he decade immediately following World War II brought dramatic changes to the social and political landscape of America. Reed, despite its location far from the metropolitan centers of cultural production, was no exception. Partly because it is so modest in scale, the story of the Warm Springs Project—unfolding on an out-of-the-way Indian reservation and at a small liberal arts college in a provincial Northwest timber town—allows an intimate glimpse at the forces that were reshaping American society. In particular, it permits us to see how these forces played out among an intensely local network of homegrown intellectuals, many of whom would go on to acquire genuinely international stature in academia and the arts: from sociolinguistics and ethnobotany, to film and poetry.

The Warm Springs Project was a multi-year collaborative program of anthropological and other field research organized by David French ’39 (1918–1994), who taught anthropology at Reed from 1947 to 1988, and his colleague and wife, Kathrine S. (“Kay”) French (1922–2006), also an anthropologist (both held Columbia Ph.D.s). Combining outside funding from the Social Science Research Council (SSRC) and the Wenner-Gren Foundation with support from the college, the Frenches brought a series of Reed students to live and work on the Warm Springs Indian Reservation in Central Oregon (100 miles east of Portland on the high Columbia River plateau). The project was active between 1950 and 1956—mostly in summer, with shorter trips during the school year when possible. Several of the students produced senior theses out of the research they did on the reservation. Some applied for and received direct support for their individual research projects from the SSRC, while others took jobs on the reservation fighting fires, logging, or working in Indian schools. Many had the crucial additional support of the G.I. Bill, a pension from military service, or the equivalent. Most grew up in the Pacific Northwest, often in families of modest means but serious political commitments; as “veterans” in one sense or another, many had recently seen much of the world, including the then “Far East.”

As a group, they were significantly older than today’s undergraduates—many taking up or returning to college at age 25 or older. The dislocations of World War II (and soon, Korea) were experiences they shared with a cohort of newly-arrived younger faculty members; the Frenches, after all, were scarcely a decade older than many of their early students. For David French, the theme of a “return” after the dislocations of the war years must have operated on multiple levels: he’d attended Reed himself as an anthropology student from 1936 to 1939 and both of his parents, as well as an aunt, had graduated from Reed with the class of 1915.

So in one sense, the story of the Warm Springs Project is about the emergence of a cosmopolitan intellectual elite: people whose recognizably “modernist” sensibilities were reflected in their enthusiastic involvement in movements associated with abstract art, modern literature and/or the sciences, non-Western (i.e., Asian or indigenous) religions, and progressive (usually, Marxist) politics.

The importance of the G.I. Bill, and of this unique convergence of demographic and social forces in the postwar moment, can’t be overstated. The effects of similar large-scale forces were also felt in other out-of-the-way places, such as Black Mountain College in North Carolina, at exactly the same time; but they converged in particular ways in the Reed context, and in the Pacific Northwest more generally, to set the conditions under which this remarkable group emerged.

THE INVISIBLE COLLEGE

If the scale of the story is modest, the ambitions—and subsequent accomplishments—of its protagonists are decidedly not. In fact, the most astonishing thing about the Warm Springs Project is not so much what the participants actually did during their (admittedly unusual) summer vacations, but what the project’s various alumni/ae went on to do later.

Robert Ornduff ’53 became the dean of California botanists and served for decades as curator of the UC–Berkeley Herbarium; Gary Snyder ’51 would shortly
become the hero of Jack Kerouac’s *Dharma Bums*, and would later earn a Pulitzer Prize in poetry, among other honors; Harry Paget ’52 was already an experimental filmmaker as an undergraduate (and would go on to produce, among other things, the ultimate Reed recruiting film, *Different Drummer*); Edward B. Harper ’51 and Michael Mahar ’53 became prominent social anthropologists of religion and village life (respectively) in India; Bruce Voeller ’56 became an eminent biochemist and an important early gay rights activist, and in the 1980s would coin the term “Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome” (AIDS); Gail Kelly ’55, would herself inspire (and terrify) generations of Reed undergraduates as a member of Reed’s anthropology department; Dell Hymes ’50 has been a prolific and paradigm-setting linguistic anthropologist, serving as the president of the American Anthropological Association, the Linguistic Society of America, and the American Folklore Society (see “The Ways We Speak,” page 28). And this is only a partial list. A more diverse, and diversely accomplished, cast of characters could scarcely be assembled. And yet they were, in a sense, “assembled” by the Frenches and Reed.

