

*A portrait of*  
**FEMALE  
VETERANS**

**TECH HEADS:**  
*How the Internet is  
Changing Your Brain*

**WEARABLE  
*waste***



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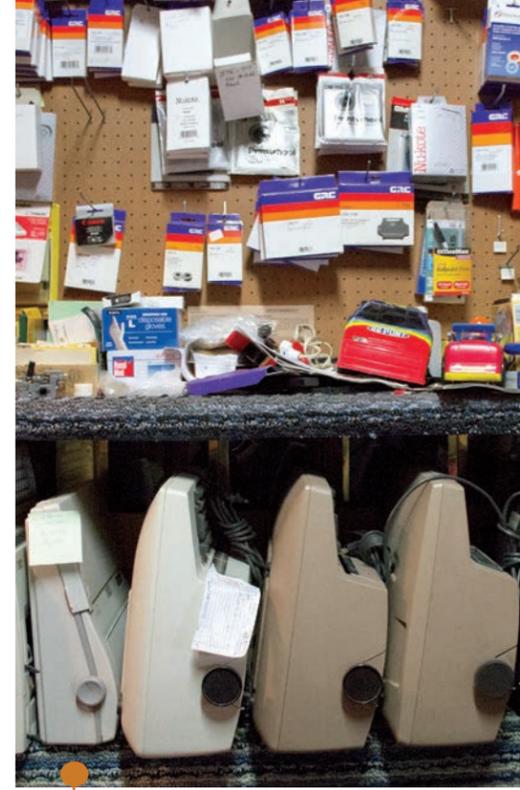
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# EDITOR'S NOTE

For my last issue as editor in chief of *Ethos* I asked my fellow graduating department heads to join me in what we decided should be an awkward family photo. We made this styling choice for two reasons. First, our shared love of sweater vests. Second, because deep down we know we're family.

When I wrote my first editor's note last summer I barely knew Lana, Ariane, and Anna. We were all longtime members of *Ethos* but had rarely worked together. Then, here we were, thrown together and asked to create a magazine. We didn't know what we were doing (a confession I can only make now with four issues successfully published), but we, together, decided to revel in that uncertainty, to laugh at our mistakes, to grow from our experiences, to put our heads down and work together. I told you we were family.

Now we're leaving, each for her own path. I wish Lana, Ariane, Anna, and all my other fellow graduates the best of luck. If you've worked with *Ethos*, I hope the experience has shaped you as much as it has shaped me. I hope you can look back in a month, in a year, in a decade and appreciate the stepping-stone this magazine was not only for you, but for the hundreds of dedicated journalists who have been put through their paces on our pages.

When I reached this moment, I thought I'd be nervous about handing the reins, now so familiar in my hands, off to a new editor in chief. But I'm not. If her ability to successfully manage my hundreds of phone calls and e-mails is any indication of her ability to be editor in chief (which, believe me, it is), Lacey Jarrell is more than ready.

There is something special about this magazine, the same intangible qualities of trust and hope and faith that make a tight-knit family. I am honored to have been an editor of this publication. I am honored to have served alongside the likes of a Lana O'Brien, an Ariane Kunze, an Anna Helland, a Lacey Jarrell. I am honored to have been a part of this family.

*Elisabeth Kramer*

Elisabeth Kramer  
Editor in Chief



PHOTO WILL KANELLOS

The thought of post-graduation life inspires a fit of giggles between Ariane Kunze, Elisabeth Kramer, Anna Helland, and Lana O'Brien.



Photographer Tess Freeman visited Priscilla Robinson in Portland where Robinson was preparing a flag for the War on Women March held at the end of April.

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# ETHOS

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Ross West, the SOJC, and all of our readers



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

# ELVIS *is* BACK

A Eugene entertainer pays homage to the King of Rock and Roll.

**O**n November 25, 1976, a crowd of nearly 10,000 watched as Elvis Presley performed at the University of Oregon's McArthur Court. Thirty-six years later, Elvis Presley is gone (or maybe not, as some diehard fans still believe). Either way, the memory of the King of Rock and Roll remains fresh thanks to the work of impersonators like David "Elvis" Lomond. Since 1995, the 52-year-old entertainer has performed as Presley. Originally from Hawaii, Lomond grew up with Elvis songs, but it wasn't until he was 17 that Lomond realized he could sing just like the King.

**Xenia Slabina:** There are so many different versions of Elvis impersonators. What type of Elvis are you?

**David Lomond:** Every impersonator has his own strengths and weaknesses as far as being like Elvis. A complete package would be someone who can sing, sound, look, talk and move like Elvis. My strength is singing, so I'm more of a sound-alike. I'm not as strong in looks. I'm probably 75 percent in looks like Elvis and around 80 percent in moves.

**XS:** Where do you get your costumes?

**DL:** I've had professional seamstresses for several of my costumes. Some I find in retail stores or order online. In all, I have about seven or eight Elvis costumes.

**XS:** What do you like the most about your costumes?

**DL:** So much is very flashy, a lot of rhinestones. It was important for Elvis to learn how to dress for the audience. Elvis got some of his ideas from [Valentino] Liberace, a famous piano player. He and Elvis both loved opulence. Liberace encouraged Elvis to dress a little flashy for his audience.

**XS:** Did you ever meet Presley in person?

**DL:** No. As a child, I watched a lot of his movies on a regular basis; in Hawaii they showed them a lot. That's where I got an interest in Elvis. As I started becoming involved in singing and performing, I didn't do just Elvis at first. I did Hawaiian entertainment, gospel music, and classic rock and roll. Basically, I'm not just an impersonator but also an entertainer.

**XS:** How did you come to pick Elvis as your alter ego?

**DL:** I always thought Elvis was almost like God, and then I realized I could sing like him. That was really cool. I started working in the entertainment business in Waikiki. It's an international crowd; there were people from Europe, China, Japan, Saudi Arabia, and I had to find something that worked with all these people. I found Elvis. When you impersonate somebody, you have to find somebody you like and can do good. It's like going to the dress shop and finding clothes that fit you well. Elvis was a really good fit for me.

**XS:** Do you have a favorite Elvis song?

**DL:** Probably his gospel songs. I like "How Great Thou Art." Of his classic rock and roll I like "Treat Me Like a Fool," "A Fool Such as I," and "Can't Help Falling in Love."

**XS:** There are so many celebrities these days, but not all of them become as popular as Elvis. What do you think was so special about him?

**DL:** One of the reasons why Elvis was such a big star was because when he hit the market in the 1950s there wasn't anything like him. It had such a big impact and changed the music scene forever. It's really difficult for

**"I'm probably 75 percent in looks like Elvis and around 80 percent in moves."**

anyone to make that kind of impact now because we have so many different radio stations, so many different forms of media, so many different ways to get music. When Elvis came out, there were maybe three or four radio and television stations that played rock and roll. He pretty much dominated everything there was.

Another reason [he is popular] is that Elvis's personal life and motivations were beautiful and humanistic. He really cared about people and generously gave to different organizations. The Elvis Presley Charitable Foundation, which was founded almost 30 years ago in his honor, still provides housing, clothing, and food for people. Before his death he gave most of his fortune away. That guy loved people, God, his country, and music. He loved to make people happy. His modus was pure.

**XS:** What's your personal life like?

**DL:** Well, it's been pretty tough having my wife leave and my father pass away in the past year. One of our family dogs died and then my own dog died; they were both about the same age [16], so I had a lot of loss and grieving. Then in November 2011, I had a double hernia surgery. It was another thing that I had to endure. It's been a tough time. I haven't had a lot of tragedy in my life, but it seems I got all of it in one time.

**XS:** What helps you deal with your losses?

**DL:** I believe completely in Jesus, in God, and I turned everything over to Him. Let Him handle this. He is smarter than I am. He is an expert in all these kind of things. He's been dealing with this stuff for years. I was able to overcome and still perform and still bring joy and happiness because of my faith and because God is good.

I'm really thankful for what I do have. I have two good sons, a good place to live, good food, a healthy mother. There are so many good things that override all of the tragedies. I think when we face tragedy we can try to see what is good about it and what we can learn from it.

**XS:** In the face of all those difficulties, how are you still able to put on a good show?

**DL:** The past year gave me an opportunity to work on myself. It's extremely difficult to try to make people happy if you're not happy yourself. I used to judge people who didn't seem happy or didn't laugh at my jokes when I was performing. Now I don't judge, but try to be sympathetic. Now when I see that happen, I think maybe they are going through a hard time and came here to get cheered up. I think, 'I hope I can make them happy in some way.'

**-XENIA SLABINA**

**BELOW:** Elvis impersonator David Lomond often performs at Addi's Diner in Springfield. On Sundays he plays at Hole in the Wall Barbecue.

**RIGHT:** Lomond lives in Pleasant Hill, Oregon, with his family. Photo by Ariane Kunze.

**TOP RIGHT:** Beyond his work as an impersonator, Lomond sells freeze dried food.



PHOTO ANDY ABEYTA DESIGN ALYSSA GRITZMACHER

# Southern Secrets

The trio of countries hidden in the midst of the Amazon.

Guyana, French Guiana, and Suriname: they might be the reasons you didn't pass your eighth grade geography quiz, but don't let their inconspicuousness fool you. Tucked away in the northeast corner of South America, these three lands are often forgotten by geography teachers and overlooked by tourists. Yet their complex histories, diverse populations, and vibrant rainforests make them a few of the continent's best-kept secrets.



Guyana

Despite pristine beaches, abundant wildlife, and colorful culture, Guyana is primarily known in the United States for the Peoples Temple suicides at Jonestown. In 1978, 914 followers of cult leader Jim Jones drank Kool-Aid mixed with cyanide. This horrific event, the greatest single loss of American civilian life before September 11, 2001, shocked the world and tainted international perception of the South American country that's slightly smaller than Idaho.

But behind the international headlines lies a country, complete with lush jungles, a waterfall five times higher than Niagara Falls, and wild animals like the giant otter and the bonneted bat. Guyana is also home to more than 740,000 inhabitants, with such a variety of backgrounds that the nation is nicknamed "The Land of Six People." (The "six" refers to Guyana's major ethnic groups, which include East Indian, African, and American Indian). The country is the only mainland South American nation with English as its

official language; many inhabitants are also fluent in Creole and Caribbean Hindustani (a dialect of Hindi).

Rainforests comprise almost 80 percent of Guyana and are home to hundreds of species including toucans, parrots, snail-eating snakes, and golden rocket frogs. Both scientists and Hollywood moviemakers flock to Guyana for inspiration; the Disney/Pixar film *Up* is set in a mountainous region in the west of the country known as the Guiana Highlands.

Tributaries of the Orinoco and the Amazon Rivers support the local environment and inspired Guyana's other nickname, "The Land of Many Waters." The vast jungle surrounding the Orinoco and Amazon remains mostly untouched due to its impenetrable jungles. To preserve this environment, Kaieteur National Park is currently being considered for a UNESCO World Heritage Site distinction. If chosen, the park would join the likes of the Galapagos Islands and Grand Canyon National Park as a place worth protecting.

# French Guiana

When seventeenth-century European explorers arrived in what is now known as French Guiana, they were searching for the lost city of gold, El Dorado. Rather than finding mountains of coins, rubies, and chalices, however, colonists uncovered a new treasure altogether: a land bursting with dense rainforest and swift rivers.



Desperate to return to Europe with money in their pockets, the French, a major colonizing power, attempted to tame the jungles and establish plantations. In pursuit of that goal, many died from tropical diseases and violent encounters with local Arawak Indian tribes. Eventually, the French founded a capital city, Cayenne, which, yes, is where the spice received its name. Roughly ten miles offshore on Devil's Island, they also established a leper colony, which later became a prison.

Before closing in 1952, Devil's Island spent 100 years as an active penal colony and was home to an estimated total of 56,000 inmates.

Along with its sister prisons on neighboring islands, Royale and Saint-Joseph, Devil's Island inspired scenes featured in several books-turned-movies including *Phantom of the Opera* and *Papillon*, which was actually filmed on the island.

After more than 400 years of European settlement, French Guiana has yet to attain autonomy. It remains one of five French overseas departments and is the last mainland territory in the Americas controlled by a non-American power. Several pro-independence parties, primarily the Decolonization and Social Emancipation Movement, have attempted to dissent from France through local elections, but have never achieved self-governance.

According to the CIA World Factbook, only 5 percent of the 229,000 people living in French Guiana want independence. Remaining a department is popular among residents because the status brings in large financial subsidies from the French government, as well as job opportunities at "Europe's Spaceport," the Guiana Space Centre located on Kourou Island. The spaceport is one of only 24 active such sites in the world and is primarily used to launch satellites.

Independent or not, French Guiana is isolated. Because of the thick jungle that covers the region, most citizens live along the shoreline. Those who do live inland are typically descendants of indigenous tribes and share their homeland with a wide variety of species including the giant armadillo and the bush dog. The vast mountain ranges that line the country's western border have long inhibited easy travel to neighboring lands.

Recently, however, former French president Nicolas Sarkozy visited French Guiana to oversee the construction of a bridge to Brazil across the Oyapock River. Once opened, the bridge will provide French Guiana easy access to the rest of South America. For now, only a handful of airlines offer flights to Cayenne, but the brave few who make the trip will be rewarded with endlessly rich jungle and ocean, if not a city of gold.

DESIGN HELEN WONG ILLUSTRATION HEATHER DARROUGH

# Suriname

Despite being the smallest country in South America, Suriname is home to half a million people. It was the late sixteenth century when the Spanish first arrived. The British and the Dutch soon followed; after a series of treaties the Dutch were the ones to establish Suriname as a colony. The Netherlands ruled Suriname from 1667 to 1975; the centuries of colonization still influence much of the country (Dutch remains the official language).

The majority of Suriname's population is composed of Hindustanis, many of whom are descended from workers who were brought to the country when slavery was abolished at the end of the nineteenth century.

Traditional holidays such as the spring festival of Holi are celebrated nationwide and Hindu temples dot the country.

Beyond Dutch and Caribbean Hindustani, English is widely spoken throughout Suriname. This is partially because of the country's long-standing economic relationship with the US. During World War II, Suriname supplied more than 75 percent of the United States' supply of bauxite, a mineral used to make aluminum. Mining remains a major Surinamese industry while agriculture is one of the smallest. Less than 1 percent of the nation's land is available for farming with more than 80 percent covered by rainforest. Suriname is, after all, called "the beating heart of the Amazon."

