


The Magazine of the University of Oregon Autumn 2011

Oregon

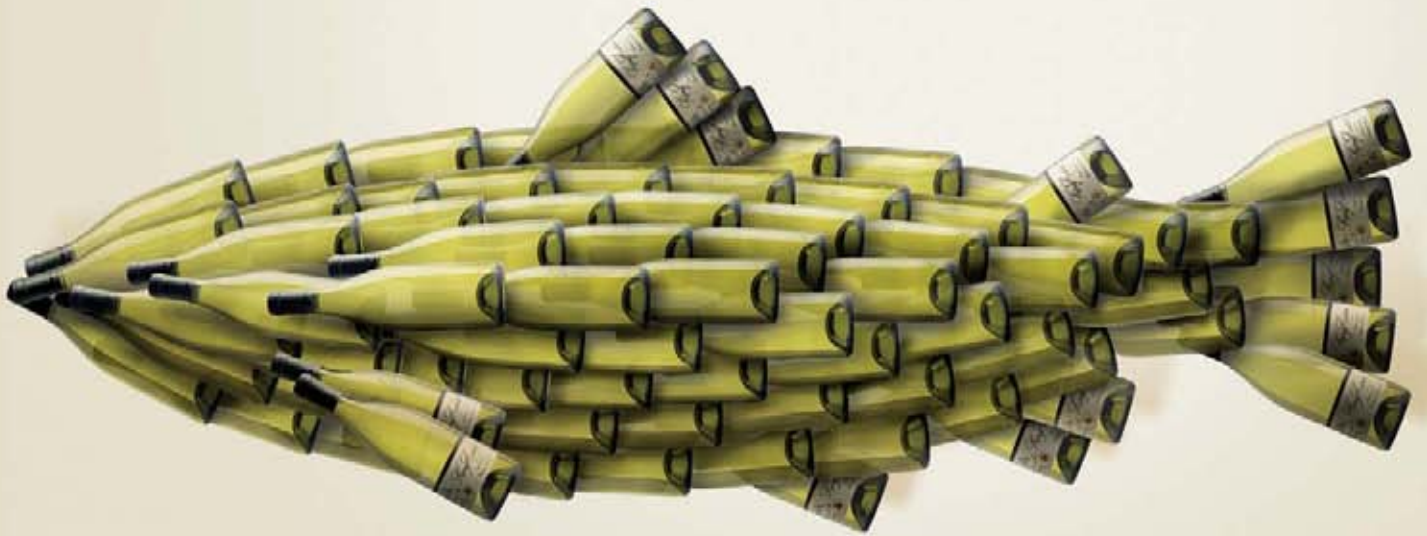
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COVER | The Logrollers crew of Hoedads, Blue River, March 1978. Photo by Rachel Mullins.



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by Evelyn Searle Hess

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by Ana Maria Spagna

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Q U A R T E R L Y

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Editor's Note | Guy Maynard, Editor

Is There a Will?

Because my name is at the top of the staff box for this magazine, I often get calls from businesses wanting to sell me copiers or paper or telecommunications services—things that, because we are part of the University of Oregon bureaucracy, are out of my control. Recently I got a call from a Portland saleswoman who asked to speak to “the owner” of *Oregon Quarterly*. I told her we were part of the UO and, trying for a light-hearted tone, therefore the owner was the “people of Oregon.” In fact, I said, she was part owner. After a quick laugh, she hung up to go on to her next call, but that phrase bounced around in my head for a while, ricocheting from the “people of Oregon” to “we the people” to the “will of the people.”

The American revolutionaries’ “will of the people” arose in contrast to the will of kings or other select small groups of rulers, a check on the abuse of power by the few against the many. Nowadays, every politician and ideological camp claims to represent the “will of the people,” a strikingly specious claim—no matter what side you’re on—with our country and our state now so closely divided between the reds and the blues. I’m pretty sure that my opinion on most issues is the correct one, the one most people should hold, but, unfortunately, I’m even more certain that lots of people disagree with me.

But rumbling in my head are thoughts of a different sort of *will* of we the people of Oregon and beyond, not a will of resistance and opposition, but an active constructive will. Do we have that sort of will as a people anymore? The will to pursue clear common interests and to be ready to pay for them, the sort of will that, on a national scale, built the interstate highways and sent a man to the moon, and, on local levels in most parts of the United States, developed the best public education system in the world.

I’d love to see us corral that will to build an awesome national high-speed rail system, but I think that’s one of those areas where a lot of people may disagree with me. But . . . education? Can’t we all agree that educating as many people as possible as well as possible is essential to our common good? Two recent articles brought home to me our gross collective failure in this area. The first, a column by native Oregonian Nicholas Kristof of *The New York Times* about his old high school in Yamhill, was a familiar story for those of us who live in Oregon: fewer school days, cut backs and fees for extracurricular activity, bigger class sizes, good teachers struggling through at low pay, “a long, slow bleed.”

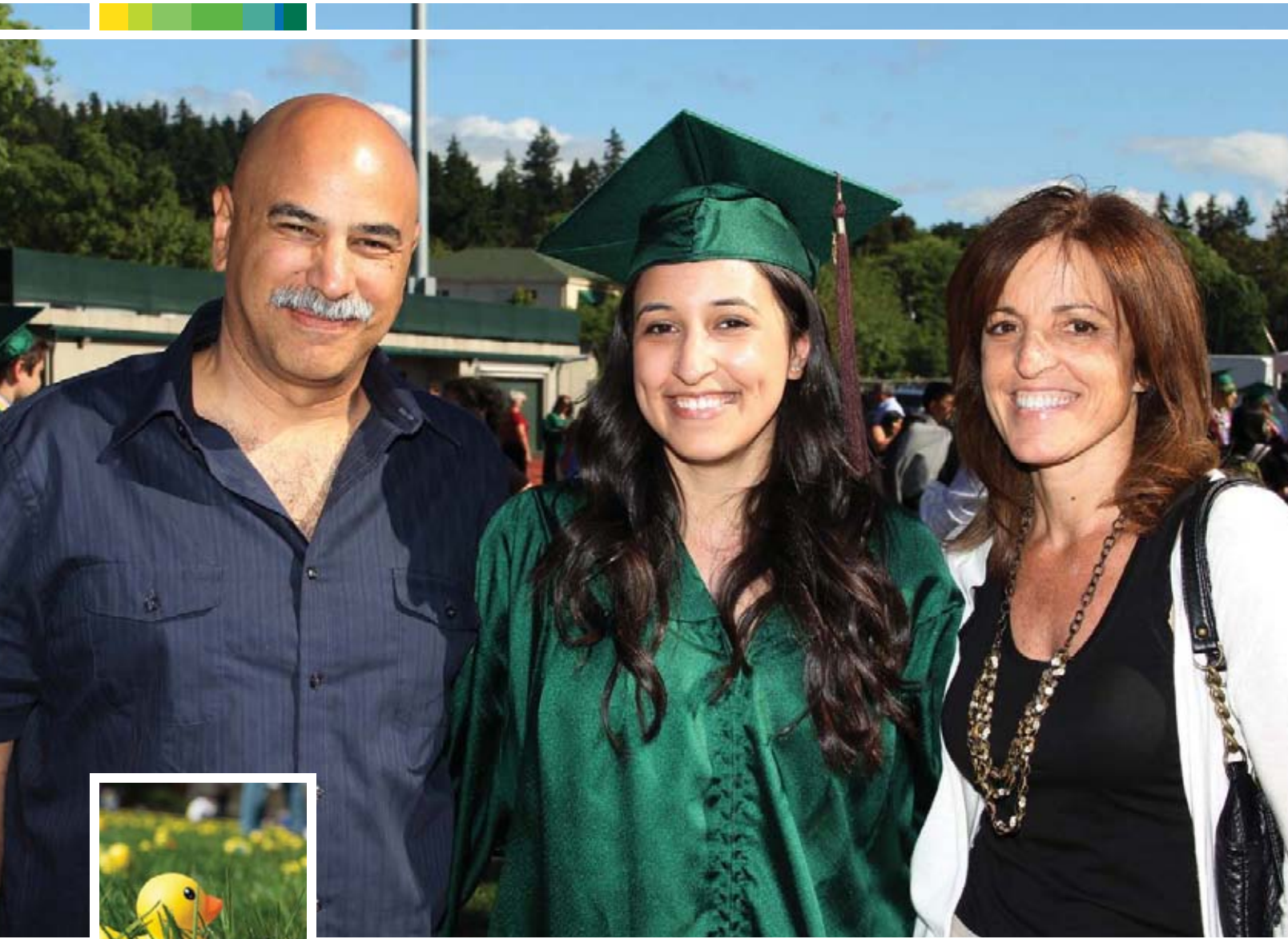
The other was an interview of Harvard professor Tony Wagner on salon.com about a new documentary film (*The Finland Phenomenon*) describing how Finland created a world-leading education system to overcome its situation in the 1970s as “a pretty poor agrarian economy based on one product—trees.” They changed the way teachers are selected and trained and made teaching “the most highly esteemed profession” (though still not the highest paid), Wagner says. Finland got there because “there’s been a bipartisan consensus over thirty years about the importance of education and the importance of high-quality teaching.” Can’t we do that?

Kristof listed things we spend money on instead of education, notably the military and tax breaks for billionaires, but that gets us back to the ideological thicket. It seems reasonable to stipulate that the richest country in the history of the world can afford to recreate the world’s greatest public education system from nursery to graduate school—if only we have the will.

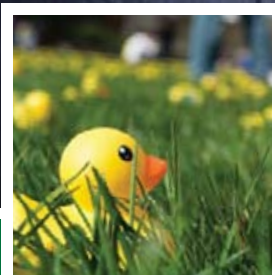
What do you say, my fellow owners, do we?

gmaynard@uoregon.edu

Oh, the Places They Will Go!



Aimee Roth, Class of 2011



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Forman and Williams

I just want to echo the recent readers who are complimenting you on this exceptional magazine. I read most of it each time it comes out and enjoy it—but Kimber Williams’ article on Gayle Forman [“Books to Write,” Summer 2011], and, in turn, Gayle’s essay from 2001 [“The Way We Mourn,” Summer 2001] especially hit home with me. I miss Kimber’s contribution to Eugene since she left *The Register-Guard*, so thanks for getting her to contribute to OQ now and then. Thanks for the good work you do!

*Peg Rees '77, MS '91
Eugene*

Ants Marching

The article, “The Best Ant for the Job,” [UpFront, Summer 2011] reminded me of the many times (hours?) that I’d sit and watch these fascinating creatures while I was living in Panama. One could be walking outside and all of a sudden happen upon a trail of bare soil in the grass, perhaps an inch to an inch-and-a-half wide, teeming with activity. One set of ants would be going in one direction, free from any burdens, while going in the opposite direction would be thousands more carrying huge (for their size) pieces of leaves. One was often alerted to the fact that they were there because the eye would be drawn to the swaying of the large leaf pieces as they were carried “home.” I’d kneel and watch for long minutes as the parade continued unabated, my presence never seeming to bother them or divert

them from their task. I never followed any of the trails (“heck, they’re just ants”) out of curiosity, but I found watching them mesmerizing. Now, after reading the article, I know what they were about and a little more about those powerful jaws. Thanks.

*Rich Boerckel, MA '72
Newtown, Pennsylvania*

Defeating Idolatry

I really enjoyed Scott Parker’s article about Luke Ridnour’s basketball and Christian faith [“Dribble, Shoot, Pray,” Old Oregon, Summer 2011]. Parker quoted Luke as saying, “I’d put so much into the game of basketball, it was my idol.” Idolatry can happen in sports, work, or invade our life anywhere. It was refreshing to see how a UO alumnus was transformed by the cross of Christ and is living a God-first, balanced life today. Thanks *Oregon Quarterly*.

*Raymond E. O’Grady '80
Pendleton, Oregon*

More Cross Burning

The article “Cross Burning at Gamma Phi Beta” [Spring 2011] and letters relating to it in the Summer 2011 edition brought back memories of my sorority experiences at the UO. In 1961, before joining Alpha Gamma Delta, I checked to be sure the sorority did not discriminate based on race. The proper document was on file in the Panhellenic office, but later at the sorority, when I let it be known that I intended to suggest a Japanese American friend for membership, I was quietly shown a letter from the national organization. The letter said something like, “Alpha Gamma Delta respects people of all religions and races, but our members go home with their sisters and they get to know their sisters’ brothers. We want to limit our members to those who would be suitable to marry their sisters’ brothers—and that is women who are white Christians.” I was strongly advised not to suggest my Japanese American friend for membership. I didn’t, and I withdrew my membership from Alpha Gamma Delta.

Looking back, quitting my sorority—with the race issue being the deciding factor—was an excellent move. During college, I made friends with students from all over the world and enjoyed rooming one year with a gradu-

“The first and only documented issue of smallpox-infected blankets was . . . done on the order of General Jeffrey Amherst, commander of His Majesty’s forces in North America, in 1763.”

ate student from Nigeria, the only African woman student at the UO. After graduation and one and a half years abroad as a Fulbright tutor in India and visitor on several continents, I married the charming Palestinian Muslim from Jordan who I began dating at the UO. With our four wonderful children and four grandchildren, we’ll celebrate our forty-fifth wedding anniversary next year. Thank goodness I didn’t stay in my sorority and marry one of my sisters’ brothers!

*Thora Williams Qaddumi '65
Houston, Texas*

Smallpox Correction

In your Summer 2011 issue, the letter from Philip Niren Toelkes [“Rajneeshpuram”] is incorrect on one point. The first and only documented issue of smallpox-infected blankets was not done by “the U.S. government” but on the order of General Jeffrey Amherst, commander of His Majesty’s forces in North America, in 1763. In those days, the unfortunate recipients were still called Indians. These clarifications make the action of General Amherst no less appalling.

*James W. Eyres '66
San Francisco, California*

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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I should have



Doug Kienzle, Class of '10, Finance Manager, Audigy Group

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Upfront

Excerpts, Exhibits, Explorations, Ephemera

Finally!

Women who competed in thirteen sports at the UO between the time of the Second World War and the early days of the Reagan administration gathered in Matthew Knight Arena for an event thanking them for their pioneering spirit, their sacrifices, and their "love of the games" they played without the acknowledgments that women receive today. Attended by more than 600, the Women in Athletics Celebration honored 250 former Oregon women athletes and coaches whose efforts took place before the UO granted letters in women's sports. Alexandra Notman, MA '11, wrote the following story, "Letters from the Past," about three of the honored athletes—all current UO student affairs staff members. It appeared, along with the photo by Isaac Viel '10, in the newsletter of the Division of Student Affairs.

“THE UO HAD AN EXCELLENT women's athletics program but no one knew about it,” says Peg Rees '77, MS '91, leaning back in a desk chair at her Esslinger Hall office. The former UO athlete, who played basketball, volleyball, and softball in the 1970s, has a framed felt yellow “O” proudly hanging in the middle of one wall—the letter she was awarded retroactively at the special ceremony at the Matthew Knight Arena on May 7. “Looking back, we had one of the best programs in the U.S. But that's hindsight.”

Rees was one of several hundred former female UO athletes from the forties to the eighties who were honored that night with the letters they never received when they were students. Before the 1980s, female athletes at the UO were not granted letters, nor did they receive much financial support.

The delayed recognition of female athletes was largely because the U.S. Congress did not pass Title IX until 1972, perhaps the most revolutionary legislation ever passed for collegiate athletes. Title IX stated that equal opportunities must exist for both genders in athletics at any educational institution that receives federal funding. Even with Title IX, the University of Oregon did not start awarding female athletes letters until the 1980s.

Wendy Polhemus, “An Amazing Night”

“There was a lot of pride,” says EMU interim director Wendy Polhemus '81, MBA '94, about the letter ceremony. “These women accomplished things without support.”

Polhemus came to the UO from California in 1973 in search of sports. Her father taught her how to hit a baseball when she was six, and from then on, Polhemus was hooked. By the time she was in high school, she was playing softball, volleyball, and basketball. At the UO, she played on the same teams as Peg Rees under less than ideal conditions. “Basketball had no full-time coaches. GTFs were coaches,” Polhemus says, laughing. “We were no good.”

Her volleyball coach Karla Rice was a mentor for Polhemus. In fact, when Polhemus had to write a paper about the three most important mentors in her life, she chose Rice. “She was a great coach,” she says. “Approachable and fair.”

Polhemus was happy to receive her letter alongside her fellow athletes. “It was an amazing night,” she says. “The athletic department did a great job.” She does hope that the women who could not make the ceremony will still be acknowledged. “Those people deserve their letters no matter where they are. Or a nice letter of recognition,” she says.

Wendy Polhemus played basketball, volleyball, and softball her freshman and

sophomore years before joining the military. She will retire this December after serving for more than thirty years and earning the rank of colonel.

Sue Wieseke, The Love of the Game

Sue Wieseke '83, an accountant in the Department of Physical Education and Recreation, came to the UO in 1977 as a physical education major and as an athlete. “It was definitely a novelty still for women in athletics,” she says. Like Polhemus, Wieseke played softball, volleyball, and basketball in high school. She was also a competitive swimmer. In the late seventies, Wieseke appreciated the passion in women's sports. “Women's athletics was filled by women who loved to play,” she says. “There were no perks. We just purely loved playing.”

Several of the eleven women's teams at the time had to share uniforms. “We were pretty rag-tag looking,” says Wieseke. She cannot believe the vast transformation of UO athletics since she was a student. “It's both cool to see and stunning,” she says. Wieseke was also happy to receive her letter that May evening. “It was well done,” she says. “I thought they did a good job recognizing women.”

Peg Rees, Defining an Era

Peg Rees, now the associate director of



Peg Rees, Sue Wieseke, and Wendy Polhemus display their long-delayed letters.


physical education at the UO and former volleyball coach, has loved sports since she was a young child in Los Angeles. “Whenever I had an opportunity, I’d try it,” she says, whether it was softball, basketball, tennis, swimming, or baseball. “I can remember I loved playing. I loved the anticipation.”

In 1967, Rees came to Oregon from California. In high school, she played many sports but retrospectively, Rees recognizes the lack of support for female athletes at the time. “I’m sad about it. Even though I was named an outstanding athlete at my [high] school, no coach or teacher encouraged me to continue.”

Before attending the UO, Rees was unaware that there was a women’s athletics department. During the first week of classes in 1973, Rees found out about UO women’s athletics by accident. While strolling by Gerlinger Hall on a September day, a woman approached Rees and asked her if she played volleyball. She said yes. “She told me where to show up at 5:00 P.M. to join the

teams, and I showed up,” says Rees.

She also remembers female athletes paying for their own uniforms, paying for their own meals, and at times sleeping on her parents’ floor while the teams were traveling. “We can all tell crazy stories of how much we did with how little we had.”


The May letter ceremony had been in planning for eight years, says Rees. Tracking down all the female athletes itself took three to four years but it was well worth it. Rees had not seen some of her teammates for more than thirty years. “We knew each other the moment we saw each other,” she says. Her favorite moment of the night was the video presentation when a handful of women were called on stage at the Matthew Knight Arena to represent a decade of UO sports history. Rees represented the seventies. “It was special to me to stand up and represent these women athletes of the seventies,” she says. “We are really proud of what we did with the few resources we had. It defines the whole era.” 

