

NDSU NORTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY ■ SPRING 2009
magazine



on the cover



PHOTOGRAPH BY CARLL GOODPASTURE

FROM IMAGING PLACE, A book of landscape photographs from Minnesota and North Dakota. *Educated in California and now living in Norway, Goodpasture worked in Fargo from 1976 to 1979 as a USDA entomologist and research geneticist.*

“I am an artist and a scientist with intent to integrate both disciplines into my creative work by combining information and inspiration to promote awareness of environmental issues. This is practice in the unconventional yet timely genre of environmentally engaged art,” he writes of his work. Goodpasture will give a gallery talk at the North Dakota State University Memorial Union Gallery June 26. For details, please see mu.ndsu.edu/gallery.



contents

Editor's note	5
Contributors	6-7
The place of memory Essay by Larry Woiwode	8-13
Excerpts Saul Phillips	14-15
The shoe fits	16-17
Forensic accounting	18-21
Best of show	22-25
The face of Angoon	26-29
Built for the job	30-37
High waters and flood fighters	38-39
Windows into India	40-47

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editor's note

A family from Alabama had come to Minneapolis to have a chance to ice skate, but when they arrived, read a front page story about the thousands of fans coming to town to cheer for the North Dakota State University basketball team playing in their first NCAA tournament, so they changed their plans and came to the pregame party. Their little daughter got an NDSU T-shirt, they posed for pictures and clapped along with the pep band. They wanted to be part of this great spirit of good people. Who can blame them.

The pure, easy joy of celebrating a basket is a thing to savor. Where else can you jump up and down, whoop and whistle, high five the guy next to you with total abandon. Some scoff at the sports fan's fun; critics accuse us of merely reveling in the achievements of others. I say those critics are missing the beauty of sport. Not only is it a thing of wonder to watch an agile, strong, dedicated human do unreal things, it is a welcome escape to a place of joy.

I had hopes of running a headline Holy Buckets! to announce our win. And though we were deflated by having come that close – within three points six times in the second

half – we couldn't be prouder of our guys and our coaches and our fans. Holy Buckets it is.

The skill and dedication and poise of our student athletes completely stun me. I've spent the last few months in awe of these qualities in so many of our students in so many settings. The BisonArts singers, a small group of music majors who perform at various events, are amazing. One of the members this year also happens to be a football player. You gotta love a noseguard who, when they do their rendition of Johnny Cash's *Daddy Sang Bass*, can and will sing falsetto to the line "Mama sang tenor." The student president can speak with ease to huge groups of alumni as well as a small room full of important legislators. The students from all over the world put in thousands of back breaking hours to help fight the flood that rose so quickly this spring.

We have our challenges, but we have an amazing spirit of community. Life is good here.

Thank you for reading.

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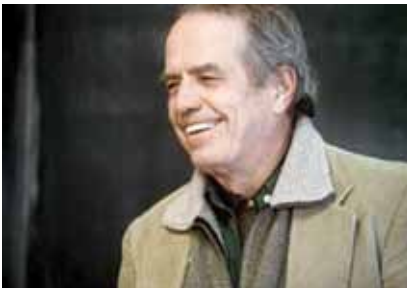


Best of Show artists
left to right: *Mary Kinstler,*
Brad Webrman, Jessica
Wachter, Zak Helenske



Laurie Baker is a writer at North Dakota State University. She traveled to India in December and shares her experiences and insights from the intense cultural tour in *Windows Into India* (p. 40-47). She is a graduate of Minot State University and NDSU with a

master's degree in speech communication. In her spare time she likes to read, write, walk and sing.



Larry Woiwode's (*The Place of Memory*, p. 8-13) fiction has appeared in *The Atlantic*, *Harper's*, *The Paris Review*, *Partisan Review*, and a variety of other publications, including two dozen stories in *The New Yorker*. His books include *What I'm Going To Do*,

I Think, and *Beyond the Bedroom Wall* (finalist for the National Book Award and Book Critics' Circle Award), and the memoir, *What I Think I Did*, his sixth book to be named a "notable book of the year" by the *New York Times Book Review*. The second volume of memoirs, *A Step from Death*, was published in 2008. He is a Guggenheim Fellow, and has conducted writing seminars across the United States and Europe. In 1995, by a joint resolution of the state legislature, he was named poet laureate of North Dakota. He teaches at Jamestown (N.D.) College.



Steve Bergeson (*The Face of Angoon*, p. 26-29) has spent nearly 13 years writing up the news for North Dakota State University. For NDSU magazine, he's found the story of Tom Riley and his fascinating connection with the village of Angoon, Alaska. Bergeson has a solid news background, having worked some 20 years in broadcast news before coming to campus. A baseball fan, he is dismayed his beloved Yankees haven't won a World Series since 2000.

This essay was first presented in different form under the auspices of the U.S. State Department, at the Norwegian-American Literary Society in Bo, Norway, in September 2000. The memoir Mr. Woiwode refers to in the first paragraph is What I Think I Did.

the PLACE^{of} memory

Essay by Larry Woiwode

In Norway, where I was invited to talk about the city and the country as seen in my first memoir – in the homeland of my mother’s and my wife’s ancestors – I realized that an important purpose of place is to restore memory. I had to be displaced to discover this function of place. At the start of that memoir, I mention how I’ve forgotten my gloves on a trip to town and now, on foreign soil, I noticed that my memory was restored by a glimpse out the windshield: “There is no pollution and the sky is so purged of clouds on winter days that a silver-blue line grips the white horizon, welding the light in place: North Dakota.”

Earlier, a phrase from a Russian-American novelist, Vladimir Nabokov, clung to me: “Memory is imagination.” The idea is that memory is our line to a lived life. Memory not only triggers a warning of what’s on the stove before it starts burning (on the simplest level) but without memory there is no coherence to the course of daily existence, no past or present, no method to sort or retrieve any fragment of knowledge, and no way to gauge our acts against the history or wisdom present in tradition.

So memory is indeed imagination, as Nabokov says. A creative or factual thought cannot rise from blankness; it comes from the storehouse of memory. Memory is as necessary to us as language. Actually, memory is the source of language, whether we think of it in those terms or not – and usually functions best if we don’t. Memory is the place where personal language and all linguistic structures reside.

In a further step, it’s through the aid of place that memory asserts its central role. I don’t merely mean the kind of moment, common to a person my age, that occurs when I go downstairs and can’t remember why I’m in the basement, so I go back upstairs and there, in that place, in the stilled geography of its external arrangement, Aha! I remember why it was I ended up in the basement.

That’s true at the simplest level, with this addition: remove place and memory will fade, story spiral away, communication lapse, and everybody slip for good into the incoherent blankness of a basement moment.

If we test our earliest memories, for instance, we notice they’re never abstract and seldom related to language. Instead they’re pictures, stilled or cinematic, fixed in the context of an exact place. If language is associated with a picture – the voice of a parent saying, Don’t, as parents do – it’s because language rises from the pictorial setting of place.

Memory also pinpoints the senseless continuum of time, placing an event last week or this morning at breakfast or our date for tonight. In a longer, interlinked chain of time, memory is the source of history, and we



I realized that an important purpose of place is to restore memory. I had to be displaced to discover this

FUNCTION ^{of} place

This will happen when we're led from the impersonal vastness of the present to consider our neighbor (whoever that might be) in this place where we're situated in the ideal setting for telling stories of our love for the land and its people in terms previous generations could scarcely have imagined.

realize sequence is necessary in order to arrange external events in what is called a narrative. Narrative relates events to our collective memory, and its ordering assures the permanence of memory. And permanence – whether it's experienced as place of rest or the still point of the turning world or the point of balance to a wobbling pivot – is a spiritual state.

Since the 1970s I've been asked to give talks or contribute essays on the "importance of place in writing," and I feel, if not a specialist on the topic, a kind of inside informer – albeit a minor one, to adopt McMurtry's Law. In the 1970s, Larry McMurtry, the novelist from Texas, began wearing in his Washington, D.C., bookstore a T-shirt that read "Minor Regional Writer." (I assume he discarded it when he won the Pulitzer Prize.) The T-shirt summed up for him the metropolitan and often academic view of those who write about a region of the countryside that isn't as popular or well known as Chicago or New York, even Minneapolis.

If we look at local poets – Joyce Kilmer of Indiana, Robert Foley of North Dakota – we see how affection for a place can degenerate into a kind of mindless worship. This is called regionalism, and can tip writing that is otherwise agreeable on a downhill slide into sentimentality. The definition of sentimentality is misplaced (out of place) emotion.

You can picture the limitations of such writing by imagining a book titled "The Famous Hunt for our Local Last Buffalo." There are several townships in most states west of the Missouri where this ghost buffalo was brought down. Or the title "Nordic Gnomes I Have Known in Northern North Dakota." The trend is apparent in a work's title or first line, as in "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make a home." Here another trait appears: local "colorful" (in the bad sense of the word) phrasings and dialect, as in Ole and Lena jokes, often employing blizzards of punctuation to personify the dialect.

Perhaps it is the sentimentality of local writing that has caused an academic reaction. For instance, a professor from the East asked to interview me and in preparation sent a sheaf of questions, and I'll mention only two; these topped his list, and I quote them exactly: 1) What sorts of things sustain a writer, or any artist, in what many people see as the isolated geography of N.D.; and 2) Do you think that the undervaluation of your work may be a function of geography, or place?

The answer to the first, what sustains an artist, is easy: food. And whether it's true or not, I appreciate the term undervaluation. Wouldn't everybody like to hear, "Hey, you're undervalued!"

So in one sector of the literary network that extends from New York City outward, it appears that if you are not from there, or a similar literary capital, your work will suffer, due to the "function of geography."

This view ignores the habitations and settings, indeed, the tradition found in Steinbeck and Hemingway and Faulkner, Willa Cather and Eudora Welty and Flannery O'Connor, to name a few, and carried forward in writers as diverse as Jane Smiley and Marilynne Robinson and Tom McGuane. But another side exists, as illustrated by a selection of quotes among many from the work of John Updike, as in *Self-Consciousness*: "My mother lived and, indeed, still lives, in a rural area called – embarrassingly, at least to me – Plowville." Or from *The Music School*: "Never far from a farm or the memory of a farm, the family has

hovered in honorable obscurity, between poverty and wealth, between jail and high office.”

Or this dialogue from Pigeon Feathers:

“Elsie, I KNOW, I know from my education, the earth is nothing but chemicals. It’s the only damn thing I got out of four years of college, so don’t tell me it’s not true.”

“George, if you’d just walk out on the farm you’d know it’s not true. The land has a SOUL.”

“Soil, has, no, soul,” he said, enunciating stiffly, as if to a very stupid class.

I got a sense of the cumulative effect of this attitude when I was teaching at an Eastern University and the subject of farming came up and was met with joking derision by the class, so I asked them where they thought they got their food. “The deli,” somebody said, not intending to be funny. “So where does the deli get it?” I asked.

“Warehouses,” another said, and that was as far as their knowledge of this essential to their lives extended.

D. H. Lawrence wrote, “When you are actually in America, America hurts, because it has a powerful disintegrative influence upon the white psyche.” Lawrence was a novelist and outcast from Britain who settled in New Mexico, a region where one of the most advanced indigenous cultures once reigned:

[America] is full of grinning, unappeased aboriginal demons, too, ghosts, and it persecutes the white men ... until the white men give up their absolute whiteness ...