Histories of this or that academic discipline sometimes work by tabulating scholars’ citations of one another’s work in published sources; more nuanced accounts sometimes trace the circulation of ideas and methods through what the sociologist Robert Merton called “invisible colleges.” Here we may be dealing with something more evanescent even than an “invisible college.” But thanks to the voluminous archive of correspondence, writings, ethnographic field notes, photographs, and related material carefully preserved by David and Kay French over sixty years—and recently deposited with Special Collections at Reed’s Eric V. Hauser Memorial Library (as part of the Frenches’ legacy to the college), as well as the Suzzallo Library at the University of Washington in Seattle—the story can be told for the first time.

**PLANNING**

Soon after their first trips to the Warm Springs Reservation in 1949, the Frenches glimpsed the opportunity for fieldwork. Having established good relationships with key people in the Indian community, they enticed several Reed students to come to the reservation, and by 1950 had set about seeking support from the college and outside sources for their anthropological work.

On June 26, 1950, David French wrote to Morris Edward Opler, who had been his anthropology mentor at Reed (and whom he followed in 1939 to Pomona College in California, where Opler introduced him to Kay Story, his future spouse). Opler was now at Cornell, and well positioned with respect to the Ford Foundation and other new funding sources for social science research. The tone of French’s letter is casual, even intimate:

> Dear Morrie,
> It’s about time for a general recapitulation of news from Oregon . . . Mostly I have been teaching school, which at Reed somehow manages to be about all one does. I believe you got some writing done; practically none of the present faculty do any research or writing, even in the summer time.

*I believe you got some writing done*. Here is a recurrent aria in French’s correspondence from 1947 into the 1980s: the difficulty of finding time to write and conduct research when faced with a Reed-sized teaching burden.

Continuing in the same newsy vein, French describes his students, first mentioning Harry Paget, whose thesis film *Return to the River* chronicles—in footage that is now unforgettable and irreplaceable—the seasonal rhythms of Indian fishing on the Columbia River in the years just before the last large hydroelectric dams were built. He then moves on to Dell Hymes, a “smart fellow” whom he hopes might go on to study with Opler. Finally, French gets around to the pitch: he plans to submit Opler’s name as a reference for some grants to relieve his teaching load (some of which Kay will take on) and support the Warm Springs research.

Hymes, meanwhile, had decamped to Indiana University at Bloomington by this time; he had landed a $400 summer fieldwork grant to add to his G.I. Bill pay; and he was laying the groundwork for Gary Snyder to join him in grad school the following year. Snyder had spent the summer of 1951 at Warm Springs, after writing a joint anthropology/literature thesis on a myth of the Haida people (from the northern coast of British Columbia) under the direction of David French and Lloyd Reynolds; Hymes was already circulating a copy of Snyder’s B.A. thesis among the faculty at Indiana.

By mid-June, Hymes was back in Oregon to begin linguistic work on Wasco (also known as Kiksht), one of three distinct languages spoken at Warm Springs (the others being Numu/Paiute and Ichishkiin/Sahaptin). And the Frenches had introduced him to two Wasco speakers who would become his most important interlocutors over several decades of seminal anthropological and linguistic research: Philip Kahclamat—who had spent the 1932–33 school year at Yale serving as an informant in a course taught by the renowned linguist-anthropologist Edward Sapir (1884–1939)—and Hiram Smith, a member of a large and prosperous Wasco family at Warm Springs (the Smiths could count a Chinese railroad worker and an itinerant Jewish peddler among their ancestors). Kahclamat, who was killed in an altercation in 1958, was a mercurial presence, in remembrance of whom Hymes would write a poem 25 years later; Smith, on the other hand, became a steady presence in Hymes’ life—as a linguistic informant, friend, and perhaps surrogate father—until his own death in 1989.
but surely, she grew indignant. After exhortations and cajolings, she turned and left with the parting denunciation, “A helluva fine Indian you are!”

Hymes also reports news from Bloomington:
Gary is settled in till at least the end of the semester, perhaps for the entire year. [Carl] Voegelin [Hymes' thesis advisor] “intuited” Gary’s discomfort with the Air Force . . . So, he arranged for Gary to work in preparing exhibits for the museum being established, incidentally at more money. Gary can now get his teeth fixed, repay Reed, and keep a comfortable conscience. Voegelin’s comment when he asked me to relay the new job to Gary was, “Tell him he’ll go to jail soon enough.” (That is, no reason to drop out of school, therefore be forced to be a conscientious objector when summoned for draft, therefore go to jail since conscientious objectors now verboten.)

