

ETHOS

Winter 2013 Volume 5 Issue 2



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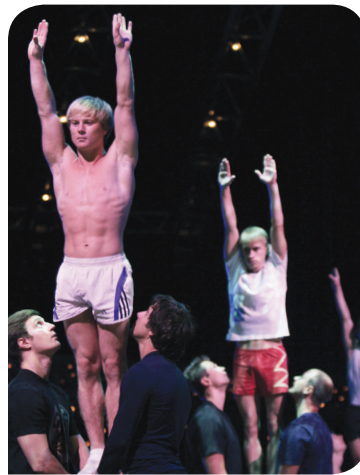
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winter 2013

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Somewhere in the back of my mind, I always had a hunch I was lucky. But I never realized how lucky I was until I had the opportunity to represent *Ethos* at the Associated Collegiate Press convention in Chicago this past November. Mingling with industry professionals and nearly 2,000 journalism students from across the US, I graciously added more than a few sharpened arrows to my journalist's quiver. But most importantly, during the convention I came to understand that while the University of Oregon was represented by three first-rate publications, many colleges and universities are struggling to regularly produce just one campus publication.

From this I began pondering what has allowed *Ethos* to become a successful, award-winning publication since its inception as *KD Magazine* in 2005.

What I found is that the proof, as they say, is in the pudding.

Although *Ethos* staff produces 56 stories annually for our quarterly print magazine, the secret to our publication's longevity goes much deeper than just putting words on paper. It's the drive of the editorial staff meeting deadlines like clockwork, and the copy editors dotting every *i* and crossing every *t* with precision. It's the designers who splash color across endless pages until finding just the right accent to make the stories and photos pop, and it's the excellence in campus and community coverage *Ethos's* web team publishes weekly. All of this is only in addition to the collaboration that *Ethos's* development team inspires by partnering with local businesses and community organizations.



On the surface, *Ethos's* success reveals itself in the glossy spreads of our 48-page print magazine. But it is my hope that the secret ingredient of what makes *Ethos* work—each student's dedication to quality and determination to rise to the challenges of producing a professional publication—is also evident in each issue. I believe it's this unique sense of pride and ownership that has inspired others to pass on the proverbial *Ethos* torch over the last eight years.

From this perspective, it's easy to imagine another editor in chief looking back on *Ethos* eight years from now wondering how they, too, got so lucky.

Lacey Jarrell

Lacey Jarrell
Editor in Chief



Photographer Kathryn Boyd-Batstone captured artist Jake Marly floating during a sensory deprivation session at Float On in Portland, Oregon.

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Congratulations to the *Ethos* staff, both past and present, for its award-winning work. For its previous issues, *Ethos* received multiple awards from the Associated Collegiate Press and Columbia Scholastic Press Association, including its first Digital Magazine Silver Crown and two Society of Professional Journalists Mark of Excellence Awards.

AN ETERNAL BLINDFOLD

A Cottage Grove man sees past blindness to fulfill his dream of owning an automotive shop.

On Tuesday, April 16, 2002, at 6:45 a.m., auto mechanic Larry Woody left his home in Cottage Grove, Oregon, for his daily commute to nearby Eugene. While traveling north in his Toyota Celica, a southbound semi-truck lost control, barreling through the grassy center divider. The enormous truck veered toward the tiny car's path, crashing directly into its side and leaving the remnants of the Celica nearly unrecognizable.

The accident's severity caused Woody to undergo extensive surgery and left him with countless injuries, including complete, permanent blindness. Although Woody recovered from most of his injuries in less than a year, he's still faced with new challenges each day. But despite losing his eyesight, Woody hasn't lost his passion for family, community, and mechanics.

Woody has worked on cars since the late 1970s, but following the accident, he found it nearly impossible to find work as a mechanic. Instead Woody took on small projects and worked on cars in the shop at his house, soon realizing he still had the ability to continue his career as a successful mechanic.

Around that same time, local D&D Automotives was put up for sale, and Woody knew this was his chance to finally go back to work. So in 2006, Woody bought D&D Automotives in hopes of going back to professionally tinkering with cars and to accomplish his longtime goal of owning an automotive repair shop.

BG: Why own your own shop?

LW: Not many people wanted to hire a blind mechanic, service advisor, or shop manager. At 42 years old I was too young to retire and I tried staying at home while I was processing what I wanted to do. It just wasn't working for me sitting at home—everybody else I knew was at work. That was one of the hardest things on me because I had been working since I was 15, and it's not like I could sit and watch television all day. I had heard D&D Automotives was for sale, so I decided it was time to venture out and try mechanics on my own. I began speaking with the previous owner, worked out the details, and signed papers on June 30, 2006.

BG: What were some of the hardships you experienced in day-to-day life after your accident?

LW: Learning how to walk again; walking in the dark all the time; living in total darkness. It's an adjustment. To learn to use a cane, to feel your way through familiar surroundings, even. I had many people tell me right after I got out of the hospital, 'Oh, I understand what you're going through because I put a blindfold on last night and tried to walk through my house.' Well, that'll give them a feel for what I'm going through, but that won't totally give them an understanding, because at any time they can take that blindfold off. I can never take mine off.

BG: What was it like the first time you returned to working with cars?

LW: A family member had a little Honda four-wheeler for his grandkids and it was pretty much a basket case. He asked me if I wanted to take on

a project, and I said, 'What are we talking?' He told me and I said, 'All I can do is try.' So he brought it out and over a few weeks I got it put back together and running for him. It was a very rewarding feeling fixing cars as a blind person. From there, I just started doing little things on our cars at home and just kept growing into owning my own shop.

BG: How are you able to physically perform mechanics without the ability to see?

LW: It's being able to rely on your other senses more. I wouldn't say my hearing or other senses have gotten any better, but because I have to rely on them more, I'm more aware of those senses. Also in mechanics, most of our work is done by feel because we're not always able to see the parts we're working on due to their positioning.

Although I'd say I get around pretty well relying on my sense of feel, mishaps do happen. I once installed a car radio on my own and it was nearly perfect except one minor detail—it was installed upside down. Today's cars are also getting more and more complex, so although I do work on cars a little here and there, I now manage D&D more than I work on the cars that come in here.

BG: What do you enjoy most about your job?

LW: It's not a job—it's a hobby. It gets me out of the house and I've really enjoyed just visiting with the customers and being, as some people would say, 'plugged in' to the community. Most people get up in the morning and grumble, grumble, gripe, gripe. They think, 'I have to go to work today,' and there are those days where I don't want to get up and get moving—but I *get* to come to work every day.


BG: Do you believe everything happens for a reason? Why?

LW: I think so. It's just a feeling I have. In 1999, I was on a train from Portland to Seattle and the first person I noticed on the train was a blind man. I had never really observed a blind person before, but I was amazed watching him and I thought, 'Man that's got to be tough.'

Then in 2000, I was a chaperone for a Cottage Grove Middle School field trip and one of the kids on the trip was blind. At one point on the trip we went into an indoor gym, and I watched the boy put his cane down and run with the other kids on the track. That just blew me away; it was like, 'Wow, this is very impressive.'

About a year later, I got to know a customer where I worked who was an orientation mobility instructor for blind people. Little did I know, a year later he would come out of retirement to be my instructor. Then after my accident I had the opportunity to mentor and teach mechanics to a deaf student. So, with that in mind yeah, things happen for a reason.

BG: If you could give people with disabilities or other challenges some words of advice, what would they be?

LW: Life is a choice. If you've got a dream and you've got something you want to try to do, then do it—no matter what your disability is—because you'll never get a chance to do it if you don't. 

- BRONWYN GIBSON



Larry Woody, owner of D&D Automotive in Cottage Grove, Oregon, stands behind the counter at his shop. This is one of the few places Woody says he feels comfortable walking without his cane.

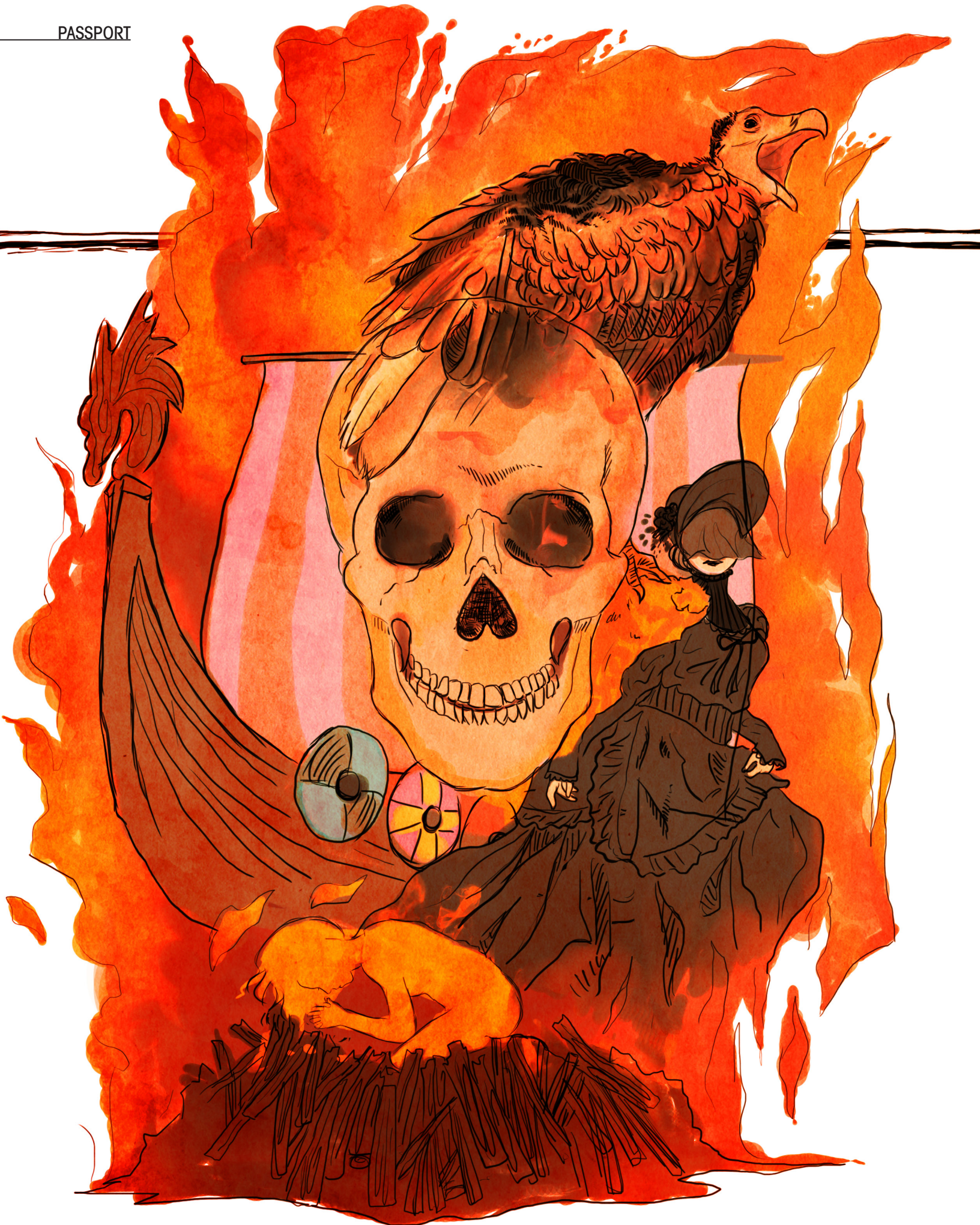


Tools of the trade Woody used to repairs cars before and after his accident.



D&D is littered with trays of tools and lubricants that mechanics use to fix any problem they may encounter.

"It was a very rewarding feeling fixing cars as a blind person. From there, I just started doing little things on our cars at home and just kept growing into owning my own shop."



Deathly Departed

From cremation to caskets: A cross-cultural look at funeral rites.

The dead don't bury themselves. Funerals are not a new phenomenon—evidence of ritual behavior and death rites have been found in archaeological excavations across the globe. In Russia, an excavated body of a 40,000-10,000-year-old Upper Paleolithic man was discovered buried with 1,500 ivory beads and partial burning on the bones of his feet, suggesting a ritualistic burial. Archeologists believe the burns have meaning and the beads were purposefully placed with the body, implying the burial had cultural significance. But more importantly, the evidence suggests humans have coped with death through culture for a very long time. The following rituals illustrate how cultures worldwide have embraced death. Through these practices, what becomes evident is that death, whether high in the Himalayas today or thousands of years ago in near-Arctic waters, is a social process.

In Fear of the Departed

Ghosts were anything but a source of comfort for the Apache-speaking tribes of the American Southwest. The Kiowa Apache Plains Indians believed spirits of dead relatives appeared as guides to the afterworld, so the living created elaborate rituals to defend against these ghosts. Families were terrified by the possibility of the deceased staying to chat, and many believed the faster the burial, the better.

To expedite transition into the afterlife and to avoid interacting with ghostly visitors, relatives sometimes paid someone outside the family to prepare a body for burial. The hired person washed the body with yucca suds and painted it with yellow and red ochre, according to Morris Opler and William Bittle in the *Southwestern Journal of Anthropology*.

Sometimes family members mourned the departed to the point of self-mutilation. "Close relatives wailed, tore their clothes, and exposed their bodies without shame; some shaved the head, lacerated the body, and cut off a finger joint," write Opler and Bittle. Often, a widowed woman clung to the neck of her husband's favorite stallion after the horse was shot in the head or cut down, soaking herself in its blood. Animals slaughtered graveside were thought to follow the deceased into the afterlife. Although personal items were buried with the dead, any remaining nonliving property was destroyed following a funeral. The deceased's departure was easier without the memories such objects might evoke. Most funerals occurred within 24 hours of death, and gravesites were avoided from that day on.

Gift to the Sky

Tibetan sky burials are practiced in the Himalayan Mountains where cold, hard tundra isn't suitable for burying bodies. Ritualistic sky burial is called *jhator*, meaning "giving alms to the birds." This ritual is influenced by Buddhist beliefs, which promote the idea that the deceased's body transfers sustenance to the living. Nearly 80 percent of Tibetans have named sky burial as the preferred method of honoring loved ones.

During burial preparation, a corpse remains untouched for three days while Buddhist monks pray for its spirit. The body is then wrapped in cloth and carried to a designated cutting area in the mountains where it is dismembered and the organs are removed. The bones, once picked clean by vultures, are mashed with mallets and combined with the organs in a barley-flour mixture that is offered to nearby birds of prey. Then the deceased's family watches as vultures, likened to angels in Tibetan culture, return to the sky.

The Burning of the Widow

The *sati*, or *suttee*, ritual is considered an ultimate expression of marital devotion in Rajasthan, a northwestern state in India. Women practiced this tradition, commonly referred to as "the chaste wife," for centuries before modern controversies brought it to an end. The ritual only occurred when a husband died before his wife.

After death, his body was placed on a wooden pyre, sometimes organized atop a stone table. The eldest son then circled the pyre, generally backwards, and recited spells before setting it alight. If there was no eldest son, another family member performed the rites. Women who practiced *sati* often chose to sit calmly next to the deceased, waiting to be consumed by flames as an expression of devotion and purity. If a woman refused to sacrifice herself, she could be forced onto the pyre and tied down by members of her husband's family.

Sati was first outlawed in India in 1829 and again in 1956. Another ordinance was passed in 1987 after a young bride in northwest India committed *sati* at her husband's cremation. The act sparked global controversy, but even in the 2000s cases of *sati* have been reported in rural villages.

Dress the World in Black

Victorian England (1837-1901) was a socially stratified culture in which the poor suffered harsh working conditions and exposure to deadly diseases such as tuberculosis. Funerals commonly began in the home where, despite the stench, the deceased was laid upon a kitchen table for days while family members paid respects. Later, funeral processions of horses and carriages adorned with bells and whistles were hired to transport the deceased to a graveyard. To provide the dead with an honorable burial, working-class families often spent more on funerals than any other life event. "To be buried in a pauper's grave was a great misfortune," says Edward Beasley, a professor of British history at San Diego State University. Pauper's graves held unclaimed corpses that were tossed into mass graves like ragdolls.

Following a husband's death, wealthy widows were expected to dress in "widow's weeds," or completely in black, for a period of two years as a reflection of spiritual darkness.

Queen Victoria famously chose to remain in widow's weeds until her own death nearly 40 years after her husband's.

