

The Emerald

M A G A Z I N E

Letter from the Editor



Photo by Marcus Kessler

Dear Reader,

Words cannot begin to describe how thrilled I am to present you with the *Emerald* magazine's first printed edition. For months now my team and I have been working hard to bring you a quality lifestyles magazine with unique content that gives readers a new and modern perspective of Humboldt County. Every page represents hard work, love, loyalty and sheer joy. Throughout the magazine you'll find articles based around local events, activities, cuisines, businesses and entrepreneurs on the rise. This first edition is merely an appetizer for what is to come next. As of now the magazine runs quarterly and will continue to increase distribution as we grow. It's because of readers like you that have helped the *Emerald* become an up and coming success. Thank you for picking up the first copy of the *Emerald* magazine. We hope you'll enjoy reading it as much as we did creating it.

Sincerely,

Christina DeGiovanni

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The Emerald

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Home & Garden

Design The Life You Want To Live!

- Lynne Knowlton



Canadian blogger and interior designer Lynne Knowlton shows off her newly built tree house. Lynne believes in an *ideal world, everyone should have a tree house.*

Do you remember those days, when you were a kid, making a fort with cardboard boxes and it felt like your own castle? Those times when you wrangled up every single cushion off of the family room sofa? No chance for anyone to watch TV or sit in the room, every cushion was piled high for miles on end. My sofa cushion forts always had hallways, side wings, bedrooms, windows...heck, I would have put a chandelier in it if my parents would have bought me one.

My latest project has officially become our little slice of heaven. It has been fondly nicknamed the TREE MANSION. It started off as a little idea, and it grew into a fantastic one. It is now a fantastic reality.

Lynne's husband, Michael, created their tree house from the floor boards of an old barn they bought from a friend. The windows are also from reused material gathered from old churches and houses.

Yes, this photo does show a slide that was once in a government playground. They were removed for a new and improved version. A friend of ours had the contract to remove the slide, but didn't have the heart to just throw it away. He brought it to our place, knowing that the kids (uhm, adults) would have a blast with it. Even my 83 year old grandma has been down this slide !

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Humboldt Botanical Garden

Get Your Nature On

Written by Benjamin Fordham

As we hurry back and forth in our daily lives, it's easy to mistake the rat race for reality; it's not. Reality is plants and animals, the sun and sky. Reality is quiet and peaceful. And if you're in need of it, the Humboldt Botanical Garden is an excellent place to find it.

Turn off at the North Entrance to College of the Redwoods and you'll find the Botanical Garden, located on the CR campus. The garden is a great place to spend a little quality time with our co-habitants on this planet, the plants. Slow down, walk around, and you will find yourself adjusting to their pace.

Open to the public since 2006 and maintained by the Humboldt Botanical Garden Foundation, this 44.5 acre garden contains numerous smaller themed gardens and dirt or gravel trails to explore. If you go, plan on spending at least an hour, although you will probably want to stay longer. There are also picnic tables available, so you can make a day out of it, if you like.



Containing various micro-climates and special features, the gardens have something to offer for people of all ages and interests. Stroll through a rainbow spectrum of plants in the Dedekam Ornamental Terrace Garden, or check out the ADA-accessible Wildberries Natural Riparian Area. View the extensive rhododendron collection, or do some bird-watching.

In the Moss Family Temperate Woodland Garden you can find specimens of the ultra-rare *Wollemia nobilis*, or Wollemi Pine, thought to have gone extinct 120 million years ago. According to Collin Tudge in *Secret Life of Trees*, finding specimens of the Wollemi growing in Australia in 1994 was “conceptually similar” to finding a living T-Rex.

The garden also places an emphasis on native plants, offering a true glimpse into what natural Humboldt essentially is. In a world where all of our cars and houses look the same, this is a chance to see what has grown in our area for more than 500 years.

You’ll find conifers, irises, lilies, lilacs and strawberries all native to the area. Native plants generally require less water, fertilizer, pesticides, and maintenance than non-natives. (For more on Native Gardening see Sarah Moore’s June 10th article, “Native Gardening: You Can and You Should”)

There are also a number of classes and events offered at the gardens, ranging from corporate functions and fund-raisers to weddings and birthday parties. Classes are offered through the HBGF Educational Series, with classes upcoming on plant propagation and sustainable landscaping.

Another nice feature of the gardens are the many eye-catching sculptures. Ranging from whimsical to elegant, you will find them placed strategically throughout the grounds as you explore. They add a pleasing and satori-inducing dimension to the experience. Seeing the sculptures here in nature really seems a perfect venue for them.

At the back of the garden, you will find Peter Santino’s “All Happy Now” earth sculpture. The sculpture consists of a 100-foot in diameter, gently rising earthen mound worked into a yin-yang symbol. Completed in 2008 and located on a bluff with fantastic views of the surrounding area, “All Happy Now” gives visitors the opportunity to sit and reflect, or interact. I personally recommend that you walk one of the circular paths to the top. Once there, lie down in the middle of the mound for at least 10 minutes; You will feel better.

If you’re fit and don’t smoke, I also highly recommend you make the climb to the Oliver Eitzen Lookout Point. This spot features amazing views of the surrounding area, including Table Bluff, Humboldt Bay, and the Pacific Ocean. From here you realize that the freeway is just a tiny, thin strip of land in an otherwise vast wilderness.

The Humboldt Botanical Garden is a member of the American Horticultural Society’s Reciprocal Admission Program, or RAP, which provides members with free or reduced prices to over 200 botanical gardens nationally.

“Look deep into nature, and then you will understand everything”

- Albert Einstein

To learn more or to join the Humboldt Botanical Garden Foundation, visit HBGF.org.

Hours for the gardens are 10 am - 2 pm Wednesday through Saturday, and the 1st Sunday of every month from 11 am to 3 pm.

Humble Abode

Million Dollar View at Half the Price

By Victoria Voss

Social gatherings flourish at the home of Mark Marin's Loleta cottage. Whoever said you had to write a seven figure check for a million dollar view must not have been shopping in the right neighborhood. While many flock to the city for a fast-paced life, there's still an abundance others who prefer the great outdoors.

Mark's house hunt began in December of 2011 and ended almost as quickly as it began. Lasting less than a month, Mark knew when he found the cottage that his search was over. "When you find the right place, you just know it," he said. After the owners offered to carry the loan, there was no way Mark could refuse. With a dash of his pen, Mark signed the contract and moved in to what still feels like a dream.

As noon approached, we walked along the path of Mark's eleven acres. A curved wooden fence guided us through the remaining Redwoods on to the property. Mark's cottage sits at the peak of a hill and boasts 1,350 unique square feet. "I plan to add on one day", Mark says, "I want to build a second floor above the garage, it could be the bachelor pad part of the house."



Mark's home was built in 1976 and remodeled in 2006. Thirty years after its original construction, the kitchen remains the heart of the house. As you step off the patio, you'll find yourself soaking in the bright lights. The color yellow warms the walls and brings with it a warm sensation of relaxation and comfort.



