

I first knew of Sandi before I came to UO through her writing about welfare reform.

I met her in person first on this campus, when, after I had been accepted to the anthropology PhD program as her student, she invited me to come for a visit. I remember sitting in her office in Susan Campbell Hall, the big one with the leaded windows and deep leather chairs, and talking, not just about the project I wanted to do, which was ill-formed and idealistic in many ways, but about why I wanted to do this degree at all and what we had to offer each other as student and teacher. In my memory, Sandi had a small but big quality about her. She was a physically small woman. But, she was also a force. Thick red hair, big smile, direct with her opinions, warm in her manner. I remember she asked me why, if job prospects are bad and the PhD is a slog, did I want to do it at all? I answered that I had done many jobs, but what I was seeking was a rich and meaningful intellectual life. That to me it seemed like the best kind of life. And she said, I think so, too.

I had rarely had such a frank conversation in an academic setting, one that was intellectual as well as full of feeling and politics. I was drawn in by it, given confidence in myself and in the process of the degree. It was my first real experience of Sandi's perspective on mentor-student relationships and on academic inquiry for that matter – that these could and should encapsulate values, political allegiances, personality, and feeling, as well as intellect, integrity, and rigorous research.

What I experienced in that first meeting, I continued to experience throughout the time I knew Sandi and I don't think I was alone in this. I had both the sad work and great benefit of being in contact with 5 other of Sandi's students, among them Gennie, Kari, Barbara, Jill, and Joe, in

preparing for today. It was amazing how similarly we valued Sandi's mentorship, how similar the qualities we named, even though the stories we told to communicate them differed between us. We described Sandi's mentorship as fierce, sometimes intimidating, and no-nonsense as well as nurturing, confidence-building, personal, and sincere.

As Kari most succinctly put it, Sandi had a "say it like it is-ness" about her that made you trust her, and as Gennie, in particular, noted, an ability to hold back and let her students pursue their own intellectual passions and definitions of success, even when we were struggling to articulate those passions and goals to ourselves. She criticized to support our endeavours. Her praise was given only when meant, and so it was bolstering to receive.

Joe is convinced that Sandi chose the headstrong students on purpose, those who would come forward with their own ideas and wouldn't melt in the face of criticism. She often chose to mentor students with a strong activist background or with strong political orientations and he wondered if this was perhaps because we reminded her of herself. While such students can prove frustrating for their mentors, Sandi didn't shy away from the challenge, and often with great effort on her part pushed us to be disciplined and deep thinking academics.

She was a role model, too, modeling critical race and class-conscious feminist theory and practice, academic rigor combined with intellectual and public activism, respectful and thoughtful undergraduate education, and how to have a full, rich, and pleasurable life that included serious professional commitments, family, friendship, and joy. For her students who have already gone on to professional lives in academia, like Kari, Barbara, and Jill, Sandi's

example still provides guidance and reassurance in difficult professional moments. For all of us, she is still cherished as a role model and friend.

Lastly, Sandi allowed herself to be a whole person, showing her feelings readily, including with her students. Sometimes this meant you knew she was down, and not just about the cancer, but about life, the stresses of work, the stresses of the world and of political losses. Other times she was upbeat, or joking, witty, irreverent, and even ribald: swearing and references to sex, while never out of line, were not off the table either. This willingness to be fully herself, even with her students, allowed us to know her more deeply, and it gave us permission to express our full selves in an environment that sometimes seems to value intellect over all other human capacities. Us graduate students shared meals at her house, met members of her family, shared walks, novels and poetry, ice cream, and chocolate bars with her.

Sandi was a great teacher and a wonderful human being. Criticism and care, intellect and empathy were two sides of the same coin for her and in every interaction, she welcomed the wholeness of her humanity and ours. These qualities will be missed. Sandi is missed.

— Kathleen Piovesan, Graduate Student, Department of Anthropology, University of Oregon