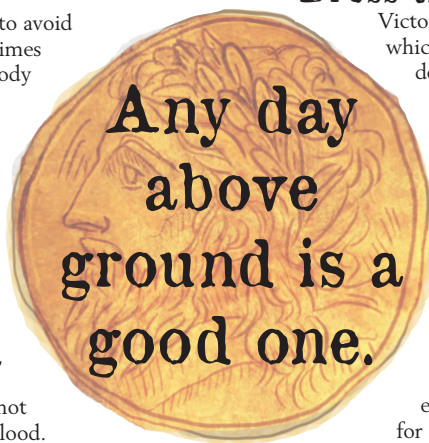
This Ship Won't Sail

Norse burial laws are clear concerning high-status men. Derived from myth, it's believed that the god Odin only allows souls to enter Valhalla, the hall of the afterlife, after being cremated on a pyre. Wooden Viking ship pyres could be floating or stationary, depending on whether the burial was land or sea-based.

The deaths of chieftains and warriors were matters of great importance, and after surrounding the dead with objects of value such as silver or gold jewelry and iron weapons, ocean-bound ships were set on fire. Slave girls to be placed on the pyre were sometimes raped by multiple kinsmen of the deceased and strangled to death before being sacrificed. Land-based pyres were burned to ashes, releasing enormous plumes of smoke as the flames consumed them. The smoke was believed to carry the dead into the heavens.

Viking ship burials were usually performed immediately after death to ensure the deceased's social status continued into the afterlife. When only ashes remained, a mound of rock and earth was built upon the site in honor of the departed. ☐

- SARAH FREY



INCISION INDECISION

Is a movement to ban circumcision threatening Americans' First Amendment rights?

Shortly after he was born, Matthew Hess's parents opted to have him circumcised. He grew up not thinking anything about it, until nearly three decades later, when he noticed something just didn't feel normal. "Sex had never felt quite right to me, and in my late twenties I noticed a significant decline in sexual sensation," Hess says.

Believing this reduced sensation was a side effect of circumcision, Hess underwent a series of surgeries to restore his foreskin. Afterward, he began to notice an increase in sexual sensation. Today, Hess believes no child should undergo this elective procedure unwillingly, and he now speaks out against the operation. Hess is the president of MGMBill.org, an organization leading an "intactivist" campaign to ban the circumcision of minors.

From the early 1900s on, circumcision rates steadily rose in the US, peaking at almost 80 percent in the 1970s and 1980s. Since then, however, circumcision rates have declined, and a 2010 Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) report shows that as few as 55 percent of newborns are circumcised. The high rates of circumcision imply the procedure is a social norm even for the non-religious, but the declining number also indicates this normalcy is changing.

In a policy statement released by the American Academy of Pediatrics (AAP), the group stated that new research indicates that the "medical benefits of circumcision outweigh the risks." The CDC and the World Health Organization also affirmed, based on recent data, that circumcision has been shown to help prevent diseases such as penile cancer and sexually transmitted infections. This is because penis foreskin can be easily ripped or damaged, increasing the risk of contracting diseases during sex. In many African countries, circumcision is used to prevent the transmission of HIV. In infants, circumcision helps reduce the risk of urinary tract infections as well as phimosis, a condition where the foreskin cannot be fully retracted from the head of the penis.

However, Hess's intactivist movement, named for leaving the penis intact, argues that foreskin is a natural part of the body and should not be removed without a male's consent. "I'm not opposed to voluntary adult circumcision, so long as a man chooses it for himself without coercion or undue influence," he says. "Our organization is only trying to protect males from being circumcised against their will, not to stop them from altering their own genitals if they wish to do so."

The Male Genital Mutilation (MGM) bill was released on the MGM website for public comment in 2003, and has since been revised and submitted to US congress eight times. Most recently, the bill was submitted in January 2012, while at the state level, intactivists have introduced proposals in 46 state legislatures. The bill, which was modeled after the 1996 US Female Genital Mutilation Act, would criminalize circumcising minors, except in cases when the surgery would positively impact a child's health. Once the male is 18, however, he could elect for the procedure.

Passing such a law potentially carries huge ramifications for traditional Jewish and Muslim communities. Belief in circumcision for followers of the Jewish faith arises from the Hebrew Bible's book of Genesis, which says on the eighth day a boy is to be circumcised. In Judaism, the traditional circumcision of an eight-day-old boy symbolizes the relationship between man and God. The circumcision ceremony, known as a *bris*, is performed by a *mohel* who blesses the baby before cutting away the foreskin. Males practicing Islam are also required by faith to be circumcised before entering into adulthood; but unlike the Jewish practice, Islamic circumcision isn't commanded in the Qur'an.

For these religious reasons, the proposed circumcision ban is considered by some to be an infringement on First Amendment rights protecting the freedom of religion. Although the Bill of Rights establishes a right to religious expression, the language of First Amendment does have some limitations, and consequently, some religious practices have been

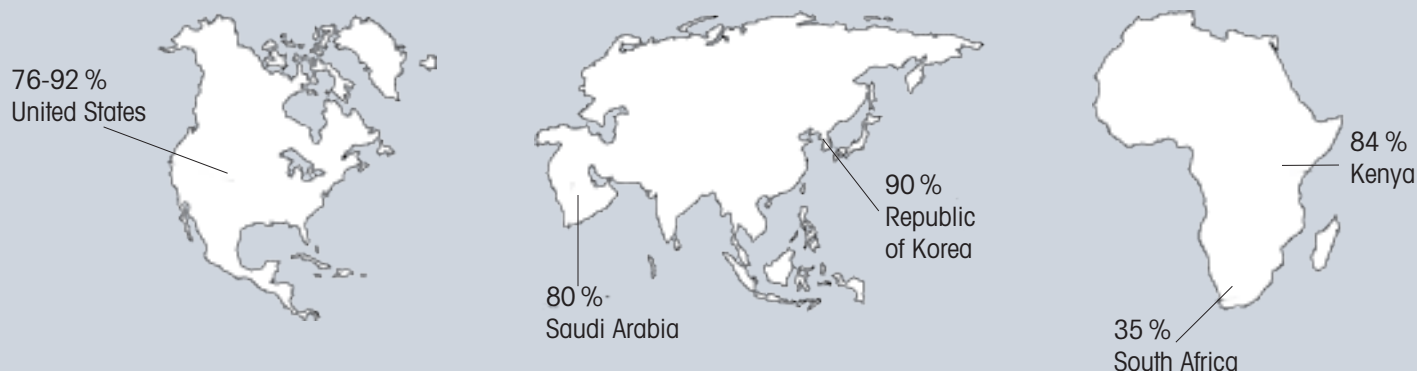
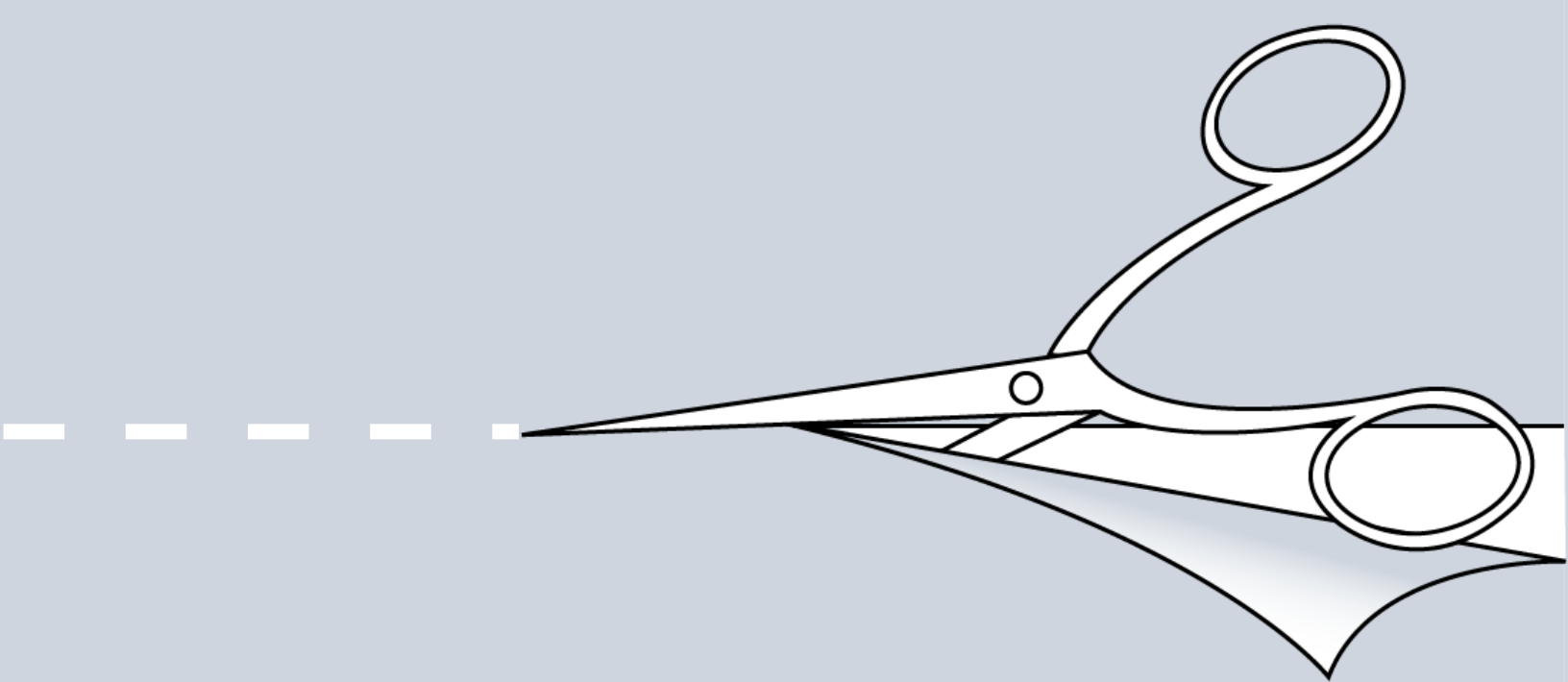


ILLUSTRATION CHEYENNE THAYER

DESIGN CARLY ELLIOTT



outlawed. Polygamy, for example, was banned after the 1878 *Reynolds v. The United States* trial. During the case, the Supreme Court found Mormon George Reynolds guilty of bigamy (having more than one wife), although Reynolds claimed he was simply practicing his religion. The court justified its guilty verdict based on the premise that the government could not limit religious beliefs, but it could limit religious action.

In light of these claims, however, organizations such as the AAP and CDC remain neutral in their stance on the practice. As one co-author of the AAP policy, physician Douglas S. Diekema, told *The New York Times* last August regarding the academy's announcement to recommend circumcision, "We're not pushing everybody to circumcise their babies," he said. "This is not really pro-circumcision. It falls in the middle. It's pro-choice, for lack of a better word."

But, psychotherapist Will Courtenay, author of *Dying to be Men*, a book promoting men and boys' health, says he doesn't recommend circumcision to new parents. "Based on available research, there isn't any scientific evidence for recommending circumcision," Courtenay says. He also advises parents to wait a few days before opting for the procedure. The additional time, Courtenay says, gives the parents an opportunity to bond with the child before deciding whether to go through with the surgery. Courtenay believes circumcision is painful for a baby and says estimates show more than 100 boys die in the US each year during the procedure as a result of complications. These numbers have been contested by the CDC, which does not track circumcision-related deaths, according to *The New York Times*.

In October 2010, San Francisco residents began the process of gathering signatures to add a version of the MGM bill to the November 2011 city ballot. Passing of the bill would have made circumcising minors a misdemeanor punishable by a \$1,000 fine and/ or one year in jail; however, in July 2011, San Francisco Superior Court Judge Loretta Giorgi ruled in favor of those opposing the measure and ordered its removal from the ballot. State law, Giorgi ruled, prevents local authorities from controlling the actions of health care professionals. Then, in response to the anti-circumcision bill, California Governor Jerry Brown signed bill AB-768, which prevents any California city from banning circumcision, into law on October 2, 2011.

Despite the recent setbacks in California, Hess and the intactivist movement continue to push to get MGM bills passed at the state and national levels. Until then, circumcision is a choice parents must make. For Hess, the debate

is far from over, and he says the intactivists are making progress. "I think it's more likely that laws banning circumcision will be enacted in Europe before the MGM Bill passes in the US," Hess says. "I would say we are at least five years away from passing a federal law in America, although a state law could come sooner."

- SPENCER ADRIAN

"OUR ORGANIZATION IS ONLY TRYING TO PROTECT MALES FROM BEING CIRCUMCISED AGAINST THEIR WILL, NOT TO STOP THEM FROM ALTERING THEIR OWN GENITALS IF THEY WISH TO DO SO."



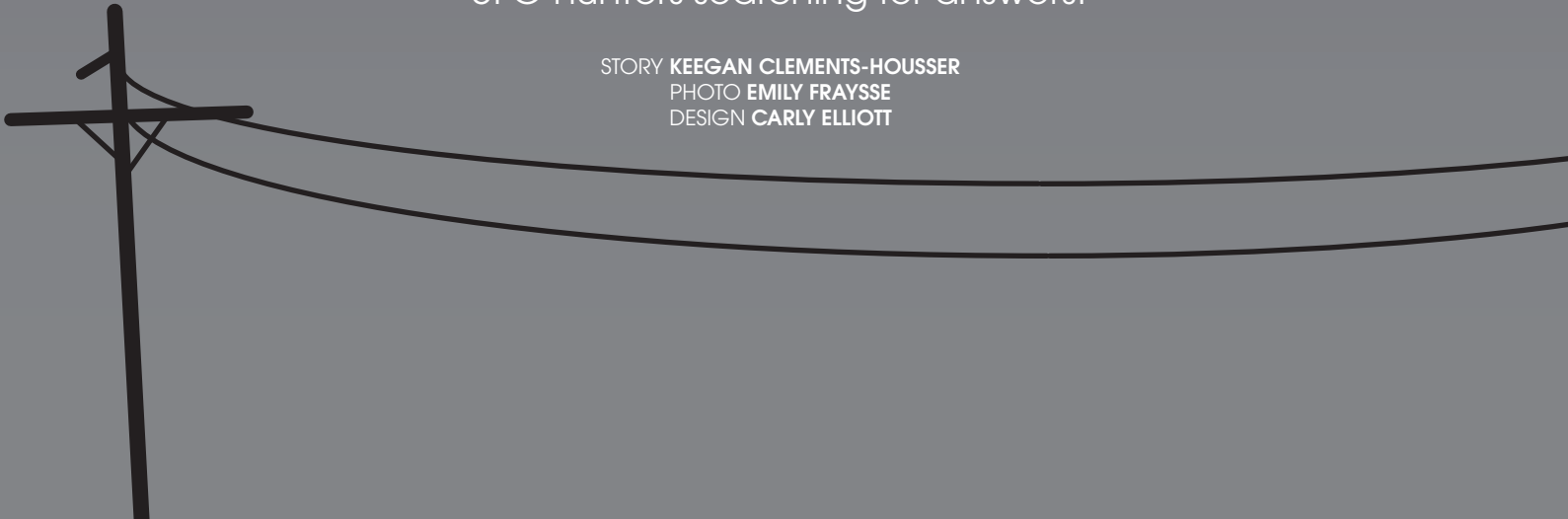
Statistics from *Male circumcision: global trends and determinants of prevalence, safety, and acceptability*. World Health Organization, 2007.




Secrets *OF THE* Sky

Unexplained airborne objects leave
UFO hunters searching for answers.

STORY **KEEGAN CLEMENTS-HOUSER**
PHOTO **EMILY FRAYSSE**
DESIGN **CARLY ELLIOTT**





Hollywood, it would appear, is rather misleading. UFO-obsessed motion picture characters often watch the skies for flying objects from countryside trailers while broadcasting the “truth” about conspiracy theories across pirated radio frequencies. Sometimes, they’re holed-up in claustrophobic apartments, surrounded by piles of newspapers and walls plastered with grainy photographs of questionable objects. At best, UFO enthusiast stereotypes embody zany professors rambling on in front of sniggering students; at worst, they’re crazed, wild-eyed, paranoid recluses with personal hygiene problems.

If the appearance of UFO enthusiast Regan Lee is any indication of the larger UFO-hunting community, Hollywood’s stereotypes don’t hold up. Lee’s conservative clothing and warm face sprinkled with hints of smile lines make her appear like someone’s kindly aunt. She doesn’t constantly glance over her shoulder, expecting sinister government agencies or shadowy organizations to be watching her. Lee speaks clearly and is quite capable of making small talk without twitching nervously.