The front view of Mark's cottage reveals how close you are to the pastures next door. Loleta is no more famous for their cheese than they are for their spectacular views. Easy access to highway 101 makes living in the country worth the drive. On a sunny day, the land becomes a gift that keeps on giving.

For now, Mark simply lies back and enjoys his new homestead while keeping himself busy with two cows that came with the property. Mark's cottage is a hidden treasure of Humboldt. With privacy and panoramic views for miles, it's easy to see why Mark's house hunt ended so quickly.





DON'T MESS With Kati TEXAS

By Benjamin Fordham

She first came to Humboldt, like so many of us, performing a one-woman show about 19th century anarchist Emma Goldman. Now, she is one of us, praise be to the Glory.

She is Kati Texas: Rutabaga Queen, Artist in Residence at the Ink People, and co-creator of the popular “Classical Nudes” and “Heroes of Gloryopolis” kinetic sculptures, and she rocks!

Texas hails from Katy, Texas, outside of Houston, and discovered Humboldt County while taking her aforementioned one-woman show on a West Coast road trip in 2002. She did two shows here, one of which was in an old barn.

“That was the best show of the whole trip,” says Texas. “I said, that’s it, I’m moving here.”

She soon got involved with Duane Flatmo’s Rural Burl Mural Bureau, and then the Ink People. That led to a pit-crew assignment in the Kinetic Grand Championship (KGC), and the rest, as they say, is history.

Now, in what she describes as a “labor of love,” Texas is taking a two-year hiatus from the KGC to help run the Kinetic Universe, which is the non-profit organization behind the KGC.



Photo by Terrence McNally

Which leads us to the Grand Championship itself, a three day, 42 mile race that founder Hobart Brown called “adults having fun so children will want to grow up.” Festivities begin on Saturday, May 26th at 10 a.m. on the Arcata Plaza, with the 44th annual Kinetic Grand Championship kicking off at high noon.

Following the start at the Plaza, where judging takes place and onlookers can bask in the Glory, the racers travel down through the Arcata Bottoms and out to the Manila Dunes Community Center. From there it’s down to Dead Man’s Drop, so named for the many gruesome kinetic-related deaths that have happened there over the years (this is not true).

Then it’s onward through Eureka, past Humboldt Hill, and eventually down through Loleta, Fernbridge, and Ferndale, where “we close down Main St. Ferndale and throw a big party.” There are several points along the course where fans can watch the race, attend various events, listen to music, eat food, engage in Queen-spotting, and enjoy the beer garden. “It’s really the best reason to do anything,” says Texas of Hobart Brown’s kinetic slogan, For the Glory! “Glory is better than money.”

When she’s not helping with the Kinetic Universe, Texas dedicates her time to the Ink People Center for the Arts, which she describes as “a hub for artists and art activities in Humboldt County.” The Ink People sponsors the North Star Quest Camp for Girls, the Dream Maker and MARZ programs, an opera troupe, a fashion design troupe, various media enterprises, cultural and language preservation groups, among other things.

Dream Maker is an umbrella program that manages the non-profit status of almost 60 organizations in the area, including the Arcata Repertory Theatre, Kinetic Kids, and North Coast Storytellers. MARZ (Media Action Resource Zone) provides free access to art supplies for aspiring young artists, a recording studio, and more. “We try and show them that they can turn their art into a career, not just a hobby,” says Texas.

Texas describes her own art as easy and humorous. “It’s just my take on how everything’s so fucked up and awesome at the same time.” She also loves the collaborative aspects of art, which makes her a natural for the KGC. “That’s absolutely my favorite part [of the race].”

As we enter that particular time of the year here on the North Coast when giant mobile art projects are raced through the countryside, let’s take a moment to appreciate what goes on behind the scenes to make it all possible. Who obtains the more than 20 permits required by the various state and local agencies? Who makes sure the racers are fed, libated, and monitored? Who arranges for giant Connect-4 games to be played at Halvorson Park? Kati Texas is one of those people, and you may now kiss her paint splattered shoes, if it pleases her Majesty.



Photo by Maia Cheli-Colando



The Wrap on Wire

Written by Christina DeGiovanni

“Just looking at the jewelry box brings out the creative art lover in all of us.”

It's not often that people experience a cosmic collision. Urban dictionary describes *Cosmic* as an 'out of this world experience.' Some Humboldt residents, like Kellie Roussos, are lucky enough to find themselves experiencing supernatural forces everyday. "I've always loved rocks," says Kellie, "I don't know, I guess I'm just a geology nerd."

Throughout history, stones have been used as ancient healing modalities. When heated, some claim that rocks radiate supernatural powers. Kellie is a big believer in the power of rocks. "My mother and my sister have been into jewelry making since I was a little." Working with rocks has played an important role in Kellie's life. "My mom inspired me to take a wire wrapping class because I've always been in love with rocks. Before I knew it, I started making stuff up, creating my own techniques. I actually became really good at it."

Arcata, California





Soon enough, Kellie took her talent on the road and started mixing music with wire wrapping. “I started going to festivals and Grateful Dead shows. I learned a lot of design techniques from the people there and that’s around the time my wire wrapping took off,” said Kellie.

It’s been nearly three years since Kellie has discovered her love for transforming rocks into jewelry. In her home, Kellie has stacks upon stacks of beautiful rocks wrapped in silver and gold wire. “My mom and I team up sometimes. She’ll make a wire necklace and I’ll design the jewel.” What was once a way to pass time has now blossomed into a business on the rise.

Equipped with extra stones, gems, jewels, shells and wire, Kellie is prepared for the Y2K of jewelry melt down. Kosmic Krystals, “With two K’s,” has hit the streets of Humboldt. “I started my own shop on Etsy. I use geodes, druzy quartz, amber, turquoise and kyanite stones to make hair pieces, pendants, necklaces and bracelets.” To anyone passing by, one would think that these detailed pieces of jewelry would carry a hefty price tag. But you’d be wrong... For the first time, something made in America is cheap, good looking and easily attainable. Kosmic Krystals run about \$20-\$60 a piece. Kellie’s hard work doesn’t start when she sits down to wire wrap, it starts when she wakes up. “I find a lot of rocks myself, just on the ground or on a hike.” After years of wire wrapping, Kellie’s trained eye finds the best stones hidden under a leaf or buried in the sand.

Just looking at the rectangular jewelry box brings out the creative art lover in all of us. Every piece of jewelry is carefully considered out and selected by stone, shape and size. Copper and silver wire is used to enhance every stone’s multifaceted assets. “It all starts with the wire. There’s copper wire, silver wire, curly wire, dark wire and light wire.”

There’s no stone too big or too small in that Kellie can’t wrap her hands around. No matter the clasp, pin, ring or wire, Kellie can wrap it up. Her work can be seen online at her Etsy shop and on the Kosmic Krystals Facebook page. The power of rocks have illuminated Kellie’s life. These days, you can find this Krystal lover passing time walking on trails and hiking up foothills. “There’s so many great rocks up here,” Kellie says. For so many of us, Humboldt is a large playground. The cosmic forces of nature have placed this rock lover in the palms of a geological wonderland. Like a precious stone in the wild, Kellie is a diamond in the rough.