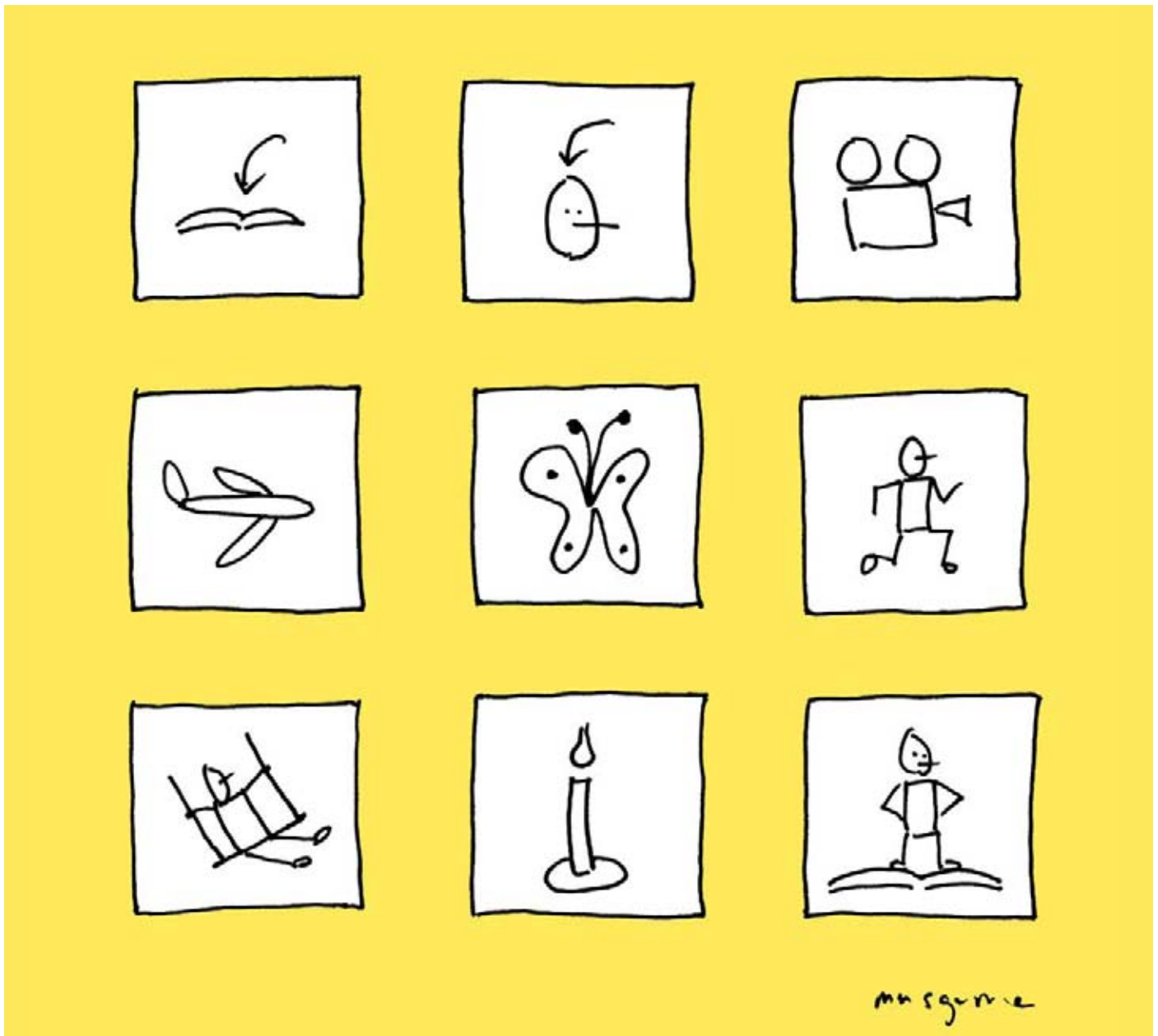
She also remembers female athletes paying for their own uniforms, paying for their own meals, and at times sleeping on her parents’ floor while the teams were traveling. “We can all tell crazy stories of how much we did with how little we had.”

The Art of Reading

WE ALL USE READING TO help us learn and think about the world, but how do we think about the act of reading itself? An unusual investigation that sought to answer this question has taken place in university classrooms in Texas. A professor asked undergraduate and graduate students in his writing and literature courses to draw a picture of what

happens when they read. “I think students can benefit from thinking visually about what they’ve read,” says Laurence Musgrove, MA ’89, PhD ’92, head of the Department of English and Modern Languages at Angelo State University in Texas. “By thinking visually, I mean the ability to think with and about images. Visual thinking includes the analysis, manipulation, and creation of images.” His study of the

students’ drawings revealed nine metaphors we use regularly when we talk and think about reading. The images associated with these metaphors—entering, absorbing, making, traveling, changing, moving, liberating, believing, strengthening—are shown below in an illustration from Musgrove’s book, *Handmade Thinking: A Picture Book on Reading and Drawing* (CreateSpace, 2011). 



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B O O K S H E L F

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

Coffee: Grounds for Debate (John Wiley & Sons Ltd., 2011) by Scott F. Parker '04 and Michael W. Austin. This latest installment in the series *Philosophy for Everyone* serves up "essays covering broad ground such as the ethics of coffee agriculture, caffeine as a performance-enhancing drug, and the centrality of the coffee house to the public sphere."

Dragonflies and Damselflies of Oregon: A Field Guide (Oregon State University Press, 2011) by Steve Gordon '73 and Cary Kerst. Intended for amateur and experienced naturalists alike, this "first field guide devoted solely to Oregon's fascinating and abundant odonates features stunning full-color photographs of every species currently known in Oregon."

The First Day of the Rest of My Life (Kensington Publishing Corporation, 2011) by Cathy Lamb

'89, MS '90. The fictional story of a woman with a haunting childhood memory and her decision to "reclaim her past—and her future—no matter where they lead."


Mine (CreateSpace, 2010) by Lin Sten, MS '69. This science fiction novel stars Selena Castillo, who publicly claims to be an extraterrestrial, but is she telling the truth? *Mine* asks, "Would you become her follower?"

Oregon Favorites: Trails and Tales (Navillus Press, 2011) by William L. Sullivan, MA '79. "For armchair travelers and adventurers alike," Sullivan's latest guidebook arranges sixty-two trip ideas by seasons.

Parents Behaving Badly (Touchstone, 2011) by Scott Gummer '86. "This is the perfect melding of the modern American blood sports of Little League and wedlock: harrowing and warm-hearted."

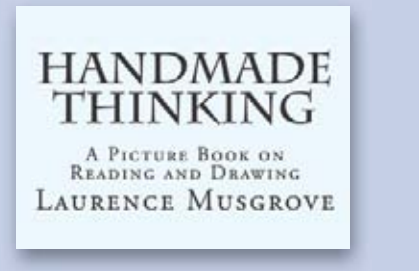
Reflections on Big Spring: A History of Pittsford, New York, and the Genesee River Valley (AuthorHouse Press, 2010) by David McNellis, MBA '68. In this nonfiction historical work, McNellis explores the "home of several of the world's most prestigious business enterprises and the

birthplace of a wide variety of revolutionary technologies" including xerography and cream-style mustard.

Sonny Montes and Mexican American Activism in Oregon (Oregon State University Press, 2011) by Glenn Anthony May, UO professor of history. "By viewing Mexican American resistance between 1965 and 1980 through the prism of social movement theory, May's book deepens our understanding of the Chicano Movement in Oregon and beyond." 

Excerpted in this issue

HANDMADE THINKING: A PICTURE BOOK ON READING AND DRAWING by Laurence Musgrove (CreateSpace, 2011).



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PHOTO: SOUTH SISTER BY CARL OSQUIND

Valuable Rockwell discovered, now on exhibit at the UO

The popular PBS television program *Antiques Roadshow* taped a series of segments in Eugene early in June—and unearthed one of the most valuable finds in its fifteen-year history. Some 6,000 event participants brought in their collectables, among which was a painting identified as Norman Rockwell's *The Little Model*. Its half-a-million-dollar appraisal tied the second-highest valuation ever made for an item on the program. Only weeks after the discovery, the painting, on loan from a private collector, was installed in the UO's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, where it will

be on exhibit until mid-fall. The *Antiques Roadshow* segments taped in Eugene are tentatively slated to air beginning in January. *The Little Model* originally appeared on the cover of the March 29, 1919, issue

of *Collier's* magazine. Rockwell is famed for depicting the American lifestyle and popular culture; between 1916 and 1963, he created 322 covers for *The Saturday Evening Post*. 



Norman Rockwell
The Little Model, 1919
 oil on canvas
 31-1/2 x 17-1/4 inches (framed)
 Private Collection

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What Do You Think?

Earlier this year Oregon Quarterly conducted a survey of our readers, and we heard from more than 650 of you. Results showed that 95 percent of alumni respondents rely on the magazine for news about the UO: 47 percent of respondents get all or most of their news about the University from OQ, with the next highest source being UO e-mails at 22 percent. In addition to questions with multiple-choice answers, the survey offered opportunities for open-ended responses and, as you might expect, readers were generous with their opinions. We received hundreds of comments. Here's a sampling.

When asked to indicate ways in which *Oregon Quarterly* strengthens their ties to the UO, 87 percent of respondents selected "Reminds me of my experience at the institution," and 39 percent picked "Serves as a source of continuing education" and "Encourages me to support the institution financially." But many put it in their own words:

- Helps me keep up with an institution I value highly.
- Makes me proud to be an alum.
- Bolsters my esteem for the UO.
- Thought-provoking content.
- Nice to read about success stories of graduates.
- Helps me to feel more in touch with my student.
- Keeps me connected.
- Broadens my views and perspectives.
- Helps me gauge the value of my UO education.
- I just like knowing about the great university that was a part of my life.

... And several questions called for direct responses:

Are there any changes or improvements you would like to suggest?

- More emphasis on the remarkable UO faculty.
- More student-written articles.
- Too provincial.
- More coverage of campus conflicts and controversies.
- More pictures, shorter articles.
- Balance. Move away from left-wing viewpoint. Let opposition be heard.
- About four pages thicker would be good.
- More encouragement of the older alumni to return to campus and have relevant activities for them.
- Less focus on the faculty's accomplishments.
- Stimulate more participation in Class Notes.
- More photos of the campus.
- Add a crossword puzzle.
- Less emphasis on sports.

- More on sports.
- Profiles of foreign students.
- More descriptions of facility changes on campus.
- More articles about grads who really helped change the world.

Please suggest any new topics that you wish OQ would cover.

- More about recent UO technology transfer success stories and future opportunities. Biotech partnering and codevelopment.
- More about research outside of the sciences.
- For those of us who live in Portland, we want to know about local events, speakers, etc.
- The writing needs to be aggressive, penetrating, fast, colorful. So does the design.
- Philanthropy.
- Information on recruitment efforts.
- Travel opportunities or discounts connected to the university.
- Stories of alum who have made contributions outside the U.S.
- The growth of Internet education.

What is it that you like least about Oregon Quarterly?

- Not enough sports and alumni updates.
- I am totally disinterested in sports.
- Not all stories resonate with me, but I understand the target is wide and varied.
- The constant drumbeat of political correctness.
- I do not read the publication online—HATE IT. Only read the old-fashion print version.
- Tired of reading about sustainability and fluff issues like that. Tell me how U of O is strengthening the curriculum. What programs are worthy of sending my kids to U of O and how you're training them to get jobs!
- Sometimes it seems to sermonize on diversity at Oregon.
- Difficult to read online, I like receiving the magazine.
- Letters to the editor.

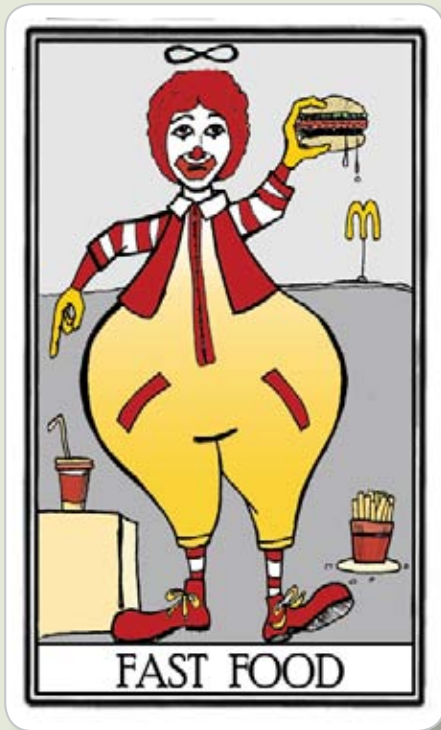
- Seems that most stories are about either social or environmental issues. Isn't UO doing any great scientific research that can be shared?
- Articles are a bit long for my attention span.
- Often there is only one or two items [in Class Notes for] the entire '50s and '60s. Develop an outreach program to reach those groups—not certain I could tell you how to do it, but there must be a way.
- Knowing I am reaching the last pages of OQ.

What is it that you like most about Oregon Quarterly?

- Anything that reflects that the institution is increasing its standing academically.
- It is our connection other than Autzen Stadium.
- The reminder quarterly of what I had, my daughter had, and the students that are there now have.
- The depth of articles that are written in beautiful detail.
- I receive four alumni magazines (OQ, Oregon State, University of Arizona, and James Madison University). *Oregon Quarterly* is the most individual of the four—and best represents its university.
- Historical articles.
- Like to learn what sets U of O apart from other institutions.
- Progress reports on building achievements such as the Alumni Center and the new Knight athletic facility.
- I am never sure what I am going to get when I open it to read it cover-to-cover in one sitting, but I always enjoy the experience.
- Gives me information I don't find anywhere else.
- I like getting it online & often read it on my cell phone.
- I am a volunteer college counselor at Clackamas High School. I use the quarterly as a recruitment tool for parents and students.
- Reminds me of being in college—a time in my life that I loved. 🍷

The Tarot of Temptation

The *Oregon Daily Emerald* ran a playful special section earlier this year (“Vices”) featuring student writing about the attraction to what could be called the seven deadly sins of a twenty-first century college student: Facebook, fast food, smoking, sleeping, sex, drinking, and shopping. The feature is in no way parochial in tone (it begins with a quote from Abraham Lincoln, “It has been my experience that folks who have no vices have very few virtues”), but it also frankly acknowledges the perils of overindulgence. The cautionary theme is underscored in the accompanying illustrations by Edwin Ouellette '11, whose modern tarot cards highlight the dangers of too much fun. 



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Upfront

News, Notables, Innovations




A Gleaming Campus Gateway

If you haven't been in Eugene for a few years and approach campus from the east along Franklin Boulevard, you might be surprised by what you see. Three new buildings have transformed what used to be an ugly jumble of parking lots, chain-link fences, and dilapidated retail space into a gleaming campus gateway.

The **Matthew Knight Arena** dominates the skyline. Construction of the \$227 million, 12,500-seat arena began in early 2009 and the doors first opened for a men's basketball game against USC in January. The arena is the setting for UO men's and women's basketball games, volleyball matches, and a variety of other university-related events, as well as concerts, lectures, and other gatherings.

Adjacent to the arena is the four-story, \$33.6 million **Cheryl Ramberg Ford and Allyn Ford Alumni Center**. Opened in June, it houses the University of Oregon Foundation and the University's Alumni Association, student orientation services, and development department. The 60,000-square-foot facility is the first place prospective students visit when they arrive for a campus tour. It also provides a welcoming starting place for returning alumni. A 2,000-square-foot interpretive center includes an interactive multimedia installation that celebrates UO heritage and history and informs visitors about current and upcoming events.

In January 2010, the glass-faced **John E. Jaqua Academic Center for Student Athletes** began providing UO student athletes a place to gather as a community focused on study and learning. The Jaqua Center includes ninety-two rooms, with assigned study carrels, library, lounges, and nearly 700 computers. The 40,000-square-foot structure is also available for general student use, with class and meeting spaces, tutoring rooms, and a coffee shop. 





The Matthew Knight Arena (top) is home to lots of sports action, but has also provided a large-capacity entertainment venue for shows ranging from Cirque du Soleil and Elton John to the rodeo and a monster truck competition. Designed and built to be environmentally friendly, the Cheryl Ramberg Ford and Allyn Ford Alumni Center (this page, center and bottom left) features the 3,600-square-foot Lee Barlow Giustina Ballroom, which opens onto the Donald R. Barker Courtyard, ideal for outdoor gatherings. An atrium brings light and a sense of spaciousness into the building (right). Visitors can use the fourteen-foot panels with touch-sensitive displays (bottom, center and right) to explore more than 1,000 UO-related stories told through words, images, and video. (Opposite) Two views of the John E. Jaqua Academic Center for Student Athletes.

TOP AND FACING PAGE: JOHN BAUGUËSS; THIS PAGE: MICHAEL MCDERMOTT

BIOLOGY

Fast-Forwarding Mendel

UO researchers invent a key to quickly unlock DNA.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY MONK Gregor Mendel spent eight years painstakingly planting and crossbreeding more than 30,000 pea plants in the garden of his Austrian abbey. Along the way, he rather unknowingly founded the science of genetics. For many decades after his death, anyone interested in Mendel's science used a relatively similar technique: mate, wait, and analyze. But with advances in our understanding of DNA and the advent of computers, the pace of discovery increased dramatically, opening the door for sequencing the entire genetic makeup of an organism.

Once mapped, the bases of DNA—the fundamental A, T, C, and G—reveal the blueprint of an organism, from what diseases it can resist to how environment influences development. Even with the power of computers, however, accessing that information required a slow, complicated, and expensive process. That is until RAD, a technology created at the University of Oregon that unlocks the code of life at unprecedented speed.

In a process akin to speed-reading, RAD (restriction-site associated DNA) offers volumes of genomic information using a fraction of the resources required by older methods, says RAD cocreator Eric Johnson, associate professor of biology at Oregon. A genome sequence, he explains, is much like a book. “When people talk about sequencing a genome, they want to read all the words in the book,” he adds. “The RAD method takes the shortcut of reading only the first sentence of each ‘chapter,’ so it takes a lot less effort to read just that much.” Comparing “first sentences” allows researchers to figure out where certain genes are. The result is a streamlined method of decoding anywhere from ten to fifty times faster than traditional techniques.

Such speed was unthinkable in 1990 when scientists around the world focused their energies on the historic Human Genome Project. The international effort involved twenty academic institutions, hundreds of scientists, and billions of dollars. In all, the venture to map the human genome spanned thirteen years. Now, thanks to



DNA Speedreaders Codevelopers of enhanced genome sequencing technique
Eric Johnson and Michael Miller, along with Floragenex CEO Nathan Lillegard

RAD, a similar task took UO graduate student Michael Miller '06 less than six months.

As an undergraduate, Miller cocreated RAD in Johnson's lab, developing the technology with input from Johnson and others in the biology department. Now a graduate student, Miller recently used RAD to sequence his first genome: the steelhead salmon.

“To think that now some graduate student like me could scrape together some money and do that is just unbelievable,” Miller says. “These are really the first cases where single people are starting to sequence genomes from really important, interesting species.”

Miller and Johnson invented RAD with help from UO associate professor of biology William Cresko. Cresko's research animal of choice, the stickleback fish, was one of the first sequenced using RAD. Initially, Miller says, he didn't fully grasp the significance of the group's work.

“The thing that sort of woke me up, that made me realize this is the real deal, was *Science*,” he says. As is tradition for the prestigious research journal, every December the editors publish a list of the year's most significant breakthroughs. In 2010, RAD made the list alongside a pair of heavy-hitters, the first plug-in electric

hybrid car and the malaria vaccine. “Just thinking of RAD on the same level as the malaria vaccine, it's pretty phenomenal,” Miller says.

Long before RAD reached *Science*, however, it had already caused a stir on campus. When MBA student Nathan Lillegard '98, MBA '06, first heard of the technology in summer 2005 he knew he'd discovered the idea that could put his degree to good use. Johnson agreed, and in 2006, a year after Johnson and Miller filed a patent with the UO's Office of Technology Transfer, RAD became a business: Floragenex, with Johnson as chief technology officer and Lillegard as president and CEO.

The company, which works out of the UO's Riverfront Research Park with labs in Portland, has six full-time employees—all Ducks. The group has worked with organizations including the USDA and, more notably, Monsanto. The Fortune 500 company has dominated the genetically modified seed market since the early 1990s and is a customer Lillegard describes as “the most well-known but not necessarily everyone's favorite.”

By genetically altering seeds, Monsanto and other Floragenex customers attempt to breed new varieties of plants with marketable qualities, like stronger disease resistance. Prior to RAD, clients had to take

Mendel's route to figure out which seeds did what.

"If you were a soybean company in the old days of five years ago, you would take two soybeans you liked, cross them, plant hundreds of thousands of seedlings, and check them out to see what happened," Johnson says.

RAD allows breeders to skip the seedling step by showing which sequences equal which traits. That means more food grown more quickly, the type of output needed to feed a world bustling along to an estimated nine billion people by 2050.

