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Pulse Relax

On Thursday
Pulse gets cozy
with the Neighbor's

Tuesday, June 3, 2003

Homemade insects add Kafkaesque visual flair

I have a friend whose vision of the perfect room is four white walls, no windows, one fluorescent light and a bare metal desk. While my own decorating vision tends to be a little less "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," historically it has not been much more sophisticated.

I went through the teddy bear theme at five and plastic crates of crap at nine. I thankfully skipped over the teen idol wallpaper phase, but ended my high school career in an embarrassing explosion of gaudy 70s. I was going for a casual, lounge-like feel, but my only step in that direction was an orange-brown thrift-store find resembling a La-Z-Boy upholstered in Elmo.

Fortunately, my taste has matured since then. I have a picture in my mind of how my room and house should look — all cream and black and bits of red — but I rarely have the time or funds to achieve it. The transformations on best-show-ever Trading Spaces are shock-and-awe until you realize they're created by professional designers with \$1,000, and the shit they make falls apart in a week. I always wondered how those plywood beds could survive a night of anything. Anyway, I don't have \$1,000 to turn my room into a Moroccan bazaar, even if I wanted to. Did you see that episode? It looked like someone vomited up the Arabian Nights.

My current decorating scheme is an amalgam of tastes slowly moving toward a unified design. Finally, it's less college residence hall and more ELLE DECOR. My walls, however, still struggle with a residence hall-style motif, suffering from the occasional unframed poster or tacked-up photo. There are a few highlights: An enormous frame filled with portraits taken out of the magazine Colors, a framed dinosaur print painted by a friend's father and an Italian propaganda magazine from the 30s. But something is missing.

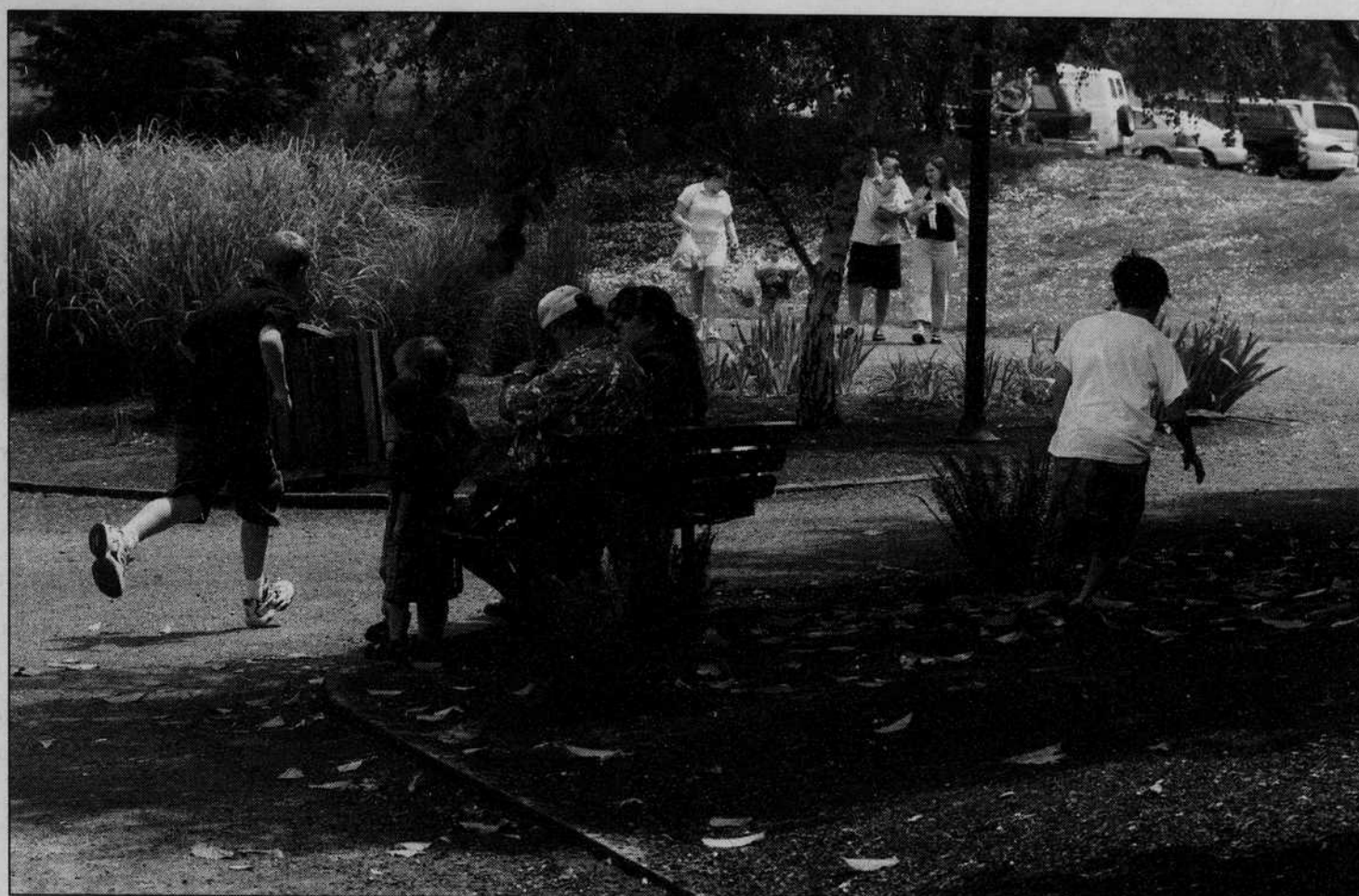
I decided to make some prints myself. I checked out a few insect books out at the library and photocopied several drawings of beetles and wasps. I cut them out using an X-Acto knife. I suppose there's something childish and maybe even creepy about an interest in bugs, but I think they are fascinating — complex and fragile and delicate, just like lace. The combination of the two seems natural, so I copied several patterns out of a book on the history of lace.