Visit Kellie’s shop online, [Etsy.com/shop/KosmicKrystals](https://www.etsy.com/shop/KosmicKrystals)

Are you an entrepreneur like Kellie? If so, e-mail us at editor@theemeraldmagazine.com for a chance to get your story heard.



Leaves of Grass

Arcata’s Grass Band

Written by Nicholas Preciado

The music scene of Humboldt County is diverse. We have bluegrass, electronic, reggae, jazz, funk, punk and rock all within our reach. It’s no surprise that bassist Dan Davis, singer/guitarist Mark Morin and percussionist Chris Johnson of Grass Band play the full range of that spectrum.

Grass Band formed back in 2001, when Davis, Morin and Johnson met at Humboldt State University. The three men had part-time groundskeeper jobs while they attended the university. The band name is an inside joke that glances back at that formative time. What started off as jamming together turned into a solid band that’s spanned over a decade.

The trio cannot be contained or described in one genre. One minute, they’re busting out a fusion-esque jam, the next they’re laying down some funk with Morin crooning over the instruments. The three musicians play off each other, jumping into improvisational jams. But regardless of whatever style of music they draw from, Grass Band is one of those groups that you can’t help but dance to. And the band loves it. “There’s a euphoric high when you play and it just clicks,” said Johnson. “The payoff is seeing people move to your music.”

The band plays with other local bands like The Fickle Hillbillies, Silent Giants, and The Malone. They’re rooted in Humboldt County: the farthest south they’ve played is in Benbow at the Summer Music and Arts Festival and as far north as Trinidad.

The Grass Band’s debut album is in the final stages of completion. Davis described it as 10 songs of all original, “homegrown rock and roll.” Some of the songs are a couple years old, and others less than a year. Davis, Morin and Johnson collectively write the songs. Morin is the chief lyricist of the band. Johnson said the themes on the album range from politics, dealing with situations that get thrown your way, and contemplating our time on Earth.

“There’s some songs where we’re laying out an opinion on life without preaching,” said Morin. Yet no matter what the topic of a song might be, Grass Band loves connecting with the audience. If there’s one thing the band strives for with their music, it’s impacting the crowd in any way they can. “Our peak moments of performing have been when there’s an energy tied between us and the audience,” said Davis.



Photos by Scott Hilton





Pyrx

By Nathan Butler

Music can be a powerful tool. It can heal. It can inspire hope. It can define a nation and a culture. Music can also change the way we are. One such vanguard band of minstrels is Pyrx. From concerts for college kids in Chico, to performances as far and wide as Amsterdam and Arcata, these ground breaking music men are leading the fight for change in national drug policy and a shift in national attitudes.

Lead by the charismatic front-man Blaze, and composed of Dave on bass guitar, Chazz on lead guitar, and Timmy on drums. They sing about oppression, poverty, social injustice, and marijuana. Pyrx wants the world to see that cannabis use is as much a crime as skateboarding on a sidewalk or having a second donut.

In an age where debate and polite discussion are discarded for entrenched lines and closed minded acceptance of the status quo, they have, as their newest album title describes, an “evidence of sound”. The evidence dwells in the experiences of the band with marijuana and its surrounding sub-culture. Their stories are not those of slackers, hippies, thieves, gang-bangers, or anarchists, but of family men, students, artists, activists, athletes and philosophers. To them, marijuana is not a scarlet letter to mark the miscreants of society, but a gift to the world to bring us together and open a door for greater understanding of its medicinal and industrial benefits.

Our society often forces people and things into categories. We like to put people, ideas or beliefs into those boxes, nail the lid shut, and stuff it away in that old warehouse with the Ark of the Covenant. What our society lacks are people willing to rip open those boxes, blow the dust off and say “Look again!” It is for this reason that I believe Pyrx is not only a necessary band, but a righteous one.

With powerful bass, cutting guitar riffs, and beats that would make your grandpa sit up and take notice, Pyrx takes on the world. I was lucky enough to see them live at Area 101 and they performed their regular material as well as some covers of Rage Against the Machine. I had never heard another band so adept at being able to transition from rap, to rock, to dub-step, to the most profound reproduction of Rage’s “Killing in the Name of” I have ever heard. Few bands have as much depth in talent and range as Pyrx.

What is perhaps the most significant part of the band is their value in being musicians. They have had numerous opportunities to “sell out,” to join the MTV main-stream, but instead they have taken the nobler road oft-less traveled by bands with their skill and fan base. However, the high road has not been an easy one.

Traveling in an aging and crowded tour bus, they make their way to the events often using proceeds from the show to reach their next location. Without a lot of money for graphic designers and sound engineers, each member of the band has developed the abilities that would otherwise be delegated to an over paid and undercaring outside hire. This has made everything they do, from the album cover art to the studio production quality, a labor of love.

When you hear Pyrx (and chances are you will, assuming you don’t lose your hearing listening to ABBA) you will hear a band that has bled for their passion; a passion not just of music, but of global change. You will hear a band that so loves what it is doing that you can’t help but respect their courage and dedication. We can only hope that Pyrx keeps on hitting that high note before the door of time and history closes and the house lights are turned on for the last time.



Chico, California

Humboldt Hot Sauce Recipes

Caribbean Curried Chicken

Red Beans and Rice

1 Pound Chicken meat, diced
Juice of two limes
1 1/2 onions, finely chopped
2 Sprigs of fresh thyme, finely chopped
2 Sprigs fresh chives, finely chopped
2 Sprigs parsley, finely chopped
1 bay leaf
1 large red bell pepper, finely chopped
3 to 4 Tbs Humboldt Hot sauce
1 tsp allspice
2 Tbs veg oil
1 tsp cumin seed
5 cloves garlic, finely chopped
2 Tbs madras curry powder
2 Tbs tomato paste
2 cans coconut milk
1 Tbs Jamaican brown rum (optional)
1 Tbs Butter (optional)

Wash the chicken meat thoroughly. Cover it with lime juice and set it aside for 15-20 minutes. Add all the seasonings and spices except for the cumin seed, garlic, and curry powder. Heat oil in a stock pot until it starts to smoke. Add the cumin seed and garlic then stir in the curry powder. Add tomato paste while stirring constantly. Add coconut milk. Let it simmer until the mixture starts to boil. Add pieces of chicken with all the seasonings and spices. Let everything simmer for 20 minutes (and make sure the liquid does not evaporate). If needed, a little water can be added. After cooking, add rum and a spat of butter. Let them melt slowly. Serve with Jasmine boiled rice.

* This dish can be done with all kind of meats or vegetables as well. If using vegetables, less cooking time for the vegetables would be most desirable.