Despite its name, Floragenex doesn't deal only with plants. That's where Biota comes in. Founded by Jason Boone, PhD '08, the Floragenex subsidiary works with animal DNA. One project involved the cousins of beloved Oregon Zoo resident Chendra the pygmy elephant.

Chendra's fellow pygmy pachyderms live in the jungles of Borneo, where an estimated 1,500 fend off extinction as humans encroach on habitat. Figuring out where these elephants live is the first step toward saving them, but the traditional method of using tagging darts led to unfortunate consequences. The darts' anesthesia inhibited the elephant's sex life for an extended period, a potential death sentence for an endangered species. Because RAD quickly reads genomes, Biota offers a solution: collect dung for its DNA, match the poo to the elephant, and track the animal as it roams.

It's impossible to know the full reach of a technology that quickly shares DNA's

secrets. The possibilities even astonish the cocreator.

"DNA—it's the book of life," says Miller. "There are so many applications that RAD can be used for. How do you even begin?"

One way, as Johnson and Cresko have found, is to sequence individual human genomes and apply that information to medicine.

"Some drugs will work on you that don't work on me or vice versa. To some extent that has to be due to our genetic makeup," says Cresko. "At some point you'll go to the doctor and have your whole genome sequenced so drugs can be tailored to you."

Cresko and Johnson are also investigating the genetics of a person's microbe communities, which can cause illness when not functioning correctly. "I wouldn't be surprised if a few years down the road you go to the doctor and samples are taken not only for sequencing your genome but also for all the microbes you have in your teeth or your gut or on the scalp of your head," Cresko says.

But RAD—and what it promises for the future and has already delivered—may never have existed if not for a bit of serendipity, a lecture Cresko gave to fellow UO faculty members in summer 2005. After hearing Cresko's plan to map the stickleback fish genome using traditional methods, audience member Johnson mentioned a new project he'd just begun.

"If I hadn't given this research talk and Eric hadn't talked to me and we didn't have our students in our labs working together,


"We're really at a revolutionary time in biology right now," Miller says. "RAD empowered us to study whatever we want."

maybe the RAD technology wouldn't have worked," Cresko says.

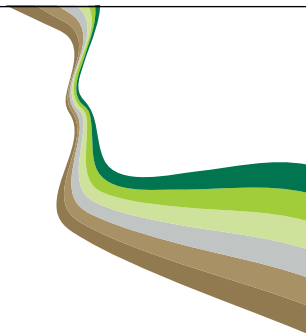
But it did. Now much of the UO's newest scientific research uses the technology.

Down the hall from Cresko's lab, assistant professor Hui Zong seeks out genetic mutations in worms that could someday lead to earlier detection tests for cancer. One building over, fellow professor John Postlethwait decodes the Antarctic icefish, whose unique genes for bone density could lead to breakthroughs in studying osteoporosis. Even Miller continues to use the technology. Due to RAD's game-changing nature, any topic the grad student explores is likely to be influenced by the very work he cocreated.

"We're really at a revolutionary time in biology right now," he says. "RAD empowered us to study whatever we want."

For Miller, that means more salmon DNA. Next up, Chinook. 

—Elisabeth Kramer



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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON
School of Journalism and Communication

CULTURE

Thinking Inside the Box

TWO YEARS AGO IN SAN FRANCISCO, Garron Hale '00 didn't know what he was heading for. He was visiting his brother and had been promised a night on the town—something special. He knew something was up as soon as he saw the line snaking along the sidewalk for two blocks. There was a definite buzz. Something exciting in the air. Rock show? Poetry slam? Going directly to the front of the line, Hale and his brother were greeted and sent on in.

"I had no idea what was going on," he says.

There, in what he recalls as a "modern, hip" setting, a bar with a large, open central space, they found a seat and waited. It was only then that his brother told Hale what was going on—a Pecha Kucha night. His brother was a key organizer.

Pecha Kucha. It means, roughly, "chit-chat" in Japanese. Founded in Tokyo in 2003, it's an antidote to "death by Powerpoint," say enthusiasts, "show-and-tell with beer," twenty chances to tell your story, share your fascinations, or present details of a project you are particularly interested in or proud of—all in the constrained format of twenty images projected for twenty seconds each (6:40 total). In San Francisco, the night began with an architect extolling the ecological virtues of building green, his specialty. Next up, two women performing a combination tightrope act and poetry reading—using the slides not as visual aids, but theatrically, as scene-setting backdrops.

Founders Astrid Klein and Mark Dytham, architects based in Tokyo, created Pecha Kucha as a venue for designers, especially young ones, to present their work. Since then it has grown in scope and sites, with more than 400 gatherings held regularly from Amsterdam to Zagreb, Boston to Bali, Dubai to Delhi, on every continent except Antarctica and in at least a dozen cities on the West Coast. One of those gathering places is Eugene, where local enthusiasts Hale and Dan Schmitt have been the driving forces behind Pecha Kucha since 2009.

In his professional life, Hale, forty-six, is associate director of information technology at the University of Oregon College of Arts and Sciences. Schmitt, thirty-seven,



Variations on a Theme These four images by Portland artist Gwenn Seemel were part of her Pecha Kucha presentation that explored the challenges of artistic creation. Can you find the differences?

is a ceramics artist and teacher at Lane Community College, as well as a master-level adult swim coach and student in product design at the UO.

They share a nearly evangelical commitment to Pecha Kucha. "It's a chance for people to hear your story," Schmitt says of the gatherings, "to give your work more meaning. I walk away with passion. I get fired up about what I'm doing."

Think your story might not be interesting?

"Sometimes," Schmitt says, "we're not as aware of how interesting we are."

"It's human nature," Hale says. "But if you have a heartbeat, there's something interesting about you."

"It's the modern version of a variety show," Hale adds.

"The art salon idea," Schmitt says.

Recent topics? Ready?

Why genocide continues and people don't act; making B movies in Eugene; a

painting of mother and dog; small-scale interiors (think doll houses) and the fears of childhood; iPhone map apps; sculpture and politics; adult graphic novels; the ideas of ceramics; how to think about food.

One presentation that stood out for Hale and Schmitt was that of Richard Johnson, who owns Eugene's Midtown Pipe and Tobacco. Johnson's presentation was on fire, they say—but not with burning tobacco. Burning Man.

Johnson had just returned from the community-oriented, self-discovery and creativity-based event that takes place annually in the Nevada desert. "I love to share that experience," Johnson says. At the Pecha Kucha gathering, he had the opportunity to focus his bubbling enthusiasm. "I was able to show them how important that experience was to me." And he did, vigorously, "with my heart, my head—my crotch—I hung them up by their toes."

"In talking about Burning Man," Hale

recalls, “this incredible passion came through. I’ve never seen as much passion.”

Pecha Kucha, Johnson observes, is the perfect format. “It’s fast, it’s a cool environment, and you can see an entire person in that experience.”

Still a relatively new idea, the gatherings are something of a work in progress. “We’d like to see more younger people participate,” Hale says, “broaden the spectrum, see the projects they are working on.”

They also would like to see more women participate. “Right now it’s about ten-to-one male,” Hale says.

One female who skewed the ratio the other way was artist Gwenn Seemel. Though she lives in Portland, where Pecha Kucha also meets, she says the vibrant Eugene art scene interested her. At first she feared she would be boring. “Then I realized that I could only bore so much in five minutes—and the audience would only have to suffer for five minutes,” she says

She chose for her topic a portrait she’d painted of her mother with her Brittany spaniel on her lap (not unlike Renaissance paintings of Madonna and Child). “It was something I wanted to talk about,” she says. Using the slides to illustrate her points, she took the audience through the process of creating the painting, demonstrated the evolution of the work, related its backstory, and detailed the trials of creation. She explored “the challenge of thinking you are doing something right, then not having it work out.”

Again, Pecha Kucha was the perfect format, its limitations offering freedom. “People often think there should be no limits in art,” she says. “That’s hooey!” You need boundaries, she explains. “You need to think inside the box, then push the boundaries of the box. With Pecha Kucha, working within the rules, you can be really creative.

“It was inspiring to think in those five-minute terms,” she adds. “It was a great way to communicate.”

Another way of communicating with images was mapped out by Ken Kato, MS ’00, assistant director of the UO Department of Geography’s InfoGraphics Lab.

“Mapmaking,” Kato offered, “is in effect telling stories in space.”

Using the mobile mapping project he and his fellow geographers have been working on as an example—a mobile phone app with multipurpose maps of the

entire UO campus—he demonstrated the level to which those stories can be told. (The app, which recently won the prestigious Special Achievement in GIS Award, has gone public and more than 14,000 people have downloaded it. More information is available at www.uoregon.edu/mobile.)


Kato says he found the informal setting of a restaurant bar to be more comfortable to work in than the usual square-room-with-lines-of-chairs space typical of a conference center. In that relaxed atmosphere, he also connected with a UO colleague, psychology professor Paul Slovic. On the night of Kato’s presentation, Slovic had talked on the subject of some of his research: why genocides continue to take place regardless of the opposition people express regarding such horrors. The coincidence of the presentations got Kato and Slovic talking, sharing ideas, exploring possibilities of using technological capabilities from the InfoGraphics Lab to learn more about some of the darkest corners of the human heart. A research project was born.

“We realized that there was overlap,”

Kato says. “It spawned a collaboration that probably would not have been made without Pecha Kucha.”

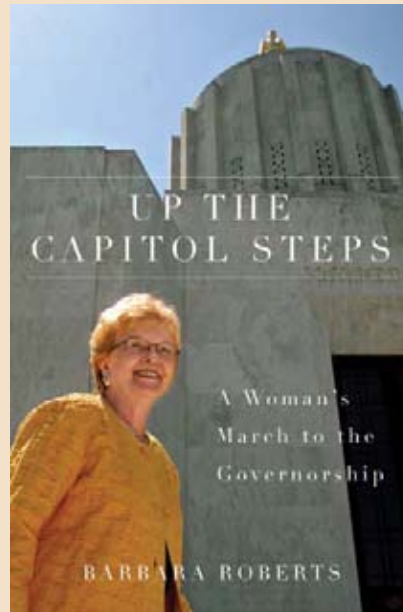
With Pecha Kucha popularity booming across the globe, Hale and Schmitt hope that more people will be attracted to the local events. Meeting four times a year is their goal for Eugene. In the past, these have taken place at local restaurants and pizza joints, with announcement of the events spread mostly with posters and by word of mouth. They have personally paid for necessary equipment: a screen, digital projector, a laptop, and audio speakers. “An expensive hobby,” Hale quips. He and Schmitt believe Eugene needs Pecha Kucha and, as a community, benefits from it. The next Eugene meeting is scheduled for September 15 at the White Lotus Gallery.

“It allows you to see the diversity of people in Eugene,” Schmitt says. “People complain about how provincial Eugene is, but there are some fascinating, creative, brilliant people in Eugene.”

And Pecha Kucha brings them out. 

—Jim McChesney ’90

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White Box Visual Laboratory

The word *laboratory* generally conjures up images of white coats and double-blind trials. In one special corner of the White Stag Block, however, a remarkably different laboratory is undertaking explorations of a nature not generally associated with the scientific method.

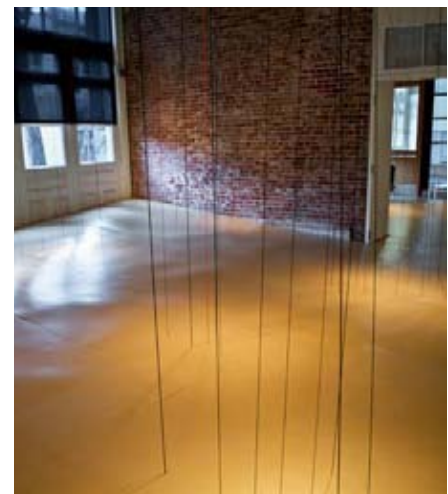
The White Box Visual Laboratory is a 1,500-square-foot artistic exhibition space located on the ground floor of the White Stag Block. Dedicated to hosting the “exploration of contemporary creativity and critical inquiry,” the White Box is an unusual and intriguing venue, neither a traditional art museum nor the sort of commercial gallery that populates downtown Portland. Instead, White Box exhibitions offer speculative, experimental, and often collaborative art created by student and emerging artists, local talent, and international contributors.

“You’re likely to see thought-provoking, challenging, innovative work [in the White Box], and that’s the whole mission of the space,” says Kate Wagle, who heads UO Architecture and Allied Arts in Portland and chairs the White Box Advisory Committee. To date, such work has included *Onto-logue*, a four-artist show investigating ontology—the study of the nature of being—which drew inspiration from both Edith Piaf and the periodic table; and *Song of the Willamette River*, a multimedia documentation of two artists’ five-day trip from Eugene to Portland in a handmade canoe and featuring a replica of the entire Willamette River.

Visual artists aren’t the only ones who benefit from the White Box’s local presence: recent Arts and Administration Program graduates serve a one- or two-year term as White Box coordinator, an “art gallery boot camp” position that entails everything from marketing to fundraising to helping the artists install their artworks.

The White Box is celebrating its second birthday this fall and, appropriately enough, has just received a birthday present from the Ford Family Foundation allowing for completion of the technical build-out for the White Box’s digital media room. Once installation is complete, artists will be able to project digital images onto all four walls while also using advanced audio channels to create multisensory experiences for viewers, offering exhibition possibilities found nowhere else in the city.

As it enters its third year, the White Box will



A view from the Changing Place exhibit

continue to welcome discovery, innovation, and any and all curious visitors to Old Town. “We feel like part of our mission here is to create new knowledge,” Wagle says, “and the more people we have with us, moving in and out of the space, the happier we are.”

Coming events in the White Box Visual Laboratory Changing Place

THROUGH SEPTEMBER 3

OPEN NOON TO 6:00 P.M.

CLOSED SUNDAYS AND MONDAYS

Robert Mantho and Michael Wenrich, of the collaboration Locus, have transformed the White Box into an immersive architectural experience exploring altered perceptions of space. *Changing Place* represents the fifth iteration of Locus’s international interventions where the architect-artists re-envision the found space and challenge visitors’ physical and visual perceptions.

David Eckard

SEPTEMBER 23 THROUGH NOVEMBER 12

In celebration of the twentieth year of the Bonnie Bronson Fellowship Award, the White Box will host an exhibition of works by the 2011 award recipient, Portland’s David Eckard.

For more information, visit the White Box online at whiteboxuo.wordpress.com.

—Mindy Moreland, MS '08

PHOTO COURTESY OF WHITE BOX VISUAL LABORATORY




Legislature Passes Higher Ed Reforms

The 2011 session of the Oregon Legislative Assembly passed historic higher education reform bills that set the stage for further changes to come. “The legislature redefined the relationship between the entire Oregon University System and the state this session through passage of SB 242 and SB 909,” says UO President Richard W. Lariviere.

SB 242 removes the OUS from state agency status, giving it more autonomy and flexibility, and creates the Higher Education Coordinating Commission to oversee higher education policy. SB 909, a top priority of Governor John Kitzhaber, MD '73, establishes the Oregon Education Investment Board to oversee education in Oregon from pre-school to higher education. To allow the legislature to focus on Kitzhaber’s proposed reform, Lariviere agreed to set aside for this session the UO’s “new partnership” proposal calling for a local governing board for the UO and creating a public endowment to provide funding for the University. Those proposals will be considered by the Oregon Education Investment Board and future legislative sessions.

The legislature also passed a bill, SB 405, that would allow the State Board of Higher Education to authorize the UO or any of the state’s public universities to establish its own police department. The transition of the UO Department of Public Safety to a police department would occur over approximately six years, according to preliminary University estimates.

Funding was approved for several UO capital construction projects including the Lewis Integrative Science Building (\$10 million), the Allen Hall expansion and remodel project (\$5.3 million), steam service replacement (\$2.5 million), Barnhart Hall envelope restoration (\$1.7 million), Bean Complex exterior improvements (\$1.5 million), and Earl Complex fire system improvements (\$.75 million). 

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THE MAGAZINE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

21

JORDAN SCHNITZER
MUSEUM OF ART

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MARSHALL REYNOLDS/STEIN

“Interning at the JSMA, I’ve learned so much. This has been an enriching experience that has truly made my education at the UO more meaningful and empowering.”

For the past 2 years, Jen Hernandez, an Arts and Administration graduate student, has worked as the Laurel Award Intern in the JSMA’s Education Department creating engaging experiences and programs for students from local schools, community members and University of Oregon students and faculty.

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UNIVERSITY OF OREGON

I N B R I E F



The University of Oregon football team served as Grand Marshal of the Spirit Mountain Casino Grand Floral Parade during the 2011 Portland Rose Festival. Members of the football team (on truck), cheerleaders, President Lariviere, and The Duck made their way along the 4.2-mile parade route that stretched from the Memorial Coliseum to downtown Portland.

Grateful Grads

In June, graduating seniors were given Celebrating Champions T-shirts that they could present to their favorite faculty or staff members as a thank-you for making a difference in the students’ lives. To see video of forty-five students honoring their mentors, go to champions.uoregon.edu/celebration-memories.

Faculty Excellence


UO chemist **Geraldine “Geri” Richmond** is among seventy-two U.S. scientists elected this year to the National Academy of Sciences, one of the highest accolades awarded to a scientist or engineer in the United States. She was also honored by being named a 2011 fellow of the American Chemical Society. Another chemist, **Brad Nolen**, is among twenty-two 2011 Pew Scholars in the Biomedical Sciences, a recognition given to promising early-career scientists pursuing research deemed important to medical breakthroughs and treatments. The Pew Charitable Trusts will provide him \$240,000 over four years to pursue his research without restriction. UO architecture professor **Michael Fifield** has been elected to the College of Fellows in the American Institute of Architects. Fewer than 2

percent of the 80,000 current AIA members have received the honor. **Jill Hartz**, executive director of the UO’s Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, is now president of the Association of Academic Museums and Galleries, the leading educational and professional organization for academic museums, galleries, and collections.

Documenting Labor

The UO has entered into a new partnership with PCUN, or Pinosos y Campesinos Unidos del Noroeste (Northwest Treeplanters and Farmworkers United) to preserve and make available for research through the UO Libraries Special Collections and University Archives a collection of historic documents that chronicle the labor union.

Athletics Expansion Projects Begun

A privately funded expansion of the Len Casanova Athletic Center and other facilities now under way around Autzen Stadium is slated for completion in fall 2013. The project will add a new football operations center to the west and north of the existing Casanova Center as well as a new women’s soccer and lacrosse complex at the east end of Autzen Stadium. 

JACK LIU

PROFile

Barbara Altmann

Professor of French

Director, Oregon Humanities Center



Barbara Altmann is on a quest. She's familiar with what's required, having spent decades steeped in the epics of medieval France. Altmann's mission, however, is more difficult than the standard slaying of foes or saving of maidens: she's got to convince modern college students that the Middle Ages matter.

"Generally, in ten weeks I can get people to see what a dazzlingly complex and sophisticated period it was," Altmann says. People, she adds, don't initially understand how such ancient history affects them, but examples aren't hard to find.

"There's religious warfare, for one," Altmann says. "It's a very sobering view to see that the same ideologies were in conflict 800 years ago."

Altmann's research focuses on fourteenth- and fifteenth-century French poetry; she teaches the language and its history to the full range of college students, from incoming freshmen to master's candidates.

"It's a move that I made deliberately," she says. "Teaching such a wide variety is one of the things I like best about my job because it keeps me fresh."

Altmann's upper-level courses are taught in French; no matter the tongue of study, however, she wants each student to walk away a skillful user of language.

"That's what we do at a university: teach people to express themselves through language," she adds.

The methods she uses—which include debunking French stereotypes with freshmen to capture their interest in the culture—work well. Glowing student praise for Altmann has led to numerous teaching awards with her career bookended by the UO's most prestigious teaching honors: in 1997, she won the Ersted Award for exceptional new teachers; fourteen years later she received the Herman Award, given to senior faculty members with outstanding teaching records.

"It never occurred to me I'd be at any one campus for my career," she says. "This is a university where there's always been something interesting to do. I have yet to have a moment where I felt bored."

Neither, it seems, have her students. "My favorite comment on student evaluations is 'It wasn't nearly as bad as I thought it was going to be.' I take that as high praise."


Name: Barbara Altmann

Education: PhD '88, University of Toronto

Teaching Experience: Joined the UO faculty in 1989.