Similarly, Lee’s surroundings don’t exactly paint her as a recluse. She is at ease in the casual atmosphere of the Sweet Life Patisserie in Eugene, Oregon, pushing a gluten-free brownie around her plate. She’s happily married and employed by the city’s school district, and is a University of Oregon (UO) alumnus. She spends a fair amount of her free time as a blogger—and she certainly doesn’t operate a pirate radio station. Nevertheless, to say that UFOs intrigue Lee would be an understatement.

“I’ve had my own direct experience [with UFOs] going back to childhood,” Lee says, explaining how she originally became interested in the subject. But it wasn’t until she attended the UO to study folklore that her investigations into the occurrences really took off.

“Because it’s folklore, [my professors] kind of let me get away with

interviewing people about UFOs,” she says. “I don’t think any other department would let me do that.”

Lee’s interviews quickly brought her to the realization that she was not alone in her interests. The Internet was a particularly popular place for those with questions similar to hers—a reality evident to anyone with web access.

Even a cursory web search for UFOs turns up hundreds of websites dedicated to discussing, debunking, or investigating UFO sightings. The sites range from antiquated and poorly cited personal blogs to the professional, scholarly sites of UFO societies, such as the national Mutual Unidentified Flying Object Network (MUFON). Though not every website is credible, all show a passion for the topic.

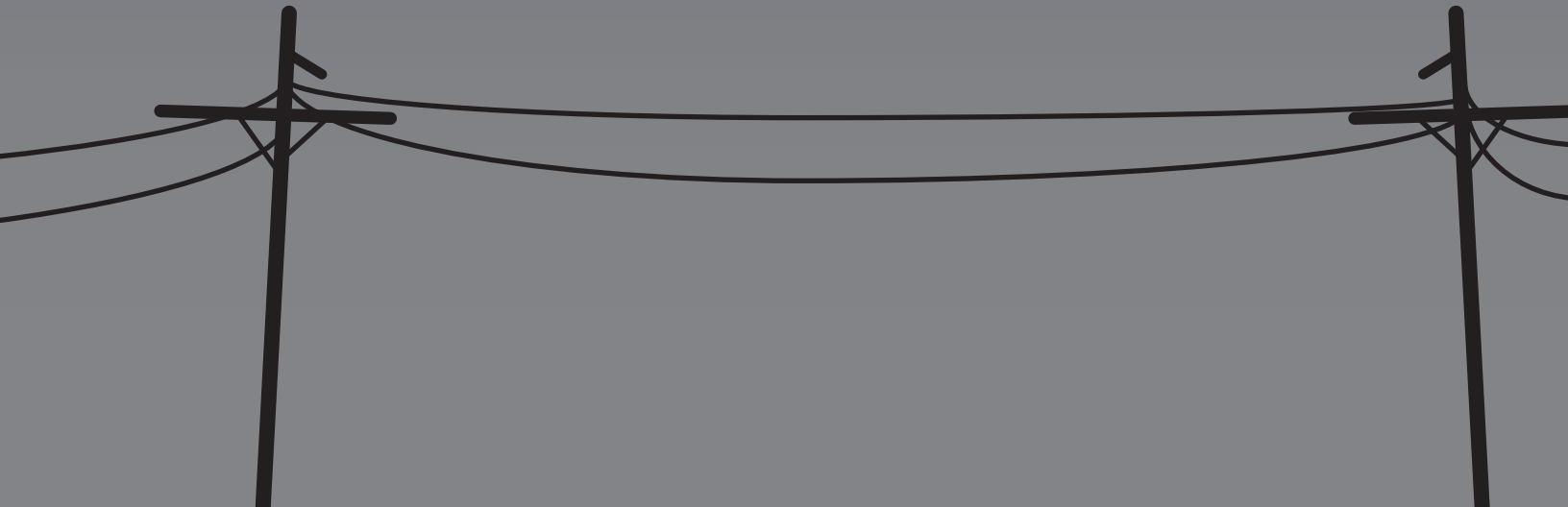
However, the enthusiasm for UFOs isn’t limited to just the Internet. According to Lee, groups of UFO hunters congregate in person to analyze physical evidence from sightings, attend UFO conventions, or to simply swap stories. Like their Internet counterparts, these in-person gatherings can be informal amateur enthusiast get-togethers or

serious, scientifically-minded field teams representing organizations like MUFON.

The Pacific Northwest, already known for its Bigfoot legends, is also a hotspot for UFO sightings and UFO hunters. McMinnville, Oregon, hosts UFO Fest, the second largest annual UFO festival in the nation, which is only slightly smaller than the annual festival held in the mecca of American UFO culture: Roswell, New Mexico. The McMinnville festival, featuring renowned UFO experts from around the world and family-friendly activities such as a parade, is an example of the more light-hearted interest the mysterious objects in the sky engender.

But the quest for the truth about UFOs isn’t borne out of curiosity for everyone. For some, it’s a more personal matter. Many UFO believers seek

“Something, whether it was the government, or aliens, or whoever—I don’t know—wiped out our memories. I want to find out what the hell happened to me.”





Regan Lee, a UFO enthusiast, says she has had experiences with unexplainable phenomena since childhood.

answers because they feel threatened or fear being violated by unknown entities. But the fear isn't always abstract—some claim to have experienced these intrusions first-hand. Their stories range from abduction to unexplained gaps in memory or a distorted sense of time—the desire to get to the bottom of their experience is what drives them more than anything else. Lee is a member of those ranks.

One night, Lee says, she was riding home on a motorcycle with her husband on the Lorane Highway, just southwest of Eugene, when she spotted a light in the sky. She pointed it out to her husband, and they stopped to look. The light seemed to be suspended, fairly close to them—and it had been following them. Neither could figure out what it was, but both agreed what it looked like. The object was a smooth, mechanical-looking sphere hovering near the treetops and it seemed to radiate light from within—an orange orb, she calls it.

The orb followed them until they reached home, and then it abruptly

plummeted out of the sky into a neighbor's backyard. Lee considered reporting what they saw to the police or the fire department, but she didn't think the authorities would believe her. She debated going out to try and find it again, but found she couldn't.

"Something prevented me from leaving the house," she said. Though she had her doubts about going into a neighbor's yard in search of the mysterious orb, she had all but made up her mind to go out and search anyway. But when Lee put her hand to the doorknob leading outside, her drive to know disappeared, she and her husband went to bed. The nightmares that followed were so terrifying Lee eventually sought out a therapist to help her recover from them.

When the couple recalls the event, they also realize the motorcycle ride took hours longer than it should have, yet neither of them noticed at the time. Stranger still, this wasn't the first incident where time had gotten away

from them: Years before, while living in California, the couple had taken a walk that normally took them an hour to complete. Four hours later, they finished the walk. It wasn't until the motorcycle encounter that either began to consider that time seemed to have passed differently for them. Out of these two events came a personal drive, and one simple goal.

"Something, whether it was the government, or aliens, or whoever—I don't know—wiped out our memories," Lee says. "I want to find out what the hell happened to me."

Her case of "missing time," a commonly reported phenomenon attributed to UFO sightings, is just a basis for her interests today. Lee now shares notes with other researchers, comparing experiences and postulating on what connections, if any, exist between different UFO encounters. Always, though, she looks for encounters that are genuinely mysterious and unsolved; potential hoaxes hold no answers for her.



ABOVE: A framed copy of a *Telephone-Register* hangs at the entrance of the Oregon Hotel, documenting the 1950 Trent UFO sighting. LEFT: Items such as this sweatshirt emblem help keep the sighting fresh in the minds of visitors.

Unyielding Evidence

One such case is the still-unsolved Trent sighting.

The evening that changed the lives of the Trent family forever was an unassuming one. It was May 11, 1950, on a farm ten miles west of McMinnville, Oregon, and the gray Pacific Northwest sky had just begun darkening as evening fell. The night seemed destined to be business as usual when Evelyn Trent walked behind her house to feed her chickens and rabbits at roughly 7:30 p.m.

On her way back to the house, Evelyn glanced up into the sky and saw something strange. There, just northeast of the farm, silently suspended in midair, was a disc-shaped metallic object. Realizing she was witnessing something worth documenting, Evelyn ran toward the house, shouting for her husband, Paul, to get their camera.

"It was like a good-sized parachute canopy without the strings, only silvery bright mixed with bronze," Evelyn later said in a story published in *The Oregonian*, a state newspaper. "It was as pretty as anything I ever saw."

According to newspaper accounts, after some desperate searching the couple found the camera and rushed outside to capture the strange phenomenon on film. The object was still visible, though further to the west than when Evelyn had first seen it, and Paul managed to snap a picture of it. While advancing the film to take another, the object—still completely silent—started quickly accelerating to the northwest, forcing Paul to chase after it to capture his second and final photo.

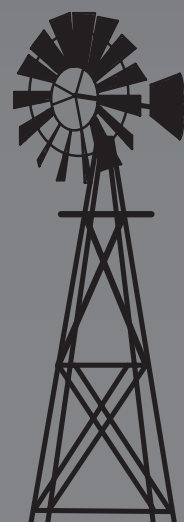
When the film was developed a month after the incident, the negatives

were analyzed by photojournalist William Powell of the *Telephone-Register* (now the *News-Register*), McMinnville's city newspaper. Powell declared that he could find no signs of doctoring and the newspaper ran the photos as the cover story the following day. The Trents and their flying saucer quickly became a national sensation.

From the story's first printing, other publications like Los Angeles-based *Herald Examiner*, quickly republished the photos and national and international news agencies, from the Associated Press to *LIFE Magazine*, began recounting the strange tale. This event, now well known among members of the international UFO community, sparked a wildfire of public attention and propelled the modest Trent couple into the limelight until their deaths in the late 1990s.

Over the next 50 years, the photos became the center of intense scrutiny and drama—including a period when the photos were borrowed by *LIFE Magazine* and subsequently went missing, only to resurface 20 years later at newswire agency United Press International. The images have been analyzed and declared genuine by numerous photojournalists, scientists, and even governmental agencies. An official joint US Air Force-University of Colorado study into UFOs, known widely as the "Condon Report" even conceded, "A hoax could be ruled out as beyond the capabilities of the photographer."

To this day, the Trent sighting has never been definitively proven a hoax; it remains, in the truest sense of the word, unidentified.



Defending the Believers

Bruce Maccabee, a physicist known for his work with optics and as a US Navy defense researcher until his retirement in 2008, took it upon himself to verify the Trent photographs in the 1970s. It wasn't the first time he'd analyzed footage like this, either professionally or as a hobby. His findings concluded that the photographs were authentic.

"[The Trents] couldn't have faked the photo intentionally," he asserts nearly 40 years later. His conclusion comes after a lengthy description of the many steps he went through to test and confirm the authenticity of the Trent images, including analyses of light levels and the chemical quality of the photographs. The level of complexity required to make a staged shot like that seem authentic would be beyond most photo editors, much less novice photographers, he says. In addition, the Trents never varied their story, and never tried to make it sound more grand or any less mysterious than it actually was. In Maccabee's opinion, this straightforwardness implies honesty. "I spoke to Evelyn Trent for probably a total of 24 hours over a decade," Maccabee says. "Never once did she say that it was a flying saucer or something—she always said that she didn't know."

So, what was captured on film during the Trent sightings? Was it an alien craft? Maccabee is not so sure. But as someone who spent much of his professional life studying high-tech defense methods and his personal life investigating UFOs, Maccabee is not ready to discount the idea entirely. After all, he reasons, humanity's understanding of the universe and the bounds of scientific possibility is limited based only on what's already been discovered. Those constraints have been shattered before. Why shouldn't it happen again?

More importantly, Maccabee doesn't really think it matters whether or not aliens are behind UFOs, at least as far as his personal efforts are concerned. After conducting multiple extensive scientific studies on the subject, and despite a high amount of ridicule from skeptics, he understands why UFO enthusiasts care so much about the subject. "It has nothing to do with people being nuts," Maccabee says, explaining that most who report sightings are everyday people with nothing to gain from lying. "It has to do with people seeing things in the sky and wondering what they are ... I feel like I need to be their advocate."

He adds that he especially feels this way in light of how aggressively believers are attacked by "debunkers," those who research UFOs using the same methods as UFO enthusiasts, but with the sole purpose of exposing witnesses as frauds and sightings as hoaxes. In a nation such as the US, which is skeptical of anything UFO-related, Maccabee says debunkers' claims are usually approached with more consideration than believers' claims—although, he adds, debunkers often provide inadequate evidence when trying to prove their cases against UFO phenomena. And that's only

if they bother to approach the topic scientifically at all, he says, which is far from guaranteed.

Maccabee is not alone in his feelings about debunkers. Tom Bowden, the director of MUFON's Oregon branch, encounters what he describes as "overzealous skeptics" on a regular basis. A large part of the problem is the way debunkers approach reports of UFO sightings, oftentimes assuming UFOs are carrying extraterrestrials, Bowden explains. "The problem is that those of us who are involved in UFOs are screaming, 'Wait, wait! All we're saying is that there are unidentified objects in our atmosphere!'" he says.

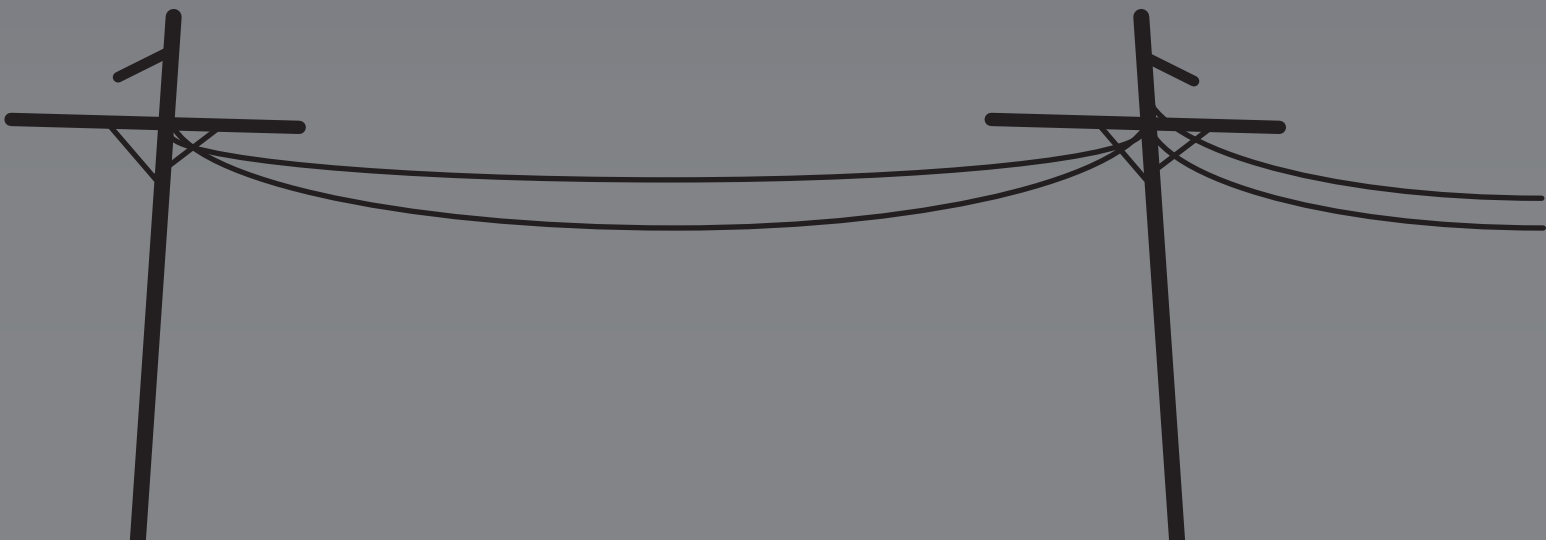
Bowden and Maccabee agree that for the most part, people contacting MUFON to report their UFO experiences are largely from average citizens who are generally honest. There are exceptions, Bowden admits, though he adds that the more time volunteers spend at MUFON, the greater knack they develop for filtering out legitimate reports from those submitted by fraudsters or the mentally ill. Strict policies enforcing what kind of sighting evidence is allowable in reports, such as accepting only unaltered and intact photo and video data, help as well. For those reporting legitimate experiences, however, Bowden believes MUFON provides an essential service. "They end up talking to us because they need to find someone to talk to who understands them," Bowden says. "People who won't blow them off and say they're mentally ill or something like that."