Hymes had spent much of that first summer of fieldwork with Hiram Smith on the fishing scaffolds at Celilo Falls (flooded to create The Dalles Dam in 1957). Taking breaks from the strenuous work of dip-netting salmon, Smith had narrated a handful of brief texts in Wasco that would form the basis for Hymes' first academic publication.

Back in Bloomington—now ensconced in an apartment located conveniently upstairs from a Chinese restaurant with Gary Snyder and a cat named Sapir—Hymes wrote to Kay French on November 8, 1951. He starts by reflecting on the summer’s experiences:

At Celilo I was very happy some of the time, mostly when Hiram, his partner and I were on the [fishing] scaffold. Tension seemed gone, for Hiram too. . . . We joked before you left Celilo concerning the vague status I had: when out on the fishing platform, who was I? Afterwards, I became wholly amorphous. One morning early I was wakened by a middle-aged Indian woman friend of the Smiths, who had met me once or twice. She urged me to go with her friends to buy them beer. When I was adamant, sleepily

Gary Snyder '51, Berkeley, California, 1955
THREE POEMS BY GARY SNYDER

Snow Flies, Burn Brush, Shut Down

A wide line of men in the open pine woods
diesel torches dripping flame
lava soil frost on the sagebrush
loggers walking from brushpile to brushpile
dark sky reddish from brushpiles burning.
At Sidwaler Butte three men on horseback
torches mounted on slender lances
crisscrossing miles of buttes and canyons

three men on horseback
hundreds of brushpiles aflame
steady light snow.

(end of the season, Warm Springs Oregon, 1954)

from Danger on Peaks (Shoemaker & Hoard, 2007)

Ray Wells, a big Nisqually, and I

Ray Wells, a big Nisqually, and I
each set a choker
On the butt-logs of two bit Larch
In a thornapple thicket and a swamp.
waiting for the Cat to come back,

"Yesterday we gelled some ponies"
"My father-in-law cut the skin on the balls"
"He's a Wasco and don't speak English"
"He grabs a handful of tubes and somehow cuts the right ones"

"The ball jumps out, the horse screams"
"But he's all tied up."
The Caterpillar clanked back down.
In the shadow of that racket
diesel and iron tread

I thought of Ray Wells' tipi out on the sage flat
The gelded ponies
Healing and grazing in the dead white heat.

from Myths and Texts (New Directions. YEAR)

A Berry Feast
for Joyce and Homer Matson

1

The color of mud, the smooth loper
Crapsuald old man, a drifter.
Praises of Coyote the Nasty, the fat
Puppy that abused himself, the ugly gambler,
Bringer of goodies.

In bearshit find it in August,
Neat pile on the fragrant trail, in late August, perhaps by a Larch tree
Bear has been eating the berries.
high meadow, late summer, snow gone
Blackbear eating berries, married
To a woman whose breasts bleed
From nursing the half-human cubs.

Somewhere of course there are people
collecting and junking, gibbering all day,

"Where I shoot my arrows"
"There is the sunflower's shade — song of the rattlesnake
coiled in the boulder's groin"
"'Kak, kak, kak!"
sang Coyote. Mating with
humankind —

The Chainsaw falls for boards of pine,
Suburban bedrooms, block on block
Will waver with this grain and knot,
The maddening shapes will start and fade
Each morning when commuters wake —

Joined boards hung on frames,
a box to catch the bipped in.

and shadow swings around the tree
Shifting on the berrybush
from leaf to leaf across each day
The shadow swings around the tree.

2

Three, down, through windows
Dawn leaping cats, all barred brown, grey
Whiskers aflame
bits of mouse on the tongue

Washing the coffeepot in the river
the baby yelling for breakfast,

Her breasts, black-nippled, blue-veined, heavy,
Hung through the loose shirt
squeezed, with the free hand
white jet in three cups.

Cats at dawn
derry derry down
creeks wash clean where trout hide
We chew the black plug
Sleep on needles through long afternoons

"you shall be owl"
"you shall be sparrow"
"you will grow thick and green, people"

Coyote: shot from the car, two ears,
A tail, bring bounty.

Clanks of tread
oxen of Shang
moving the measured road

Bronze bells at the throat
Bronze balls on the horns, the bright Oxen
Chanting through sunlight and dust
wheeling logs down hills
into heaps,

the yellow
Fat-snout Caterpillar, tread toppling forward
Leaf on leaf, roots in gold volcanic dirt.