Yet one day the demons of America must be placated, the ghosts must be appeased, the Spirit of Place atoned for. Then the true passionate love for American soil will appear.

This resonates through the American experience across most of the last century up until now. And I suspect it isn’t until one gives up his or her absolute whiteness (if one is white) that one begins to feel at home in the place called America, just as every immigrant who comes to America gives up a cultural and national identity. This giving up or giving over is known as “deracination” – a bleeding away of originality until hardly more than a husk remains. The more immigrants gave up or presently give up, the more “American” they tend to feel, and this deracination gives a clue about America as a place. Without an original identity our minds can be flooded by the lowest common denominator – the gabby chatter about violence and toxic negative events called the evening news.

Underneath all of this, like the soil itself, another tradition exists, starting with the Greek poet Homer. Once the Trojan War is settled in a better way than in the recent movie *Troy*, all the travels of Homer’s hero Odysseus tend toward his wife, Penelope. In the tradition of early history their marriage “was part of a complex practical circumstance involving, in addition to husband and wife, their family, both descendants and forebears, their household, their community, and the sources of all these lives in memory and tradition, in the countryside, and in the earth.” The comment is from Wendell Berry, and the proof of the view is that when Odysseus finally returns to his home in Ithaca, his father is tending an

orchard, his wife weaving, his son back from the sea.

Homer saw fulfillment in the domestic life at home, and the later author of *Beowulf* wove into his hero’s travels and exploits meditations on place and on heroic and not-very-nice women, not Saran-wrapped Angelina Jolie. The Icelander Snorri Sturluson composed local sagas and myths and instructed others how to keep them local in his *Prose Edda*.

Down the line we have pastoral poets, beginning with Chaucer, and pastoral playwrights, as seen in Shakespeare, and pastoral writing from Virgil and Ovid on down, that is, writing set in a rural area, since pastor means shepherd – the Biblical identity of a pastor as overseer of a “flock.” In America a group of Southerners, the Agrarians, came up with this view in the 1930s: “The lesson of each of the European cultures now extant is this – that European opinion does not make too much of the intense practical enterprises, but is at pains to define rather narrowly the practical effort which is prerequisite to the reflective and aesthetic life ... For it is the character of a seasoned provincial [or rural] life that it is realistic, or successfully adapted to its natural environment, and that as a consequence it is stable, or hereditary.”

It can be passed on, inherited; a sequential, generational bond.

Add to that D. H. Lawrence’s comment and our local history – the thousands of immigrants who left the geophysical beauty of Norway, where a seasoned provincial life was established, and settled in the Midwest or Great Plains – how could they! – beginning in Michigan, and then moving across Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, with groupings in areas as diverse as Brooklyn and Oregon – these pioneers have left more Scandinavian descendants than now reside in Sweden and Norway. What a scattering and gathering of place!

For a generation or two, none of them wished to speak their native language (and often forbade their children to) so they could undergo the deracination that seems the essence of American identity. A symptom of the deracination is the denial of the urban dwellers to see country people, tillers of the soil, as necessary to their existence; and the reluctance of anybody

TWINGLEY
2009



under twenty-one to read and enter the dimensional entity of another individual – “Because you can find it on the Internet.”

Few forms of flat-earth life are as one-dimensional and deracinating as the Internet.

Yet another aspect of place is the idea of the country mouse (the church mouse its poor relative) and the city rat. Those divisions tell us how the two species organize their homes; mice in local family units, usually in nests, rats in loosely related metropolitan gaggles. A Herald Tribune article noted that residents of Chicago’s ritzy North Shore registered 17,000 complaints about rats between May and August – which is nothing compared to New York, the newspaper reported, where an estimated 70 million rats reside. Approximately 17 million human beings live in New York, so that puts the status at four to one.

This isn’t to set the country above the city, and reminds me of a story about a gentle elderly man living alone in New York City, with none of his family near, no friends to keep him company, who adopts a mystical relationship with a mouse that visits his apartment. The sense of reconciliation conveyed by that image, a man in the anonymous city communing with a mouse expresses the kind of unity between city and country that it would be healthy for America to achieve.

In the history of American writing certain narrators leave the country for the city, but we see also the opposite. In his retreat to Walden, Thoreau may seem the first writer to head for the woods. But Washington Irving left New York City for the Catskills; Fenimore Cooper was the first European American to explore the forest as it existed for a vanishing Native population; and the concern for a lost relationship to the land has passed to Wendell Berry and North Dakota’s Louise Erdrich, among others.

Place resides in the writer. Whatever captures his or her attention is the direction the writing takes. The “where” of a story and the incidents in it (set in the prism of time) become the story’s place. To see it another way, a character must have an exterior ambience, earth or concrete to walk on, or a room or a house that a particular person inhabits as no other would. That is “place” in fiction.

The real place of the writer is metaphor, inside the network of words that isn’t life itself or quite like life but that can instill in another the illusion, as it was for the writer, that here is life indeed. Metaphor is the location of any writer when the writer is at work – his or her resting place. In a book of criticism, the North Dakota novelist William Gass explores this concept so minutely he speaks of the “geography of the sentence.” The title of the book itself is *The World Within the Word*.

There is no place in the world a writer can’t inhabit with words, once the imaginative grip of memory, as it establishes its residence in metaphor, sets a flag on a particular inner geography. As American writing becomes increasingly personal, even solipsistic, as indeed it has, Gass says that “No one quite believes in any inner spirit but his own.” This is an effect of the deracination in America; only “I” exist.

Each person seeks his or her individual identity, with no reference to any structure or tradition or immigrant heritage or any index but oneself. Cell phones and video games, led by television, displace the presence of people. This is a harrowing experience for many in America, and it is why young people strike out in such inexplicable, unprecedented, often violent ways. They are living the epitome of their inheritance, the blank page, with no local story to hold them to a place with a fruitful end.

Besides a distancing mistrust in young people, I sense a yearning unrest – a desire for their spirits to be appeased, perhaps. One of the more articulate, Daphne Merkin, wrote in the *New Yorker*, “I’ve been trying to lose my religion for years now, but it refuses to go away ... You’d think it would be easy, particularly in a city like New York, where no one cares whether or not you believe in God; even my friends who would be hard put to explain why, other than by alluding knowingly to Pascal’s wager, in which the odds favor the believer. But as the world becomes a more bewildering place almost by the week, I find myself longing for what I thought I’d never long for again: a sense of community in the midst of the impersonal vastness, a tribe to call my own.”

Merkin is on the track, I believe, of a promising trend. I see places of the spirit no person has explored, entire landscapes that miss the scrutiny of the most rigorous analysts – although writing has taught psychiatry that the psyche and dislocations in it, such as the Oedipal conflict, exist – and I believe that American writing stands at the threshold of being able to speak about its semi-appeased ghosts and the habitations of spirituality as at no other time. North Dakotans are best poised for this. They hold pristine memories of place. And if they cherish the earth and the diverse populations on it with the reverence of mutual regard, then a new kind of communication could be forged for generations after us who wish to hear about the places we have inhabited and that inhabit us. This will happen when we’re led from the impersonal vastness of the present to consider our neighbor (whoever that might be) in this place where we’re situated in the ideal setting for telling stories of our love for the land and its people in terms previous generations could scarcely have imagined.



Saul Phillips is only 36, one of the youngest head basketball coaches in NCAA Division I – but he’s got a lot of gifts, including a great sense of perspective. A couple of weeks after his basketball team went to The Dance, as the NCAA tournament is known, in its first year eligible for the tournament, he talks about the experience with an appreciation of the rarity and romance of it all. He’s humble, articulate, energetic and approachable. People stop him to tell him where they were when they heard NDSU defeated Wisconsin on January 21, 2006, when this year’s seniors were mere freshmen, and Wisconsin was ranked 13th in the nation. These days, people hug him in the grocery store.

In this excerpt, he talks about the NCAA tournament game versus defending national champion Kansas at the Metrodome in Minneapolis, the season, the team, the flooding that threatened the Red River Valley starting the day the team returned home from the NCAA, and his ties.

The senior class literally prepared for five years for one opportunity. To talk about it for four years is one thing, but to actually pull it off when this is your one opportunity to do it is storybook.

Until the very end of the Kansas game I was convinced we were going to win.

I really thought that when we went to the Metrodome to practice the day before in front of an empty dome that just the venue itself and the enormity of everything that was going on might have had our guys a little bit wide-eyed.

I knew we wouldn't be intimidated by the opponent because we played a really grueling schedule over the past four years, but I didn't know how we'd react to that stage. I can tell you I don't think we could have reacted much better, and that's a testament to the poise of our young men.

It was loud on our bench. It was the kind of noise we wanted. And it made a difference. There is no question it made a difference in a positive way for us.

I can't get fired, I don't have anything else I can do. This is it. Please keep me.

The hour before the game, there's a lot of dead time sitting alone in a room and that is absolute hell on earth for any coach. You just can't wait for it to start.

A lot of great coaches have scraped and clawed and never gotten to a program as good as the one I'm fortunate to be the head of. I've had some terrific breaks. I've worked for some great people.

We're going to write a whole new chapter next year.

I don't know if people understand how storybook this year was. Everybody stayed healthy. We started the same five players for a four and a half month season. That's pretty remarkable.

I'd like to think I'm more of a teacher than a screamer.

I think all of us were emotionally drained after the Kansas game. I mean literally, we've got nothing more to feel.

I wish everybody in their profession could feel what we felt during that stretch.

The challenge is to work hard so we can re-create those moments over and over again.

I think we were good enough to continue to win in the tournament.

The thing that was amazing about our crowd was they were there at 11:30 on a Friday morning. Think if it was Sunday. You can't tell me there'd have been anyone left in the state.

They just came off the greatest event of their lives to this point and without question they're picking up shovels and getting to work. I think it speaks volumes to their character. When the river goes down for good and we can all give each other high fives, I think it is a story that dwarfs anything we've done on the basketball court so far.

Dan Patrick, a prominent national radio host, somehow talked me into, on national radio, giving him my tie after the game. He collects ties from sports figures, so that affected my decision. I didn't want to go with a brand new one because I didn't want it to be a one and done, so I had taken a tie – I'm not all that superstitious, but it was a tie that several noteworthy things had happened in – and it had little sharks on it. So the shark tie was retired in grand fashion.

The highlight for me with my kids was waking up the morning after we beat Oakland and seeing my son and my daughter dancing on the opening montage on SportsCenter. To wake up in the morning and turn on ESPN – that's sort of a morning ritual of mine – and to see my kids on it, it was pretty cool.

I like doing other things, but I love basketball.

I'm proud of the work we did, I can't help but think the lessons I learned from the people I worked for, the lessons that my assistants have learned from the people they've worked for, combined with a group of kids that were just special in every way to make this work. Very proud that I could be sitting where I am at this moment in North Dakota State basketball and North Dakota State University.

It still doesn't seem real.

If the next step is anywhere near as fun as this one was, I want to be part of it, I know that.



A photograph of a basketball arena. In the foreground, a player in a white Kansas jersey with the number 4 is looking towards the court. In the background, a scoreboard is visible, showing a score of 25-2 and a time of 8:00. The arena is filled with spectators, and the ceiling is high with various lights and equipment.