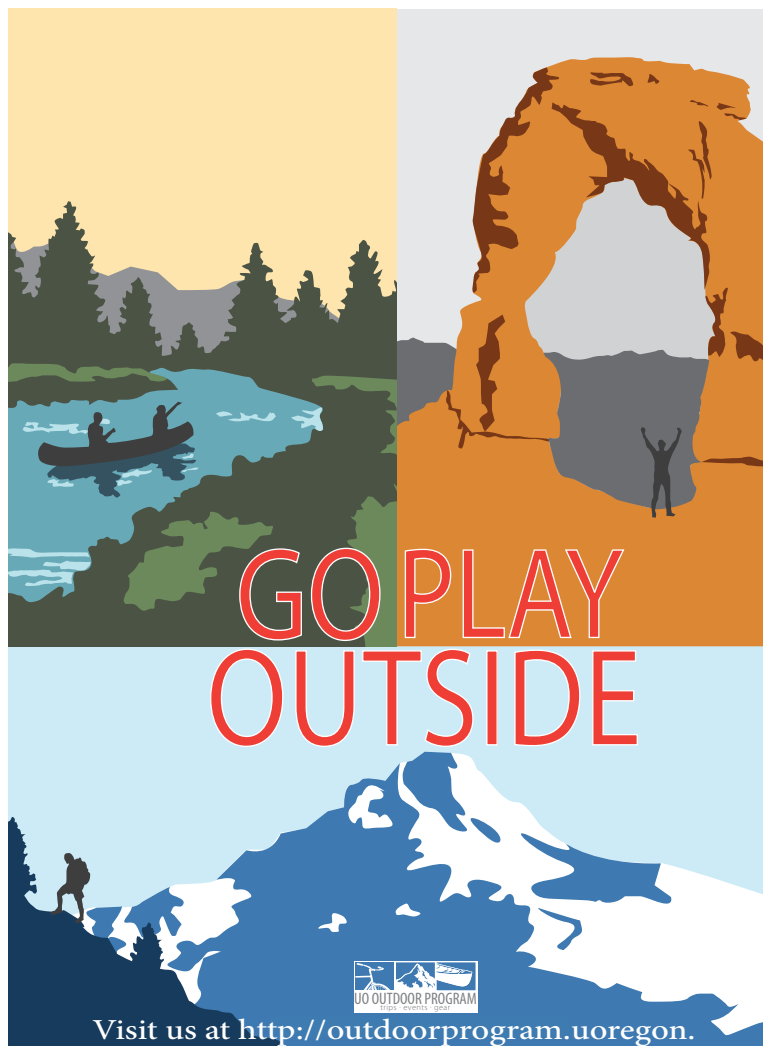
Not that he finds time spent listening to people's stories tiresome. After all, as Bowden points out, people who come to MUFON want the same thing the rest of the organization does: "We want to know why, who, and what."

Yet people who have encountered unexplainable phenomena don't make up the entire UFO enthusiasts culture. Indeed, many enthusiasts never venture beyond their television sets, where they religiously follow investigative shows such as the History Channel's *UFO Hunters* or the National Geographic Channel's *Chasing UFOs*. Even modern video games, like the recently released tactical strategy game *XCOM: Enemy Unknown*, are aimed towards audiences intrigued by the mystery surrounding UFOs.

So why do so many people, devoted UFO hunters and casual enthusiasts alike, care about unidentified flying objects? After many years studying unexplained phenomena, Maccabee says he's identified a variety of reasons why people might care. Of these, two motivations stand out in particular. The first, he says, is perhaps the most obvious and the most widely accepted by mainstream culture—that people see UFOs because they want to believe in a higher power, or something beyond this world. The second, however, he thinks is at the core of the issue.

"The question is, 'What's going on?'" he says, explaining that the answer to such a simple and yet incredibly elusive question is what keeps so many people—himself included—hooked on UFOs. ☐





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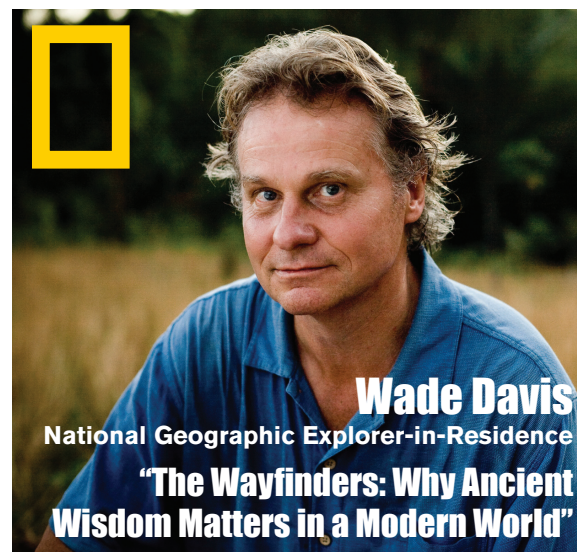
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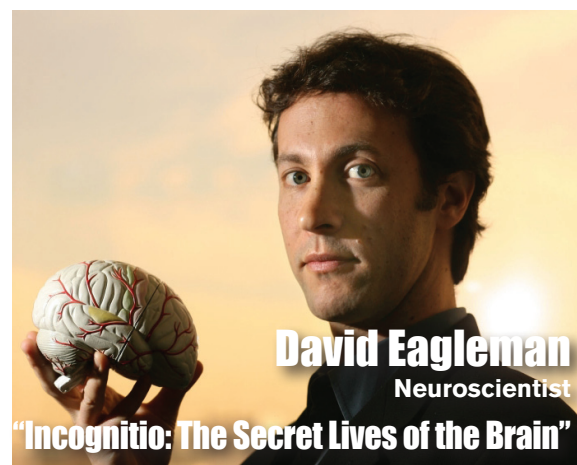
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A photograph of a sensory deprivation tank. The tank has a green door on the left and a wooden interior. A small wooden ball is visible on the door. The floor is covered with a patterned mat. The text "ALTERED + Perceptions" is overlaid on the image.

ALTERED + *Perceptions*

Sensory deprivation tanks
help practitioners shut out the
noise and tune into creativity.

STORY EKATERINA VASILEVA PHOTO KATHRYN BOYD-BATSTONE DESIGN BRITTANY NGUYEN





ABOVE: Jake Marty, an employee at Float On, displays a piece of artwork he created after a sensory deprivation session. Marty says the solitude of the tank allows him to explore his creativity at new depths. PREVIOUS PAGE: Float On's deprivation tanks are filled with ten inches of water and saturated with Epsom salt, which allows users to easily float at the water's surface.

Sensory deprivation can be a pause button for life's chaos, a type of waking dream, a source of creativity, a method of finding oneself, or all of the above. Floating alone, engulfed in absolute solitude in an enclosed saltwater tank, it's the type of aloneness that allows for only the sounds of heartbeats and breathing. Time and space melt away, making room for relaxation, meditation, and—to the surprise of many—inspiration.

Sensory deprivation generally refers to the intentional removal of anything that stimulates the body's five senses: sight, sound, touch, taste, and smell. It can be as simple as a pair of earmuffs blocking out sound, or as complex as an enclosed sensory deprivation chamber that removes all physical awareness. Sensory deprivation has been studied for decades by psychologists and has recently begun to be used in alternative medicine. At Float On, the largest sensory deprivation float center on the West Coast, this phenomenon has not gone unnoticed. The center has established a free float program for artists, chefs, and musicians, provided they create recipes, artworks, or pieces of music after their sessions. "Artists can sometimes forget how magical and exciting practicing their art is. Floating can refresh that feeling," says Jeanine Bocci, a dancer, contortionist, and employee at Float On.

Artistic inspiration, Bocci says, often hits after a float because a lack of sensory awareness can renew and revive artistic energy by putting the user into a meditative state. Anticipating this effect, Float On provides paper and writing utensils in tank rooms in case inspiration strikes following a session.

The center, based in Portland, Oregon, offers two types of deprivation tanks: oasis and ocean. In an oasis chamber, the user lies in a rectangular, pod-like, four-by-eight-foot long tank. The low height of the tank means users must crouch down and climb into the tank. Once inside, he or she has the option to close the door or leave it open. In contrast, an ocean tank, which caters to those who suffer from claustrophobia, offers more room in terms of height and can be entered standing upright. Ocean tanks also provide the option of leaving the lights on or off while inside. Beyond the tanks' height difference, the sensory deprivation experience is the same: a greater sense of relaxation, self-awareness, and introspection.

Loreé Kramer, a sensory deprivation practitioner from Lebanon, Oregon, affirms that after her first 90-minute sensory deprivation session she was so relaxed, she couldn't drive home. "It was like a twilight. I felt like I was spinning on a cloud—a nice, slow spin. I couldn't hear anything but my eyelashes flicking," Kramer says.

Both types of sensory deprivation tanks are filled with ten inches of water calibrated to 93.2 degrees Fahrenheit, near the body's normal skin temperature. The seamless temperatures create an environment that prevents the brain from knowing where the skin ends and the water begins. The shallow water is also saturated with Epsom salt, making it dense enough for the user to float in what feels like zero gravity, creating a weightless sensation. The tank is ventilated and has a sophisticated filtration system, as well as built-in speakers that play classical music to gently bring the user out of his or her session.



*“It takes away the fog
and cloud of creativity.”*

Sensory deprivation tanks were first developed in 1954 by American neuroscientist and physician John C. Lilly, who devoted his research to investigating the nature of consciousness by exploring exactly what happens to the human brain when it's stripped of external stimulation. Lilly and a colleague were the first test subjects in his experiment.

During the first trial, Lilly lay submerged in 160 gallons of water and wore a diver's helmet that simultaneously blocked light and supplied him with oxygen (users later found the masks cumbersome and eventually chose to dissolve Epsom salt in the water in order to float). Believing he could use his sensory deprivation experiments to establish communication with alternate universes and dimensions, Lilly spent hours floating in the tank.

Since Lilly's groundbreaking trials, psychologists have experimented with other forms of sensory deprivation, some of which have uncovered disturbing effects. In a 2009 study conducted by University College London, 19 psychologically healthy volunteers were placed individually into a sensory deprivation chamber with no light or sound for 15 minutes.

Although volunteers were offered a panic button if they wanted to be released early, all stayed for the duration of the test. After the trial was over, volunteers reported experiencing paranoia and a depressed mood while in the chamber. The experiment was also followed by a Psychotomimetic States Inventory test to determine whether they had experienced any hallucinations or psychoses during the trial. The users who scored highly on the Revised Hallucinations Scale (that is, those who are more prone to experiencing hallucinations) reported feeling something important or special happened inside the room. When prompted to describe these hallucinations, six said they saw objects that were not there, five hallucinated faces, four experienced a heightened sense of smell, and two described feeling an evil presence in the room.

It should be noted, however, that these uncomfortable experiences are most likely attributed to the fact that the users sat in a sensory deprivation room, which did not allow much of an opportunity to relax, unlike the sensory deprivation tanks which let users lie down. Jake Marty, a painter, sensory deprivation practitioner, and operations manager at Float On, emphasizes that sensory deprivation tanks are a unique experience for everyone, and that an individual is in “full control of the experience and can get out [of the tank] whenever they want to.” From his observations, those who are claustrophobic are likely to have a negative experience in the tanks. He also says the unique solitude of the tanks could potentially trigger bad memories, making a user uncomfortable.

So, what exactly happens to the brain when it is deprived of external distractions? According to Japanese neuroscientists K. Iwata and M. Nakao's 2001 study of brain activity in sensory-deprived environments, the brain experiences decreased alpha wave patterns, which are typically found in sleeping states. In this state, the brain also releases dopamine and endorphins, which contribute to feelings of happiness. According to the

Floatation Tank Association, spending time in sensory deprivation tanks is associated with decreased stress, lower blood pressure, and better sleep.

For Marty, deprivation tank sessions inspire him to become a better painter because they allow him to think outside the box. “It takes away the fog and cloud of creativity, allowing me to process and deal with things in life and art in order to free up my mind to do what it really wants to do,” Marty says, adding that he has created many paintings from the “intense, crisp visuals” he experiences while in the tank.

According to Float On's website, significant changes occur in the body as well: cortisol stress hormone levels are reduced, the muscles relax and rest, and the spine lengthens an extra inch. Sensory deprivation tanks can also improve skin condition because the salt-saturated water leaves it soft. These mental and physical benefits can profoundly influence creativity and inspiration. Kramer says this happens because “there's a certain point during the experience that you stop having sensory input, and then parts of your brain begin firing that wouldn't ordinarily be used.” And this is where feelings of relaxation, creativity, meditation, and hallucination start. After a session, all the senses are heightened.

Praising Float On's program for artists, Kramer admits although she has only used sensory deprivation for relaxation, she plans on using it in the future to tap into her creativity. “I think if I got myself into a different kind of mindset before I get into the tank, I could experience some creative thinking,” she says, “I've been trying to write a book for 30 years. I think if I apply myself, I could get to the creative experience.”

As a dancer, Bocci says floating has improved how her body moves. Bocci has spent up to seven-hour sessions in the tanks, and sometimes floats to relax and sleep after working the graveyard shift at the center. She sometimes does yoga in the tank because the warm water allows her to stretch her joints in ways she normally can't. “You're more in tune with your body. It's given me a new perspective on space,” Bocci says.

According to Bocci, approximately 40 floats are done per day at Float On and the center hit recently hit its 10,000-float milestone since opening in 2010. The center is currently building and installing two more tanks, which will make Float On the largest float center in the US. These new tanks will be larger than the ocean and oasis tanks, square shaped and almost eight-by-eight feet, which will allow users to fully stretch out and, if he or she wants to, spin in a circle to lose orientation.

For those who think sensory deprivation is a lonely pursuit, Kramer says she enjoys the social aspect of sensory deprivation because it's possible to drink tea or coffee with other users at the front desk after coming out of a relaxed, isolated state.

In today's world where sensory input bombards us from all angles and expectations to be at your best never stop, some are beginning to wonder if sensory deprivation is the answer to crushing internal and external pressures. Many believe that floating is a path to inner and outer peace. “Floating is like dreams: everyone's are different,” Bocci says. “During the first half of the float you spend time just adjusting to the alien environment. It's kind of hard to quiet your mind. ‘What am I doing? Am I doing this right? What time is it?’ After 45 minutes, that's when people are capable of letting go.” ☐



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SEIZING THE SWELL

STORY **CONNER GORDON**
PHOTOS **KYLE MCKEE**
DESIGN **CLIFFORD BARCLAY**

The consistent ocean currents of Oregon's coastal waters could help the state become a leader in harnessing renewable wave energy. But despite the promise of locally-harnessed power, its development is making waves among some local fisheries and research organizations.



Sitting at the 2012 Oregon Wave Energy Trust (OWET) conference, Nick Edwards might seem out of place as a member of an organization that could eventually ban fishing in areas along the state's coast—especially considering that Edwards is a 35-year veteran commercial fisherman from Coos Bay, Oregon. In actuality, there is no place he would rather be.

Edwards is the sole representative of Oregon's commercial fishing industry on the board of OWET, a nonprofit partnership whose mission is to support responsible wave energy development along the Oregon Coast. "There are very few people in the [fishing] industry who are doing what I'm doing. I'm trying to be a true steward to the industry," he says. Edwards's mission is to ensure Oregon's prominent fishing grounds, and the fleet of fishermen who earn their income from fishing these areas, are protected from unchecked displacement by wave energy developers.

Why the sudden rush for this renewable energy source in Oregon? The answer is that companies worldwide are beginning to recognize the

limitations of existing energy sources and are now targeting a resource once thought to be too unpredictable and powerful: the ocean.

Most recently, a wave energy device has been tested off the Oregon Coast as part of the Northwest National Marine Renewable Energy Center's (NNMREC) quest to harness clean and renewable energy for Oregon's coastal communities. The center, based at Oregon State University (OSU), has recently participated in launching an instrumentation surface buoy called the Ocean Sentinel.

The Ocean Sentinel buoy, which most closely resembles a caution-tape yellow boat strewn with measuring equipment, floated in a one-square mile area northwest of Yaquina Head off the Oregon Coast. "The Ocean Sentinel is a test stand for wave energy converters in the open sea," says Sean Moran,

NNMREC's manager of ocean test facilities. Although the Ocean Sentinel buoy houses the environmental and electricawl measuring devices, a separate device called a wave energy converter ultimately harnesses the energy.

