

ETHOS

Summer 2011 Volume 3 Issue 4



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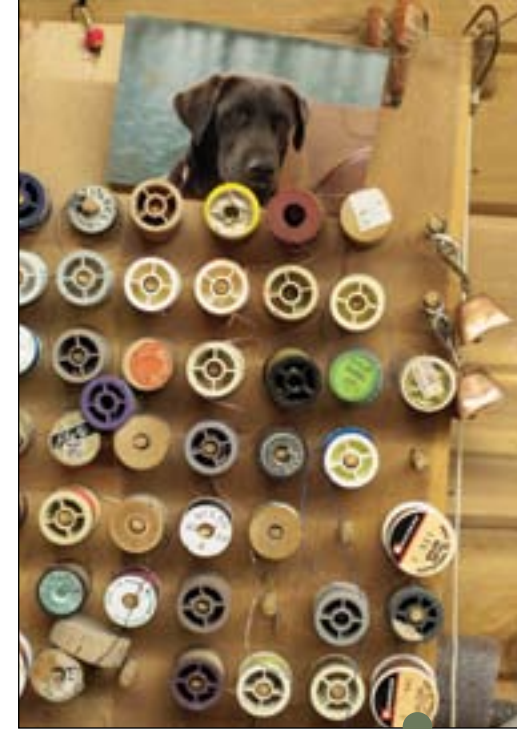
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EDITOR'S NOTE

ETHOS



There's nothing worse or more awkward than a drawn-out goodbye. Comparable to the cringe-worthy spectacle of rambling Oscar-night thank-yous and award acceptances, a bloated departure is by many standards, a farewell waste of time. But in my last term atop the masthead, I can't help but feel inclined to wax poetic about the unbelievable amount of progress *Ethos* has made in 2010.

In 2011, *Ethos Magazine* received several national awards including its first ever Gold Crown Award for overall magazine excellence from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. One of only six national collegiate publications awarded a Gold Crown, among first-place winners, *Ethos* was the only fully independent student publication—a tremendous feat considering its haphazard inception from rogue business project turned top-tier magazine.

We continue this tradition of innovative journalism in our summer issue, by inviting you on a journey that veers slightly off from the expected. From scouting for Sasquatch to a cross-section glimpse of Eugene's counterculture through the years, *Ethos* presents a cornucopia of culturally enlightening stories to help kick off your summer.

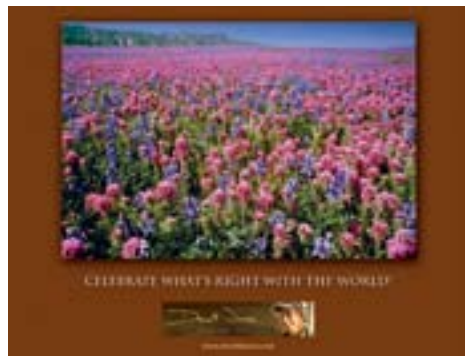
You'd think after cranking out almost a dozen issues in three years, the completion of a new issue comes as no big news. But as my tenth issue on staff comes to a wrap, I can't help but still be amazed at the talent, commitment, and raw enthusiasm each and every member of our ninety-plus staff puts forth. It's been a privilege to have been involved in and oversee such an amazing publication that continues to push the limits.

In the words of Dewitt Jones, a world-famous *National Geographic* photographer with whom we had the opportunity to interview, we encourage you to explore culture and "celebrate what's right with the world."

백승지

Suji Paek
Editor in Chief

We were lucky enough to feature artwork from Dewitt Jones, a nationally recognized photographer. For more of his photos visit <http://blog.celebratewhatsright.com>.



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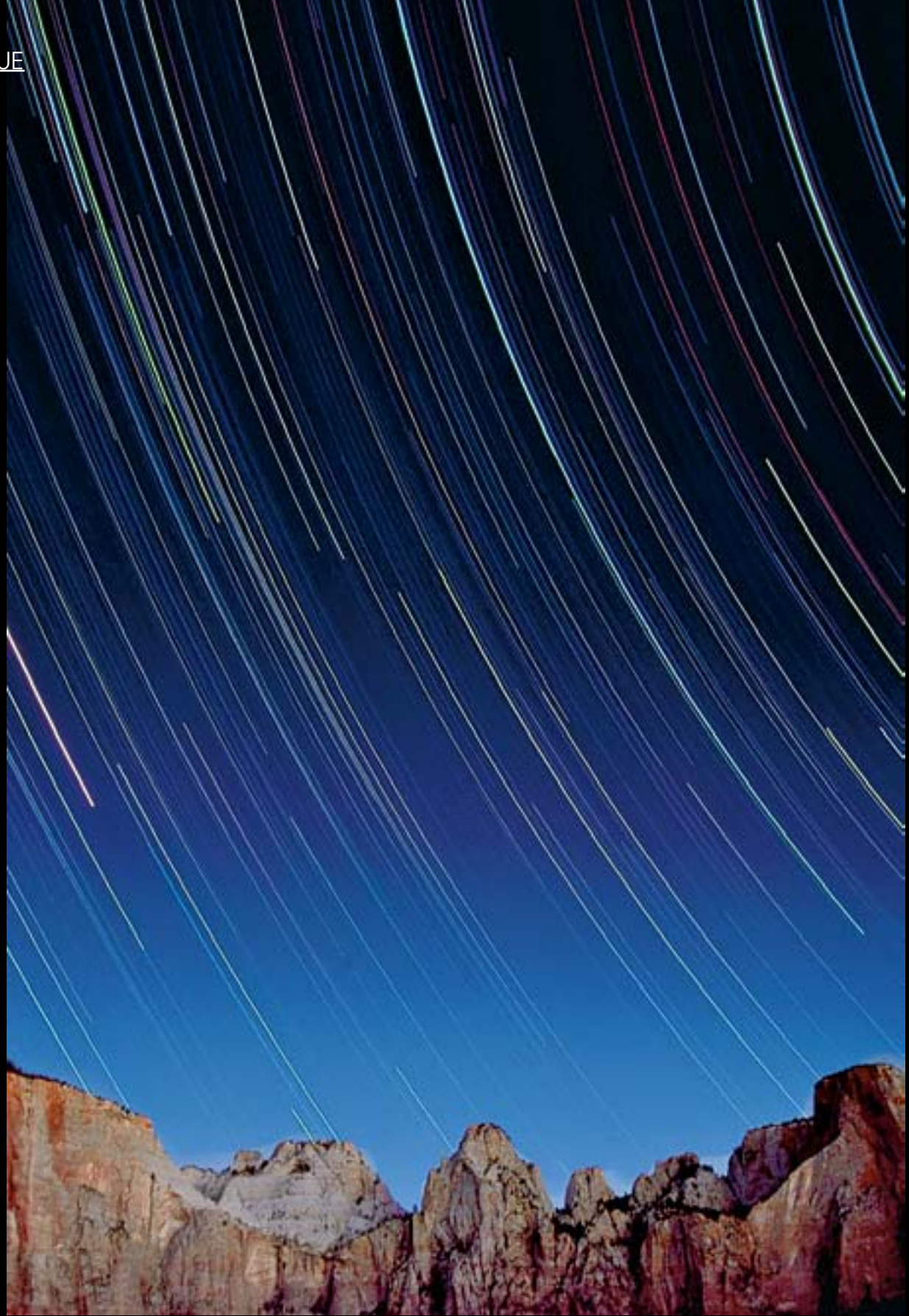
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Congratulations to the *Ethos* staff, both past and present, for its award-winning work. For its 2010-2011 issues, *Ethos* received its first College Gold Crown Award for the Columbia Scholastic Press Association, was a Magazine Pacemaker Finalist for Associated Collegiate Press, and received a William Randolph Hearst award for editorial writing.

PHOTO BLAKE HAMILTON



The Right Side of Life

A renowned photographer's view through an optimistic lens.

PHOTOS DEWITT JONES

Every day, people are presented with unfortunate news, sights, events, and opinions, making the blissful aspects of life oftentimes feel out of reach. But instead of focusing on the negative parts of life, what if we concentrated on the illustrious and bountiful splendors of the world? What would the world look like if everybody celebrated what was going right instead of what was going wrong?

Dewitt Jones, a world-renowned photographer and avid supporter of this approach on life, shares his inspiration with others through his project, "Celebrate What's Right with the World." Jones, who worked with *National Geographic* for over twenty years, is an accomplished photojournalist and motivational keynote speaker. His work provides inspiration for those who want to incorporate the same optimism into their own work.

On his *National Geographic* assignments, Jones was told to get out there and celebrate what was right with the world. Jones interpreted this to mean finding the beauty in life that should not be overlooked, but rather, be brought to light and celebrated. After practicing and adhering to this mantra for a number of years, Jones decided that this philosophy should be shared with others, and thus, "Celebrate What's Right with the World" was born.

Once a week, Jones posts a photograph of something that inspires and reminds him of his gratitude for the world around him. Through his celebration of life and everything in it, Jones has inadvertently created a movement that is now spreading like wildfire. Fourteen thousand people already receive his photographs via social media networks, and are encouraged to pursue their own personal ways of celebrating and appreciating life. Whether it is through photography, music, writing, or working with others, each individual has the capability to move others to do the same, paralleling the idea of "paying it forward." And hopefully, in accordance to Jones' principle, one person's excitement and energy on the copious amount of wonder in the world will become contagious and positive feelings will spread.

Dewitt, how and when did this project come to you?

The title originally came from *National Geographic*. They would tell me on assignments to take time to celebrate what was beautiful, and the more I thought about it, the more I lived it, and the more I knew I had to practice it. Now that I'm semi-retired, I have a little more time to play with the idea. The idea to share my photos came about fairly recently, in the last year or so. I started with no mailing list and now it's almost 14,000, so people seem to think it's a good idea. I really didn't try to make an effort to get this out to people until recently, but it has been in my speeches and videos for a while. It makes me look at life in a different light. I'm not trying to sell anything, just get people to say, 'How good is this?!' Now I want to make a website about it, which will help people get into it too.

How do you think photos portray your idea for this project better than other forms of journalism?

I'm not sure that they do. People can do all sorts of forms of journalism that would be great as well. For me, I've taken a lot of pictures of what is beautiful in the world—from the big to the small, Yosemite to clothespins on a clothesline. It's just opening yourself up to the beauty surrounding you. Landscapes, flowers, animals, people. I can do that with my camera so I can show people what they don't usually see and when you look at it, think about celebrating what's right with the world. It's not only photographs. There are lots of ways to celebrate, this is just my way but everybody could do their own.



How is this project different from your other photography work?

Well, in terms of the basic photography it's not different. I've always taken pictures of things that I love. Most of my time is as a nature photographer. It's more a question of what I'm trying to do with those photographs and the intentions behind them. They are not just for a gallery or for your wall. I'm using those pictures to help somebody see something in a different way. If I was just trying to make money I'd do something different. It is not about monetary gain whatsoever.

What is the goal, in your eyes, of being part of this social idea? Why do you think it is good for people to know about 'Celebrate What's Right with the World?'

I think that our country is very polarized right now. One of the major culprits of that is easy access to media, and it gets people excited. The media makes everything into a crisis, into something where people either win or lose. My feeling is we should spend more of our lives in cooperation than competition. We talk about winners and losers all the time, but if we stop and look at it, life is more about cooperation. Most of our pain is self-made. I don't have a specific goal, but if people feel a little better about their lives and put out goodness instead of darkness, then it will help change the world, though I'm not trying to be a messiah about this, I'm just doing what I feel is good and if people agree, then great! I don't know what the world needs; it's just my contribution. That's how I'd like people to do it, in their own positive way. It's not a religion or a right path, it's my path, and people seem to resonate with it so I will share what I can with them.

What do you suggest people do to see the world in a more positive way?

If they think about stopping for a minute, and celebrating what is right in their life, what's right in their day, that will help a lot. If you consider how great it is to hear, to see, to touch, to smell, you can see that there are a lot of things you can do if you just slow down and recognize what you can be grateful for. It's hard to be fearful and pissed off when you're in gratitude. We get to live, that's pretty cool. Start there and expand out. Over time, that attitude will help change the way you look at life.

To view Jones' photographs and to learn more about his philosophy, visit: <http://blog.celebratewhatright.com>.

-Annabelle Klachefsky





REQUIRED TO

BEAR ARMS

Following the carnage and heavy American casualties of the Vietnam War, President Gerald Ford suspended portions of the 1940 Selective Training and Service Act that required most American men between the ages of 18 and 25 to register with the Selective Service System. This was the agency responsible for operating the military draft. Since 1973, no active draft had been in place, but men still had to register.

Ford's action had seemingly put to an end a system that had sent tens of thousands of Americans to die in a war for which they never volunteered.

But just five years later, fear of an impending conflict with the Soviet Union, following that nation's 1980 invasion of Afghanistan, was cause for President Jimmy Carter's administration to reinstate the Act. To this day, most healthy American men still must register for a term of military conscription that may never materialize.

Globally, sixty-four countries have a mandatory military service requirement. All but eight require service exclusively for males. The age of eligibility ranges between eighteen and thirty-five, with a service duration of a maximum of three years. For some countries, not reporting for duty can earn a penalty of up to ten years in prison.

In the United States, the thought of being forced to drop all priorities for a long duration of service goes against the very premise of the country: freedom. But for most young adults outside the US, it's a part of life. Many nations place a priority on conscription as a safeguard against what their governments view as direct and immediate threats.

Gang In Her, a native of South Korea, had to leave the University of Oregon after his freshman year to serve twenty-two months in the South Korean military. "I had no choice. I had to do it. All Korean [males] have to do it," Gang says. "Nobody really likes it."

Making the transition from student to soldier proved difficult for Gang. "They take your freedom," Gang says. "I was not ready for that; that was a big problem for me."

For Gang, this time was less than a happy homecoming. During the two years he spent in service driving military vehicles, Gang had to adjust to a different lifestyle. He was often subject to pushing and yelling from his superiors, and was forced to live in cramped spaces with nothing more than a bunk and a few cubbies to his name.

But despite a punishing routine, Gang treasured the three hours he had to himself before bedtime, which he used to reflect on his life and what he would change once he was out of the military. He is appreciative of the life lessons he learned while in the service.

"After I went to [the] army, I learned how to speak with people. I learned how to work with people. I learned how to be responsible."

Gang served in the military when he was twenty-two—not an uncommon age even for a US soldier; however, the compensation given to South Korean soldiers is not comparable. He served a two-year stint and was only paid the equivalent of 70 or 80 dollars a month.

Gang experienced the ramifications of being two years older but no further in his studies when he returned to the University this past fall. Gang dislikes being a twenty-four-year-old sophomore. Now that he has returned, Gang's friends, who didn't have the burden of conscription, are graduating.

"They're looking for a job, and I'm still studying," Gang laments with a sigh.

Trading in school I.D. cards for dog tags has more implications than just falling behind in school. Gang's military service in South Korea required memorizing specialized jargon used in the army. After twenty-two months of not speaking English, Gang forgot some of what he mastered in the States.