-RILEY STEVENSON

# WIRED

## Does the Internet have an effect on your brain?

According to recent scientific studies, there are at least 100 billion stars in the Milky Way. An amazing number, no doubt, unless it's compared to the galaxy of connections that make up the human brain. Each nerve cell, known as a neuron, comes with a varied number of "branches" that transmit messages. Most neuroscientists believe a neuron establishes anywhere between 1 and 10,000 connections with other neurons, which makes the theoretical number of possible links within a single brain more than 40,000,000,000,000,000, or 40 quadrillion.

The brain's connections mirror those of the Internet, where millions of computers and servers constantly communicate with one another. But instead of e-mails, YouTube videos, and Twitter feeds, the result of the billions upon billions of messages that neurons send and receive is our ability to see, smell, hear, feel, and generally make sense of the world.

"The brain is a dynamic, highly sensitive yet robust system that may adapt, for better or for worse, to almost any element of its environment," writes John Ratey, professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School. "Before people can really begin to understand why they think, speak, love, laugh, cry, or see the world as they do, they must first come to terms with who and what they really are."

Given the fact that our brains are highly adaptable and malleable to outside influence, the question arises: does the Internet have any lasting effect on the ways in which we think and perceive the world?

It's a compelling question to the many neuroscientists studying how digital technologies biologically influence human beings. Generally speaking, there are three schools of thought on the topic: that you embrace technology and the changes it brings, encourage others to approach the medium with a critical eye, or believe it's too early to tell much of anything. As with all science, however, research doesn't always produce clear and definitive results. Instead, like a never-ending Russian nesting doll, observations lead to questions, which lead to new observations, which lead back to newer, clearer questions. There is, however, one agreed upon point:

the Internet is encouraging a new evolution of the mind.

"The technology of computers and the Internet is radically changing the ways that people learn and communicate," writes Kurt Fischer, director of the Mind, Brain, and Education program at the Harvard Graduate School of Education. "People need to examine the changes to analyze how they are altering interaction and human culture."

Prior to the twentieth century, the function of our brain was largely misunderstood. Aristotle believed that human intellect resided in the heart and that the sole function of the brain was to cool the fiery blood that the heart produced, while Hippocrates, widely regarded as the father of Western medicine, was far ahead of his time when he said the brain was responsible for facilitating sensation and intelligence.

In addressing the question of how humans learn, neuroscientists have discovered a significant relationship between attention and memory. A recent psychology experiment at Columbia University tracked the effects that Google has on memory acquisition and information processing. In one part of the experiment, participants were tested on whether or not they could remember random facts, such as "an ostrich's eye is bigger than its brain." Half of the participants were told they'd have access to that same information at another point later in time (the scientific equivalent of having the option to "Google it") and half were told the information would be immediately deleted once reviewed. Of those two groups, the people who had been told that their information was going to be deleted had a significantly higher rate of recall.

In the study, appropriately titled "Google's Effects on Memory," researchers concluded that "we are becoming symbiotic with our computer tools, growing into interconnected systems that remember less by knowing information than by knowing where the information can be found." Further clarifying their findings, the researchers wrote that the results "suggest that processes of human memory are adapting to the advent of new computing and communicative technologies," adding "we must remain plugged in to

**"We are becoming symbiotic with our computer tools, growing into interconnected systems that remember less by knowing information than by knowing where the information can be found."**

know what Google knows."

People, it seems, have become highly dependent on the Internet. We all get anxious when we can't find our phone or a strong wireless signal. And some people even feel irritable when unable to check their Facebook or Twitter. One possible explanation for this fluctuation in moods is Internet Addiction Disorder (IAD). Earlier this year, Natural Science Foundation of China researchers published a study that referred to IAD as "a serious mental health issue around the world."

Some scientists believe that the addiction in IAD comes from the brain's release of the neurotransmitter dopamine, the chemical responsible for, among other things, a human's "reward" system. When we get a thrill, drink a beer, or play a competitive sport, our brains intermittently release dopamine. The bits of excitement that come with receiving an e-mail, checking a Facebook page, playing video games, or tweeting are no different. Those "positive" activities lead to a chemical reaction to which people can become addicted.

For similar reasons, many scientists and educators believe that the Internet has spoiled the attention spans of students. They argue that because of the interactive and engaging nature of the Internet, the classic lecture style of teaching might be in need of a makeover. New technology also offers an easy distraction from work. A 2010 study by Duke University

appears to confirm these fears: the fifth through eighth graders surveyed tested lower in class once computers and high-speed Internet were available at home.

But by no means is it all bad news. Some studies suggest that the Internet and digital technologies, if embraced, could lead to breakthroughs in creating more effective education methods. The reason is, once again, dopamine. Beyond pleasure, the chemical has been linked to a person's ability to pay attention. When someone is involved in a rewarding activity, be it an intense basketball game, a final few holes of golf, or an attractive person sitting nearby, it's partially thanks to dopamine that our minds focus on the task at hand.

However, the common denominator in these activities is that the final result—Will I make the shot? Will I get a hole in one? Will she give me her number?—is unknown. Humans are drawn to exciting and pleasurable experiences that lack a predictable outcome, meaning that, biologically, we like surprises. This, scientists and educators say, may in fact be the key to establishing a more productive and engaging educational curriculum.

When students are subjected to routine their attention is usually a mile away. Basically, their brains are producing very little, if any, dopamine and, as a result, the information being presented to them isn't being passed on to their long-term memory—the crucial transference needed to solidify memories and, in this case, knowledge. By incorporating new methods of teaching including technology like the ever-dynamic Internet that barrier of boredom might be easier to cross.

Let's face it: the Internet isn't going away anytime soon so its potential effects on the human brain will likely continue. This makes Aristotle's advice perhaps the best to take. He might have gotten it wrong on how the brain functions, but his oft-touted belief that a happy, fulfilling life comes from somewhere between total dependence and complete isolation certainly applies to the mind's current evolution. ☉

-JOSEPH R. FALTYN

DESIGN CLIFFORD BARCLAY ILLUSTRATION CHARLOTTE CHENG



JOIN, or DIE.

# the SIX O'CLOCK SATIRE

Are comedians the new reporters? Is breaking news better with a laugh? What happens when facts take a back seat to funny?

STORY ELLIOTT KENNEDY  
PHOTO WILL KANELLOS & KYLE MCKEE  
DESIGN MARIS ANTOLIN

**S**kip the headlines. Change the channel on breaking news. Flip past sections A through D and forget about six o'clock on the dot. Stop reading that reporter's exclusive scoop and look to a cartoonist for the real deal: *In other news today, Obama cares about a new cause. Newt opened up on national television. Mitt happens.* Ignore the anchors and listen to a comedian. Better yet, listen to a comedian who acts like an anchor. Stewart has replaced Sawyer; Colbert is the new Cronkite.

With the proliferation of technology, Americans increasingly view comedic outlets as viable, even reliable news sources. Rather than learn about politics and social issues by sifting through dense columns of black and white, we look to more colorful sources for both information and entertainment.

The reasons behind the shift are as vast as they are vague, but *The Atlantic* correspondent Mark Bowden speculates that a lack of trust in mainstream media is one of the driving forces. In his 2009 article “The Story Behind the Story,” Bowden writes that what once made the news so valuable was “the mission and promise of journalism—the hope that someone was getting paid to wade into the daily tide of manure, sort through its deliberate lies and cunning half-truths and tell a story straight.”

But not anymore.

The value of the straight news story is easily lost in the battle between news organizations for higher ratings and greater readership—a battle fought as fiercely as politicians dueling for the presidency. According to Bowden, the purpose of journalism is no longer to disseminate the facts, nor to “educate the public, but to win.”

Enter the jokesters.

While politicians and television reporters alike struggle for top titles,

comedians such as Stephen Colbert of *The Colbert Report* and Jon Stewart of *The Daily Show* have stepped into the role of public educator, exposing important issues—with flare. Unlike their journalistic counterparts, these pseudo-anchors feel no need to abide by a “just the facts, ma’am” approach to news. In fact, both Colbert and Stewart routinely place “just the facts” news sources in outrageous contexts. They opt to use parodies and sarcasm to expose points often obscured by the legalese, complex court proceedings, and monotone speakers characteristic of more traditional news outlets like C-SPAN.

While popular in today’s culture, this amalgam of information and humor is nothing new. Twenty-two years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, Benjamin Franklin drew what has been credited as America’s first political cartoon. Published in the May 9, 1754, edition of Franklin’s newspaper, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, the image depicted a snake chopped into eight segments, representing the lack of unity between the colonies. Three simple words were emblazoned at the bottom of the page: join, or die. In his book, *The Art of Ill Will: The Story of American Political Cartoons*, Donald Dewey explains that Franklin’s cartoon was “re-circulated in subsequent years as a rallying point for the colonists in their struggles against the British.”

Franklin’s call to action was indirectly articulated through imagery.

**PREVIOUS PAGE:** “Join, or Die” is credited as the very first editorial published in the United States. Many scholars believe the original design was meant to mirror a map of colonial America. **BELOW:** An interpretation of James Montgomery Flagg’s “The Cartoonist Makes People See Things!” (as pictured on opposite page). The cartoon was first published in the 1919 book *The War in Cartoons*.



More than 150 years later, artist James Montgomery Flagg (who also illustrated the iconic “I Want You for US Army” recruiting poster) ditched the Founding Father’s implicit style, favoring a more blatant approach in his cartoon titled, “The cartoonist makes people see things!”

Published in 1919, the work shows a self-portrait of Flagg dressed in an artist’s smock. He looks disdainfully down at an old man, who, sitting on a stool and staring into a mirror, represents a defeated Kaiser of Germany. Gawking back at the vanquished ruler is a skeleton, its mouth agape to expose a clear view of skull and spine. Published at the close of World War I, Flagg’s cartoon aimed to express war’s extreme violence and lack of morality. Taken in a larger context, the cartoon, and especially its caption, serve as a general framework for the basic principle of editorial cartooning and satirizing: make a point.

According to Lucy Caswell, faculty emeritus at Ohio State University Libraries, the political cartoonist’s job is much greater than just drawing a picture. In her paper, *Drawing Swords: War in American Political Cartoons*, Caswell says that early political cartoons needed to be “gestural, functioning as an assertion of defiant independence and protest against government.” Today, the job of an editorial cartoonist or television satirist remains fundamentally unchanged from its revolutionary past.

“We want to rebel against authority. From the Boston Tea Party to the Occupy movement, we always have and probably always will,” says Leigh Anne Jasheway-Bryant, an adjunct instructor for the University of Oregon School of Journalism and Communication and award-winning humor author. “Political satire is a way for the common man to get attention and regain power.”

Early in America’s history, literate colonists were rare, making the use of metaphorical imagery essential to getting an artist’s point across. Cartoons such as Franklin’s “Join, or Die” provided an influential avenue of expression for all citizens, well-educated or not, who held grievances against the government.

“Cartoons spoke to the masses in a way that nothing else could,” says Thomas Bivins, a professor at the University of Oregon and the John L. Hulteng Chair for Media Ethics. “Someone was far less likely to try to slog through 500 words of eloquently written satire than stop for 30 seconds to look at an editorial cartoon. They crossed boundaries.”

A tool commonly used to cross those boundaries is the stereotype. “Stereotypes provide a framework for cartoonists to convey a complex idea without any words at all,” Bivins says. “It’s a quick message that has to be digested in a hurry. They’re shorthand for all the cultural connotations that accompany that particular concept.”

Elephants equal Republican and donkeys mean Democrat. Crosses connote Christianity and peace signs imply hippie. And in recent years, turbans have come to signify the Middle East.

“For my class on persuasion and ethics, I show students four different cartoons by four different artists that represent Saudi Arabia,” Bivins says. “They’re all the exact same character—a big, fat Arab guy with sunglasses on.”

The most famous character representing US culture, Uncle Sam, often appears in media as an expression of current American politics. According to Bivins, who wrote his first published academic paper on the varying body shapes of Uncle Sam, “In times of strife, he’s thin and emaciated. Sometimes, he’s bumbling and chubby, which signifies that America is inept.” Whatever his size, Uncle Sam “remains an important symbol” say Stephen Hess and Sandy Northrop, authors of *Drawn and Quartered: The History of American Political Cartoons*. But, they add, “he is rarely given the reverence he once received.”

According to Jasheway-Bryant, the beauty of American politics is that politicians often don’t require the assistance of a cartoonist to paint a picture of ineptitude.

In a 2008 televised interview with Sarah Palin, journalist Katie Couric



**“We want to rebel against authority. Political satire is a way for the common man to get attention and regain power.”**

asked the Republican vice presidential candidate which newspapers and magazines she read to stay informed. “I read most of them,” Palin responded. Even when Couric rephrased the question, Palin said that she read “all of them and any of them” but could not provide the names of any specific publications.

“She created her own stereotype and brought it on herself by doing stuff like that,” says Jasheway-Bryant of Palin’s vague response to Couric’s question. “That kind of intellectual error and human frailty openly invites satire and creates an environment during election season that is so ripe and juicy for comedy.”

Later that year, the comedy television show *Saturday Night Live* (SNL) ran a spoof interview in which Sarah Palin, portrayed by comedian Tina Fey, asked to “use a lifeline” and “phone a friend.” Both were nods to another pop culture mainstay, the television show *Who Wants To Be A Millionaire?*

Four years later, the race is on again with new faces appearing on SNL. In an April 30, 2012, interview on NBC’s *Meet the Press*, actors Jason Sudeikis and Fred Armisen of SNL—who play Republican presidential front-runner Mitt Romney and President Barack Obama, respectively—discussed the impact of political satire on viewers.

“We’re only a reflection of what’s already being done out there,” said Sudeikis, referring to the statements and actions of politicians on the presidential campaign trail. “It helps get everyone on the same page.” Concerning his role as Romney, Sudeikis said he wishes the politician had a wilder campaign record. “Playing Romney is boring,” he added. “He’s like a butter sandwich, made with unsalted butter, with the crusts cut off.”

Realizing the impact of late night comedy shows on voters, politicians have even begun playing the fool in an effort to reclaim the upper hand.

Last year, the real Romney appeared on *The Late Show With David*

Letterman in a segment titled "The Top Ten Things Mitt Romney Would Like to Say to the American Public." In a clear effort to appeal to young voters, Romney referred to himself as "M-I-double tizzle," a parody of slang-slurping rap icons like Snoop Dogg.

This April, Obama followed suit by "slow jamming the news" on Jimmy Fallon's late night comedy talk show. The two sang about recently passed education legislation.

"If there are more people talking about the skits concerning your actions and policies than your actual actions and policies, a smart politician would take that as an opportunity to regain their attention through those skits," Jasheway-Bryant says. "Sometimes satire becomes the news itself."