The Ocean Sentinel has already been used to test a half-scale prototype wave energy converter belonging to Wave Energy Technology—New Zealand. This device, known as the WET-NZ converter, absorbs the natural energy caused by ocean currents and waves, turning it into useable wattage-ready energy that can be transferred to Oregon's power grid.

Just as much of an iceberg's mass is hidden below the water's surface, the yellow tip of the WET-NZ device sits above water on a float and contains the energy converting equipment. The device's hull extends deep beneath the water's surface and is flooded with seawater to keep the device upright. The lower section pivots 360 degrees to harness energy from motion in any direction.

Every wave energy converter is different and must be tailored to the environment where it will be placed. In Oregon, harsh winters bring on strong ocean winds that create massive waves. It is important that any

device placed in Oregon's waters be durable, especially when enduring conditions harsh enough to mangle a boat. Whereas the WET-NZ floats on the surface but protrudes deep under, a different device might be positioned on the ocean floor or anchored in shallow waters near the coastline. The importance of long-term ocean testing of several different prototypes cannot be overlooked and only when a device proves it can withstand nature's torment, will one be chosen for the Oregon Coast. With so many devices in development, and with a lack of a standard design for wave energy converters, NNMREC is tasked with sorting through these competing technologies to find the most successful devices.

Although NNMREC's primary focus is collecting data from wave energy converters, researchers hope to find the safest and most efficient

"We don't want to displace another resource. In my mind, why would you take away a resource that has value to current users?"



ABOVE: Oregon's Dungeness crab season is open from December 1 until August 14. Dungeness have become the state's most valuable fishery, harvesting nearly \$42 million in crab during the 2011-2012 season. LEFT: Nick Edwards is a fourth-generation fisherman who holds the twelfth largest Dungeness crab permit in Oregon. He is also a member of the Oregon Wave Energy Trust, an organization supporting the responsible development of wave energy.

area to place the devices in the Pacific Ocean and to ultimately help create the first wave energy farm along the Oregon Coast. This process starts in NNMREC's testing facilities at OSU, where researchers scale down and recreate wave activity observed along the Pacific coastline.

While much of the OSU lab space is comprised of computers and small measuring devices, more extensive large-scale testing is done at an affiliate facility: the OH Hinsdale Wave Research Laboratory. The lab is home to the Wave Flume and Tsunami Wave Basin, chambers that resemble wave pools much like those found in waterparks, although these mimic wave activity specific to the coast. The Wave Flume and the Wave Basin are capable of testing scaled-down versions of wave energy devices. This allows for extensive physical testing and for companies to develop their technology under one roof. One of the models tested here may someday be the design for converters used at the proposed wave energy farm along the coast.

If a site is agreed upon, the farm may consist of ten instrumentation surface buoys similar to the Ocean Sentinel, which would analyze power levels and monitor environmental forces. Each surface buoy would be tethered to a wave energy converter and individually fastened to the ocean floor. To avoid collisions between buoys and converters, the pairs would be positioned 150 meters apart and connected by a cable to transfer power between the devices.

Moran says harnessing this energy isn't easy, and it certainly isn't cheap. In the past five years, the Department of Energy has granted more than \$64 million to OSU's energy research efforts. One of NNMREC's partners, OWET, has also granted money to wave energy research and development.

OWET has spent more than \$10 million in the past six years on wave energy development. Of that \$10 million, \$430,000 was awarded to New Jersey-based Ocean Power Technologies (OPT) to develop and install a pioneer wave energy converter, not officially announced but assumed to be the PB150 PowerBuoy®, near Reedsport, Oregon. "It's a one-dimensional device where waves bring a float up and down and a coil generates energy," Moran says. In contrast to the WET-NZ converter, which turns on an axis to gather energy, the PowerBuoy® generates electricity through vertical motion. At this stage it is uncertain which technology is preferable,

although both devices share a hefty development price tag.

But money isn't the only thing at stake in the scramble for wave energy. In addition to testing and research, NNMREC is committed to ensuring that any device placed in the water will be safe for ocean ecosystems and coastal marine life. "We're ahead of just about everyone else in the world in studying the environmental and socioeconomic impacts of wave technology," Moran says. The PowerBuoy® was built with the safety and preservation of the ocean in mind, receiving high environmental ratings.

David Sutherland, a coastal and estuarine oceanographer and assistant professor at the University of Oregon, says he is concerned about the potentially adverse environmental effects wave energy converters could have on Oregon's coast. "If the wave energy [device] is big enough, and you're actually trying to extract enough energy to make a difference, you're taking some of that wave energy out of the ocean," he says. Waves tend to crash offshore, Sutherland says, creating turbulence that carries and deposits sediment in its wake, forming the traditional sandy beach. Sutherland is concerned the converters intercepting wave energy could significantly affect beach formation.

Marine life such as sea stars and sea anemones, whose tide pool habitat relies on the waves crashing onshore, may also be at risk. Much like their influence on beach formation, offshore wave energy devices could threaten coastal habitats by keeping waves from delivering a consistent deluge of water and nutrients to the shoreline, Sutherland explains. He believes the consequence of installing wave energy farms is uncertain. "[The devices could] affect shorelines that usually get the wave energy, affecting what the beach looks like, or affecting life that depends on some wave action like tide pools," he continues. That said, the only way to investigate such implications is to get out in the water and do some real-world testing, and Oregon is at the forefront of that research, Sutherland says.

One organization concerned with these unknowns is Fishermen Involved in Natural Energy (FINE). FINE's 16 members represent fishermen from all aspects of the industry including salmon, albacore, crab, shrimp, and seafood processing sectors in Lincoln County. As a group, FINE documents any concerns relating to wave energy. Before any buoys on the Oregon Coast are placed in the water, NNMREC communicates with the



"Ocean renewable energy has to be done in a responsible way—a way that doesn't displace people. If you're giving up real estate, it has to be something that actually works and is viable."

organization about issues surrounding mooring systems and deployment techniques.

Although FINE has positively interacted with wave energy companies, as well as with the Oregon state government, the organization is cautious when deciding which projects to support. FINE wants to ensure each project and every device placed in the water operates with the preservation of marine habitats in mind. Ultimately, FINE is focused on keeping a positive and cooperative relationship between fishing communities and wave energy developers.

Other fishermen, like Edwards, are also concerned about wave energy's potential effect on their commercial interests. Edwards holds the twelfth largest Dungeness crab permit in the state of Oregon and makes his living on the Oregon Coast. "We know that renewable energy is something of the future that we're going to have to harness to get away from fossil fuels, [but] it has to be done in a responsible way," Edwards says.

Perhaps surprisingly, Moran believes leaders in the wave energy movement share Edwards's sentiment. "We don't want to displace another resource. Why would you take away a resource that has value to current users?" Moran says. "To put a bunch of machines out there that don't work?" In his effort to address concerns about wave energy's possible impact on Oregon's fishing industry, Moran is committed to only placing the highest quality devices into the water—devices that not only generate energy, but are environmentally safe as well.

Edwards is concerned with the durability of these proposed devices. "First and foremost, a device has to undergo one year of testing in the water to [test its resilience to] the environment in the Pacific Northwest. When you have ocean conditions like you have here with 100-mile-an-hour winds, the devices have to be able to sustain that," Edwards says. Development efforts are now focusing on redesigning wave energy converters to operate without hydraulic fluids, which could endanger wildlife if spilled into the water. The devices will also be triple-anchored to the seafloor to ensure the buoy stays secure even if the first two tethers fail. But as is often the case with any new technology, with every solution, another question arises.

Where should the farm be situated so that it doesn't interfere with commercial fishing and recreational boating? And perhaps most importantly, where would it have the least environmental impact?

Ocean zoning is now being considered for wave farms. Much like how cities are divided into zones to regulate land use, ocean zones will map where wave energy farms can be installed. This is a first for the ocean, and Sutherland is wary but supportive of the concept. "It's sort of new in the ocean that we'll be making marine zones for different uses and wave energy will soon be put on the ocean map," Sutherland says. "Maybe we'll have marine reserves [zoned] for biological things. We have to start planning the ocean a little more than we do right now." The way these ocean zones are

mapped could significantly affect the fishing industry. It's likely the wave energy zones will prohibit fishing in certain areas to protect the expensive devices and cables hidden beneath the ocean's surface.

This could be especially problematic for members of Oregon's Dungeness crab industry, such as Edwards, who rely on harvesting a total of nearly \$44 million worth of crab from the ocean floor each year. The seafloor surrounding the wave farm could become inaccessible to fishermen and crabbers who have spent their lives fishing in these previously free zones. This is a concern for Edwards. "Ocean renewable energy has to be done in a responsible way—a way that doesn't displace people. If you're giving up real estate, it has to be something that actually works and is viable," he says. Edwards emphasizes responsible renewable energy, meaning developing farms so none or few current users of Oregon's ocean are displaced by unproven technology. But industry and community concerns might be mitigated by new jobs and energy stemming from producing local power. Only time will tell.

Despite these concerns and the potential for hostility between fishermen and wave energy advocates, Edwards has taken a positive approach to the progressive technology. "I'm not against renewable energy," Edwards says. "I can't wait. When this is all done and set and the real estate is picked out, I can work in a more positive manner to help promote responsible wave energy in Oregon." Edwards wants to ensure fishermen are treated fairly in the process. Still, many questions remain unanswered. "The big question is, once these things are up and going, and green power is being put on the grid, are there people that are going to pay for that green power? Can that green power be sold down in California with those rolling blackouts of the past?" An answer to these questions could come from right at home, as a local demand for this energy is one step closer to a self-sufficient Oregon.

Sutherland believes keeping energy local is beneficial to the communities using clean energy. "You can think about energy as following the local food movement; maybe we want local energy, too," Sutherland says. When electricity travels over a distance, it's impossible to preserve all the energy in transit. When energy stays local, more of that power is retained. Sutherland says he is optimistic about the local impact wave energy can bring to Oregon, and hopefully to the rest of the world. "The transmission lines can be shorter and everything can be a little more local," he says.

At this early stage in wave energy development, it is impossible to fully grasp the potential positive or negative impacts on coastal communities and the state of Oregon. Everything now comes down to testing—finding the most efficient device that poses the least risk to ocean ecosystems and the people who rely on them. Perhaps one day the technology might minimize Oregon's dependence on fossil fuels and limit its reliance on imported energy. ☐

Learn more about
wave energy
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NO PARADISE

AD EUROPEA

A Ñ A



STORY **KATY GEORGE**
DESIGN AND ILLUSTRATION **CHARLOTTE CHENG**

Each year thousands leave the African continent in the hopes of finding safety and stability in Europe. But all too often, immigrants discover that life in “Big Spain” is no paradise.

"YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO RUN"

On an unforgivingly hot day in early June, it's not quite 6 p.m. and the city is sluggishly waking from an afternoon siesta. The only thing to do is to take refuge in the air-conditioned mall. Nervión Plaza shopping center, located just outside the old walled city in Seville, Spain, is bustling with business. Just 130 miles north of Ceuta, a Spanish outpost on the African continent, Nervión is a perfect image of the prosperous life many would-be immigrants envision. Those who are trapped in Ceuta's Centro de Estancia Temporal de Inmigrantes, or Center for Temporary Stay of Immigrants (CETI) await the day they, too, can stroll through the urban markets of what some refer to as "Big Spain."

Inside the cavernous shopping center, Spaniards idly browse the racks of chain clothing stores like Zara and Mango. Pop music, mostly American, bumps from hidden speakers. Cashiers work their way through long lines, ringing up purchases as satisfied customers make their way out into the late afternoon sun.

But the sales pitch doesn't end at the door. Blindingly white sheets covered with rows of counterfeit goods dot the sidewalk around Nervión.

"Sunglasses?" offers Ousmane Sarr, a tall 34-year-old Senegalese man attending one of the cardboard stands by the mall entrance. His Spanish is heavily tinged with French. "Ray-Bans?" The brightly colored sunglasses attached to the makeshift table are stamped with the words "Rey-Bari" in an attempt to pass them off as the designer brand. "Ten euro!"

Every few feet along the block, young Africans pitch their wares to passers-by—pirated DVDs, faux designer handbags, wallets, soccer jerseys, and bracelets. Between potential customers, the vendors chat among themselves, mostly in French. Occasionally, they throw glances back to the street behind them, keeping a lookout.

Suddenly, a cry goes up. "*Policia!*" someone shouts, and instantly the block is a hive of adrenaline-fueled activity. The men grab the corners of the sheets and bundle their goods up in seconds, then take off running. By the time the two police motorcycles pull up, nothing remains of the impromptu street market.

"You always have to run," Sarr says. Tall and athletic, he has a ready smile and an open demeanor. His hair is styled in short twists and he wears a blue zip-up jacket, emblazoned with a Porsche logo.

Matching blue sunglasses—one of his own products—cover his eyes. "I even go running when I'm not working to stay fit!"

Sarr is one of more than 72,000 immigrants living in the province of Seville. The capital of Andalusia, a self-governed Spanish territory, Seville's size and proximity to the coast made it a popular destination for new arrivals from Africa during the spike in immigration in 2006, and the city continues to receive a good portion of the residents from CETI in Ceuta. But for many new immigrants, the idealized image of a better life in Spain has been crushed by the ever-worsening economic crisis.

As Spain plunges further into recession, services for immigrants—both those in the European Union legally and the undocumented—are being slashed, leaving large holes in the social safety net. And as Andalusia's unemployment rate soars to more than 33 percent, social mobility is nearly impossible. Many African immigrants, who often struggle with acquiring work permits in the first place, must turn to less-than-legal means of making money to survive.

Illegal stands like Sarr's are a fixture of life in Seville. While no official figures exist on the number of people who sell items on the street, it's impossible to walk around the city without spotting at least a dozen such operations.

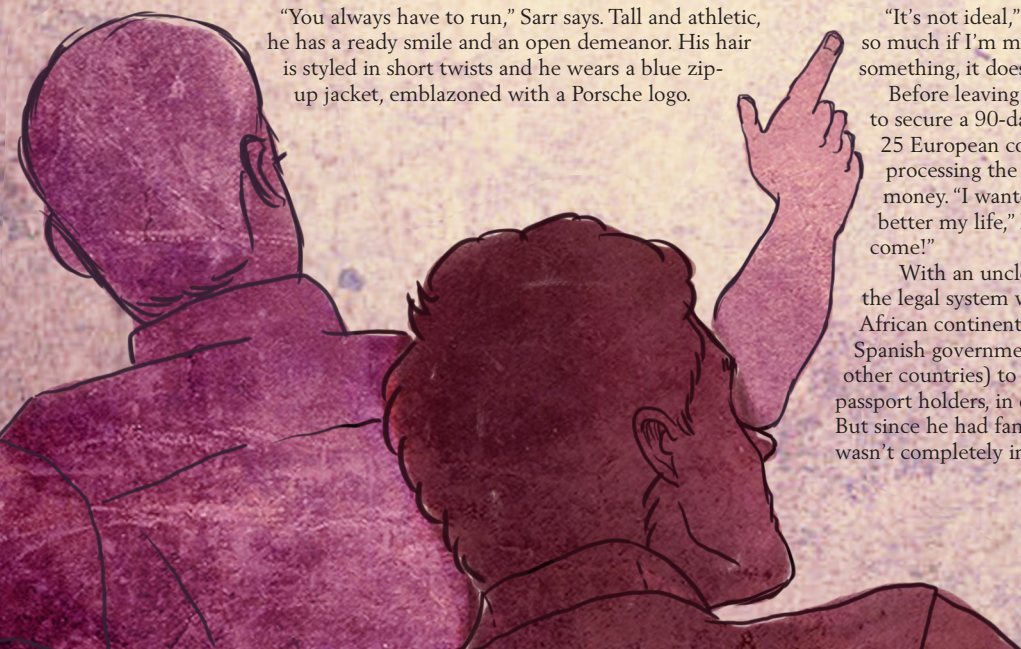
"Before people get here, they think, 'Oh, it'll be so much better in Europe. I'll get a job and make money.' But what do you do when you can't get a job?" Sarr asks.

