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Cover photo Tim Halloran/Creative Life Spokane
Seeing and Knowing: "The relation between what we see and what we know is never settled," writes art critic and author John Berger in his 1970s *Ways of Seeing*. Berger, a mainstay for students of art and Western culture, examines how a large part of what we see when we look at something depends on our habits and conventions, the things we think we know.

As men and women, Berger notes, we may see things differently. Our teachers, our books, even our communities tell us what we’re looking at and what it means. Children see things differently, again. Lacking preconceptions, they may recognize qualities in a work of art that we adults do not.

"It is seeing which establishes our place in the surrounding world; we explain the world with words, but words can never undo the fact that we are surrounded by it," Berger writes.

With this issue, we try to set aside expectations and conventions to truly see a few new regions of our University and the world around us.

It is one thing, for example, to know that climate change is occurring; it is another to see the green coniferous forests of northern Wyoming turn red, and then yellow and brown as they succumb to pernicious mountain pine beetles, whose habitat is expanding. In this issue, writer Eric Sorensen introduces us to an alumnus who saw this change coming.

When he noticed a stunning hand-drawn map hanging on a library wall, one that hundreds of students and faculty pass by each week, writer Nicholas Deshais stopped and took a closer look. He wanted to know who made the map, and why. And who created several hundred others he subsequently found stored in the Owen Science Library?

And we may know that artist Harold Balazs ’51 makes fantastical works from wood, concrete, aluminum, enamel, and nearly every other medium. But do we see these pieces around us, even as we walk by them every day? In Pullman, in Wenatchee, in Seattle and Tacoma, and throughout Spokane? He has created more than 10,000 pieces; they are figuratively, and literally, all over the map.

While some of Balazs’s work is representational—a flower looks like a flower, a bird like a bird—other pieces are completely abstract. Forms that are simply forms. By creating something that never before existed, Balazs shakes us from our preconceptions, lets us see the unexpected, and provokes a little wonder.

He reminds us there is still so much to know, and to see.

Hannelore Sudermann
Content Editor

P.S. Join us in celebrating the 125th anniversary of the founding of our University. To commemorate the occasion, we have compiled a collection of historical photographs from WSU in a 2015 calendar. Go to wsm.wsu.edu/extra/2015calendar to buy one.
Three Great Ways to Belong to One Great Organization.

There are over twice as many members of the WSU Alumni Association (WSUAA) today than there were just a few short years ago. They joined to support student scholarships, take advantage of all the incredible member benefits, and connect with other Cougars. We extend our thanks to all the alumni, students, friends, faculty, and staff whose membership has helped the WSUAA claim its rightful place among the finest and fastest-growing alumni associations in the country. We salute our Annual, Life, and now Platinum Life Members.

New: Platinum Life Membership.

Platinum Life Membership is the newest way to belong to the WSUAA. It was suggested by and created for Cougs who want to help the WSUAA do even more for WSU. Platinum Life Members enjoy all the same great benefits and services as Annual and Life Members, plus a growing suite of extras.

If you have not yet joined, or you are a current member interested in one of the other membership types, please sign up today. Your membership—regardless of which type—is vital to the continued success of the WSUAA and WSU.
NEXT YEAR, WE’LL CELEBRATE THE MOST IMPORTANT DAY IN OUR HISTORY.

WITH THE STROKE OF A PEN IN 1890, GOVERNOR ELISHA PEYRE FERRY CHANGED WASHINGTON’S FUTURE FOREVER, SIGNING LEGISLATION THAT ESTABLISHED WASHINGTON STATE UNIVERSITY’S FLAGSHIP CAMPUS IN PULLMAN.

The dream? To increase access to higher education, conduct research to improve lives, and share knowledge with citizens from Anacortes to Walla Walla.

Some 125 years later—thanks to vision, teamwork, and ingenuity—our thriving statewide enterprise is still fanning the flames of innovation to deliver a brighter tomorrow.

wsu.edu

Red Brick Roads

Thank you for the wonderful article on the Red Brick Roads in the latest issue of Washington State Magazine. I want to thank Bailey Badger (WSM’s summer intern and 2014 alum), of course, too. Please do pass along my gratitude for an article well composed, well researched, and well written.

I really appreciate the time and effort you took just to identify this as a possible article of interest to your readership, and of course your general interest in the goings on over here in the School of Design and Construction.

J. Philip Green
WSU associate professor and interim director, School of Design and Construction

Talking Trash

Amongst the nice articles in the latest WSM, I thought it ironic that an article on trash/landfills and an article on Riverpoint Campus were included. Back in the ’80s, living in Spokane, I joined a couple of friends “bottle digging” in exploratory pits in what is now the Riverpoint area. Layers of trash were in places on the property, going back to at least WWI, and my friends were digging for rare bottles. There were thousands of bottles of various types buried there, as glass was the main packing method for liquids then, and of course doesn’t biodegrade. Many of those bottles and other species of trash still are buried at the site.

Steve Fahnline ’81

Over Extension

In the Fall 2014 Washington State Magazine, “Washington State University EXTENSION early timeline,” I found it interesting to read that the Washington state legislature passed an act creating experimental stations in 1881. As youngsters, our Washington state history classes taught that stationhead was passed in 1881. How was that 1881 state legislative act possible, please?

Rosemary Roberts
former student

Correction

In the review of Island Queens and Mission Wives: How Gender and Empire Remade Hawai’i’s Pacific World (Fall 2014), the era for missionary contact was identified as “late eighteenth century.” It should be “early nineteenth century.”

Kudos

Congratulotions! Perhaps best issue yet. Many articles of high interest. Thanks!

Go Cougs!

Dale R. Peterson ’59

Ferndale

Honoring the friendship and support of two alumni and their families, WSU has renamed two colleges. Retired energy executive Gene Voiland ’69 and his wife Linda were recognized in September with the naming of the Voiland College of Engineering and Architecture. Likewise, in October, the business college became the Carson College of Business to reflect the contributions of Scott Carson ’72, retired Boeing CEO and current WSU Regent, and his wife Linda, Stafford.

WSM Winter 2014/15
Lost writer from a lost time

by Hannelore Sadermann

WINTER 2014/15

Cantwell, one of the finest American writers of the 1930s, was admired by the likes of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway, says Reed. "He captured the spirit of a radical and revolutionary time," says Reed. And when he approached politics and social questions in his work, his writing got even better, he says. "It’s a very modern text in the way it explores social inequality." He knew Cantwell was worthy of a book-long consideration, "but I thought someone else would do it," says Reed. No one did.

Recently Reed returned to his subject, publishing Robert Cantwell and the Literary Left with the intention of not only bringing Cantwell back into view, but to draw attention to the large gap in American literature from the 1930s, when working class people were at the center of American culture. First World War II, and then the cultural shift to the middle class of the 1950s, led Americans to abandon many great works of this era.

"Cantwell was so much a creature of his time, he was forced to remake himself when the decade came to an end," writes Reed. In fact, the scholar explores the various factors, including 1950s McCarthyism, the abandonment of Marxism by his peers, and a mental breakdown, that led Cantwell away from radical fiction and into the safer territories of magazine journalism and biography. "He never completely recovered," says Reed. "He becomes the quiet sports Illustrated guy rather than the young revolutionary." He never completely recovered, he wrote, bringing together the "various branches of agricultural dissidence."

"Cantwell was something of a blur. But he remembers hearing references to Cantwell and Land of Plenty, the last edition of which came out in 1951. "Even finding a copy was really tough," says Reed. For reprint as part of a series of 1950s, led Americans to abandon many great works of this era.

"Walter’s letter inspired several people to quickly pull together a meeting in Ellensburg. Nearly 800 farmers, workers, and consumers showed up, and a handful of WSU students and faculty came, too. David Ganzfried, now a sustainable agriculture specialist at WSU, had just finished his degree in environmental conservation at Cornell University and was driving across the country looking for work. He landed in Ellensburg just as the meeting was taking place. "I somehow heard there was a conference there on agriculture," he says. The event was "somewhat of a blur." But he remembers workshops on farming, talk about forming an organic farming movement, and learning about a rural apprenticeship that landed him on a farm in the San Juan Islands.

In 1974, a group of Washington farmers, gardeners, and concerned citizens formed one of the nation’s first organized efforts for sustainable agriculture. It was in the midst of a burgeoning back-to-the-land movement, and not long after the founding of Earth Day. The time was ripe for Washington, its farmers, consumers, and researchers to change agriculture. On his way home from a Spokane conference on “Agriculture for a Small Planet,” author and activist Wendell Berry started a letter that would catalyze the movement. He praised the thoughtful and knowledgeable group who had organized the event, and wondered if they might work together to shape “a coherent vision for what is possible.”