One is a black Chantilly, embroidered with fruits and flowers. Another is a pattern of lilies sprouting from the ground on which I placed my bugs. I also fashioned a frame from a lace border that I placed around several beetle prints. The effect is reminiscent of mounted insect specimens. I made the copies on a

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Nika Carlson
D.I.Y. living



Danielle Hickey Emerald

Alton Baker Park is home to picnic areas, rest rooms, playgrounds and the Cuthbert Amphitheater — all which make the 3- to 4-mile park east and west of the Ferry Street Bridge a procrastinator's sunny-day paradise.

From polar to solar

Eugene and the surrounding areas offer outdoor escapes including hikes near waterfalls and dips in hot springs

Hot spots

Mark Baylis
Pulse Reporter

I do it every year. It's the middle of the term, I'm in the belly of the six-month gray season, and I'm registering for classes — full load. Then early June rolls around; the sunshine

soaks my serotonin in levels of irrational joy, and my Frisbee is whistling at me from its closet hibernation. If only I had time instead of tests staring me down. Fortunately, Eugene is packed with hikes, excursions and outdoor Shangri-Las that can be customized to fit into any class schedule, be it two or 22 credits. Here's a brief sampling:

Best place to escape for an afternoon:

Brice Creek

Towering old growth Douglas Fir and Red

Best biking trail:

Row River Trail

Before you ride the Row, you must first tackle its devious pronunciation: Row rhymes

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Magazine compiles lost snips of humanity

Inspired by a misplaced note, writer Davy Rothbart established the ironic, reader-driven Found Magazine

Jacquelyn Lewis
Pulse Editor

Shreds of humanity can be found in everything we touch. We leave behind traces of our essence in discarded personal belongings: notes, photographs, ticket stubs and other scraps. Found Magazine creator Davy Rothbart has amassed a towering collection of this memorabilia, either lost or trashed by the owners, and he has also created a way to package it — all in the pages of one publication.

The concept is simple. Rothbart and his friends in Ann Arbor, Mich., open piles of envelopes containing found objects that readers mail to Rothbart. They choose their favorites, and Rothbart slaps them onto plain paper and sends the pages off to a printer in Canada. The result is a home-made-looking creation exuding a patchwork of human emotions — everything from laughter to sorrow. Rothbart said the publication has a voyeuristic feel that evokes powerful reactions from readers.

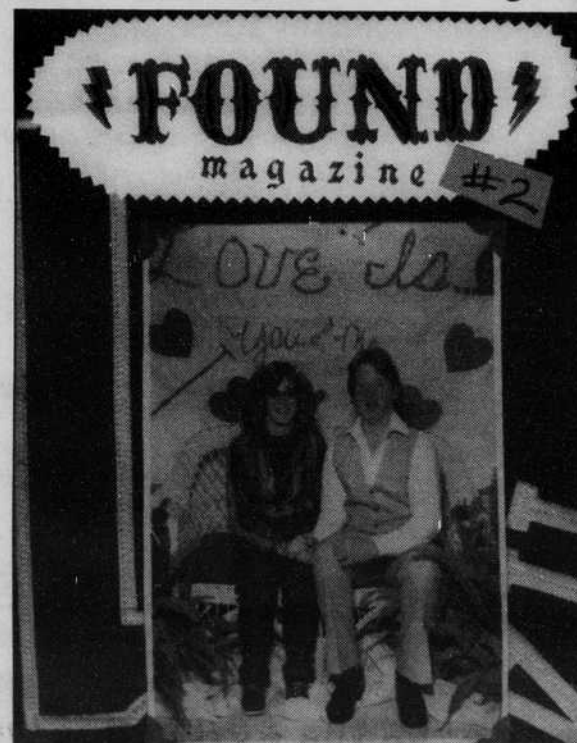
"It's natural to be curious about what other people's experience being human is like," Rothbart said. "It's a real rush to see that we're not all so different."

Rothbart said he has always enjoyed collecting random items, but the idea for Found came from a misguided note left on his car in 1999. The letter-writer, "Amber," apparently mistook Rothbart's Toyota Camry for the one her boyfriend owned. "You said you had to work then why's your car HERE at HER place??" the note demanded, ending in a scrawled "I fucking hate you. P.S. page me later." Rothbart said he was amazed at the letter's ability to convey both disgust and tenderness. Two years ago, he included the note in the first issue of Found. He sold 800 copies of the first magazine — and even more of the second — and is now working on a third, which will appear in the fall.

Rothbart encourages readers to send him anything they find, along with a note naming the "work of art" and explaining how it was discovered.

"It's neat to feel connected to someone you'll never meet but you just cross paths by picking a note up off the ground,"

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Courtesy