Though South Korea only subjects males to conscription, Israel and seven other countries requires females to serve.

"It was so hard because in two years I couldn't practice any English," Gang says.

"I couldn't hear anything at all. I had no idea what people were talking about. I stressed out a lot."

As serving in the army is undesirable to most South Koreans, many young Korean men go to great lengths to avoid military service. In the past, a popular method was to get large tattoos. South Korean military law states that men with "excessively large" tattoos are exempt from conscription and are instead assigned to public service. This practice sprouted from the idea that the appearance of a tattoo is "abominable" to fellow soldiers.

However, Gang says that the military has caught on to males intentionally getting tattoos to avoid conscription. Gang was among fellow soldiers who had large tattoos on their backs.

"They had no problems being in the army. I'm pretty sure [the military] doesn't really care about it by now," Gang says.

Though South Korea only subjects males to conscription, Israel and seven other countries also require females to serve.

Shiran Stern was born and raised in Haifa, Israel, and like her mother, was forced to serve in the military.

"I think it is a great honor to serve your country. I think more countries should adopt this approach, giving women equal opportunities," Stern says.

In Israel, a draftee must be at least eighteen years old and in proper health. Most are drafted immediately after high school, although some serve after their university studies. Men are required to serve for three years, women two.

Exemption is used only for those who fail the physical exam, are mentally impaired, have a moral obligation, or for women who are married or pregnant.

Stern was drafted December 14, 2005, when she was eighteen years old and was released approximately two years later. As an artillery instructor, Stern's role and involvement was not menial. Her specialty involved teaching soldiers about different kinds of shells and how to load and fire canons.

"I learned how to use a weapon, how to navigate, and how to survive in the terrain. Being an instructor taught me how to stand in front of [a] group of people with confidence and control," Stern says. "Being in the military makes you appreciate civil life, your home, and family."

However, like any country that requires mandatory military service, there are always people trying to find a way out.

"Some don't like the idea of wasting two to three years of their life serving their country," Stern says. "They make up excuses, which release them from the military such as faking a mental or health disorder, or pretending to be a peaceful person who morally cannot fight people, [or] women marrying at an early age."

The penalty for refusing service isn't cheap.

"If you are in the military and refuse to continue, you are considered to be a deserter," Stern says. "If you avoid it from the beginning, you are looked at [in] a disrespectful way."

While nations like Israel and South Korea hold military service in high esteem and as a social responsibility for their young people, other countries with a history of conscription have begun to rethink the policy.

Thomas Frank has lived in the US since 2009, and is currently a graduate student at the University. He grew up in Austria where, at the time, military service was required for eight months. Luckily for Frank, Austria offers an alternative option to serving in the military: a year of compulsory civil service called *Zivildienst*.

Zivildienst allowed Frank to serve a non-government organization of his choice for a year and receive a small stipend once completed. Most Austrians serve immediately after high school, but if too much time passes, they have no say in their assignment.

"You never know when [you're going to] get the call. They can call you anytime and say 'It's happening now, you have to do this,'" Frank says. "It can disrupt your life."

Frank was fortunate enough to serve on this own accord. After his undergraduate studies, he served as a press officer for the Vienna Integration Fund for one year. Frank wanted to get a job that would benefit his career so he took the chance of delaying his service.

Frank might be part of the last Austrian generation to experience conscription. Its Trans-Alpine neighbor, Germany, began phasing out mandatory military service in 2010 with plans to fully suspend the practice this July. Because of their close historical relationship, Germany's policies often trickle down to its language-sharing southern neighbor, and currently there is a debate in Austria on whether or not to follow Germany's lead on this most recent issue.

Austria's military is different from the United States' in more than one way; there's also the issue of public perception. When Frank moved to the US in 2009, he was surprised by America's view of its armed forces.

"People are being asked as veterans to stand up. There are ROTC programs. All kinds of bumper stickers, you know?" Frank says.

According to Frank, Austria's military isn't admired.

"The societal support for the military is not very big," Frank says. "In Austria you're being ridiculed if you're in the military. It's something that losers do."

Frank's experience with military service was easily avoided compared to nations like South Korea and Israel where compulsory military service is heavily enforced.

So long as countries see themselves under constant war or threat of war, they will likely maintain conscription as a means to support large standing armies. And so despite an increasing number of European countries phasing out the practice, for many young people around the world, reaching the age of legal adulthood continues to mark access to both new freedoms and new responsibilities. ☺

-Hannah Doyle

CHEMICAL CASTRATION

"It's about power and control and a sense of entitlement ... I'm not sure chemical castration would mitigate any of those factors."

Experts question if hormonal injections prevent repeat sex offenses or just distract from the real issues.

In 1983, Joseph Frank Smith stood in front of a Texas state jury awaiting the court's verdict. The jury found him guilty of two accounts of rape. Rather than go to prison, he volunteered for a ten-year probation period of chemical castration, a method in which he would be injected with an anti-androgen drug, specifically a female contraceptive that would lower his testosterone levels and significantly reduce his desire for sex.

He was admitted into a program at the Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, Maryland, where he was injected with the drug every three months and underwent intensive psychotherapy. One year later, Smith became the poster child for chemical castration and appeared on shows like CBS's *60 Minutes* as a success story for the treatment.

In 1998, Smith stood in front of a jury once again. This time, he pled guilty to two accounts of sexual assault that he committed in 1993. Police believed that he had been connected to a series of seventy-five sex-related crimes since 1987. Smith's success story appeared to be a lie.

"Sex is not the only motivating factor in sex offenses," says BB Beltran, co-director of Sexual Assault Support Services (SASS), a nonprofit that works with the victims of assault in Lane County. "It's about power and control and a sense of entitlement ... I'm not sure that chemical castration would mitigate any of those factors."

The identification of characteristics associated with sex offender recidivism has been an area of significant research over the past twenty years. In its document, *Recidivism of Sex Offenders*, the Center for Sex Offender Management (CSOM), an organization created by the US Department of Justice, outlines those characteristics associated with repeating sex offenders with evidence drawn from multiple studies. It concludes that a wide range of factors, from the offender's age at first offense to poor attitude to alcohol or drug use, determines whether an offender will offend again.

"We need to make sure that the treatment actually fits the offender and is applied in a manner that the offender can reply to," says Dr. William Davis, a psychologist who works directly with sex offenders in Salem, Oregon. "There is not a one-size-fits-all approach."

In 1999, Oregon became the second state in the US to enact chemical castration of repeating sex offenders. The Board of Parole and Post-Prison Supervision enforces the treatment based upon an evaluation provided by a psychiatrist who contracts with the Department of Corrections, or at the request of the parole officer.

"The treatment may take the edge off, but it doesn't take away the fantasies, criminal thinking patterns, or power motivations," Davis says.

"Chemical castration doesn't take into account how complicated sexual assault actually is," Beltran says. "It would take away their ability to perform sexual acts, but that doesn't mean that they can't do other harm."

The Association for the Treatment of Sexual Abusers (ATSA) stresses the importance of coupling the treatment with a therapeutic program. "An abuser should be involved in concurrent cognitive-behavioral treatment designed to address other aspects of the deviant behavior in addition to



ILLUSTRATIONS CHRISTOPHER FELLOWS

sexual interests," says the ATSA Executive Board of Directors in its public policy statement on anti-androgen treatment. "These medications should never be used as a sole method of treatment."

Regardless of how effective the treatment may be, the American Psychiatric Association has found that injecting a man with anti-androgen drugs can have some serious side effects, including depression, hypoglycemia, penile and testicular pain, and diabetes. The anti-androgen or testosterone blocker used in Depo-Provera also depletes bone mineral density, making it likely that offenders could experience osteoporosis and multiple bone fractures as a result of the treatment.

"Anytime a physician prescribes a medication, one has to look at the risk-benefit ratio: the therapeutic benefits, the side effects, and the risks of not taking the medication," says Dr. Frederick Berlin, Founder and Director of the Johns Hopkins Sexual Disorder Clinic, where he specializes in the evaluation and treatment of patients with sexual disorders. He admits that there are side effects to the treatment, but they are not any more severe than the side effects of several other medications that many physicians routinely prescribe.

However, from a legal standpoint, various issues arise with forcing someone into treatment. "Because chemical castration is designed to both shackle the mind and painfully cripple the body of sex offenders, it is doubly cruel and should be struck down as a violation of the Eighth Amendment," says John F. Stinneford, a professor at the Florida University Fredric G. Levin College of Law, in his essay, *Incapacitation Through Maiming: Chemical Castration, the Eighth Amendment, and the Denial of Human Dignity*.

Stinneford asserts that the vast majority of sex offenders do not have any kind of sexual disorder. They may be bad, dangerous, or antisocial people, but they do not have a sickness; therefore, rendering the mind incapable of experiencing sexual desire is not even medically appropriate. "Rather, it merely replaces the stone walls and iron bars of a traditional prison with a less expensive and more degrading prison of the mind," he says.

The Supreme Court identifies four key points in determining whether a punishment is inherently cruel within the meaning of the Eighth Amendment: (1) Whether it violates the dignity of man, (2) Whether it violates evolving standards of decency, (3) Whether it involves the unnecessary and wanton infliction of pain, and (4) Whether it involves torture or barbarous methods of punishment, such as burning at the stake or physical castration.

"There are so many negative medical side effects that requiring someone to do androgen therapy seems like a potential legal problem down the road," Davis says. "You're essentially putting a person into a place where they could have serious physical consequences."

Berlin does not like the term "chemical castration" because it has connotations that can give people reason to hesitate and fear going under the procedure. Some have the wrong impression of what the word "castration" really means. In reality, androgen therapy is simply a medication that low-

ers the intensity of sexual drive. If a man is hungering sexually for children, reducing that hunger allows him to control himself and resist those temptations more easily. "There is a tremendous amount of evidence showing that when these methods are used, the sexual recidivism rate becomes impressively low," he says.

In the case of Smith, Berlin explains a part of the story that was excluded by the media. Smith left the clinic in Maryland for a different medical institution in Virginia in the mid-1980s, where he was taken off the medication and put into behavioral therapy instead, which proved to be a very serious mistake. His recidivism occurred when his anti-androgen treatment was discontinued.

But Davis argues that therapy back in the 1980s was not really therapy. "I can't tell you how aggressive and brutal it was," he says. "It was a little less like therapy and a little more like boot camp." He assures that today, this argument would hold no ground. Therapy has improved tremendously, and recidivism rates of sex offenders have dropped rapidly in the past ten years.

In terms of chemical castration, there are other methods to teach a man to control his sex drives, such as cognitive behavioral therapy, which is a form of psychotherapy based on the idea that thoughts control behavior. As a result, a sex offender can change the way he thinks to feel and act better even if the situation does not change.

"I think in the beginning it was a wish-dream that people had back in the day that if we castrated the problem, it would go away," Davis says. "But simply, that just isn't the case."

But Berlin is a firm believer in the effectiveness of the treatment, not only for the offender but also for the community: "I do think that it can be extremely helpful both to the individual himself and to the extent that person is safe to the community at large."

-Erin Peterson



FINDING LIFE IN CAPTIVITY

STORY SYDNEY BOUCHAT
PHOTOS MARCIE GIOVANNONI

While the birds living at Eugene's Cascades Raptor Center will never be able to survive in the wild due to debilitating injuries and other deficiencies, the serene, forested facility offers them a new lease on life.

Puck is convinced he is human. It is with humans that he shares his food, offers his home, and attempts to mate. He is most comfortable when his fellow humans are around. But Puck is not a human. Unbeknown to him, Puck is an American kestrel, the most common North American falcon and raptor (a classification of bird that hunts using only its talons), and a permanent resident of the Eugene-based Cascades Raptor Center (CRC). Despite being a visibly happy and healthy raptor in a comfortable environment, Puck is a victim of human imprinting.

Puck, as a kestrel, is an altricial species, meaning when he hatched he was completely dependent on the first creature he saw. For Puck, whose first sight was a human, proper kestrel upbringing did not occur. His comfort level with humans far exceeds that of a normal raptor, allowing him to override proper animal instincts and interact with humans in ways unheard of for a normal raptor.

In 2005, Puck landed on a boy's hat during a baseball game, begging for food. From there, he was brought to Lindsay Wildlife Museum in Walnut Creek, California, and then transferred to the CRC, where he has lived for almost six years.

About the size of a Nerf football and with the energy of a toddler, Puck is a member of the smallest species of falcon in North America. An instantly noticeable burnt-orange color, Puck's most arresting fea-

tures are his inquisitive black eyes framing his impossibly tiny beak. The sociable raptor prefers his human associates over birds. Despite having a cage to himself, he'll chirp at any person passing by and, with a curious tilt of his head, attempt to strike up a conversation. By far the most talkative raptor at the refuge, Puck will immediately fly forward to greet newcomers. Located near the center's check-in office, he strives to fulfill the role of doorman to the world of raptors.

But his behavior is abnormal. "If you put him with another male or female kestrel, he'll recognize them as a predator, but he doesn't even recognize them as being the same species he is. As far as he's concerned, we are what he is. It's a permanent disability," says Brian Schug, a raptor center volunteer for over four years.

"The brain is in the head, but it's not all wired together," Schug explains. "It is going to wire itself together based on what he sees. His brain programs itself: that's what you'll eat, that's what you'll look like, who you'll socialize with, who you'll breed with—in the case of Puck, it was people."

Puck's imprinting is most likely due to being illegally raised by humans. Many people choose to keep found eggs or raptor babies as pets, unknowingly destroying that bird's chance at both reproduction and survival in the wild.

“What we’re giving them is a second opportunity... Without this opportunity, they would all be dead.”



American kestrels like Puck (shown with a CRC volunteer) can be found from Alaska to Tierra del Fuego.

“Their self-identity is basically ruined,” says CRC Education Director Kit Lacy. “Puck has no idea that he’s an American kestrel. He’s soliciting humans to go into his nest box. He’ll attack certain individuals because he sees them as a threat to his space, just as if it were another kestrel. He never got the training of how to hunt or how to survive on his own.”

Puck is physically healthy, besides having impaired vision caused by a retinal tear in his right eye, but he is a non-releasable resident of the Center. He will never be able to reproduce, as he is mentally incapable of mating with another kestrel or hunting live prey. Puck, as with all the imprints, prefers his food chopped up and dead.

Being a human imprint, Puck is one of the few raptors at the Center who can be handled by all the volunteers. Non-imprint raptors take months to develop a rapport with even a single human handler. But perched upon Schug’s gloved hand, Puck looks very much in his own element, preening, chirping, and often enthusiastically attempting to copulate with Schug’s thumb.

Since its founding in 1987, the Cascades Raptor Center has provided a home for Puck and other raptors like him who would not have been able to survive in the wild. The Center, located in East Spencer Butte City Park outside Eugene, has about 100 volunteers, and receives no state or federal funding; all supplies, housing, and food for the raptors are donated or paid for by admission fees. The nonprofit raptor hospital and housing facility provides the public with entertainment and education and its avian residents with hope and a longer life expectancy.