The answer is written on the streets. Immigrants aren't just taking to selling goods on the sidewalk. At every spotlight in Seville, they knock on car windows to hawk packets of tissues. Others guide cars to free parking spaces in exchange for a few euros. While none of these activities are necessarily illegal, most of the immigrants—Sarr included—don't have work permits, and thus are often stopped by the police and fined. Serious infractions of Andalusia's Street Trading Law can result in fines of up to 18,000 euros, nearly \$23,000 American dollars, though Sarr says 1,500 euros is the norm.

"It's not ideal," Sarr says of his job. "But to be honest, I don't care so much if I'm making money. As long as I'm not selling drugs or something, it doesn't matter."

Before leaving his family in Khomble, Senegal, Sarr was lucky enough to secure a 90-day Schengen visa that allowed him to travel throughout 25 European countries under one permit—although he says the processing the visa took the better part of a year and quite a bit of money. "I wanted to come to Spain so I could make some money and better my life," he says with a chuckle. "But you have to have money to come!"

With an uncle already living in Spain, Sarr was able to navigate the legal system with a little more ease than others hoping to leave the African continent. "They make it very hard for Senegalese," he says—the Spanish government doesn't allow people from Senegal (along with many other countries) to enter Spain without a visa, even for short stays. US passport holders, in contrast, are automatically allowed 90 days in Spain. But since he had family who had already gone through the process, Sarr wasn't completely in the dark.





"In 2005 I flew to Spain," Sarr says. Initially, he went to Jaén, a mid-sized city in northern Andalusia. "It wasn't so good. Not as many people, so it was hard to sell enough." Eventually, he made the decision to join his uncle in Seville.

"I thought, 'At least if I'm with family, I'll be all right,'" Sarr says. He moved in with his uncle and his family in 2007. The five of them live together in an apartment in the Macarena district of Seville, some 30 to 40 minutes by bike from where Sarr sets up his goods outside Nervión.

"It's not bad, but it's not home," Sarr says. "Senegal is beautiful. The beaches, the landscape, the way of life. Things were good there."

Still, he hasn't been back to Senegal since he boarded the plane six years ago. "I worry they won't let me back in [to Spain]," he admits, shrugging. His initial visa expired long ago, and if he were to leave the area covered by the Schengen Treaty, he would most certainly be unable to return. "I don't want to apply for the visa again."

Documentation aside, Sarr is certainly breaking the law with his business. The Spanish police are well aware of illegal street vendors in Seville and Sarr and his friends are raided at least twice a day.

"We show up around 11 a.m. usually," he says. "Earlier, if you're very brave—but if you're alone, it's easier for the police to catch you." The vendors stick around until lunchtime, around 3 p.m. in Seville, unless a persistent cop breaks them up early. "Then we go back to sell more at 6:30 or 7 p.m."

As Sarr describes his daily routine, a smile grows on his lips. "You know, there's definitely a rhythm to it. I get up, I go to my corner, I sell, I run." He chuckles. "I like having a habit. I can't go to any other corner—I've been selling in the same spot for so long. Maybe I'm superstitious."

What Sarr sells depends on the week. "Whatever I can buy and I think I can sell, I get that," he says. Recently, sunglasses have been his game, but like others, he's also had belts, bracelets, and wallets on his table. Now that he has some cash stored up, Sarr buys goods in bulk from wholesalers, but initially much of what he sold came from the garbage.

"You must be resourceful," Sarr says. "You can't wait for opportunity to come, because it won't." As he speaks, a group of five teenage girls drifts over to his table, chattering in thick Andalusian accents. One idly touches a

pair of neon-yellow sunglasses, and Sarr turns on his inner salesman.

"You like?" he asks, grinning. "Authentic Ray-Bans, only ten euro!"

The girl shrugs noncommittally, affecting disinterest.

"They're really designer?" one of her friends asks suspiciously.

"Yes, yes," Sarr assures her, pulling the pair in question from the cardboard. "Here, try them on!" He hands the potential buyer the fluorescent frames and holds up a hand mirror for her.

"Five euro," the girl offers as she examines her reflection. "That's all I have."

Sarr laughs heartily. "I'll go broke!" he protests. "Eight euro, no less."

The teens confer briefly, and finally the girl pulls out a wallet. "Do you have change?" she asks, handing over a ten-euro note.

Sarr nods enthusiastically and hands her two shiny coins.

"A sale is good," he confides as the group continues down the street.

"Some days I sell five things, other days 30. I can never predict it." This is the third pair he's sold this afternoon, all for between five and ten euro. It's been a slow week.

The worst part about selling on the street is the instability, Sarr says. "I would love to work with my hands. Be a mechanic, a carpenter—something like that. But how can I?" Sarr has experience working with machines—he often repaired his family's vehicles in Senegal as a young man, he says—but without the proper qualifications he can't get a job in that field. "Maybe someday," he says with a smile.

Sarr is also well educated—his mother is a teacher and his father was an officer in the Senegalese military, so school was a priority. Under different circumstances, he would have had plenty of skills to fall back on before selling knockoff goods in the street. "I speak Romanian, French, Spanish, and I used to speak English, before I came to Spain. Spanish eats everything." A grin splits Sarr's face. "Now, I speak English *smally*," he says in careful English, then laughs before switching back to Spanish. "I love languages, and I could be useful, but things like that don't matter here."


Sarr pauses for a moment to gather his thoughts. "I thought Spain would be this perfect place," he says finally, "but it's not. I'm here now, so I'll stay. But if I had known what it was like to live here, to try and make a living, I wouldn't have come." ●

**"IF I HAD KNOWN WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO LIVE HERE,
TO TRY AND MAKE A LIVING,
I WOULDN'T HAVE COME."**



VIEW FROM THE ANDES

Hiking to Mount Tunari's peak
parallels one student's path to insight.



I reached the summit of Mount Tunari and turned around to take in the view. The icy wind blew through my jacket as I filled my lungs with the thin oxygen atop the 17,060 foot-tall mountain. It was Bolivian Independence Day and our team of American youth leaders celebrated by climbing Tunari with some local church members. Carefully finding solid footing amidst the shale, I took in the vastness of the Andes Mountains' snow-dusted peaks. Looking down, I saw the miniature-looking streets and adobe-colored buildings of Cochabamba, Bolivia—my home for the summer.

I had traveled the 5,562 miles from Eugene, Oregon, to Cochabamba with a team of 12 other college-age students volunteering with the Bolivian branch of WorldVenture, an organization that works with Christian churches around the world. My team and I were part of the Collegiate Christian Fellowship at the University of Oregon and we had spent months preparing for our summer in South America. Our goal was to share sports-focused curriculum with Bolivian leaders who wanted to create Bible school sports camps for kids. These camps incorporated sports heroes, soccer drills, and Bible stories to teach kids values such as perseverance, strategy, and sacrifice. Over a span of nine weeks, I taught soccer drills and led small conversation groups to help facilitate these camps.

Sports camps are a new concept in the Bolivian Christian community. Many churches view athletics as corrupt and secular—a breeding ground for aggressive competition and arrogance—and have disassociated

themselves from anything sports-related. But recently, several churches have begun opening up to using athletics as a tool for ministry. My team and I were excited to partner with these churches, to work with kids, and to share our faith.

“My team and I were excited to partner with these churches, to work with kids, and to share our faith.”

In between leadership trainings and teaching groups of 100 kids to kick a *fútbol*, the other volunteers and I were able to relax and experience Bolivia with some of our new local friends. We all lived with host families and were connected with young adults our own age in a Bolivian youth group. Before long, we developed friendships by attending group meetings, learning to play wallyball, and laughing about our attempts to communicate—Spanish-English dictionaries in hand. When someone suggested we climb Tunari together, our group began looking forward to another incredible experience with these new friends.

On the morning of the hike, we woke up early and gathered our supplies for the day. Like true Oregonians, we outfitted ourselves with layered clothing, sturdy shoes, and a surplus of water. As our American group climbed into the bus traveling to the Tunari trailhead, we discovered our Bolivian friends had prepared much differently. Instead of boots and




Student Megan Dougherty traveled to Cochabamba, Bolivia, to collaborate with churches over a nine-week period in developing sports camps for kids. At some project sites, such as Compassion International, the children are also assigned to classrooms where they receive educational lessons and a meal. LEFT: Climbing to the top of Mount Tunari, three of Dougherty's hiking companions stop to take in the view. (Left to right) Paul Herriott, Bethany Scott, and Tom Wanzek.

North Face sportswear, they wore dress shoes and t-shirts, and carried liters of soda as fuel for the challenge ahead. We prepared for our trek with the intention of conquering the mountain; they prepared just enough to enjoy the journey.

After navigating rocky bluffs and choppy footing, we reached the halfway point to Tunari's peak. Sitting down near a lake that fed the icy mountain stream we'd been following up the mountainside, my companions and I pulled out the water bottles and food from our backpacks and began passing around snacks, including plastic cups full of Fanta and a half-eaten apple. Our American group had packed extra because we knew sharing is more than just a kind gesture in Bolivia—it's a cultural demonstration of acceptance and friendship. Sharing resources is a fundamental aspect of Bolivian life and has deep roots in indigenous culture. This expectation is based on the idea that if one person has an abundance of resources to share, then everyone survives. Getting used to this custom required constant attention during the first few weeks of my time in Bolivia. If I poured myself some water at the dinner table, I first offered water to everyone else. If I wanted a spoonful of *llajua* (a pepper and tomato sauce) to flavor the first course of soup that was served before every afternoon meal, I first asked if anyone else would like any. While climbing Tunari, this also meant I shared the special dark chocolate bar I had brought to motivate myself. I was happy to do so because this small act of sharing symbolized one of the many aspects of Bolivian culture I hoped to adopt as my own.

While hiking steadily upward, I was stunned by the brilliant Andes

Mountains. This trek was the first time during my trip that I had ventured outside Cochabamba's city limits and witnessed rural Bolivia. In the city I had eaten llama *empanadas*, yet here I hiked alongside an entire herd of llamas. Despite my best attempts to coax them, the animals only allowed me within a ten-foot radius. The llama, as a source of meat and wool, is an ancient indigenous resource that is still depended upon in modern society. In many ways similar to this, Bolivia is a great mix of paradoxes. The environment is urban and rural, the culture modern and indigenous. In the midst of the bustling city, cars honking and billboards flashing, *cholitas* (indigenous women) navigate through the crowds and traffic in traditional thick skirts and bowler hats with children fastened to their back by multicolored woven cloths called *aguayos*.

Scaling the final quarter of the trail, I wouldn't have minded being a small child strapped to someone's back rather than continuing on foot up the steepest part of the climb. We found ourselves needing to stop and catch our breath every few steps because at a 17,060-foot elevation, the air has less than half the amount of oxygen than it does at sea level. Some times were more difficult than others to breathe, but this just meant I gained more opportunity to stop and look at the scenery. I was in awe of the sky-shattering mountains, but also of the perspective I gained while looking down on Cochabamba. The city looked small, yet it held countless experiences and memories that have shaped me and left me changed. My time in Bolivia was a journey, and as I took in the spectacular vista of my summer, I was breathless. 

- MEGAN DOUGHERTY

From the Flames

The story of how a simple idea evolved into oldest glassblowing studio in the Northwest.

As storms roll in along the West Coast, the Alderhouse glassblowing studio stands as a stronghold against bone-chilling winds. The studio's furnaces reach temperatures of nearly 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, offering a warm escape nestled in the woods just off Highway 101 south of Lincoln City, Oregon.

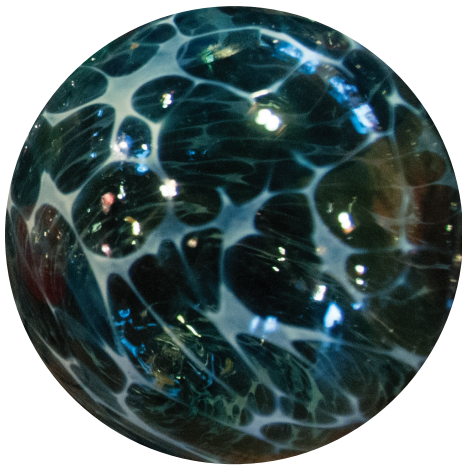
Inside, glass spheres hang from the ceiling swaying in the breeze while vases sit next to paperweights encasing coral-like glass figures. The roar of the furnace nearly drowns out sounds of rain as hot molten glass is molded into works of art. Buzz and Anne Williams, who run the small studio along with their son, Ian, work together to give daily demonstrations to everyone who walks through the door. The family crafts small cups or vases in fewer than 30 minutes with the hope that everyone who stops by Alderhouse has an opportunity to see a piece take shape.

The Alderhouse is the oldest glassblowing studio in the Pacific Northwest and has stayed true to its humble beginnings. Buzz, along with two fellow Portland State University (PSU) students, Mike Smith and Megan McQueston, opened the studio in 1969. At the time, none of them had experience working with glass. Buzz's background was in drawing and painting, but for Buzz, glassblowing held a certain allure. "It just happened," Buzz says. "We said it would be fun to do a glassblowing studio. None of us knew very much about it at all." Before opening the studio, he had only taken one weeklong glassblowing seminar at PSU—the rest of his skill has been self-taught.

During its first year, the business suffered a great setback. Eight days after reopening for the 1970 spring season, the studio's power went out, leaving the furnace unregulated. Fire from the furnace quickly spread throughout the studio, and the partners were left with nothing.

However, Buzz never gave up on his dream, and in the fall of that year, he built Alderhouse II. It was a half-spherical, geodesic dome structure that came as a kit. After the dome was completed in 1971, the artists quickly began blowing glass again. "It's almost like the phoenix," Buzz says. "It burns up and then rebuilds out of its ashes."

Even after rebuilding the studio, a period of trial and error came with the glassblowing equipment. The brick, mortar, and piping, were all installed by hand, and Buzz recalls going through five furnaces in just a couple of years. But, he says, that was part of the learning process for the team of artists.



“My main enjoyment is still the people who come out here. We get everything from truck drivers to astronauts.”

As time went on, Alderhouse's popularity grew and more people began pulling off the highway into Buzz's small studio. In 1984, Anne, who then worked at Oregon State University (OSU), came out to watch a glassblowing demonstration. "I just thought it was the coolest thing I had ever seen," Anne says.

Anne and Buzz kept in contact, and a friendship quickly grew. Anne eventually left her job at OSU to join the studio and soon after married Buzz. He taught Anne how to blow glass, and together they taught their 16-year-old son Ian the craft. As a team, the family works in the studio creating stunning works of art using techniques dating back to the Roman Empire.

Tragedy struck again in 1998 when the Siletz River flooded and brought two feet of water into Alderhouse II. The furnaces had been built to survive a natural disaster such as this, and were still running when Buzz opened the door to his flooded studio. Unfortunately, the structure surrounding the furnaces was lost, and Buzz once again began rebuilding the studio.

The current studio, Alderhouse III, has been standing for 14 years and features two furnaces. Both glow and radiate such intense heat that Buzz keeps the studio windows and doors open, even on rainy days. One furnace contains molten glass, while the other is used to warm glass before being shaped. On nearby shelves, small plastic containers hold minerals that are added to the glass to create colors such as cobalt and crimson. Metal molds and forms sit alongside specialized tools where the Williams family, along with fellow glassblowers Treasure Collupy and Kyle Gribskov, work on their glass creations.

Together, Anne and Ian work almost seamlessly, responding intuitively to each other's needs without murmuring a word. Anne quickly narrates the process to onlookers during demonstrations, while Ian moves between the furnace and tools, working the glass with ease. He blows a small amount of air into a long metal tube with the molten glass on the end. He then puts his thumb over the end of the tube to trap the air inside. Slowly, the heat from the glass warms the trapped air, causing it to expand, and the glass begins to bubble out. Ian tilts the tube and points the glass towards the floor to let gravity draw out elongated shape he's looking for. Next, he uses sheets of wet newspaper to shape the glass into its semi-finished form. "This is the *Wall Street Journal*," Buzz's line was that he always used the editorial page," Anne jokes. "It can take the heat."

After Ian has achieved the shape he wants, Anne uses a wooden paddle to flatten the top into a cylindrical drinking glass. The lip of the glass is perfectly clear, while spirals of red curl towards the bottom. Ian has only been blowing glass for three years, but his skill is evident in his confidence. "When you are first learning, you use clear glass," Anne says. "You blow what you blow." Beginners start with small pieces, but with time, they can move up to vases large enough to hold several bouquets or spheres with intricate sea-life sculptures trapped inside.



In the Alderhouse glassblowing studio, co-owner Anne Williams works on a glass pitcher. Williams says she most enjoys creating pitchers because the shape and size combinations that can be formed are endless.