2 Tbs veg oil
1 Cup chopped onion
1 Cup chopped bell peppers
1/2 Cup celery
1 tsp salt
1/4 Freshly ground black pepper
1 tsp Fresh thyme, finely chopped
4 Bay leaves
1 Pound boiled ham, cut into 1/2 inch cubes
6 Ounces smoked andouille sausage cut crosswise into 1/4 inch slices
1 Pound dried red beans, rinsed and soaked overnight and drained
5 Tbs garlic, finely chopped
8 to 10 cups chicken stock
3-4 Tbs Humboldt hot sauce

1. Heat the oil in a large heavy saucepan over a medium high heat flame. Saute the onions, bell peppers, celery, salt, black pepper and thyme for five minutes. Add bay leaves, ham, and sausage then sauté everything for 6 minutes. Add beans, garlic, and enough stock to cover all the contents in the pot. Bring everything to a boil and reduce the heat to medium and allow it to simmer (uncovered) while you stir occasionally for two hours. Add more stock if mixture becomes dry and thick.

2. Use a wooden spoon to mash the mixture against the side of pot. Continue to cook, stirring occasionally, for another 1 1/2 hours until the mixture is creamy and the beans are soft. Add more water if it becomes too thick. The mixture should be soupy, but not watery. Add 3-4 Tbs of Humboldt Hot Sauce.

3. Remove bay leaves and serve over steamed rice
* 1 Smoked Ham Hock can be added for more smoky flavor.

Where Hunger Goes To Die

By Nathan Butler

As long as I can remember, Fortuna's Campton Heights Café has been providing customers with a little humor and lot of really delicious grub. There is nothing fancy. If you crave elaborate garnish and umbrellas for your fruity drinks, you will be utterly disappointed. What CHC provides is food for people who are hungry and believe taste and quality ingredients matter more than Michelin stars and goofy chef hats.

The chili cheeseburger is a triumph of all that is classic American and at CHC it gets all the respect that it deserves. Coming out steaming, the chili rests on top of a patty that is 100% all beef with cheese running down the burger, as if to flee from the onslaught of flavor. Unless you are the bravest of souls, give up all hope of being able to use your hands. You are going to need tools to engineer success against such a mountain of savory, juicy goodness.

Forget about McDonald's at 6am for breakfast. You want a real breakfast sandwich? You will find it at Campton Heights Café. With authentic cheese, real egg, and fresh bacon on a warm and mouth-watering bagel, you will never want to see those golden arches again. That is just the tip of the fast-breaking iceberg. The ultimate in breakfast evolution and the pinnacle of man's achievement over hunger is the Hobo Scramble. Once you have one, you will not remember who Jimmy Dean is, nor will you care. Imagine Everest as a breakfast dish or envision eating the Empire State Building. That is the size of the Hobo Scramble. Golden potatoes, green peppers, sausage, scrambled eggs, onions, bacon, and cheese topped with sour cream and salsa and served with a side of toast. Never before or since have I had a breakfast so completely satisfying. Nobody makes anything quite like it. There are scrambles at other places but not with that gravitas. The sheer weight of the thing is enough to send the cowardly and ill-prepared running for the door.

The prices are very good considering the portion sizes, and most dishes you can scale down when you order so you don't necessarily have to be from the pages of a comic book to finish a meal there. Be sure to have some time or call-in as the wait can be a bit lengthy depending on how busy they are. Campton Heights Café is open from 6am to 3pm everyday but Sunday and Thursdays and Fridays they do dinner which varies from week to week, so keep your eyes peeled. They are located on School Street in Fortuna next to Campton Heights Market.

When you next find yourself in a battle for supremacy with your stomach, look no further than the place with simple slogan: "Nothin' fancy... Just plain good".

Recipe Submitted by Daniel Bixler

Submit your recipe for a chance to win \$25



EEL RIVER

From Organic Barley to World-Class Beer

By Nathan Butler | Photos by Scott Hilton

If brewing is a dance, then the girl that owner Ted Vivatson brought is the prettiest of them all. He was the first in the United States to have a certified organic brewery. In a time when others are using GMO crops and pesticide riddled ingredients, he took the road untraveled. Brewing organically is 30% more expensive than neo-traditional methods. He re-invented the industry. By seeking out organic components from as far as New Zealand for his hops, he opened the door for organic breweries around the country. He looks as near as Humboldt itself, for the organic beef and ingredients that he uses in the brewpub's kitchen. In doing so, he endeavors to set a standard of excellence that not only surpass American standards, but compete and win against a litany of world renowned foreign breweries. ERB has won enough gold medals over the years to make Michael Phelps feel like an under-achiever.

Walking into the 20,000 sq. foot brewhouse in Scotia, it is instantly apparent that there is a peaceful rhythm and almost team-like atmosphere in the air. No one is rushing. No one is shouting. Everyone seems to know their job and does it with an almost silent precision. One reason for this, Ted explains, is because he likes to hire people who know virtually nothing about brewing. His current Head Brewer, Mike Smith, started out washing dishes in the kitchen. He paid for Mike to attend school and thus cultivated a passionate and committed student in the art of brewing.

The artistry and craftsmanship that goes into every bottle of beer is really quite extraordinary. What is also incredible is the amount of insider language that is misrepresented to fool the general public by the large beer conglomerates.



Organic Hops

BREW REVIEW

“Cold-filtering,” is something that everyone does because, as Ted says, “It is impossible to filter beer warm.” The idea of beach-wood-aged as something special is a lie as well. Beach-wood-aging actually shortens the brewing process making a bad beer brew faster. Many big companies, who rely on frogs or icy trains to sell their beer, use feed corn or rice instead of the organic barley and hops that ERB uses. Even the water is something special when it comes to ERB. They get theirs from an underground aquifer. Ted believes good water is hard to come by since *good brew water is bad for pipes*.

To see how it's done, when it's done right, Ted walked through the process. First, you must “mill” the malted barley to release the sugars.

Second, you take the sugary extract of the malted barley called “wort” and add it to a “kettle” with hops and boil. It is at this stage where a lot of opportunities exist for dictating the flavor and type of beer you will have. At this stage, Ted takes his spent barley and feeds it to local cattle further reducing the already very low waste in the production system.

To remove larger particles or “grub,” the contents of the kettle is placed into a “whirlpool” where centrifugal force and gravity are used as a means of filtering out the grub.

You then transfer the now filtered wort to the “heat exchanger” where the wort is cooled to a temperature that is habitable for the yeast.

Once the wort is cooled, it and the yeast are added to a fermentation tank causing the yeast to eat the sugar where it “Farts CO2 and pisses alcohol,” Ted explains. The beer may remain in this fermentation tank as long as 8 weeks for a lager and as little as 2 for an ale.



Scotia, California

Once the brewer is satisfied with the beer he will move it to conditioning tank(s) that allows the yeast to drop to the bottom and the CO2 levels can be adjusted.

Finally the beer is ready to be put into kegs, bottles or whiskey casks like ERB's world famous Triple Exultation. It takes two years in whiskey barrels to create the only beer to win three awards in the same year.