THE SHOE FITS

The North Dakota State University men's basketball team got a lot of attention for reaching the NCAA tournament their first year eligible. From ESPN to the New York Times, they were called a Cinderella story, America's darlings, something special. Even with seemingly hundreds of news stories, it's tough to say the story was fully told. You could write a book about every basket, every defensive move, the games they should have won, the games they should not have won but did. You could write another about the high quality efforts of these young men as students. You could dissect strategy and parse plays all day.

Making it to the tournament this year was always the goal. This year's seniors redshirted so they could be eligible for the NCAA Division I tournament. They'd need to stay focused and together and healthy for five years and then there'd be this one shot. Talk about a long-term strategy.

Ben Woodside, the guard who scored 37 points in the NCAA tournament game against defending national champion Kansas, had been in the news in December for scoring 60 points in a game, so people knew a little about him. "I didn't know he was that good," said Kansas guard Sherron Collins after the game. NDSU came within three points several times in the second half, eventually losing 84-74.

Thousands of fans came to the game at the Metrodome in Minneapolis, wearing their green and yellow. They got lots of media attention, too. It's not as commonplace as you might think to have such a fan base.

Those are the details. The story, really and truly, is of a community of people – players, coaches, administrators and fans – who reached high and stayed committed. During the long years before eligibility, when the goal seemed a long time off, when it was about hard days in the weight room for the team or driving through a cold, dark night to buy a ticket to a game less glamorous than playing Kansas on national television, everyone stayed with it.

FORENSIC AC



✗ *Fraud investigation requires specific skills. It requires new methods to force students out of their comfort zones. It requires instructors willing to push students into a new way of thinking about the criminal mind.*

CCOUNTING

Early in the spring semester, students studying fraud investigation watch their instructors – guys who do not believe in traditional lecture class formats – play out an interrogation in an old classroom in North Dakota State University’s Putnam Hall.

Herb Snyder tears into the role of investigator, acting hard-nosed and confident, while James Clifton is stuck playing the down-on-his-luck inventory manager in a warehouse.

The basic facts of the case:

- ✗ The inventory manager is suspected of inflating his write-offs, since his numbers are much higher than any of the other managers at the warehouse.
- ✗ His mother is in a long-term care facility and it costs much more than Social Security will cover.
- ✗ He doesn’t earn enough money to be able to cover the difference.

There’s no direct evidence of a crime, but the need and opportunity are present. An outright confession will go a long way toward proving the crime. Snyder wants to show students how the logic flows, even in this fast-forward demonstration:

Clifton squirms in a seat in the front of the room. Snyder paces menacingly, waving a manila folder of evidence and interrupting Clifton every time he tries to deny the charge. It’s uncomfortable to watch such aggression, even if it is just a demonstration.

Snyder raises his voice:

“Jim, I know that you have stolen inventory and ...”

“No ...”

“Jim, stop.”

Their voices overlap as each tries to control the conversation.

“I was never. No,” Clifton says.

“Jim, you’re not here to talk.”

Clifton slumps in a chair and watches the floor as he tries to get a word into the interrogation. Snyder is having none of it. He continues to interrupt Clifton. All Snyder wants to hear is a confession.

Clifton stops trying to talk, crosses his arms and turns away. Snyder pulls up a chair and leans his head within inches of Clifton’s ear.

“Look at me. Listen to me. I know you’re not a lowlife. You’ve got a mother in the nursing home. You did this for your mother. I’m not wrong about you. You’re a good guy. Or did you use this for drugs?”

“I’m no addict.”

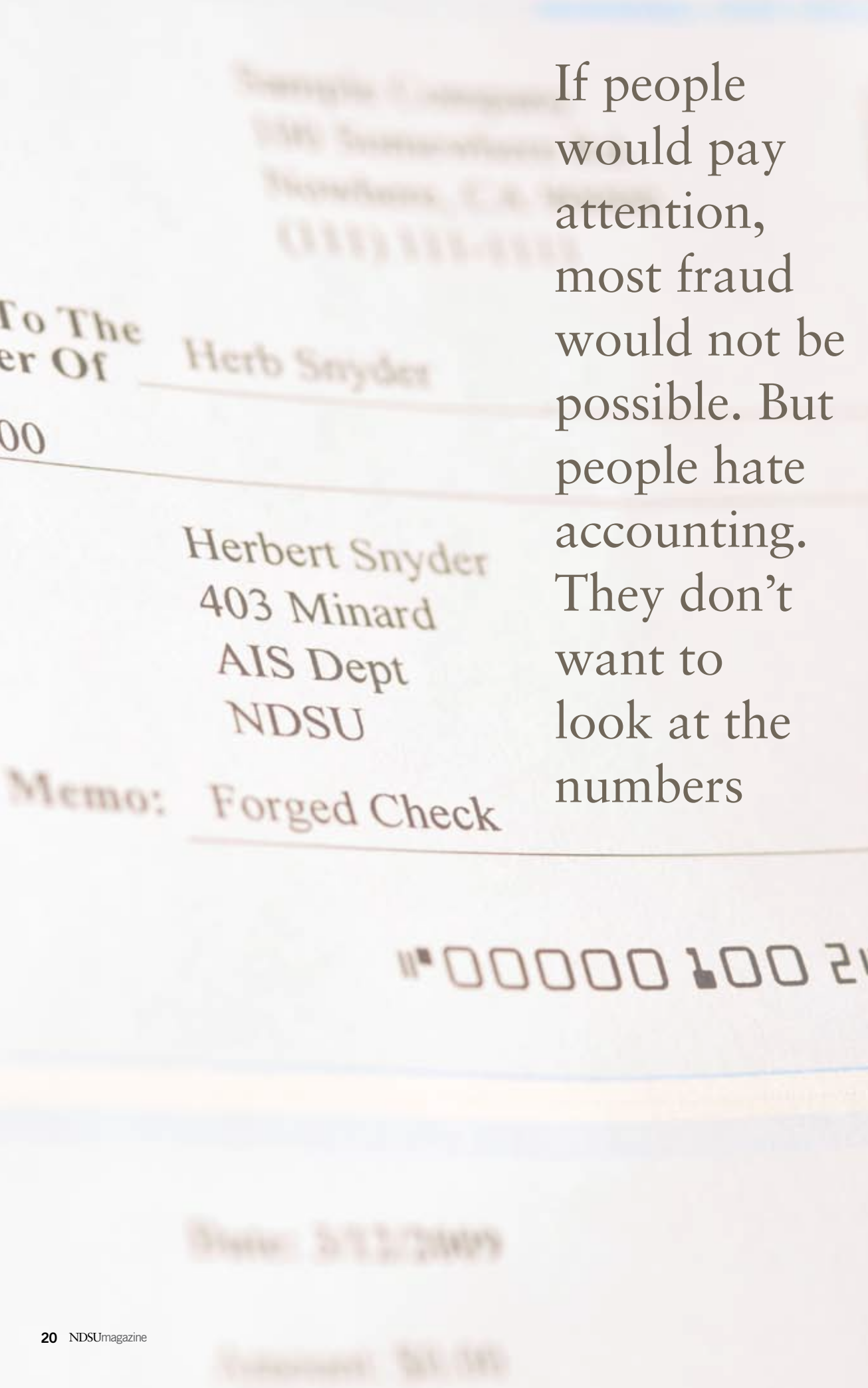
The hook has been set. In a few more moments, Clifton is explaining his family hardship and how he stole inventory. He signs a confession.

This is no ordinary accounting class. Snyder, an associate professor, and Clifton, an assistant professor of accounting practice, won the 2008 Innovations in Accounting Education Award by the American Accounting Association for their curriculum. Snyder also received the 2009 Peltier Award from NDSU for innovation in teaching.

Fraud investigation requires specific skills. It requires new methods to force students out of their comfort zones. It requires instructors willing to push students into a new way of thinking about the criminal mind.

✗✗✗✗✗

Fraud is sneaky. When someone robs a bank or snatches a purse, someone else notices. People who commit fraud cover their tracks and may go undetected for years, costing businesses, organizations and taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars. Because of the concealed nature of the crime, hard numbers are impossible to calculate, but the cost of fraud in 2008 is estimated at \$944 billion.



If people would pay attention, most fraud would not be possible. But people hate accounting. They don't want to look at the numbers



Snyder and Clifton use all kinds of methods to teach about fraud.

One morning in December, 11 students are divided into small groups to try to erase ink signatures from checks using acetone and various commercial ink and stain removing products. Snyder wants the students to experience the work of such criminals. It's one thing to lecture about check washing, quite another to try it yourself. The acetone-soaked cotton swabs pick up blue from the checks but do little to remove a signature. One student notes how difficult it would be to cash checks that obviously have been wet. Another says the check has been basically destroyed after a few minutes of rubbing in acetone.

The point is made. One of the students, Kevin, is astonished. Why would anyone do such a thing so easy to catch?

"Because people don't pay attention."

Pay attention. It's Snyder's mantra. He repeats this advice at least a dozen times during the class. If people would pay attention, most fraud would not be possible. But people hate accounting. They don't want to look at the numbers – an especially troubling attitude Snyder's students have to learn to combat. Even in cases like Enron, an energy company ultimately undone by accounting fraud, the prosecution didn't drown the jury in numbers. They got their convictions by proving that the men in charge lied.

As he walks around the front of the room talking about check tampering, Snyder wears a blue, button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up and ready for business. His hair started turning gray when he was 15, and he now wears a neatly trimmed beard. He speaks energetically. He speaks from experience.

Snyder started working as an investigator for the New York State Insurance Fund in 1982. He also worked as an intelligence analyst for the U.S. Army Reserves from 1977 to 1998. He performed classified research to assess the development and manufacturing capabilities for the Soviet Union, Iran and Iraq. He dug through piles of documents to try to piece together meaning from unrelated materials.

Snyder's counterpart, Clifton, teaches the advanced fraud class. Like many investigators, Clifton started out as a regular accountant.

While at a firm in 1992, he had a case dropped on his desk. A local non-profit soccer league thought they were missing around \$30,000. They only realized something was going on when their checks started to bounce. Clifton did the footwork and discovered close to \$80,000 in missing funds and a bookkeeper who made her living embezzling from non-profits.

Students learn basic investigative skills through each of the five assignments they must complete over the course of two semesters.

One task is to perform a background check on either Snyder or Clifton. Their online resumes are full of lies, which exposes lazy students and forces the rest to dig up city records or locate far flung sources of information to determine Clifton's mother's maiden name, his current mortgage payments or his possible association with the Air National Guard.

In another exercise, students strike up conversations with strangers to see how much information they can get without the subjects being aware they are divulging. They use tactics like sharing family pictures, which puts pressure on the strangers to share as well, exposing their driver's license right next to their wallet photos. The point isn't to steal identities, but to see how little attention people pay to how much they reveal to someone they don't know. Students typically balk at the assignment at first, but come back amazed at just how much someone will share.

Snyder gives the students a bag of trash in their third assignment. It's filled with phony documents and unrelated material. Their task is to determine which person in the fake company is divulging information and how. This also forces the students to think like a criminal, to hypothesize ways to get around the company's system and to test those hypotheses.

Snyder and Clifton collaborated with NDSU theatre students to produce a video used in the fourth assignment, part of the advanced course. The video details the workings of a factory. The fraud students must determine exactly how inventory is stolen and how the crime is concealed.