“Good land use is going to come either by hard necessity or by some kind of teaching,” he wrote, encouraging them to seek “a better kind of agriculture.” They should reach out to farmers, farmersunion workers, urban consumer cooperatives, organic farming and small farm co-ops, and conservation and wilderness groups, he wrote, bringing together the “vast array of branches of agricultural dissidence.”

"There is a need and an intention of not only bringing Cantwell back into view, but to draw attention to the large gap in American literature from the 1930s, when working class people were at the center of American culture. First World War II, and then the cultural shift to the middle class of the 1950s, led Americans to abandon many great works of this era."

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WENDY L. DERYCKERS, a former WSU student who was farming near Palouse, and his wife Becky and friend Michael Pilarski, had joined up with Gigi Coe and Mark Musick to plan the Ellensburg event. And the Deryckers came up with “Tilth,” a Middle English word meaning cultivated land, but a word that would come to
represent a broad movement to create and support a more sustainable agriculture.

Today, the effort that is Tilth has spread throughout the West into California, Oregon, and Idaho. With teaching and support as its initial mission, it has produced books, newsletters, classes, and conferences and burrowed, and sometimes driven, the development of sustainable and organic agriculture in the region.

As Tilth evolved, so did research at WSU into organic and sustainable agriculture. Robert Papendick, a WSU-based USDA soil scientist, led a national study in the late 1970s to look at organic farming across the country and co-authored the first organic farming symposium at the American Society of Agronomy’s national meetings.

By the 1980s, more WSU faculty and students were incorporating organic agriculture in their research. Their early efforts have today led to the WSU Center for Sustaining Agriculture.

Washington was one of the first states to embrace the sustainable food movement. Photos courtesy Seattle Tilth, Washington Tilth Association, and Tilth Producers of Washington and Natural Resources, a Small Farms Program, and the nation’s first organic agriculture major. There was always somebody at WSU who was playing some role in terms of national leadership with the organic movement,” says Matthew Canfield, a New York University doctoral student writing his dissertation on the sustainable food movement in Washington. A National Science Foundation grant is funding his fieldwork in the state. Besides digging into the WSU archives where the early Tilth records reside, he is interviewing the people who started and shaped the effort.

Dave Beadlock was the WSU research “business leader at WSU while researching the early development of the WSU soil microbiologist, organized the first organic farming symposium at the American Society of Agronomy’s national meetings.

By the 1980s, more WSU faculty and students were incorporating organic agriculture in their research. Their early efforts have today led to the WSU Center for Sustaining Agriculture.

Hair and history

by Trevor James Bond :: On the first day of this semester, Kristine Leiser, a senior majoring in history and anthropology, returned one of the more macabre items owned by the WSU Libraries: a lock of hair from the murdered missionary, Narcissa Whitman.

Hair is not something we at WSU’s Manuscripts, Archives, and Special Collections usually collect. And how it came to be here, and where it has been for the last half century, turned out to be an intriguing story.

Narcissa Whitman’s name is familiar to many in the Northwest. She and her husband, Marcus, established their mission to the Cayuse Indians near Walla Walla in 1836. However, they made poor missionaries. The Whitmans misunderstood Cayuse culture, never learned their language, and over time stopped their missionary work. After years of increasing tension, on November 29, 1847, a group of Cayuse murdered the Whitmans and eleven others.

Some of the Cayuse were angry at the Whitmans for turning their mission compound into a hotel of sorts for thousands of settlers immigrating into the region and blamed them for the spread of a devastating measles epidemic that killed an estimated half of the tribe. After an inconclusive military campaign to find the perpetrators, five Cayuse surrendered to the Oregon Territorial Government and were summarily tried and executed. The surviving Cayuse were forced on to a reservation near Pendleton, Oregon.

Assessments of Narcissa Whitman among historians range from heroic martyr to intolerant invader.

As head of MASC, I first came across a surprising reference to Narcissa’s hair at WSU while researching the early development of the WSU organic certification program. “Tilth started as a movement,” says Canfield. “But then that killed an estimated half of the tribe. After

Though the bodies were reburied immediately, it took the Oregon militia nearly three months to muster and travel to the Whitman mission.

As I searched other archives, I found a startling number of collections of her hair elsewhere: a lock displayed in the ‘history room’ in the village hall of Roseville, New York; six separate donations of Narcissa’s hair (of varying colors) at Whitman College; hair woven into a cross on display at the Oregon Historical Society in Portland; a hair wreath at Pacific University; and a framed lock at the Washington State Historical Society with the ominous caption “this lock of Whitman's hair was taken after the massacre in 1847 by one of the survivors.”

There are two sources for all of this hair: gifts from Narcissa to family and friends and, more troubling, hair gathered at her time of death. According to one survivor’s account, wolves disturbed the shallow grave of the victims, scattering bones and “strands of Mrs. Whitman’s beautiful, long golden hair.”

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Jason Gesser celebrates the win that led to the 2003 Rose Bowl. Photo Lucy Nicholson/Associated Press

Gesser directed the Cougars to 24 wins during his career and shared the 2002 Offensive Player of the Year honors with USC quarterback Carson Palmer.

By Steve Kemp ’93

Ask Jason Gesser ’02 about the finest decision he’s made and his answer is in pursuit of each of the 70 career touchdown passes he threw at Washington State.

“Coming to Washington State was the perfect decision I made in my life,” he says. Though marrying my wife, Kali Surplus ’02, a former WSU volleyball player, and the couple has three children.

In his new role as the assistant director of development with the Cougar Athletic Fund, the fundraising arm of the Washington State University Athletic Department, his work includes reconnecting former student athletes with the athletic program and building relationships with fans and donors.

He is a natural,” says Director of Athletics Bill Moos. “He is obviously a draw. People want to come to events to see and listen to Jason. He is a natural.”

In addition to his position with the Cougar Athletic Fund, Gesser, a graduate of the Edward R. Murrow College of Communication, joins the Cougar football broadcast team. He is working with legendary broadcaster Bob Robertson, Bud Nameck, and sideline reporter Jessamyn McIntyre.

It won’t be Gesser’s first foray into broadcasting. While coaching high school football, Gesser worked at Fox Sports Northwest as a game and studio analyst. “I really look forward to preparing every week,” says Gesser, who will be providing color analysis.

Gesser gave Cougar fans many memories during his days as a player and team captain. “A lot of them talk about the UCLA game,” he says, referring to the 48–27 win against the Bruins, December 7, 2002, that clinched a berth to the Rose Bowl. Gesser threw for 247 yards and two touchdowns on a badly sprained knee and audible that he injured two weeks earlier against California. “Obviously, that is one of my favorite games, too,” he says.

Gesser received offers from over a dozen schools, including Gesser has a passion for Washington State University Athletics and that was illustrated in the way he played football for the Cougars,” says Moos. “I am thrilled he made the decision to leave coaching and be an administrator, and be one at Washington State.”

Besides his most memorable games, Gesser is often asked about how he chose WSU. Born in Honolulu, Hawaii, he played a variety of sports growing up, including baseball, soccer, and basketball. But he showed the most promise in football. “So much so, that playing college ball looked to be a real possibility as early as the ninth grade, Gesser’s second year of organized football.”

When he left in 2003, Gesser had to put the crimson aside. He played in the National Football League with the Tennessee Titans, the Canadian Football League with the Calgary Stampeders and the Arena Football League with the Utah Blaze. Then he spent four years coaching high school football in Washington (2006–10), and two years at the University of Idaho (2011–12), where he served as the offensive coordinator and quarterbacks coach. He became interim head coach in October 2012. Last season, Gesser coached the quarterbacks coach at the University of Wyoming.

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Way back on campus at WSU, Gesser is fundraising and reconnecting with former student athletes. Courtesy Washington State University Athletics

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Way back on campus at WSU, Gesser is fundraising and reconnecting with former student athletes. Courtesy Washington State University Athletics

WSSM Winter 2014/15
Diving deep in a unique tropical paradise

By Eric Sorensen :: Cori Kane calls it “underwater skydiving.” She’ll be out in the middle of the North Pacific, more than 3,000 miles from Honolulu and most anything else that might be called civilization. Flipping out of a perfectly good boat, she will descend nearly 300 feet in just five minutes, encountering a strange and largely unexplored layer of ocean that’s less familiar to science than the deep waters. If it’s the ecosystem of the mesophotic reef, which lies at a depth often called the “Twilight Zone.”

When you jump in, it’s like you’re transported to a different world,” she says. “There are fish everywhere. There are big fish. There are sharks. There are these big groups ofJack fish. It’s like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like the like 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against endemic’s particular vulnerability to extinction.

If something happens to that population of endemic fish or that species,” says Kane, "there’s nowhere else to help it repopulate. It’s kind of one of those indicator species or priority species that you watch, especially when you’re concerned about a certain area, because it has the lowest chance of survivorship if anything bad would happen.”