According to Lacy, the resident raptors’ most common cause of permanent disability is vehicle strike, followed by hitting wires, being orphaned due to unsafe nesting or tree extraction, predator attack, flying into windows, gunshot wounds, poisoning, or, as in the case of Puck, illegal rearing. However, in many cases, the cause of injury remains unknown.

Not every bird treated at the Center can find a permanent home. Only raptors who can develop a camaraderie with the handlers find themselves educational residents.

“They’re really special individuals that can work closely with people,” Lacy says. “For most wild animals, captivity is worse than death. These are a very select few individuals have a very high quality of life in a captive situation. What we’re giving them is a second opportunity. They’re not predators in the wild anymore; they’re educators now. Without this opportunity, they would all be dead.”

Celilo is another such bird. Originally a resident of Nebraska, the bald eagle ended up at an education facility in South Dakota after she was discovered in 2002 with a permanently injured wing. The injury was most likely inflicted by a midflight collision. She was transferred to Eugene last fall.

She arrived at the Cascades Center with a Lakota name, Wowicake, meaning “that which is real,” but the name was considered too difficult to pronounce in English and was changed after a contest put to the Eugene public.

Celilo’s name wasn’t the only thing that changed upon her arrival. As raptors have no external reproductive organs, if size and coloring isn’t substantially different enough between genders for that particular species, it is often impossible to determine the sex without a blood test. In April, a blood test



Founded in 1987, the Cascades Raptor Center is home to one osprey, two white-tailed kites, two turkey vultures, three corvids, six eagles, nine falcons, fourteen hawks, and twenty-one owls. Each resident has a unique name such as Artemus the barn owl, Nike the gyrfalcon, Archimedes the snowy owl, Gandalf the great gray owl, and Edgar Allan Crow.

confirmed that Celilo, who had been considered a male since discovery, was actually a female.

A recent addition to the Center, Celilo is still building relationships with her handlers. Schug has been handling Celilo for only a couple of months, but can already read the bird’s gestures and predict her behaviors.

“Once you have the routine down, you can get into the circle of working with that bird,” Schug says. “You want them confident. If things aren’t consistent every day, they aren’t going to be confident. They’re not going to want to come out because they’re not going to know what to expect.”

Unlike Puck, Celilo’s demeanor is anything but inquisitive. This raptor is fierce and overwhelmingly daunting, seeming to personify the phrase “silent but deadly.” In contrast to her neighbors, Celilo remains quiet when not confronted by another eagle, but her calm confidence only adds to the inferiority one feels when in her presence.

While bald eagles inspire awe in their brilliant colors and imposing expressions, they are not the only raptors capable of impressing.

Dimitri, a Eurasian eagle-owl, claims to be the Cascades Center’s “networking specialist.” (At least, that’s what it says on his Facebook.) A lucky visitor might arrive in time for his show, where Dimitri will fly from one post to another, queued by a handler’s whistle, collecting bits of rodent as a reward.

“You haven’t lived until you’ve cut up a rat with a pair of scissors,” says Sandy Jenness, one of Dimitri’s two handlers.

With a wingspan of over six feet, Dimitri—often referred to as “Di”—lives up to his species’ reputation as one of the largest owls in the world. While weighing only about four pounds, he is easily bigger than an alley cat

and has mesmerizing orange, half-dollar eyes. Because owls are unable to move their eyes, Dimitri’s whole head is able to swivel 360 degrees to cautiously watch his captive audience.

While one might expect a dignified hoot to come from such a majestic beast, Dimitri is still growing into his low, smooth call. These days, he expresses himself with a curt and raspy growl, like a tire spinning in gravel. Regardless, he’s the most intimidating one-year-old at the Center.

Dimitri is not native to North America, and is not as legally restricted as other raptors. Due to the 1918 Migratory Bird Treaty Act, wherein all native North American species of birds cannot be possessed without permits, many raptors at the Center are limited in their ability to be handled. Dimitri, conversely, is an educator and fundraiser, and can leave the facility to attend birthday parties and other events, coining one of the Center’s key mottos: Di likes to party.

But partying is just the beginning of what the Center has to offer the inquiring visitor. The classes and the demonstrations draw the crowds, but a visitor needs real one-on-one time to get to know the residents. Everyone from short-eared owls Hermione and Griffin to the bald eagle couple McKenzie and Aeolus—who are currently incubating an egg together—has their own story and personality.

And if you’re not patient enough to wait for a conversation, there’s always the ever-present chatterbox named Puck. ☺

A man with grey hair, wearing a white zip-up jacket and blue jeans, is sitting on a large, moss-covered tree trunk in a dense forest. The forest is filled with green ferns and other foliage. Sunlight filters through the trees, creating a dappled light effect. The man is looking off to the side with a thoughtful expression.

INTO THE SHADOWS OF SASQUATCH

A glimpse into the world of those who pursue one of nature's great mysteries while attempting to understand why proof of Sasquatch still eludes them.

STORY **ANDREW CREASEY** PHOTOS **WILL KANELLOS**
ILLUSTRATIONS **EDWIN OULLETTE**

A clear, moonless sky casts dim starlight, illuminating the faint outline of Thom Powell's shoulders. It is one o'clock in the morning on what was just hours ago a cool Saturday night, and Powell and his dog, Wilson, are threading through the dew-strewn prairie grass that runs parallel to the Clackamas River on the forested outskirts of Oregon City, Oregon.

Suddenly, Wilson shatters the eerie silence with an agitated spurt of barks. Powell's flashlight flicks on. Its beam pierces the darkness, scanning the scattered pine trees for a glimpse of what alarmed the dog. A pair of eyeballs hovers in the blackness like a pair of glowing orbs. Powell edges forward to get a closer look. As his flashlight's radius increases, the fiendish night beast is revealed to be a mere cow.

Powell looks back with a barely discernible, wry grin. "I hear coyotes all the time. There have been wolf sightings, too," he says in a grave whisper. "Sometimes it takes nerves of steel to be out here. I figure I'll be OK as long as I can run faster than you."

For Powell, this is not an ordinary stroll through the woods. These are lands he has traversed hundreds of times with a specific purpose in mind. He is on the prowl for a creature more formidable than a pack of coyotes and more elusive than a wolf: Powell is searching for Sasquatch.



Thom Powell shows the immensity of the handprint cast.

Sitting beside a crackling campfire on his secluded acreage, the firelight paints a flickering pattern across Powell's gaunt, stubble-ridden jaw line. His weathered hands hold a sharpened stick skewering a bratwurst over smoldering embers. His property is vast, abutting a forested hill that marks the beginning of miles of uncivilized territory. It's around ten p.m. Powell's wife and two children are already asleep. For Powell, however, the night is just beginning. Over the campfire, Powell dissects the Sasquatch phenomenon, revealing the theoretical and methodological divisions among researchers and hunters, while telling a tale of his own journey through the Goblin Universe that

While tromping through the woods in the wee hours of the morning in search of a mythical, ape-like human is not a common weekend excursion, Powell is not alone in his quest. He is a small facet of a closely knit, zealous subculture of Sasquatch seekers.

The first reported Sasquatch sighting in North America was in New York in 1818, printed in New England's *The Exeter Watchman*. The report relates the experience of a man who saw a hairy, upright creature emerge from the woods. While this marks Bigfoot's first appearance in the modern media, he has existed in the myths of Native Americans for many years prior. The Kwakiutl of British Columbia claim to have regular encounters with Bigfoot-like creatures during vision quests, while the Hoopa Valley Tribe of the Redwood Forests and the Athabascans of the Yukon River also tell tales of a "wild man of the woods."

The modern Bigfoot phenomenon surfaced in 1958, when a man named Jerry Crew received national media exposure when he brandished a pair of plaster castings depicting two enormous feet, produced by what the press dubbed "Bigfoot." Then, in 1967, a short, blurry strip of film captured by Roger Patterson and Robert Gimlin in Bluff Creek, California, ignited a debate that still rages today.

For those who believe the creature captured on film exists, they spend their time casting plaster, examining limb ratios, researching the evolution of bipeds, and studying locomotion. They camp out at night with thermal cameras, whooping into the air in the hopes of culling out the elusive creature that could redefine our conception of the natural world.

It's a difficult case to sell. Sasquatch hunters face ridicule from all sides. Skeptics continually point to the lack of skeletal remains as proof that Sasquatch is a hoax. Most scientists are already convinced that Sasquatch doesn't exist so they do not investigate it. To them, it is akin to a formal study of the methodology behind Santa's gift delivery route.

What then motivates these hunters? Is the search for Sasquatch galvanized by the need to solve a scientific mystery or by the lust for media attention and fortune?

Regardless of their motivation, they investigate a field that John Napier, a British paleoanthropologist and one of the first scientists to research Sasquatch, calls the Goblin Universe. This is the categorization where all fantastical creatures undiscovered by humanity, reside. As tangible, testable remains of these creatures mount, the Goblin Universe has been given a new name, one that displays its newfound scientific fortitude: cryptozoology.

ranges from bait traps to aliens.

The story of Powell's evolution as a Sasquatch hunter began in a way similar to many others confronting the phenomenon for the first time: He was a skeptic. His first encounters with Bigfoot occurred as a middle school teacher when he lived in Portland. On the days before a break, when half the class was already sunbathing in tropical locales, Powell would show documentaries of Bigfoot to his class as an example of pseudo-science.

After viewing the tapes six times a day, Powell began to see the supernatural enigma in a different light. Around that time, he moved to a rural corner of Oregon City and started hearing tales from his neighbors about the strange sounds coming from the woods at night.

As reports from the community continued, Powell was increasingly drawn to further investigate the Sasquatch mystery. From that moment on, his journey began as a flesh-and-blood hunter, one of two different classifications of Sasquatch investigators he identifies.

The basic tenant of the flesh-and-blood approach is that Sasquatch is an ape possibly related to the ancient primate species *Gigantopithecus*, which lived up to 300,000 years ago. Hunters who believe this theory hike into the woods outfitted with camouflage and thermal cameras. They hit trees with sticks and call into the night in hopes of eliciting a response from Sasquatch, who, they believe, will be caught with enough time and technology. For Powell, this was a logical place to start.

"I started out thinking, 'Bait the Ape,'" Powell says. "I figured I'd just put some cameras out and get to the bottom of this thing."

In the mean time, Powell fantasized about the glory that would accompany his incoming Sasquatch evidence. "There are a lot of hunters that have delusions of grandeur," he says. "They think that they will find this thing and be great and famous. I remember feeling that way myself when I first started out, because it felt like such a solvable problem."

Other than footage of blurred shadows, the images never appeared. Instead, his cameras showed constant signs of tampering. The wires would fray, or the whole device would be ripped from its perch. Once, Powell found a single, solitary leaf placed over the camera lens. For Powell, the implications of his consistent failure at the hands of some mischievous, intelligent force were daunting.

"You never get the picture you're looking for," he says. "I only got more mystery and pretty clear indications that I was being toyed with. The message seemed to be: You're not watching us; we're watching you."

It wasn't long until Powell experienced an event that, to him, transformed his doubts into reality. It was an encounter that changed his approach to hunting Sasquatch.

One night, while walking the trails that lace the woods behind his house, Powell heard a crashing noise that he mistook for a buck. "Up to that point, I could see the outlines of the trees by the moonlight," Powell says. "The next moment, I couldn't see anything at all. I could hear it scuffing its feet though. It was less than ten feet away. It was right there."

Without a flashlight, Powell was left with the illuminated dial on his digital watch. "I was terrified," Powell says. "So, I shine my light to try to see this thing and at that exact moment, something from behind me flicks my ear."

Startled, Powell whirled around, holding his watch by his face, desperately trying to penetrate the darkness. "At that point, I felt incredibly stupid," Powell says with a laugh. "Here I am, holding this wristwatch like it's a phaser that will defend me. I just got out there and ran back to the house."

As he sat on his deck to take his boots off, he heard a loud cackling emanating from the woods. It was so loud that Powell saw his wife turn on the bedroom light. She does not believe in Sasquatch's existence, but said it was unlike anything she had ever heard in the woods before.

"Something was laughing at me," Powell says. "They had me back there. I was surrounded."

Several weeks later, some friends visited Powell and camped out in his backyard. While Powell stayed by the fire, they went out into the woods to explore. Powell recalls hearing some crashing around, but he didn't give it any thought, thinking it was just his friends. They, however, came back to campsite in shock.

"You're not watching us, we're watching you."

"They said they were sitting on the bench, and all of a sudden they couldn't see," Powell says. "It was like something threw a blanket over their vision. And I never told them that I experienced that same thing, so their encounter was not colored by my thinking."

These are the kinds of encounters that Powell became aware of—encounters that didn't fit into any traditional scheme of Sasquatch legends. When he tried to frame his experiences of sudden blindness around Sasquatch, Powell started suspecting they had an ability to render someone partially incapacitated.

"Once you reach that conclusion, it really changes the game," Powell says. "You're not going to catch anything. The only things you're going to catch are what they are willing to give you."

After that experience, Powell stopped looking for footprints. He dismantled his cameras and took a different approach, which landed him in the camp of the second kind of Sasquatch seeker: the paranormal types.

Along with his evolving thoughts regarding the nature of Sasquatch, Powell was becoming frustrated with the lack of conclusive, physical evidence. The camera tampering and the unexplainable, shadowy images did not stand up as proof outside of the context. Powell reached a point when he realized the evidence that was coming in was not advancing the research.

"At a certain point, it's like 'I get it,'" he says. "There are only so many footprints, and 'I saw Bigfoot crossing the road' sightings that we can use until they stop teaching us something new. There are so many sighting reports online now that anything you read seems to be just a rehash of older ones. They are less useful now than ever because they are contaminated by the pool of reports that already exist."



Convinced that continually gathering the same accounts and evidence from anomalous sightings was fruitless, Powell started to work with habituation investigators—people who live on the fringes of national forests and wilderness areas, claiming to have regular contact with Sasquatch. From there, he found a couple living near Mt. Rainier, Allan and April Hoyt, who claimed to have observed three generations of Sasquatch, which they even named. For Powell, this was the type of work needed to advance the field of cryptozoology: regular encounters at a consistent location to develop behavioral patterns and possibly foster communication with a creature Powell regarded as intelligent.

Powell was delving into the paranormal world where Sasquatch's existence was not questioned, and his status as an intelligent being was merely a jumping-off point. These people despise the term "Bigfoot believer" because it implies that some sort of faith is needed to pursue the phenomenon. They have moved past the mainstream hiccup of existence that holds most people back from lending any serious credence to the ideas the paranormal researchers supported.

At this point in his journey, things turned bizarre. Through his studies, he became aware of a group of people within the Sasquatch community that claimed that they could communicate with the creatures through trance-like dream states. One of them, Steve Frederick, who has had four separate visual sightings of Sasquatch, started working with Powell on the habituation case in Mt. Rainier.

"Communicating with Sasquatch is like a phone call," Frederick says. "It may have good reception, and you don't always know where the receiver of the message is located."