Television shows like *The Colbert Report* and *The Daily Show* have taken this idea literally, creating entertainment that imitates and satirizes mainstream news outlets. Using the events of the day to fuel their comedy, Colbert and Stewart poke fun at specific elements of current events.

An April 2011 episode of *The Colbert Report* focused on Senator Jon Kyl's address to Congress in which he erroneously stated that abortions make up 90 percent of what Planned Parenthood does. Public relations representatives for Kyl later said it "was not intended to be a factual statement." Colbert responded by tweeting "facts" about Kyl—he has a tail, he has had numerous affairs, he kills puppies by throwing them off bridges—and ending each post with "#NotIntendedToBeAFactualStatement." The public's response was staggering, with thousands of viewers sending subsequent tweets following the same format. Colbert continued the conversation about Senator Kyl and Planned Parenthood by reading his favorite viewer tweets on air.

While Colbert's tactic may seem extreme or even malicious, Bivins says that over-exaggeration is the purpose of political satire.

"Satirists use people to point out a problem and put pressure on politicians to clean up their act," he says. "They show politicians that their constituents really are paying attention and they notice those slip-ups, whether big or small."

College students especially take notice and often rely on comedic shows as their primary news sources. In a 2008 SNL skit, Sarah Palin look-alike Tina Fey said, "I can see Russia from my house." As the campaign continued, this famous quote was often incorrectly attributed to Palin herself. Barbara Walters addressed the issue in a September 2008 interview, in which Palin simply referred to Russia as "neighbors" to Alaska. But the blurring of comedy and news goes beyond a single incident. In 2009, the Pew Research Center reported that 21 percent of Americans aged 18 to 29 cited *The Daily Show* and SNL as their main resources for presidential news. That's double the figure from 2000.

"I'm not worried," Jasheway-Bryant says of the statistics. "People are smart consumers and responsible voters. They know that anyone, anywhere, at any point in your life could be bending the truth for the sake of humor, or even flat out lying to you. They're smart enough to know when something is fact and when something is funny."

But if this growing trend is any indication, the distinction between news and comedy may soon disappear, resulting in a culture in which journalism plays second fiddle to satire. Men and women might sip their morning coffee with an issue of *MAD* instead of *The New York Times*. Readers could search for facts among the funnies instead of the front page. Americans may forego the evening news in favor of a late night comedic alternative.

Could the ideal of journalism as discussed in Bowden's *Atlantic* article exist in this entertainment-driven environment? Would jokes supersede all "straight stories," effectively eliminating the "mission and promise of journalism?" Or would this simply be another form of journalism, as effective and informative as the styles that have preceded it?

Turn on the TV. It's six o'clock—do you know where your news is? ☐

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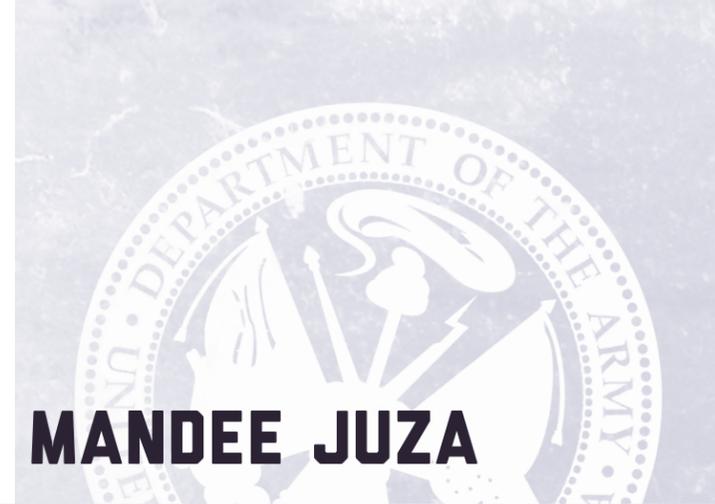
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# A SISTERHOOD OF SERVICE

*life after war*

STORY NEETHU RAMCHANDAR  
PHOTO TESS FREEMAN  
DESIGN ANNA HELLAND

*Service. Thousands of Americans work for years on behalf of their country until one day they are veterans. They, once members of a community bonded by more than just uniforms, return to civilian life where triumphs often go unnoticed and trials aren't seen down the barrel of a gun. Although veterans share many similar experiences, women in the military face their own spectrum of struggle. These are the stories of five female veterans and their lives after service.*



## MANDEE JUZA



"Society looks at veterans as broken people," says Mande Juza, a retired Army captain who served two tours in Iraq between 2003 and 2006. "We're not broken. We've been altered by our service and the coping skills learned when your life is always under attack. We're just trying to readapt to your [civilian] world."

To help her fellow veterans adjust to non-military life, Juza returned from service to build on her bachelor's degree in psychology and complete a master's in social work. As part of her education, Juza interns at the Portland Veteran Medical Center, working 12 hours a week in individual therapy sessions of veterans with Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder (PTSD). "I went to counseling to treat my own PTSD," Juza says. "It helped me tremendously to deal with the traumatic experiences and readjust to civilian life."

Juza also currently works for the Department of Veteran Affairs (VA) with an in-patient program for homeless veterans seeking treatment for substance abuse.

"I know this is my passion," Juza says. "Helping veterans will be my life's work."

Through her work Juza says she hopes to educate the general public because many civilians don't understand that female veterans often see combat just as much as their male counterparts.

"I experienced enemy fire on all but one mission," she adds. "I served my country alongside the male soldiers just as proudly."

Juza was inspired to join the military by her grandmother's service in the Marine Corps and wants her work to provide veterans new coping skills for post-military life.

"Veterans, especially female veterans, can often feel isolated and without proper resources," Juza says. "I've found it personally satisfying to be able to lead veterans to these resources and help set them on the right path again."



## REE MCSWEEN

Ree McSween sits in a coffee shop, noticing every movement. When the bell above the door jingles her eyes dart, taking in her surroundings: the art-covered walls, the whistling teapot, the constant chatter that others ignore but that seems to bother her.

“Just checking,” she says, her chest heaving as she calms down.

Dealing with PTSD as a military sexual trauma (MST) veteran can make the simplest of tasks a struggle.

“When you’ve been raped and are scared of half the population you have to convince yourself to put your shoes on and leave the house without a gun,” says McSween, a Coast Guard veteran who served as a petty officer second class and gunner’s mate between 1989 and 1994. “Even years after service, I have to remind myself not to be scared.”

In addition to identifying as an MST veteran, McSween suffered an automobile accident just before being honorably discharged. She continues to struggle with the resulting back pain. Her wounds, both mental and physical, began to heal when she immersed herself in adaptive recreation, which includes sports and equipment designed to fit the needs of injured individuals, many of whom are veterans.

In 2011, McSween attended the National Veterans Summer Sports Clinic. She traveled to San Diego, California, where she joined hundreds of fellow veterans from across the nation for activities ranging from cycling to kayaking. Each state sent a group to participate in events led by family members, volunteers, and even active duty Marines. “It was incredible to watch as veterans who hadn’t been able to function wanted to come alive in the water,” McSween says.

The most impactful part of the experience for McSween was her close participation with an all-male team.

“I had been so scared of men for so many years,” she says, “but through sports, I slowly found that rather than being healed by women, I was healed by the realization that these men were not the ones who had hurt me and that they too were dealing with PTSD.”

After returning from the clinic, McSween and her teammates dedicated themselves to continuing their active lifestyle. In April 2012, McSween launched her own program called Cycling for Veterans. Open to both veterans and civilians, Cycling for Veterans team members train together in hopes of attending the next adaptive sports clinic this summer.

McSween now reaches out to both male and female veterans to encourage them to join the group. She continues to focus her energy on healing her mental wounds so that one day she can sit in a coffee shop and ignore the jingling bell over the next open door.



For Priscilla Robinson, life during military service simply meant blending into the crowd.

“When you’re a woman in the military you have to fit in with the boys. I often acted like an 18-year-old boy in a locker room just to fit in,” says Robinson, a retired Air Force photojournalist and forensic photographer. “Coming back to civilian life, it’s hard to change your habits over night.”

Robinson served from 2001 to 2005 as a senior airman in Hawaii, South Korea, and Italy. Since returning home to Oregon, she’s found it difficult to blend back into civilian life and to even hold a job. Robinson says her PTSD comes from her experiences as a forensic photographer, a job that involved documenting bodies decimated by battle wounds, rape, and other consequences of war. Sometimes Robinson even had to photograph individuals she knew.

“My photos for the Air Force were used to debrief politicians and military personnel throughout the Pentagon. Now I’m working at places like Nordstrom,” says Robinson, who is currently unemployed. “It’s the most devastating experience I’ve had to deal with.”

Robinson says her PTSD symptoms include forgetfulness (she often stops midsentence and needs to be reminded what she was talking about) and depression. Since retiring from the Air Force, she has held a series of entry-level jobs, working for a few months until, she says, her manager tires of having to train and re-train her on simple assignments that she simply can’t remember: “Even the nicest people eventually get frustrated. It’s just not fair.” As a result of her struggle for employment, Robinson says she has faced homelessness and considered suicide.

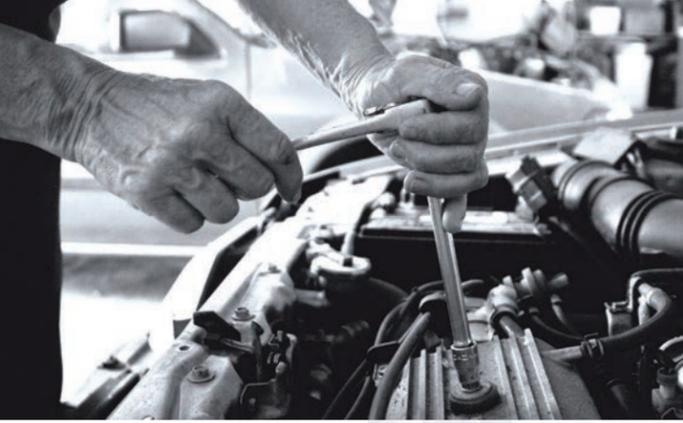
She’s not alone. Suicide rates among young female veterans are three times higher than among female civilians, according to a 2010 study conducted by Portland State University and Oregon Health and Science University.

Robinson uses art as an outlet for her emotions, often creating between 25 to 30 pieces a week. She illustrates her political views in abstract paintings, sometimes including women’s bodies morphing into armor with spikes between their legs and brass knuckles on their nipples. Someday Robinson hopes to sell her work and prosper in an atmosphere that allows her to heal at her own pace.

## PRISCILLA ROBINSON

**“WHEN YOU’RE A WOMAN IN THE MILITARY YOU HAVE TO FIT IN WITH THE BOYS. I OFTEN ACTED LIKE AN 18-YEAR-OLD BOY IN A LOCKER ROOM JUST TO FIT IN.”**





## KAREN DENMAN

"I had an expectation that when I got out of service I'd be able to do anything, go anywhere and be offered a job in the field of my choice, but civilian life just doesn't work that way," says Karen Denman, a retired Naval Reserve photographer.

Denman, who began her service in 1964, believes that female veterans struggle after they're discharged because of how society treats all women. She blames the lack of available team building activities such as sports, which leave young girls without the experience necessary to work well in a group. Because women are viewed as independent workers and unsuitable for teams, Denman says society treats female veterans with the same attitude despite their service and obvious team participation.

"Even in the military, men have a set opinion of how a woman will behave and how they can treat all women," she says. "I refused to learn how to type and I made the worst coffee I possibly could so that I could avoid being a secretary. Eventually they accepted that I wanted to become a photographer for the Navy."

Since her retirement in 1994, Denman continues to participate and encourage others to join in team building activities. She plays soccer, basketball, and golf with friends.

"I've loved sports all my life," Denman says. "I used to throw a ball around with my dad when I was little."

In addition to sports, Denman gardens, plays the timpani in the Rogue River Community College Orchestra, and restores old cars on the 30-acre property where she and her partner live in Rogue River, Oregon.

Most recently, Denman started the nonprofit Play It Forward. She gathers old instruments (often from local school music programs or from colleagues in the orchestra), repairs them, and gives them away to individuals who can't afford to buy a new instrument.

"I have two rules with these instruments," Denman says. "First, if you get an instrument from me you have to play it. Second, you can't sell the instrument. It's been given to you and you must give it away either to another individual or back to the program." In this way Denman hopes to continue the spirit of giving she feels is crucial to leading a successful life.

**"IF BREAKING THE SILENCE HELPS EVEN ONE OF MY FREEDOM FIGHTING SISTERS OR BROTHERS FROM EXPERIENCING RAPE, THAN THE COURAGE IT TAKES TO SPEAK UP IS WORTH IT."**



"I may be only 31 years old and retired from the Army, but I know that my passion and my calling in life is to not forget my sister soldiers who continue to fight more wars than they volunteered to," says Elizabeth "Liz" Luras, a retired private first class code copier.

"I was raped in the military three times, but the silence ends here," she says. "If breaking the silence helps even one of my freedom fighting sisters or brothers from experiencing rape, than the courage it takes to speak up is worth it."

Luras now advocates for MST veterans (those who have suffered sexual trauma while in the military) in what is increasingly being called the Invisible War.

"The Invisible War refers to those of us who have been sexually assaulted in the military," Luras says. "The 'war' that I was in was one that has been waged against military women for generations, but it is one in which no awards, no accommodations, and no hazardous duty pay is given."

After being honorably discharged in 2001, Luras now dedicates her time to advocating for her "sister soldiers." She interns at the VA Hospital in Portland and volunteers for many veterans' organizations including Central City Concern, an award-winning nonprofit that provides access to housing, healthcare, and support groups for Oregon veterans who feel alienated from society.

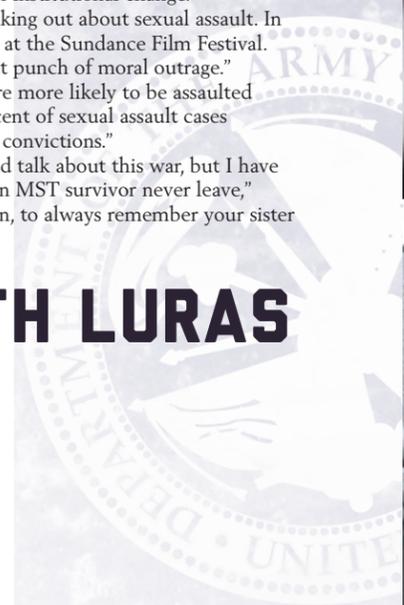
In May, Luras traveled to Washington, D.C., to participate in the 2012 Truth and Justice Summit. During the one-day conference, Luras and fellow MST veterans spoke to members of Congress, policy experts, and the general public about their personal experiences in the military and what they want to see changed. Their stories were told alongside key panels on topics ranging from military violence to a survivor's access to justice. The summit was the first of its kind to bring together survivors of military sexual assault and their families for the purpose of institutional change.