Awards: Ersted Award for Distinguished Teaching, 1997; Thomas F. Herman Faculty Achievement Award for Distinguished Teaching, 2011.

Off-Campus: Altmann enjoys cycling and gardening. She has two sons, one of whom will become a Duck in fall 2011.

Last Word: "Time with students keeps me humble, it keeps me honest, and it keeps me working so I have something of significance to bring to them." 

—Elisabeth Kramer

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People's Park

by Evelyn Searle Hess

Funding cuts have drastically reduced city support of the University's gorgeous neighbor, Hendricks Park, but volunteers are trying to fill in the gaps.



Nearly thirty of us crunch softly up the gravel path between scarlet, rose, snowy white, and purple rhododendrons, the still-low sun nudging leaden clouds in the eastern sky. We follow retired forester

Tom Mickel as he shoulders his spotting scope toward the main lawn of Hendricks Park Rhododendron Garden. Searching for the black-headed grosbeak burbling its exuberant song, we gaze upward into the oak canopy just in time to watch a crow float down from its mossy perch. Sleek, crested cedar waxwings flock from tree to tree and then down to devour green fruits among the bronzy new growth of an eight-foot Mahonia 'charity,' an exotic relative of Oregon grape. Later, most of us had still not spotted the grosbeak, but all binoculars turned skyward to see a snoozing raccoon draped over a fir branch some thirty feet up in the tree.

It was a Sunday in May, and we were on one of maybe a dozen annual tours in Eugene's Hendricks Park, this one through the Rhododendron Garden and then into the woodland, looking for birds. Other tours on subjects such as ethnobotany, wildlife habitats, mushrooms, or exotic plant identification and history follow any of several paths through seventy-eight acres of urban forest and native plant and rhododendron gardens.

On Tuesday morning of the previous week, I tagged along as Kate Hirst was shepherding Hendricks Park volunteers to their jobs for the day. We passed Mickel, the same bird enthusiast of the Sunday tour, who after two-and-a-half years had just finished pruning work on all of the park's rhododendrons. He first learned the craft at a workshop given by then head gardener Michael Robert, and practiced on his seventy home plants before joining volunteers to work on the park's rhododendrons. The group also passed Ray Scofield '52, trimming bed edges and raking paths to perfection. Scofield first discovered the park as "the greatest place to study on a sunny day" when he went to the University of Oregon as an undergrad in 1948. A long-time beloved Roosevelt Junior High School teacher, he lived near the park as his children grew up, and later he and Twilo Scofield '77 chose it to place a bench in memory of their daughter Carolyn. In 2003, he joined the Friends of Hendricks Park volunteers, and says that when people praise his work as beautiful, "that's hard to beat." Then with a grin he remembered a park visitor from Sacramento who said Scofield was overpaid. "He just couldn't believe we would volunteer to help the park."

Hirst put us to work removing the noxious weeds herb

Facing page, left to right: Retired forester Thomas Mickel; park neighbor and garden expert Sarah Vasconcellos; garden designer and landscaper Harriet Kelly; former Tuesday volunteer leader Karen Goebel; Phyllis Hamel, who joined the Friends shortly after moving to Eugene from New Jersey three years ago; and former teacher Ray Scofield.



Robert and nipplewort from a bed beside Summit Drive, smother-mulching the dreaded celandine (it's impossible to weed out with all those rice-grain-size tubers falling off), planting rhododendrons, or rescuing from the horsetail and potting the pretty ground cover, false lily-of-the-valley. Friends of Hendricks Park Board member Jim Beyer looked up from the nipplewort in amazement.

"What the volunteers have done here is incredible. Fourteen people can do lots! There's no way the park crews could get this done."

Fourteen people working three hours is more than one full-time worker working for a week. And every Tuesday morning from March through November, volunteers tackle similar tasks throughout the park.

The volunteers and the tours both are projects of the Friends of Hendricks Park, which formally incorporated as a nonprofit in December 2001. In the late 1990s, concerned about the health of forest trees, a group of park neighbors noted that the 100-year-old park had no master plan or long-term management goals. The Eugene City Council responded, hiring a consultant and appointing an advisory committee of neighbors, scientists, and city staff members to develop a forest management plan. In January of 2000, after months of committee input and a multitude of surveys, research, and evaluation by consultants, a two-volume forest management plan described park history, natural resource inventory, use, and forest health, as well as vision, goals, and strategies for the future.

The plan encouraged using the forest as a living laboratory and building a native plant garden as an outdoor classroom. Together, forest and garden should give students from elementary school through college and beyond a place for environmental education and research. It noted that "demands on staff exceed abilities to maintain a healthy urban forest," but also that the community strongly supports natural areas and their protection and management.

Fairmount neighbors Joan Kelley and David Moon hosted a group to discuss ways to support the plan. At about the same time, Jerry Blakely was looking for a spot to endow a native garden in honor of his wife, Mary '78, who had recently died of cancer. Blakely and the neighborhood group found each other and Friends of Hendricks Park was born, with Blakely as its first president. Almost immediately, the Friends began building the native garden, supporting forest restoration, planning education partnerships, and providing volunteer support and fundraising for the many projects recommended in the forest plan.

I lived with my family in the morning shadow of Hendricks Hill for twenty-five years, walking and running in the park, walking dogs in the forest, bringing guests to visit the beautiful gardens. But it wasn't until the mid-to-late 1990s, forty years after I moved to Eugene, that I became intimately acquainted with the park. Beginning at age sixty, I became a city employee and spent the next two years as the third member of the three-person Hendricks Park gardening crew, which was irregularly supplemented by community service people, at-risk youth, or master gardening students. We had visitors from Japan, Germany, Sweden, New Zealand, and Holland; third-generation rhododendron growers from England and Scotland; famous gardeners from around the United States and Canada and the Czech Republic. Every time a big track meet was held at Hayward Field, a parade of elite athletes would come through the park as the first stop on their pilgrimage to Pre's Rock, a memorial to the late Steve Prefontaine '73, just north of the park.

So *this* is a world-famous place, its gorgeous old rhododendrons mixing with thousands of other plants, bringing bloom to the garden throughout the year. Beds surround a main lawn and interweave among gnarly Oregon white oaks, framing a network of paths. The lawn, with oak-branch shadows filigreed across virescent grass, often



Joe Fraley, former city staffer who helped facilitate forest restoration work parties, and his daughter Jade, the youngest volunteer.

finds tai chi practitioners greeting the day or bidding it farewell. When the sun shines, blankets sprout across the lawn, beneath young mothers with babies or starry-eyed couples with picnic baskets of local-baked bread, chunks of cheese, and bottles of wine. When the late-day sun is just right for photography, young women appear in wedding gowns, prom dresses, or graduation regalia, posing for pictures framed by flowers. Generations of locals have wandered the paths, admired the gardens, explored the forest, lounged to enjoy the stars or each other. And generations of runners young and old—joggers, high school and University athletes, elite postgraduates, masters—have trained on Hendricks' forest paths. Neighbors think of the park as an extension of their own backyards, and at the same time as a respite from life's hectic pace. Friends' member Linda Sage says, "When I step into the forest, I step into a different, stress-free world." And where else, so close to

town, might you see, as Sage's husband Martin did, a raccoon chasing a wild turkey around the garden?

So important to so many, but with a regular staff of just three, could we do justice either to the park or to the people? It was a challenge merely to keep up with the weeds in the thirteen-acre Rhododendron Garden, much less to manage the remaining sixty-five acres. But we loved the park. We were there on site each day; we knew each path and bed; we could respond when hikers and joggers brought us news of problems in the forest.

Then the voters approved a tax-limiting measure, and the city began preparing pink slips. We assumed that as I had been a recent hire, I would be among the first to go. I sadly took retirement, as many others throughout the city were laid off or positions were left unfilled.

That was about fourteen years ago, and the city coffers appear unlikely to overflow any time soon. In the current recession, rather than having three full-time staff members with Hendricks Park as their home base, the public works department assigns roving crews to several parks. The crew that comes to Hendricks works at six or more other parks, coming to Hendricks as little as twice a week. The lawn gets mown; the trash gets picked up; but daily presence is no more, and the continuing connection to the park is primarily through the Friends.

Just blocks from the University, less than a mile-and-a-half from downtown and 500 feet above it, the park was the gift of Thomas G. Hendricks, local banker and city father who had also been instrumental in the original formation of the University of Oregon. As the story goes, in the early 1900s, Hendricks and his wife Martha, along with then mayor F. M. Wilkins and his wife, traveled by horse and buggy for a picnic on the forested ridge bordering the east edge of Eugene. As the two couples looked down at the river, the valley, and the fledgling campus and settlement below, Hendricks announced that this

was the time to provide fellow citizens a park, “while it can still be attained in its natural state.” Hendricks promised to buy forty-seven acres of the hill and donate it to the city if Wilkins could get the city to buy some as well. The city added thirty-one acres and in 1906 Eugene had its first park.

The Rhododendron Garden was the brainchild of the Eugene Men’s Camellia and Rhododendron Society, an organization begun in 1944 specifically without “rules, minutes, amendments, or women.” Two of the wives, Ray James and Ruth Lyons, however, were among the best and most prolific rhododendron breeders, and it was from Ms. James’s 1945–51 correspondences with C. P. Raffill of England’s Kew Gardens that the group gained not only a wealth of information on rhododendron culture, but also thousands of seeds and cuttings from choice species and hybrids.

In 1951, the men’s group received permission from the Eugene Parks Department to create a garden, with plant donations from the members. All ardent gardeners, few of them owned enough land to expand their collections as they’d like. Elk and deer in a small zoo at the top of Hendricks Park had cleared a large area of brush, presenting a seductive blank canvas for a grand garden.

Camellias were the number-one love of most of the men, but two of them, Del James and A. F. Barnett, were passionate about rhododendrons. After the first bad winter killed nearly all of the 6,000 newly planted camellias in the nascent public garden, members turned to James and Barnett for information and advice, and the garden’s focus shifted to rhododendrons. The society was inspired by and learned from the collection of James Barto, at his farm near Junction City, the largest and best rhododendron collection in the United States during the 1930s. Many of Barto’s plants, or cuttings or hybrids from them, found their way into the Rhododendron Garden, and with contributions from England and Asia and the continued generosity of the Rhododendron Society (which in


1955 officially admitted women), the garden attained world fame.

Since the Friends were formed about ten years ago, groups of volunteers have logged nearly 30,000 hours, and members have contributed tens of thousands of dollars. They continue their essential work in the Rhododendron Garden; they built the Mary Blakely Native Plant Garden and a semicircular terrace (the “moon terrace”) adjacent to it; they assure maintenance for the native garden (Blakely’s bequest included a trust fund for ten hours of weekly maintenance to be matched by the city); they provide half of Hirst’s eight-hour-per-week salary, the other half coming from the city, for coordinating the Tuesday morning work parties; and they work in the forest, as well as providing funds to support additional work there.

The Friends have removed acres of ivy that was smothering native plants and endangering the health of forest trees, and have begun restoration of an oak woodland on the southwest corner of the park, a remnant of a once-dominant Willamette Valley ecosystem. Now extremely rare, this forest type provides habitat for plants and animals not found in other forest communities. When the Hendricks Park Forest Management Plan was adopted in 2000, the city hired a part-time coordinator for work in the forest. Under the coordinator’s supervision, the Friends group, along with UO environmental studies students, sororities, fraternities, and youth and business groups, have worked toward eliminating invasive plants, replanting appropriate plants, and installing paths to access the oak woodland, dubbed the Oak Knoll.

The most recent economic downturn threatened the forest coordinator position, but after the Board of the Friends of Hendricks Park testified that years of past work and money would be lost without the coordinator—not to mention the hundreds of future volunteer hours and the experience and research benefits to students—the Eugene Parks and Open Spaces

Department agreed to maintain the 7.5-hour-per-week position for another year. The board continues to chart endless hours planning, organizing and promoting projects, fundraising, and advocating for the park.

Linda Sage praised Friends’ founders Joan Kelly, David Moon, and Sandra and Fred Austin for making the vision of the Forest Management Plan a reality. The Friends continue the legacy of Thomas and Martha Hendricks and the 1950s Rhododendron Society, of private people sharing for the public good. Certainly the city will always care about its parks, but budgets and priorities remain unpredictable. As new generations get to know the park through tours, education programs, University research, and hands-on park work, we can only hope that they too, like the Friends, will want to give back—to care about and care for Eugene’s first park. 

Evelyn Searle Hess '66, MS '86, is the author of To the Woods: Sinking Roots, Living Lightly, and Finding True Home (Oregon State University Press, 2010). For more information about the Friends of Hendricks Park, visit friendsofhendrickspark.org.

A Royale Volunteer

Hendricks Park even has a knight on its citizen crew. A regular volunteer both Tuesdays in the garden and monthly Saturdays in the forest, ninety-year-old Ed Peara received a belated knighthood of the French Legion of Honor April 14, 2011, for service to the Allied troops during World War II. A conscientious objector, he was an officer on the lead amphibious crew in European, African, and Asian invasions. Unarmed, they peacefully disarmed each area, preparing a safer arrival for the next wave. A retired Unitarian minister, Peara calls Hendricks Park his cathedral of inspiration. He says he volunteers “for the common good, because the world needs it, for the environment, and because I’m happier working than not.” —ESH





Hands- On Magic

An internationally famous spa is only part of the living landscape wonders created in Tecate, Mexico, by the hard work and activist vision of a UO alumna.

BY LAUREN KESSLER

PHOTOS BY JACKSON HAGER

“I love this. I just love this,” Sarah Livia Brightwood Szekeley ’83 says. She says this out loud, but she’s really talking more to herself than to the patient workers who watch as she pickaxes the ground with short, powerful strokes. It’s a warm, sunny, blazingly blue-sky afternoon in Baja California, and Sarah is busy excavating a meandering canal for a water feature she designed. Dressed in baggy shorts and a fading *Healing Plants and Herbs* T-shirt, her long, straight, shot-with-gray hair hanging loose, no jewelry, no make-up, she looks like a dirt-under-the-nails gardener (which she is), a hands-on landscaper (which she is), and a ’70s-era alternative culture Eugenean (which she was). What she doesn’t look like is president of a sprawling, upscale, internationally renowned fitness and health resort that was recently voted World’s Best Destination Spa by the readers of *Travel + Leisure*.

The woman wielding the pickax with a sheen of sweat across her brow runs the show at Rancho La Puerta—3,000 acres, 400 employees, 150 guests, eleven gyms, three health centers, a six-acre organic farm, and a world-class culinary school. The place is part shake-your-

booty fitness resort, part spiritual retreat, with classes ranging from treadmill trekking to Tibetan singing bowls, from deep-water aerobics to dream decoding. The ranch, an early model of sustainability, was founded seventy years ago by Sarah's parents. Her father was a distinguished Hungarian professor, a linguist, philosopher, psychologist, and natural-living experimenter. A man ahead of his time, he published *Cosmos Man and Society* and *Medicine Tomorrow* in 1928, precursors to the whole foods—raw food movement. Newspapers of the day dubbed him a “health cultist” for promoting organic farming, vegetarianism, juice fasts, and holistic medicine. The author of more than eighty books, a student of Buddhism, and a follower of the Essenes, a mystic sect reputed to have authored the Dead Sea Scrolls, he was equal parts intellectual and oddball. Her mother, a Brooklyn-born follower of the professor's esoteric philosophies, became an astute businesswoman who guided the creation of the ranch, became a spa industry leader, and went on to launch the famously luxurious Golden Door fitness resort in California.

Like the ranch, Sarah is both corporate and cosmic. The cosmic she comes by naturally. She is, by birth, temperament, and education, a thinker of big thoughts, a dreamer and a visionary, a child of nature. The corporate she has had to assume, and she wears it lightly. Not that she takes her considerable responsibilities lightly—she does not—but she works hard to keep her life in balance, to juxtapose five-hour planning and budget meetings and mornings spent at the computer with afternoons like this one, afternoons spent playing in the dirt.

Intent on her task, Sarah picks up one football-sized rock after another, hefting them easily, examining each in turn, noting the quality and color of the granite, from pink to silver to dark gray. She turns to the workers who are prepping a special cement mixture and speaks to them in soft, swift, perfectly accented Spanish. She learned Spanish before she learned English, courtesy of the Mexican-born nanny who cared for her while her mother was busy building the business. Finally, she chooses a rock and places it along the side of the shallow canal, positioning it in a concavity she stops to dig. She steps back, looks, then carefully turns the rock ten degrees so that its shape aligns perfectly with the curve of the canal. She gets down on her knees and trowels dirt around the rock until it is one-third buried.

The trick in creating this landscape feature—in creating all the landscapes Sarah designs throughout the thirty-two lush acres of ranch gardens—is to manipulate the environment while making it seem unmanipulated. The trick is to create, out of earth, stone, and plants, a cultural, horticultural, and personal statement—a living expression—and make it feel as if it has always been there. Only it's not a trick. It's a core

belief, a guiding philosophy Sarah learned from University of Oregon landscape architecture professor Ron Lovinger, the man she calls both mentor and muse, who easily returns her compliment. He says that the years he spent first teaching and then working with Sarah are among his most cherished memories.

Sarah was his student in the mid-'70s. She had come to the University of Oregon for its well-known landscape architecture program but also because she was hungry for seasons. It was fall when she first visited, one of those golden late October days that makes it impossible not to fall in love with the Willamette Valley. She remembers apples and pumpkins. She remembers the energy and the high spirit of the place. She remembers professors who were friendly, welcoming, and informal. When she took her first course with Ron Lovinger, *Understanding Landscapes*, he didn't know who she was. He didn't know about the ranch and the extraordinary opportunities it would present this nineteen year old. But he knew immediately that she was someone special, a girl with a sophisticated awareness of the world and a strong but gentle sense of self. He taught her that landscape is ideas embedded with meaning. He taught her that landscape is great poetic expression, a living art form. He taught her the language of landscape, and she has been speaking it, fluently, ever since.

Later that afternoon, following a quick shower and a change of T-shirts, Sarah is walking the grounds of Parque del Profesor, a twenty-eight-acre city park in Tecate, the border town forty miles south of San Diego that is home to the ranch. The park is located on land the ranch donated to Fundación La Puerta, the nonprofit arm of Rancho La Puerta, of which Sarah is president. The foundation maintains the park for the citizens of Tecate. It is a breathtaking public space with a vast stone plaza that descends by wide, three-sided stone staircases onto a soccer field. With 3,900-foot Mount Kuchumaa, a sacred site, in the background, and the wide vista of tiered stone work, it looks like Machu Picchu and manages to feel both holy and wholly accessible.

Sarah stands on the plaza, squinting into the late-afternoon sun, surveying the grounds—the athletic fields, the picnic areas, the interpretive trails that wind through the chaparral landscape—and speaking softly. Her voice is rhythmic, almost mesmerizing, like a yoga teacher guiding a class through savasana. “Look north, south, east, and west,” she says, turning her body in each direction. “The park is laid out

Clockwise from upper left: One of 100 distinctly designed guest casitas at Rancho La Puerta; a bust of Edmond Szekeley, Sarah's father; stained glass doors that open to the Kuchumaa Gym; flowers outside the guest lounge; a sculptural water wall in the courtyard of the Women's Health Center.





like a compass.” She smiles and nods, studying the terrain as if this were the first rather than the thousandth time she’s seen it. “See,” she says, “It is a threshold between the wild and the tame.”

She’s proud of this project for many reasons. It honors her father, the *profesor* of Parque del Profesor, whom she reveres and, even thirty-some-odd years after his death, quotes often—and unselfconsciously. (One of her favorites—not surprisingly—is “the most noble of all professions is gardening.”) The park was a deliberative, collaborative project, which is how she likes to work. It embedded the ranch, through Fundación La Puerta, in the cultural life of the place she considers home. And it gave her a chance to work with Ron Lovinger, who designed it.

Sarah was his student in 1979, the year her father died. By then, he knew who she was. She approached him with the idea of the park, and he immediately immersed himself in the writings of her father. Then, one night, in a dream, the man himself, Professor Edmond Szekely, visited the UO professor, who suddenly wonders aloud whether he should be telling this story. What might it sound like for an internationally renowned and respected landscape architect to admit to having a vision? But he tells it anyway. Edmond appeared and explained what he wanted, and when Ron Lovinger awoke, he knew just what the park would look like. He starts to describe the plan, using almost the same words Sarah has used, but then he stops himself.