Using a double-blind study method, Powell developed a plan to test the legitimacy of Frederick's claims of contact with Sasquatch. Powell asked Frederick to tell the creatures to step in front of the cameras that the Hoyts had placed around their property. Without telling Frederick where the camera was located and without telling the Hoyts what he had planned, Powell waited for confirmation that the message had been sent.

Frederick, entering into a meditative state, tried to oblige Powell's request. "I just try to be respectful and pleasant," Frederick says. "They don't want any tricks or games."

It didn't take long. Frederick called Powell and told him the message was delivered. Less than 48 hours later, according to Powell, the Hoyts called him in excitement. They had hours of footage of large, shadowy shapes with faint shoulder outlines moving in and

WHO IS SASQUATCH?



Age: First reported sighting was in New York, in North America in 1818.
Height: Up to 8 or 9 feet tall

Shoe Size: The average length of 702 prints is 15.6" (Shaquille O'Neal has a 15" foot length)

Traits: Nocturnal with advanced night vision; high pain threshold; omnivore.
Ancestors: Bigfoot might not be direct descendants of the genus *Gigantopithecus*, but rather some other offshoot of the giant Asian "wood ape."

How Many: No one knows. An estimated 2000 - 6000 individuals for all of North America.

WHERE THE BIG MAN LIVES



In every state, besides Hawaii, there have been at least **two** sightings of Sasquatch

NUMBER OF SIGHTINGS



What kind of *are* HUNTER you?

For **flesh-and-blood hunters** the search for Sasquatch like a biological puzzle, they view the creature as a cunning primate living on the margins of civilization. These hunters look primarily for footprints, hair samples and scat, along with solid images.

For **paranormal investigators**, nothing is off limits. Until Sasquatch is found, they are willing to give any theory a try. Their ideas span the gamut from government cover-ups of the creature's existence, to theories of Sasquatch as an alien uber-being with the ability to shift across space and time.



out of the frame—by far their busiest night since they installed the cameras. To Powell, however, it wasn't enough. It wasn't conclusive, and it wouldn't convince any of the skeptics.

So Powell called on Frederick again. This time, Frederick was to ask the creatures to leave a bone. Powell was after physical proof. Again, Frederick sent the message; and again, less than 48 hours later, the Hoyts, who had not been informed of this latest request, called with news that they had just found a bone at the base of the camera tree.

The bone turned out to be the breastbone of an emu. Once again, the evidence was compelling and difficult to explain, but could not stand alone outside of context.

Powell forged on. He talked to more people and encountered more extraordinary theories. He found people who believed Sasquatch was an alien that traveled to Earth from an undiscovered planet through wormholes in space. He chronicled all of these tales in his book *The Locals: A Contemporary Investigation of the Bigfoot/Sasquatch Phenomenon*. The book was both lauded and lambasted for its inclusion of every type of Sasquatch encounter, from the scientifically framed theories focused on footprint analysis to the paranormal claims that went as far as to say that Sasquatch was a hyper-dimensional being teleporting around the country imbued with the power to render a human immobile through will alone. While these ideas seem laughable to most, they encapsulate the essence of Powell's approach to Sasquatch: stay open to any idea, because, until the mystery is solved, anything is possible.

Today, Powell is more or less retired. He has chased physical evidence of Sasquatch for over a decade. "At this point, it's not a scientific thing; it's a hobby," he says. "If I continue my pursuit of physical evidence, I'm just jousting with windmills."

He also can't disprove the common argument that Sasquatch hunters are creating patterns in chaos and seeing things that aren't there, essentially creating the Sasquatch phenomenon in their minds to validate the work they have done.

"I understand that the brain can trick you into believing and seeing things. After you spend so much time out there and encounter these things, you think you can develop a better sense of what's real and what's not," Powell says. "But for the skeptics, that's the first thing they think: 'They're making it all up.' I don't blame them. I would, too."

He knows that his stories are bizarre, and he doesn't try to convince people of their validity anymore.

"There's a standard of evidence that the Sasquatch phenomenon cannot provide," Powell says. "Even though I pursue it seriously, I use it in class as an example of something that is scientifically not proven, and therefore, doesn't exist. I'd like to see the day when that changes, but I'm not holding out hope that it will."

He still teaches his classes about Sasquatch, using it as tool to instruct students about collecting evidence and conducting the scientific method. It's one of his most popular topics. "The kids are fascinated about the subject because, to this day, it is a scientific mystery," Powell says.

Ultimately, there is something going on in the woods of the Northwest. Whether a creature undiscovered by science is roaming our lands, or a vast, silent conspiracy of men, spanning across five decades, is scattering fraudulent footprints in remote locations to fool the public; the Sasquatch phenomenon is real. The pursuit of this mystery, the willingness to cast aside what we think we know, in the face of public ridicule, is at crux of the hunt for Sasquatch. These people don't have pictures of the creatures smiling for the camera or skeletal remains. What they do have is an urge to discover something new to redefine what we think we know.

This concept, this ceaseless pursuit of a truth yet to be proven, validates the Sasquatch investigation. Hunters like Powell are proof that people remain fascinated by mystery. Since the dawn of our existence, we have constantly sought answers to questions labeled as far-fetched or unsolvable. It's this wellspring of curiosity that has propelled civilizations forward, and it's this same force that continues to lure Powell into the forest, scanning the darkness for a sign of Sasquatch. ☘



AMERICAN BASQUELAND

United by language and lore, the Basque band together in a changing world.

STORY SUJI PAEK COURTESY PHOTOS JON C. HODGSON

BASQUEPHOTOS.COM



Upon the seemingly boundless stretches of headlands spanning across the Sierra Nevadas and northward toward the Columbia Plateau, “American Basqueland” reflects the cultural identity of a historically isolated community unified by a singular language and heritage, but unrecognized as a nation of its own.

Whether they hail from the long lost city of Atlantis or are the direct descendants of the first early modern humans, the history of the Basque people is, simply put, one of a kind. Not quite French, not quite Spanish, the Basque identity is more characterized by a shared language, *Euskara*, than by geographic lines. For younger generation Basque-Americans, “being Basque” is as unique as its cultural heritage.

Considered among the earliest Europeans, Basque immigrants first settled the Western United States around the 1830s, establishing themselves as sheepherders—a relatively untapped niche market—herding, grazing, and shearing their way across the sundry pastoral terrains of Nevada, California, Oregon, and Idaho. Fleeing persecution under the dictatorship of the Franco regime, many Spanish-bordering Basques were joined by their French counterparts, applying their herding knowledge and experience from the French-and-Spanish Pyrenees to the ranges of the Western United States.

Spending nine months out of the year in the mountains accompanied by no more than a horse, a tent, and a dog, the Basque have since maintained their own cultural communities within the Western US, creating a markedly distinct *Amerikanuak* or Basque-American community that is still uniquely, Basque.

These days, very few Basques immigrate to the US, and of those who do, none come to herd. Instead, another minority familiar with pastoral herding mainly from South America have replaced the once Basque-synonymous occupation.

Taking a leaf from well known *Amerikanuak* blogger Blas Pedro Uberuaga, *Ethos* shares various perspectives on Nor Naiz, Gu Gara (Who I am, We are) - “what it means to be Basque.”



“Now that [Basque-Americans have] been here for three to four generations, we want to implement language and cultural programs to not lose all of our heritage. We are another window for the world to see what Basques are like.”

-Lisa Corcostegui, Ontario Basque Club president



“They are a mythical people, almost an imagined people... The singular remarkable fact about the Basque is that they still exist.”

-Mark Kurlansky, *Basque History of the World* author

“Being Basque-American is a way that I can identify with my father’s history, to learn more about who he is, while at the same time celebrating my history through the country I was born in.”

-Blas Pedro Uberuaga, *Buber’s Basque Page* blogger



“So basically, I view Basque culture as a little international club that I’m a part of, and I’m doing my best to carry on the tradition of my heritage, since it’s fun for me and I’m proud of it.”

-Lael Uberuaga, Oinkari Basque Dancers, co-PR chair



“Growing up in a Basque boarding house was much like *The Wizard of Oz*. It was a house from, what seemed a very foreign place in the middle of Eastern Oregon, surrounded by Basque language, culture, food.”

-Gloria Zabala, Spanish Senior Instructor at the University of Oregon

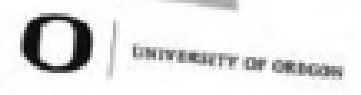
“For such a small country there is a huge community who is proud to be Basque ... Being Basque is different than just my last name.”

-Julie Basque, University of Oregon student



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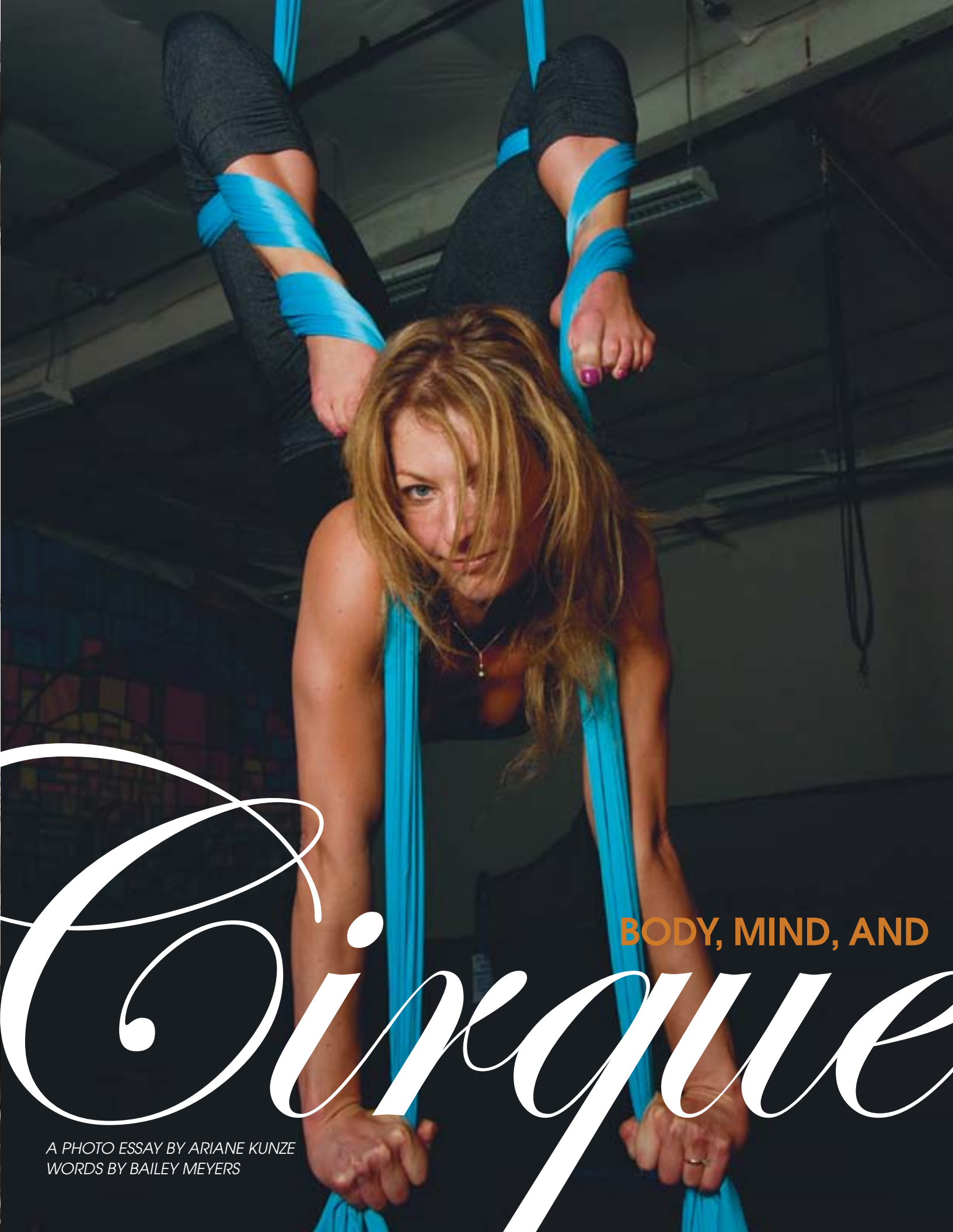
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BODY, MIND, AND

A PHOTO ESSAY BY ARIANE KUNZE
WORDS BY BAILEY MEYERS





The performer's limbs snake through fluttering silks, the fabric crisscrossing around his body in brightly colored loops. On his face is an expression of pure concentration: brow furrowed, eyes unblinking, lips tight with concentration. The silks are attached to the ceiling of the gymnasium, and the performer is so tangled in them that he can nearly touch it. In one fluid motion, he's twirling to the ground, flipping gracefully in the air until he is nearly at the matted floor once again.

Fenix Cobbledick has been training for the circus for eight years, though not the kind most would think of. When a person hears the word "circus," his or her mind may move to the classic three-ring iteration, with its lion tamers, clowns, and tightrope walkers. The new circus, Cirque du Soleil being one of the most significant members, focuses more on exploring the artistry and capabilities of the body than mindless entertainment.

Performer Annie Rupp says, "It's an opportunity to do something that's kind of strange and beautiful." Annie has been practicing circus performance for about two-and-a-half years along with her performance partner, who likes to be referred to as simply "Francia." Francia has been training for roughly four years, and also teaches at Bounce Gymnastics. "There's a lot of trust that's involved in doing partner stuff," Francia says. "We get to showcase our strength that each individual has ... Annie's really flexible, and my tricks focus more on strength, but then we put it together and ... people can see the chemistry." 🧠

Fenix Cobbledick (pictured on the bottom in the red silk) enjoys the potential of circus. "We haven't even begun to scratch the surface of what is possible," Fenix says.





Performer **Annie** (pictured left) prides herself on her flexibility. "I really enjoy silks because it gives me an opportunity to just play with my body and learn new tricks and be upside-down." Though Annie has experience performing, she still gets nervous in front of a crowd. "I get stage fright," she says.

Francia (pictured far left) enjoys the discipline of circus. "It's not necessarily like, you learn how to ride a bike and you know it forever," she says. "You have to stay creative as well." Says Francia, "Anyone can do circus. Anyone can start silks ... I have students that are in their fifties ... Anybody can do it."

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JOURNEYS ABROAD



How Eugene has put the counter in culture from the 1960s to today.

One All Hallows' Eve in the heart of Eugene, a gentleman emerged from WOW Hall wearing nothing but a loin cloth with a fiddle in his grip. Tucking his instrument beneath his chin, he played in the cool night air as a gaggle of witches gathered. It was the night of the annual Witches Ball and a few days prior, a self-proclaimed "witch buster" had slipped a two page anti-witch manifesto beneath the concert hall's doors. The proclamation declared that witches had infiltrated the town government and now controlled it. A bomb threat was then called in right before the show, so the witches were forced to vacate the music venue. But the frontman of the band Toth would not have a show cancelled on him, so he followed the coven out into the streets, and played barely-clothed in the rain.