Throughout these exercises, students build an investigator's mindset. While an accountant or auditor will look at the numbers to see if they match up, a fraud investigator digs deeper, sometimes even going undercover as a potential client or temporary employee. Their driving question with the numbers is, "does this sound reasonable?"

Students are ready to take on a real-world investigation near the end of the two semesters of class. Local churches and non-profits open their books for this valuable, free service. The students provide advice on ways to protect the organization from fraud. Sometimes, they catch someone dipping into profits. One electronics business knew it had a problem. The manager thought about \$20,000 had been taken. The students discovered the number was closer to \$50,000, and the business was able to more accurately recoup their losses.

—Joel Hagen

Best *of* show

Four students received awards at the annual North Dakota State University Juried Student Art Exhibit in the Memorial Union Gallery. The exhibit was open to all NDSU students. Of the 42 original pieces by 27 different NDSU student artists, the Best of Show award goes to Mary Kinstler's "Death Comes to Us All" and Honorable Mentions go to Zak Helenske's "A Progression of Jars" and Bradley Wehrman's "Mores No. 3." Jessica Wachter's "Covered Up" was voted the People's Choice Award.

Linda A. Olson, M.F.A., who teaches art at Minot State University, was guest juror.

Kinstler, a sophomore art major, says "I thrive off the emotion and responses that people find out of my work. I focus on the darker side of life, hoping to shed my own light on the subjects that no one really wants to talk about. My triptych titled "Death Comes to Us All" comes from my belief of living life moment by moment. Death can come to us at any moment in life, no matter what age, and my piece is intended to express this."

Helenske is a senior in art. Wehrman is a junior majoring in fine arts and architecture and environmental design. Wachter is pursuing a bachelor's degree in art.





Mary Kinstler
"Death Comes To Us All - Triptych"
Best in Show
Oil on canvas, 2008



Jessica Wachter
"Covered Up"
People's Choice
oil paint on canvas, 2008

Bradley Wehrman
"Mores No. 3"
Honorable Mention
mixed media, 2008



Zak Helenske
"A Progression of Jars"
Honorable Mention
salt-fired white stoneware, 2008



THE FACE OF ANGOON





The traditional Tlingit coastal village of Angoon is built in a cleared patch of dense forest, amid rocky hills. It's the only permanent settlement on Alaska's Admiralty Island where brown bears outnumber people three to one. Angoon is a long, long way from big city lights, but you can eventually get there if you're willing to put in a tough couple of days of travel, including an eight-hour ferry trip from Juneau.

Last November, Thomas Riley, an anthropologist and dean of the College of Arts, Humanities and Social Sciences, made that long trek. His first glimpse of Angoon was a cluster of boats anchored in the small Kootzanoo Inlet, just around the point from the village – so many huddled together they almost blocked the town's smattering of buildings from sight. The people of Angoon are dependent on the water and products of the sea – about 60 of the 450 residents hold commercial fishing permits. The vessels are all kinds. Some are blistered and rusted, while others look as if they were in a showroom only yesterday.

Riley had only seen the village before in old photographs. When he got off the ferry, he was surprised by how the community's main street looked much as it did 50, 75, maybe even 100 years ago. The only real difference seemed to be that the street is now paved. Weather-beaten, wood-framed buildings line Beavertail Road. These are lineage houses, the gathering places for men of the various American Indian clans. Stylized images of orcas or killer whales, in flaking black paint, can be seen on the front exterior wall of one of the lineage houses. Totem poles, which give historical and social context to who gathers inside and why, stand near other structures. The Tlingit understand the meaning of those carved images of beavers, ravens, eagles and bears atop the poles. But Riley, like most visitors, simply marveled at the detail and the quality of the workmanship. Then he pondered his family heritage and the tragedy that connects him to this remote village, which has not forgotten, or forgiven, the past.

That past, for Riley, starts with his great-granduncle – Capt. 'Hell-Roaring' Mike Healy. Back in the 1800s, Healy had a storied military career with the U.S. Revenue Marine, the precursor of the Coast Guard, in the Pacific Northwest. In fact, the Coast Guard's newest and most

sophisticated icebreaker is named after him – the CGS Healy. (The vessel, which is partially funded by the National Science Foundation, is considered the U.S. government's most technologically advanced research ship.) Healy, for the last two decades of the 19th century, held a variety of positions of power in Alaska. According to his official Coast Guard biography, the captain acted as "judge, doctor and policeman" to native people, merchant mariners and crews of whaling boats. For a good portion of his Alaskan career, Healy was actually considered the U.S. government in that region. He was a well-known figure – and controversial, with a couple of court martials on his service record.

But for all his swagger, there was one thing, which happened early in his career, that he regretted for the rest of his life. That was the bombardment and destruction of an Alaskan village called Angoon.

In 1882, Angoon was as close to the frontier as you could get. Only 15 years earlier, the United States had taken possession of the vast Alaskan wilderness from Russia. The facts of what happened in the autumn of that year are disputed and open to interpretation, Riley acknowledges. But he has researched records and oral history of the incident. This is his version.

On Oct. 22, 1882, a Tlingit shaman, named Tith Klane, was hunting for whales aboard a boat owned by the Northwest Trading Company. Back then California whaling rockets – a handheld weapon that fired a bomb with a

THE MOST SURPRISING MOMENT CAME WHEN RILEY WAS ADOPTED INTO THE TRIBE AND GIVEN A TLINGIT NAME. HIS NAME IS AANYA'A. IT MEANS 'THE FACE OF ANGOON.'

time fuse into a whale – were often used. On this unfortunate day, the rocket that Klane attempted to use malfunctioned and exploded. Klane was killed.

The Tlingit tradition called for reparations for their shaman's death, Riley says. So a payment of 200 blankets was requested of the Northwest Trading Company. When the company refused, the other Tlingits also working that day on the boat took two employees hostage.

The situation then took a dramatic, and ultimately tragic, turn. The Northwest Trading Company asked for intervention from the naval warship, the USS Adams, the largest ship in Alaskan waters. The commander, Capt. E.C. Merriman realized the waters offshore from the village would be too shallow for the Adams. Healy offered to assist with his smaller vessel, the Revenue Cutter Corwin, which would be able to navigate farther into the inlet.

When the villagers saw his vessel, Healy reported, they released the hostages. But Merriman apparently concluded that was not the end of the matter. He turned up the heat, demanding 400 blankets from the villagers as punishment for taking hostages. If they did not comply, Angoon would be destroyed.

"The villagers didn't have any blankets. The Northwest Trading Company had all the blankets," Riley says. "What could they do?"

What happened next was probably inevitable. Acting on Merriman's orders, the Corwin fired its Dahlgren gun, while Navy personnel who had come ashore used a Howitzer cannon. Riley's great-granduncle did not issue the orders. But as second in command, he was caught up in it.

The village's traditional lineage houses and the food storage buildings were shelled and burned. About 40 canoes were destroyed. The only canoe that survived was away from the village at the time.

The Tlingit history says six children were suffocated by the smoke from the fires, and winter was coming on, Riley says. Without canoes, the villagers couldn't fish or travel. The Tlingit had a very, very hard winter; many starved. In the words of one villager: "We were left homeless on the beach."

The Tlingit have long memories.

During the Carter administration, the United States government paid \$90,000 in reparations. Then, in 1982, a century after Angoon was shelled, Assistant Secretary of the Navy John Herrington officially admitted wrongdoing. "The destruction of Angoon should never have happened," he wrote. "It was an unfortunate event in our history."

Still, the Navy stopped short. What the descendants of those who suffered at Angoon wanted was a formal apology. They didn't get it.

About five years ago, Eric Hollinger, one of Riley's former graduate students, brought the shelling of Angoon, once again, back to light. Hollinger works for the National Museum of Natural History at the Smithsonian Institute. At the time, he was processing long-lost native relics to be repatriated to their original communities or tribes. One such item, a ceremonial hat adorned with an ornately carved eagle, was about to be returned to the Alaskan community of Angoon.

Hollinger saw the village name and recalled an old conversation with Riley about his great-granduncle's involvement in the historic incident. So Hollinger called him up. He was going to Alaska to bring back the eagle hat, he told Riley. Then he asked if there was anything Riley wanted to say. Did he have a message for the people there?

That comment triggered something inside Riley. He felt an old wrong should be righted. "I decided that maybe, as a family, we should offer our apologies for what happened. After all, Angoon hadn't gotten one from the Navy," Riley says. He got busy contacting his relatives, including Mike Healy's great-grandson. They all agreed, and asked Eric to convey the family's apology to the people there. But the proud people of Angoon rejected the family's apology. They wanted to hear from the U.S. Navy.

The story could have ended here with the Tlingit's rebuff of the Healy heirs. But the clan's pride and insistence on justice – however long it is



in coming – is matched by a generosity of spirit. In 2007, Riley was invited to a potlatch, an elaborate ceremony to honor the dead, by a Tlingit named Garfield George. Riley had been introduced to George during an archaeology conference in Austin, Texas. Later, Dan Johnson, another Angoon resident with whom Riley had been communicating, extended an invitation to a potlatch being held in memory of Johnson's grandmother. And so Riley embarked on the journey of a lifetime to that small fishing village where he would face its long-held sorrow and wrath and try, in his own small way, to right the unforgivable wrong.

Riley arrived at the potlatch ceremony that day late last fall to find that it was already under way. He was concerned at being a few minutes late, but he need not have worried. The traditional gathering would last all night and into the following day.

The elementary school gymnasium where the potlatch was held looks very much like any you would find in rural North Dakota. Tables and chairs were carefully arranged, and the evening meal to feed about 200 people consisted of beef, potatoes and all the trimmings. There were bags of candy and cans of Pepsi. Classically American, Riley remembers thinking. And that is exactly where the similarity to any of Riley's previous experiences ended.

Members of the Raven group of the Tlingit people sat at one set of tables. The Eagle branch of the tribe sat at others. A separate space was made for guests and visitors. And then there was yet another series of tables – these attracted Riley's immediate and lasting interest. The Ravens and Eagles had carefully displayed their treasures. Ceremonial hats, ornate clan crests, colorful cloaks, beautifully carved daggers, all items dating back untold decades, were there for participants to see and touch. It was, in many ways, a living history lesson – an opportunity for each generation to sense, absorb and share the past of its people.

Lying among the Ravens' many treasures was the treasure – a canoe's prow board, placed slightly apart as a place of distinction. Carved with the likeness of a beaver, the piece of wood is all that remains of the Tlingit's sole canoe following the 1882 attack.

The canoe's prow board had been returned to the village by the National Museum of Natural History in 1999. That canoe is considered the savior of the Tlingit, Riley says. The board is believed to hold the spirit of the canoe that saved the people. They treat the canoe as if it were a person. They once actually held a potlatch for it.