Kane says threats to the region include plastic pollution, lost fishing nets that can strangle marine life, temperatures rising, and ocean acidification. "As climate change goes on and the ocean temperature rises, we may be transitioning into," Kane says, "much as we can right now because we don’t even know what this super bad would happen.”

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A place for faith and support

by Jessica Schloss '14 :: For many, the Interfaith House was a home away from home, whether it was through the services offered by the Common Ministry, a place for meetings for student groups, or just as a hangout in the coffee shop.

The building on the northern edge of campus at 720 NE Thutama has served the University and its students from the time it was built in 1925.

But time and circumstance bring change. Last spring the Presbyterian Synod put the building up for sale, and sold the Interfaith House to Washington State University for $1.2 million. Citing its location and connection to the University and its students from the time it was built in 1925, the Board of Regents approved the purchase.

First a home for the Alpha Chi Omega sorority, the four-story brick structure remained in the organization’s hands until it was bought for student outreach by the Presbyterian Synod in 1970. It would be seven years, however, before a Common Ministry was established and the building would become a place for campus religious groups as well as unofficial student organizations.

Known then as the Koinonia House (K-House), a Greek concept for “communion” or “community,” a number of local religious denominations created a Common Ministry council. Everything that would come out of the Interfaith House would be part of the Common Ministry, including the tradition of having a basement coffee shop.

A place for friends and colleagues to meet, the Interfaith House also served as a space for those who felt displaced.

Wilhelmina Sarai-Clark, a retired WSU professor, was at one time a campus minister at the K-House as well as a deacon at St. James Episcopal Church. She stresses the position that came while she was involved with the K-House, including the creation of the conflict resolution center and it serving as a headquarters for the participants of the student demonstrations in 1970. The protests drew attention to racism within the University. The ministry responded by offering programs and support.

“Another thing that originated from the Common Ministry was the acceptance of people with different sexual orientation,” says Sarai-Clark. The house “was a safe place to be.”

It was also site for Alcoholics Anonymous meetings, student potlucks, and human rights task force meetings. Whenever the University struggled with an issue, whether it was about drinking or separation of church and state, says Sarai-Clark, the Common Ministry was a place where people could find help.

While the fate of the building is still undetermined, the Common Ministry has relocated into the Community Congregational United Church of Christ for the 2014–2015 academic year.

“I hope that we don’t lose the connection with the University that we’ve had as a safe place to explore,” Sarai-Clark says. “Things change, but that doesn’t mean it’s all bad. Where else are they going to have all of these different religious groups talking to each other? Listening to each other? That’s what we are. And I hope that isn’t lost.”

Read an excerpt of Geronimo at wsm.wsu.edu/extra/Geronimo.

The Interfaith House (formerly the K-House) has been a resource for students for more than 50 years.

For information about giving to the College of Pharmacy please visit our website at pharmacy.wsu.edu or call our alumni relations office at 509-335-6675.
But with the Champagne method, in which the second fermentation requires a contact with yeast for a minimum of nine months and up to three years, “You still have some nice fruit, but you also get these nice yeasty aromas,” says Henick-Kling.

Doug Charles’ T. salmonensis has won bubbles come and go in Washington. When he works as a sommelier in the 1980s, he found housewines like Hogue and Perston made “some really delicious sparkling wines,” he says. “The potential has been there, but there’s only been a tiny, tiny quantity.”

Now, in Anacortes shop Compass Wines, he reaches to a top shelf of wines, and treks on his Pinot Noir grapes: “It is the traditional style and our personality to do it right.” While studying viticulture and winemaking at WSU, Pittsinger turned to an expert from France to help build the winery and start their first release. Today Karma produces between 1,000 and 1,500 cases of bubbly each year.

Only a few Washington wineries make sparkling wines, but among them are some delicious and surprisingly affordable options, says Thomas Henick-Kling, WSU’s director of viticulture and enology. “And there’s room for a lot more,” he says. “I think every winery should have some.”

Karma is now in dire straits,” they write, “and extinction has another encouraging sign. Ovissipour recommends eating caviar with cheese, crackers, and metal spoons might affect the taste — we each put a teaspoon of eggs on our tongues and hold them over so as not to accidentally blow the yolk of the egg. “The dissolvability is pretty good,” says Ovissipour, who has performed this routine maybe 1,000 times with many varieties, including beluga, the most sought-after caviar. “You cannot feel any firmness — which is really good.”

There’s a tingle of salt, but not too much, then a nutty, buttery profu-

and plastic spoons. At the center of our attention sits a singularly small

to approach each bottle before opening it. But there are other, less complicated, ways to make sparkling wines, says Henick-Kling, who is organizing a course on the subject for spring.

The first is the easiest. You take a good wine and infuse it with carbonation, like you would a soda. The result is fizzy, but rather rough, he says. In the second, known as the Charmat method, wine is treated with yeast and matured in a closed tank where carbon dioxide builds up and creates the bubbles. “It’s a good method for young fruit-forward sparkling wines,” says Henick-Kling. It typically appears in Italian wines like Prosecco and the red bubbly Lambrusco.

So does Karma Vineyards, where grapevines push the hillside toward the southern shore of Lake Chelan, a 3,000-square-foot cave holds the city’s finest sparkling wine.

Three different grapes from the 14 acres of vines go into the bub-

bly: Chardonnay, Pinot Noir, and Pinot Meunier. They’re treated much like you would a soda. The result is fizzy, but rather rough, he says.

Maybe we didn’t know any different,” says Pittsinger one late sum-

When the time comes, the winemakers freeze the neck, open the cap, and a plug of yeast pops out. Then comes a process of shaking and turning the bottle every day or two to move the yeast and effervescence is developed. This second fermentation, which at Karma takes three years, is followed by a three-week “riddling,” a painstaking process of shaking and turning the bottle every day or two to move the used-up yeast, or “lees,” to the neck of the bottle.

Then, skimming over a dozen French Champagnes, he grabs another bottle from the bottom shelf. This is a Syncline bubbling brut rose from the Columbia Gorge. “Some are traditional, some are non-

traditional,” he says. “They’re all good. But I’d like to see Washington

set its identity with what Washington does well.”

Using non-traditional grapes like Syrah, Gewurztraminer, Pinot Noir, and Riesling, the state could make a name for itself with its sparklers, much in the way it does with its still wines. “Why do we have to make what they make in France?” asks Charles.

Charles has some advice. The first is that sparkling wine doesn’t need a special occasion. It could and should be enjoyed any time. “Bubbly is the most versatile of all wines,” he says. “It goes with just about anything.” (Karma’s Julie Pittsinger loves it with spicy food and eggs Benedict).

The fishery is now in dire straits, “they write, “and extinction has another encouraging sign. Ovissipour recommends eating caviar with cheese, crackers, and maybe some frozen vodka. Later that day, I invite friends over to finish off the jar’s contents. My wife and I cobble together a Danish smorgasbord of pickled herring, the previous night’s grilled salmon, cheeses, and the jar’s contents. We sample again, and again. More flavors emerge. The buttery flavor deepens along with a mild richness similar to a breakfast egg yolk. No surprise there. These are eggs.

No wonder it is now in season....
THERE’S A TRICK TO FINDING THE ARTIST.

It involves a trek down a private drive at the back of a nondescript neighborhood north of Spokane. A patch of pavement gives way to dirt and winds to a tree-shrouded valley. Just as worry sets in that this is the wrong way, a peculiar wooden sculpture pops into view. Then two more towering abstract monuments pose by a bridge into this magical place where art sprouts from the lawn.

Harold Balazs is on the porch of his rustic house, a retreat lovingly furnished with art and photographs of family and friends. He invites me in, where his wife, Rosemary, is clearing away breakfast.

These days Balazs (pronounced Blaze) fills his mornings with paint. The 86-year-old perches at a massive wooden table, which he built years ago, and holds court over acrylics, brushes, and papers. A degenerative disorder has compromised his balance, played havoc with his movements, and affected his ability to find the right words and fully express himself. He is frustrated he cannot always do the welding and sculpting he loves, but it is not keeping him from creating more art.

Today, though, he pushes his paints aside, and with his words and gestures renders his story.

He stepped onto the Northwest art scene in the 1950s with his painting, welding, enameling, and concrete artwork. Known for his collaboration with architects, particularly on liturgical commissions, he easily shifts shapes and styles to suit his projects. But with 65 highly productive years as a professional artist, there is still much more to tell.

And, as with Balazs himself, there is a trick to finding his creations.