PHOTO CATHRIONA SMITH

"Strange things happen outside the WOW Hall every single day. The show must go on," said Bob Fennessy, director of WOW Hall. "Bomb scare or no, rain or no, cold or no, clothes or no."
 Over the last fifty years, Eugene has secured its spot in the history of counterculture, as illustrated in Lane County Historical Museum's recent exhibit "Tie Dye and Tofu." The city has played happy host to such people like LSD advocate Ken Kesey and his rabble-rousing, acid-dropping pack of Merry Pranksters to the doomed romance between Jerry Garcia and Eugene local "Mountain Girl." To this day it's clear Eugene's strange happenings haven't died. Events like the Faerieworlds festival held on the moss-covered slopes of Mount Pisgah and the good-natured hedonism of the Oregon Country Fair continue to illustrate these eccentricities.

-Ryan Defo and Alexandra Notman

Illustrations by Alexandra Notman, Christopher Fellows, Edwin Ouellette, Isamu Jarman, Maris Antolin, Mica Russo, and Tony Cipolle

1

Befriending the Unabomber was the best decision Eugene resident John Zerzan ever made. After reading the so-called "Unabomber Manifesto," Zerzan became a confidant of the Unabomber, Ted Kaczynski, and the mainstream media in turn started to interview him and pay attention to his published works. He did not endorse the bombings, but Zerzan did agree with the message laid out in the manifesto. He is now considered one of the most recognized sources on anarchy theory and hosts Anarchy Radio on campus radio station KWVA.

2

For 33 years, neon lights peered down from a 51-foot-tall concrete cross on top of Skinner's Butte. In 1997, the cross was removed and transferred to Northwest Christian University after a heated debate over the separation of church and state. The day the cross was set to be removed, a local veteran guarded the cross with his shotgun. A war memorial in 1970, a flagpole and American flag stand in the cross' place today.

3

How does one make money in the afterlife? Aaron Jamison of neighboring Springfield announced in 2010 that advertising space was available on his urn. He was dying of colon cancer and wanted to make money to defray cremation costs. A Springfield restaurant and Cry Baby Ink, a local tattoo business, have expressed some interest.

4

Tensions between the Eugene government and local anarchists became so uneasy during the nineties that in 1999 one activist intentionally vomited on former Mayor Jim Torrey during a City Council meeting. Torrey took the barfing quite lightly and commented that it was just another strange activity that had become accepted in town. "Eugene can be characterized as a unique city," said Torrey, "because we enable people of various points of view to feel comfortable in expressing themselves."

5

What's more awesome than having the word "awesome" in your name? Nothing, according to the Eugene man now legally known as Captain Awesome. Douglas Allen Smith Jr. changed his name after being inspired from a character on the TV show *Chuck*, which might be the first time a fourth place show on the last place network has had such a lasting impression on anyone.

6

"Yo to Springfield, Oregon—the real Springfield" reads a plaque given to the city by *Simpsons* creator Matt Groening. The Eugene-Springfield area is home to many *Simpson's* inspirations including Skinner's Butte (Principle Skinner), Max's Tavern (when using a French spelling Max's becomes Meaux's then through Americanization becomes Moe's), and the pioneer statue on campus (statue of Jedediah Springfield).

7

Every year more than 45,000 participants flood into nearby Veneta to experience the Oregon Country Fair, essentially multiplying the population by fifteen. The event has become Oregon's predominate counter-culture and hippie haven. Challenged only perhaps by the annual Faerieworlds festival on Mt. Pisgah, where fairy-goers embrace "the realm of the faerie."

8

Eugene turned Corey Feldman from a boy into a man. While filming *Stand by Me* in Lane County, Feldman spent a lot of time off set hanging out in Eugene. It was here where the young actor first got drunk, got stoned, and had his first kiss. Granted Feldman's life went spiraling down with drug and alcohol abuse afterwards, he places no blame on Eugene and looks back on his time here in a positive light.

9

Eugene's reigning "monarch" of festivities and unofficial ambassador of the city is a slug. Women, and some men, compete for the SLUG (Society for the Legitimization of the Ubiquitous Gastropod) Queen title by flaunting their originality and creativity. To distinguish themselves further from beauty pageants, contestants are encouraged to bribe judges.

10

In addition to the ubiquitous Zombie Crawl, Eugeneians get naked and abandon their engine every June. Up to seventy bike-riders in town strip and take to the streets to remind people how vulnerable bicyclists are when sharing the roads with cars and advocate against the country's dependency on fossil fuels. Only one restriction applies to riders in Eugene: Cover up those genitals people. Boobs and butts are okay. Speaking of bikes, Eugene's Sunset Hills is one of the first funeral homes in the country to offer a bicycle hearse.

11

The American Motorcycle Association says that 99 percent of motorcyclists are cordial, law-abiding citizens. The Free Souls Motorcycle Club (FSMC) is not part of that percentage. Formed in Eugene in 1968, the FSMC is one of the five most dangerous

13

In the past century, the Whiteaker area of Eugene has been a small outskirts, dangerous enclave, hippie hangout, and anarchist commune. Entering a stage of gentrification, the "Whit" changes with its inhabitants but crime and seedy activity still linger. To counteract the crime, four markets in the Whiteaker voluntarily banned malt liquor in 2010 because officials thought its cheap price and high alcohol content led to increased crime. And they might have been on to something—the numbers from a three-month ban showed a 70 percent decrease in crime in the area.

12

Ken Kesey once said, "People don't want other people to get high, because if you get high, you might see the falsity of the fabric of the society we live in." Kesey and the Merry Pranksters, based in greater Eugene in the sixties, are considered the bridge between beatniks and hippies. Author Tom Wolfe took note, penning a novel inspired by their acid-fueled cross-country bus expedition to New York City, *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test*. Fellow Oregonian Gus Van Sant is directing the film version expected to be released this year.



5

Grateful Dead frontman Jerry Garcia was introduced to his wife, Carolyn Adams better known as Mountain Girl, by kindred spirit Ken Kesey. Garcia and the Grateful Dead came through Eugene several times playing at the University of Oregon, the Hult Center, and Autzen Stadium. Garcia also played solo at Churchill and South Eugene high schools. After having two daughters, Garcia and Mountain Girl divorced. Mountain Girl, who still lives in the Eugene area, went on to write a book *Primo Plant: Growing Marijuana Outdoors*.

14



12



9



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7

Holy crap! That piece of shit is seven times older than Jesus Christ. The UO Museum of Natural and Cultural History houses the oldest human North American feces. Scientists found the petrified poop at a cave 220 miles southeast of Portland. Dating placed the age of excrement at 14,300 years, which is 1,000 years before the Clovis people, thought to be the first human settlers in North America.

15



1



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16

Anyone who walks by the tree across from Willamette Hall on 13th Avenue and exclaims "that tree is out of this world," would not be wrong. The Douglas fir, known as the moon tree, was grown from a seed that orbited the moon 34 times before returning to Earth. The tree grew despite the fact that the seed, along with hundreds of others, was accidentally exposed to a vacuum during decontamination.

3



10



13



Local artists Tyler Runyan and Kevin Lipps (from left to right) seek to alter society's view of cars as status symbols.

AVANTCAR

Cars become canvasses for those living the life bohème.

Kevin Lipps drives his Ford Taurus to work every day, and at each traffic light and stop sign, passersby stare. Lipps' hatchback resembles a battle-ravaged spaceship, complete with metallic paint job, replica guns, cannons, and spray-painted foam rubber strips that make the vehicle look like it was welded together by the mechanics from *Mad Max*.

Lipps is part of the West Coast art car community: a subculture of artists and car modifiers who seek to inspire, entertain, and capture the attention of the masses. He has been creating art cars for over twenty years, gaining national coverage from *AutoWeek* magazine and a clip on the Canadian documentary program *Weird Wheels*, for past creations including a tiki-themed Volkswagen Bug and a van inspired by the paint-drip style artwork of Jackson Pollock.

Lipps is driven to transform his cars into works of moving art to show people there are other options—a way to make your car truly yours.

"It's a canvas and it's public art," says Lipps, a resident of Eugene's culturally rich Whiteaker neighborhood. Lipps creates artwork ranging from paintings to sculptures, carvings to drawings—his transformed cars are yet another form of his aesthetic expression.

In 1908, Ford Motor Company introduced the Model T, more or less establishing a universal standard for cars. And in defiance, art car artists have been modifying their vehicles ever since. "Since cars were invented, people have been doing stuff to them," Lipp says. "It's just another medium."

Art cars were commonly seen throughout the 1960s, with the DayGlo sporting Volkswagen Bugs and vans associated with the hippie movement. John Lennon's famous Rolls-Royce Phantom V and Janis Joplin's psychedelically painted Porsche were other notable icons in the art car world, as were the legendary Oscar Mayer "Wienermobile" and the annual BMW Art Car project featuring modern artists like Andy Warhol and Roy Lichtenstein.

Lipps credits American documentary filmmaker and art car artist Harrod Blank with organizing many art car communities in Texas and California. Blank's documentaries on art car culture gave the art form a more national spotlight.

Co-founder of ArtCar Fest, one of the largest annual art car gatherings on the West Coast, Blank has been at the forefront of the American art car phenomenon for the last twenty years. His cinematic work includes his 1992 documentary *Wild Wheels*, his 1998 follow-up film *Driving the Dream*, and his most recent production *Automorphosis*, which premiered in 2008.

PHOTOS ALICIA GREENWELL



Blank began his maverick career as car artist, transforming his 1965 Volkswagen Beetle into his first work of moving art: a beach ball-TV-chalkboard chimera boasting a bumper made of plastic fruit and rubber chickens. His notable creations over the years include his famous Camera Van, a vehicle entirely covered in working cameras, which has shot some 15,000 frames of observers so far.

Art on Wheels: Taking Creativity to the Streets

Lipps' friend and neighbor Tyler Runyan fell into the art car community, setting out to modify his first car under the guidance of Lipps. The two share a backyard, which is decked with artwork. Masks hang from fence posts; a tool shed is packed with art projects boasting various works in transition; and sculptures and ornaments are displayed in every corner of the yard. This is where Runyan's first four-wheeled mobile modification was born.

After roughly 120 hours of labor, using a selection of foam rubber, silicon adhesive, plumbing insulation, and a few cans of spray paint, Runyan transformed his 2001 Suzuki Swift into an anglerfish on wheels. Approximately 3,500 to 3,700 scales now decorate his car, complete with a working light dangling just above the windshield distinguishing the deep-sea creature from any other fish in the sea.

Runyan showed off the "fish" for the first time last fall at a gathering in Sacramento, California.

"There's nothing better than the moment you start grinding on your car and there's that point of no return," Lipps says. "Then you really have to finish it! You can't resell it at that point. You might as well turn it into something."

Lipps and Runyan are careful when selecting what materials to use in their modifications as they drive their cars outside year-round. They also make sure not to use materials that will weigh the cars down.

"It's got to be cheap, light weight, and able to weather the elements," Lipps says.

Both Lipps and Runyan use their moving pieces of art as their primary transportation source, stressing functionality alongside with their artistic endeavors.

"My art car is a daily driver, and I will always make daily drivers," Lipps says. "I'm not going to make a parade float, and I don't drive in a parade when I go to work."

Bystanders on the street have mixed responses when they see Lipps and Runyan cruise by in their original car designs. A lot of them smile. Some of them glare. Some just don't know what to think. Lipps and Runyan enjoy all kinds of reactions.

Runyan has a sense of humor when driving his "fish" around. "I look in my rearview mirror sometimes, and I see people laughing," Runyan says, "and that's all good with me."

The two have sacrificed a potential resale value by modifying their vehicles,

but they say that it's worth it.

"It would be great if everybody just painted his or her car," Lipps says, "but it's just such an investment a lot of people just can't deface something like that. Once you get over that, then it's a lot of fun."


Runyan hopes that his first art car won't be his last. He is currently brainstorming what his next vehicle and concept will be.

"I think I might stick to an aquatic theme next time around," Runyan says, as he envisions a large octopus wrapping its tentacles around the roof of a small sedan.

"This is definitely something I could do again. It was kind of frustrating during parts of it," he says, "but it's all on there now, and I'm not about to take it off."

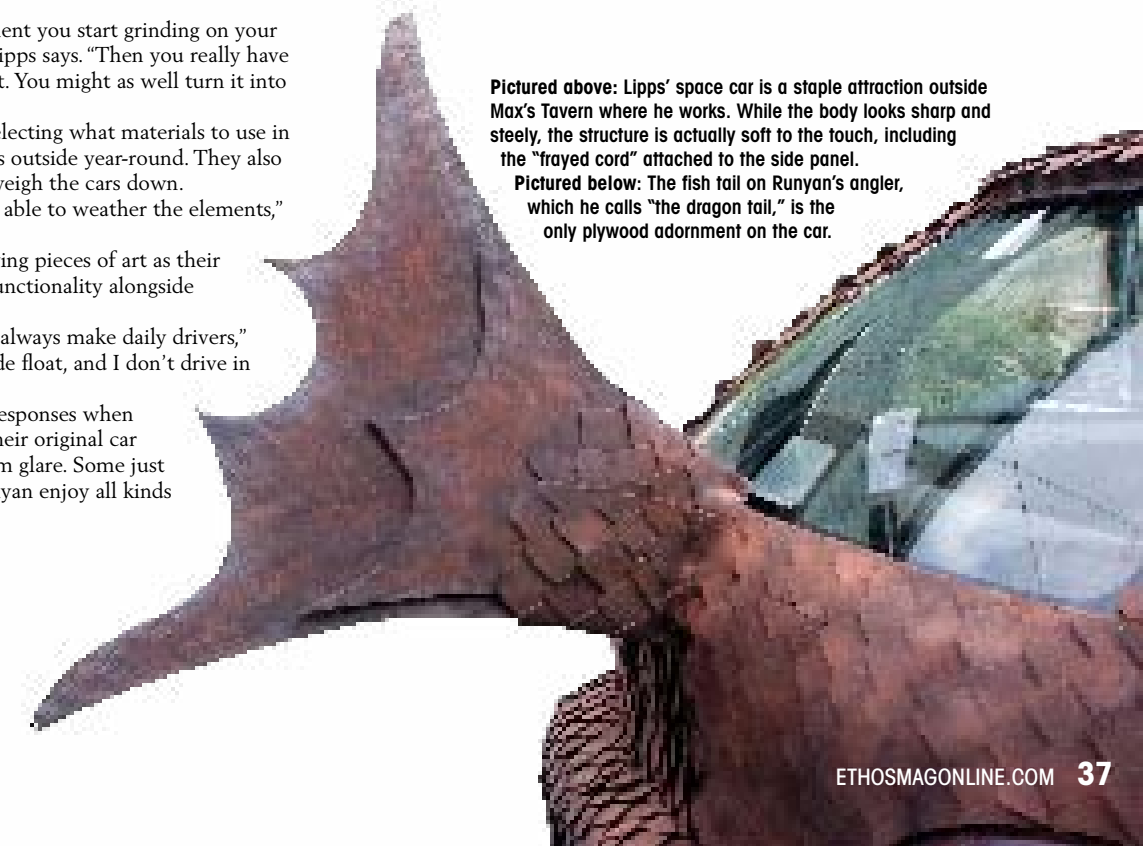
Lipps and Runyan encourage anyone to try creating an art car, saying that the act of personalizing our vehicles could bring art to the streets and make car travel more fun.