Their bottling line does a 120 bottles a minute on average. That is barely a fraction of what the beer giants produce. ERB places their emphasis on quality and as small as they might be, the \$60,000 dollars they spend on their Quality Control program a year, speaks volumes about their dedication to creating something more than just a golden liquid to play beer pong with.



Inside of a Brew Kettle

Due to the fact that ERB is organic, they do not use the cleaning agents that most companies would easily compromise their integrity for. Because of this, when they get a bad batch, they dump it. They recently had a batch of beer worth thousands of dollars that was contaminated due to a crack in the tank, so they decided lose the beer rather than their standard of excellence.

If you aren't already impressed, this will set you over the edge. ERB uses recycled glass for their bottles and all their packaging is 100% recycled and soy based. As you might expect, no matter how great the product or how noble the deed, Uncle Sam always wants his piece of pie. Every barrel of beer that ERB produces, they pay \$13.20 in taxes to Federal and State government.





The Brewpub

If there was one place in Humboldt county that encapsulated the true spirit and best aspects of the Redwood coast, Eel River Brewery is that place. The food has local ingredients and regional flavor. The staff are some of the nicest and hardest working people this side of the Redwood Curtain. The building in which the pub thrives is as classically Humboldt as any you might find. Were it not for its age, it would be hard believe it hadn't always been there.

The brewpub is comprised of a dining room with a bar, a beer garden replete with horse shoes, music, sculptures and plenty of seating for the sun deprived. Behind the bar is a small brewing room over-seen by Ted's son Matt, who has been brewing since he was 14. In this small room which remarkably once housed all of ERB's brewing operation, smaller more experimental batches can be brewed.

Finally there is the beer. As they are always adding and inventing new styles and flavors I would encourage you to go and see for yourself what they have and what they suggest. Happy hour is Monday-Friday 3:00- 6:30pm. During happy hour, pints are only \$2.75. What follows is a description of the beers they had as of summer 2012.



1

(1) Acai Berry Wheat- (4.0% Alcohol by Volume) the aptly named Acai Berry Wheat tastes just as it sounds. It infuses a distinct wheaty flavor with a pleasant mix of berry. You will never have a wine cooler again.

(2) Amber Ale- (4.8% ABV) a lighter ale that smells summery, and has a festive melody of hops.

(3) Cali Blonde- (5.8% ABV) one of the most refreshing beers you can find. It has a nice crisp, clean bite that reminds you what good beer is all about.

2

3

4

(4) I.P.A. – (7.2% ABV) Very robust aroma that tastes wheaty and rich, yet it has a smooth finish.

(5) Porter- (5.8% ABV) a very dark and hoppy style that is rich, tasty, and bubbly.

(6) Raven's Eye Stout- (9.5% ABV) hints of chocolate, cream, coffee, all meld into a dark stout that is smoky and smooth in flavor, but strong where it counts.

5

6

(7) Triple Exultation- (9.7% ABV) this beer requires aging for at least two years in whiskey casks before it is ever put into bottles or kegs. It is the most painstaking of all their beers and it shows. Brew master Ted says that with brewing, "Balance is key." I never found that more the case than with Triple Exultation. It takes whiskey along with a myriad of other flavors, refines and heightens them, into one of the most full bodied beers on the planet.

7

Get the full story on Eel River Brewery at theemeraldmagazine.com

Back to the Basics

Effective Procedures for Creative & Expedient Healing`

By Scott Lloyd Sherman, MA, LMFT

The science and art of counseling and psychotherapy have come a long way. It has returned to its roots in its opening up to the spirituality of meditation, mysticism and shamanism. Here are seven basic attributes, synthesized and codified for ease of usage.

First, “blow out the old”. . .

And breathe in the new...

Loosen up . . . remember to shake off tensions.

Now “take” an easy, deep circular breath.

Go easy now. . . Many people fall into hyperventilation by controlling their breathing too much.

Focus on getting your breath down into your belly.

“Become aware of yourself as a part of the whole”

Know your energy centers and breathe through them. Get in touch with the *Connecting Spirit* (heaven) and *Soul* (earth): Tune up each energy center so that you can be ready for deeper work to happen. Let the light of Spirit infuse every center with light and love ; pure energy. Let love, nourishment, and the natural energy of the earth work its magic by bringing healing and beauty to each center, as if it were a flower.

“Touch in with senses”

Pay attention to “now” . . . What is going on in your life in this space and time, at home and at work? What are you experiencing in your body as you shift your attention from one arena to another? Do a body scan, where is your body calling you? What are you are experiencing? What wounds need healing? What sources of strength do you have? Become aware of the feelings and sensations connected to your thoughts.

“Communicate with Self”

Go to your body sensations and wonder, “What emotions are moving me?” “What are these emotions about?” “Who else is involved?” “What Soul Loss experiences are related?” “Whose stuff is whose?” Give appreciation for sensations and feelings and wonder at how they shift. Apologize for not spending more time with these sensations. In addition, again, notice how these shift. Ask yourself if these feelings and sensations would be willing to work with you to help access all of your resources.

Help yourself find creative and productive alternatives to situation, beliefs, actions, etc. Notice how your feelings shift as you communicate with your self. Indulge in your sensations by imagining that they have different qualities than what they actually do. Build polar opposites.

“Truth Speak . . . Communicate with Others”

Name what you are:

Perceiving . . . What you see, hear, feel, smell, etc.

Experiencing . . . How do those perceptions effect your bodily sensations?

Feeling . . . What emotions come to you as you experience different bodily sensations? Know that many emotions are learned behaviors.

Thinking . . . What thoughts come to mind? What memories, reflections, realizations are you pondering with respect to your perceptions, sensations and feelings?

Needing . . . With respect to the above, what wants or needs can be expressed that will help others to better understand you, and you to be better listened to and respected?

“Intent Formation”

Communicate these five qualities to yourself and to others using descriptive messages. As anxiety, fear or anger surfaces, return to exhale breathing and self-awareness . . . Always return to circular breath, and, always in gratitude.

“Intent Formation Part Two”

Put life and situation into clear intent. Work from what needs to be worked on as listed above. Be in gratitude as if you already have what you need. Think in terms of potential future success. Express intents as if praying. Use future probability and *here-and-now* terms.

“Find and Stay in Gratitude”

Believe in the rightness of your being. Give thanks for all that is. Practice meditation and surrender intent, along with stress, anxiety and disbelief, as if it were a precious gift you are giving to the Universe. And then...

LET IT GO!



Eureka, California

And So A Doula Was Born...

Alison Jundt Delivers It All

By Christina DeGiovanni

We begin and end our lives in the hands of a caregiver, most important of this duo is the former. In ancient days, people called this career driven individual the “wise woman.” In Spain, she was called “comadra”, and in France, “Sage-femme.” But in the United States, we know her as the Midwife.

Midwives have been bringing life into this world since the first person walked the earth. This practice of delivery has almost become an ancient artifact in and of itself. With the boom of modern medicine, midwives have nearly been put out of business. For some, a home delivery and the use of a midwife is never even considered. While other parents are either all in or all out on the idea, most people never realize that there is a middle ground, with a doula.