“It’s much easier if I draw it,” he says. He grabs a notebook and looks briefly and skeptically at the pen sitting beside it, a ballpoint freebie from a bank. He takes a moment to extract a fountain pen from his jacket pocket, uncaps it, and begins to draw. It’s been more than thirty years since he designed the park, but he sketches the topography quickly and effortlessly. He talks, like Sarah, about the points of the compass and the four elements of earth, air, fire, and water, how they live in the culture, in the landscape, and in the park. Designing the park was not about imposing his will on a space, he says, but about bringing already embedded ideas to life. When he showed the plan to Deborah, Sarah’s mother, she cried.

For Sarah, creating the park—which took fifteen years—opened the door to a different but complementary life. She would design gardens for the ranch while still an undergraduate at the UO. She would become project director and create and oversee the development of major expansions and renova-

tions. But she would also live the life of an activist, both in Eugene and in Tecate, loyal to both places, dividing her time but somehow multiplying not dividing her energy.

In Eugene, she continued to study landscape architecture along with ecology and Spanish. She formed networks. She put down roots, literally and otherwise. In the early ’80s, she joined the newly formed Aprovecho Research Center, a Willamette Valley nonprofit organization dedicated to appropriate technology and sustainable living skills. After graduation, in between creating her own extensive gardens on land near Spencer Butte, she taught permaculture design at Aprovecho, helped implement a soil conservation training program in Nicaragua, and worked as a volunteer with the Council for Human Rights in Latin America.

In Tecate, she focused on environmental projects, always collaborative, often visionary. Some were small scale, like Fundación La Puerta’s support of a local group that turned a garbage dump on the outskirts of town into a flourishing garden, providing both fresh produce for the neighborhood and leadership training for the women involved. Other projects were large scale, like the creation of the first binational conservation easement on 2,000 acres of ranch-owned land on Mount Kuchumaa and the Tecate wetlands program, a massive clean-up campaign to restore the health of the once-vibrant Tecate River and its banks. And then there was Las Piedras.

At Parque del Profesor, Sarah strolls along a curved path that leads from the stone plaza up a hillock to Las Piedras Environmental Education Center. Serious environmental education takes place here in this fanciful complex of classrooms designed to look like boulders and caves. All sixty of Tecate’s schools have sent students to Las Piedras to learn about water and watersheds, soil and seeds, geology and the chaparral ecosystem. The kids, sitting in round, soft spaces that feel like animal burrows, learn to become the next generation of ecocitizens.

Sarah walks into the anteroom of one of the structures. The packed earth floor absorbs her footfalls; a shaft of afternoon sun finds its way through a small curve of stained glass inset high in the rock wall. The air inside is cool and dry. She stops to listen to the silence, then flings her arms out to her sides and starts to sing—no words, just a snippet of a tune that the walls absorb and soften. She laughs. “The sound in here is so. . . .” She doesn’t finish the thought and doesn’t have to. The sound is as enchanted as the place itself. Sarah walks through a narrow, winding passage between the first room and a small amphitheater. The seats in here are two carved stone benches in the shape of snakes. Sarah has a story about that. She has a story about everything: the eight masons who worked ten years to craft this place, the amazing

Top left: a sculpture along the path to a group of guest villas at Rancho La Puerta. Top right: a patio outside one of the casitas. Center: La Cocina Que Canta, the cooking school at the ranch. Bottom left: pathway to dining hall. Bottom right: the plaza at Parque del Profesor.

Enrique Ceballos, the ecologist and sculptor who created it, the stunning wrought iron door handles, the carved wooden doors, the little mats the kids sit on. Everything is on purpose. Everything is function. Everything is art.

At six the next morning, the air at the ranch smells like rosemary and eucalyptus, then roses layered on roses, then a blast of honeysuckle tempered by sage. Sarah takes big, deep breaths of it and, as she hikes through an oak grove on her way to the ranch's organic farm, she tells stories of her childhood: the horses, chickens, and goats, the cottage garden, the pristine river, the long walks through the foothills of Mount Kuchumaa, the tiny village of Tecate. This was the landscape that nourished her and one she is now helping preserve through the conservation easement.

Sarah stops to take note of a plant that grows only when the season happens to be wet enough, which leads to a discussion of climate change, which leads to a discussion of water use, which becomes a primer on wastewater management at the ranch. With Sarah, every moment is a teaching moment, but not in a know-it-all way or in a way that robs the moment of its real-time experience. It's more like everything interests her, and she wants to share that interest. Life is learning. The two cannot be separated.

She passes a flowering tree, reaches out to pluck a small, plump, white petal and pops it in her mouth. "Pineapple guava flower," she says, letting the petal melt in her mouth. "Better even than the fruit." She leans down to cradle another flower, marveling at its gorgeously complex structure. "Magical," she says. *Magical* is a word she uses often when talking about plants. But in the same breath, she'll say the plant's Latin name and tick off the specifics of its habitat, growth cycle, soil preferences, and water requirements. The science doesn't take away from the magic, and vice versa. Where she is heading this morning, Tres Estrellas, there is both magic and science.


Tres Estrellas is a meticulously tended six-acre organic farm that provides between 50 and 90 percent of the produce, depending on season, for the ranch and its guests. It was Sarah's first big solo project back in the '80s, both a choice, she says, and a calling. It continues to be her passion.

"Some people spend their money on fancy jewelry," she says, smiling as she surveys the farm. "I spend it on vegetables." Tended by eight full-time gardeners, the farm grows every row crop imaginable, including some that aren't, like five different kinds of cilantro. There are apple, pear, apricot,

fig, persimmon, plum, pomegranate, guava, and mulberry trees. There are ducks. There are one hundred chickens, some of which nest in big clay pots.

Sarah has dozens of design decisions she must make about a ranch *casita* she's renovating. She has to choose tiles for another project she's overseeing. She has plans she's working on, people to see, meetings to attend, a new sweetheart who would like some quality time, a teenage daughter who is waiting for her at Sarah's other home in northern California. She's scheduled to leave the ranch later today. But she acts as if she had all the time in the world and that right now she is just where she wants to be: in the center of a big, bustling, dusty chicken coop. There she admires the breeds on display, laughs when she sees a strange featherless-necked chicken, tsk-tsks the fate of a pecked-on runt, and spends three long minutes demonstrating how to put a chicken to sleep, should that skill ever be necessary.

Eggs from these chickens are part of the breakfast waiting for her and a group of ranch guests at La Cocina Que Canta (the singing kitchen), the centerpiece of the farm. Sarah designed this cooking school and culinary center to host visiting chefs and cookbook authors, to teach organic Mexican-Mediterranean cuisine, and to showcase the cultural and artistic richness of the community. She walks across the patio and courtyard of La Cocina and through the covered portico, the transition from natural to built environment so subtle that it's almost a surprise to find oneself inside. There's the multistation master teaching kitchen and a very large, light-filled dining area. The space is somehow both expansive and intimate. There are hand-painted tiles and murals, carved fireplaces, woven tapestries, folk art, mirrors, wrought iron sculptures, every object, every detail a conscious choice. With Sarah and the cooking school and the farm and all the landscapes she's imagined and designed on the ranch during the past thirty-five years, it's about panorama and microcosm, the big picture and the small choice. It's about big ideas and small stones placed individually along a hand-dug canal, about poetry and plants.

Breakfast is ready. The eggs, scrambled with red, yellow, and green peppers from the garden, are . . . Sarah almost says "magical," but she catches herself and laughs. "Ummm," she says instead, savoring the bite. Then she jumps up to pick mulberries from an overhanging tree and sprinkles them on her plate. 

Lauren Kessler's most recent book is My Teenage Werewolf: A Mother, a Daughter, a Journey through the Thicket of Adolescence. She blogs about mother-daughter issues at www.myteenagewerewolf.com. Kessler, MS '75, directs the graduate program in literary nonfiction in the UO's School of Journalism and Communication.

Top left: Las Piedras Environmental Education Center. Top right: Tres Estrellas, the organic farm on the ranch. Center: working on a new water feature. Bottom left: seating area outside the main lodge. Bottom right: a sculpture tucked between two gyms on the ranch.

WEB EXTRA: View a slideshow of Sarah Szekely's Ranch la Puerta spa on our website, OregonQuarterly.com.





With a Human Face: When Hoedads Walked The Earth

BY ROBERT LEO HEILMAN

A few years ago I was sitting around an evening campfire at the Oregon Country Fair in Veneta, just jawing with a few of the folks on my volunteer crew when, for some forgotten reason, I mentioned the Mudsharks in the course of my rambling.

“What’s a Mudshark?” someone asked. “The Mudsharks were a Hoedad crew,” I told them, thinking that would be explanation enough for anybody, until the next question hit me.

“What’s a Hoedad?”

I looked around at the half-dozen faces in the flickering light and saw innocent curiosity. They

weren't kidding, I realized. They really, truly had no clue about who or what a Hoedad was. How was that possible? Was I not in Lane County? They seemed so young then and I suddenly felt incredibly old and anachronistic, like some grizzled old-timer in a cheesy children's play croaking, "Gather round, my darlin's and I will tell thee tales from the ancient days of yore."

"The Hoedads were a bunch of hippie tree-planters," I told them after I had recovered from my shock and dismay, "they had a co-op and they used to be huge around here."

There was always something a bit tongue-in-cheek about the mighty, muddy Hoedads despite their dead-earnest approach to worker-ownership. They were a strange bunch—leftist radicals and "simple life" hippies with reforestation contracts that, over the years, amounted to several millions of dollars. But, considering that they planted trees for a living, the strangest part was that a very high percentage of the Hoedads had college degrees.

Planting trees is the sort of mind-numbing stoop labor that most people go to college to avoid. Loggers shudder when they contemplate the rigors of tree planting. It is winter work, cold and wet and mud-spattered grubbing on steep mountain sides. It has always been done by those at the very lowest levels of the Northwest social order, hillbillies, drifters, derelicts, migrant farm workers, and illegal aliens. And yet, a survey of the Hoedads Inc. membership in the late 1970s found that planters with postgraduate degrees were more common among them than high school dropouts.

Forty years ago, when a Lane County tree planting crew named itself after their quintessential planting tool, many young people believed, quite seriously, in creating a new approach to living. The "counterculture" it was called, and though it presented itself in forms that were shocking to their parents and to the House Un-American Activities

Committee, it was, at heart, just an attempt to bring into the world a society that lived up to solidly American principles. Beneath the beards, beads, long hair, and odd forms of dress and speech, the hippies were merely young people who wanted to live according to the sorts of things they'd been brought up to cherish: freedom, equality, kindness, honesty—all the noble Sunday school and scouting values that, as children, they'd been taught to believe in, and which, they later discovered, were so very often either ignored or routinely violated in the conduct of our nation's governance and business practices.

When the old-time hippies spoke, you could almost hear the initial capital letters for certain words and phrases. They called themselves Freaks. They wanted to Expand Consciousness and to Live Authentically, outside of The System, without Working for The Man. They all understood these terms, all of which, I suppose, must seem quaint and a bit puzzling to their children and grandchildren nowadays. Two of the most common approaches to supporting yourself while living an honorable Alternative Lifestyle were starting your own small business and moving out of the city to a place out in the boon-

“ I was impressed as hell. I could see that the women were really strong and really smart and good organizers, good speakers and administrators, too.”



John Sundquist, Cougar Mountain crew, now a farmer in Coburg.

docks—Right Living and Back to the Land these notions, which became movements, were called.

Unfortunately, meticulously making handicrafts on backwoods communes seldom paid well enough to feed a family. Other work was difficult to obtain because most of the bosses hated the hippies almost as much as the hippies hated having bosses. What little work could be had was mostly in doing the harsher forms of manual labor—picking fruit, bucking hay, cutting firewood, or planting trees—work that “respectable” folks left to society's outcasts and outlaws. It was a youthful and romantic time. The Freaks were eager to cast themselves out and living outside of



Hal Hartzell Jr. and Jerry Rust

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“ At the end of the day there were people full of endorphins— from so much oxygen, so much exercise, so much bending over—and the endorphins were a crew experience. There was so much bonding and a lot of energy that came from that.”



Betsy Hartzell '70, Cougar Mountain crew, now coowner of Kalapuya Books in Cottage Grove.

oppressive laws that they didn't respect was only the righteous thing to do.

Jerry Rust '65 and John Sundquist got their first job planting trees in December of 1969. Rust had graduated from the University of Oregon with a degree in political science and, after serving a two-year stint in the Peace Corps, returned to Eugene and married Sidney Roscoe. Sundquist, a student at the UO honors college, wasn't particularly interested in his course work. The two hired on with a reforestation contractor planting on Weyerhaeuser land up Fall Creek, earning \$3.25 per hour. They worked for the contractor through the winter planting season and, having noticed the disparity between what they earned and what the contractor was receiving for their work, decided to bid their own contracts for the winter of 1970–71.

With their friend John Corbin, they

“ It did affect a lot of people and we have become legends in our own minds and we still love each other.”



Hal Hartzell Jr. '68, Cougar Mountain crew, now coowner of Kalapuya Books in Cottage Grove, author of *Birth of a Cooperative: Hoedads, Inc., a Worker Owned Forest Labor Co-op.*

bid on a Bureau of Land Management contract for planting sixty-three acres on Humbug Mountain in the Coast Range near Port Orford. It didn't go well. The land was steep, the weather bad, and living in a tent through the stormy coastal Oregon winter was even less fun than you might expect. However, the contract was completed and a second planting contract in the early spring went better. By the end of the season the worker-owner trio had earned \$2,700 for five months worth of work. It wasn't a princely sum, a good deal less than what they'd have made Working for The Man on a reforestation contractor's crew, but for people who took pride in having dropped out of our money-mad society, it wasn't bad either. And what could be better karma than planting trees?

That summer they bid new contracts for the following winter season and expanded their partnership to eight worker-owners. The three had been calling themselves the Triads, but with more partners that became obsolete. Someone suggested naming themselves after their brutally efficient planting tool, the hoedad, and the name stuck.

Each year brought more planters and more contracts. The first Hoedad crew grew to an ungainly fifty planters before dividing itself, amoeba like, into smaller, more workable groups. Shortly after the first stages of growth, the question came up of just how big the co-op could

get and still be self-manageable by fully equal and fully engaged partners. One hundred? What if there were say, 200 or maybe even 500 worker-owners deciding things? A call for workers went out, crews were hastily formed and partially trained and sent out on big contracts. By 1974, in large part through the organizational efforts of Ed Wemple '71, Hoedads had incorporated as a full-fledged cooperative and boasted nine crews. The total contract earnings during those first five years came to \$2,395,491 in 2009 dollars.

At their peak in the late 1970s, Hoedads Inc. had about 250 members and annual earnings over \$6 million (adjusted) per year. With all of the joining and quitting, some 3,000 men and women worked as Hoedad partners over the co-op's twenty-four-year lifespan. Of those 3,000 planters, many left the co-op voluntarily (some within just a day or two of hitting the slopes), but none of them were ever forced to quit.

From time to time a Hoedad or two or three would show up on one of the company planting crews that I used to work on. They would plant for a couple of weeks or a month or two while in between their own co-op contracts. They were always good tree planters and good people to work with. There was an easy confidence about them, an air of amused invulnerability when dealing with the foreman. They came bearing subversive tales of fantastic earnings

that were double or triple our wages. They joked a lot out on the units, teased every authority figure in sight, and when they'd leave we missed them.

The Hoedads were real hippies. They weren't television and movie hippies—all flowers and headbands and incense—but actual funky, fiercely independent, and often downright ornery Freaks, who were also idealistic and compassionate almost to a fault. They made many mistakes early on but learned and adjusted as they grew from a handful of unemployed friends to a large anarcho-syndicalist cooperative enterprise with an annual gross income that any hard-shell capitalist would envy. Developing ways of working together took a great deal of hard work in itself. It helped that there was money involved, since money provided a solid reason to organize. What helped the most though was compassion, the belief that everyone was truly equal and deserved to be treated as everyone else's equal, not just in theory, but in fact. In large measure the co-op ran on respect as much, or more, than it did on manual labor and on money.

Joy was always a big part of the Hoedad scene. Compassion does not merely lead to celebration, it demands it, and the Hoedads, if nothing else, knew how to celebrate. They were always ready to sit in a sweat lodge, soak in a hot spring, or skinny-dip in a creek at the drop of a pair of blue jeans. Whole hogs, kegs of beer, and hailstorms of killer-bud reefers disappeared at Hoedad crew end-of-

“I had three great experiences in my life—outside of my family life, of course. One was working in the Peace Corps in India, one was being a county commissioner, and one was being a Hoedad.”



Jerry Rust '65, Cougar Mountain crew, currently teaching English in Yantai, China.



season parties and the rising sun would reveal a flattened circle of meadow grass pounded flat and shiny by bare-footed dancers. The 1976 Hoedads Inc. annual general meeting took place along the South Umpqua River, upriver from Tiller at the Johnny Springs teepee burner. It was summer and it was hot and so, naturally, their business meeting took place in the river and in the buff.

Both large-scale corporate capitalism and bureaucratic socialism as practiced during the twentieth century lacked compassion, joy, and affection—the very things that make human life worth living. It was a remarkably inhumane century filled with massive crimes against humanity committed in the names of capitalism and socialism. East or West, left or right, both undermined what people have always treasured the most, humane and loving relations with each other and with the Earth. During the final days of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics' social and political congestive heart failure, there was a too-late promise of “socialism with a human face,” the lack of which had already brought the country to the brink of dissolution. In large measure, what the Hoedad experiment aimed at was developing a workable form of capitalism with a human face.

“It was the way that we could make it out here and still keep the integrity of who we were.”



Bruce Gordon, Homegrown crew based in Tiller, now coowner of Commonwealth Garden Shoppe in Canyonville.

In the process of earning their honest living, they helped change their world in many ways. One simple concept that the Hoedads helped introduce to reforestation was the notion of doing high-quality work, to ensure a high survival rate for the seedlings they planted. The contractors who dominated the field before the Hoedads had little or no interest in what happened to the land after they'd completed their contracts. “Jump in, blow it out, move on” was about the extent of their commitment. Planting was done on a piecework basis in a careless rush, skipping areas wherever possible and burying trees to increase the payments. Foresters were puzzled and a bit alarmed at first when the Hoedads started turning in excess trees after finishing a unit. Honesty just wasn't part of the business before these hairy misfits arrived on the scene.

Hoedad crews had about 25 percent women among their worker-owners, a novelty in what had been a strictly male world of reforestation. It had frankly never occurred to any one that a woman could plant trees efficiently or ever would consider it to begin with. Yet women came to Hoedads and they planted competently—sometimes while pregnant—and were seriously committed to supporting their fellow crew members.

Hoedad crews planted trees, dug fire lines, thinned timber stands, built bridges and fences, and cut forest trails in every state west of the Rockies and in Canada, Alaska, and Hawaii. They also helped spawn other forest work cooperatives, lending their organizational know-how, start-up capital,





and even temporary Hoedad membership to new co-ops.

With economic success they became politically powerful. The Hoedads successfully fought the use of herbicides and pesticides in reforestation. When their members started getting sick from exposure to Thiram, a toxic chemical coating applied to seedling trees to discourage browsing by wildlife, they fought to have the substance banned for use on seedling trees. As a local political force, they hit their peak in 1976 with the election of Hoedad president Jerry Rust as Lane County commissioner, a post he held for the next twenty years.

Eugene's reputation as one of America's most liberal cities, the equal of Berkeley, California, Ann Arbor, Michigan, and Madison, Wisconsin, owes much to the Hoedads. It is virtually impossible to name a Lane County countercultural institution that doesn't, in some way, owe something to either Hoedads Inc. or to some Hoedads. The WOW Hall, Growers Market, Saturday Market, and the Oregon Country Fair all benefited from either Hoedad money or Hoedad expertise. Hoedad charitable giving was common, widespread, and generous to social and political activist groups.