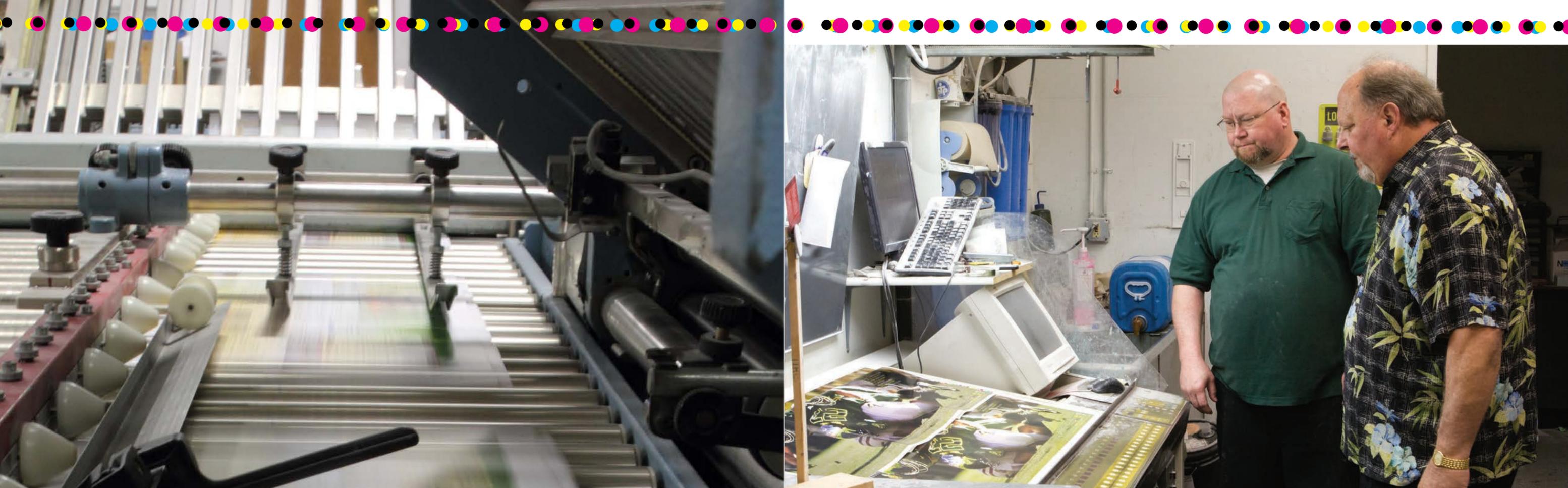
Luras is not the only MST veteran speaking out about sexual assault. In January 2012, *The Invisible War* premiered at the Sundance Film Festival. Critics described the documentary as "a gut punch of moral outrage." Women in the US military, the film says, are more likely to be assaulted than killed by enemy fire with "only 8 percent of sexual assault cases prosecuted and only 2 percent resulting in convictions."

"It takes a lot of courage to stand up and talk about this war, but I have to because I know that the scars of being an MST survivor never leave," Luras says. "It's important, even as a veteran, to always remember your sister soldiers."



## ELIZABETH LURAS





# HOW ETHOS IS MADE

The magazine's printers share their side of the story.

STORY COLETTE LEVESQUE  
PHOTO MASON TRINCA  
DESIGN BRITTANY NGUYEN

Printer Marc Panter and sales manager Joe Milder inspect a print. Ram Offset has many clients including the University of Oregon and the Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art.

Located three hours south of Eugene, Oregon, is a very small place: White City. It didn't exist until World War II when a large deployment of men to nearby Camp White developed into a community that's now home to less than 10,000 people. In the decades since, outcroppings of office buildings and fast food restaurants have sprouted up alongside the single highway that cuts through town and heads toward the surrounding dusty hills.

It looks like anyplace USA, I think upon first seeing the city. I, along with three other *Ethos* staff members, are driving along Crater Lake Highway, heading toward what is arguably the most notable place in town: Ram Offset Lithographers, printers of *Ethos Magazine*. The four of us—photographer Mason Trinca, videographer Ariane Kunze, editor Elisabeth Kramer, and myself—have driven from Eugene to see where *Ethos* comes from.

Ram Offset is not an easy place to find, tucked away between a medical building and a golf course. As we pull into the parking lot, a petite woman greets us. She introduces herself as the wife of one of the employees, there to usher us inside to a quaint lobby overflowing with examples of Ram's work. Like White City itself, we could be anywhere; Ram Offset feels like your standard office. Well, except for the strong smell of chemicals and background sounds of heavy machinery at work. A metallic *clunk clunk* echoes off the building's walls.

Waiting in the lobby, the four of us chat excitedly about what we'll see on our tour when suddenly, the drab colors of the room change. A tall man wearing gold chains and a vibrant Hawaiian t-shirt enters from a back door. He booms, "What did you guys do to my wife? Did you guys scare her?" Meet Joe Milder, our tour guide for the day.



In 1980, two brothers and a friend started Ram Offset. ("Ram" stands for the initials of the three founders: Richard, Alan, and Monty). Eight years after the company began, Peter Dale, a temporary employee then living out in Utah, received a call asking if he wanted to buy into the business.

"It was 1988," Dale recalls. "I bought a third of the company, moved

myself and [wife] Joanne back, started a family, and slowly bought out the rest." When it first opened, Ram Offset had one printer that ran one piece of paper and one color at a time. In 24 years, Dale and his wife have expanded Ram Offset into a company of 26 employees and millions of dollars worth of equipment. Some of their more notable pieces include "the guillotine," which easily cuts hundreds of sheets of paper with one menacing chop, and a \$1.5 million machine capable of spitting out 15,000 to 18,000 pages an hour.

Currently, Ram Offset prints for approximately 1,000 clients including Les Schwab, *Ms. Fitness* magazine, and Blackstone Audio. One mistake could cost the company thousands of dollars. To avoid errors, Ram follows a strict recipe when fulfilling any order, including making *Ethos*.

First: Get paper.

The process starts when Ram Offset purchases paper from a mill in West Linn, Oregon. Each roll of paper weighs hundreds of pounds and must be ferried around the facility with a forklift.

Second: Load and ink the 640 Machine.

This machine looks like a range of jagged mountain peaks. Each peak has one color that it applies to the pages: blue, red, yellow, or black. Paper runs through the machine twice, laying down eight pages on one side, eight on the other. An extremely hot UV light instantly dries the ink, giving one end of the machine a glowing yellow mouth.

Third: Head to Eugene.

Once a test run is cut and stapled, Joe Milder hand-delivers a copy of the magazine to the *Ethos* staff in Eugene, waiting on approval before printing the final order.

Fourth: Start the presses.

Once every page is approved and ready to go, Ram runs 2,400 copies of *Ethos*. It takes three different machines and approximately 12 hours to complete the order.

All told, the process isn't as easy as it may seem. "These aren't home printers," Dale says. Each machine is like its own science experiment, needing meticulous attention to maintain the correct balance of ink to water. Add too much water, the color fades. Don't add enough, the page is solid ink.

"It's a lost art," Dale says of printing. "People nowadays can start machines but they cannot fix them. Here we can fix our own problems." The company's two head printers, Ralph Tinsley and Marc Panter, are "key to my organization," he adds.

The science behind printing is a difficult but rewarding task Dale feels should be handled with as little impact to the environment as possible. Six years ago, Ram Offset was the first printing company on the West Coast to join the Environmental Protection Agency's Corporate Climate Leadership program. As a member of the program, Ram Offset aims to significantly reduce its waste output every year. The program doesn't focus on saving money or attracting customers, but rather on taking care of the environment and reducing the organization's total carbon footprint.

Ram reduces its waste by choosing local suppliers (like the paper mill in West Linn) and using eco-friendly materials. *Ethos*, for example, is printed on 70 percent post-consumer recycled paper, one of the most common materials offered by the company. Ram also stocks 100 percent recycled paper but, as Dale points out, "the higher up [the percentage] the harder it is to print on" because of the lower grade quality of the fibers in the paper.



An hour into our tour, we've seen dozens of miscellaneous machines that do everything from chop and drill to wrap and mail. It feels like a never-ending maze with each door leading to another large, brightly lit warehouse. *And here I thought it was all file, select print*, I think. Hardly, according to our tour guide. With more than two decades of experience in the printing industry, Joe Milder worked as a head printer before becoming Ram's current sales manager.

Imagine Milder as a less aggressive, more colorful version of Mr. T. He wears a gold chain around his neck, multiple rings on his fingers, and his Hawaiian t-shirt is unbuttoned just enough to reveal a few strands of chest hair. Milder grew up in southern Los Angeles where he began his career of service jobs. One of his first customers was Guess Jeans, a client he landed by showing Guess earlier work his company had done with famous photographer Ansel Adams. Milder is an old school guy who wishes we could go back to the decades of film photography with sepia tones and black and white.

"In those days people didn't care about spending money on print pieces. It was about making the final product look good," he says. "Now it's gone the other way. Everything is about the almighty dollar."

Milder's laughter punctuates our tour; he's constantly cracking jokes and telling stories. "Sometimes everything is a battle, but when you go out and see one of your favorite customers it makes the world good again," he says. Milder feels it's important to work with customers face-to-face.

"I've driven up I-5 so many times I've lost count," he says of his journeys to meet with clients. Along the way, he's learned the best places for gas, rest stops, and food including a travel tip about exit 99 where a new, improved rest stop sits right next to Seven Feathers Casino. "It's a vortex," Milder says of the way the rest stop lures in tourists.

Sometimes, he makes trips up and down I-5 in costume, dressed in the uniform of his other profession: clowning.

Milder, a.k.a. Sweet-Hearts the Clown, first began performing 35 years ago while still living in California. Although business is slower in White City, Milder often performs at local events. He donates every dollar earned to Shriners Hospitals for Children, a national network of 22 hospitals that provides free medical service to children.

"It's what I do. It's the other side of Joe," he says.

On Halloween, he likes to share that other side with clients, attending meetings dressed as Sweet-Hearts. "It's what makes me stand out. It's what

"Sometimes everything is a battle, but when you go out and see one of your favorite customers it makes the world good again."

people recognize," he says.

"They say they hire the character first, then the salesman," adds Ram Offset co-owner Joanne Dale, who has known Milder for more than two decades. "Talking to Joe is like talking to a true salesman." Milder agrees, saying the clients he works with are what make his job interesting: "I don't ever want to give [customers] up because I love people."



Ram Offset's second owner couldn't be more different from the company's clowning sales manager. Peter Dale is the opposite of Milder in most everything. Where Milder drives a yellow Corvette to work, Dale cruises over on his bike. Where Milder wears Hawaiian print t-shirts, Dale dresses in standard business casual with his shirt tucked in. Where Milder's voice carries easily over the grind of presses, you've got to step in closer to hear Dale.

Dale is an outdoorsman who started out as a ski bum at the base of Little Cottonwood Canyon in Salt Lake City, Utah. He's a certified river guide on six rivers and every summer he leads an 18-day tour along the Grand Canyon. At work, Dale tries to incorporate his love for the outdoors by being eco-friendly, recycling ink and spearheading the company's membership in the EPA Climate Leadership program. Dale also cares about the quality of his work. "Without great art, photography, and typography, we wouldn't exist," he says.

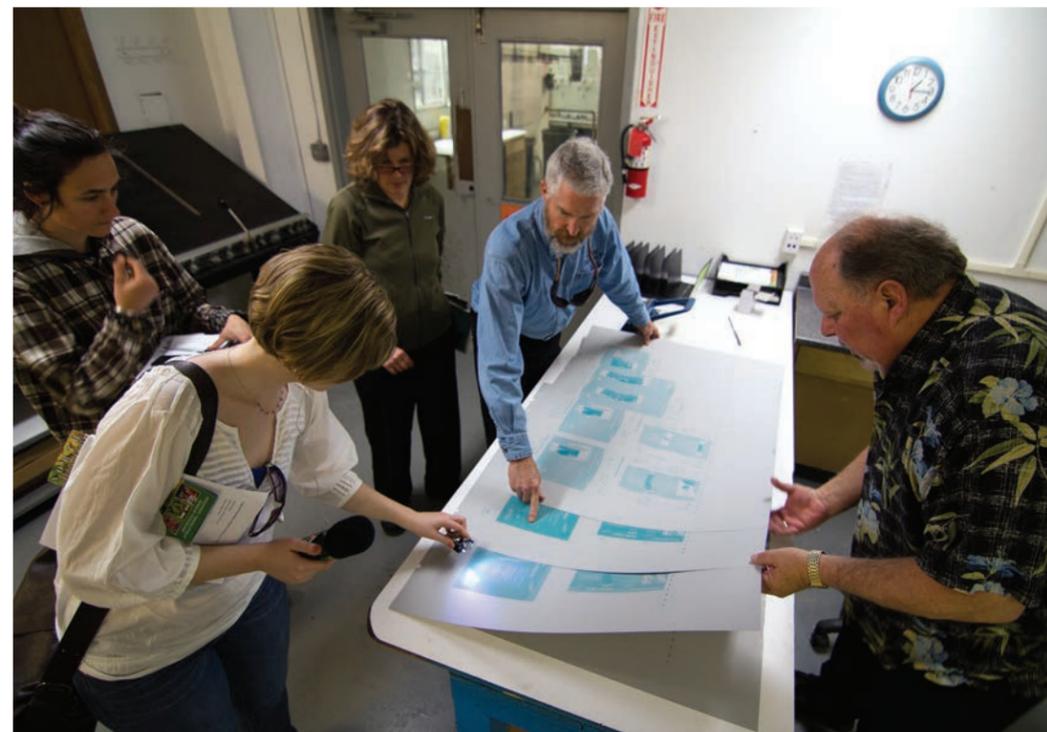
*Ethos* stands out in the publications Ram prints, Dale adds. "I think what's unique about *Ethos* is the articles. The stories think outside the box and end up being really different," he says. "It fits into the University of Oregon and it's very distinctive."

Milder enjoys the magazine too. After reading a recent *Ethos* article about Eugene manufacturer Babu Shoes, Milder decided to stop by the store. He bought a pair of shoes he wears religiously, including on the tour. "Man, these are the most comfortable shoes!" he says more than once.