A doula, as Wikipedia describes, is a “labor coach.” A sort of *nonmedical person who assists a woman before, during or after childbirth, along with her spouse and/or partner by providing information, feedback, physical assistance and emotional support.*



Meet Alison Jundt; doula, mother, and midwife-in-training. Six years ago, Alison moved from San Diego to Arcata to study English at Humboldt State University. She met her husband Michael, and within a year got married and was waiting for their first child that was on the way. Like many first time parents, Alison was anxious about what to expect. Months and months of childbirth education classes flew out the door the day her son was born. Nervous and scared, Alison called St. Joseph’s hospital when her water broke. *“The woman on the other end of the phone said we should come in immediately. As soon as we arrived at the hospital I had an internal exam, was given Cervidil, and instructed to stay in bed. Shortly after, I was given a Pitocin drip. I felt like I had no space in-between contractions. In the end I wound up getting an epidural, which was not my original plan,”* said Alison.

During her labor, Alison felt herself drifting farther and farther away from what she had learned during her pregnancy. *“After 12 hours of labor and 30 minutes of pushing, the doctor shook his head at the nurse who then told me they were going to perform a cesarean. I felt there was a complete lack of communication because no one spoke to me about a cesarean. There was no compassion from the hospital staff during this entire process. The hardest part of my first child birth experience is that I have no memory of my son’s arrival. My husband said the doctors showed him to me before they took him away, but I don’t remember that. I told myself during the birth process that if I could just get through it, I’d get to hold my James. Looking back, it still makes me upset that I can’t remember my son’s birth. It bothers me that we didn’t get that bonding moment most mothers get with their newborns,”* said Alison.

For many women, experiences like Alison’s are far too common. Drowsiness after her cesarean caused Alison to forget her first glance at her son, *“I felt if the doctor was more personable and had worked with us we could of avoided the ceserean,”* she says. But in the end, the soon-to-be parents felt alone and scared for their son. Like any good parents, Alison and Michael followed the doctors orders without question. They felt abandoned and isolated the whole time.



Following James’s birth, Alison had learned about a doula and believed this could of helped her tremendously. *“Once James was born I began reading everything about pregnancy and childbirth. That is when I really began to understand the role of a doula.”* Alison now believes that if she had a doula during her first pregnancy, she would of remained calm, relaxed and focused during her delivery. She also believes that the doula would have empowered her to be her own advocate in the hospital.

After time had passed, Ali was blessed to find herself pregnant again. This time not only was she having a girl, but she was going to make this the most memorable experience of her life. *“I worked really hard during my second pregnancy to prepare myself for a home birth. I ate really well, exercised, practiced yoga and gave myself plenty of time to simply enjoy being pregnant. My daughter was born at home in our bath tub. I had two amazing midwives who left me to my work. My husband was an amazing support. He got stuck giving me counter-pressure on my back the whole time. The birth process was extremely quick, after two hours my daughter was in my arms. It was definitely intense but I didn’t perceive the sensations as painful,”* said Alison.

Water births have become a growing trend amongst young mothers. The International Society of Water Births believes that water births are the “gentlest of all births.” *“Water is a wonderful comfort during birth. Everyone is different, but once I got in the water I found it so much easier to surrender to the sensations of birth and work with my body. I was so relaxed even that at one point, a midwife had asked me if I wanted to get out of the tub and try something different. I remember thinking they were crazy and that there was no way I was getting out of the tub until I had my baby,”* Alison said.

Two hours later, Ali gave birth. From her womb into the world, Alison remembers her daughter’s birth well. It was exactly the life-changing experience she needed after feeling cheated the first time. *“I know feeling supported in birth makes a huge difference in the outcome. I want to offer that support to other women,”* she says.

Hydesville, California

Me & Marijuana

By
California Mary

I am a 40 year old mom and paralegal. This is how cannabis has affected my life...

The first time I tried marijuana, I was about thirteen and already drinking alcohol at a party. It was the late 1980s and every kid I knew in Sacramento “partied” every single weekend. Already feeling the alcohol, I didn’t feel anything different from the two drags I took off the joint, so I figured that marijuana “didn’t work.” I dismissed it and happily continued my partying with booze. The next time I tried marijuana was about a year later at a friend’s house. I was staying the night and we didn’t have any alcohol. My friend had decided to learn how to roll joints and made a whole pile of them! We smoked one joint, felt nothing and were disappointed yet again. Frustrated but determined, we smoke another. We were only halfway through the joint when all of a sudden, I felt it. It was like being in a waking dream. I was so happy. We laughed SO hard all night! Then we ate. Then we slept. Suffering from dreadful insomnia all my life, the next morning I said to myself, “I can’t believe how easily I was able to get to sleep!” I knew that marijuana was for me, but I wouldn’t have access to it for at least another year.

Going to sleep had been the hardest thing for me to do every night of my entire life. I never would have thought that something I was “partying” with could actually help me. Back when I was a kid, marijuana in California was still completely illegal. It was lumped in with methamphetamines, acid, crack, and heroin. If a person used marijuana, that person was, “on drugs.” As a rebellious teen, I didn’t mind that stigma so much, but as I got into my twenties, I began to resent it completely. It was around the time when my 22 year-old brother-in-law was diagnosed with cancer when medical marijuana started making its debut. Whenever my brother-in-law received his chemotherapy he would get SO sick and nauseated. We were glad to have marijuana to help lift his spirits, ease his pain, and help him to eat so he could stay at a good body weight. An additional benefit we didn’t realize existed back then was that the marijuana was actually helping to stave off the cancer! He lasted eleven years before finally succumbing to the disease and passing away. When he passed, we were thankful for the marijuana to help ease our deep sorrow, help us eat, and remember him with humor and love.

When I was a teenager, I was diagnosed with a borderline manic depressive disorder. My emotions get so extremely high that I can barely stand it and then crash to the very bottom so hard I can barely stand it then, either. I don’t mind the highs, but when I feel like I am going to crash, a couple of puffs of marijuana helps me level out. The drama that the crash would’ve caused, meaning hours upon hours of crying and being sullen, just doesn’t happen. Marijuana stops it. It helps me to realize that I was about to have a huge problem about something that isn’t such a big problem and that isn’t worth getting so upset. I kind of, “snap out of it,” and wonder what the hell my problem was to begin with. I also suffer from migraine attacks that can become micro-seizures. Having some marijuana every day keeps the blood capillaries in my brain from swelling and causing these attacks. If I do end up having an attack, the marijuana takes away a lot of the pain, like the nausea. Because the migraine attacks can trigger an emotional crash, marijuana keeps me in good humor.