Though he is one of the most prolific public artists in the Northwest, we have lived with his works for so long, we may not even recognize them. His touch is in the molded brickwork of a bank tower on Spokane’s Second Street. It is in the doors and altars of churches all around the Northwest. And his art is, yet again, the Spokane River, a rippling stainless steel sculpture floating on the water. Once you start looking, you find Balazs everywhere.
In Pullman, a dense tangle of concrete puzzle pieces borders the courtyard of the Museum of Art at Washington State University. A short walk away, an up-pointing arrow perches in the entryway of the Terrell Library. A few minutes east, a colorful abstract mural enlivens the alumni center. And you can find more, if you look. Even the curators at the art museum missed the massive, undulating bas relief panels between the first and second floors of Streit-Perham Hall and had not realized or remembered that the three-sided wood and concrete tower in front of the Presbyterian church on Stadium Way was classic Balazs.

Pick any sizable city in the Northwest. It likely holds the artist’s paintings, abstract metal monuments, gravity-defying concrete works, rippling walls of wood, and shiny enamel murals glowing with forms and flowers and birds.

“I remember him storming out of Spokane in the fifties or sixties, a volcano of energy giving fresh Balazian sculpture in every direction,” noted Fred Bassetti, one of Seattle’s most influential architects.

“He is unique,” Bassetti says in a small museum book. “He reaches into the heart of the matter. Whether his medium is bronze or porcelain enamel, wood, stone, or concrete, it evokes clearly his personal view of the precarious, ironic, tumultuous, absurd, incredible journey we are all making together.”

A CREATIVE FORCE

Balazs first bent a piece of metal to his whim in Westlake, Ohio, a village about 12 miles outside of Cleveland. His father Harold was a sheet-metal worker and air-conditioning repairman. In a shop at the back of the farmhouse, he taught his son the skills of bricolage and metalwork that would serve as scaffolding for a career in the arts.

A consummate craftsman, Harold senior honed in his son a meticulous attention to detail as well as the habit of making do with the materials on hand.

When Balazs was 11 or 12, his mother enrolled him in Saturday morning art classes at the Cleveland Museum of Art. There his explorations drew him to pair of two-foot-square enamel panels by Ohio artist H. Edward Winter. “I was enamored with them,” he says. “I said, ‘I’m going to do that one day.’ And I did.”

After high school, Balazs strayed into mathematics and engineering at a junior college in Chicago, thinking, because he liked drawing airplanes as a child, he might go into aeronautics. But “I wasted a year,” he says, though the time in Chicago gave him a taste of life drawing and anatomy classes. When his family moved to Spokane in the late 1940s, he happily moved, too, and enrolled as an arts major at Washington State College.

“Harold led the pack,” said classmate Rudy Autio in an interview for a 1988 museum book on Balazs. He threw himself into his art classes, but he was also into drama, fencing, skiing, wooden shoes, and, “all kinds of weird things that no one could keep track of.”

“I was always in trouble down there,” says Balazs, a smile curling under his trademark mustache. He once discovered a room in the art building that no one was using. He used the space to clean ducks he had shot in a creek, and he and his friends would sneak up there and work at night, he says, “Until we got caught by the janitor.”
In the early fifties, fine art undergraduates were prohibited from entering juried shows. But prohibitions didn’t suit Balazs, who sent some works to a show in San Francisco. “These were pieces I did totally on my own,” he says, explaining that his teachers had not had any influence on what he produced. “I got in, and the whole rest of the faculty was ejected.”

Kicked out of the ROTC because of his independent spirit, Balazs was also nearly expelled from the fine arts program. He owes his survival to teacher George Laisner. A Czechoslovakian immigrant who painted, sculpted, etched, made jewelry, and worked with glass, Laisner taught Balazs about Bauhaus design and encouraged him to follow his multimedia impulses. In return, Balazs taught Laisner to do precise metalwork. “He loved Harold and saw his potential,” says Anna-Maria Shannon, associate director of WSU’s Museum of Art. Laisner convinced his colleagues to keep Balazs. “He told them, he will do us credit.”

Somehow among his myriad activities and classes, the art student from Ohio found time for love. He met a sparkling 17-year-old Rosemary Schneider at a Spokane swimming pool one summer day in 1947. She was nice looking, he says, smiling across the room at her. She rolls her eyes before heading out to the garden to leave us to our interview. He is a “friendly, innovative, craggily handsome, sometimes self-deprecating man,” wrote biographer Judy Laddon. “Stunningly handsome,” says Karen Mobley, a friend of the Balazs’s and former director of the Spokane Arts Commission, “and charismatic. How could Rose not fall for him?”

Harold and Rosemary married in September of 1950 and moved into a $12-a-month shack in Pullman. It had a little wood stove and old-fashioned ice box, which Balazs would chill with icicles he plucked from the eaves of fraternity houses. “Here I am this young jerk with a beautiful wife and then next thing you know, we’re waiting for a child.” Kurt arrived just a week after graduation.

The young family moved in with Rosemary’s parents in Spokane and set up a workshop in the basement. Rosemary would help with the metal and enamelled jewelry, cut stencils, stock supplies, and make deliveries. They sold pieces through shops in Spokane, Seattle, and Portland. The smaller items, which today command as much as $400 on Etsy and eBay, then wholesaled for just $8 or $9.

The late Joel E. Ferris II, owner of the Spokane home furnishings store JOEL, was thrilled to stock Balazs’s handiwork. “He showed up in wooden clogs,” noted Ferris in the book Harold Balazs: Art is an Art Form. Balazs brought in fixtures, tables, stools, jewelry, and pictures. “He is and was the true artist-craftsman, lifting the taste of the community.”

At the same time, Balazs was entering juried competitions and developing a following. A Spokane newspaper covered his one-man exhibit in 1954. “Balazs’ work is characterized generally by a gay sense of color and lively humor,” wrote Gladys E. Guilbert for The Spokesman-Review. The article notes that his paintings had been accepted for exhibitions at the Seattle Art Museum and the Henry Gallery Invitational, and had won a major Henry award. The one-man show in Spokane included paintings, modules, enamel plaques, lithographs, earrings, cigarette boxes, and pictures done in lacquer and metal.

Balazs never understood how some people could pursue only one form or style in art. “There were just too many things I wanted to try,” he says. He liked to have 10 or 12 projects going at once, “that way I would never get bored.”

Finding the artist

wsm.wsu.edu

WSM Winter 2014/15
Twins Erika and Andrea were born in 1959 and the Balazs family moved to their own little Eden, a house with seven acres on Peone Creek in the suburb of Mead. It provided room to play and the privacy and the proximity to nature they craved. “I always wanted I’d bother people with my noise,” says Balazs. “And this place is just crawling with wildlife.”

In spite of his critical acclaim, Balazs was repulsed by the business of Art. “I knew intuitively I would not be an artist,” says Kundig, winner of the National Design Award from the Cooper Hewitt, Smithsonian Design Museum. But as an architecture student he drew on his experiences with Balazs, learning from his use of organic forms, his experimentation with materials, and his boundless energy for creating beauty. “I was lucky to be around that creative force of nature.”

One of the most essential collaborators, “without her none of this would happen,” says Balazs. But his father would also do metal work, his friends would assist on the larger pieces, and younger artists who lovingly called him “Uncle Harold” would trade their labor for his mentoring. The children would take part, too. Lately Balazs’s grandson Keegan has picked up the welding torch when the artist’s physical state cannot keep pace with his imagination.

Seattle architect Tom Kundig, who visited Balazs’s workshop as a student and in the late fifties and sixties brought a boom of church construction.

“His mind and his artistic inclinations are just bubbling all the time,” says Ivar Nelson, the production editor of the 2010 book Balazs: Etchers & Engravers. He feeds his creativity with literature, poetry, and philosophy, “His intuitive sense of the ways of the world around him, and his curiosity, lead to commissions. Willing to create in nearly any medium, and being affordable and a willing collaborator, Balazs became an artist for the architects. Many architecture students learned from his use of organic forms, his experimentation with materials, and his boundless energy for creating beauty. “I was around that creative force of nature.”

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Balazs likes to paraphrase philosopher Alan Watts: “You’ve got to be part rascal.” Watts believed the secret of life was to be completely engaged with the task at hand, and to realize that it’s not work, but play. That suits Balazs who is driven to play every day. “It beats honest work,” he says.

Mobley, the former Spokane arts director, says even a casual Balazs moment from the installation of the giant Rotary Fountain in Riverfront Park. Water shoots from sprinklers and spouts around a ring supported by five 24-foot steel columns on the sculpture Balazs co-created in 2006. The project is nearly complete, the security fence still around it, and the group decides to turn on the water and see it in action. Suddenly Balazs, who had disappeared into the back of a truck, “rips off all his clothes and runs down the ramp and into the fountain,” says Mobley. “Right in front of those poor Rotarians.”