Over the years, Buzz, Anne, and Ian have become experts in their craft. As their popularity has grown, Buzz and Anne have tried to remain small, turning down requests to mass-produce items. They enjoy being a small studio tucked away from the big city. "My main enjoyment still is the people who come out here," Buzz says. "You get everything from truck drivers to astronauts."

Now, nearly half a century old, the Alderhouse is more popular than ever. During summer months, Anne and Buzz stay busy creating glass pieces and showing off their art to tourists. They remain hopeful the tradition will carry on, and that the furnace inside will continue to burn bright, keeping the oldest glassblowing house on the West Coast warm. ☼

-SPENCER ADRIAN



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From Sea to Shaker

Ben Jacobsen crafts a common condiment by hand-harvesting salt from the Pacific Ocean.

Benjamin Jacobsen has loved salt since childhood. But it wasn't until studying abroad in Scandinavia in 2006 that he experienced a turning point in his relationship with the mineral. One day, Jacobsen's girlfriend bought a bag of expensive high-grade salt, and the price shocked him. "I was a student—I couldn't afford \$10 for salt. But she brought it home, and I tasted it, and it was so much better than any salt I ever had," he recalls. "From that point on I took good salt with me wherever I went."

After returning home to Oregon from his time abroad, Jacobsen began harvesting sea salt along the Oregon coast for fun. Today, he is the owner of Jacobsen Salt Co., which opened in 2011 as Oregon's first salt harvesting facility since the Lewis and Clark expedition in the 1800s. Jacobsen's foray into the salt industry was an attempt at harvesting salt using the explorers' techniques by collecting seawater from the Pacific Ocean and making salt through an evaporation process. "In that sense, it's done very traditionally: fire, water, and heat," Jacobsen says.

Now, Jacobsen's salt is sold in about 50 retail stores and restaurants throughout the Pacific Northwest. "I didn't set out to start a salt company. It was more like an accident evolved out of a hobby," he says.

Salt comes in various forms, he explains, including table, kosher, and sea salt. Common table salt is mined from underground salt deposits and is used mostly by bakers because its small grains dissolve quickly. Coarse-grained kosher salt can be harvested from the sea or mined from

ground deposits and is regularly used for preserving foods. Jacobsen's sea salt, harvested by traditional methods, differs in texture and taste from industrially processed salts because its grains come in large, flaky crystals. He says his salt has acquired a following among local restaurant chefs and people who want to enjoy high-quality products.

Tyler and Kimberly Malek, owners of Salt & Straw ice cream shop in Portland, Oregon, use Jacobsen's salt in some of their ice creams. "We have a sea salt ice cream with caramel ribbons, and we have seasonal flavors that feature salt from time to time," Kimberly says. She points out the shop's name, Salt & Straw, comes from the way ice cream was made in the past. "They'd mix rock salt into the ice in the hand crank churn to help it freeze faster. Then they'd pack the ice cream in straw in the barn to help keep it frozen, since there weren't any freezers back then," she says. But now, the salt isn't just used to keep the ice cold. Tyler says Jacobsen's sea salt is great for enhancing flavor in desserts: "The salt accentuates the chocolate [taste] lost in the ice cream; but rather than producing a salty flavor, it fills your mouth with *umami*, a pleasant savory flavor."

The salty ice cream trend, Kimberly explains, took off when President Barack Obama said salted caramel was his favorite sweet flavor. "It seems like that flavor has been turning up everywhere since then. One company that I can remember using a salted caramel before anyone else was Franz Chocolate, but not in ice cream," she points out.

The Maleks strive to use the best ingredients Oregon has to offer,

DESIGN KEVIN PIASKOWSKI

PHOTO ANDY ABEYTA

"I didn't set out to start a salt company. It was more like an accident evolved out of a hobby."

including dairy, cheese, beer, coffee, and chocolate. "When we found out someone was harvesting a local salt, we were excited to work with them, too," she says of Jacobsen's salt. "Ice cream can be a wonderful way to learn about all of the terrific artisan producers around the state."

Jacobsen's salt harvesting process begins by traveling to Netarts Bay, near Tillamook, Oregon, where seawater is pumped by hand into large tanks. Jacobsen says after testing nearly 25 different locations along the Oregon and Washington coast, he found Netarts Bay was the best for sea salt harvesting for several reasons: The water is clean, and it has high salinity because very few rivers and streams empty into the bay, meaning fewer pollutants are deposited. Additionally, the bay is home to some of the world's best oysters, which act as natural water filters, Jacobsen says.

As much as one and a half gallons of seawater are needed to produce just four ounces of salt. Once pumped, the water is delivered to KitchenCru, a community kitchen in Portland. At the kitchen, the water is filtered to reduce calcium and magnesium elements that can leave a bitter taste on the back of the tongue. The water is then boiled and slowly evaporated over 25 to 30 hours, which allows the salt crystals to form.

"We take the crystals out of the pan by hand," says Jacobsen, who lays out the crystals to dry himself, rather than by machine like commercial salt producers. When the evaporation process is complete, the salt is weighed and hand-packaged before being shipped to stores. Jacobsen says reducing seawater to salt this way is a labor-intensive process, taking at least 48 hours from start to finish, and his team stays busy producing nearly 400 pounds of salt each month. "My production team is incredibly important, and I couldn't do it without them. I hired the best people I could find," Jacobsen says.

In addition to Jacobsen, the company has two employees: production worker Shannon Dodson and production manager Jennifer Brooks. Brooks's job is to complete the final salt-making process by transferring newly-formed salt into pans where it can dry. Bending over a large pan at KitchenCru, she carefully smooths out a layer of pure white salt before grabbing a handful of the mineral and placing the thin, ice-shaped crystals onto the other pans. "During my first shift I was just completely intoxicated by the process—by the science behind the salt. It's like watching snowflakes form," Brooks says.

Although Jacobsen's team produces thousands of pounds of salt per year, transporting seawater to Portland requires an enormous amount of additional time and energy. For this reason, he plans to someday move the business closer to the coast, between Netarts and Garibaldi. But, despite these minor inconveniences, he stays optimistic and focuses on his the success of his salt.

"I'm really grateful for all the support that we've gotten early on. It's been amazing. I'm humbled by it, frankly," Jacobsen says with a broad smile. "What we would love to do is to make Oregon, all the Northwest, and—ultimately—the US, proud of a great product that hasn't existed on the market here."

- XENIA SLABINA



TOP RIGHT: After Jacobsen's salt is evaporated from seawater, Jennifer Brooks scoops the newly-harvested mineral onto plastic-wrapped metal trays to begin the drying process. BOTTOM RIGHT: Jacobsen happily answers questions about his harvesting process and jokes about his first experience with high-quality salt.

BREATHING *with a purpose*



NIA instructor, Quincy O'Toole, incorporates conscious breathing into every class she leads. O'Toole believes the breathing techniques can help create balance between the body and the mind.

Conscious breathing practitioners say with the right techniques, the body gains more than just oxygen through the 20,000 breaths you take each day.

Morning sun streams through the large windows of the second-story yoga and Pilates studio. Turning to face the four women in this day's class, Quincy O'Toole calmly breathes out as an energetic smile slides easily onto her face. With the touch of a button, the stereo fills the open room with sounds of drums, wind instruments, and soft, rhythmic voices. O'Toole, black pants flaring around her thin frame, begins dancing her way across the smooth floor.

Her wiry red hair flies freely as she leads students through NIA, a Neuromuscular Integrative Action low-impact aerobics routine. O'Toole reminds her students to exhale with each step. "When you're seeking balance, it's a great metaphor for life," she says, moving through the routine. "You need to keep breathing in order to keep everything organized."

O'Toole experienced her own revelation about the power of focusing on slow, deep breaths eight years ago while dancing NIA. "I was holding my breath and then gasping for air, and I thought, 'If I can't give my body what it needs to sustain movement, how can I expect my body to perform?'" she says. "When I could focus on breath patterns in ways that were in line with the rhythm of the music, all of the sudden my body had a deep reservoir of energy that it could give me."

She began researching the science behind breathing and breath techniques online, and now O'Toole incorporates conscious breathing into every class she teaches. While breathing is a common focus of yoga exercises, O'Toole believes it's also central to NIA, which she says is

all about finding joy. "People focus so much on eating organic food and spending money on vitamins and supplements and getting enough sleep," she says. "Not a lot of people think about the breathing part."

O'Toole emphasizes exhaling as a way to help her students think about breathing in a new way. Some of her students don't feel they can inhale deeply enough, but O'Toole teaches them to firmly expel air from their lungs, which allows the body to naturally take in the air it needs. She also says prolonging the exhale twice as long as the inhale can increase her students' oxygen intake significantly and help them improve cardiovascular and emotional health.

Conscious breathing, also known as "abdominal breathing," "biofeedback breathing," or "breath awareness," involves taking slow, deep breaths that expand the belly, rather than the chest. Belly breathing is natural for newborn babies, says Alfred Lee, a breath researcher and practitioner based in Portland, Oregon. But as the body matures, poor posture, laziness, and a culture that discourages round bellies leads adults to lose their original breathing habits and begin breathing through the chest, causing what Lee describes as a "cascade of negative effects."

"Your breath is the most important tool you have to manage and eliminate stress," says Lee, who co-authored *Perfect Breathing: Transform Your Life One Breath at a Time*, with fellow practitioner Don Campbell. Both men believe conscious breathing can help boost a body's immune system, reduce stress, and increase heart health. Lee also says he has rarely

“When you’re seeking balance, it’s a great metaphor for life. You need to keep breathing in order to keep everything organized.”

come down with a cold or flu since he began practicing conscious breathing, and the techniques help him better cope with anger. “For me, it’s been absolutely life-changing,” he says.

As part of the body’s fight-or-flight response, chest breathing triggers an adrenaline release and causes feelings of fear, anxiety, and panic. It also causes blood vessels to constrict, making the body’s pH more acidic, a condition that has been linked to a variety of health problems, Lee says.

In contrast, practicing slow, deep breathing allows the human body to relax and take in more oxygen, which helps restore pH levels by increasing the body’s alkalinity, and can help manage emotions. “Deep breathing allows you to navigate all those big emotional sinkholes,” Lee says. “Focusing on your breath reduces your emotions and activates the logical, problem-solving, rational side of the brain.”

Lee also says simply breathing into the diaphragm for three seconds and out for six can help people achieve better emotional and physical health. When he feels his breath quicken, Lee knows he needs to take a step back and think about his emotions, a concept similar to the Buddhist philosophy of mindfulness. “Every spiritual tradition uses these [breathing] techniques,” says Lee, because they allow people to clear their mind and focus.

Lee recommends everyone practice deep breathing techniques, even if it’s only for five minutes a day. One exercise involves sitting in a chair and placing one hand on the chest and the other just beneath the ribs, allowing the hands to guide breaths flowing in through the nose and out through pursed lips, exhaling twice as long inhaling.

Sandra Richey-Wallace, a respiratory therapist at Oregon Health and Science University in Portland agrees that breathing influences the rest of the body’s functions. “Your lungs and your heart work very tightly together,” she says. “If one of those organs isn’t working, then the other isn’t working very well.”

Richey-Wallace works with patients whose breathing is compromised by emphysema, asthma, or surgery. One technique she recommends to patients is “pursed lip breathing,” in which patients shape their lips into a tight circle—as if drinking from a straw—while breathing out deeply. The shape of the lips helps add resistance as they exhale, slowing down each breath to calm breathing patterns. For some, conscious breathing practiced over months and years can improve long-term wellness. But Tom McCarthy, a postmaster in Hilo, Hawaii, says the techniques literally healed him overnight.

Before McCarthy discovered conscious breathing, he greeted every day with coffee and a dry, hacking cough. The coughing sometimes became so violent McCarthy worried he would lose control of his bike while cycling to work. McCarthy’s doctors believed he suffered from allergies and for 12 years prescribed mixtures of breathing inhalers and steroids, but nothing seemed alleviate his coughing fits. It wasn’t until he picked up Lee’s book, *Perfect Breathing*, at the library one afternoon that McCarthy found the answer. Scanning over the book’s exercises, he decided to give one of them a try. That night, he lay in bed inhaling slowly and exhaling twice as long.

When McCarthy awoke the next morning he began his normal routine, initially unaware of any physical difference. “I’m sitting there drinking my



While teaching her aerobics class, O'Toole reminds each of her students to exhale with every step to ensure the lungs are taking in as much air as they need.

coffee and I go, ‘Holy shit! I’m not coughing!’” he says.

McCarthy experimented with the same deep breathing techniques throughout the day and his cough didn’t return. Later, when he gave the exercises up for a few days, the cough came back, proving to him the techniques really did treat his condition.

Now he uses conscious breathing not only to control his cough, but also to calm himself before dentist appointments and surgeries. McCarthy still marvels at the thought that his chronic condition was solved so simply.

“I’m living proof that it works,” McCarthy says. “My cough, which had such a big impact on my daily life and health, could be solved so simply and naturally without any drugs or foreign substance; just air. There’s no co-pay on that!”

- KELSEY THALHOFER

THE ART OF THE AUCTION

The quick cadence of an auctioneer's
chant passes through generations.



Josh Strasheim sits, waits, and wonders. Five hours have passed and his fellow competitors have come and gone. Strasheim has been waiting for this moment since childhood. It's a now-or-never feeling as his number is called when it's his turn to take the stage. More than 2,000 people stare back at him from the packed warehouse, not one familiar face in the crowd. Trent Stewart, the reigning 2007 World Champion, watches intently as Strasheim starts speaking into the microphone and his practice begins to take hold. "Sold!" marks the end of a sale of ten head of cattle, and years of practice are over in a matter of minutes. This is the World Livestock Auctioneer Championship, one of the most prestigious competitions in auctioneering.

It's Strasheim's life goal to become a World Livestock Champion Auctioneer. A third-generation auctioneer and owner of the JS Sales Company auction house in Eugene, Oregon, Strasheim has been practicing to become the World Champion since he was eight years old. He says he taught himself the auctioneer's chant as a child by imitating family members, including his three uncles, who owned several livestock auction houses also in Oregon. Growing up immersed in the industry allowed Strasheim to develop his own auctioneering style. "Once you master the basic cadence, it all comes down to practice," Strasheim says. "When I drive to and from work sometimes I just turn off the radio and sell items to myself. It's definitely something you have to work at." The basic structure of the cadence auctioneers use has multiple parts, Strasheim says, although the chant isn't as quick as bidders think it is—it's more of a fast-paced rhythm. Each auctioneer chant is specific to the person, but it also incorporates a standard language structure. The first part is called a "filler word," which can be any word a bidder hears other than a number. Auctioneers emphasize the filler words more than the other words to break up the monotony of just calling numbers. In Strasheim's case, he uses two filler words: "Dollar bidder" and "Now." The phrase "dollar bidder" is used because the syllables it contains can easily be spoken at a fast pace. Strasheim says having words with multiple syllables allows for pauses between numbers and helps create a rhythm.

As the rhythm methodically continues enticing bidders, the dollar increments the auctioneer calls out increase on a scale. Strasheim says the amount of the increase depends on the auction and the item being sold; in most auctions, bid increments range from \$1 to \$100, although livestock auction bids can increase in 10¢ to \$1 increments per pound.



Josh Strasheim is a third-generation auctioneer and the owner of the JS Sales Company auction house in Eugene, Oregon. Crowds at JS often grow to standing room only as buyers vie for items auctioned off with Strasheim's well-known chant.

A chant from Strasheim might sound something like: "One dollar bidder, two dollar bidder, now." Every time a bid is cast, he changes the numbers, but the filler words remain the same. Each auction starts with smaller items and builds up to the bigger, higher priced items. Strasheim admits the cadence is not only used to sell items but also to create excitement among the buyers. At times Strasheim uses his charm to get bids on items that may not otherwise sell. If a smaller item is not doing well or not fetching the desired price Strasheim will stop his chant to assure bidders the item has value. It is the auctioneer's responsibility to sell items for as high a price as possible because the bidders are trying to buy at the lowest price they can get. "I have no problem slowing down or stopping to make something clear," says Strasheim, referring to buyers new to the auction business.

It wasn't until 2000 when he graduated from the World Champion College of Auctioneering in Bakersfield, California, that Strasheim's childhood hobby became a career with the start of his own auction businesses. He first worked as co-owner of the Roseburg Livestock Auction before building his own company, JS Sales Company, from the ground up much like his grandfather.