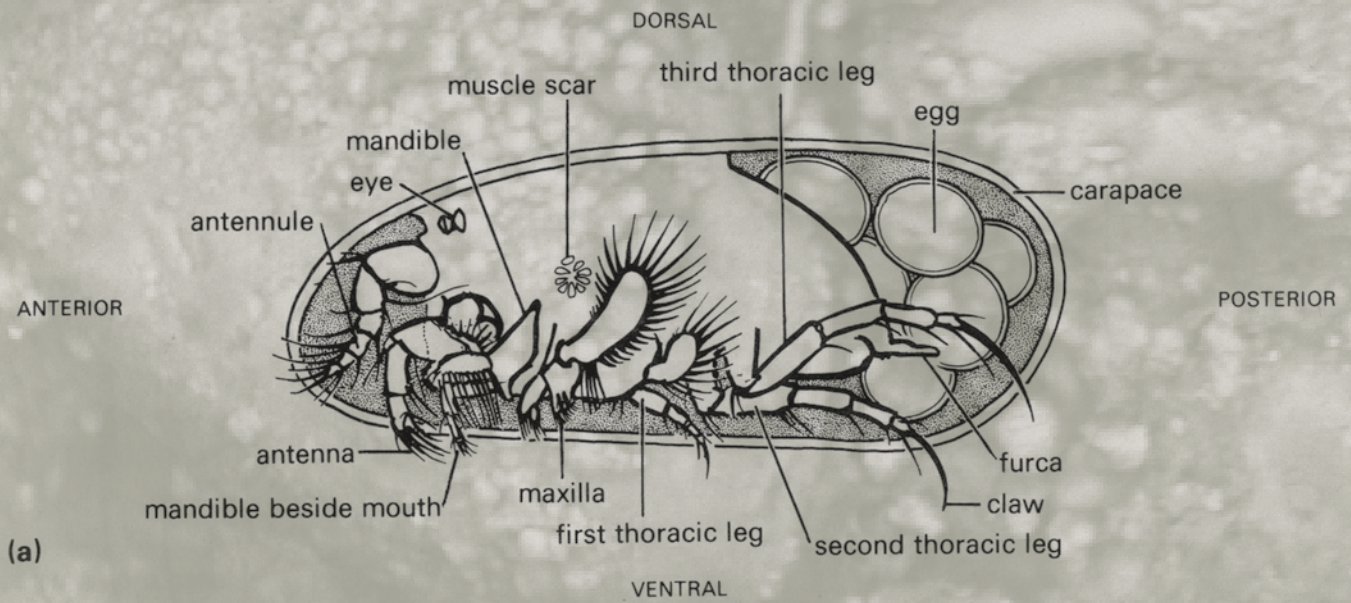
The next 24 hours were a mix of dances, songs and oratory, with much of spoken word in the language of the Tlingit. A succession of dancers emulated the animals of the region, wearing hats and cloaks to resemble the birds, wolves, bears and salmon. One dancer portrayed the enemy of the Tlingit. And the enemy wore a U.S. Navy officer's hat from the 1880s – just like the one Riley's great-granduncle wore in some of the old photographs.

When they invited Riley to join in, though, it was not in the dress of his ancestor. Johnson and fellow Ravens clad Riley in a red and black cloak decorated with white buttons. They placed a headpiece carved in the likeness of a beaver on his head, tied it under his chin with a yellow cord, and told him to hold a wooden staff with a bird's head handle. For the next five hours, Riley sang and danced with the Tlingits. He tapped his staff on the floor, beating a cadence as though he was playing a drum, until he was exhausted.

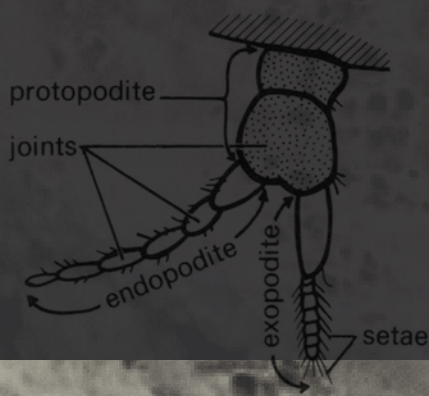
During the ceremony, Riley was told that the devastating 126-year-old incident should be considered over for his family – although they still do want an apology from the U.S. Navy. The most surprising moment, though, came when Riley was adopted into the tribe and given a Tlingit name. Healy will always be considered the enemy, but his great-grandnephew is now a proud member of the End of the Trail House of the Beaver Lineage of the Raven Moiety of the Tlingit.

His name is Aanya'a. It means 'the face of Angoon.'

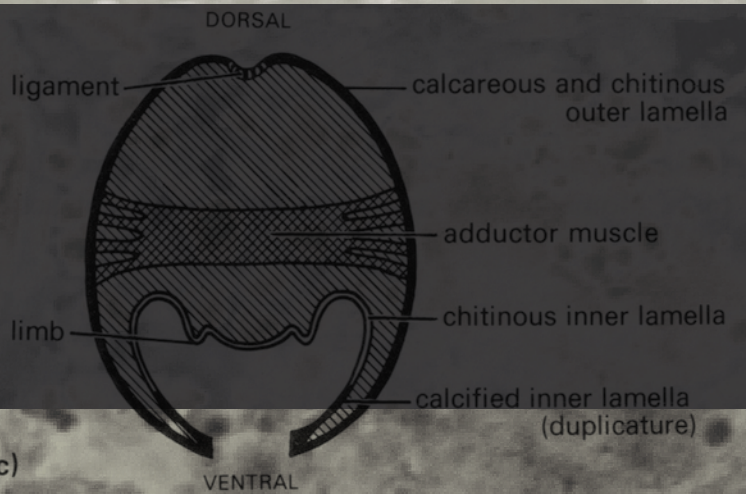
—Steve Bergeson



(a)



(b)



(c)

Figure 14.1 Living Ostracoda. (a) Female *Darwinula* with left valve removed; (b) basic structure of a crustacean limb; (c) schematic cross section through a living oyster. ((a) modified from Benson *et al.* 1961 after Kesling and Sars; (b) modified from van Morkhoven 1962; (c) after Kornicker *in* Neale 1969)




BUILT FOR THE JOB

LAB WORK CAN BE DULL AND DULLER
UNLESS YOU FIND SOMETHING

In the summer of 2006, Richard Thomasson was trying a new system of sleeping for 12 hours and staying awake for 30. He's the kind of guy with a wide-ranging curiosity, so this was his experiment with fighting the circadian cycle just to see what would happen.

He was a geology student at the time, and had a summer job sifting through sediment in a geology lab. That summer, his pattern was to sleep until noon and then head into work all night, often with only an audio book of "The Lord of the Rings" and a soda for company. On July 4, a sunny day, he remembers his bike broke down on the way to the lab. He one-leg peddled the rest of the way and began his work – scanning through Petri dishes of sediment collected from a shallow lakebed in the Dry Valleys of Antarctica, a region often compared to Mars. The broken bike was a tough way to start the day, but his day was about to get a lot more interesting.



c)
b)
□ □ □ □
50µm

Fourteen million years ago in Antarctica, a 330-by-200-foot lake – small by any standards – was trapped behind hills of debris left behind by glaciers. The climate was just above freezing, still warm enough to support mosses and tiny life forms like diatoms and ostracods. Nearby active volcanoes spewed ash. Over a geologically short period of 300,000 years, the climate dramatically cooled, killing all life in the area. Ash covered the lake.

In 2005, Allan Ashworth, a distinguished professor of geology at North Dakota State University and a veteran of Antarctic research, together with Adam Lewis, now an assistant professor of geosciences at NDSU, excavated the lake deposits. The sediment smelled of sulfur and decay. The scientists sampled, bagged and boxed the ancient peat and mud. They shipped hundreds of pounds back to the university.

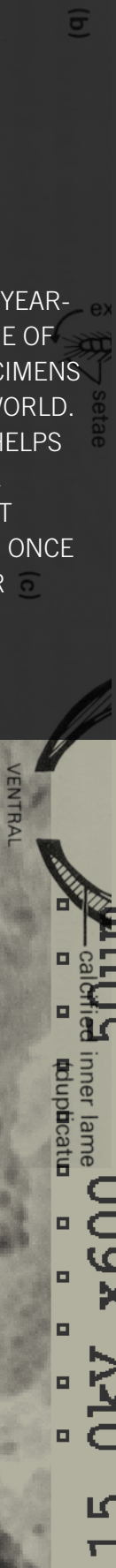
This is the sediment Thomasson was poring through. While the rest of the country celebrated Independence Day with cookouts and fireworks, Thomasson worked in the windowless basement laboratory, his six-foot-plus frame perched next to a microscope. One spoonful at a time, he placed sediment in Petri dishes and scanned through every last part to pick out bits of ancient moss, insect parts, wood splinters and anything else that might be worth studying. It was painstaking work. Back and forth, back and forth, each dish passed under the microscope. Thomasson made sure to observe every last bit before moving on to the next spoonful.

He had already been working at the lab for a year, sifting, observing, spoonful by spoonful. Soak the sediment in water, sieve it, spoon it into Petri dishes. One 50-pound box took several weeks to look through, nothing to show for it. Yet.

After three hours of work, using forceps and a paint brush with only a few hairs, Thomasson broke apart a clump of sediment and out popped a reddish-brown ostracod. He'd been finding lots of ostracods, this one was different. He used the paintbrush to manipulate the tiny organism to get a better look. The bean-shaped shell halves lay open, and between them he could see a pattern of uniform bumps. Whatever it was, it wasn't normal. But he'd been fooled before. A worm turned out to be a piece of the canvas sample bag, another discovery turned out to be just an ordinary grain of sand. Not this time. This time Thomasson was certain. He jumped up and ran around the room a bit. He went back to look again. Went down the hallway for a drink of water. Went back to look again. It was still there.

This 14-million-year-old fossil is one of four such specimens known in the world. The ostracod helps to support the hypothesis that Antarctica was once a much warmer continent. Summer temperatures that allowed the lake to exist were 30 degrees Celsius warmer than summer temperatures in the region today. Major climate change occurred over a few hundred thousand years. Antarctica plunged into a deep freeze. This is big news, in the science world. The discovery was written about in

Figure 14.1 Living Ostracoda. (a) schematic cross section through a living ostracod. (b) basic structure of a crustacean. (c) detail of the ventral valve removed; (b) basic structure of a crustacean. Modified from van Morkhoven 1961 after Kestling 1961; (c) modified from Benson *et al.* 1961 after Kestling 1961; (d) modified from Neale 1969)



THIS 14-MILLION-YEAR-OLD FOSSIL IS ONE OF FOUR SUCH SPECIMENS KNOWN IN THE WORLD. THE OSTRACOD HELPS TO SUPPORT THE HYPOTHESIS THAT ANTARCTICA WAS ONCE A MUCH WARMER CONTINENT.





the Proceedings of the Royal Society B, a British scientific journal and was later picked up by DiscoveryChannel.com, CNN.com, BBC.com, NationalGeographic.com, Science Daily, Economic Times, India Times and China Daily.

Most of the articles about the discovery mentioned Thomasson, and most of those got his name wrong, a fact he finds more amusing than irritating. A few articles cover the dull nature of the job. But none delved into Thomasson's life, a spoonful at a time, to find out what it is about his particular nature that makes this discovery even more special.