Our tour of Ram Offset was a blur of fluorescent lights and clunking machinery. A constant buzz of activity echoed throughout the whole facility. Things only grew quiet when, after almost two hours, we made it to the top of the building. In Ram's headquarters money was taped to the ceiling. Each dollar represented a mistake, explained our tour guides. They're a constant reminder (and a bit of a joke) that every time you mess up there truly is a price to pay.

With that our tour ended. More than ready for lunch, we joined the Dales, Milder, and his wife (who'd waited patiently in the lobby with our bags) at a local pizza joint where the clatter of printing presses became the clatter of trays. There we sat talking about our trip from Eugene, post-graduation plans, and experiences on *Ethos*. Once done with lunch, we said our goodbyes to a group of people we rely on so much to get this magazine into your hands. As we turned on to I-5 and left White City behind, we joked about maybe even stopping at exit 99. ♻️



**UPPER LEFT:** Yellow, red, blue, and black ink make each dot on a page. The dots per inch (DPI) come together to make the final printed image.

**UPPER RIGHT:** Past editions of *Ethos* as displayed in the lobby of Ram Offset.

**ABOVE:** Taped to the ceiling of the headquarters of Ram Offset, each dollar represents a past mistake. The tradition is a reminder that mistakes cost, literally.

**BOTTOM LEFT:** *Ethos* staff member Elisabeth Kramer uses a small magnifying lens to view the individual dots on a printed page. Behind, writer Colette Levesque looks on as Joanne Dale, Peter Dale, and Joe Milder of Ram Offset discuss the intricacies of the printing process.

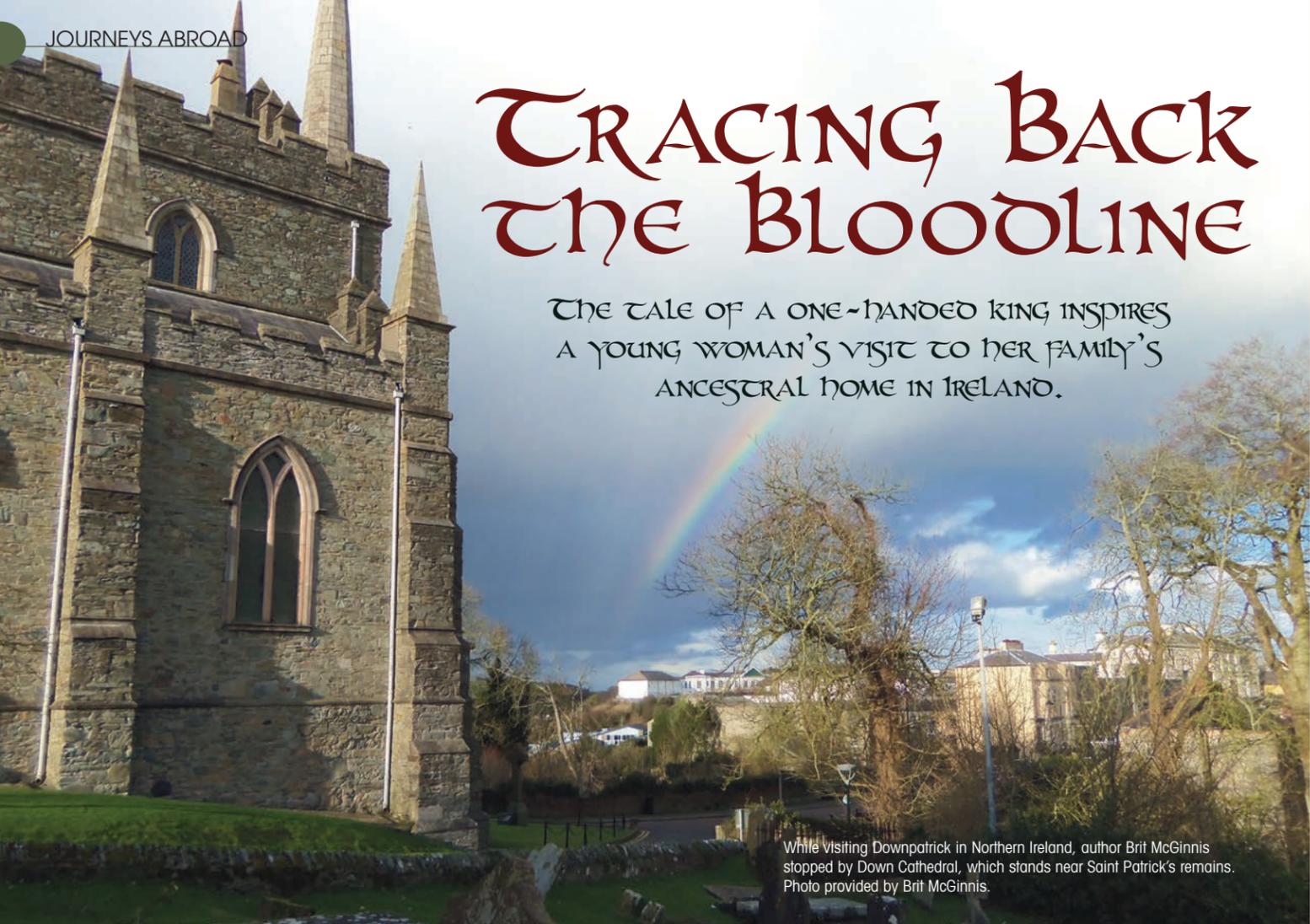


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# TRACING BACK THE BLOODLINE

THE TALE OF A ONE-HANDED KING INSPIRES A YOUNG WOMAN'S VISIT TO HER FAMILY'S ANCESTRAL HOME IN IRELAND.



While visiting Downpatrick in Northern Ireland, author Brit McGinnis stopped by Down Cathedral, which stands near Saint Patrick's remains. Photo provided by Brit McGinnis.

PHOTO: KATHRYN BOYD-BATSTONE; DESIGN: ALEX BRYDEN; ILLUSTRATION: HEATHER DARROUGH



undreds of years ago, the kingdom of Ulster was in chaos. The kingdom, which covered the northern region of modern day Ireland, was coveted for its fertile soil and access to the ocean. Now the king was dead and many people laid claims to the throne. Who would rule?

To answer that question, a race was held. Each contender for the throne must sail along a course set across the wide, calm Strangford Lough. The first man to touch the finish line on the opposite shore would be crowned king.

The competition began. Boats tried to edge past each other but they were too closely matched. The distance between the competitors and the end of the course grew shorter, with no clear winner. Time was running out.

Suddenly, one of the sailors had a crazy idea. Taking a knife, he began to hack away at his own wrist. He sliced through the skin, then through the bone. Blood flowed freely onto the ship's floor and into the water. Finally separated, the man cast his disembodied hand overboard. It landed on the winning shore.

The one-handed man was crowned king and his family, the Uí Néill clan, ruled over Ulster for hundreds of years. From then on, a red hand (known as the Hand of Ulster) was pictured on the family's shield.

That man is my ancestor.

Like many Americans, I have Irish heritage. During the past year I discovered a distant tie to the handless king (the Red Hand of Ulster sits atop my own crest, likely due to a marriage between my family and the Uí Néill clan). Using online databases and original documents, I located the exact Catholic parish and eventually the exact town that my ancestors left when they immigrated to America.

This new knowledge inspired me to visit Ireland and the town my family once called home. I applied for the Benjamin A. Gilman

International Scholarship so I could afford an internship in Dublin. When the award came through, I was elated. I would finally go home to Ireland.

## A DIFFERENT STORY

Thomas McGinnis left for America for the same reason many did: times were hard. It was 1740, the era of a widespread Irish potato famine. People fled the infertile countryside for the city. Grandpa Thomas went even further, immigrating to Frederick, Maryland. Every subsequent generation of my family has moved farther west across America. McGinnises, it seems, have never been content to stay in one place forever.

When I landed in Ireland almost 300 years after Grandpa Thomas left, I quickly learned that, culturally speaking, Irish Americans and native Irish have very little left in common. I had expected to slide right in, my last name a calling card that would earn me at least one "Welcome home, kid!" But as an Irish American, I had very little culture in common with native Irish people despite that Hand of Ulster on my crest.

Even the folklore that native Irish and Irish Americans share isn't exactly the same. Take leprechauns. Most Americans know them as wee men in green who hide gold at the end of rainbows. But to the Irish, leprechauns are one of many fairy creatures they hear stories about as children. Their leprechauns carry gold in purses and don't eat sugary cereal (barely anyone I met in Ireland had heard of Lucky Charms). Many Irish adults believe



McGinnis family shield.

"MY HEART TOLD ME THAT SOMEONE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR ME TO COME BACK."

on some level that fairies actually exist. You'll be driving along a highway in County Cork and see a tall circle of trees emerge from an otherwise plowed pasture. To this day, natural tree rings (believed to be a fairy's portal to the other world) aren't cut down. Better an imperfect field than bad luck cast upon your house courtesy of the Fair Folk.

## LEARNING TO LISTEN

As soon as I arrived in Ireland, I was mentally prepared to go to Downpatrick, Grandpa Thomas's hometown, but first I wanted to visit some of the country's historical sites including the Belfast peace murals and Dublin's bullet-scarred General Post Office. If I was claiming an Irish heritage, it only seemed proper to know about Ireland itself.

One of these trips was to Kilmainham Gaol (pronounced "kill-main-em jail"). The jail is perhaps best known as the site where Irish prisoners fighting for independence from Britain in the 1922 civil war were executed by the Irish Free State (despite its name, the Irish Free State favored an arrangement where Northern Ireland remained under direct British rule and the rest of Ireland became a satellite nation of Great Britain). Such violence against groups supporting British rule continued long after the civil war ended, fueled by religious differences between the mostly Protestant British rule groups and the mostly Catholic home rule groups. This tumultuous period, known locally as the Troubles, continued into the 1990s.

Apart from its connection to the war, the gaol is also famous for providing shelter to many victims of the Great Famine. People purposefully committed crimes to land in Kilmainham; in prison, you received a meal every day and had a roof over your head. Outside, maybe not.

It's surprisingly cold in the gaol. The oldest cells are constructed almost entirely from limestone. Visitors' steps echo against the metal bridges separating the floors. Two lines from *The Rebel*, a poem by Irish poet and activist Patrick Pearse, are engraved over a doorway: "Beware of the Risen People that have harried and held, ye that have bullied and bribed."

There was more than a feeling that history had taken place here among the stone walls. Call it faith, call it legacy, but to me this place felt familiar. Someone had died here, someone of mine. I've never found evidence proving a long-lost ancestor ever called Kilmainham home, but my heart told me that someone had been waiting for me to come back.

While the tour moved ahead, I lingered in the hallway. "Where are yeh?" I whispered in my newly adopted Dublin accent. Of course, no sound came from the walls. Still, I added, "I'm here." Not knowing why, I made the sign of the cross on my chest. Then I caught up with the rest of

the group, more desperate than ever to visit the place where my family began.

## GOING HOME

Finally, I made it to Downpatrick, the largest city in Down parish in County Down, Northern Ireland, and likely where my ancestors lived because of the city's preeminence in the parish. Downpatrick itself is still small enough for old men to have conversations with each other by yelling across the street. The town's claim to fame is its connection to Saint Patrick; his remains are kept at the city's Down Cathedral.

Visiting Downpatrick felt much different than visiting Kilmainham Gaol. I drastically stuck out here with my AC/DC t-shirt and short hairstyle. I felt like just another American visiting Ireland. Just another one "tracing back her heritage," which, the more I thought about it, seemed like a silly notion.

In Downpatrick, I finally faced an obvious truth about my family's history: hundreds of years ago, the McGinnises left Ireland. They left. Ireland wasn't my home because it wasn't theirs either. To pretend otherwise would be to betray their choice to come to America for a better life.

Once I realized this, I spent the rest of my weekend in Downpatrick like any American tourist would. I paid my respects at Saint Patrick's grave and had a drink at a local pub. I attended a theatrical production of *Melmoth the Wanderer*, an Irish legend about a man who sells his soul to the Devil to live for 150 extra years. The catch: he must find someone to take over his burden of extended life, to haunt the world in his stead. It felt strangely appropriate. He, like I, was a wanderer who did not find meaning where expected.

Throughout my travels, most Irish people I met seemed fine with Americans visiting ancestral homes. They weren't offended by me coming back to learn about my heritage. But being truly Irish means more than finding a grave with your surname. It's the pride you feel when you say you're from Cork, Belfast, or anywhere else on the island. Being Irish is having a connection to the land from whence you came and knowing you can always go home. I never felt the longing for Ireland I saw in the eyes of my Irish friends when they described where they grew up. That was the difference between us.

The next morning, I left Downpatrick. It was time to go back to Dublin. To continue on, as we McGinnises do. ☺

-BRIT MCGINNIS



The author (right) spotted a mural in Belfast that illustrates the myth surrounding the Hand of Ulster.



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# Rubbish meets Runway

Rivet guns and broken records replace needles and thread for these eco-conscious designers.



# WAFFLES.



**ON PREVIOUS PAGE:** Like all of Junk to Funk's creations, "Chastity Blinds" (second from left) is made from recycled materials. This design includes used bicycle tire tubes, window hinges, and trunk locks.  
**ABOVE:** Junk to Funk uses a variety of common products including plastic bottles and bags. The "Vitamin Water Plant Bottle Dress" (middle above) took more than 80 hours to create.



Traci Price and Jen LaMastra work on two new creations for Junk to Funk.

They loom over the small studio space, peering down at anyone who passes through the door. Beneath them stand tables covered with tools, trash, and design sketches. Twinkling lights compliment the glaring rays of sun that shine through the adjacent windowpane and reflect off the room's white walls. Standing with flawless posture in a perfect line, their elevated loft space would offer a perfect view of the happily chaotic Portland studio if only they had eyes. Or heads.

Dressed in garments made exclusively of garbage, four white, plastic mannequins flaunt some of the most inventive and intricate creations made by designers at the Junk to Funk Trashion Collective.

The two mannequins on the left, closest to the window, display a couple of the group's most famous pieces. One of the outfits is a green, blue, and yellow strapless top matched with a full, clear plastic skirt that resembles a cluster of bath bubbles. Called the "Vitamin Water Plant Bottle Dress," the garment is made of packing tape, glow in the dark paint, and more than 200 used Vitamin Water bottles, including the flavors Glow, Rhythm, Squeezed, and Revitalize. It is one of the only Junk to Funk dresses that employs electronics, using green lights to illuminate the plastic skirt.

The other garment, titled "Chastity Blinds," touts a full, almost spherical skirt made of silver, blue, and white blinds. Layered to form an elaborate pattern of horizontal and vertical stripes, the skirt brings to mind a 3D stereogram: stare at it long enough and the genius behind the design will reveal itself. The bodice has a crosshatched pattern, with a structured blue-and-white striped bust that conjures up images of a pop star's concert costume.