"THE AUCTION BUSINESS DOES WELL WHETHER THE ECONOMY IS UP OR DOWN."

The Strasheim family got their start in the auction business by a stroke of bad luck after Jerry Strasheim, Josh's grandfather, was sued by Sinclair Oil for damages caused in a oilrig accident by a company Jerry owned in Nebraska. Jerry says Sinclair sued him for everything he had, and because he was unable to afford an auctioneer to sell his estate, Jerry decided to attend auctioneer school to make money to pay for the lawsuit. After the estate auction, the Strasheims had nothing left in Nebraska, so they packed a car full of their few remaining belongings and headed for Corvallis, Oregon, for a new beginning.

After re-establishing in Oregon, the Strasheims got their start with a furniture auction. The family eventually became owners of livestock auctions in Eugene, Portland, and The Dalles. During their 20 years in the business, the Strasheims processed more than 2,000 head of cattle per week through their Pac-West Auction Company.

The family also experienced success working in the equipment auction industry. Josh's father, John Strasheim, managed an auction house in Eugene in the early 1990s that sold construction and logging equipment. In just three years, the business earned \$38.5 million in sales. Their biggest day of auction totaled \$6 million with more than 2,400 registered buyers. "The auction business does well whether the economy is up or down," John says. "People are always looking to sell items, but it does better than normal in an economic downturn."

When auction day comes around, John says the excitement builds up to the point of the sale. Even before the auction begins, buyers register for bidding numbers and items are displayed for viewing. About an hour before the auction, the building is opened to the bidders who browse the items for sale. Each item must be tagged with a number that shows the order it will be sold in and to ensure that each reaches the winner of the auction. After the auction each buyer checks out and usually takes home more than one item.

A new addition to the auctioneer business is the ability to sell items online in real time all over the country. Strasheim recently began using a website to bring in more buyers. He says bidders can view a live feed of the auction as well as listen to the auctioneer's chant. "The auctioneer may be the most exciting part of the auction," says John, who is now retired from the auctioneer business. "In reality, the chant only makes up two percent of the whole process."

—BRENNON CLARK

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Illuminating Music

Behind-the-scenes light producers take audiences on a visual journey.

The venue opened at 7 p.m., but the first disk jockey set doesn't start until 8 p.m. The dance floor won't be fully packed until dark and it definitely won't clear until 3 a.m. It's a three-DJ rave featuring trance, dubstep, and ambient house music. If the location allowed, the DJs would play until sunrise, and at some venues, they do. The lighting and sound crews, who have been working around the clock, watch as crowds of people begin flowing into the theater. The night has just begun.

The lights, which are the show's heart and soul, have been tested once, twice, and even a third time. They dim, and the crowd roars, signaling the start of the first DJ set. A flash of colored light explodes and it's now up to two professionals: the DJ at the turntables and the most important person behind the scenes—the light producer, Michael Bowles, who alters the audience's view of reality.

Bowles, who works with the Eugene-based Renaissance Raven lighting production company, says he lives for the moment the lights dim. For Bowles, lighting allows audiences to interact beyond just music, hopefully inspiring them to take a journey. He strives for a style that is interactive and psychedelic. "By being able to see what I can express through peoples reactions, lighting becomes more and more intriguing at every show," Bowles says.

Lighting at electronic shows first became popular in the United Kingdom when warehouse parties dominated the underground scene, says DirtyElectroSounds music blogger Adam Doogan-Smith. These desolate warehouses often had no electricity, so organizers brought their own stage sets, lights, and generators. "Lasers and projectors were the perfect solution because they provided just enough light to see your immediate surroundings and to offer an awesome visual experience," Doogan-Smith says.

"The emotion or the inspiration of a lighting designer can take something typical and make it an art piece."

Since then, music and lighting have become increasingly intertwined. Most audiences become absorbed by the music, although they may not understand that behind-the-scenes artists like Bowles make the experience more intense. He and Doogan-Smith agree that lighting is much more than a pretty display: Well-designed lighting allows people to interact with art and helps create a social atmosphere. "The lights aid in creating the atmosphere that audiences have come to expect at a show. There is an allure of walking into a partially lit room to dance with friends and strangers to music that you really enjoy," Doogan-Smith says.

During an appearance at The Cornucopia Maize Lounge in Eugene, Bowles created a light projector that manipulated images of flowers. The installation wasn't large, one could change the projector screen with just a few knobs, twist, and twirls. Bowles chose to use flowers because he believes people can connect with them and become intrigued with the idea of transforming an everyday object. "Lighting doesn't need to be grandiose, but the best producers create deep compositions and engaging performances, which in turn, enhance the DJ set," Bowles says.

The evolution of live performances has dramatically changed audiences' interaction with music, Bowles says; people don't go to concerts just to listen to music anymore. In some cases, he explains, "Shows have become so intense that you can't even see the artists—they're hidden by LED mats." The mats, made of a LED matrix—a board with four to 10,000 or more lights—creates a screen of sorts that projects words or flashes, boosting a viewer's eye interaction. Bowles's stage setup typically consists of 48 LED bars, dimmers, strobes, and lasers. "Lighting really isn't that tricky, but the emotion or the inspiration of a lighting designer can take something typical and make it an art piece," he says.

Bowles, who is now 22, got hooked on stage lighting at age 15 during

DESIGN ALYSSA GRITZMACHER

PHOTO MASON TRINCA



a visit to Portland, Oregon, where he was introduced to the band Four Tet. The band became one of his biggest influences and led to an interest in dubstep and ambient trance genres. "There is a sense of intelligence and awareness about electronic music," he says. This newfound realization inspired Bowles to find new ways to apply lighting techniques, so when he moved to Eugene, he learned light production as a volunteer at Eugene's historic WOW Hall. Since then, he's produced lighting at more than 100 events.

In the past five years, the music festival circuit has expanded from small venues to mainstream commercial festivals around the world. Last summer, Bowles traveled to White River Canyon, Oregon, to build light sets at What The Festival, a three-day event exhibiting art, music, food, and workshops. Following his philosophy of creating a social space for partygoers, Bowles and a few coworkers created an ultra-scope—a light pyramid of sorts—that allowed audiences to control the lighting design with a Wii remote or steering wheel. The ultra-scope installation grabbed visitors' attention because it let them alter and transform light, keeping their attention on the art, rather than on the performers. "[The best part is] I can leave the light board and go into the crowd and say, 'Here play with this,'" Bowles says.

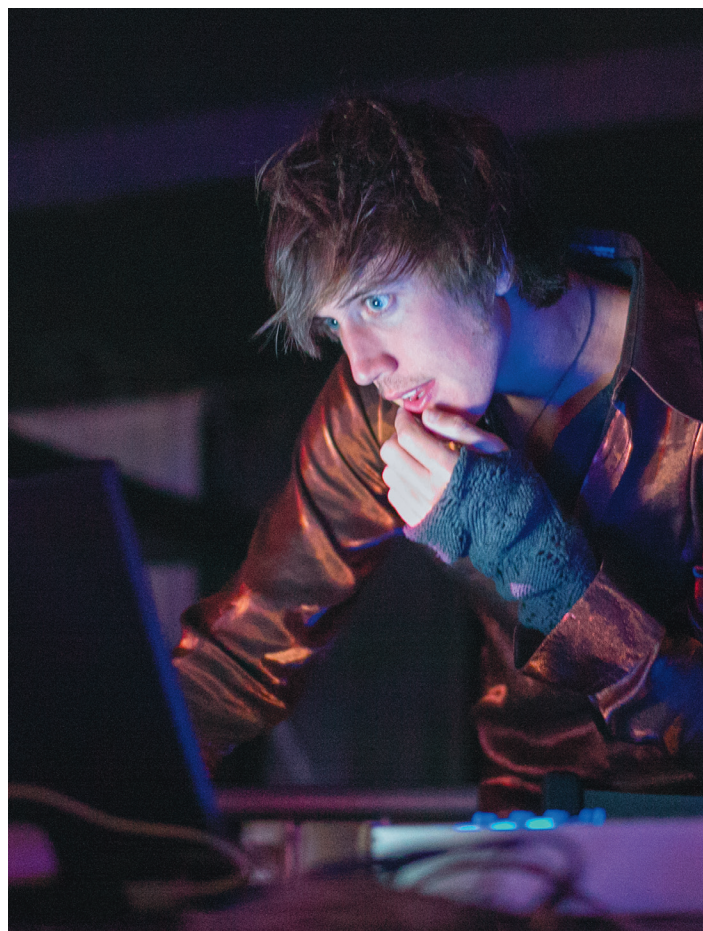
In many cases DJs or lighting producers create color themes throughout an event. Bowles often uses deep colors, such as dark reds, purples, blues, and greens, to saturate the minds of concertgoers. "Michael's lighting matches the vibe of every musical performance I've seen him do, as well as amplifies it, making the whole experience ten times better," says Alex Wagner, a Eugene-based electronic DJ.

When Bowles began working in Eugene, live performance lighting was often orchestrated by a team of venue promoters. However, times have changed. "We actually don't light our shows [anymore]," says Brendan Relaford of Kesey Enterprises, the largest music production company in Eugene. "The tour hires its own crew and they do the lighting."

In the past stages were typically lit by as few as 25 heat lamps and manually maneuvered by a light crew, but now, Relaford explains, a 200-light display connected to a panel can be controlled by one person using a computer program. This new type of display is more cost efficient because venues have fewer technicians to pay; rather than hiring a five-person band with a 30-person light crew, some DJs require as few as ten people to light their shows.

It's 3 a.m. and the lights are back on. The show has ended as the harsh fluorescent beams hit the eyes of concertgoers exiting the theater. Backstage, crew members congratulate one another, and Bowles begins tearing down his lighting gear. On average, Bowles says it takes anywhere from one hour to two days to set up and tear down a light set, but all the hard work pays off: "I want to see people appreciate my love for lighting while giving them quite an experience. Producing these shows makes everything worth it." ☐

- COLLETTE LEVESQUE



TOP: Neon light sets installed by the Renaissance Raven production company create a vibrant scene for Nate Asman and his band, Hamilton Beach, during a performance at the Rok in Eugene, Oregon.

ABOVE: Light producer Michael Bowles controls the LCD lights from his computer using his own software. Bowles believes event lighting should be interactive and encourage audiences to participate in the art.

Culture-crossed

After years away from her home country, one student rekindles a bond with her heritage.

My parents, siblings, and grandparents had all gathered at the international flights terminal in the Amsterdam Airport Schiphol, the largest international airport in the Netherlands, to say goodbye before I left to study abroad in the US. Hours later, I arrived in Boise, Idaho, on a warm day in late August 2003. Although I had only left for a one-year student exchange program, it wasn't until the summer of 2011 that I would see my family again—and by then, much had changed in my life.

My first year in America I fell in love and after that my life changed quickly. At 18 years old, I was married and had a son. My family grew even larger two years later when my daughter arrived.

Looking back at that first year, I was a quiet, observant, and somewhat naïve 16 year old. I sat in the front row of my classes, raised my hand before I spoke, and didn't argue with teachers or students—even when I didn't agree with them. As a teenager living the Netherlands, I had idolized American television characters from shows like *Boy Meets World* and *Saved by the Bell* and hoped one day I could live in a country where everyone lived in a big house with a pool. I fantasized about meeting my best friends in high school, going out to restaurants, and driving wherever I wanted. Having watched those television shows, I came to America believing my life would be perfect, and although I was starting a family, I still felt as though I didn't quite fit in.

When I was 24 and a junior at the University of Oregon I learned about an opportunity to study abroad at the University of Amsterdam in the Netherlands and decided it might be a good way to learn about the culture I had once been so desperate to leave. My husband and children took the eight-week trip with me, and after a three-week social policy course at the university, we spent time getting to know my family in the Netherlands they had only known through postcards.

While completing the program, I was introduced to the Dutch philosophy of *gedoogbeleid*, which means tolerating people who do things you don't agree with as long as it doesn't affect you. Although I had never known a name for the lessons my parents taught me as a child in the Netherlands, the philosophy resonated with their approach to educating me about drug abuse. I was never told not to do drugs; instead, I learned about the effects of drugs and read books about drug addicts. I was raised to respect other's choices—and through my parents' approach I learned about the negative effects of drug use. Instead of making judgments and trying to convince others to share my point of view, from this I learned to try to find a sense of understanding.



Sanne Godfrey, her husband Mathew, and their children Joshua and Zoey visit Kinderdijk, Netherlands, to reconnect with the past.

The way I had been raised was Dutch, and because of this, I now felt like I didn't belong in the American culture I had been a part of for years. I don't have a clear yes or no opinion on drugs or prostitution. I know that I don't partake, but I think people should be allowed to choose for themselves, which is very different from the American culture that I have grown to understand. Many students I've encountered in America view Dutch culture as casual and lacking control, although I experienced a society bound by laws much like the US. In the US, it seems expected to take one side or another of an argument, whether it is drug policy, prostitution, abortion, or gay marriage—you must be for it or against it if you're American. I am not that way.

Although I found I still had values influenced by Dutch culture, my habits had changed and my visit to Netherlands also made it very clear that I was no longer Dutch. Unlike Dutch culture norms that embrace personal space, I made small talk with people in grocery stores. When I went to the movie theater in the Netherlands, I found the commercial break distracting, even though I used to appreciate the small pause to fill up on snacks. I had become *too* American. Now I didn't really fit in anywhere.

So there I stood on my way "home" to Eugene, grasping my daughter's hand with our passports clenched in the other. We'd just passed the first international flights terminal checkpoint and I once again hugged my family goodbye. As my daughter and I walked toward the next checkpoint I looked back, tears welling up in my eyes knowing time off would probably not come again soon. This would be the last time in a long time I would see them and the culture I'd grown to understand. ☹

- SANNE GODFREY

Gedoogbeleid:

"Tolerating people who do things you don't agree with as long as it doesn't affect you."

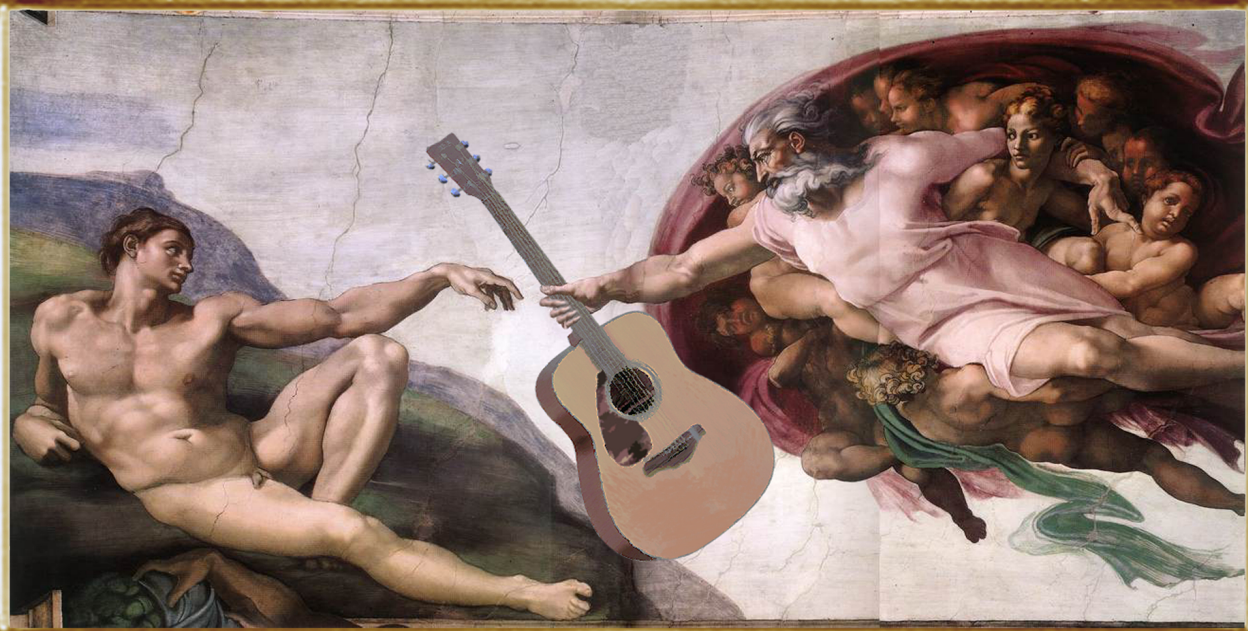
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