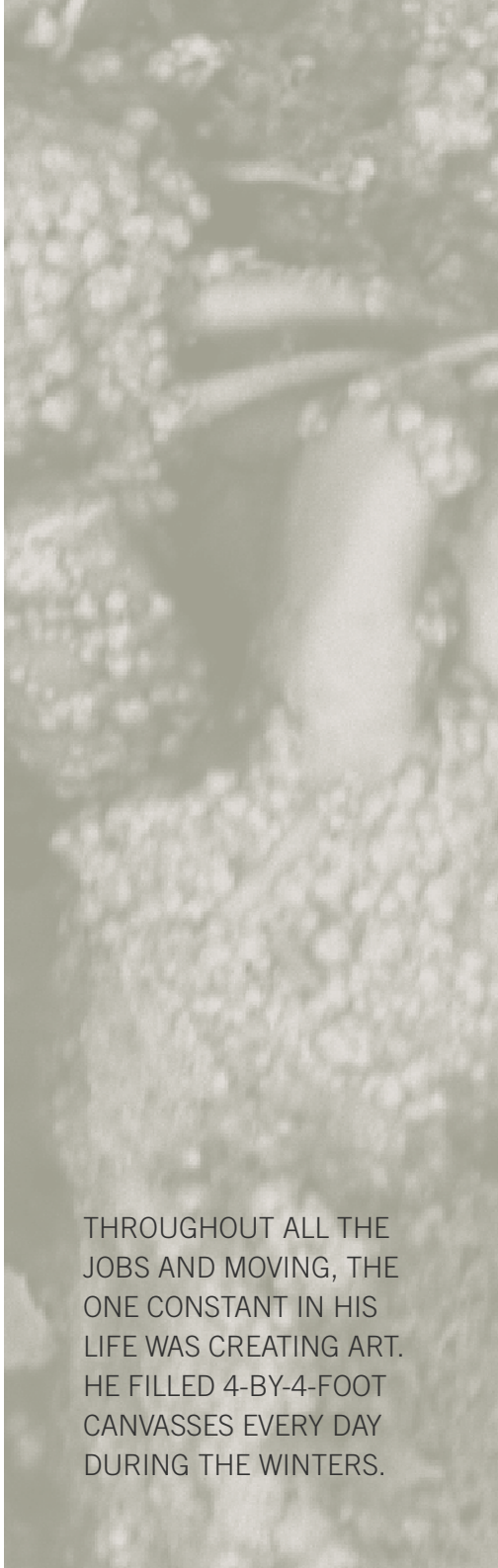
Drifting from job to job since high school, never at the same one for more than two years and often lasting only a few months, Thomasson seems like one of the least likely people to be able to sit and peer through a microscope for hours on end. The tedium of looking through sediment had led many others to look elsewhere for work. Already at the lab for a year when he made his discovery, Thomasson was always optimistic – almost beyond rationality – that he would find something spectacular.

Thomasson's path to this particular July 4th weaves through many jobs and many places. The day after he graduated high school in Cavalier, N.D., he rode to Seattle to work as a floor covering installer. When he found himself stuck in a small union controversy, he moved back to North Dakota with his three pet geese in the back seat of his 1985 Chevy Blazer. Thomasson has worked as a janitor, projectionist, heavy equipment operator, cook, welder's helper, hot tar roofer, portable toilet mechanic, truck driver, tattoo artist and ethanol plant worker. He got interested in geology while skydiving in Minot, N.D., wondering, as he plummeted toward the earth, what caused the land formations he was watching. He's lived all over eastern North Dakota and northern Minnesota, mostly staying near Cavalier in a country house 12 miles out of town. In 2003, this house burned down and he lost everything except two house cats and a pigeon he had rescued from the ethanol plant. (He's also taken care of skunks, raccoons, magpies, deer, turkeys, a golden eagle and coyotes. One skunk he raised while living in Baudette, Minn., accompanied him to local bars to eat pretzels and nuts.)

After the house burned down, he bought a building that used to be a Baptist church to set up a tattoo shop and living quarters. He doesn't have any tattoos himself; that would be permanent and call attention to himself.

Throughout all the jobs and moving, the one constant in his life was creating art. He filled 4-by-4-foot canvasses every day during the winters, all of which he lost in the fire. All the moving and job switches finally led him to a psychologist in Grand Forks, N.D., who diagnosed Thomasson with a genius level IQ and attention deficit disorder – a neurological syndrome whose common symptoms include distractibility, hyperactivity and impulsivity.

The confirmation of a condition he long suspected was like a light turning on in his life and led him to return to college. In a seeming contradiction of terms, it was the attention deficit disorder that set him up to make the discovery in Ashworth's lab.



THROUGHOUT ALL THE JOBS AND MOVING, THE ONE CONSTANT IN HIS LIFE WAS CREATING ART. HE FILLED 4-BY-4-FOOT CANVASSES EVERY DAY DURING THE WINTERS.

The last person in the world you expect to sit at a microscope for hours on end looking at sediment is someone as restless as Thomasson.

The impulsivity of attention deficit disorder and his ability to soak up knowledge kept Thomasson from sticking to one thing for long. He learned trades from the inside out, but after three months or two years he'd get bored and move on to the next job.

After the diagnosis, he learned to control another aspect of attention deficit disorder, hyperfocus, the ability to focus intently on things that interest him to the point that the world around him fades into the background. People with hyperfocus can stick to one task long after others lose interest and move on. Not many people can handle the demanding concentration required to look through a microscope for hours and pick out anything that may be of interest. Because of his ability to focus, Thomasson could.

Recall wading barefoot in a still lake. Your feet sink in the sand, which puffs up in clouds. The sand settles slowly, yet some grains still jump around. Those are ostracods – millimeter-sized crustaceans that look like shrimp in clamshells.

Ostracods have been around for millions of years. They hitch rides on birds and find their way everywhere from lakes to birdbaths. The shrimp-like parts of the ostracods are lost to decay and time. The shells are all that survive over the millennia. After about three hours of work, at 6 p.m., Thomasson came across an ostracod with an open shell, and between the shells, he could see the preserved soft tissue.

When Ashworth took a look at the thing on July 5, he was skeptical. The bumps were more likely just debris that had washed between the valves. But he sent the specimen off to the University of Leicester, England, to be examined by ostracod expert, Mark Williams. Under an electron microscope, Williams could clearly see the details of the soft anatomy. When ostracods die, their soft interiors should not

survive. They are scavenged by other creatures or recycled by bacteria. Preservation like this – of the head region with mandibles, feeding and sensory appendages, walking legs and tail – is extremely rare.

Through a process like petrification, the organic tissues were replaced by an iron oxide. The exact process is still unknown and sure to be the subject of further study. Thomasson's ostracod is the fourth such find in the world, and the first from the whole of Antarctica.

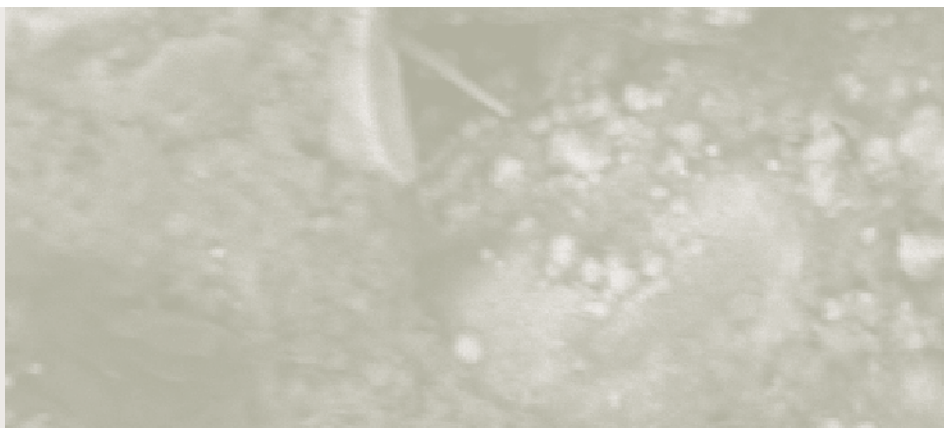
Thomasson worked in the lab for another year, but such spectacular finds are rare, and his interests moved on to art. He dropped geology down to a minor.

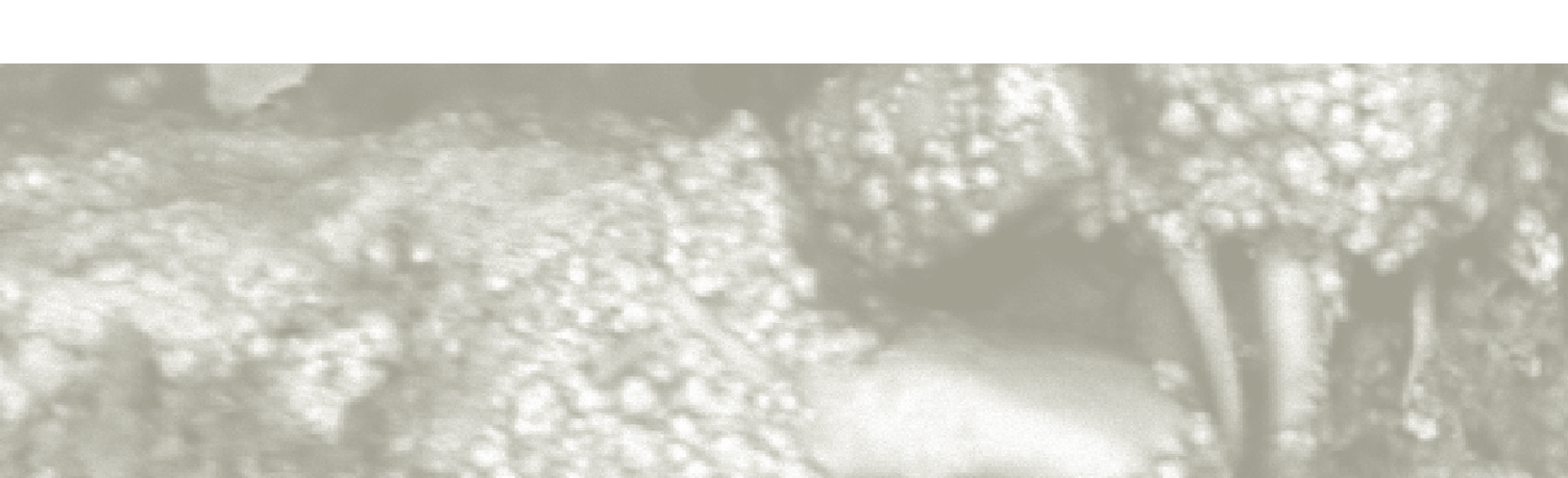
He now works on printmaking and pottery, applying the same gift of focus to media that requires time and patience. He may spend 150 hours on a single piece. His print works are largely abstract patterns, yet they contain hints of a geology background. Horizontal lines, like strata, hover in the background of one piece. Thomasson treats the ceramics studio like a geology lab, experimenting with different amounts of alumina, feldspar, borax, talc, silicon carbide, in order to perfect his glazes. His "Three Typical Everyday Normal Teapots" resemble large-spiked sea urchins.

His art is getting recognition. His prints have been in local art shows and on a billboard in downtown Fargo. The ceramics club he began sells work regularly. He gave a presentation to the Lake Agassiz Rock Club on the connections between pottery and geology.

He continues to make his way through life, only now he does so with a deeper awareness of how to apply his unique gifts.