"Lady Gaga is a natural fit for our style, but if we could design for anyone, I'd have to say Drew Barrymore because she's so darn cute," says Lindsey Newkirk, official "chief instigator" and founder of Junk to Funk. "Or Leonardo DiCaprio. We don't make a lot of men's clothing, but we'd make something custom for him."

While the Portland-based group has yet to hire a celebrity spokesperson, Junk to Funk is becoming better known with each new project. Driven by a

desire to highlight America's consumer waste problem, Newkirk turned her love of nature into a Mecca for designers, artists, and environmentalists. "I'm a recycling fanatic, but I can't do it all by myself," she says. "This is another way to do more."

From fashion shows and exhibitions to community outreach programs and installations, Junk to Funk has drastically evolved, expanded, and exploded in popularity since Newkirk organized the first Trashion fashion show in 2006 (it was then called "The Recycled Fashion Show Contest"). At the time, she had no intention of repeating the event, let alone going on to create an entire business centered around the idea of recycle-based haute couture.

"The idea of making clothes from trash seemed like a good Portland fit—it's creative, fashionable, sustainable, and green," she says, "but I honestly thought this would be a one-time gig."

The response from artists and designers during that first fashion show shocked Newkirk. She received more than 45 garment entries from designers in Oregon, California, New Mexico, and New York. The overwhelmingly positive feedback from participants and viewers inspired Newkirk to organize two more fashion shows in the following years.

"When I think back to that first show, it absolutely blows my mind," she says. "I would never have thought that it would turn out this way."

But when the economy took a turn for the worse, the annual show booked for 2009 lost nearly all of its sponsors. As a result, Newkirk decided to modify the business model of the fledgling eco-fashion group.

"I had always thought about a job in event production and sustainability, but I could never find anything like that," she says. "So I kind of just made one up by myself. This gave me a reason to go for it."

With an advisory board of past Trashion participants, a handful of designers, and several as-needed administrative assistants and interns, Newkirk turned the Recycled Fashion Show Contest into a year-round organization called the Junk to Funk Trashion Collective.

The group still produces and commissions garments, but no longer hosts an annual fashion show. Instead, Junk to Funk manages youth and

afterschool programs, which teach children fun, creative ways to reduce, reuse, and recycle. Newkirk and her team also organize public outreach programs and Trashion for businesses, which highlight the ecological and economical benefits of recycling. Best known are the group's eco-entertainment events, including installations exhibited in downtown Portland, at the city's 2010 Fashion Week, and in the Portland International Airport.

"With Portlanders, it's still wowing to see these garments, but in the back of their minds they're thinking, 'Gosh, that is so Portland,'" Newkirk says. "That's why I really like doing Trashion for businesses and conferences because we have a library of audiences who are usually from out of town so they're experiencing this artwork for the first time."

In the years since Junk to Funk was officially established, the size of Newkirk's team has fluctuated depending on the flow of business. While additional designers are sometimes commissioned to create a garment for a particular event, only three people work closely with all aspects of the organization: Newkirk and two designers, Jen LaMastra and Traci Price. "They really helped me steer this ship," Newkirk says.

The designers' use of salvaged goods from garbage cans and recycled bins have led to works of art, she adds.

"Sometimes I think about what other materials we could use here, but I'm already amazed by what the designers can do with what they have," Newkirk says. "They've already done way more than I could have ever imagined."

The unanimous favorite among all three women is "Chastity Blinds," which LaMastra took more than six months to create. Newkirk estimates that the amount of time and human labor put into constructing each Junk to Funk outfit would equal a hefty price tag if the garments were for sale. Intricate dresses like "Chastity Blinds" would cost between \$3,000 and \$7,000, Newkirk says. But in terms of materials, Price and LaMastra agree that the cost is usually no more than \$10.

"My building manager had called me up to offer these blinds and I had thought, 'What the hell am I going to do with those?'" LaMastra recalls

about creating "Chastity Blinds." "Then I couldn't stop thinking about those damn blinds! One day I had a dream about them. I could see what I wanted to make and I knew I had to have them. It was two years later, but the building manager still had them."

In addition to blinds, Price and LaMastra have used bicycle tires, crayons, old curtains, soda and beer tabs, lights, and broken records.

"We work with some pretty gross stuff sometimes, maybe because we really only lightly rinse stuff off," Price says. "I've gotten all kinds of residue on my hands from the materials especially when I was melting records together. It smelled so bad that I started to wonder if I was doing something worse by sending all those toxins into the atmosphere."

Still, working with trash has its advantages. "We never have to worry about messing something up," Price says. "This isn't \$100 per yard exquisite silk that we're working with. You never think, 'Shoot, I just ruined an old coffee cup.'"

LaMastra adds, "Plus, you can't use a band saw or a rivet gun with sewing. There's something so satisfying about cutting into a bicycle tire and revving up my drill. You just can't get that working with traditional materials."

In the coming months, LaMastra and Price will put their tools, trash, and time into an installation of the top three consumer waste products: plastic grocery bags, plastic water bottles, and paper coffee cups.

"We took the bottles out of recycling bins in the hallway outside the studio, and we get the coffee cups from my boyfriend," LaMastra says. "We capitalize on their addictions."

Addictions they hope to curtail by sharing Junk to Funk fashions with the public. All three women want their work to inspire consumers to be more mindful of what they purchase and so reduce wastefulness.

"We're not shaking our fingers at people and saying, 'You're bad and wrong,'" Newkirk says. "We're trying to create happiness and show people that they really value in life. It's not money or stuff—it's family, friends, and the art of nature." ♻️

-ELLIOTT KENNEDY

PHOTO EMILY FRAYSSÉ DESIGN BRITANNY NGUYEN

# Faith from Scratch

A Mennonite woman brings her community together with home baking.

In Country Bakery, the scent of baked goods drifts out of the kitchen where all sorts of treats—cookies, pies, cinnamon rolls, bread—line the shelves. Located in a plain white house in Halsey, Oregon, the bakery is surrounded by farms. Across from the kitchen, there is a gift shop offering pictures, potholders, and other handmade goods. Above the counter, a blue bumper sticker hangs on a dry-erase board: “Jesus Christ, Hope of the World.”

At the cash register stands bakery owner Loretta Birky, who also lives in the house. Dressed in a long-sleeved, light blue dress with a knit white hat covering the back of her head, Birky greets every visitor with a smile. In between taking pies out of the oven and restocking the shelves, Birky chats with her customers. They talk about each other’s families, careers, and faiths. For Birky, who is a Mennonite, religion greatly influences her work in the bakery. The bumper sticker hanging over the counter represents Birky’s faith in her religion, but it is her baking that Birky says truly shows her devotion to God.

She believes in living simply, a philosophy common to her fellow Mennonites. Rose Marie Barber, Birky’s pastor at Eugene Mennonite Church, says in her congregation, “You find a lot of service, a lot more thinking that we are here for other people and not necessarily for ourselves.” Birky applies that principle to her job as a baker. “I am a believer in the Lord and the baking is a way to talk about my faith and who Jesus is,” she says.

Country Bakery opened 18 years ago as a hobby for Birky, who previously taught school. Now full time at the bakery, she makes pies, cakes, and cookies all week and then wakes up long before the sun rises on the two days the bakery opens (Friday and Saturday) to prepare the doughnuts and other small goods that run out quickly.

On those days, Birky’s home transforms into a bakery. She stocks the racks, bags the cookies, and lines up the loaves of bread in



Country Bakery is open from 7 a.m. to 5 p.m. Fridays and Saturdays. On those days, Loretta Birky starts baking at 1:30 in the morning.

preparation for the continuous stream of customers. On some days, an entire local sports team might pop by. One weekend, more than a hundred motorcycle bikers stopped in for a mid-ride snack.

“I’ve always wanted to work out of my home,” Birky says. “I got tired of going away to open those school doors and cold buildings.”

Now, Birky spends her time in a house constantly heated by the standard oven she uses to make all the bakery’s treats. Apart from a sign on her road, Birky doesn’t advertise Country Bakery. “I’m not a very good businesswoman as far as going out and pushing my product,” she says. Instead, news of the bakery spreads by word of mouth and with the help of a few articles published in local newspapers.

“I think if people come taste the food then they’ll know if they want it again,” Birky says. “They’ll come back and tell others, and that works pretty good.”

Birky gets her recipes from a variety of places, including the *Betty Crocker Cookbook* and *The Miller Cookbook*, sold in Country Bakery’s gift store and authored by her aunt and sister. “If it works for me I use it,” she says of her recipe choices.

Back in the warmth of the bakery, a customer asks if any Mennonite doughnuts are available. Unfortunately, Birky says, the doughnuts sold out earlier in the morning. The doughnuts aren’t actually “Mennonite.” “It’s not Mennonite food, but I know what they mean,” Birky explains.

Irene Walen, one of Birky’s regulars, drives up from her home in Eugene to buy Country Bakery goods as often as she can. This weekend, she brought a friend to show her how good Birky’s baking is. “Whenever I have company I stock up on her baking,” Walen says.

Knowing the food and the merchandise are made by Mennonites comforts Walen. “Some really nice people have made these gifts. It just kind of makes you feel old-fashioned.”

Birky is passionate about her religion; she is more than willing to talk



CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: Birky bags treats and rings up customers from the counter in her kitchen. The bakery’s gift shop offers handmade goods including aprons and potholders, making chocolate chip cookies just some of the items customers take home after a stop by Country Bakery.



about being a Mennonite with any customer that stops in. A Christian sect, Mennonites (named after Anabaptist religious leader Menno Simons) practice “believer’s baptism,” or baptizing adults instead of infants.

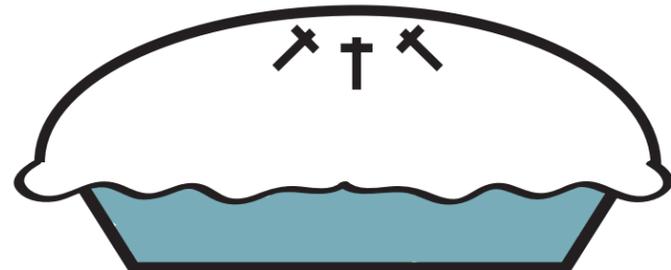
“[Early Mennonites] decided you should make your own choice to decide if you were going to follow Jesus,” says Pastor Barber, who’s dressed in a simple long-sleeved shirt with a scarf. Her casual outfit differs from Birky’s traditional clothing; Birky sews all her own clothes from a specific pattern commonly used by Mennonites that includes a two-layered front covering the chest and a collar. Unlike Barber, Birky also wears a head covering. “It’s a symbol to the people around us that we are following the word of God,” Birky says. “It shows our submission to man and that God has a plan for people.” When Birky first met Barber she was surprised at her pastor’s more casual attire. “She said, ‘You’re the pastor?’” recalls Barber.

“Each Mennonite leader decides what the group’s non-conformity looks like,” she adds. “The emphasis is on community.”

Birky’s Country Bakery brings her community together; people travel from far outside rural Halsey to visit. As soon as customers enter the bakery, they’ll see a tapestry hung on a wall near the kitchen. It reads: “As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.” That, Birky says, is what she tries to do every day: “Baking is something I can do and I don’t feel out of God’s will doing it.”

-NICOLE GINLEY-HIDINGER

PHOTO KATHRYN BOYD-BATSTONE DESIGN CARLY ELLIOTT





A typical repair job takes Cagle about three days. Customers come from miles around to get their typewriters fixed at Cagle's home in Junction City, Oregon.

## Typewriters get a second chance at life in the Digital Age.

The shelves of the shop are lined with relics of the past. The gold etched font on the machines reads Remington, Smith Corona, and Underwood, once household names that have long been replaced by Apple, HP, and Sony.

Nestled in the back of a home in Junction City, Oregon, the shop is owned by a man who can fix almost any typewriter. It once had two locations and multiple employees but time and a changing world have reduced it to a one-man business. Its owner is one of Oregon's last typewriter repairmen. Jim Cagle, 74, has been tinkering with typewriters for 54 years.

His career began in 1958 when Cagle saw a newspaper advertisement for a position as a repairman with the Remington Typewriter Company in San Francisco. It seemed a better opportunity than the odd jobs he'd held after serving three years in the Navy. Repair work was something he liked and Remington provided the training.

Cagle moved to Oregon in 1989 and began working at The Typewriter Shop in Springfield. When the owner retired in 1997, Cagle purchased the store. It wasn't until the following year that Cagle started to see a decline in typewriter use. Business dropped so dramatically that he decided to close the shop in 1999. He opted to continue repairing typewriters single-handedly in Junction City where he lives with his wife, Gene, who formerly worked alongside Jim in the store.

In the converted back room at Cagle's house, typewriters cover the floor, making the already small space feel that much smaller. Here Cagle reminisces about the early days of his career, the golden age of typewriters.

"In the first couple years I worked on typewriters, I heard that six computers would be all they would need for the entire world," he says. "They never dreamed there would be computers in every home."

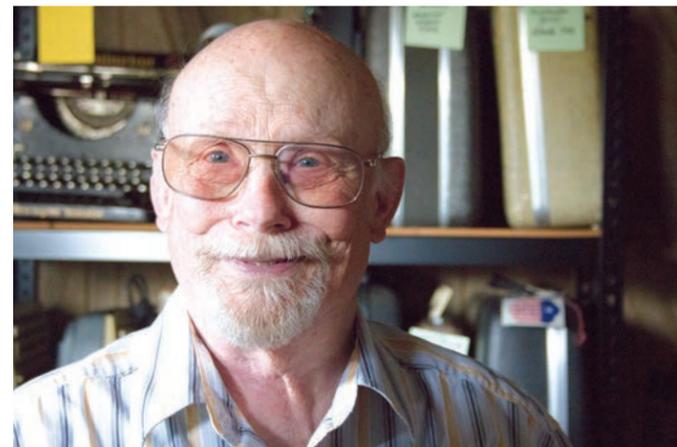
Despite his connection to typewriters, Cagle says he prefers using a computer (he has a desktop model at home). He often communicates with other typewriter repairmen through online message boards and e-mail. Most of Cagle's business, which has remained steady since he relocated the store to his home, comes by word of mouth. He has a business card and

Facebook page, but uses no other forms of advertisement.

For his business, Cagle's policy is first in, first out. The typewriter he receives first will be the first repaired and finished. "I sometimes take a beating on them because some take up more time than I anticipated," he says. "But right now I'm not so much in it for the money as I am because I love the work." It takes about three days for Cagle to start and finish a client's typewriter once he begins.