“The main thing that I still treasure in my life—that I think is a blessing and that I see as a lack in other people's lives—is the training of a cooperative enterprise. To get it into my bones the sense that my success depends on the success of everyone else and that I had to be a member of a family and that I had to bring my entire family along with me or I wasn't going to succeed.”



Chris Bond '84, Mudsharks and Cougar Mountain crews, now a lab technician at Oregon Health and Science University in Portland.



The heyday of the Hoedads lasted about a decade, roughly from 1974 to 1984. The early 1980s brought the “trickle-down” recession to the Northwest. Nationwide, the number of housing starts plummeted and with it the sale of lumber, which, in turn, meant less logging and less timber-cutting and therefore fewer acres of land in need of reforestation. The bidding for fewer and fewer contracts became much more competitive and the contracts themselves were generally for smaller acreages. Hoedads Inc. annual contract earnings dropped to about one-third of their prerecession levels.

At the same time, many of the long-time members found themselves older and looking for work that involved less wear and tear on their aging bodies. Much of the original spirit died out with their departure. The attitude changed from that of comrades in subversion to something more like workers with a union hiring hall. By the early 1980s the co-op was debating the hiring of employees. The Hoedads eventually stopped doing reforestation altogether, took up construction work, and hired hourly-wage-earning employees. By then, most of the “old-timer” worker-owners had moved on to other co-ops

or gone back to college and on to careers in medicine, real estate, teaching, and other ways of earning one's keep that didn't involve performing stoop labor on steep mountainsides. Following a large cost-overrun on a wooden bridge restoration contract, the board of directors of Hoedads Inc. voted to pull the plug on the co-op in 1994.

Hoedads Inc. is gone now, but most of the Hoedads themselves remain among us.

I always smile and relax upon finding that the person I'm talking to has planted trees for a living. It's as if we've known each other for a long time and have so much that we don't need to say to each other.

Sometimes I think that tree planters are the only real people. 🌲

Robert Leo Hielman lives in Myrtle Creek and is the author of Overstory Zero: Real Life in Timber Country. His last piece for Oregon Quarterly was “At the Zoo” (Spring 2010). Thanks to Jennifer Nelson for help in gathering photographs.

HOEDADS CONTRACT EARNINGS

(IN 2009 U.S. DOLLARS)

1971	\$14,758	(as Triads)
1972	\$53,249	(as Hoedads)
1973	\$397,777	
1974	\$792,098	
1975	\$1,137,609	(as Hoedads Inc.)
1976	\$4,201,700	
1977	Not available	
1978	\$6,920,093	
1979	\$6,526,593	
1980	Not available	
1981	\$3,829,893	
1982	\$3,698,918	
1983	\$2,820,378	
1984	Not available	
1985	\$1,844,548	
1986	\$1,762,162	
1987	\$1,745,053	
1988	\$1,742,946	
1989	Not available	
1990	Not available	
1991	\$1,995,716	
1992	\$1,350,157	
1993	\$1,779,470	



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WEB EXTRA: See historical images of the Hoedads on our website, OregonQuarterly.com.



Saw Chips in My Bra

BY ANA MARIA SPAGNA

PHOTOS BY MIKE BARNHART

 One night when I was twelve, Mr. Frazier across the street was edging his lawn. Mr. Frazier was always edging his lawn after dinner. That, or shearing the hedge or poking a screwdriver into a sprinkler head or readjusting the American flag on his lamppost out front. Me, I was shooting baskets. That or throwing a tennis ball at a chalk-marked strike zone or slamming tennis balls against the garage door. It was a typical night on Burnside Court, except that night Mr. Frazier decided to talk to me.


“One of these days you’re gonna outgrow that,” he hollered over to me.

Outgrow what? I wondered. I was stumped.

He tipped his crew cut toward the backboard affixed to our house gutter in a gesture full of derision, one he might reserve for unruly teenagers or unkempt lawns. “Boys’ stuff,” he said.

I shrugged and turned away.

I knew that my sprinkler-soaked world, my cul-de-sac of safe existence, had just sprung a slow leak. I took three long strides toward the juniper hedge, cupped the ball in one hand, and sent a hook shot sailing from twelve feet out. Mr. Frazier shook his head and returned to edging. Me, I watched the ball sail high. I’d practiced that shot a million times, so I knew it would swish through the net. And it did. I also knew this: Mr. Frazier was wrong.

 One early summer day, Phil and I were logging out to Purple Pass on a trail that gains 6,000 feet of elevation steadily, mercilessly, over seven miles. I’d been working for him on the trail crew by then for a decade, and I’d long since convinced him that I could run the chainsaw. Now I hiked with the twenty-inch bar lying across a scrap of horse blanket on my right shoulder. Gas leaked from the tank onto my pack and made me feel nostalgic. I couldn’t help it. Over time, the pleasures and discomforts of trail work had mixed together—the smell of saw gas and pine needles, the taste of mountain water in a dirty plastic bottle, the familiar annoyance of saw chips in my bra. So I sawed, and Phil cleared the logs and debris off the trail in my wake—“swamping,” we call it—and the

trail was steep, and we were both out of shape. He huffed and panted as he told me a story about his former high school baseball coach, a man he admired, who was embroiled in a controversy.

I couldn’t follow the details. The story was complicated, and Phil was out of breath, and as we hiked, he grew angrier. But I caught the gist: the softball team at the university where Phil’s coach now worked had been getting more money than the baseball team, and Phil’s coach had thrown a public fit, and now, because of the fit, his job was threatened. Softball, in short, was undercutting baseball and at fault, Phil claimed, was Title IX, the girls’ sports legislation. He’d read it in *Baseball Weekly*.

“I don’t have anything against girls’ sports,” he said, “but softball is not a major sport, and baseball is.”

I should have let it go. One of the unspoken roles of women on all-male crews is to deflect attention always off ourselves, off our gender. If men had had to face the accusatory glare of a figurative Mr. Frazier, they’d deflect, too. I would normally have been happy to deflect attention off Title IX to a more benign topic, like which sport is more major: baseball or fencing? Baseball or soccer? Except for the obvious.

“But Phil, girls aren’t allowed to play baseball.”


I tried to explain Title IX, how it’s about equal rights, how it’s empowering for high school girls. Like his daughter. Like me. I tried to appeal to the side of him that made arguments about the moral rightness of sports: sports as metaphor, sports as life-preparation arguments. But we were beyond that.

“Softball is not a major sport,” he said more loudly.

“Girls aren’t allowed to play baseball!” I cried, incredulous, and now very angry.

Phil always said: never show weakness. The look on his face said he was digging in. There’d be no discussion.

“Softball,” he said, “is not a major sport.”

 On our way up Purple, I tried to explain to Phil how I had *believed* I could be a famous pitcher and how it felt to discover that I could not. Not so much discover, as admit. I wasn’t blind. I knew women didn’t play in the majors. I just liked



to pretend that didn't mean they couldn't. Maybe they just hadn't tried hard enough. As we argued, I returned in my mind to Burnside Court, where as a kid I wrapped my fingers around the tennis ball hidden in my glove, perfecting my grip. I'd memorized the Dodgers lineup and listened to games with my transistor smashed tight to my sweaty ear. I'd known, back then, what I wanted. I wanted to pitch. I would be the next Bruce Sutter, the next Burt Hooton even, if anyone could teach me to throw a knuckle curve with a dog-chewed tennis ball. I wound up and followed through, aiming for the chalk-marked strike zone on the garage door. I rehearsed postgame interviews aloud. And I doggedly ignored the truth: that I could never, ever, pitch in the majors.

As a kid I couldn't face bald-faced injustice. I still couldn't. I didn't care a whit about softball. What I really wanted to say was that I had *believed* I could be a trails worker. I'd even believed that one day I might take over Phil's job as foreman. It was still a real possibility, if I could just hang on a little longer. But something had snapped. I knew, like I had known that long-ago day with Mr. Frazier, that this conversation had snagged on something stringy like the inside of a baseball, less solid than it ought to be, and I was losing my footing—not on the trail, no, but in my deepest self—my grounding. I was also losing my temper.

"Women aren't allowed to play baseball," I said.

"Softball is not a major sport," Phil said.

I turned and walked fast, then faster, and in no time I was far ahead of him. When I came to a log across the trail, I cut it and rolled it down the switchbacks, a dangerous practice. If he wanted to play hardball, he'd have to prove himself, and he could not keep up. He couldn't have kept up, truth be told, on the day of the season when he was in his best shape—he was over sixty, after all—though I knew I'd never again run ahead like that to prove anything. If I wanted to hang on, I knew what I'd have to do: I'd have to try, always, to wrap my mind around other perspectives, to be accepting and understanding and forgiving, or at least pretend to be. Maybe it's the way I'm made, the planet I'm from (Venus, it turns out, not Mars); mostly it was the way I was required to be. And of all the snaggy truths, this was the snaggiest: if I wanted to be one of the boys, I'd have to act my girliest.

But I knew, even then, that my friendship with Phil, oddly configured as it was, would outpace so many others, in length and depth.

"If you really want to see her hike," Phil told a mostly male gathering a few months later, "make her mad."

Then he laughed. 🍷

Ana Maria Spagna '89 is the author of three books, most recently Potluck: Community on the Edge of Wilderness (Oregon State University Press, 2011). This essay is excerpted from a longer essay by the same name that appears in that book.



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Little Blue Movie

Bringing a feature film to life, with the help of a lot of Pez and an MBA

DESPITE THE SIGN OVER THE movie theater broadcasting that golden word “HOLLYWOOD” into the rainy dark, the scene at the world premiere of *Little Blue Pill* feels rather far from Tinsel Town glamour. Here at the charmingly threadbare Hollywood Theatre, located in Portland’s namesake Hollywood District, you’re much more likely to find plastic tumblers of microbrew than flutes of champagne. And there’s no red carpet tonight, just a wet sidewalk.

Still, there’s a crowd in the lobby and the smell of popcorn in the air. The film’s writer-director-producer, Aaron Godfred, MBA ’05, stands in front of the packed theater and introduces his first feature-length movie. He concludes by uttering those magic words, “Roll film,” which sends a shiver of excitement through the audience as the lights dim and the opening credits appear.

Little Blue Pill is a comedy about Stephen, a twenty-something aspiring filmmaker who accidentally swallows two erectile dysfunction pills one ill-fated morning, thinking they’re painkillers. The pills quickly have their (*ahem*) intended effect, and a day of escalating misadventures ensues. To make matters more complicated, the pills in question are from a tainted experimental strain, and so an increasingly desperate Stephen remains in his altered state far beyond the proverbial four hours. Meanwhile, the sinister leaders of Phalitech, the pharmaceutical company that produces the little blue pills, are desperate to capture Stephen before he unleashes a PR nightmare.

It’s not quite *Citizen Kane*. But neither

does it aspire to be. *Little Blue Pill* is firmly and unapologetically a so-called broad comedy, a genre characterized by plenty of physical humor, ridiculous premises, and broadly defined, yet ultimately relatable, characters. Recent broad comedies like *The Hangover* and *Pineapple Express* have raked in the cash at box offices, capturing the adoration of that all-important eighteen-to-thirty-five-year-old male demographic. But most independent filmmakers haven’t tackled the genre, preferring to make dramas, documentaries, and low-budget horror films.

Perhaps tellingly, Godfred wrote his screenplay while he was living and working in the epicenter of the Hollywood machine, during the three years he spent in Beverly Hills employed by what is now William Morris Endeavor, the world’s largest talent agency and the real-life inspiration for the TV show *Entourage*. As per long company tradition, Godfred started out in the mailroom “with a bunch of people who had dropped out of medical school or passed the bar in two different states,” he says. “Everyone there is overqualified.” Luckily, after just a few weeks, a position opened in the agency’s story department, so Godfred traded up from a mail cart to an endless avalanche of scripts, and source material for yet more scripts.

Among the dozens of magazines that were delivered to the story department, which Godfred’s job required him to mine for screenplay ideas, he noticed a string of articles about celebrities’ misadventures with erectile dysfunction medication. So when a fellow guest at a wedding in Vermont had a yarn to relate about a friend-

of-a-friend, an ordinary guy who had been involved in similar shenanigans, the idea that became *Little Blue Pill* was born.

There’s more than a little tongue-in-cheek commentary in the film about male sexuality, the pharmaceutical industry, and the perils of finding roommates on Craigslist. The characters are enjoyably larger-than-life, as is Phalitech’s headquarters, which features a laboratory that would make any Bond villain proud. But the movie, which Godfred and his crew filmed in Portland during July 2009, is also filled with mementos of real-live Portland—Voodoo Doughnut’s bacon maple bars, Pittock Mansion, the Portland streetcar, and the fact that “you *could* see Mount Hood over there, if it wasn’t so cloudy.” The White Stag Block even makes a cameo appearance in one shot as our hero rides a bike over the Burnside Bridge.

Godfred chose not only to film the movie in Portland, but to create a very Portland-centric movie, because of his ties to the area and the large numbers of friends, supporters, and collaborators living in and around the city. Although originally from Alaska, where he got his filmmaking start shooting footage of his buddies doing snowboard tricks in the backcountry, Godfred spent his college and graduate school years in Oregon, earning a bachelor’s degree in international business from Linfield College as well as his MBA in general business with a focus in sports marketing from the University. While in graduate school, he took a filmmaking course, and created a documentary about the University during the Vietnam War called *Oregon’s War at Home*. The film won



Big Pharma, Big Trouble On the set of *Little Blue Pill*, an indie film shot in Portland

a Northwest regional Emmy, and Godfred began to think seriously about filmmaking as a career.


His business school training hasn't gone to waste, however: the abilities to understand financing, to write a solid business plan, and to work effectively with investors are all essential parts of the tremendously broad skill set that being a writer-director-producer requires. Once the screenplay for *Little Blue Pill* was completed, Godfred found investors willing to put up the \$86,000 needed to bring the movie to life. He quit his job at the talent agency and headed north to Portland.

In big-budget Hollywood, almost limitless cash flows allow production teams to realize every nuance of a director's vision while maintaining all the creature comforts of the celebrity lifestyle. When making an independent film on a shoestring, the rules are a little different. Godfred and his production team rented a floor of a Portland State University dormitory for the month-long shoot, and borrowed everything from houses to cars to props from friends and family in the area. More than a little creativity and quite a lot of hard work was involved: to create the swarm of little blue pills that appears in the title sequence, prop master Alex Evans individually sanded, primed, and spray-painted hundreds of Pez candies. For that bicycling shot over the

Burnside Bridge, instead of using a dedicated dolly truck rigged to accommodate cameras and lights, the filmmakers simply stuck the equipment out the back window of Godfred's Subaru Outback. When informed of this somewhat unorthodox plan, Godfred remembers with a smile, the Oregon Governor's Office of Film and Television, which issues permits and oversees filming, replied, "Okay, but keep it under the speed limit." That accommodating attitude contrasts fairly starkly with the sort of experience filmmakers have in Los Angeles. For another scene, Godfred and his team needed to close down an intersection and redirect traffic. In LA, this would require permit fees of several hundred dollars, as well as hiring four off-duty police officers at \$140 per hour each, plus a street monitor from the city. Closing an intersection in the Pearl District required filing for a free permit and hiring one flagger. Oregon's newly enacted film incentives and the general esprit de corps that the cast and crew experienced in Portland made for a great filmmaking experience, Godfred says, and he'd be happy to do it again someday.

Godfred is currently polishing a new screenplay—this one about unemployment—while promoting and marketing *Little Blue Pill*. Because independent film festivals traditionally shy away from broad

comedies, preferring instead to show the types of films that never get near the neighborhood mall's cineplex, *Little Blue Pill* hasn't been welcomed onto the festival circuit, the avenue by which most independent films find an audience and, if the filmmakers are lucky, mainstream distribution. Fortunately, that grand democratizer called the Internet means that anyone with an iTunes account can watch *Little Blue Pill*, share it with friends, and build the sort of buzz for the movie that Godfred hopes will win it a spot on Netflix and wider audiences to come. Meanwhile, his efforts continue: independent filmmaking means you're your own promotions, marketing, and distribution department, too. "Finishing a movie is like the tip of the iceberg," he says.

Ultimately, Godfred would like to be a part of the Hollywood studio system, directing mainstream blockbuster comedies and action flicks. "It's going to take time and a little bit of luck to get there," he says. But with one completed film under his belt, plus an MBA's worth of business savvy to help him along, the road from the Hollywood Theatre just might lead to the Hollywood sign. 

—Mindy Moreland, MS '08

Web Extra

To see Godfred's UO documentary *Oregon's War at Home*, go to OregonQuarterly.com.

Built for Comfort

Making the world a cozier place one piece of pillow furniture at a time

BACK IN THE FUNKY '70S—WHEN shag carpets, waterbeds, and beaded curtains were all the rage—Robb Bokich '75, MS '79, needed inexpensive furniture to fit his lanky six-foot-three-inch frame. On a borrowed machine, he taught himself to sew, and after a marathon trial-and-error session, he completed his first fluffy furniture: pillows large enough to lounge on. Soon, friends were paying him to stitch and stuff pillows for their homes. Demand for the pillow furniture grew, so he built a booth and started selling his bright patchwork “hippie furniture” at the Eugene Saturday Market in 1973. Thirty-eight years later—“Who would’ve believed it?” says Bokich—his pillows are comforting customers in twenty-six countries around the globe.

Sink into a foam chair or loveseat at Robb’s Pillow Furniture (on River Road in Eugene) and you’ll *feel* the reason for his success: Wrapped in velvety fabric and cushy soft—yet dense enough to cradle your back and shoulders like a cozy embrace—the padding conforms to your body and your movements like silent, shifting sand. Tuck a small pillow behind your neck and place another across your lap for a wrist-rest, and you’re set for hours of comfortable reading, writing, video-viewing, or laptop work. The secret to his furniture’s supportive loft? “It’s all in the cut of the foam,” Bokich explains.

What began as Bokich’s creative effort to pay college expenses became a career that propelled him far beyond any boundaries he and his family may have imagined. During high school, a horrific car accident had left him with hemiplegia, a nearly total paralysis of the left side of his body caused by brain damage. He credits his parents with making him responsible for his own life and insisting he become independent. “I had a big clunky leg brace and I used a cane, but I limped a mile and a half to school every day,” he says. “I had no mouth control, only garbled speech, and I drooled. Really, I was not a very attractive individual.” With the small insurance settlement from the accident he did what most teen boys would do (bought a car) and what few



Boyish Billionaire In the mid-eighties, Robb Bokich got a call from *People* magazine, wondering if he could sew a custom order for a photo shoot they were planning. “They found me through word of mouth, or the phone book, I guess,” he says. “They wanted to do a play on words, a huge, soft pillow model of a computer for this company called Microsoft.” Bokich stitched up a couple of mattress-sized pillows and enlisted an artist friend to paint on the logo and a complete computer keyboard. Then he delivered the pillows to Seattle so a twenty-eight-year-old Bill Gates could lounge on them for the shoot. “I suppose you’d call that a soft landing,” quips Bokich.

severely disabled people might have dared: after graduation, he took a twelve-month trip around the world. Alone.

The brain injury, says Bokich, left him with a child-like level of derring-do that served him well during his travels. Landing in the Philippines, he was forced to speak English slowly and clearly so native people could understand him—perhaps the best

speech therapy he might have undertaken. He hopped a freighter for southern ports, then navigated his way to Japan to attend the World’s Fair. While in Japan, he broke his leg brace and wrestled with language and financial barriers to have another one made to his specifications. Throughout the trip, he financed side excursions with wise decisions about currency exchange

rates, garnering business and math skills that would prove valuable in his future endeavors. By the time he returned to the United States a year later, he felt physically and socially prepared for the challenges of college. After completing two years at Idaho State, he transferred to Oregon in 1973 and started sewing just a few weeks after arriving in Eugene.

Pulling down As and Bs in his full-time UO classes, Bokich juggled homework and business quandaries. With sales of his pillow furniture consistently rising (he'd added a booth at the Oregon Country Fair), he needed an inexpensive source of shredded foam, mountains of it, and to keep costs low he decided to shred the foam himself. He discovered an interesting machine under a tarp in a friend's barn: a century-old wool carder. Bokich bargained the owner down to \$75—half of the original asking price—and began the laborious task of customizing the machine for his use. For more than a year, he tinkered with the contraption between classes and homework, meanwhile stitching and stuffing pillows till the wee hours of the morning. He finally designed a set of bladed teeth that would cut and shape the foam the way he wanted it, providing the air-filled “zero pressure point” loft that he patented in 1984.