When
Snow melts back
from the trees

Bare branches knobbled pine twigs
hot sun on wet flowers
Green shoots of huckleberry
Breaking through snow.

3

Belly stretched taut in a bulge
Breasts swelling as you guzzle beer, who wants Nirvana?
Here is water, wine, beer
Enough books for a week
A mess of afterbirth,
A smell of hot earth, a warm mist
Steam from the crotch

"You can't be killers all your life"
"The people are coming —"

Revived him, limp rag of fur in the river
Drowned and drifting, fish-food in the shallows,
"Fuck you!" sang Coyote

and ran.

Delicate blue-black, sweeter from meadows
Small and tart in the valleys, with light blue dust
Huckleberries scatter through pine woods
Crowd along gullies, climb dusty cliffs,
Spread through the air by birds;
Find them in droppings of bear.

"Stopped in the night"
"Ate hot pancakes in a bright room"
"Drank coffee, read the paper"
"In a strange town, drove on,
singing, as the drunkard swerved the car"

"Wake from your dreams, bright ladies!"
"Tighten you legs, squeeze demons from the crotch with rigid thighs"

"Young red-eyed men will come"
"With limp erections, snuffing cries"
"To dry your stiffening bodies in the sun!"

Woke at the beach. Grey dawn,
Drenched with rain. One naked man
Frying his horsemeat on a stone.

4

Coyote yaps, a knife!
Sunrise on yellow rocks.
People gone, death no disaster,
Clear sun in the scrubbed sky
clean and bright
Lizards scurry from darkness
We lizards sun on yellow rocks.

See, from the foothills
Shred of river glistening, trailing,
To flatlands, the city:

glare of haze in the valley horizon
Sun caught on glass gleams and goes.
From cool springs under cedar
On his haunches, white grin,

long tongue panting, he watches:

A mess of afterbirth,
A smell of hot earth, a warm mist
Steam from the crotch

Dead city in dry summer,
Where berries grow.

from The Back Country, (New Directions, 1957)
“Regards to the anthropologists at Reed, sapient and incipient,” Hymes concludes, “any part of this letter is o.k. for public consumption.” To Hymes’ signature Snyder adds a “hello” in all capital letters, but spelling the l’s with Greek lambdas and attaching his initials. (“HEΛΛO!”) and attaching his initials.

AT UNCLE AVEX’S HOUSE

By the summer of 1952, the SSRC Fellowship had come through, and the Frenches were getting established at Warm Springs in a creekside house that was formerly inhabited by Avex Miller, the uncle of a local friend. Ed Harper—whom David had sent to Cornell to study with Opler—had returned, and on August 25, 1952, wrote a letter to an unknown person (probably a Cornell friend) that is preserved among the Frenches’ papers. “Greetings from the wilds of Oregon,” Harper begins:

Field work continues at Warm Springs. Dave and Kay are hard at work on an ethnobotany, while sandwiching other kinds of work inbetween. Also Mike Mahar is working for the Indian service, and in time off doing field work. In addition there is a fellow named Bob Wallace who is doing some work on Sahaptin child training under a SSRC grant. I find a fairly large group of people all working on different projects to be quite stimulating—much exchange of data, comparison of notes, and even exchanging gossip about informants.

Of course, the “informants”—who quickly became accustomed to the arrival each summer of a revolving cast of Reedeys—exchanged gossip about them, too, carefully noting their comings and goings and savoring their eccentricities; details (including nicknames given to members of the Reed crew) were still being recounted in the 1980s when I was at Warm Springs doing my own linguistic and anthropological fieldwork.

The quality of life at “Uncle Avex’s house”—to which a second house was later added in a neighborhood of then-new Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) housing called Hollywood—emerges

...swimming in the hot afternoons, and evenings seem to have been given over to anthropological “shop-talk” and some card-playing (Harper warns David French in one letter not to “mark the cards” until he gets there).

By July 1953, David French was in Ann Arbor attending a symposium, and Kay was writing him frequent letters updating him on activities in and around Uncle Avex’s house. One student, she writes on July 4, 1953, “has not done much in regard to his own [thesis] problem, and was somewhat worried about it. . . . I talked to him one night and it seems all he needs is a little reassurance and pushing which I can probably provide.” Another student has “apparently set up so many deadlines (‘I’ll be done by Friday afternoon’, etc.) that her parents got thoroughly insecure and she reacts negatively to their pressure. [X] tells her not to get paranoid and not to let herself see things entirely in their frame of reference, etc., etc.”