**POSTERITY**

As our morning draw to a close, Balazs invites me to see the works he has collected from his friends. Every wall of the home is covered, and sculptures linger in the corners. He points out a large, and now quite valuable, Autoio piece, proud of his classmate’s success. And then he brings out a stack of his own paintings that he has completed for a summer show at The Art Spirit Gallery in Coeur d’Alene.

It’s not the aging that spooks him, he says. But the evolving physical problems are curbing his ability to bring his work to life. His paintings are, as ever, fanciful and colourful. But a tremon is evident in the black lines dividing the paper into characters and shapes. “I don’t care if it’s neat,” he says. “I just want the ripples in the brush strokes. I don’t care about them.”

What he does care about is the color, the surprise, the response his bright creations of shapes and signs might provoke.

Balazs doesn’t know how many works he has created, or where they might be. He has produced many thousands of things and never kept a catalog. A number have surrendered to the weather. Others were vandalized or simply removed because of changes to a site. The Norton Building 70-ton rammed during a site renovation. “It was sold for scrap,” says Balazs. A bronze lady on a bicycle was stolen from Coeur d’Alene. A Sicilian sculpture disappeared from Cheney.

In Sitka, Alaska, a copper sculpture in front of the city-state building simply went missing. Someone found it at the dump. “A lot of public art ends up that way,” says Balazs, with a shrug. A number have surrendered to the weather. Others were vandalized or simply removed because of changes to a site. The Norton Building 70-ton rammed during a site renovation. “It was sold for scrap,” says Balazs. A bronze lady on a bicycle was stolen from Coeur d’Alene. A Sicilian sculpture disappeared from Cheney.

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Finally, the vegetation gives way to large swatches of snow. Logan’s 70-year-old legs have gone up 2,000 feet and back more than 10,000 years, from the lush vegetation of the twenty-first century to the hardscrabble world of the Pleistocene Epoch, when glaciers scraped the earth and plants struggled to hang on.

The view east and north opens up, and Logan can peer into the Shoshone National Forest’s Crow Creek drainage. It’s a long tough climb, with peaks and mesas and vast groves of dead trees. One section of trees was burned in the spectacular fires of 1988. But even larger sections are forests of whitebark pine ravaged by the mountain pine beetle.

As a U.S. Forest Service entomologist in the 1990s, Logan developed a model that showed global warming could raise temperatures enough for the beetles to flourish and overwhelm the pine. His prediction came from a model that showed global warming could raise temperatures enough to buffer extreme events like fire and floods. Some species may decline and even become extinct, altering some regions so much that it is sending ecologists back to the drawing board.

“Some say that one of the products of climate change is uncertainty,” says Jesse Brunner, an assistant professor in the WSU School of Biological Sciences studying the effect of climate change on the blacklegged tick, carrier of several diseases, including Lyme disease. “I remember when I was first hearing about climate change and disease, it was really simple relationships,” Brunner says. “It was things like, warmer temperature, faster development, everything goes to hell. But the reality seems to be, the climate gets warmer and more variable and precipitation changes and certain types of organisms might do a little bit better, at least in certain stages of their life cycle. But others might do worse. Trying to figure out the net outcome of that is a messy business.”

In a way, the term “global warming” confuses the issue. Just as some places might actually get cooler, the effects of rising average temperatures will often be quite localized. To see this, we’ve arranged with several WSU faculty and alumni to take a virtual tour of the country, from a New Hampshire lichen to the tidal flats of San Francisco Bay, with stops in between. Along the way, we’ll see researchers observing and anticipating the effects of rising temperatures on the natural world, a bewildering process that takes ecology’s already complicated study of connections and activates a whole new set of circumstances.

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Natural World of Global Warming
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Jesse A. Logan ’77 PhD is hiking up a mountainside in Yellowstone National Park and walking back in time. He starts at 8,000 feet above sea level, in a forest thick with the scent of fir and lodgepole pine, and with almost every stray step, the scenery changes. There’s an understory of grouse whortleberry, then accents of mountain bluebells and higher still, the whitebark pine, one of the oldest organisms of the interior West.

Winter 2014/15

by Eric Sorensen

:: by Bruce Andre ::

:: photos by Bruce Andre ::
The Scrambled Natural World of Global Warming

The black-throated blue warbler is a forest bird that migrates from the Caribbean to breed each summer in the northeastern United States and southeastern Canada. For years, Webster has studied the bird in the Hubbard Brook Experimental Forest, one of more than two dozen long-term ecological research sites run by the National Science Foundation and other federal agencies.

Webster simulated a warming climate with more food, putting out meal worms and training the birds to eat them. He found that, to the extent a warming climate increases the abundance of food, the birds might fare better.

They do modify what they are doing in a way that is at least partially adaptive to the changing conditions,” he says. “They do OK and in fact, to a certain level, they do well. This is one of the birds that at least in the short term might benefit from changing conditions.”

Indeed, if they have more food in the spring, they could breed as soon as they return from migration, and might make two broods. But a long-term warming trend could also affect the structure of the forest, shading out the understory so there is less food for insects. This is probably what’s happening at lower elevations.

“Over the longer term, it may not be good for the birds,” Webster says. “This is a complicated thing where short term, it’s probably good for them. Long term, possibly not.”

Researchers have noticed that birds in Europe, where ecological conditions are more similar, are having young out of sync with the emergence of caterpillars, a major food source. In the United States, where forests are more varied, there are more varieties of caterpillars and a less predictable peak in food abundance.

Still, what’s good for the warbler may not be good for the wren, and it’s unclear how flexible they are and how well they can adapt to a range of conditions. These birds don’t necessarily have that technology and it’s unclear how flexible they are and how well they can adapt to a changing climate. And that’s what we’re trying to figure out.”

“The black-throated blue warbler is a forest bird that migrates from the Caribbean to breed each summer in the northeastern United States and southeastern Canada. For years, Webster has studied the bird in the Hubbard Brook Experimental Forest, one of more than two dozen long-term ecological research sites run by the National Science Foundation and other federal agencies.”

Like most creatures, the bird has evolved to breed in a specific niche. If average temperatures change and alter that niche, the bird could find itself in a bind, as would other birds, insects, and other animals.

Basic either there are three options for those species,” says Webster. “One is to adapt to the changing conditions. Another is to move to where conditions are more favorable for you. And the third is to go extinct, at least locally.” The creatures that go extinct are, in effect, fatally bound by their evolution. Unlike a human, they can’t pack a moving truck and go to a new climate.

“They become trapped by their own ecology,” says Webster. “As it happens, more is known about the Hubbard Brook than just about any other breeding population. With climate conditions changing, Webster and his colleagues see a chance to ask, “Is this good or bad for the birds?”

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“It looks like it might be much more species by species.”

Back in the mid-70s, while finishing his WSU doctoral dissertation in zoology, James Cloern saw an episode of NOVA featuring U.S. Geological Survey scientists studying the inner workings of San Francisco Bay’s physics, chemistry, and biology.

“When we think of ecology—the study of organisms and how they interact with each other and their environment—it’s easy to forget that humans are one of those organisms. The blacklegged tick does a good job of driving that point home.

The tick transmits the bacterium Borrelia burgdorferi, the cause of Lyme disease, so named after it was seen in three communities centered around Lyme in 1975. At the time, outbreaks of the disease were confined to coastal southern New England. It has since spread through the Northeast and upper Midwest and become the most commonly reported vector-borne disease in the United States, according to the Centers for Disease Control.

In 2011, he was the lead author of a study in the online journal PLoS ONE projecting changes to the bay under two contrasting climate scenarios of fast and moderate warming. Aimed in part at helping resource managers plan for a warmer future, both scenarios anticipated a shrinking water supply, wetter winters and drier summers, rising sea levels, “enforced” habitat quality for native aquatic species, and expanding envelopes of environmental variability into regimes we have not experienced.” Salt water will intrude into freshwater areas, hurting irrigation and supplies of drinking water. Four runs of native Chinook salmon will swarm in summer waters warmed to “lethal levels” for their eggs.

“It looks like it might be much more species by species.”

“Wow,” he recalls thinking. “Wouldn’t that be a neat place to work?”

Six months later, he was in San Francisco as a USGS ecological modeler. That was 38 years ago. At the time, the USGS San Francisco Bay program was already looking at climate variability—cyclical changes in precipitation, river flow, wet years, and dry years. In the last 20 years, the changes have been more continuous. Their footprint has also been huge.