Restoring typewriters to their former glory is no easy task. New parts are rare so Cagle mainly buys replacement pieces online from other repairmen and enthusiasts. He can fix most of the typewriters he receives unless the parts are rusted or there are no keys (two of the more common repair problems he sees).

"Some people are cutting the keys off the typewriters and it's really



Jim Cagle and his personal collection of typewriters.

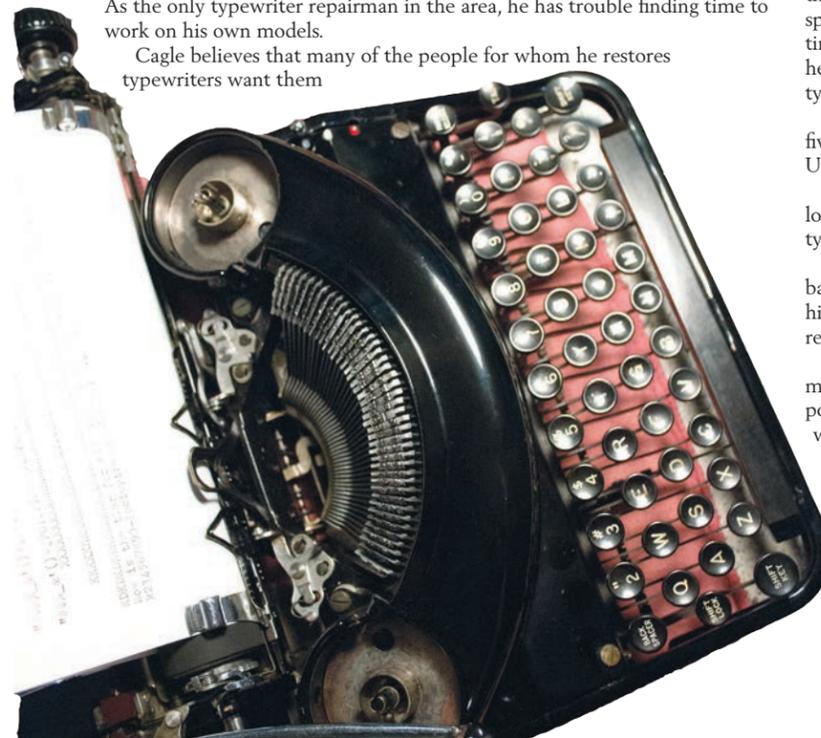
PHOTO MATT PHILLIPS DESIGN CHARLOTTE CHENG

making collectors mad," Cagle says. "They use them for jewelry and it destroys a perfectly good machine." Remington keys are a frequent victim of key cutting because of their distinctive silver edges, which can be used to make cuff links or rings.

One typewriter can have anywhere between 400 to 600 parts. Each machine gets stripped down and reassembled every time Cagle cleans and fixes it. Memorization, he says, is the only way to learn the intricacies of a typewriter. When Cagle started his training more than 50 years ago, he took a class on how to repair each new model of typewriter that came out. He has attended more than 25 classes just for Smith Corona models and still has the stack of course completion certificates to prove it.

Among all the machines in Cagle's tiny shop, one group in particular stands out: five rows of gleaming typewriters, each with its own label depicting a model and year. This is Cagle's private collection. It includes a 1939 Remington and a blind typewriter (the "blind" refers to the paper being faced away from the typist). The outsides of the machines may look pristine, but Cagle is the first to admit his collection needs a good cleaning. As the only typewriter repairman in the area, he has trouble finding time to work on his own models.

Cagle believes that many of the people for whom he restores typewriters want them



## "I'm not so much in it for the money as I am because I love the work."

fixed to actually type on. "Typing on an older typewriter is very different than a computer or even an electric typewriter," Cagle says. "There is no spell check; you have to think about your English. Getting it right the first time is important or you will end up having to start over." In recent years, he says more young people and members of academia have brought him typewriters.

University of Oregon journalism professor Thomas Bivins owns five mechanical typewriters. He first sought out Cagle to fix his 1930 Underwood. The next best option was to ship it to Chicago.

"I don't want anything that doesn't work. Otherwise it is just a good-looking piece of junk," says Bivins, who occasionally writes letters on his typewriters.

"It's now the best typewriter I own," he says of getting the Underwood back from Cagle. "I was so impressed with the work Jim did that I took him my other typewriters." Cagle spent a little over three months fixing the remaining four.

Of all the machines he's worked on, Cagle's personal favorite is markedly similar to the laptop many college students use every day. The portable desktop typewriter is a model small enough to be carried from work to home. Even though the typewriter variation may no longer be a relevant form of technology, Cagle works to keep the dying medium alive. His view on the typewriter's importance, however, remains modest.

"All it really is is a more efficient way to write," he says. "The sad part is that I've already met kids who don't even know what a typewriter is." ☪

-BRENNON CLARK

A 1927 Remington model Cagle recently cleaned for a customer.



# ARCADE FEVER

GAMERS GET THEIR GROOVE ON.

**K**yle Ward bounces back and forth on the balls of his feet, psyching himself up for the set he's about to complete. The darkness of the arcade is illuminated by the games' flickering lights and the brief flashes of sunlight that dart in as people walk through the doors of Big Al's arcade in Vancouver, Washington.

Ward steps onto the tri-colored pad of Pump It Up Pro 2, an interactive game that requires players dance to earn points. After Ward pays for a round, the screen lights up with a list of hundreds of songs. He scrolls through each one as the timer counts down until Ward has only seconds left to choose his soundtrack. Finally, he picks a fast-paced number. Gripping the bar behind him, Ward gets ready for the music.

Once the song starts, Ward taps his feet in sync with the arrows blinking up on the screen, gaining speed as the game moves along. Sweat begins to drip down his face. Ward jumps in the air and does handstands, using both his hands and feet to tap the arrows beneath him, racking up points for every perfect hit. "Excellent!" shouts a robotic voice from the machine. For Ward, playing dance games such as Pump It Up Pro 2 and Dance Dance Revolution (DDR) isn't just a passion. It's a way of life.

Ward first became interested in dance games in 1999 while working at eln Communications, a digital media company in Seattle, Washington.

"One of the reasons I started playing DDR was because I really liked the music," he says. Music has always been a passion of Ward's, especially the electronic beats of dance arcade games. His interest grew until

eventually he began working on a game called In the Groove. "After that, it turned out to not just be a hobby, but a profession," he says.

Currently, Ward is the president of Step Evolution. Founded in 2010, the Washington company specializes in the development of interactive gaming products including a video game called ReRave.

"The best feeling is when you work on a project and three years later, you see people playing the game and know that they're having fun," he says.

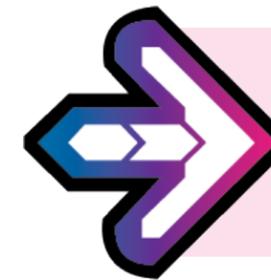
Besides the music, Ward loves the social side of the arcade. "There is a different atmosphere that makes you appreciate the game and the people more," he says.

Back at Big Al's and done with his set, Ward watches his friends, Kristina Proctor and Jeremy Cash, dance "doubles" on Pump It Up Pro 2. Proctor stands on the left; Cash on the right. As the song speeds up and the steps get more complicated, the two alternate positions, switching back and forth and laughing as they maneuver around each other's feet. Ward, Proctor, and Cash have been dancing together and introducing others to the dance game industry for years. "I've met a lot of people playing these games and we're still friends to this day," Proctor says.

Ward worked on the original Pump It Up Pro and helped line up an opportunity for Proctor to work on the sequel. Pump It Up Pro 2 was released in summer 2010; Proctor frequently visits Big Al's to play the piece she helped create. "Seeing it done is a big satisfaction," she says.

PHOTO BRIAN CLIFFORD DESIGN CHEYENNE THAYER

"THE BEST FEELING IS WHEN YOU WORK ON A PROJECT AND THREE YEARS LATER, YOU SEE PEOPLE PLAYING THE GAME AND KNOW THAT THEY'RE HAVING FUN."



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"It's nice to see something you worked really hard on come to fruition." Although Proctor currently has a day job at an office, she hopes to work on another arcade project in the future.

Like Ward, Proctor originally became interested in dance games in 1999. One of her friends talked her into playing DDR. "I was afraid of looking dumb, but I tried it anyway," she says. After her first game, she was hooked: "All my life I've loved video games. When there were arcade games with music combined with something physical that was even better for me because I love music, I love competition, and I love people."

As the song ends, Proctor scans the list for the next beat. Her dance partner, Cash, inhales and exhales slowly, doing some stretches to get his muscles loosened up.

"From the get-go, for me it was more about the workout because I despise the treadmill," he says. "When I figured out that this is extremely good cardio and it's fun, too, it just gave me the drive to keep going."

Cash came to Big Al's for the first time four years ago to play the arcade version of DDR. Impressed by the new guy's fast footwork and persistence, Ward immediately saw the potential Cash had to play Pump It Up Pro.

"Kyle ended up dragging me over to Pump It Up for the first time, where I basically had to start over again on the lowest level," Cash says. "But my competitiveness and my drive wouldn't accept that I was that bad at it. I ended up coming in day after day and getting better at a really fast rate."

Soon after, Cash was offered a job at Big Al's, where he helped host the most recent Pump It Up Pro 2 tournament. Twenty-four people participated, an increase of four from the previous tournament. "I'm trying to make the community larger, by seeing people who like to play a little bit and pushing them to get better and come in more often," Cash says.

**ON PREVIOUS PAGE:** Kristina Proctor and Jeremy Cash pound away on Pump It Up Pro 2, a dance arcade game.  
**RIGHT:** Cash first began coming to Big Al's arcade in 2008; he now works there and helps host dance arcade tournaments.  
**BELOW:** Cash uses dance arcade games as a form of exercise.

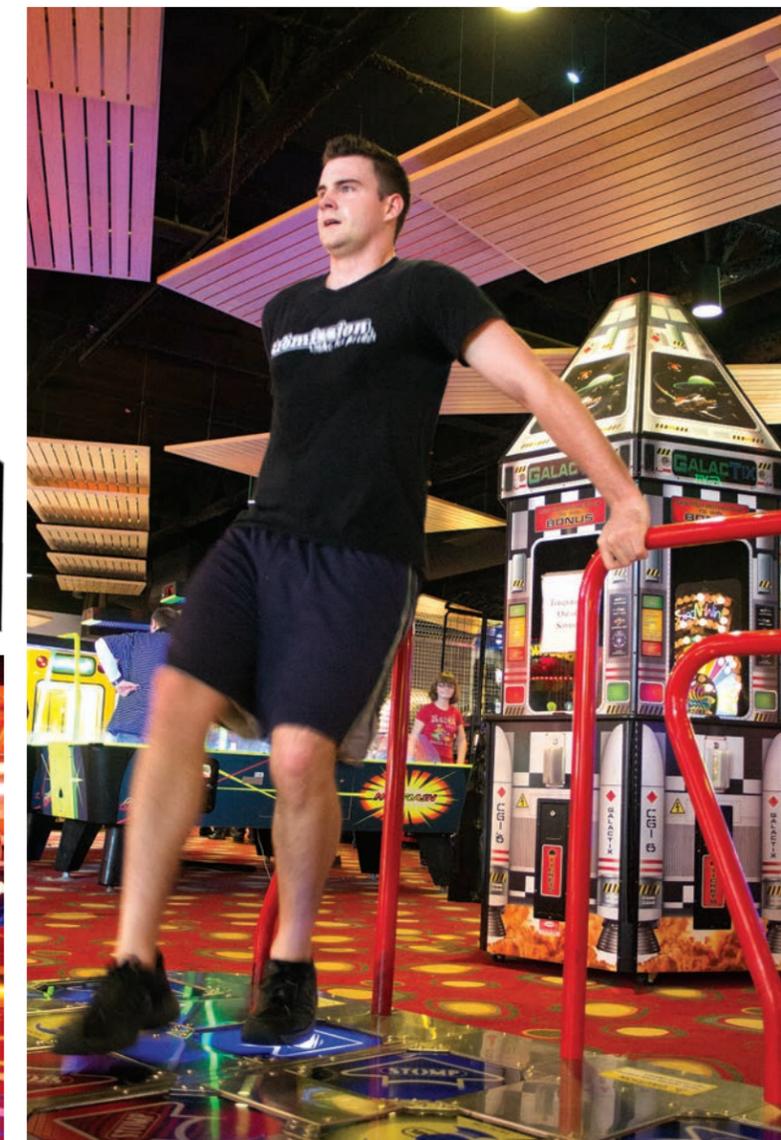


"The goal is to have other people share this passion." Cash has become so involved with the gaming lifestyle that he had the signature Pump It Up Pro 2 arrows tattooed on his right shoulder, colored in blue and red.

Cash's co-worker and Big Al's arcade manager, Jose Vazquez, sees people with all levels of experience come in to show off their speed and footwork. Inspired by their enthusiasm for the games, Vazquez began scheduling dance arcade tournaments at Big Al's every several months, hoping to increase people's awareness of the sport. "I want to get people excited about it," he says.

After 15 minutes of dancing, Cash and Proctor step off the platform, barely noticing the small group of fascinated kids that had gathered to watch their moves. The two dancers breathe heavily and smile at each other. A few of the onlookers tug at their parents' hands for permission to give the machine a try. Some even climb up on the pad, gingerly tapping the arrows with their hands, inspired by the action they'd just seen. Cash and Proctor look on as the kids choose their songs, happy to pass on their love of dance games. ♀

-HANNAH EVERMAN



To create *Stone Soup*, cartoonist Jan Eliot first does the lettering and then inks the drawing. She wears a glove to prevent smearing the paper with oil from her hand.



# A FUNNY BUSINESS

The ink-splattered path of Jan Eliot pursuing her cartooning dreams.

The scent of freshly brewed coffee swirls through the air of a cozy Eugene home as Jan Eliot walks into her small studio. The grey Monday morning light streams through the many windows that look out over a garden of spring flowers. Eliot takes a seat at the desk against the far wall, mug in hand. She thumbs through a stack of paper, carefully selects a sheet, and places it in front of her. The steaming cup of coffee, lingering quiet of the morning, and crinkling pages of the paper may seem like the start to any ordinary day, but Eliot doesn't just read the morning comics. She creates them.

Born in San Jose, California, Eliot moved to Eugene in 1975 to study English and women's studies at the University of Oregon. Throughout college and in the years following graduation, Eliot, best known as the creator of comic strip *Stone Soup*, always appreciated the effect of a good laugh.

