She joined the Division of Student Affairs in 1984 and went on to hold a number of positions, including associate vice provost and dean of students, before becoming vice president in 2002. Leavitt retired from the UO in 2005 and spent three years as director of scholarships for the Ford Family Foundation.

Andrea Wiggins '69, assistant dean of advancement for the College of Education, died at her home in March. Wiggins was a phenomenal fundraiser and advocate on behalf of the College of Education. In her fifteen-years of service to the UO, she was instrumental in promoting an esprit de corps with faculty members, engaging volunteers, developing a vibrant alumni base, and fundraising on behalf of COE programs, faculty members, and students. 🐥

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Surviving Oregon

Kate Degenhardt

My mother is in the kitchen washing dishes, wearing a black apron and hot pink gloves. The White Stripes blare out of a little stereo next to the sink. She turns off the water and the music and looks at me, smiling. "Your father keeps trying to drown the family!"

She is referring to his delightfully terrifying habit of dragging my family out on ambitious outdoor excursions. He's never tried to drown anyone on purpose. And no one has been seriously injured. Yet.

"Oh, come on, Barbara, just on the rafting trip!" My dad loves bickering with my mother about this particular topic. It gives him an excuse to rehash the family's adventures.

"Well, you almost killed Katie on the river, and you almost let Warren fly off the cliff into the ocean when we went to the Sea Lion Caves!" My mom looks at me for support. "And you and Alex got caught in that rip tide in Hawaii! And when we went to Thailand and rode those elephants, he made you all lie under their feet! Who knows if they were even trained!" Warren, my little brother, walks into the kitchen.

"I have a fear of heights because of that sea lion trip!" he says. My dad grins, despite the accusations. He commutes to work on an electric bike, so he's wearing full spandex and a helmet. Most of the other doctors have sports cars. Usually when he dresses like this, my mom tells him that he should change because his "crotch looks obscene," but today she refrains.

My father was a rock climber before he had children. Now he just takes his kids on adventures. "He's the good kind of crazy, not the bad kind," says my mother, who almost drowned for the first time in 1979, before she married my father. He took her on a "date" that consisted of jumping on a mattress and careening down the Truckee River.

"It was a white-water rafting trip and we didn't have any life vests," she says. I asked her why she kept seeing him posttrauma. "Well, I guess because he rescued me. He probably has some kind of hero complex."

I've personally almost drowned twice. The first was on the gray and stormy Oregon coast. I was only four or five years old. I waded around in the frigid water of the surf while my parents were supposed to be keeping an eye on me. My dad was talking about skimboarding and surfing, and my mom was taking care of my baby brother. The cold ocean stung every nerve in my chubby little feet and I could feel sand fleas wiggling under my toes. Squatting down to fill up a bucket with foamy tidewater and brown sand, I let my mind wander to dolphins, mermaids, and orca whales. I must have waded pretty far into the ocean as I spaced out to thoughts of dazzling Lisa Frank-inspired sea creatures and *The Rainbow Fish*, one of my favorite books. I snapped out of it when a huge wave knocked me down and the tide grabbed my ankles and pulled me under. I tried to hold my breath but I was being tossed about and choking on salty water. My eyes burned and I couldn't breathe. I was terrified, but I kept flailing, hoping that I might be saved.

Strong hands yanked me from the water. My dad carried me to the dunes where my mother wrapped me up tightly in a sandy towel. My favorite shirt had been torn off by the waves. I couldn't stop coughing and I was totally naked. Even my aqua socks had been ripped from my fragile little body by the angry ocean. I sobbed, but after walking back to the beach house and sitting



by the fire I felt a little better. I told my dad that my feet hurt.

"I'm a doctor," he said, smiling. "I know what pain is, and you're not in pain." Somehow this cold, scientific assessment of my condition made me feel better, despite its blatant inaccuracy. Something about being firmly told that I was fine made me comfortable.

Then there was the time when I was in fifth grade. My whole family drove from our Southeast Portland home to the Rogue River, where we planned on rafting for a week with a group of like-minded adventure seekers. Most of them were in their late twenties and thirties and very experienced. One night over camp

dinner, my dad decided to tell a story about a Navy SEAL who went white-water rafting with his family. Apparently, he spotted a deer in the river, so he put his hunting knife between his teeth and crept into the water. He covertly power stroked to the animal, slit its throat, and swam back to shore with its carcass to feed his family. My dad looked ecstatic.

"Maybe you can do that with your family one day!" he said to one of the guides, who had just dropped out of Navy SEAL training himself.

It was a few days into the trip when my dad suggested that I take the kayak out with him.

"Do you think I can do it?" I asked. I felt honored and excited to be chosen out of my siblings but I was nervous about the power of the rapids and my ability to effectively navigate the water with my flimsy arms.

"Of course! Why not, you've been kayaking before!" my dad replied. The last time I kayaked was on placid water at Oxbow Park.


As we crashed through the water, I tried my best to propel the vessel downstream and guide it away from the rocks. The rapids surged and my heartbeat quickened with fear and excitement. Just as I started to feel confident, we went over a particularly large rock. I bounced up into the air. As I fell, the churning river swallowed me up. The current swept me under the raft. It trapped me with its yellow circle of inflated tubing and held me beneath its textured rubber floor. Sharp river rocks scraped and pounded my body. I struggled below the water for a long time before my dad got hold of one of my hands.

Even though he saved me, my dad felt a little guilty. He wondered why he chose to take his kids, including my little brother (who was only seven) on a white-water excursion. At least he wasn't overprotective. I feel lucky that I was thrust into life, instead of sheltered from it. By pushing us out into the wilderness he gave us a taste for adventure, but sometimes he worries it was too dangerous.

"What would I say if something happened?" he recently worried aloud.

"Why did you do it?" I asked.

"I don't know. Because it was fun."

He's right. It was fun. 

Kate Degenhardt is in her senior year in the Clark Honors College at the UO and is studying magazine writing at the School of Journalism and Communication. This is a slightly shortened version of the winning essay in the student category of this year's Oregon Quarterly Northwest Perspectives Essay Contest. See page 31 for the other winners.

Brain Wave



◀ Ursula "Sue" Moshberger, shown here in her U.S. Navy WAVES uniform, became a high school teacher after earning her degree in physical education at the UO in 1937. Her bequest to the UO's human physiology department helps advance the careers of student researchers.

◀ Elaine Little coaches fellow graduate student Sujitra Boonyong through an experiment that is helping uncover why some people are plagued with unexplained falls as they age.

Some elderly people fall for no apparent reason, and often they suffer disabling injuries as a result. Elaine Little's doctoral research provides new insight about what may be happening in their brains. Thanks to Sue Moshberger's gift supporting graduate students in human physiology, Elaine presented her exciting findings to the International Society for Posture and Gait Research in Bologna, Italy. The amount of her award was a modest \$450, but she could not have afforded the trip without it.

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