Long a materialistic status symbol for the American consumer, these two "avant" renegades seek to change the way people see their autos—less as capitalist icons and more of a statement of individual freedom and expression.

"Art cars should be everywhere. Everybody should do one," Lipps says. "I'd rather see a freeway full of art cars than a freeway full of yuppie status symbols."  **-Neil Beschle**

Pictured above: Lipps' space car is a staple attraction outside Max's Tavern where he works. While the body looks sharp and steely, the structure is actually soft to the touch, including the "frayed cord" attached to the side panel.

Pictured below: The fish tail on Runyan's angler, which he calls "the dragon tail," is the only plywood adornment on the car.



Preserving Cures

As precious medicinal plants and herbs begin to disappear, concerned activists are doing whatever they can to bring them back.

Over half of the world's prescription drugs are derived from chemicals first discovered in plants. These include common medications such as oral contraceptives, antibiotics, and painkillers, as well as lifesaving anticancer treatments and heart disease medications. But these medications and their plant derivatives are at risk of disappearing. Over-harvesting, habitat degradation, and agricultural expansion all threaten these valuable plants; their loss is especially devastating for those who depend on these plants as a means of affordable healthcare, and for some, a livelihood. Alarm over this issue has compelled people to develop approaches to conserve and protect medicinal herbs and plants, including the practices of responsible harvesting and sustainable cultivation.

It's estimated that there are 10,000 plant species throughout the world with medicinal properties. While some of them are rare, others are common garden plants such as Vinca, which is used to make chemotherapies that treat leukemia, lymphoma, and other varieties of cancer. Many drugs like these can still only be derived from the original plant.

The connection between nature and modern medicine goes back long before the time of sterile hospitals, vaccinations, and giant white antibiotic pills. As far back as 1652, when apothecary Nicholas Culpeper published the first non-religious text on the benefits of herbs and plants, people have been using herbs as a staple medicine. Culpeper's knowledge of natural cures helped patients who normally couldn't afford a doctor's visit, access to cheap local herbs. This in turn enraged "closed shop" investors, who, much like today, wanted to monopolize the drug market. According to Susan Leopold, executive director of United Plant Savers, a nonprofit dedicated to raising awareness about plant extinction, "A lot of populations are still very dependent on herbal medicine."

For those living on less than two US dollars a day, pharmaceutical drugs aren't an option. The World Health Organization (WHO) estimates that 80 percent of the world's developing populations rely on traditional, plant-based medicine as their primary form of healthcare. "Demand for traditional remedies is also increasing in so-called developed countries, alongside growing environmental-awareness and a desire for natural healing through natural products," author Belinda Hawkins writes in a 2007 report for Botanic Gardens Conservation International. In an effort to meet this demand, grassroots organizations are promoting organic agricultural practices to secure the future of medicinal crops.

SLANGING "SANG:" AMERICA'S GINSENG DEBATE

Revered in traditional Chinese and folk medicine, ginseng is the top-selling herb in the United States' \$3 billion market for medicinal herbs. As the third largest global producer of ginseng, the US exports nearly 90 percent of its annual yield to East Asia, where native Asian populations have been virtually harvested to extinction in the wild. Subsequently, wild populations of American ginseng have rapidly depleted, which have since been listed as a species that "may become [extinct] unless trade is closely controlled," under the 1975 Convention in International Trade in Endangered Species of Wild Fauna and Flora (CITES). Despite regulatory and conservation efforts, illegal ginseng harvesters or "sang" poachers jeopardize efforts to

sustain wild harvests.

To help combat this dwindling natural resource, concerned botanists and growers have invested in organically farmed varieties of American ginseng.

Kathy Sego and her husband Roger own Sego's Herb Farm near La Center, Washington, where they have organically grown ginseng since 1998. When they first began business, Canadian suppliers dominated the market, exporting tons of ginseng root to the United States and Asia at incredibly low prices. The yields were high because the Canadian government had subsidized the massive chemical inputs farmers were relying on.

"They were using pounds of really noxious chemicals," Kathy Sego says. "They drove the ginseng market out of the US because they got higher yields." When the US government found out about the high chemical inputs, they banned the importation of the roots.

Today, ginseng is still cultivated in the United States with some chemical inputs. But for the Segos, the decision to cultivate only organically grown products was simple. "It's just logical," Sego says. "We've always been into supplements, and why would you take supplements with a bunch of chemicals on them? We're creating a much healthier product."

But as only one of two organic ginseng farmers in North America, the majority of American ginseng is either chemically treated or illegally harvested. Despite regulatory efforts by the United State's Fish and Wildlife Service, "sang" hunters and nonorganic ginseng farmers continue to threaten the remaining wild population.

RESPONSIBLE HARVESTING

Large herb and spice companies such as Frontier Natural Products Co-Op recognize their customers' demands must be met without destroying the plant populations their businesses depend on. Frontier created the Well

Earth partnership program, which provides resources, support, and grants to herb and spice farmers worldwide. One such farmer is Lorenzo Ich, a cardamom grower in Guatemala, who learned organic farming techniques from a Well Earth supplier. He now receives a premium price for his organic products, which has helped him provide for his family.

According to Kai Stark, a purchasing manager for Frontier, Well Earth farmers reap several key benefits of organic and sustainable farming practices: healthier soil, increased yields, premium prices, and healthier families. Organically grown products fetch a high price in the global market and keep small family farms possible. Since organic farmers don't use pesticides and herbicides, their expenses tend to be less. Also, some feel their family's health risks are lower because they're not exposed to so many chemicals. Moreover, organic practices help revitalize the soil, which increase yields, cyclically benefitting farmers who in turn are able to maximize profits.

As of 2004, the global trade in medicinal plants is estimated to be worth \$60 billion per year, according to the World Bank. Although programs like Well Earth advocate responsible cultivation and harvesting, an estimated 70-80 percent of the medicinal plants being traded are collected from wild populations, according to a 2002 joint report by the World Wildlife Fund and TRAFFIC, the wildlife trade-monitoring network. This increasing global consumption of medicinal herbs threatens to exhaust wild plant populations, as conservation efforts, aren't priority over mass production.

Plant extinctions today are occurring at a rate 1,000 times higher than they would naturally, with as many as 15,000 medicinal plants under threat. According to Fred Stevens, an associate professor of medicinal chemistry at Oregon State University's College of Pharmacy, 30 percent of drugs come from nature. He speculates the number of potential drugs that could be lost considering the current extinction rate. Without Mother Nature, many medical breakthroughs like the discovery of antibiotics wouldn't have occurred. With dedicated people working toward encouraging responsible cultivation practices within the herb industry, there's a good chance that these plants will be around for the benefit of future generations.

"The chemical diversity of nature is better than the chemical diversity in the lab," Stevens says.

-Anneka Miller

Endangered Plants

Prunus africana –

Pygeum, African cherry

The bark of this tree is harvested and used to treat malaria, fevers, kidney disease, urinary tract infections, and prostate enlargement. The medicinal retail trade for *P.africana* is estimated to be roughly US \$220 million per year. One tree can yield up to US \$200 worth of bark, thus sustainable harvesting practices were ignored and it was listed internationally as vulnerable in 1995.



Hoodia Gordonii – Hoodia

A slow growing, spiny, succulent plant found throughout southern Africa, this plant was traditionally used by the San bushman as an appetite suppressant. Today, it's used to treat obesity. Of the twelve known types, only one is found abundantly. The other eleven are found in small, scattered populations under threat from over-collection and illegal trade.



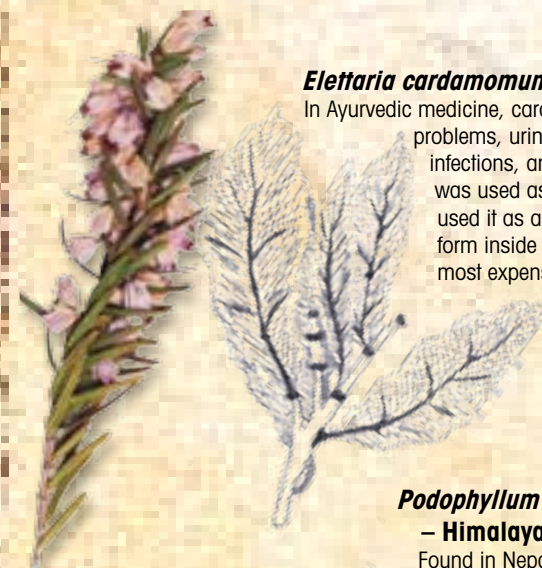
Gentiana lutea – Yellow gentian

This plant, which is found in the mountains of central and southern Europe, has been used since the time of the ancient Egyptians as an appetite stimulant. Today, this extremely bitter root is used for treatment of anorexia and to strengthen the digestive system of patients suffering from chronic diseases. *G.lutea* is harvested in the wild and is now listed as endangered or critically endangered in the European regions where it's found.



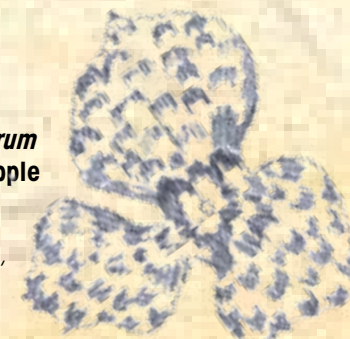
Eleutheria cardamomum – Cardamom

In Ayurvedic medicine, cardamom is used to treat heart and digestive problems, urinary tract disorders, bronchitis, asthma, infections, and sore throats. In ancient Egypt, the spice was used as a tooth cleaner; the Romans and Greeks used it as a perfume. The small black seeds which form inside 3/4 inch long pods are one of the world's most expensive spices, second only to saffron.



Podophyllum hexandrum – Himalayan Mayapple

Found in Nepal and the western Himalayas, this plant contains podophyllin, a resin used to treat ovarian cancer and warts.



PHOTOS ALICIA GREENWELL ILLUSTRATIONS ANNA HELLAND

Ayurvedic medicine, which originated in India, is a 5,000-year-old traditional medicine system based on roughly 2,000 plant species.

Rosy periwinkle (*Catharanthus roseus*) has helped increase the chance of surviving childhood leukemia from 10% to 95%.

The flower buds and seeds from *Magnolia denudata* are used in Asia for headaches and sinusitis.

The Lore of the Lure

From the Bohemians to the Damsel Flies, local fishers wade into fly fishing culture.



You need more than an address to find Mark Sorenson's house. Just thirty minutes southeast of Springfield, Oregon, where the industrial confines of city life gradually give way to green, grassy spaces, the houses are few and far between. Without Google Maps as a guide, several neighbors help point out the hill where Sorenson's storybook log cabin can be found overlooking the hilly vales of Fall Creek.

Sorenson is a fly fisherman. He belongs to the Bohemians, a group of fly fishers who take trips for the purpose of "roughing it" in the environment—not that Sorenson has anything to prove. He and his wife built the two-story log cabin they currently live in. Numerous handcrafted creations are scattered around the house: an antler chandelier, stone fireplace, and the massive log ceiling beams reaching above his head. Sorenson's voice easily fills the house, echoed by the sounds of an eager Shih Tzu named Chester and a massive chocolate Lab named Duke.

First used as a fishing technique in AD 400, fly fishing is a sport that has lasted through the centuries. Considered as much an art as it is a sport, the technique began as an imitation of life. The very first fly fishers supposedly originated from Macedonia, where fishermen noticed that fish would eat the flies that hovered over the water. They began creating their own "flies" using red wool and feathers to attract the fish. The method and tools of fly fishing have come a long way since then, and there are now hundreds of different fly-tying techniques and even more materials with which to make them.

The Caddis Fly Angling Shop is a local Eugene favorite for such materials. The social atmosphere and expertise of Caddis Fly creates an open community for both professionals and amateurs.

"The friends whom I met just welcomed me right in, and I felt at home," Sorenson says. "I kept going back almost every day. It was a hangout, and that's where I learned about everything. They taught me the foundation of what I do today."

Soon after he started dabbling in the sport, Sorenson went to Caddis Fly for equipment, and it was there that he found the group of friends he calls the Bohemians.

Men, however, aren't the only ones fly fishing on local waters. The Damsel Flies are a group of women who, like the Bohemians, go out to share the camaraderie of fly fishing.

Long-time member Kathy McCartney is a grey-haired, sure-spoken



Top: "Damsel Fly" Kathy McCartney trolls international waters for world-class fly-fishing when not in the Northwest.

Left: Mark Sorenson, a member of the fly fishing group the Bohemians, started fishing with a 10 dollar rod from Bi-Mart.

Right: The Caddis Fly Angling Shop features a wide array of flies, including this Hickman's Chrome Magnet in blue, which can be used to catch steelhead.



woman who spends part of her time working at Caddis Fly and the rest fishing with her husband. McCartney's house is chock-full of fish décor, most of which she made herself. It is her common practice to release almost all the fish she catches, even her biggest catch to date: a 100-pound tarpon.

"I started fishing in 1989," McCartney says. "I sat and watched my husband fish, and finally I thought, 'This is stupid; I can do this.'" Like many serious fly fishers, McCartney ties her own flies and uses a variety of feather colors, dubbing, and thread.

"All the flies are modeled after different stages of bugs," says McCartney, slipping on her reading glasses to tie a fly. "You have to learn these things. Otherwise, you're not going to know what to fish."

According to McCartney, entomology—the study of insects—is vital to understanding how fish see flies. Mayflies and damselflies both go through

a nymph stage where they swim underwater. As the early fly fishermen observed, other insects such as caddis flies and midges go from larvae to pupae and never swim underwater, but stay near the surface.

McCartney walks down a dirt path dotted with the pinks and blues of bleeding hearts and bluebells. Ashes, alders, and cottonwoods sway above the dense foliage as she passes, finally arriving on the bank of the McKenzie River. Dirt gives way beneath her feet as McCartney looks for a spot to position herself, critically eyeing every eddy and swirl of the river. The McKenzie moves quickly, still swollen from spring rains.

With a Native Fish Society hat firmly on her head and waterproof waders up to her torso, McCartney treads in. The river pushes and pulls against her as McCartney draws out her line for slack and brings back the pole. With audible swishing, she whips the line back and forth, finally casting out in an arc into the air. Cars can still be heard nearby, mingling with the calls of the birds.

The McKenzie holds a number of fish varieties, including wild rainbow trout and mostly hatchery fish.

"I don't like those. They're stupid and have no fight," McCartney says.

According to McCartney, fly fishers refer to hatchery fish as "pellet-heads" because they lunge at anything that touches the surface of the water, thinking that it's food.

Although McCartney's trip is short, fly fishers can easily spend an entire day out on the water. "Wake up at 4 a.m., fish 'til dusk," McCartney says with a smile. "We take a break for lunch, sometimes." On the way back, she points out a March brown mayfly fluttering up and away.