Sleeping is very good for you when you have a migraine, and the marijuana definitely helps me relax and go to sleep. I was pleasantly surprised at how many ailments this amazing plant can treat. From depression, to pain, to nausea, insomnia, swelling and cancer; marijuana is the miracle medicine that can treat it all. Some even say it assists in deep-thinking and creativity. Shamans across the world have used marijuana, believing that it helps them to communicate with the spirit world. Otzi, the ten-thousand year old mummy found in the Italian Alps, was said to have had a small pouch of cannabis on him. This may indicate that Otzi was a shaman, perhaps on a “spirit quest” at the time of his death. It definitely indicates proof in the long relationship mankind has had with cannabis for its benefits.

Health

Sacramento, California 35



After her daughter’s birth, Alison began training to be a doula. Her training began locally with a course offered at an organization called Doulas By Nature. Already, Alison has attended ten births. Her favorite part of being a doula is sharing the life changing experience with others. “Not only is a doula there during and after your pregnancy, but the relationship you build with her lasts a life time,” she says. Like midwives before them, a doula’s career is built around bringing new life in to the world. Being a doula is a rewarding experience for Alison. In the near future, Alison plans to make the midwife leap. “I think of my doula work as gaining experience for my future work as a midwife. I feel a calling to the field of midwifery. I have complete trust in the birth process, and I’ll spend my life advocating for it.”

Throughout the years that Alison has lived in Humboldt County, she has always appreciated the natural aspects of life. Recently she earned herself a lactation certificate through UCSD and is currently enrolled at College of the Redwoods to complete prerequisite classes for her Nursing degree. Throughout her life it’s been Alison’s dream to deliver babies. In addition to her doula training, and in collaboration with two other women, Alison started a small business of her own called New Growth Doulas. In addition to their doula services, New Growth offers their clients massages, belly castings, prenatal yoga and placenta encapsulation. “I work with some real wonderful women, we each bring a little something extra to the table,” she says.

It should go without saying that having a doula during your pregnancy isn’t up for debate. If you’re pregnant, you deserve to have a doula. “Every woman deserves to be supported during their pregnancy, postpartum and childbirth. For those who cannot afford doula services, there are low and no-cost doulas available. Having a positive birth experience is important and every woman should feel safe and loved when she is giving birth,” says Alison.

For now, Alison takes on a few clients every month. When she’s not preparing a meal for her family or finishing up a paper on anatomy, she’s busy being a wife, mother and friend.

34 Health If you’re interested in doula services or contacting Alison, call New Growth Doulas at (707) 601-6590

Leaving Oz

By Jennifer Molitor

With the legalization of medical marijuana in several states of the United States, it seems like Americans are coming to terms with marijuana and the truth about what it really is; a miracle medicine. Yet some people in America are still trying to fight it and make it illegal, again. To these people, I ask they do research on medical cannabis. I also ask, "Am I to be considered a criminal for using cannabis? Should I be in jail? I have never been in ANY trouble with the law, have never hurt anyone, and do not plan to. Do I belong in jail for wanting relief from my ailments?" Those that say, yes, don't even know me and yet they are attempting to condemn me. I ask that they open their hearts to others' needs instead of automatically contending that cannabis is a substance that the people must be "protected" from for our own good.

In addition to this request, I ask that all Americans look again at Vice police departments. What is vice, you ask? Vice, in simple terms, is human weakness. Doesn't America realize that they have outlawed weakness? Those who are considered weak are punished. And now, these heartless Americans would rather have medical patients, who seek relief by cannabis, be considered criminals for their "weakness." These same Americans would also decide who is in more pain than others. Who has that right? How can a person tell another person that the pain they feel isn't enough to warrant medicine that would benefit better than any pharmaceutical drug out there? How can some people tell others not to get addicted to medications and drugs, but then say that they MUST use addictive and even destructive, pharmaceutical medications for their pain and ailments?

To these confused, heartless Americans I say this: The People have spoken! We want our medical marijuana and our rights to be free from persecution! We WILL NOT be suppressed anymore! My fellow Americans and cannabis patients, it is time to stand up for ourselves and for those who cannot. It is time to remember what it is to be an American; FREE. We came here to be free to worship as we please, but we should also be free to be medically treated or not, and free of persecution for the choices we make in which do no harm to others!

But what can we do to keep ourselves and our medical cannabis safe from persecution? Get involved! Do what Americans are supposed to do, and VOTE! Protest unfair laws that are attempting to take away not just your rights to medical cannabis, but to ALL OTHER LIBERTIES that you want to enjoy! ACT like Americans and fight for your rights! Make sure you are registered to vote by going to the Secretary of State website and follow the directions. Then follow the news. Talk to the workers at your dispensaries about what is going on legally with medical cannabis. They are usually VERY aware of the upcoming laws to be proposed and enacted. Make sure you know the medical cannabis laws so that you don't inadvertently get into trouble with authorities. A great website to visit for almost all things medical marijuana is CALNORML.

Did you know that some Californians are trying to pass a law that will criminalize every driver that have cannabinoids in their system? It won't matter if the impairment caused by medical marijuana is long gone; this law will get cannabis patients a DUI under a "zero-tolerance" standard! Are you tired of not even being considered for jobs that drug test their employees for cannabinoids even though you have a right to use medical cannabis? Aren't you SICK AND TIRED of being treated like a PARIAH and a CRIMINAL? THIS IS THE TIME TO FIGHT! Please GET INVOLVED, REGISTER TO VOTE AND VOTE to keep medical marijuana available to anybody who needs it! Don't wish you had; TAKE ACTION NOW because you never know if and when you or anybody in your family or friends will someday need the benefits of miracle, medical marijuana.

I've just moved from the Heartland of America to Sonoma County. I've taught college courses in the Midwest for twelve years, but I was raised in the land of redwoods, fog, happy cows and vineyards.

My Midwestern students have suggested that people in Northern California live in trees, smoke marijuana, voted for Obama and thinks Kansans are a little too familiar with their farm animals.

Well, not quite. Moving to the midwest reminded me a little more of the truth of both worlds. People have been telling me for years that folks are friendlier in the Midwest. I think it's just that in the Midwest they are more likely to gossip, and this may explain the friendliness. Talking to you in the local Kwikshop is just them doing research to share with their friends later.

Living in Kansas, which was not familiar to me, made me feel like a foreigner. The summer days are well over 100 degrees and the winters are dead with snow and frozen flatness. The landscape is corroded with monster trucks, and Budweiser is king. I tried to go for walks around town, but people yelled like I'm making a mistake by walking. Even the sidewalks end suddenly as if rejecting my need to stroll.

When I landed in San Francisco, there were little signs everywhere that reminded me I was home. My Dad picked me up wearing sandals (not a common foot adornment in the Midwest). The car was covered in dog hair, and when we cruised past *Peace in Medicine*, I asked my dad if that was the local medicinal marijuana shop? Without flinching he said "yes" and carried on with his story about my brother getting a job in the city, (which everyone knows means San Francisco) and how he is going to commute by ferry. Living in landlocked states for 12 years, the idea of someone commuting by ferry just sounds fancy.