—Joel Hagen





High waters and FLOOD FIGHTERS

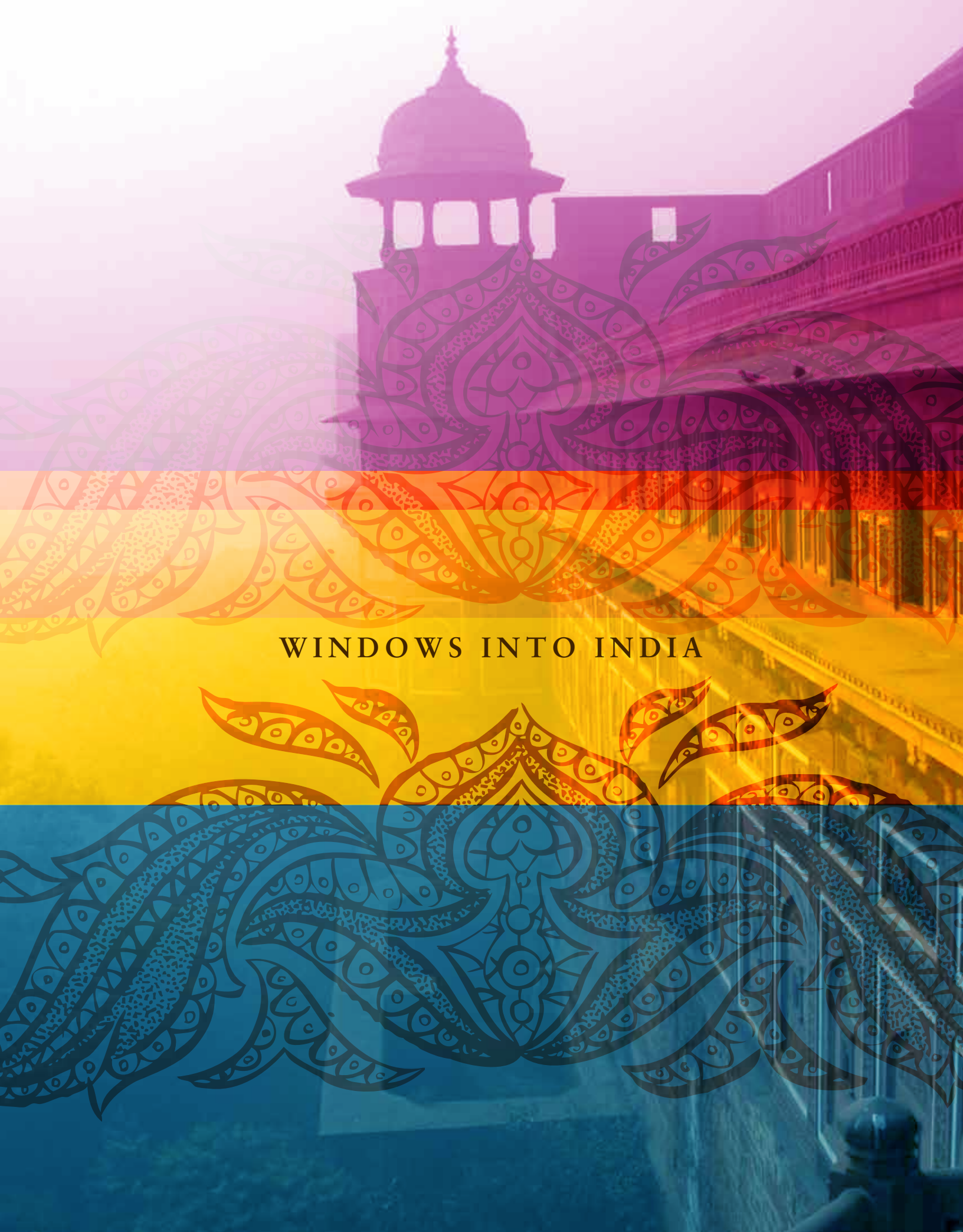


This photograph was taken by Dan Reetz, a North Dakota State University graduate student, April 3, 2009, at 7:30 p.m., near Main Avenue in Moorhead, looking southwest over the flooding Red River, which was at 35.7 feet that day, after a crest of 40.8 feet on March 28. Reetz took thousands of photographs during the flood. Ironically, many of his pictures appear like this one, to capture beauty and peace. He calls it “aestheticising disaster.” This picture is actually a composite of fourteen images. Reetz used his index finger as a sort of monopod for his camera and rotated slightly to take a series of shots to then compose this panorama.



Photographs above are by Dan Koeck, NDSU's photographer on assignment to capture images of people working to save the community. When the request went out to NDSU students to line up for bus rides to various locations to fill sandbags or help build sandbag dikes, thousands of students appeared, and worked long hours. Koeck says each day, as the rivers were rising, he felt the intensity increase, and worked to record the experiences.

Koeck took only a few photographs of water, but at dawn on March 28, he took a picture of water under the Main Avenue bridge. The photograph, published in the New York Times on March 29, is on the back cover.



WINDOWS INTO INDIA



It is a little after midnight, shortly after take-off, and the flight attendant asks us to close our window shades. We will be traveling along the path of the sun as it rises to our right, and the glare might disturb sleeping passengers. The heavy fog that had plagued our tour group for the last two weeks still sits on the city, and the lights of New Delhi blur into a smear as the plane climbs. My vinyl shade slides smoothly shut. I don't like feeling closed in, but I manage to comply for about 45 minutes before melancholy and curiosity overwhelm obedience. I edge my shade up and peek out.

JANUARY 10, 2009, CONTINENTAL FLIGHT 83, SEAT 34L: Northerners know that particular silvery light of the winter moon on snow; how a scene can look both dark and perfectly illuminated. The Boeing 777 has reached 30,000 feet. Beneath us, the jagged wall of the Himalayas rises from Kashmir and joins the snow-swept Tibetan plateau. Crisply detailed, the glaciers, peaks and arid plains of the highest land on Earth hold such shocking beauty that it leaves me breathless: How do I say farewell to India?

Five days earlier, my companions and I were touring religious sites in the ancient and holy city of Varanasi. We rode in bicycle rickshaws at dawn, wrapped in our warmest layers, to see devotees of the Hindu God Shiva bathing in the Ganges River. We walked among dozens of stupas, or shrines, at the site of one of the first Buddhist monasteries, and watched as thousands of maroon-clad monks prepared for a visit from the Dalai Lama. Our last stop of the day was at the Bharat Mata, the Mother India Temple, a quiet refuge where five pillars converge into one, representing the five

elements – earth, air, water, fire and ether. It was inaugurated in 1936 by the Father of the Nation, the Mahatma Gandhi, as a shrine to peace as well as to a beloved land.

Inside the temple stood a modest statue of Mother India, represented as a beautiful woman. But it was the altar that captured my attention – a room-sized, three-dimensional map of the Indian subcontinent and Tibetan plateau, hand-carved from white marble, inlaid with onyx, and perfectly scaled both vertically and horizontally.

Now, gazing out the airplane window, it is that carving I see below me, a living map. And I can only wonder: How did those master carvers know in the 1930s what this land looks like from five miles above under a full moon?

The idea of India had enchanted me since I read my first book about yoga 31 years ago. My mental album was filled with the media snapshots of grinding, ubiquitous poverty. But it also held gauzy images of enlightenment, the belief that the touch of a holy man would put me on the path to goodness in ways other disciplines could not. After a childhood of Sunday school, and an adulthood of yoga, I had come to believe that one cannot visit India without experiencing some profound transformation. When I finally had the chance to travel there myself, I jokingly told friends I wanted mine in the form of a money tree, a bower of security waiting in my back yard upon my return.

But of course it doesn't work that way. Instead, I found my enlightenment in a series of moments, glimpsed through a series of windows.

JUNE 2008, E. MORROW LEBEDEFF HALL, NORTH DAKOTA STATE UNIVERSITY: A poster of a bejeweled dancer leapt out from a bulletin board as I breezed by. Even in my rush, I could swear I saw the flutter of the dancer's red sari. I turned back to read the invitation to join a Study Abroad Cultural Tour of India, a collaboration of three universities on a two-week exploration of the cultures and crafts of Jodhpur, Jaipur, Agra, Varanasi and old Delhi.

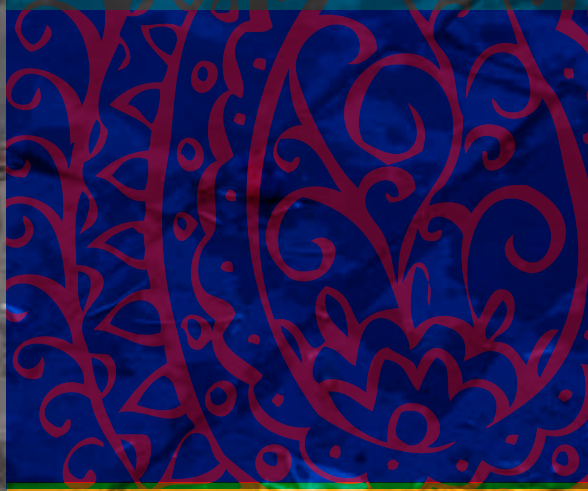
I was less than four months into a new job. How could I justify time off for such a personal yearning? Yet the poster would not be denied. It was as if a window had opened, beckoning me to venture outside my assumptions and to dare to discover reality. Maybe to dare enlightenment.

Maybe to dare learning that enlightenment is an illusion.

NOVEMBER 26, MSNBC-TV: It is a day now known in India as 26/11. Back in Fargo, through the small window of my television, I watched the news of the terrorist attacks in Mumbai. In the fear and confusion, the State Department suggested that Americans might be targeted for violence. By the time our study group departed, it had shrunk by more than half. The six of us who remained were all from NDSU – three staff, two retired staff and one professor. Travel plans were precarious through Christmas and right up to 24 hours before the flight, giving us plenty of time to fret. As friends and family worried about my safety, I worried more about the thousands I was spending. I am not a courageous person, but for some reason I have never feared bodily harm – at least not until my first ride on an Indian highway. Now, as this trip became real, I clung to the inspiration of my Sikh name, given to me by a great yogi when I earned my teaching certification. I was called Ranbir Kaur, or “princess who is victorious in battle.”

No matter the risk, I couldn't forfeit the chance to know India.

DECEMBER 28, NEW DELHI, INCENTIVE DESTINATIONS MINI-VAN: We arrived well after dark, claimed our luggage and were claimed in turn by a handsome young guide whose quick-witted negotiating skills would smooth several of our journeys. We were greeted with garlands of marigolds and roses,





then buttoned up in a cozy van that featured white linen slipcovers and a steady supply of cold bottled water. Eager for our first glimpse of India on the drive to the hotel, we peeked through the window curtains only to find ourselves gasping as motorcycle riders, carrying sari-clad women sidesaddle, darted through traffic with bare centimeters to spare. I dropped the curtains and chanted mantras for safe arrival.

Days later, after traveling by prop plane, midnight train, elephant, bicycle, pony, rickshaw and our own good feet, that little white van had become a container for our experiences and a tranquil home. The window curtains mostly stayed open, offering a view of daily life, both rural and urban.

NEW YEAR'S DAY: We travel across the state of Rajasthan, from Jodhpur to Jaipur, through desert, farmland and mountains. Women work with bent backs in fields of mustard, fenugreek and chickpeas. Men sit in circles at roadside cafes, drinking tea and arguing politics. Old-fashioned red Massey-Ferguson tractors, festooned with glittering tassels, haul impossible loads of goods and people.