“In our long-term studies, we’ve detected large changes inside San Francisco Bay that we think are attributed to climate-driven changes that are operating across the entire North Pacific Ocean,” he says. “In terms of everything being connected, in order to understand a place like Puget
No blood meal, no tick.
Then there’s the effect that climate change has on the host themselves. Their populations may be sensitive to temperature, as well as their food sources. And remember the tick’s pathogen, the bacterium Borrelia burgdorferi. Its ability to replicate is also affected by temperature.
"It could be that under warmer conditions, pathogens might replicate faster," says Brunner, "which means they might be more likely to get transmitted to a new host. In a lot of hosts, though, the immune system can be temperature-dependent as well. For a lot of arthropods, their immune system functions better at warmer temperatures."
At least for now, he said, "We don’t know which one is going to end up winning the temperature race."

The GREATER YELLOWSTONE ECOLOGY

For thousands of years, the whitetip pines have flourished by going where no tree dare to go—the bitterly cold, windswept reaches high up on the western spine of the continent. It has colonized poor soils, enabling an ecosystem in which calcifying elk have cover and Clarks’ nutcrackers, squirrels, and bears can thrive on the tree’s fat- and protein-laden nuts. As a friend of Logan’s put it, the trees “turn granite into grizzly bear.”

But the tree also has the distinction of being, as Logan puts it, “one hell of a survivor, not a particularly good competitor.”

Bark beetle. When a visitor suggested that the whitetip pine is not a particularly good looking tree, he politely said those could be construed as fighting words.

"You guys notice all the trees? Bark beetle.” When a visitor suggested that the whitetip pine is not a particularly good looking tree, he politely said those could be construed as fighting words.

He may well be the nation’s biggest advocate of the whitetip pine, telling its story to the likes of High Country News and The New York Times. Encountering a group of fishers on the way to Avalanche Peak, he says, "You guys notice all those trees? Bark beetle.” When a visitor suggested that the whitetip pine is not a particularly good looking tree, he politely said those could be construed as fighting words.

At long last, the beetle outbreaks on the whitebark are 

Then there’s the chemistry. Typically, the beetle has attacked lodgepole pine, which tends to grow at lower elevations than the whitetip. The lodgepole has a potent arsenal of resins to repel or kill adults and prevent eggs from hatching. The whitetip has some of the same chemicals, called monoterpenes, but not as many. Moreover, attacking female bark beetles can convert some of the tree’s chemicals into phenones used to attract males, rallying the troops.
"They use the tree’s defense chemistry as precursors to the aggrega-
tion pheromone,” says Kafia, the Wisconsin entomologist, who last year wrote about the whitetip chemistry in PLOS ONE. "So as long as the tree is fighting back, it’s bringing in more and more beetles. It’s kind of a multi-million-year-old version of jujitsu."

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After burrowing through the tree’s bark, the beetles make a shape in the phloem, the bark layer that takes nutrients from the leaves to the roots. A year after an attack, the tree’s needles turn red and eventually fall, leaving a ghost forest.

"Pretty soon, you just see bare skeletons,” says Logan.

"And the way climate is going, I see massive disruption for grizzlies, for water retention. We’re in for some serious times.”

He recalls how his grandfather, who was born in 1840, told of seeing a fungus wipe out the American chestnut, an enormously valuable tree in the woodlands of the eastern United States. Logan expects that he too will explain to his own grandchildren how a major tree left the landscape.

But an even longer view, he says the whitetip’s future may well be here among the krumholz. High enough to avoid the reach of the beetles, the trees can serve as a genetic repository, if and when the climate stabilizes or the tree develops some sort of adaptive response to the beetle. Meanwhile, it can hunker down in a forbidding redoubt of rock and snow, growing at a glacial pace, taking half a century to so much as put out its first pine cone, awaiting the day its time returns. 
The Scrambled Natural World of Global Warming

More is known about the black-throated blue warblers of New Hampshire’s Hubbard Brook Experimental Forest than just about any other breeding population. With climate conditions changing, Michael Webster and his colleagues saw a chance to ask, “Is this good or bad for the birds?”

Jesse Logan predicted warming temperatures would let the mountain pine beetle attack the whitebark pines of Yellowstone, then watched it happen.

James Cloern led a climate study of San Francisco Bay that anticipated a shrinking water supply, wetter winters and drier summers, rising sea levels, and “reduced habitat quality for native aquatic species.”

Jesse Brunner is studying the effect of a changing climate on blacklegged ticks and the Lyme disease-inducing bacterium they carry for ticks, he says, “We don’t know which one is going to end up winning the temperature race.”

THE PALOUSE, in its way, is a perfect place. A land of soft, rolling hills framed by rivers, mountains, forests, and desert, this agricultural hinterland feels all four seasons fully, and in all likelihood grows enough food to feed its inhabitants and visitors with ease. It’s home to scholars and farmers, and its story begins in the ice ages and continues today with an unrelenting flow of research from two major universities.

Despite such beauty and bounty, the Palouse has not received the artistic consideration that has Yosemite or Hudson Valley. I’ve never seen anything like that, at least until a day last winter when I stumbled into the Owen Science and Engineering Library to escape the cold.

There, pinned behind glass in the lobby, a large, color ink-drawn poster of the Palouse grabbed my attention. It was stunning, with countless details of the landscape stretching north of Oregon’s Blue Mountains and the Walla Walla River, and to the south of Lake Coeur d’Alene and Ritzville. Near the center, two dots represented Pullman and Moscow. It lay in perspective, projecting from the southern end, making the north look smaller and farther away. I inspected the map for probably 20 minutes before I looked at the tag accompanying it. Artist unknown, date unknown.

I was intrigued, naturally. Who would spend the countless hours creating such a stunning piece without affixing their signature? I met with Chelsea Leachman, the reference librarian who displayed the map, to get some answers.

She led me to a locked, well-lighted room on the third floor of Owen that contained a pile of more than 400 hand-drawn maps very similar to the one displayed in the lobby. The maps detailed the natural features of Washington state with intricate color pencil drawings. Purple volcanoes shot puffs of smoke into the air, and blue rivers tore through mountain ranges. The features appeared in greens, browns, yellows, pinks, blues, and purples—a veritable cartographic rainbow.

The backs of the maps identified what was on the front, and overflowed with shorthand notes on geology and history, footnotes to published WSM Winter 2014/15

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He was a resident of Coulee City and amateur geologist," she wrote in an email. "What I have not figured out is how they would have ended up at WSM.

McCann was a longtime resident and business leader of Coulee City who became known as "the mapmaker" for his efforts to educate the world about his adopted region.

When McCann first arrived in Coulee, it was only a year on the face of the Earth, according to C.T. Gunselman in The Coulee of the Gods, an out-of-print book about the Coulee area. "Dry Falls was called a 'Damned Pot hole' by the stock men who rounded the range."

But with McCann's unswerving dedication, things began to change. He wrote a series of articles describing Grand Coulee as the outstanding geological feature of the state of Washington. "He convinced prominent geologists like F. Harriet Perot, the famous school teacher, to visit Coulee and encourage them on their explorations.

Eventually, and by no small effort of McCann's, a map was erected, one that is still the country's largest preserved cartographic facility. "It was not nature intended, but never completed," is how McCann described the maps. In the end, his interest in mapmaking before the date was completed, McCann "dropped dead when he stepped from his car at a service station while en route to his boyhood home at Northloop, Neb.," according to his obituary in the Spokane Daily Chronicle. The 1939 article was rife to mention McCann's national reputation as an amateur geologist.

But there was no mention of mapmaking in any article, let alone any connection to Pullman or the University. And the name Leachman had found appeared on the back of a map of the Coulee area. Was it simply a reference to his work?

In need of answers, I did what any wayfarer would do and went to an expert. Cheryl Gunselman is the manuscripts librarian with MASC, and her office windows look over a reading room where pens are prohibited and white gloves are required. Talk in Gunselman about history and she is easy, and uncommonly, excited.

Soon after hearing about the maps, she mentioned Solon Shedd, the first state geologist in Pullman, as a potential cartographer. Shedd came from Stanford in the fall of 1886 to teach in the geology department. Until this time, a map by the name of Elton Palmer had taught geology—but he was a trained chemist who also taught chemistry, pharmacy, and assayng. This was no feast for the entire student body numbered just 57. But as the students came in greater numbers and Palmer was appointed state chemist, he hired Shedd.

Shedd, the Washington State Agricultural College Experiment Station and School of Science became Washington State College, and Shedd was made professor and obtained his master’s and doctoral degrees from the new college. He also was named assistant state geologist, which is why Gunselman mentioned him to me. In this capacity, he created survey maps of the state. Maybe the maps in Owen were his field notes, Gunselman thought.