Don’t get paranoid—this is 1953, recall; but most of all, don’t see things entirely in your parents’ frame of reference! The Frenches were not functioning in loco parentis—far from it—but rather as colleagues, and as sources of advice and support when needed, functions that were also performed by fellow students.

Kay goes on to report a conversation with the BIA Superintendent of the Reservation, “in which he learned, apparently for the first time, that Indians spoke different languages. So the light of learning spreads.”

MOVING ON

In a letter to Harper of April 9, 1953, David French reflects on what is by now a going concern:

The question of my tenure and promotion to associate professor is now official and non-secret. We have been gradually replanning our Warm Springs work. . . . Beyond the summer, the plan is to work slowly and carefully on the various facets of Warm Springs research which will inevitably be unfinished. I see no reason why we cannot stretch some of this out over a period of years the way Kluckhohn has done at Ramah. For one thing, it will remain a good student training area. Then beyond the purely scientific considerations, is the fact that the work there has assumed emotional importance for both of us. We feel constructive or productive and become better prepared for life in Portland and for teaching.

This reference to what “Kluckhohn has done at Ramah” helps to put the Warm Springs Project into a wider context. Harvard University’s “Values in Five Cultures” project—overseen by the anthropologist Clyde Kluckhohn (1905–1960), laboring under the watchful eye of Talcott Parsons (1902–1979)—brought together a team of sociologists, anthropologists, psychologists, and philosophers to conduct fieldwork in five culturally
distinct but geographically contiguous New Mexico communities: the Mormon town of Ramah, a settlement of Texans at Fence Lake, Zuni Pueblo, the Hispano community of San Rafael, and the Ramah Navajo community. Begun in 1949 and supported by two grants of $100,000 each from the Rockefeller Foundation, the project produced a stream of Ph.D. theses, monographs, and books between 1949 and 1956.

Reed’s Warm Springs Project was much more modest in size and scope. But at a total cost of less than 5 percent of the Harvard project, it left—through the subsequent activities of its participants—a remarkable impact on anthropology, and on the arts and sciences more broadly. Through it all, the Frenches built a significant body of work of their own. Starting in 1951, Kay French began the systematic examination of “social ceremonials” at Warm Springs—community observances of milestones in the life-cycle, such as birth, marriage, and death—that would form the basis of her 1955 Columbia Ph.D. thesis; in the mid-1980s she collaborated with Yvonne Hajda ’55 (née Phillips) on a study of how these same ceremonies had changed (or not) over the intervening thirty years.

David French, meanwhile, had become absorbed in ethnobotany—native people’s names for, concepts about, and uses of plants and plant products. He later published a monographic history of Wasco-Wishram contact with EuroAmerican society, and beginning in the 1970s spent an increasing amount of his time preparing dictionary entries for an exhaustive lexicon of the Wasco language, working in collaboration with Michael Silverstein of the University of Chicago and Dell Hymes.

Hymes would go on to pioneering work on the narrative and verbal art of native peoples, focusing especially on the Kiksht-speaking Wasco-Wishram, and along the way developing concepts and approaches—such as the “ethnography of speaking” and the notion of “cultural” or “communicative competence”—that are so ingrained today in the fields of sociolinguistics, anthropology, and education that many practitioners may not even associate them with his name.

In the final analysis, the “Warm Springs Project” needs to be understood within a larger cultural and historical frame of reference, insofar as it emerged in the tension between self-knowledge and knowledge of “others” that has characterized anthropology and the arts alike. If World War II changed American cultural consciousness of its place in the world on a collective level, it also transformed the consciousness of the post-service generation who, in the late 1940s, were returning to college, either as students or as faculty members. The Warm Springs Project was animated by this new self-knowledge, and by a yearning for knowledge in America of “other cultures”—cultures now discoverable within its boundaries, even if first encountered outside them.

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LINGUISTICS TODAY AT REED

The linguistics department formally joined the division of philosophy, religion, psychology, and linguistics in the 2007–08 academic year. With a history that reaches back 50 years to a single but regularly offered course in general linguistics—often taught by anthropology professor David French—the two-professor department now stands on equal footing with Reed’s other academic majors. Advanced linguistics and courses in language and culture have been offered at Reed since the 1970s. In 1985, a multi-year position created in linguistics with outside funding was filled by John Haviland, a linguist formally trained in anthropology. Reed instituted a faculty-approved interdisciplinary major in linguistics in 1990, and in 2005, with the recommendation of an ad hoc committee, linguistics became its own department.