"I had a fantasy to be a stand-up comic, but I didn't have the guts," she says.

Eliot's self-identified short attention span along with being a divorced mother of two prevented her from devoting much time to any specific creative outlet. Then in 1979, a close friend suggested Eliot try cartooning. Intrigued by the idea, she bought

a handful of how-to cartooning manuals from Eugene-based Smith Family Bookstore. Following the instructions, she started experimenting with characters and storylines.

Eliot's first comic, *Patience and Sarah*, detailed the lives of

a single mother and her daughter as based on the happenings of Eliot's own life. The newly minted cartoonist found the medium cathartic, allowing her characters to express thoughts and frustrations she wasn't able to. Her work's serious undertones of single parenting and strained relationships strayed from the traditional Sunday funnies and, early on, were often criticized by publishers.

"Initially I was told they 'didn't need another woman' on the comics page," Eliot says. "Then I was told that a comic about single women was

**"PEOPLE ARE GOING TO TELL YOU THAT YOU AREN'T GOOD ENOUGH OR THEY DON'T GET YOU OR YOU'RE TOO LATE. YOU JUST ADJUST AND KEEP GOING."**

too depressing."

But she sketched on despite the challenging feedback. To develop her own personal style, Eliot studied the work of other cartoonists. In the process, she fell in love with the art form. Her day job in graphic design and advertising permitted a bit of artistic freedom when drawing up visuals for projects, but nothing compared to making comic strips.

"It was always someone else's work, always someone else's ideas," Eliot says of her former career. "Cartooning is all mine."

*Patience and Sarah* just hinted at Eliot's work to come. Her next comic,

*Sister City*, introduced her two primary characters, Val and Joan. In 1990, Eugene newspaper, the *Register-Guard*, began publishing *Sister City* weekly. Eliot, however, was determined to get her strip placed in newspapers across the country and so continued to submit work samples to syndicates.

Her perseverance paid off in 1995 when Universal Press Syndicate picked up *Sister City*, which was renamed *Stone Soup*. In the 17 years since, Eliot's work has appeared in more than 200 newspapers including publications in Europe, the Middle East, and Asia. Eliot says approximately 250 comic strips are syndicated in the United States, but only ten are

created by women.

"You can't wear your heart on your sleeve," she says of the process leading up to syndication. "People are going to tell you that you aren't good enough or they don't get you or you're too late. You just adjust and keep going."

Every week, Eliot takes on the daunting task of creating seven new comic strips. Her job as a cartoonist is full time, but very rarely does Eliot scramble for new plots. Her daughters, who inspired the personalities of *Stone Soup*'s two teenage girls, have long since moved out to start their own families, but Eliot, who remarried in 1988, clearly remembers her experiences as a single mother. She draws from a bank of personal memories when creating new content for her strip, focusing on basic life challenges like suffering through the humiliating can't-believe-that-just-happened-to-me moments of being a teenager, or having too little time and money as a parent. Eliot also draws inspiration from her friends and their families, always remembering to be cautious and courteous in using their personal stories for her comics. She recalls a particular instance involving her friend's 16-year-old daughter and a suitcase full of sopping wet laundry.

"She put off doing her laundry and never let it dry so she just piled it into her suitcase," Eliot says. "It weighed a ton and she ended up having to put her clothes in three or four garbage bags to get them on the plane. Of course it's a great story, but she would have been so embarrassed if I'd written about it then." Eliot did use the story a few years later, after she asked for permission.

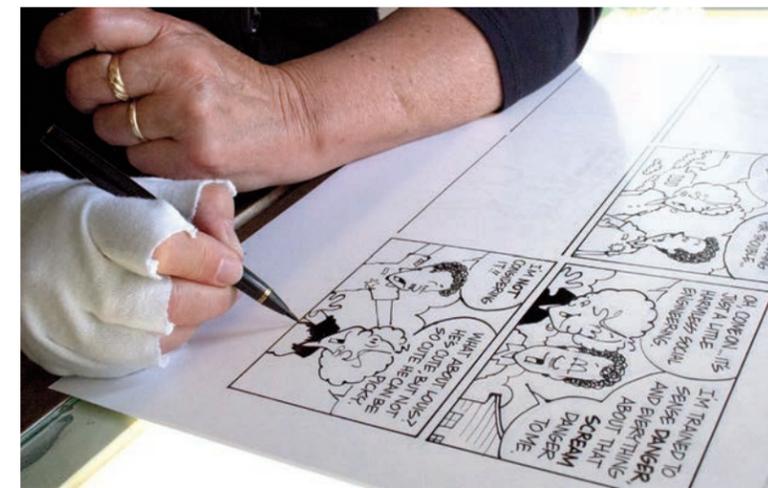
She keeps her daily editing process personal; her husband is the first to review each new comic. Eliot uses his facial expressions as a simple rating system that immediately shows her the comics that are universally funny and the comics that may be more humorous for a female audience.

"Whoever reads your stuff, it's important that they have your sense of humor," she says.

Once her editor approves the day's comic, Eliot's work moves quickly. She bends over her light table to ink the paper while she rocks out to Jason Mraz and Pink Martini or listens to Rachel Maddow. When the outline is complete, Eliot scans it into her computer where she uses Photoshop to add color before sending it off to her publisher.

Seeing *Stone Soup* publish reminds Eliot of just how lucky she is to be doing what she does. She's grateful to have landed her dream job, one that allows her to work from home and spend time with her family. Despite the international success of her career, Eliot never resents the long hours she puts into making each new comic strip: "Getting syndicated is like trying to win the lottery, but I have a love of cartooning. I really didn't want to do anything else." ☺

-SARAHBETH OPPLIGER

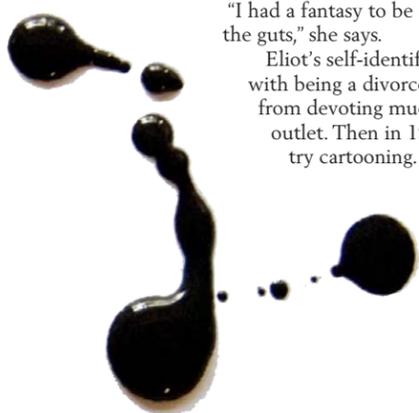


**TOP:** Eliot uses two different pens to write in the text. She holds both between her fingers so she can switch back and forth while lettering.

**MIDDLE:** Her drawing table includes a finished cartoon, an ink well taped down to avoid spilling, and a 1995 magazine interview with author Kurt Vonnegut.

**BOTTOM:** To fill in the blacks of the comic strip, Eliot uses a refillable brush pen. She buys all of her supplies from The Duck Store at the University of Oregon.

PHOTO MATT PHILLIPS DESIGN MARIS ANTOLIN



# WEATHERING THE STORM

After a journey of more than 15,000 miles, a woman arrives in Madrid to see the Pope.

As soon as I stepped off the plane, a gust of hot Spanish air enveloped my face, humid, thick, and full of anticipation. I tasted adventure and felt a bit of fear. Although I had wandered the impoverished streets of Morocco, trekked to the top of the Duomo in Italy, and spent the night at the foot of Switzerland's Mount Pilatus, I'd never embarked on a trip like this before. Spain was different because here I joined millions of people from more than 130 countries on a pilgrimage to see the Pope.

Every two or three years, World Youth Day brings together students and youth groups from all corners of the world to meet in one designated country and celebrate Catholicism. In summer 2011, I traveled with my youth group through multiple countries leading up to World Youth Day in Madrid. The journey opened my eyes to just how small the planet really is. Together we covered more than 15,000 miles, wandered eight cities, attended nearly 30 masses, and survived a thunderstorm on an airbase amid a crowd of two million. Throughout it all, I was often bewildered and overwhelmed. There were thousands of people everywhere, pushing, shoving, and yelling in languages I had never even heard of.

I distinctly remember one day—August 18 in Madrid, the day I first saw Pope Benedict XVI. My backpack was full to the brim with maps, water bottles, prayer pamphlets, songbooks, and souvenirs I had traded with new friends from foreign countries. The sun boiled my skin red (it was almost 120° F) while sweat soaked my shirt. When I finally reached the location of the opening mass, Plaza de Cibeles in the center of Madrid, I began slowly inching my way closer to the city hall where the Pope would arrive.

Luckily, our group got to the plaza seven hours early. We soon staked our claim near city hall, sitting on a curb with a swarm of people around us. As the scorching concrete joined the sun in burning my skin, other youth groups jumped over barricades to get closer to the Pope's welcoming address, stepping on me in their zeal. I didn't realize how badly I'd been trampled until later that night when I noticed footprints on my legs.

It seemed as though days had passed before the crowds began yelling, signaling the Pope's arrival. Looking out over a sea of flags representing hundreds of countries, I listened as the Holy Father welcomed us to Madrid and commended us for making our pilgrimage.

A few days later, I found myself stuck in traffic trying to return to Madrid from our hotel an hour outside of the city. It was finally the day of our overnight vigil with the Pope, the close of World Youth Day, the last hurrah, what we had all come here to do. Having finally made it into the city, I grabbed my things (we wouldn't be seeing our tour guide for the next 24 hours) and began walking through Spain's sweltering August heat, loaded down with 30 pounds of food, blankets, and books.



Pope Benedict XVI arrives in Plaza de Cibeles in Madrid surrounded by a contingent of body guards.



To accommodate the crowds expected to attend, the vigil was staged at Cuatro Vientos air base, roughly the size of 48 football fields. When we arrived late that afternoon, it was already packed. The coordinators of World Youth Day had prepared for a million, more than double that number ended up attending. As we looked for a spot to spend the night, I saw groups dancing and singing, people holding onto one another to avoid getting lost, and fire trucks spraying water to cool the masses. I also saw medics rushing to help those overcome by the heat. It was complete and utter chaos.

As soon as we found an available spot, I heard thunder rolling in over the hills and felt the first raindrops of the storm that, by the end of the night, would collapse huge tents and cause the Pope to cut his speech short. With the wind and rain whipping at my face, I reached for my belongings and prayed that they wouldn't be ruined.

While sheltering my cell phone, I noticed people around me hugging each other for warmth and protection while others danced in the rain. I realized that this was what I was here for: to grow closer to my faith by overcoming obstacles. As the Pope would say during his speech that night: "Your strength is greater than the rain." That held true. Embracing my revelation, I dropped my bag and began dancing and singing with my youth group, rejoicing in the fact that I'd finally completed my pilgrimage, despite the obstacles I'd encountered along the way. ☺

-JASMINE ECLIPSE



Author Jasmine Eclipse (in yellow shirt) joins members of her youth group and new friends from Italy during the overnight vigil with the Pope hosted on August 20, 2011.

PHOTO: JASMINE ECLIPSE DESIGN: HEIDI REELEY ILLUSTRATION: ANNA HELLAND

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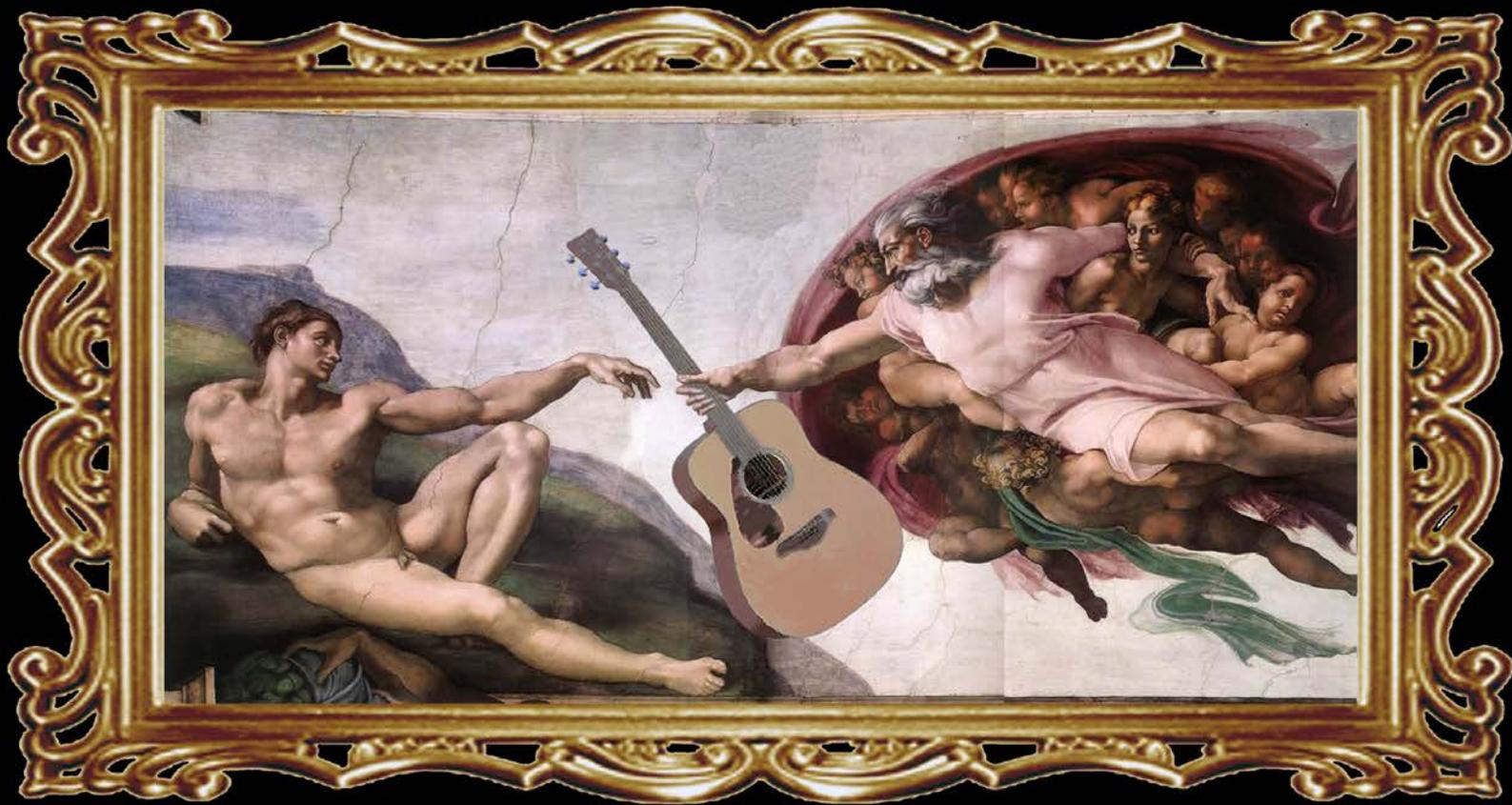
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