After earning his master's at the University, the pillow business was doing so well that Bokich just kept sewing. Local buyers and UO students from far-flung locations form the largest part of his customer base (Robb's pillows have been shipped to Afghanistan, Malaysia, Indonesia, Japan, and even Iran). But perhaps the most fulfilling use of his pillow furniture came about as a surprise to Bokich. One of his regular customers—an occupational therapist from the Eugene School District—found that the furniture's body-hugging qualities were especially comforting to her special-needs students. Her testimonial states that Bokich's basic four-foot-square pillow chair “nearly surrounds a student who sits in it, providing the deep pressure that helps calm the nervous system.” Another special-needs customer says the furniture “somehow finds my most effective center of gravity, allowing me to feign a ladylike stillness as it envelopes and supports me. A must, especially if you happen to be autistic!” In honor of these special customers, Bokich renamed his

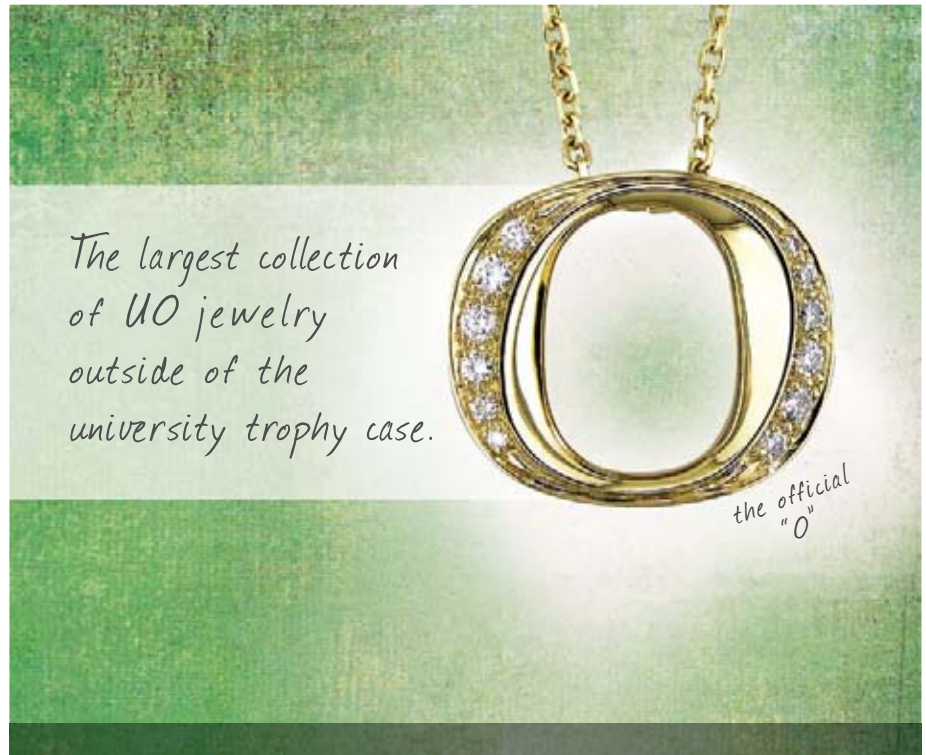
four-foot-square raindrop chair: It's now called the “hug” chair, and is still priced at \$79 to maintain affordability. Bokich regularly attends national conferences, where he promotes and sells his pillow furniture to therapists and health practitioners.

With only the help of his family (wife Emily Wille and her son Jeff), Bokich's pillow furniture is still stitched, stuffed, and shipped from his original shop on River Road to customers around the world. A

vacuum-packing process condenses the hug chair to a box the size of a carry-on suitcase. Bokich encourages customers to ship his hug chairs to their kids or grandchildren, and watch them as they open the small package and a huge pillow pops out. “The look on their faces—now that's priceless!” he says. @

—Katherine Gries '05, MA '09

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The Man with the Plan

Tim Clevenger takes the helm at the UO Alumni Association.

ON COMMENCEMENT DAY 2011, more than 1,000 new alumni and their families stopped by the Ford Alumni Center. There, they were greeted by the new “mayor” of UO alumni—Tim Clevenger ’86.

Clevenger, who began as executive director of the UO Alumni Association on May 31, estimates he personally shook hands with more than 100 graduating Ducks—just the first step in fostering what he hopes will become their lifelong connection to the UO.

While it’s expected that the director of the alumni association would champion that connection—that’s the job, after all—there’s seemingly not a drop of artificiality in Clevenger’s green-and-yellow blood. He’s as fervent when talking about his own UO experience as he is when talking about the work itself, his family, or even his plans for the weekend.

Clevenger says the UO was a transformational time for him and for his wife of twenty-five years, Lisa ’87. From tiny Terrebonne, north of Redmond in central Oregon, he was a bootstrap kid who was driven to succeed. He spent his first year at Central Oregon Community College, working and banking money. To save tuition costs at the UO he “worked like mad to finish in two-ish years.” He and Lisa met during his last term. He was a charter member of the Lambda Chi house, and she, a Delta Gamma; they were pinned three weeks after meeting and married eight months later. While she finished her degree in education, Clevenger, who graduated with a degree in journalism focused on advertising (it balanced his love for art and creativity with his passion for business, he says), stayed in Eugene, working at radio station KUGN in its advertising department for a short time before starting his own advertising agency, ClevengerWesting. Six years later, with two partners, he started another agency, SPC, which grew to have offices in Eugene, Bend, and Seattle. After eight years, he left in 2000 to join the Papé Group, a diversified Eugene-based company specializing in capital equipment products and services.



Tim Clevenger with his daughter, Delaney; wife, Lisa; son, Carson

He had reached the ceiling at the Papé Group after spending more than ten years as its vice president of marketing and brand management (“unless Susie Papé [’72] wanted to adopt me, there was really nowhere else to go,” he laughs). He remembers the late Randy Papé ’72 with admiration. “Randy was the type of boss who would say, ‘Why are you coming to me with a problem? Go fix it.’ He empowered people to do what was right.”

Clevenger’s UO connection remained strong: He’s taught advertising courses as an adjunct professor and served on the School of Journalism and Communication’s Advancement Council, on the board of the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art, and as president of the UOAA. Former executive director Dan Rodriguez’s retirement provided the ideal opportunity for Clevenger to fuse his extensive marketing experience with his love for the UO and to find career advancement in Eugene, where his two children, Delaney, seventeen, and Carson, fourteen, attend Sheldon High School.


His first 100 days on the job have been busy: meeting people on campus, from the deans and development officers of the UO’s schools and colleges to the director of the Museum of Natural and Cultural History; getting to know the UOAA’s staff of twelve; and thinking about ways to connect alumni

back with their school. In fifteen minutes, he shares at least that many ideas: mentoring experiences, participating in long-range planning discussions, networking with members of the UO’s twenty-one alumni chapters. Make no mistake, he has a strategic plan. “There are currently about 16,000 members out of just over 200,000 living alumni. That’s a lot of potential and, yes, I would love to see all alumni become members of the UOAA.”

Unlike his predecessor, Clevenger does not play golf, but spends his leisure time running marathons, hiking, and traveling—and being with his family. And of course, attending Duck games.

“Tim has so much energy for the things he is passionate about,” says Lisa Clevenger. “He is such an involved dad, wanting to know and be a part of every little part of what is going on in his kids’ lives.”

She says she and Tim “never really grew out of our Greek days. Our family is filled with a sense of adventure and lots of social activities. We like to have big parties, and Tim always leads the way with the best costume for the event. Our last event was St. Patrick’s Day, and Tim was quite the leprechaun.”

Not surprising for someone whose new job is all about the green (and yellow). 

—Zanne Miller, MS ’97

The Oregon Duck mascot is a white duck with a large orange beak, wearing a green cap with "OREGON" in yellow, a green shirt, and a yellow neckerchief with a large "O".

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So Bad It's Good

Duck pens worst line of the year.

RICARDO AND FELICITY'S AFFAIR was doomed from the start. But, like all characters in love stories, they surrendered to their passion blissfully unaware of their hopeless future or that their first kiss would be their last. Their relationship was so perilous, in fact, that their story never even went past an opening line.

Writer Molly Ringle '96 created the couple as the focus of her grand prize-winning sentence in San Jose State's 2010 Bulwer-Lytton Fiction Contest. Since 1983 the contest has called on writers to lower their standards and write their best opening sentences to really bad novels.

"It's supposed to be bad," Ringle explains of her dreadful creation.


Ringle has published three novels since graduating from the Robert D. Clark Honors College with a degree in anthropology and says her fictional stories often come



from real life. The inspiration for Ricardo and Felicity did as well, coming to her while nursing her son Toby. From there it took a turn for the worse.

"He looked like this avid little animal," she says. "I thought an animal with a water bottle would be a good metaphor for something—maybe for something eating. It would be really awful if you put it in romance." And Ringle did just that:

"For the first month of Ricardo and Felicity's affair, they greeted one another at every stolen rendezvous with a kiss—a lengthy, ravenous kiss, Ricardo lapping and sucking at Felicity's mouth as if she were a giant cage-mounted water bottle and he were the world's thirstiest gerbil."

The story ends here. It wasn't meant to turn into a novel, Ringle says. The point of entering the contest was not to further her career as an author, and though the \$250 cash prize was an added bonus, winning was never about money—"It's about glory." 

—Adeline Bash

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UO Alumni Calendar

Go to uoalumni.com/events for detailed information

August 27

Northern California freshman sendoff
SAN RAMON, CALIFORNIA

August 28

UO Alumni Day with Eugene Emeralds
PK PARK

Southern California freshman sendoff
LOCATION TBA

September 3

Docs and Ducks LSU tailgate party fundraiser
CHAMBERS MEDIA CENTER, EUGENE

Official Oregon Tailgate party UO vs. LSU
ARLINGTON, TEXAS

San Diego freshman sendoff
LOCATION TBA

September 24

Official Oregon Tailgate party UO vs. Arizona
TUCSON, ARIZONA

Football watch party
WHITE STAG BLOCK, PORTLAND

October 22

Official Oregon Tailgate party UO vs. Colorado
BOULDER, COLORADO

Football watch party
WHITE STAG BLOCK, PORTLAND

October 28

Class of 1961 fifty-year class reunion
EUGENE

November 5

Official Oregon Tailgate party UO vs. Washington
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Football watch party
WHITE STAG BLOCK, PORTLAND

November 12

Official Oregon Tailgate party UO vs. Stanford
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA

Football watch party
WHITE STAG BLOCK, PORTLAND

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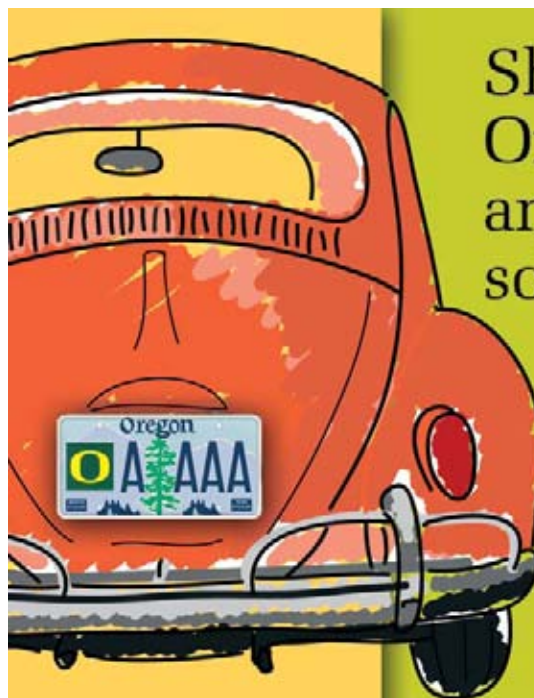
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Fashion-Forward Footwear

EVAN SCHULTZ '10 STRAPS A respirator over his face, selects a permanent fine-point Sharpie pen, and attacks a new pair of white Vans with a flurry of strokes. Welcome to "Art Kicks."


Schultz, twenty-two, is the owner and founder of Art Kicks, a custom shoe-art business that started in Eugene.

The first inklings of Art Kicks came in March 2009. Schultz was near broke when a friend suggested he use his illustration skills to draw on shoes for money.

Schultz's first customers were friends and the art was free. "It was great because it generated buzz and simultaneously created content" for his website, Schultz says. In just two weeks, he was able to begin charging for personalized kicks. Soon, his clientele spread from the UO campus to the greater Eugene community and beyond.

After creating forty pairs, Schultz saw the opportunity to expand his business. He teamed up with Cam Giblin '11, a freelance illustrator and fellow advertising major. Each artist specializes in a different style. Giblin's shoes echo the vibe of his splashy watercolor illustrations, while Schultz creates shoes saturated with intense color and emblazoned graphic-novel-type images.

It takes between six and twenty hours to complete a pair of Art Kicks. Clients contact Schultz with an idea that he turns into sketches. After receiving approval, Schultz lightly pencils the design on the Vans. Next, he carefully adds color with one of his 600 markers. He waits for each colored section to dry, then outlines, shades, and crosshatches with thin black lines. Sometimes he lets colors bleed, producing a painting-like effect. Schultz finishes with two coats of water-repellent.

A pair of Art Kicks goes for \$200. And while Schultz finds himself increasingly busy—working days at a large advertising agency in San Francisco—he still finds time for creating masterpieces on canvas. Shoe canvas, that is. 

—Edwin Ouellette '11





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Class Notes

University of Oregon Alumni

■ INDICATES UOAA MEMBER

1940s

Northern California nonprofit blood bank BloodSource recognized **June (Goetze) Quincy** '49 for thirty years serving as a volunteer coordinator for her community's blood drive.

1950s

■ Senior member of the Wisconsin state legislature and longest-serving state legislator in the United States **Fred Risser** '50, '52 denounced his state's governor for limiting access to the state capitol earlier this year. The issue arose during the governor's attempts to strip public employee unions of bargaining rights and restructure the state government, which received national media attention.

■ **David J. Mackin** '57 is senior vice president of investments at Wells Fargo Advisors in San Francisco, California. When not at work, Mackin plays handball for the city's Olympic Club and heads to Duck games with the Oregon Travelers, a group of fellow UO alumni.

■ **James E. Nuzum** '59 serves as vice chair of the Tuolumne County Historic Preservation Review Commission, where he helps plan the group's annual conference. In 2010, the commission received the California Governor's Historic Preservation Award.

1960s

Joe M. Fisher '60, MFA '63, and his wife Alona recently made their annual UO fine art scholarship contribution.

■ **Colleen (Meacham) Reimer**, MEd '66, is the new tribal administrative director of the Yakama Indian Nation. Located in central Washington, the Yakama reservation has an enrolled membership of more than 10,000.

Vietnam veteran **Sheldon L. Gersh** '67 has worked for Morgan Stanley, where he is senior vice president, for forty years. Gersh played soccer at the UO and in 1975 ran the Boston Marathon. In December 1977, he graced the cover of *Runner's World* magazine. Gersh lives in California with his wife.

■ **Evan Mandigo** '67 and his wife, Tove, spent the first part of 2011 fighting floodwaters in Bismarck along the Missouri River. Earlier in the year, Mandigo and his son went to the BCS National Championship game and, though disappointed by the outcome, thoroughly enjoyed the event. A couple months later on March 12, Mandigo celebrated another grand occasion: the birth of his first grandchild.

Terry Shea '68, MS '69, is offensive coordinator and quar-

terback coach of the United Football League's Virginia Destroyers. He wrote *Eyes Up*, a 420-page guide for all interested in football.

Judith Armatta '69 wrote a new book, *Twilight of Impunity: The War Crimes Trial of Slobodan Milosevic* (Duke University Press, 2010), "an eyewitness account of the first major international war-crimes tribunal since the Nuremberg trials."

1970s

After twenty-six years as a district court judge, **Mark Schiveley** '70 retired from the Jackson County Circuit Court in January 2011. He served as the court's presiding judge from 1990 to 1993 and again from 2002 to 2009.

Diane Simmons '70 is author of the short-story collection *Little America* (Ohio State University Press, 2011) that won the Ohio State University Prize in Short Fiction.

■ **Carol A. Carver** '71 received the 2011 Labby Award from the Oregon Psychological Association for outstanding contributions to the advancement of psychology. Carver runs a psychotherapy practice in Corvallis, where she remains a dedicated Duck, often to her Beaver clients' dismay.

Nicolette "Nikki" Bromberg, MA '74, MFA '76, published her third book, *Shadows of a Fleeting World: Pictorial Photography and the Seattle Camera Club* (University of Washington Press, 2011). Bromberg works for the University of Washington as the visual materials curator in special collections.

Sandy (Klein) Eastoak, MA '74, paints and writes from her studio in Sebastopol, California. Eastoak cofounded Sebastopol Gallery, where her work dealing with ecological harmony is on display.

Lawrence J. McCrank, MLS '76, retired as dean of library and information services and professor of archival and information studies at Chicago State University. He is an award-winning author and editor with more than seventy published articles.

Bill Haskins, PhD '77, published a new article in *The International Journal of Diversity in Organizations, Communities, and Nations*. He recently retired after teaching for forty-three years, twenty-seven of which he spent as a professor at McKendree University. He also served as vice president for academic affairs and dean at McKendree.

Michael A. Osborne, MLS '77, is a senior fellow at the Aix-Marseille Institute for Advanced Study (2011-13). This fall he will become a director of research at the Ecole des Hautes Études en Sciences Sociales in Paris. Currently Osborne is a professor of the history of science at Oregon State University.

■ **Richard Satre** '77, MS '91, cofounded Schirmer Satre Group, a planning, landscape architecture, and environ-

mental services firm in western Oregon. Satre has been a certified planner and a licensed landscape architect for thirty-three years.



CLASS NOTABLE

Aviation and military writer **John Bruning** '90 recently returned from Afghanistan, where he was embedded with coalition military units in Logar and Helmand provinces. He was aboard an Oregon National Guard CH-47 Chinook helicopter in Taliban territory when it suffered engine failure and was forced into an emergency landing on a dry lakebed. The Washington and Oregon flight crew, Bruning, and about forty Polish soldiers in the helicopter were unhurt; the aircraft was later repaired and flown safely back to its base. He recounts the harrowing episode in an article, "We're Not Leaving You, Brother," which received a Thomas Jefferson Award from the Department of Defense. Bruning is currently working on a book about his experiences in Afghanistan, which will be the seventeenth he has authored or coauthored. 📖

Bill Edelman, MS '78, is the new president of the Directors of Athletics Association of New Jersey. The organization represents over 350 of the state's athletic directors.

Robert Shrosbree '78 of Site Workshop in Seattle was elevated to the American Society of Landscape Architects College of Fellows in 2011.

Robert Rubinstein, MA '79, wrote the children's book *Zishe the Strongman* (Kar-Ben Publishing, 2010), based on the true story of world-famous circus star Zishe of Lodz. Rubinstein is a middle school teacher in Eugene.

1980s

Oregon Circuit Court judge **Daniel L. Harris**, JD '82, was named the 2010 recipient of the Wallace P. Carson Jr. Award for Judicial Excellence, an Oregon State Bar award that honors a high level of professionalism, integrity, and independence.

After serving six years on the planning commission of Manhattan Beach, California, **David Lesser** '83 was elected to the city council. When not working at his day job as an attorney with a health-care company, Lesser spends time with his wife and two children.

Founder and president of Portland-based restaurant group Pizzicato, **Tracy (Danish) Frankel** '84 launched a new company, Flex Equestrian, which produces horse wear and design tack.

David Locicero '85 authored *Pour Me Another: An Opinionated Guide to Gold Country Wines* (OpinionatedWineGuide.com, June 2011). The book is the first in a series of guides Locicero hopes to write about "undiscovered" wine regions.

Trial attorney and former Oregon State Bar president **Kevin Strever**, JD '85, has retired. He and his wife, Lauri, spend their time traveling between Newport, Portland, and Honolulu.