Chair and assistant professor Matt Pearson ’92, one of the department’s two faculty members, teaches formal linguistic theory, historical linguistics, the syntax-semantics interface, and Austronesian. Visiting assistant professor Stephen Hibbard teaches socio-cultural linguistics, semiotic theory, dialectology, and Polish. Reed is seeking funding to endow a second tenure-track position in the department, and a variety of linguistics or linguistics-related courses are offered by faculty members in other departments. In anthropology, Robert Brightman ’73, Ruth C. Greenberg Professor of American Indian Studies, has taught linguistics courses since joining the faculty in 1989. Faculty members Enriqueta Canseco-Gonzalez (associate professor of psychology) and Rupert Stasch ’91 (associate professor of anthropology) have also taught linguistics courses in recent years.
Live | Work Space

The Frenches’ basement, 2007
Each time I view these photographs—and I find myself revisiting them from time to time because of the peculiar mixture of inspiration and uneasiness that they elicit—I vividly recall the first time I descended the steep, linoleum-covered stairs into the study of David and Kay French in their home across the street from Reed. The walls of the dim stairway were covered with art posters and political ephemera, intermingled with signs in different Native American languages. One particular sign—a dignified-looking sentence (probably Tlingit) printed on faded yellow paper—hung across the stairwell, marking the territory like a proverb across the lintel of a monastic chamber. I couldn’t read it, but it spoke to me nonetheless: “This space is for the initiated,” it seemed to suggest. As I reached the bottom of the stairs, I caught the smell of age, of musty paper and old firewood. Turning to my right into the dull yellow fluorescent light, I entered the space you see here.

The room, it was clear, had not been touched. Emeritus professor of anthropology David French ’39 died in 1994; Kay, who was an anthropologist and health policy expert at Oregon Health & Science University and Reed, died in June 2006. And that’s why I was there in the fall of 2006, to facilitate the organization and cataloguing of the Frenches’ collection of art and artifacts. David’s study would be catalogued by linguists and librarians, but I wanted to investigate on my own. Of all the spaces in the Frenches’ home, the study possessed an undeniable magic; and in truth, it was strewn with magical objects. Every shelf and surface had been put to the service of knowledge: books overflowed from shelves into teetering stacks, slumping piles of file folders spilled articles and student papers, boxes of index cards and slides were wedged into every cranny.

Over the next year, I spent a lot of time there, usually in small doses, carefully looking over the material that David and Kay had collected and generated during their rich, productive lives. Each area of the room contained a different, comprehensive library on a variety of subjects. Some of the more unusual and interesting included Native American botany, early American cooking, science fiction literature (including boxes of 1930s and ’40s Science Fiction magazines), and, of course, countless books on Native American and First Nations cultures.

The physical and psychic impression of knowledge, and the evidence of time spent in scholarship within the space, was overwhelming, and, of course, completely Reed. The room felt intimate and private; yet there was evidence that David and Kay used the study as a social space as well. Extra chairs blocked aisles and leaned into corners, and the bar was stacked with dusty liquor bottles and a large collection of drinking glasses.

I began asking people who knew and studied with the Frenches whether they had been to the basement study or knew anything about it. The question elicited effusive and detailed descriptions, and almost everyone’s responses told the same story: that the study was, in truth, an alternative pedagogical space—adjacent with, but even more intimate than, Reed itself—an extension, perhaps, of Reed’s core values and modes of interaction. It was a working archive that supported David’s teaching and the research of his students, some of whom became his friends and eventually his colleagues.

Digging deeper, I found that David and Kay utilized each of their Portland residences in this manner. The Frenches moved to the home on Woodstock Boulevard in Eastmoreland (pictured here) after living in a Sellwood bungalow. The general rhythm was that David would come home from Reed in the late afternoon or early evening, he and Kay would nap, and around 9 p.m. they would wake up, eat a late supper, and head downstairs to work and socialize into the wee hours of the morning.

One former student described the scene as an informal seminar. David sat at his desk, deeply engaged simultaneously in speaking, listening, and reading, a drink close at hand. The anecdotes I have heard remind me of the classic “Reed houses”—1414 Lambert, the “R House,” or the “Fridge” (where I used to study with my Ancient Greek tutor)—liminal spaces where the values and methodologies of a Reed education were extended into everyday life, creating community and transgressing hierarchies.

—Stephanie Snyder ’91, director, Douglas F. Cooley Memorial Art Gallery