The notes and drawings seemed too carefully rendered to be field notes to me, but her theory was better than mine, primarily because I had none. I moved on to the county's Mining and Survey Division database and tried another search. The Geology and Mineral Survey of Washington, the Geological Society of America, Culver's mapping work was impressive, as "large unmapped areas were filled in well enough to be useful to the U.S. Geological Survey for inclusion in the 1932 map of the United States." Four years later, in 1936, Culver published the official geological map accompanied by a small book, The Geology of Washington. It's a dry book—as official books on geology can be—but the names in it matched those on the maps. Daly, Weaver, Purcell, Breit. There was a problem, though. The map was published eight years before the latest reference I found on the maps. Popoff 1948, which as far as I could tell referred to investigations done on the limestone and silica deposits in Skagit and Snohomish counties.

Still, I reasoned that while Culver’s map was drawn years before the final dated references, he could have continued his map work after publication. Culver didn’t die until 1970, long after the final date on the maps. Gunselman, the archivist, recommended I consult old course catalogues to see who was in the geology department, and when. I thought it might help me chase my Culver idea down. In fact, it did the opposite.

When I pried open those dusty old books, I was hopeful. In 1936, Culver taught field geography, which involved "detailed mapping of the study area." He taught it again the next year. And the year after that. In 1939, the class was taught by the generalized "staff." But in 1941, a new class entered the catalogue called "Preparation of Geologic Illustrations." It was taught by Ralph Luhper, who ran it for five continuous years.

Luhper came to Pullman in 1931 as professor of stratigraphy and paleontology. Immediately, he took an interest in geological and spent much time in the field, contributing to Culver’s work on the state map. Outgoing and amiable, Luhper became popular among students, not just for taking them on his impromptu weekend field endeavors, but also for the open door at his log cabin home on A Street, which was later razed and turned into a fraternity parking lot.

Before the student body boom of C.I. Bitler, the geology department had dwindling numbers of students and Luhper left Pullman in 1940 for work with Shell Oil Company assessing the oil and gas potential in southwestern Washington. His work with Shell was solitary for seven years, when he "traversed all available roads, jeep trails, and old railroad grades, collecting samples and recording geographic information." He created such a comprehensive report that Shell still referred to it 30 years later, according to a memorial written after his 1979 death.
Again, I thought I might have found my mapmaker, but nowhere was a mention that Culver or Lapham left behind a trove of maps. I thought if I found a sample of handwriting to compare with the tons of thousands of letters on the back sides of the maps I could maybe find my cartographer. Again, I headed for the archives. Someone who was someone in the last century—no one worth a mention in the geological sense. Yet he left no mark of himself.

I was beginning to think that geologists sacrificed their own personal stories for those of the world beneath and around us. So I went to the source of all stories. I became a geologist, to know how they were built to appreciate their grandeur. Sometimes just to see them. Like the mountains and rivers they illustrate, you don’t really need to know how they were built to appreciate their grandeur.

I opened the first, my mental fingers crossed. Instead of the neat, blocky letters of the map I found instead the clean lines of cursive, page after page, year after year, decade after decade. The man had great penmanship, I thought, but he was not my cartographer.

I moved on to Lapham, whose personnel file contained exactly one piece of paper. It had no handwriting.

At this point, my intrigue turned to frustration. I was looking for a geologist, someone who made a vocation out of studying change over a vast period of time, someone whose subject of study is so long lasting it appears permanent to us, especially when viewed over the course of one human life. Geological features, generally, are static. The permanence of the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outlive an entire species. They say mountains crumble to the sea, but the natural world lasts the course of many generations. Sometimes they outl...
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Steve Hanley was a student and carried into her career. “She certainly had an idealism that was very strong,” says Frederick Steiner, one of Hanley’s WSU professors. “It’s been said that the national parks are America’s greatest invention, and think she was very much a part of that spirit and commitment,” says Frederick Steiner, one of Hanley’s WSU professors. “She certainly had an idealism that was very strong as a student and carried into her career.”

Steiner, now the dean of the school of architecture at the University of Texas at Austin, crossed paths with Hanley 20 years after her graduation from WSU.

She was overseeing a national design competition at that time to determine the look and feel of the Flight 93 memorial when a familiar name rose to the top five list of finalists. Out of more than 1,000 design entries, Steiner’s submission with his university colleagues stood out.

“It was a pleasant surprise,” Hanley says. She called Steiner herself to tell him the good news, mentioning her maiden name to jog his memory. Though another design was awarded the final contract, Steiner kept track of Hanley’s progress as she oversaw construction of the Flight 93 monument, largely completed in 2011.

Steiner has an idea of what a peppermint patty is, but this peppermint patty is in head and shoulders above what everybody expects.”

Breyley gave them a trial run in a few Portland-area stores, then expanded sales across the Northwest.

“Mike and Candy are obviously very passionate about what they do,” says Breyley, who likes that the Seely family oversees the entire process from soil to sale. “They have a real commitment to quality.”

As the Seelys see the potential for their products rise, they hired design and marketing experts to help build a national brand for their candy patties, licks, melts, and mint tea.

This year, every Whole Foods store in the country—more than 300 locations coast to coast—will carry the brightly hued Seely brand, including special recipe candy just for Whole Foods. Including the natural foods market, Mike Seely anticipates their candies in roughly 2,000 locations by year’s end.

Over the next five years, a handful of small Portland markets sold the Seely’s candies. That changed in 2011, when Denise Breyley stepped atop at their booth and fell deeply in love with the Seely’s—signature candy. “Seriously, the peppermint patties are really, really exceptional,” says Breyley, Whole Foods local buyer for the Pacific Northwest. “Every-
Vancover. “They put in a lot of effort to make sure things work.”

As Seely constantly turns knobs to control the pressure and temperature of steam used to distill the oil from mint leaves, he describes the extraction process. Rollers pump 150-degree water into the bottom of large bins stuffed with chopped and dried mint, a perennial plant harvested much like hay. As the steam rises through the load, it carries the oils out a pipe and into a receiving tin, where it condenses back into liquid. The oil rises to the top and is skimmed into 55-gallon barrels.

Each of those on-truck loads of chopped mint produces about 7.5 gallons of pure oil, enough to flavor three million sticks of gum. A mint produces about 7.5 gallons of pure oil, although much smaller crop of native spearmint. Most of the mint is processed for its oils, although some of which are more than 50 years old—once a year, and does it precisely when the employees, Warren and Alayna Seely, have joined the effort. Photo: Bill Wagner

Kathryn House (“03 Spanish Language and Literature, Zoology,” ’06 MS Horticulture) opened Sequence Winery in Caldwell, Idaho, Idaho. As a HSU student, she worked on the American Lung Association.

Niki Koubourlis (’03 Theatre Arts) hosted the Cinemax television series “Drop Dead Diva.”

Steele Fitzloff (’08 Land. Arch.) became a licensed landscape architect. He works for Bernardo|Wills Architects in Spokane.

Craig Jordan (’07, ’11 MV Civil Eng.) was named a project geotechnical engineer by Landau Associates.

Maxine Marie Steeve (“45 Pharm.”, 87, May 15, 2014, Pullman, Washington). She was the first female pharmacist to practice in Washington state.

IN MEMORIAM

1930s

Betty Alice Higgins (’37 Sots. and Spanish), 99, April 25, 2014, Pullman.

1940s


Patricia M. Hunter (’46 Home Economics), 90, June 19, 2014, Spokane.


Maxine Marie Steeve (“45 Pharm.”), 90, August 16, 2014, Spokane Valley.

Margaret E. Wosnak (’47 Office Admin.), 91, July 24, 2014, Oakland, California.


Joyce M. Elliott (“49 Home Economics”), 86, August 22, 2014, Del Oro.


IN MEMORIAM

2010s

3 4
The art of improv
by Debbie Lee
Ted Tremper ‘04 discovered his dream as a Washington State University student joining Nuthouse, WSU’s then fledgling improv group. Now, more than a decade later, he’s an actor, a web television filmmaker, veteran of the improvisational comedy troupe The Second City, editor, director, and, in his words, “God knows how many other things.” Tremper finds that reality can be every bit as fun and funny as his dream. Four years ago his web program Roud- ups: The Series won critical acclaim for its originality. His five-minute scenes of break-ups and funny as his dream.

Tremper arrived. “Ted’s one of the funniest people I’ve ever met,” says Gonzalez. “But he’s also got this unbelievable drive and dedication that public speaking is the number one thing I think, and feel my heart above death,” he tells me. “So, it’s better to be in the casket than be giving the eulogy.” (He was performing at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago when I talked to Tremper at a coffee shop in Chicago near The Second City comedy theater where he was performing.)

New York Television Festival Awards for Best Comedy Pilot. At the same time, Tremper has developed his improvisational skills in Chicago, grown as a writer, and even become a teacher for other improvisational actors.

Tremper found rapid success as a writer and filmmaker as an improvisational comedian. He got his master’s in fine arts degree at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. He performs in The Second City Touring Company (whose ranks include John Belushi, Bill Murray, Dan Ackroyd, Joan Cusack, and Jane Curtin) in Chicago for four years. He was also recently a part of the ensemble at the Sundance Institute’s Director’s Lab.