Rick Montoya '86 has been selected by Vistage International, a chief executive organization, to begin a practice in Eugene. Montoya will work with chief executives to increase their effectiveness and leadership.

■ **Natalie (Nelson) Inouye** '87 and **Dean Inouye** '89, MS '98, are part of the team of alums organizing the UO residence assistant reunion for residence life staff up to and including the year 2000. The reunion will be held November 11-13 in Eugene.

This fall, **Sandor "Sean" Palagyi** '88 begins his thirteenth year teaching computer courses at Central Oregon Community College. Palagyi has lived in central Oregon since 1994, enjoying the area's various outdoor pursuits.

Ranachith "Ronnie" Yimsut '88 finished his fifth book, *Facing the Khmer Rouge: A Cambodian Journey (Genocide, Political Violence, Human Rights)*, to be published in fall 2011 by Rutgers University Press. Yimsut works as a senior landscape architect for the U.S. Forest Service.

1990s

Michael Jordan '90 coauthored a business book titled *Six Sigma for Sustainability* (McGraw-Hill Professional, 2011), which explains how to get a sustainability program off the ground in a corporate world.

■ **Ryan Coonerty** '96 is in his second term as mayor of Santa Cruz, California. He is also cofounder and chief strat-

egist for NextSpace, named one of the businesses of the year by the California state legislature.

2000s

Jeremy Hall '00 is the new associate director of special events for the National Psoriasis Foundation. A Eugene native and Duck football season ticket holder since the 1980s, Hall lives in Portland with his wife, Erin. The couple is expecting their first child in August.

Starting June 2011, **Dennis Schrag**, MBA '04, is working as a major gift officer for the University of California at Berkeley's Department of Intercollegiate Athletics. Previously Schrag served as executive director of the First Tee of Greater Portland.

In January 2011, **Erin Murphy** '07 joined the team of Eugene-based marketing, branding, and advertising business Funk/Levis & Associates as a new account assistant.

Dan Brotman '10 landed his first job out of college: as the first non-African media and diplomatic liaison for the South African Jewish Board of Deputies, the main organization representing the country's Jewish community.

In Memoriam

Six months shy of her hundred-and-first birthday, **Claire B. (Thomen) Crook** '33 died on March 25. Born in Switzerland, Crook immigrated to America at the age of two with her family. She worked as a teacher during the Depression and attended classes at the University but did not graduate; twenty-nine years after first attending the UO, she proudly completed her degree. She contin-

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October 18, 2011—Eugene
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"The War at Home," **Stacy Bannerman**, author of *When the War Came Home: The Inside Story of Reservists and the Families They Leave Behind*



November 4-6, 2011
Premiere: "In the Telling," a film that follows a group of veterans as they make powerful and inspiring transformations



November 15, 2011
"The Mother of All Conflicts—**Infinite Economic Growth vs a Finite Planet,**" **Paul Gilding**, activist, consultant, and author of *The Great Disruption*

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ued her teaching career in the Oakridge area until 1975. Crook passed her retirement traveling to Switzerland and spending time with family in Lynnwood, Washington.

Leading Russian scholar and Rhodes Scholar **Nicholas V. Riasanovsky** '42 died May 14. He was eighty-seven. Born in China, Riasanovsky was fourteen when he and his family immigrated to the United States. He received a degree in history at the UO before serving in the U.S. Army during World War II. Riasanovsky then studied at Harvard and Oxford. The majority of his professorial career was spent at the University of California at Berkeley, where he taught Russian and European intellectual history for forty years. It was there he wrote his undergraduate textbook *A History of Russia*, which has been in print continuously since its debut in 1963 and served as the fundamental textbook on Russia during the Cold War.

Vernon Witham '47 died August 8, 2010, at the age of eighty-four. Witham studied with James Ivory, the director of *A Room with a View*, *Howard's End*, and *Surviving Picasso* (which includes a number of Witham's paintings). During his career as an artist, Witham designed several houses in Eugene and Santa Fe. He also had showings at the Palace of the Legion of Honor in San Francisco and at the Smithsonian.

Phi Sigma Kappa member **James P. Bartell** '48 died June 19, 2010, just weeks after celebrating his eighty-eighth birthday. Bartell and wife Bonnie owned Bartell Design Studio in Eugene, where together they produced various artistic works including murals, paintings, and sculptures. The couple also designed twelve houses in the Eugene-Springfield area.



DUCKS AFIELD

This summer, fourteen UO journalism students traveled to Ghana in western equatorial Africa to study the country's media. While they spent much of their time doing internships in the capitol city of Accra, there were also opportunities for field trips. This photo, by journalism professor and Media in Ghana program director Leslie Steeves, was shot after the group had traveled fourteen hours over washboard roads to Mole National Park. Two Ghanians accompanied the group on safari there, guiding the students into proximity with large numbers of wild animals, including elephants. ©

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 background details and your class year and degree to quarterly@uoregon.edu.

WEB EXTRA: See student-produced video from Ghana on our website, OregonQuarterly.com.

■ Air Force veteran **Bob Lavey** '50 died May 20, at the age of eighty-two; he was on his way home from the game of his life. Lavey was the senior member of the Diehards, Oregon's traveling group of loyal Red Sox fans.

After a chance encounter with the owner of the team, the group was treated to dugout seats at Fenway Park. It was on the flight back that Lavey died, surrounded by seven of

Continued on page 63

Did You and Your Sweetie Have a First Kiss in the Eugene Pioneer Cemetery?

Nestled in 16 acres on the UO campus is the final resting place of Judge J.J. Walton (1838-1909). When construction of Deady Hall was halted for lack of money, the records say:

"Day after day Judge Walton knocked on doors asking for a pig, a calf, chickens and a bushel of wheat, which he sold to local stores for cash. The roof was complete before the rains began!"



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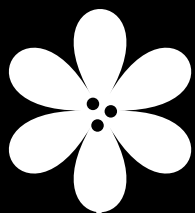
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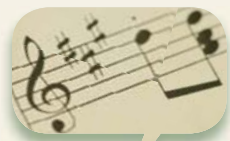
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D E C A D E S

Reports from previous Autumn issues of Old Oregon and Oregon Quarterly



Early in the Game Nineteenth century Oregon football squad

1921 The Hendricks Hall team trounces Delta Zeta in a sorority baseball game by a score of 45–0. The *Emerald* reports that the game is characterized by frequent home runs by the Hendricks squad and many errors by the Delts.

1931 A recent survey of student's religious affiliations finds 458 Presbyterians, 343 Methodists, 273 Episcopalians, 201 Christians, 181 Roman Catholics, 150 Christian Scientists, 113 Congregationalists, ninety-eight Baptists, forty-nine Lutherans, twenty-four Unitarians, twenty-three Jews, and one agnostic.

1941 The State Board of Higher Education restores to the University the authority to grant undergraduate and graduate degrees in the pure sciences.

1951 The University celebrates the seventy-fifth anniversary of its opening. From a faculty of five and a student body of 177, the UO has grown to a student body of more than 4,500, nearly 350 faculty members, and some 20,000 alumni.

1961 Former UO president O. Meredith Wilson discusses foreign relations in a campus address and observes, "There is no reason to expect

people to love us for anything else but principle, and until now our trumpet has had an uncertain sound."

1971 "The athletic department, in recent years, has found itself in a position resembling that of a necktie salesman in a hippie commune; there is little outright hostility, but the lack of enthusiasm is overwhelming."—*Old Oregon*

1981 Following a national trend toward limiting campus health care to outpatient cases, the UO Student Health Center closes its infirmary, saving an estimated \$200,000.

1991 Assistant Professor of Fine Arts Craig Hickman's Macintosh-based drawing program Kid Pix—the third best-selling education program for Macs—is receiving rave reviews from the likes of *Macworld* and *MacUser* magazines.

2001 Generations of students frolicked and had floating parades on the millrace, but a post-war building project turned it into a slow-moving storm sewer. Now a planned new federal courthouse in downtown Eugene has renewed interest in restoring the millrace to create a scenic link between campus and downtown. @

CLASS NOTES *Continued*

his closest friends. During his time at the UO, Lavey played basketball, pledged to Phi Delta Theta, and met his wife of sixty-one years, **Jackie (Austin) Lavey** '51. When it came to college sports, he was a loyal Duck fan and a month before his death attended a game at PK Park with his sons and grandsons, all Ducks.

Korean War veteran **Frank West Heinrich** '51 died March 19 in Dallas, Texas. He was eighty-two. Heinrich arrived at the UO after following his football coach Jim Aiken from the University of Nevada. Heinrich studied geology, joined Kappa Sigma fraternity, and served in the ROTC. After graduation, Heinrich worked for Standard Oil of New Jersey.

Former publisher and editor of the *Corning Daily Observer* **Walter Dodd** '53 died March 30 at the age of eighty-three. Dodd served in the U.S. Air Force as a chief master sergeant for more than forty years, during which he served in both World War II and the Korean War. He purchased the *Observer* in July 1986 and sold the paper in October 1991. Throughout his time in California, Dodd avidly participated in a number of community activities, including donating blood: in 2009, the blood bank BloodSource honored Dodd for having donated a total of fifteen gallons.

■ Oregon's first female federal judge **Helen (Jackson) Frye**, MA '61, BLaw '66, died April 21 at the age of eighty. Before entering law school, Frye worked as a teacher. After five years of private legal practice, she was appointed Lane County Circuit Court's first female judge by Governor Tom McCall '36. In 1980, Frye scored a first for women once again when she was appointed the first woman on Oregon's federal court. Near the end of her career in 2000, the UO School of Law awarded Frye the Meritorious Service Award, given annually to those individuals who have made extraordinary contributions to the law.

Diane Babcock '64 died from mesothelioma cancer on March 28. Babcock worked as an IRS auditor. Her career took her to both Boise and San Francisco. During retirement, she spent summers in McCall, Idaho, and winters in Cumming, Georgia.

David P. Simpson '69 died February 12 of a heart attack. Raised in Eugene, Simpson lived with his wife Ans for twenty-six years in Long Beach, California. He played viola for the Long Beach City College Symphony Orchestra and was the author of *Sobered by Snakebite* (CreateSpace, 2009), a collection of stories of his time living in 1960s Venezuela.

Frank Webb '72 died on June 17 after a brave battle with pancreatic cancer. He founded Team FWA, a commercial architecture firm in Los Angeles and Fullerton, California. He served on the Park Mile Design Review Board for the City of Los Angeles and recently served as president of the Los Angeles Tennis Club. An avid sports fan, Webb was devoted to the Oregon Ducks. While studying architecture at Oregon, he and a group of fellow students shared a house on Fairmount Boulevard in Eugene (lovingly called the "Fairmount Freak Farm"). The group remained close and established a student scholarship for architecture students. Frank was a member of the school's Board of

In Memoriam Policy

All "In Memoriam" submissions must be accompanied by a copy of a newspaper obituary or funeral home notice of the deceased UO alumni. 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.


Visitors and was generous with his time and mentoring UO students.

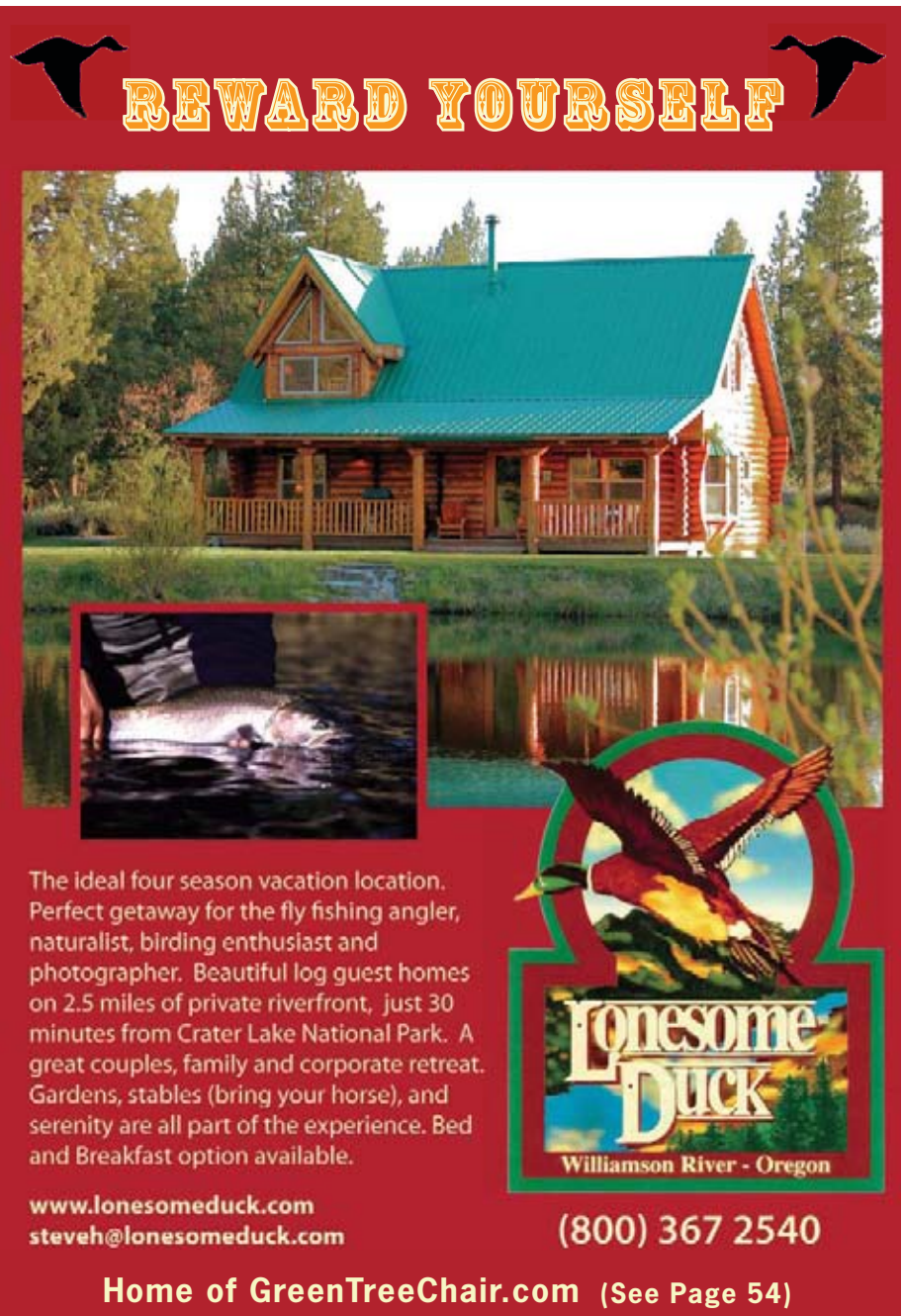
Lt. Col. Richard M. Bonalewicz, PhD '76, died June 3 from lung cancer. He was seventy. Bonalewicz was an Air Force navigator in Vietnam and a reserve liaison for the Air Force Academy. He taught at various universities, including the State University of New York's College at Brockport and the Rochester Institute of Technology. Bonalewicz loved to travel and visited more than 160 countries.

Chi Psi member **Joseph William Schultz** '97 was killed May 29 while leading a special forces unit in northern Afghanistan. He was thirty-six. A former aide to California governor Gray Davis, Schultz was assigned to the Third

Special Forces Group in Fort Bragg, North Carolina. He is buried at Arlington National Cemetery in Virginia.

Faculty In Memoriam

Professor emeritus of economics **Robert E. Smith** died May 12 at age eighty-nine. Throughout his life, Smith traveled extensively—from Pakistan to Switzerland, Utah to Japan. Upon moving to Eugene in 1962, the Oregon Coast became his favorite place to visit. After retiring from the UO, Smith moved to Portland and eventually settled in Bend, where he spent his final years. 



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Clean Fights

By Patty Dann '75

The night my husband, Willem, died I stayed up weeping and ironing his shirts, in the room that had been his office, a room where we occasionally made love and the room where he finally died. As I sobbed, my tears fell, moistening the cloth. The funeral home had come for his body, and my four-year-old son, Jake, was finally asleep.

Ironing has always comforted me. As a young child, I used to watch my mother sprinkle water from a Coke bottle with a special rubber stopper to dampen the clothes. As a treat she would let me iron handkerchiefs. A month before Willem's death, while he was having brain surgery I fled home to do a load of laundry. I had been cleaning throughout his illness, and in many ways, although it did not save him, it is what allowed me to survive. I've often thought, in the years since his death, of opening a Mourners' Cleaning Service. I know I am not the only woman who cleans as she sobs in the night.

During the long months when Willem was ill, cleaning was just about the only thing I could focus on, besides taking care of my son.

Willem was from Holland, land of the clean people, and when he was well he cleaned as much as I do now. When Willem forgot the word for "paper clip," I knew he was sick. When I came home from teaching one night and there were dirty dishes still in the sink, I knew he was seriously ill.

Willem, the son of a Mennonite minister, was an academic. He researched his dissertation so thoroughly that we called him Dr. Footnote. He became an archivist and would bring order to collections of photographs of displaced people in camps after World War II.

The day after Willem died, I threw away his old slippers, preferring to remember him by his marathon running shoes. But when Jake saw the slippers now dripping in egg yolk in the garbage, he yanked them out and said, in all his four-year-old wisdom, "Don't throw away anything of daddy's, ever!"

My son does the opposite of cleaning. He is a pack rat. When I take clothes out of the dryer, Jake's child pockets are full of dried-up ticket stubs and baseball cards. When I remember to check his pockets before I put them in the washing machine, I salvage coins and leaves and broken crayons. His room resembles his pockets. My son is a collector and an athlete and he watches WWE wrestling on TV.

"Mom, there are three main kinds of wrestling, Raw, Smack Down, and ECW," my now ten-year-old son explained patiently.

Last night I was in the kitchen, wiping an already clean counter, listening to NPR on the kitchen radio as Jake was sprawled on the couch, watching his heroes.

"Each kind of wrestling has different wrestlers," continued Jake. "Raw has



Umaga, Kane, and Triple H. Smack Down has The Great Kali—he's 7'2"—Mark Henry, and Bobby Lashly. The ECW has Big Show (that's a man), Kurt Angle, and Sabu."


Last night I washed the dishes and listened to Mozart's Flute Concerto no. 2 in D Major, a piece my husband used to love. I do not have a dishwasher. I moved into my apartment twenty-five years ago, as a single woman, never knowing I would marry ten years later or that my marriage would telescope and I would be a widow there at forty-six. When my husband moved in, we used to wash the dishes together, he with his Mennonite methodical style by my side. Actually, I washed and he dried. We had been given three kinds of kitchen towels from Dutch relatives for our marriage—one set for dishes, one set for silverware, and one set for pots and pans. Now I wash and dry dishes alone, trying to order my world and to soothe my messy soul.

At 9:15 last night I decided to make a bold move. I put down my sponge and left my station in the kitchen of eternal cleaning.

I joined Jake on the couch and watched Friday night wrestling with him. I had my first dose of watching frightening men crash chairs on one another's greased bodies, fighting and fighting, good over evil, not dying of cancer, fighting until they were exhausted.

I reached out for Jake's hand and he let me hold it just for a moment before he pulled away. "Just because I see this stuff, doesn't mean I'm going to do it," he said quietly, staring at the screen. "Somebody always wins. And just because you love classical music, doesn't mean you do that, either."

A woman raising a boy to be a man is not an uncommon occurrence in America today. Whether we're single mothers by choice and have never shared the task, or by death or divorce and we're stumbling through life a bit stunned, it doesn't matter.

And then last night, at ten o'clock, when WWE wrestling was over, my son made an unexpected move. He got up from the couch. He went into the kitchen, grabbed the mop, filled a bucket of water, and began to mop the floor, mopping with frenzy, a fierce mopping to save his soul. We are all wrestling. We are all cleaning. We are doing the best we can. 

Patty Dann is the author of the novels Mermaids, which was made into a movie starring Cher and Winona Ryder, and Sweet and Crazy and two memoirs: The Baby Boat: A Memoir of Adoption and The Goldfish Went on Vacation: A Memoir of Loss (and Learning to Tell the Truth about It). She lives in New York City. This essay was previously published in the anthology Dirt: The Quirks, Habits, and Passions of Keeping House (Seal Press, 2009).

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