Fly fishers are renowned for the passion that they have for their sport, much like any other kind of sportsmen.

"It's where it brings you, where it takes you to beautiful places," says Chris Daughters, owner of Caddis Fly. "It's your surroundings and the intimacy you get from being outside or in the water."

For McCartney, it's about the personal knowledge and skill involved. "I think it's about being out in the water without somebody telling you what to fish," she says. "Maybe this is the feminist part of something. I don't like people telling me that I have to fish this or that. I don't know if I could go on an actual trip to Paris or something because there might not be fishing there."

Community also plays a strong component in the lives of fly fishers.

Mention the name of a local fly fisher to another and it's not uncommon for them to know the person. It's this sense of culture and community that draws people in and keeps them coming back.

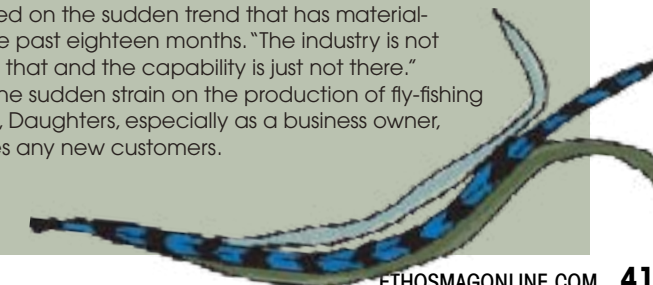
"My favorite group is the Bohemians," Sorenson says. "You take a van and some food, and you just rough it."

Fly fishing preferences range from "roughing it" like the Bohemians to being more comfortable like the Orvites (a group named after the top-end gear company Orvis), but the bottom line is the same. As Sorenson says, "It's more fun when everyone is catching fish."

After thirty-four years of fly fishing, Sorenson is still devoted to his sport; even his wedding ring has a swimming salmon engraved on the band. Back at home the eager Shih Tzu prances around while Duke stands solidly at Mark's side. On his forearm, Mark's salmon tattoo flashes in and out of sight as he waves goodbye, still chuckling about the difficulty it took to find him out in the wilderness. ♀ -Anna Smith

HAIR FEATHERS FLY OFF SHELVES

The fly fishing industry has encountered some excitement lately with the explosive popularity of feather hair extensions, which are the very same feathers fly fishers use in their ties to attract fish. "The feather craze is very interesting," says Chris Daughters, owner of Caddis Fly Angling Shop. "The fashion industry is so much bigger than the production for fly tiers and fly anglers, and all of the feathers have evaporated." Daughters elaborated on the sudden trend that has materialized in the past eighteen months. "The industry is not set up for that and the capability is just not there." Despite the sudden strain on the production of fly-fishing materials, Daughters, especially as a business owner, welcomes any new customers.





DIRTY MOUTH?

Watch your language!—This scolding remark can be heard across the nation, from dinner tables to church pews to elementary school playgrounds, as if certain words can take on minds of their own if not properly policed. In an increasingly pluralistic society, profanity—synonyms for which include “cursing,” “swearing,” “expletives,” and “cussing”—has reared its dirty head in all aspects of life, from exclamations of pain, hatred, frustration, and stress to even love and passion. To combat this influx of begrimed speech and the unraveling of society’s moral fabric that it supposedly engenders, the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) has been instilled with the responsibility of ensuring the decency of broadcast speech. However, the final determination of what can and cannot be verbalized comes with the pounding of a courtroom gavel.

ILLUSTRATION GABRIELLA NARVAEZ

At the center of profanity’s long and convoluted roundtrip from public airwaves to judges’ benches and back again lies stand-up comedian George Carlin. In a performance at Milwaukee’s Summerfest in July 21, 1972, Carlin was arrested and charged with violating obscenity laws after completing his “Seven Words You Can Never Say on Television” routine originally recorded on his third comedy album *Class Clown*.

“Shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, motherfucker, and tits: those are the Heavy Seven. Those are the ones that’ll infect your soul, curve your spine, and keep the country from winning the war,” Carlin snarls on the track.

In the resulting court case, the judge declared that though Carlin’s language was indecent, the comedian nonetheless had the freedom to say it as long as he did not cause a public disturbance. The case was eventually dropped, but resurfaced again the next year when the FCC received complaints about a similar Carlin routine called “Filthy Words” on the Pacifica station WBAI-FM.

The issue eventually came before the Supreme Court in the 1978 case *FCC v. Pacifica Foundation* in which the court ruled 5-4 in the Commission’s favor, finding Carlin’s routine to be “indecent but not obscene.”

As censorship proponents necessitate the defense of family values while libertarians counter with idealisms like “freedom” and “liberty,” the rest of society is left to make up its mind, and too often are the more-or-less benign origins of these terms overlooked. To fully comprehend the effects of language—both positive and negative—on those who advocate for or condemn its use, one must first consider an extrapolation of Shakespeare’s age-old quandary: “What’s in a name?”

FUCK

Midway through the 1983 classic *A Christmas Story*, loveable protagonist and narrator Ralphie drops the hubcap, spilling lug nuts as his father changes a flat tire on the family car, and letting loose one of film’s most famous utterances of the bombshell. Though the nine-year-old Indiana boy says “fudge” on camera, the narrator is quick to interject, “only I didn’t say ‘fudge.’ I said the word, the big one, the queen-mother of dirty words, the F-dash-dash-dash word!”

Placing its highly-offensive and arguably blasphemous meanings aside, “fuck” is a marvel of modern slang. It can be used as a verb, adverb, adjective, command, interjection, noun, and can essentially replace any word in any sentence (“that fucking fuck fucked the fucking fuckers”). In the English language, “fuck” is one of the few words that can be supplanted inside the stem of an existing word—called an infix—to enhance or alter its meaning. These “expletive infixes” can assume the form of terms like “fan-fucking-tastic” or “un-fucking-believable.”

According to the *Oxford English Dictionary*, the etymology of “fuck” is somewhat unclear, but is often traced back to Germanic languages through words like “ficken” (German: to fuck), “fokka” (Swedish: to strike or copulate), “fokken” (Dutch: to breed, strike or beget) and “fukka” (Norwegian: to copulate). In Latin, the word “futuere” can have a similar meaning to the English infinitive verb “to fuck.” Romance languages adapted the word including the French “foutre” and Italian “fottere.” Prior to Latin, the Greek word “phyo” is etymologically similar, which means “to beget” or “to give birth to.”

Several urban legends have arisen in the last half-century claiming the word has its roots in acronymic form. Though the word’s thousands of years of usage dispels many of these supposed origins, one legend claims that the acronym stood for the grant of royal permission to fornicate. During the Black Plague outbreak of the 1340s, townships supposedly imposed limitations on procreation in order to control interaction between infected populations. Couples wishing to bear children were required to obtain royal consent; thus, “Fornication Under Consent of the King,” which was later shortened to the acronym “FUCK.”

SHIT

Derived from the Old English nouns “scite” (meaning dung), “scitte” (meaning diarrhea), and the verb “scitan” (to defecate), like “fuck,” “shit” retains the popular belief that it was derived from acronymic origins. “Ship High In Transit,” a term often attributed to the false etymology, was once used to express the need to stow

manure above water lines during ship transport to avoid leakage and contamination.

Despite taking a backseat to “fuck” in terms of offensiveness, “shit” is still censored on broadcast television networks, though its use is permitted under stringent FCC exceptions. Interestingly, the alternative four-letter word “crap,” synonymous in literal form with “shit,” is usually not subject to censorship and has become generally more accepted and appropriate in the English-speaking world.

CUNT

This highly-offensive vulgarism literally refers to female genitalia, but is also used in slang as a derogatory epithet describing “an unpleasant or stupid person.” A *Merriam-Webster Dictionary* entry specifically restricts the meaning of the word to the female gender, referring to a disparaging or obscene woman, and notes its use in the US as “an offensive way to refer to a woman.” However, in certain colloquial British, New Zealand, and Australian speech, the term can be used with a positive qualifier to convey a sense of praise or admiration. For example, the terms “good cunt” or “clever cunt” may not be considered as offensive in such countries.

According to the 1972 edition of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, the earliest citation of the usage of “cunt” refers to a London street circa 1230 known as “Gropecunt Lane.”

Irish avant-garde novelist and poet James Joyce was among the first 20th-century novelists to use the word “cunt” in print. In his Joyce’s novel *Ulysses*, Leopold Bloom, who is the book’s hero, describes the Dead Sea as “the grey sunken cunt of the world.” “Cunt” is most often thought to be derived from the Germanic word “kunto,” appearing as “kunta” in Old Norse. The word also has an unsubstantiated relationship to similar-sounding words such as the Latin “cuneus” (meaning wedge) and “cunnus” (meaning vulva), which is derived from the French “con,” the Spanish “coño,” and the Portuguese “cona.”

COCKSUCKER

Within the realm of vulgar slang, this noun literally refers to one who performs the act of fellatio, or oral sex on male genitalia.

“Cock” by itself is an onomatopoeia derived from the call of a rooster and can benignly refer to anything from valve types to clock parts to airplanes. As a colloquial profane vulgarism, “cock” literally means “penis,” roughly as offensive as the word “dick.” The term is akin to the Old Norse “kokkr” and the Old French “coq” and “cocorico,” both of which are sound-imitative. Many English names for birds incorporate the word, like blackcock, peacock, and woodcock.

Though “cock” retains both vulgar and inoffensive meaning, “cocksucker” cannot claim the same innocence. According to the *Merriam-Webster Dictionary*, the word was first used in the 1890s in reference to “one who performs fellatio,” especially a male homosexual. Only in the 1920s was its meaning expanded colloquially to mean a “contemptible person.” Synonyms for “cocksucker’s” non-literal meaning, referring to a mean or despicable person, include “bastard,” “prick,” “dickhead,” and “son of a bitch.”

Though not etymologically linked, the Latin insult “irrumator” is similar to “cocksucker,” meaning “someone who forces others to give him oral sex;” hence, “one who treats people with contempt.” The Roman poet Gaius Valerius Catullus uses the insult in the poem “Catullus 10” to criticize his boss Gaius Memmius for treating his subordinates poorly, writing: “I answered that ... the people themselves...can find any means of coming back fatter than they went, especially as they had such a(n) ‘irrumator’ for a praetor [Roman official], ...”

As is the case with many of the Heavy Seven, the stigmatization and vilification of certain historically-harmless terms is what eventually leads them to become taboo. However, in the words of George Orwell, the inverse may also be true because “If thought corrupts language, language can also corrupt thought.” In the end, regardless of whether the infamous words Carlin fired off on stage four decades ago were causes or effects of social stigma, broadcast media is still punctuated with bleeps; loose-lipped dinner guests still spoil the appetites of their fellow patrons; and rebellious schoolchildren still fear the taste of soap. —Stefan Verbano

The Background World of Background Actors

HOLLYWOOD

He's been in forty-five feature films and worked among the likes of Martin Scorsese, Tom Cruise, Robert De Niro, and Sandra Bullock, but chances are you wouldn't recognize his name or face. Lary Crews is a professional extra or background actor. Thousands of people perform in his line of work every day and most will never be professionally acknowledged. Lurking opposite *Jersey Shore* and just left of celebrity, the background acting industry occupies the subculture of the entertainment industry—an industry built on exposure and consumption—and even though it's always in the picture, it's hardly noticed.

"If background actors are furniture, as one director said, I was determined to be the best piece of furniture I could be," Crews says. "That's why I created characters to play even though no one else knew."

During his twenty-five-year stint as a radio broadcaster in Tampa Bay, Florida, Crews booked a few gigs as an extra, but he always wanted to be more involved with movies. In 2008, he moved to Burbank, California, started an acting blog (<http://backgroundacting.wordpress.com>), and signed up to work with Central Casting.

Central Casting has been a resource for both movie producers and background actors for more than eighty years. Early films date back to the 1890s, but they were a far cry from the Hollywood blockbusters seen today. These films didn't have official actors and were often unedited takes of everyday life. Within a span of thirty years, by 1922, there were about 30,000 background actors in Los Angeles looking for work. These acting hopefuls were willing and eager to do whatever it took to break into the Golden Age of Hollywood. And as a result, they were often exploited by reigning studios, forced to work long hours in poor conditions for little compensation.

In the years after Hollywood was flooded by background actors, stories of misconduct and scandal started making headlines in papers and magazines across the nation, threatening Hollywood's elite status. In response, the major producers of the time, which included representatives from 20th Century Fox, Paramount Pictures, Warner Bros., and MGM, banded together to establish the Central Casting Corporation in 1925. Central Casting imparted regulations in the industry and put a halt to the exploitation, but many background actors today still struggle with the stigma attached to being a background actor.

"There are absolutely stigmas involved with being an extra," says Amanda Cooper, an aspiring actress, who requested her name be changed because she doesn't want to be associated with her work as a background actor.

"There are extras who are extras for life—that's what they actually want to do and that's great. Then there are extras who think they're going to be discovered and become famous by doing extra work, which is never ever going to happen," Cooper says. "Top agencies will not sign you if you've done extra work; they say it shows them that you're not able to focus on your career or acting."

Cooper, a theater arts graduate from the University of Oregon, moved to Studio City, California, in 2009. She was looking to break into the acting industry, but the twenty-four-year-old says she quickly learned that being an extra was not the best way to do that.

"That's definitely the thing I think a lot of people don't realize because a lot of people glorify being an extra," Cooper says. "But it's going to hold you back. In a way it makes sense; when you're doing extra work, you're working twelve- to sixteen-hour days and don't have time to work on your career. It's kind of upsetting to hear because now I have to ignore the fact that I did extra work."

Crews, in turn, disagrees, and believes Cooper is taking unnecessary precautions.

"Firstly, casting agencies, elite or not, don't go trolling around the Internet or publications looking for talent," Crews says. "Secondly, you break into principal roles by being on set, and the best way to do that is to be a background actor."

Damon Jones, founder and owner of Portland-based talent agency Actors in Action, says background work is a great experience for newcomers to the acting industry. "It gets you out into the field, you make tons of

contacts, and it's better than sitting at home playing video games," Jones says. Though, he concedes, the extremely

competitive, elite casting agencies would be the ones, if any, to have biases against background work.

While the value of background experience is something they can agree on, there's a difference between doing background acting as a hobby versus as a main source of income. As a means of earning a living, continuous background acting gigs can take a toll. Cooper says the long, unpredictable hours of waiting on the job can get exhausting.

"You do whatever you're told. They tell you when to cross and where to stand ... in a way you're kind of a prop," Cooper says. "They place you in the set design to complete the illusion of reality."

Jason Roberts, who also requested his name be changed, says extras are also often expected to work in less than desirable conditions.

A University of Oregon alum, Roberts moved to Studio City, California, in the summer of 2008 to pursue a career in acting. He says while he ultimately wants a serious acting career, he started working as an extra to

make money and to build up enough experience to be accepted into the Screen Actors Guild, a seventy-eight-year-old union for actors and extras.