Halfway to Jaipur, we pull into a village rest stop with clean western-style bathrooms. I wander off to shop. I buy postcards and an antique pillow cover in faded pink. Rounding a corner, I see a woman peering at me through a gap in a low wall. I smile. She smiles. I step closer. She bids me to enter and soon I am sitting on the dusty ground, conversing through smiles and nods rather than language. She splashes water into a shallow bowl of pale yellow flour. I snap photos. She kneads and pats the dough into a roti, and cooks the flatbread over a wood fire.

A teenage boy appears and scowls at me to leave. I don't learn the woman's name or speak her language, but I know we talked about what it is to be mothers raising teenage sons. Is it foolhardy to step off the expected path, to believe you can wander into a stranger's home and make a connection?

At the edge of this same small village, we bow and nod as we watch elementary school students sing the Indian national anthem. We peek into classrooms where students sit on individual floor rugs instead of at desks. We admire the children's artwork along the walls of an open-air hall.

Back on the van, we talk:

"What is the most surprising thing you've seen?"

"What has the most meaning?"

"What do you dislike?"

As India flies by outside our windows, we try to capture our relationship with it.

What is romance? What is real?

JANUARY 3, THE ROAD TO AGRA: It takes an eight-hour drive from Jaipur to Agra to discern the pattern, but traffic ceases to be a high-voltage carnival ride. We relax and see details in the passing scenes. A village, lifeless except for the ever-present dogs, is home to a hundred people we see gathered at the side of the road a mile down the highway. It's an open-air town meeting, apparently to plan a community improvement project at that site.

We see construction projects everywhere. No orange markers or heavy machinery. No hard hats. Just steel pans on the heads of women carrying rubble, stone or brick to and from construction sites. Our guide tells us that when the government doesn't supply the

infrastructure, people build it themselves. We see that play out through the windows of our van: here a road project, there a carefully calculated excavation to catch rainwater. Men in dirty white dhoti dig with shovels and pickaxes; children break rock with hammers; women walk gracefully under heavy loads, their saris splashing color across the dusty landscape; girls circle with water jugs and cups. The pace is steady but unhurried. I think, "This is how we've worked for thousands of years; how we can work when machines fail us," and it comforts me.

In New Delhi and Gurgaon, pickax brigades work side-by-side with heavy equipment. Bamboo scaffolding gives way to sturdy metal armature. Military surplus tents, patched and faded, cluster along boulevards and in vacant lots. I assume they house the homeless. It takes time to see another story: these are temporary shelters for construction workers, not unlike those for migrant workers or roughnecks following work in the U.S.

We see the great office buildings, the call centers that have lured jobs from the U.S. We glimpse the new Indian middle class and see evidence of great wealth in the palatial homes, each gated and guarded by unsmiling men in crisp uniforms.

But mostly we focus on traditional crafts and traditional ways: hand-tied rugs, block printed fabrics, blue pottery, tapestries woven on ancient looms with gossamer threads. For all the chaos of traffic and construction, the people we meet are kind and patient whether they are explaining their arts, helping us cross a street or selling us flowers. Yet we can't ignore the other reality of India: hunger and poverty that may have no equal. As Siddhartha found riding from his father's castle for the first time, sometime before 400 BC, there is no escaping the suffering in India.

India is the second largest country in the world. Its economy is only now rebounding from years of conflict and colonization – just as a global recession threatens to undermine that progress. But the gap between rich and poor remains extreme. And a temperate climate allows the poorest to survive on the streets, making them more visible through the windows of the West.

DRIVEWAY OF THE RAMADA PLAZA INN IN NEW DELHI, THROUGH THE VAN WINDOW: On our first morning in India, as we prepared to fly to Jodhpur, a young girl tapped at the van window then tapped her mouth: "I am hungry." Inside the van, we looked away. We have been warned against giving money to beggars, who might be

pawns working in organized rackets. But I trembled with the effort of avoiding the girl's eyes. She wore a grimy tattered shift, and had just one arm. I fumbled with the window latch and handed her 10 rupee – about a quarter. She smiled and won another 10 rupee. Our guide gave me what became a familiar scowl.

Two weeks later, as we load to leave for the airport and our trip home, the same girl taps on the window of the van. This time I ask and learn her name is Munji. She is older than I thought, perhaps 15, maybe 20. We chat in gestures and a few shared words. She grins and backs up so I can take her picture, then waves as we pull away. All the way home, and even now, I wonder what Munji, an untouchable in Indian society, could do with a little financial support – some micro-credit. I wonder if she goes home with her face tired from smiling at tourists all day.

JANUARY 8, VARANASI, ON THE BANKS OF THE GANGES: When that poster fluttered its invitation to me last summer, it was Varanasi that beckoned. Varanasi, also known as Benares or Kashi, is the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world according to Indian scholars. It is built on the ruins of older cities that stretch to the dawn of time. It is sacred to Hindus as the home of the god and goddess, Shiva and Parvati, and to Buddhists as the home of Siddhartha Gautama, known as the Buddha after his enlightenment. There's more of everything here: more beggars, more holy men, more sellers, more dirt, more temples, more soldiers, all swirled together in a spicy blend that had me constantly tasting the air.

Shopping here becomes another window, as does bargaining. India has the highest density of retail shops of any country in the world – more than 15 million – 95 percent of which are in stalls or on the streets. (The U.S. has about 900,000 stores with a market that is 13 times

larger in terms of value.) In India retail provides the most jobs after agriculture, mostly through tiny, family-owned shops. The progression up the economic ladder climbs from beggar to trinket seller, then to a cart or a blanket on the street, then a stall fitted with overhead doors that are padlocked at night. Tourists are encouraged to bargain and to spend, and so we do – some with care and some with abandon. I am the abandoned one: soft-touch sensualist who cannot get enough of the fabrics, scents and tastes spread before us.

One shop owner snorts when I say 250 rupees – about \$5 – is too much for a canvas bag. “You people, all you ever say is ‘too much,’ ” he grumbles. Is he gaming me? I walk on, feeling embarrassed and defensive. Then I realize: the shop owner, too, is a window, one with a view into ordinariness. For us, this is an exotic adventure. For him, it's another day at work. He will go home with sore feet and a headache from dealing with tourists. I return to his stall and pay the Ru250.

I am no more able to deny the beggars of Varanasi, especially the women and girls who carry babies whose bloated, malnourished bellies serve as a further persuasion. Through the van window, I again speak without shared language to a woman who begs with a toddler and a teenage girl. They are harassed by a group of boys who call them “dirty” and “ugly,” and chide me for talking to them. Finally, the girl spits on the ground to show her disdain for their insults. Then she and the older woman smile for my camera, trying to cover their black and missing teeth. I give them a little money. Our driver walks back to shut my window and draw the curtain.

JANUARY 10, 2009, SEAT 34L: My seatmates are sleeping. I close my shade and click through 437 photographs. Every digital impression

peers into another culture, but also into myself. As we leave, we are eager to return to the privileges we take for granted, abundant toilet paper and water treatment plants high on that list. We carry back trinkets and pictures to share with friends and to sustain our memories. Of course, we are clutching at glimpses. India is much more than the six cities we visited; each city is more than its tourist attractions. Yet through the gauzy windows of our little van, the symmetrical archways of palaces and the eyes of our new friends, we see our own lives in fresh ways. We fell in love, and eventually we fell back to earth.

FEBRUARY 2009, THROUGH MY KITCHEN WINDOW: Moonlit snow in Moorhead, Minn., lacks the surreal quality of India from 30,000 feet. The intensity of my Indian adventures has had a chance to cool and integrate. There is no money tree rising through the frozen ground of my back yard. But I nurture the seeds of many stories and that is enough. I have always prided myself on my sense of adventure and was humbled to learn that I am more homebound and less flexible than I believed.

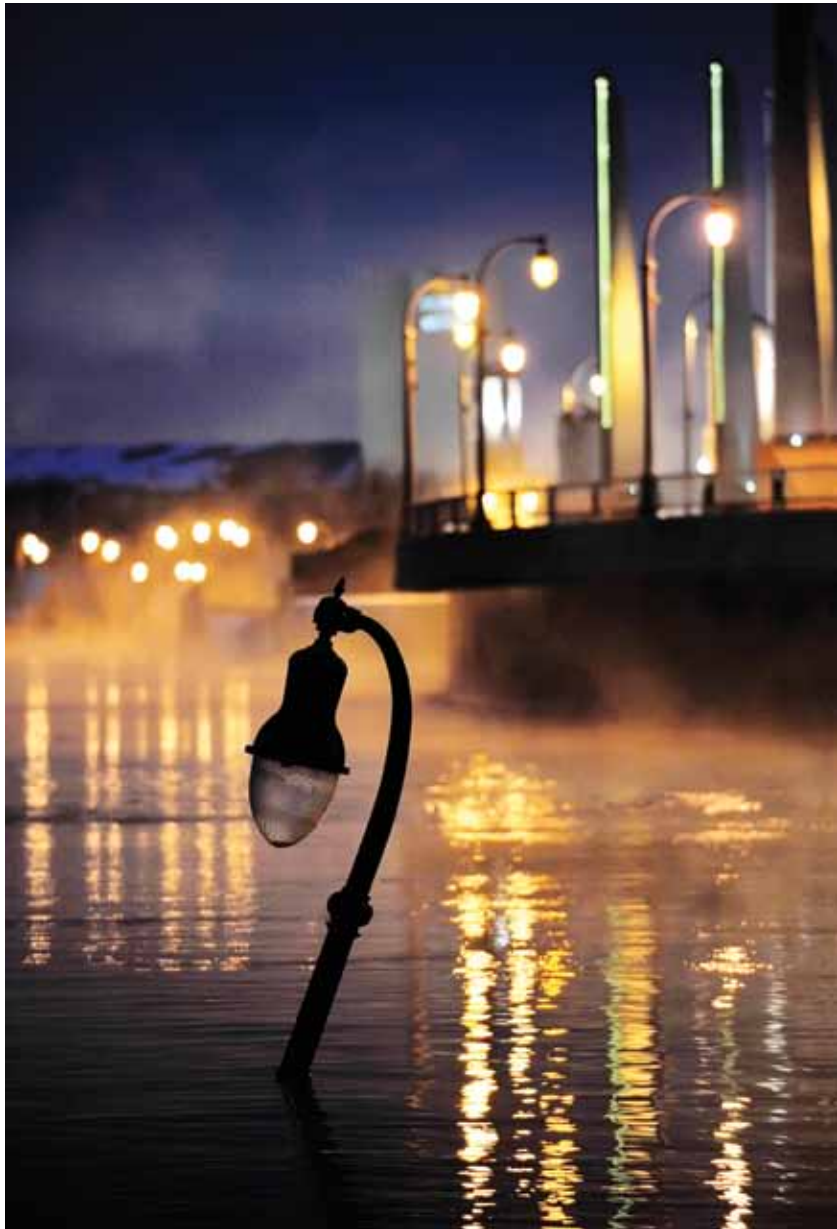
I hope to go back to India some day and spend more time, perhaps a year. But I know that even if we travel openhearted, hoping for epiphany or transformation, the view of another culture is screened by our emotions and deeply rooted beliefs. I had only a little glimpse of India and it changed me – or so I hope. We can't live another's life, but can't we dare to enrich our own by trying to understand others? Look as closely as possible at someone else and you will see yourself. That's what happened to me. Windows are for illumination, for seeing out of our safe places so we can choose to risk the world beyond the glass.

—Laurie Baker



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