“Most impressive is Ted’s chameleon-like personality, his ability to write and create in a variety of genres and contexts,” says Buddy Levy, clinical associate professor of English. “He’s taken a WSU liberal arts degree and crafted, through dedication and perseverance, a vibrant career that blends writing and performance.”

“Ted shows what’s possible for our graduates if they work really hard and remain committed to their craft. That’s what separated him from

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Everyone else. He was a leader. People wanted to match his stamina. He took us from a bunch of college kids getting together for an evening, to a real, professional improv improvisational group.

The beauty of improv is that it is interactive—based on audience feedback and the relationship created between the actors and the audience. A Nuthouse show opens with a moderator taking suggestions for scenes. An audience member may yell out “bloated whale,” which then becomes the setting. The audience names the characters, their roles, and their relationships, and then it’s show time.

Improv incorporates your intellect, your memories, your emotions, and your physicality. Tremper tells me. Like jazz music and jazz dance, it relies on spontaneity. “There’s a saying in the Nuthouse—it is interactive. ‘Breathe, be present. Don’t think. Just be,’” he says. “That means using all of your skills with another person who is trained in the same way. Building art together in the moment with the audience. So you’re flying on the trapeze with no net.”

Just like teaching.

I asked Tremper what kind of student he’d like to see take his upcoming course at WSU: “Someone majoring in business, engineering, biology, or nursing? Or education? People majoring in business, engineering, biology, or nursing are so afraid of looking stupid,” he says. “A good improv teacher encourages you to fail in the ways you’re most terrified of failing. You’re constantly being asked to confront your fears. You’re always using creativity and intelligence to find new ways to solve problems.”

Tremper is back on campus in November for a free performance and to teach a week-long, one-credit workshop that incorporates writing, performing, and some improv. The Department of English is sponsoring the event in collaboration with the Student Entertainment Board and WSU Performing Arts.

You can see Ted Tremper on Thursday, November 19, in the CUB Auditorium at 6:00 pm. (There will be a pre-show reception at 5:30 pm.) His workshop, November 10-14, is open to students of English is sponsoring the event in collaboration with the Student Entertainment Board and WSU Performing Arts.

The Alumni Association has rescheduled the reunions to build on campus events like building dedications and student dinners that took place at the football Operations Building and the Student Rec Center, attended a memorial service for veterans, stopped by Ferdinand’s Creamery, and visited with students.

The Alumni Association has moved the events for Golden (50 years) and Diamond (60 years) to fall.

In September, students from the classes of 1955 and 1964 (and one student from 1946) returned to campus for three days filled with memories, conversation, and exploration. Between lunches, dinners, and “classes without quizzes,” the alumni toured the new Football Operations Building and the Student Rec Center, attended a memorial service for veterans, stopped by Ferdinand’s Creamery, and visited with students.

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Nikkei Baseball: Japanese American Players from Immigration and Internment to the Major Leagues by James G. Regalado. "WSP, 2012. Review by John Wong: Since Sam Regalado received his doctorate in history in 1987, he has established himself as one of the leading authorities on the history of baseball and the Hispanic population in the United States. Now a professor at California State University Stanislaus, Regalado has penned an eminently readable history on how baseball helped Americans of Japanese descent construct an identity.

Regalado’s interest in the American Japanese communities can be traced back to his WSU days when a professor assigned Roger Daniels’ book Concentration Camps USA: Nikkei Baseball: Japanese American Players from Immigration and Internment to the Major Leagues by James G. Regalado. Regalado began to branch out from his main research in Latino baseball and added baseball in Japanese American Concentration Camps USA: Nikkei Baseball: Japanese American Players from Immigration and Internment to the Major Leagues by James G. Regalado. Nikkei baseball is a result of over 20 years of his research and scholarship. Nikkei Baseball follows the American Japanese pattime from its introduction in Japan in the late 1880s to Hawaii and the West Coast where most of the early immigrants and their children had settled, to the present day. In this journey, the love of baseball by early Japanese migrants and their descendants “unveils a unique and rewarding feature of the American tapestry that profiles the people who turned to the national pastime for respite during their darkest moments,” writes Regalado.

The author traces the history of baseball in Japan and provides an excellent contextual analysis on Western (especially American) influences in late nineteenth century Japan. Both Japanese reformers and American businessmen promoted baseball as an important institution that would encourage discipline, industrial productivity, and modernization in the Meiji Restoration. Some Japanese of the time (the first generation, but especially those in the rural areas) moved overseas because of the brighter economic opportunities in the West. Subsequent chapters discuss the lives of the Issei and their descendants, the Nisei, and how baseball became an integral part of the Japanese diaspora in America. A vibrant baseball culture existed from major cities such as San Francisco and Seattle to smaller Japanese immigrant enclaves in Hood River, Oregon, and the Yamato Colony in central California. Readers see the tribulations of community leaders who organized and promoted baseball clubs and then leagues. In large part, Issei and Nisei leaders saw baseball as a way to assimilate their communities into the mainstream and to preserve traditional Japanese values. Anti-Asian feelings, however, ran high from the late nineteenth to at least the first half of the twentieth centuries. Japanese communities (along with the Chinese) were always viewed with some degree of suspicion if not outright hostility. Despite their passion for the American pastime, de facto segregation was the rule of the day. Nikkei baseball was no exception to this exclusion as it received little coverage from the mainstream media because competition was largely limited to the Japanese American communities.

In addition to hostilities toward Asians, Japanese American baseball was always a part of the general American baseball landscape. Both in the number and variety of sources, will help anyone who wants to know more about Japanese Americans and their story. For baseball aficionados, Nikkei Baseball rescues characters and organizations that were part of the making of the national pastime. And sports trivia lovers will find amusing nuggets such as the story of the games between Japanese American teams and a barnstorming team that included Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig.

For those who are interested in the intersection between sport and ethnicity, Nikkei Baseball should be a welcomed addition. Its comprehensive bibliography, both in the number and variety of sources, will help anyone who wants to know more about Japanese Americans and their history. For baseball aficionados, Nikkei Baseball rescues characters and organizations that were part of the making of the national pastime. And sports trivia lovers will find amusing nuggets such as the story of the games between Japanese American teams and a barnstorming team that included Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig.

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Ask Dr. Universe

If there were a black hole between the Earth and moon, what would we see?
— Steven Raabe

Donuts in the sky. That’s the easy answer.

The more difficult, and probably much more painful, answer depends on your view. You’d see a spot in the sky where light disappears as if going down the bathtub drain. You might see the oceans lift from the Earth and float away into space. You could see the black hole change from a point of nothingness to a color-shifting tiny orb. It would deepen from red to blue as it sucks everything into it, including you, stretching everything out like tally on a medieval torture device.

Depending on the black hole, some say you might see the future. Or the beginning of all time. Or an entirely different universe.

Don’t worry because chances are you’ll see none of this. The nearest black hole is 1,600 light years away. That’s 9 quadrillion miles. In other words, crazy far.

Anyway, to explain the sky donuts I talked to Michael Allen, an astronomer whose office is on the top floor of the tallest building at Washington State University. He says what a black hole does is take a lot of stuff and put it into a small space. It’s like taking a gallon of milk and making it fit into a cup. Then making that cup fit into a tablespoon. Then doing that a billion times. A black hole isn’t a hole at all but an orb, like the Earth. It’s called a hole because it pulls everything toward it so strongly that almost nothing can escape. Though black holes can have more material in them than our own sun, some of them are smaller than real donuts (glazed or otherwise). They can even be smaller than a grain of sand.

Despite this, a black hole has unbelievably strong gravity. It pulls everything in, including light, and squishes it into a point of near nothingness. So what would we see if a black hole showed up between the moon and us?


It sounds delicious. But why?

Gravitational lensing, Allen says, which is a scientist’s way of saying the light is bent. You know how water streaming out of a hose curves down to the ground? It doesn’t shoot out in a straight line because the Earth’s gravity is pulling it down. The black hole is doing this as well, except instead of water, it’s light and instead of a hose it’s the moon.

In this way, the hole gobbles up most of the light the moon is reflecting. Not all of it, though. Other light from the moon is grabbed by the black hole’s insanely strong gravity and bent like a bar of steel, curving around the black hole like that stream of water from the hose.

Since light is used to traveling in straight lines, this curved light appears distorted when it reaches our eyes. When the distortion is strong enough — say, when there’s a black hole right next to our planet — multiple images appear.

And since a black hole is the source of such a distortion, there’s a big, black hole in the middle of what we see.

So the next time you’re eating a donut, pretend you’re a black hole and eat the whole thing, letting none of it escape.

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