"I remember one of the worst situations I was in was for a pilot that was never picked up and we were shooting on location at Frank Sinatra's house," Roberts says. "It was an all-night shoot; everyone showed up at about 3 p.m. and didn't leave until 9 a.m. the next morning. It was bitter cold; it was January; the house was up on this hill in the middle of the Valley. It was essentially a wind tunnel. It was supposed to be a cocktail party in the 1980s, so everyone was wearing really thin clothing even though it was freezing cold and fifteen hours long. You're expected to stand around and act like you're having a good time, and like it's not 20 degrees out."

Cooper had a similar experience shooting for *The Social Network*. She sat in the same place for sixty-five takes in order for the director to get exactly the scene he wanted.

Maintaining this kind of work for a prolonged amount of time can be draining, but many of the background actors working today are as desperate to break into the industry as their counterparts were in the 1920s.

"It can lead to a kind of seedy, unsafe environment when you have people who are desperate to get bumped up at the mercy of some of the lower tier crew members in charge of the extras," Roberts says. "There are lots of stories about young women performing sexual favors for the crew members and things like that. It's a very sort of sad place to be in that sense."

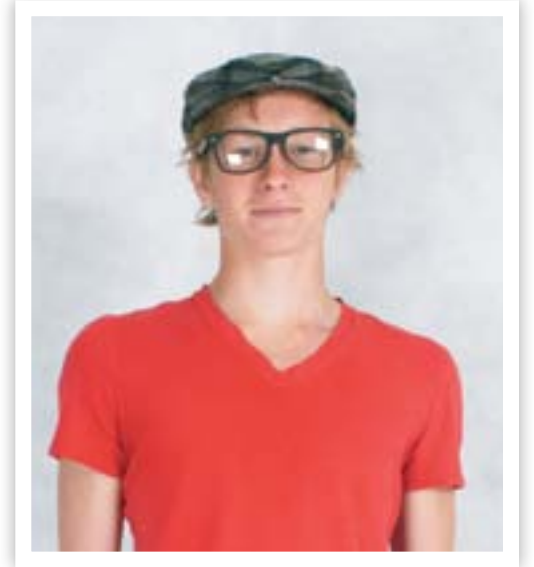
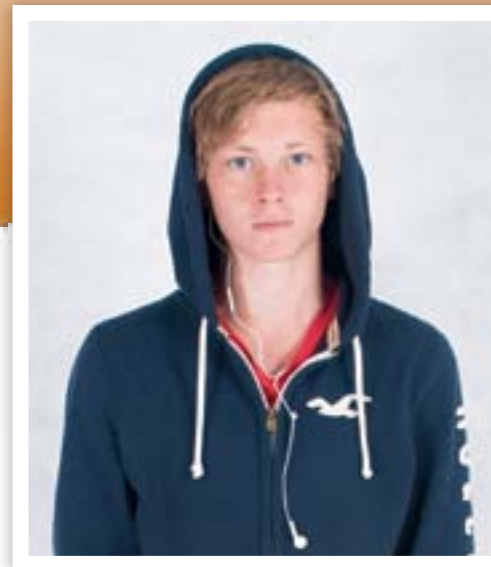
Cooper has wanted to be an actress since she was eight-years-old, when she and her best friend began taking acting classes. A shy child, Cooper used acting as an outlet to express herself.

"It was something that forced me to be outgoing and creative and show what I could do," Cooper says.

Currently, Cooper says she's living off her savings and going on every audition she comes across to book bigger roles than just background.

"Background acting is cool and novel at first," Cooper says. "But I had to stop because it was also getting kind of depressing. I wanted to be working on set as one of those actors in front of me, not as an extra."

While Cooper and Roberts agree that background acting is sometimes ostracized, Crews says there are only stigmas attached to those extras who don't know how to behave on set. A page of his blog is dedicated to teaching beginning extras how to avoid "The Nine Toxic Personality Types,"



Extras have long been a staple in Hollywood. To recognize their work, background actors formed their own union, the Screen Extras Guild, in 1946. Although the Guild has since disbanded, extras remain a vital part to making film feel real for the audience.

including, "The Queen," "The Gossip," and "The Fan," which he says will hinder a background actor's career.

"If you are a toxic person—sleeping, lying, not listening—you won't keep working and they will dislike you, but that's it," Crews says.

Despite all the negative aspects of working as a background actor, Cooper says it's an experience all beginning actors in LA should have. For Cooper, one of the best parts about it is the opportunity to work on shows she watches.

"It could be a horrible day, many hours of you coughing in the background or standing somewhere where you're not seen," Cooper says. "Because it's a show you watch. It's so fun to be on set. You're jazzed to see how it all comes together."

Roberts says his favorite experience happened while working on the set of the Showtime show *Weeds*. He says he looked so much like one of the main actors, Hunter Parrish, that on one of the days when Parrish couldn't be on set, they chose Roberts to be Parrish's stand-in.

"Any time you get to do something that makes you feel special on set, such as, if they ask you to do something specific, it's really cool," Roberts says. "You know you're still background, but it feels like you're more than that." —Natalie Horner

One Night in Italy

A loud banging jarred me awake and out of bed. I was in such a stupor part of me thought perhaps a beautiful, Italian supermodel was at the door of my sleeping car, waiting to serve me espresso and fresh Italian *cometto* pastries. Wrong! In reality, Italian authorities had stopped my Rome-bound train at 3 a.m. to search for contraband, hustling my two friends and me out of bed.

We were halfway through a two-month, twelve-country trip across Europe and were looking forward to nice weather and beautiful Italian architecture. Instead, an Italian *poliziotto* just smirked at me as I stood there in nothing but Spider-Man boxer shorts, freezing, and begging him to let me use the restroom.

To say that Italy is one of the world's premier tourist destinations would be an understatement. Once the most powerful empire, Rome is known for its rich culture and historical relics. Italian culture has influenced most of the Western world. It is also home to A-list artists who know no rivals: Michelangelo, Da Vinci, and Donatello. People from all over flood into Italy's nooks and crannies, and I was hoping to get in on some of the action.

Upon arriving in Rome, I was blown away by all of the new sights and wanted to experience the city as fully as possible. I wanted to gawk at all of the beautiful people and scenery, eat traditional Italian food, and tour the Roman Forum and Colosseum. Despite my sincere attempts to enjoy everything, all of my insecurities came out with the influx of good-looking people who didn't want to give me the time of day. The city was vibrant and every person was gorgeous, but any confidence I had as a tourist in a new city quickly disappeared.

All I could do was gaze at passersby as my insecurities mounted: That girl would never go out with me. Could I pull off a stylish pink sweater? Why do I own only T-shirts with emo bands' names on them? That girl would never go out with me. Why am I sweating so much? And it got worse from there.

When I would walk into a café to order a sandwich, I was consistently ignored by the employee taking orders. There was no line. I guess Italy believes in large crowds shouting orders, while doing the hand gesture that looks like people are holding a phantom teacup above their heads. In a good-humored attempt to follow local customs, I tried raising my hand up similarly but was still ignored. Maybe it was because I wasn't wearing a pink sweater? Maybe they could see my Spider-Man boxers sticking up from my waistband? I finally ordered the sandwich, but was made to feel like my business was a nuisance to the delicatessen.

I would have been willing to overlook the terrible service if it weren't for everything else that went wrong. First, a very attractive Italian twenty-something was checking



out my friend Slava. Sure, he was taller, darker, and more handsome than I, but what gives? Do I look that bad that not one girl can check me out? One girl! Second, it felt like the entire country of Italy only served Italian food. After two weeks of pizza and pasta I was jonesing for a kebab or fish and chips. And when we finally got to glimpse the Mediterranean, it was from a 100-foot-long public beach, infested with leathery locals and next to a polluted river run-off. Italian beaches were far from what I had imagined.

With all of these problems, I thought things would never look up until I overheard some girls laughing flirtatiously next to me. However, when I glanced over, I realized that it was a group of preteen Irish tourists who were giggling in Gaelic.

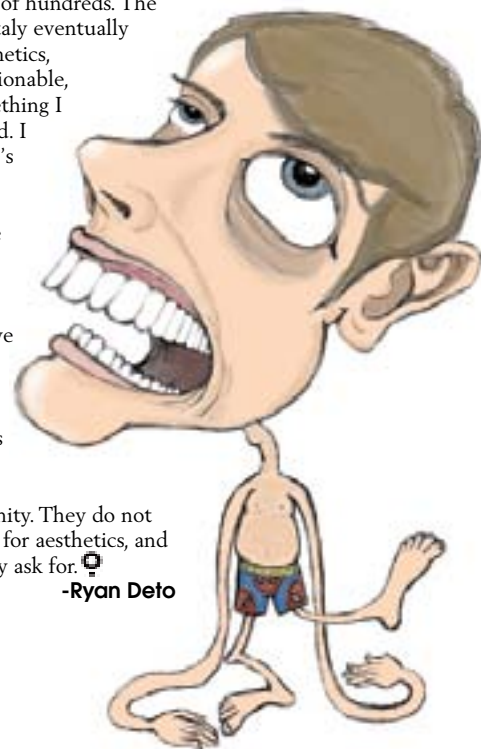
Despite the group of Irish adolescents gossiping about me, I longed to be back in Ireland. It was the first country on our trip and it was by far my favorite. The country is so cold and rainy that people have to wear multiple layers to stay warm and dry, my scrawny arms looked full and strong, and my doughy belly was hidden by not one, but two coats! It was perfect! People drank and talked about culture and music in countless pubs. I talked to a stranger about the differences in Irish and American cinema for hours.

Ireland might not have the most beautiful and pleasant spots, but its people make it a great place to visit. They are always laughing and swearing and looking for a great time. I felt appreciated when I was there, as if I was visiting close friends.

In Italy, I felt like an outsider. I felt like everyone there wanted me gone the minute I walked in. I don't know Italian, but it felt like random people were saying, "Oh look. Ryan is here. Let's make him feel really uncomfortable so he will leave." Mission accomplished, Italy. Everything about the country was beautiful, but I was miserable.

When something is so beautiful, too many people want to see it. It's hard to gaze upon beauty when you have to gaze over the heads of hundreds. The passion for beauty in Italy eventually made me uneasy. Aesthetics, whether personal, fashionable, or decorative, are something I struggle to comprehend. I believe more in people's actions and discussions than how they present themselves. I recognize that how one looks is an important part of society, but if people obsess about it, I believe it takes away from their personality and common decency. And even though Italy loves the way it looks, at least it and its people are genuine in their vanity. They do not compromise their love for aesthetics, and that is all you can really ask for.

-Ryan Deto

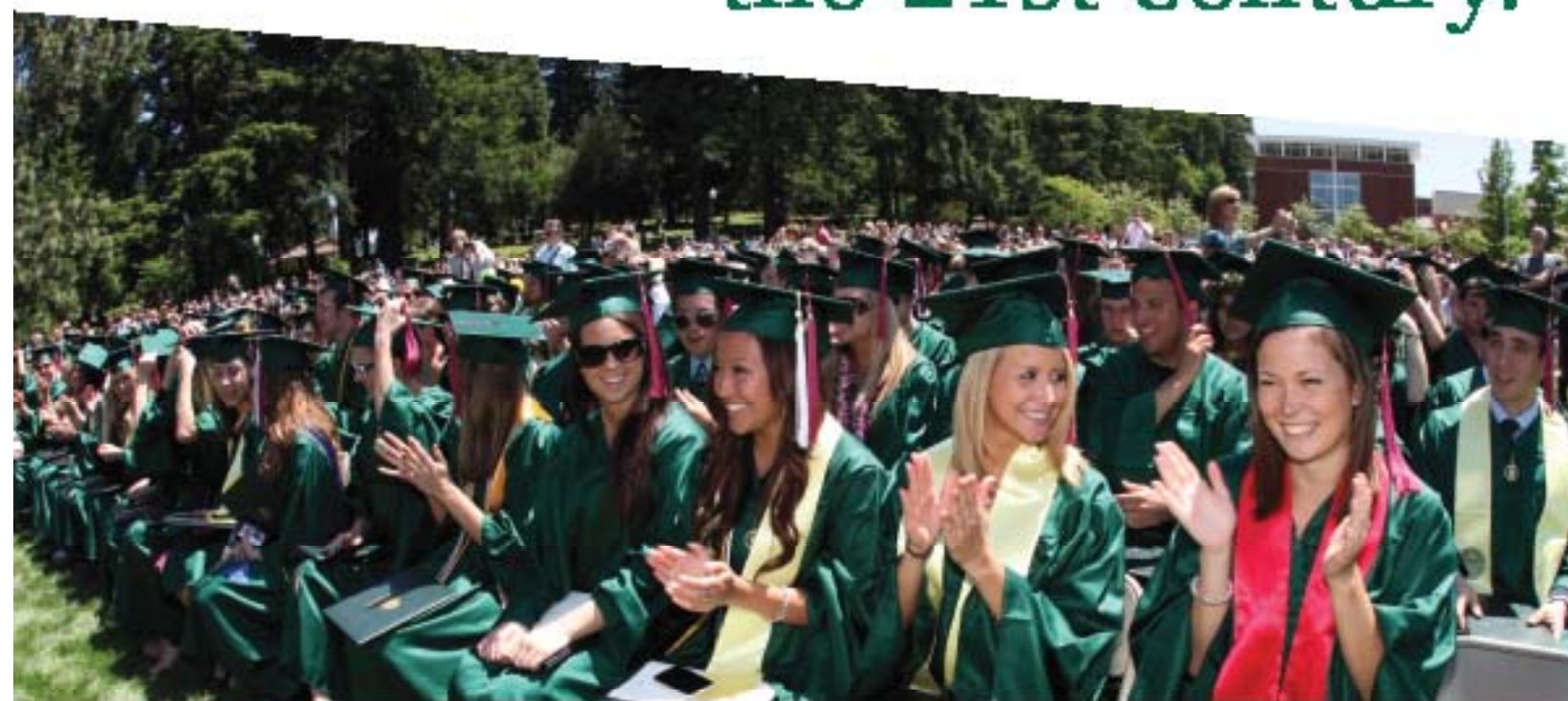


ILLUSTRATIONS EDWIN OUELLETTE

Most journalism schools produce reporters and editors.

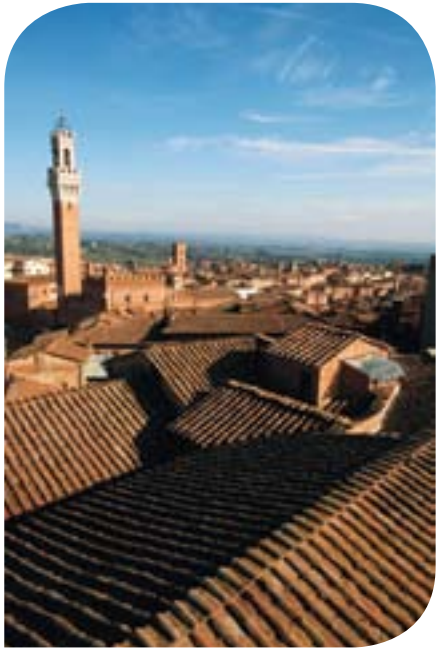
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