In Santa Rosa, we ate a nice lunch at La Bufa, and when I told the waiter I am vegetarian, he did not flinch. We sat next to the mural of the Northern Coast between 4th and 3rd streets alongside the Russian River Brewery, which was packed as always. At home, my Dad reclined in his gravity chair in the backyard, sipping wine from a

local vineyard. After dinner, we all sat in flannels and shorts on the porch, while neighbors biked by. I took the dogs for a walk past a neighbor who had nailed poop-bags to the tree in front of his house, for everyone to use, and past an ex-nun neighbor with a sign in her yard that says "How's the War Economy Treating You?" This is not something you see in Kansas, Toto.

When we went to the local grocery store I was nervous because I forgot my cloth bags and had to ask for plastic. Would the baggers be confused by my lack of bags? I tried not to worry about this as I picked up some tofu and garlic stuffed olives from the olive bar, along with sourdough French bread, and a nice local brewery beer.

Today I ran into a friend I call Boho – she was on her way to pour her heart out at the therapist. After her shrink appointment, she picked me up to get froyo at the Christian yogurt shop on Mendocino. We had no-carb, diabetes-friendly organic "grasshopper" flavored yogurt in her car, while talking about spirituality and atheism. At her house, she went upstairs to "work" (she tele-commutes) and I borrowed her bike to ride around looking at all the beautiful gardens. I passed an animal hospital with a "Pet Parking" sign and then stopped in at the YMCA to get a membership and immediately ran into my cousin's husband, who works for a wine company and was hitting the gym midday, as you do.

Boho got off work at 4 and went mountain biking "up the hill." My dad came home at 5, having taken the bus from his job in Rohnert Park – his employer subsidizes his bus route because it is environmentally friendly – and my stepmom picked him up from the bus station downtown after she was done volunteering for the local Democratic Party office. I brought her a zero carb drink and she said "oh cool!"

So we may not live in trees out here in Sonoma County, and Kansas is not just a fly-over state. It is a beautiful prairie full of people with lifestyles more similar to each other than the diverse array of eclecticism present in any neighborhood here. No stranger will scream "how can you eat that stuff?" while in a sushi restaurant, or ask me what an artichoke is in the grocery store, like they did back in the Midwest. But I may get confused looks when I forget to bring my re-usable bags. I can live with that. I'm not in Kansas anymore, but I'm home sweet home.

The Baja Beach and The Hemp Hotel

By

Mike Marino

Grab your sombrero, and full tilt boogie South of the Border to the Hemp Hotel in La Paz, Mexico where you can relax in green leafy comfort on the white, sandy Baja beach. Discover Baja, and you'll discover a resort overflowing with karma of King Kong proportions that will appeal to the gentle dharma bum that dwells in all of us. It's a hemp hipsters dream come true, and it's about time! More importantly, it's all about hemp.

This is one of the world's first true hemp hotels where cocooning yourself in soft hempen clouds of luxury with a touch of class and style is a selfish pleasure to be enjoyed. The Hemp Hotel is the first of many slated to open world wide. It's a garden of hempen Eden that offers everything from hemp haute cuisine, to a relaxing dam near Zen-like experience with deep muscle hemp oil body massages at the hands of a trained professional. It's a pleasurable place of peace, solitude and serenity - where you can immerse yourself in relaxation, aroma therapy and meditation. Even a haiku hobo or bhikku has to feed the body as well as the inner-self, so you can get a dose of gastronomical religion by sampling from a menu of fine hempen food cuisine along with a long list of libations designed to liberate the spirit with a choice of hemp brews and wines that will orbit perfectly in the sum total solar system that will define this as-close-as-you'll-come to a true cosmic dining experience.

Outdoor activities take full advantage of the Gulf of California - from sport fishing, snorkeling, kayaking, to whale and dolphin watching, wind-surfing, and swimming. Lace up your L.L.Bean boots and hit the hiking trails, but, biking is also available for you to explore the region on pure fuel injected pedal power. If you're one of those "underground type persons," you can get a spunky spelunk fix by exploring caves, of which there are many. In time, you'll think the ghost spirit of Jules Verne has taken over, leading you on a real life journey to the center of the earth.

Meals at the hotel are a hemp experience as well. What wine goes with a hemp meal? A hemp wine of course, and they will be happy to uncork them, or offer you a choice from a large selection of hemp beers for the Baja brewski crowd. After a day of outdoor activity, a relaxing hemp meal and dessert, it's time to unwind and relax with a restful sleep in a bed that is adorned with clouds of hemp sheets to comfort and relax. There is also aroma therapy and meditation available.

The Hemp Hotel is a wonderful, and a new experience for many, but how did they get started? What is the Hempen Future of these Hotels of comfort and luxury? I recently spoke with Matthew Huijgen, President and CEO of HempWorld, Inc. of the Hemp Hotel chain to find out more about this hemp lovers paradise.

Q: How did the concept of the Hemp Hotel come about and when?

A: I was approached by Richard Cowan (former president of NORML) in Amsterdam around 1994 and he floated the idea.

Q: How many locations do you currently have and how many are projected to open and where?

A: We are currently only in La Paz, Mexico but we have plan for more locations depending on our initial success. Ideally we would have locations around the world so guests can travel from one of our hemp hotels to the next without losing a buzz. About 12 years ago, I was part of a group of individuals starting a real hemp hotel, built from hemp near Berlin, Germany . Unfortunately the project was so debt laden that it never opened it's doors.

Q: When opening the Hemp Hotel, is there any negative aspects from local government?

A: No, we are a legal business and have no illegal activities taking place, we do not constitute a negative influence locally but we are enhancing tourism and stimulate the local economy with our guests shopping and dining and drinking locally.

Q: What are the benefits to having a hemp oil massage? Massage itself is pretty cool.

A: Hemp oil is the best oil to use on the human skin, it is more readily absorbed than any other oil known to man. This was proven in scientific tests. Hemp oil has a fatty acid profile that is similar to the profile in our own bodies. Since other hotels offer beautification services we thought a hemp oil massage would make sense.

Q: You also have a restaurant with "hempen cuisine," so what types of featured items are there?

A: With hemp you can cook almost any meal; Hemp meatloaf, with hemp flour we can bake bread, pancakes and cookies. There is hemp coffee and hemp tea with hemp milk and hemp ice cream. The sky is the limit with hemp, the number of meals than can be cooked with hemp ingredients is endless. Here is another example of a menu that we can feature: Hemp miso soup with shrimp dumplings. Smoked trout and cucumber tossed in hemp garlic chile oil. Watercress, fresh sprouts and red onions with a hemp citrus vinaigrette. Grilled seitan sweet potato napoleon with bok choy in a hemp beet oil balsamic reduction. Hemp nut veggie burger. Hemp nut crusted black rice cakes. Orange hemp seed tuilles with hemp vanilla ice cream and fresh berries. Hemp coffee with hemp liqueur for dessert.

Q: What is the most popular hemp dinner item, and what is the favorite hemp dessert?

A: Hemp dinner; Hemp meatloaf (vegetarian.) Hemp ice cream with hemp coffee and hemp liqueur.

Q: How many different hemp beers and wines do you offer?

A: Several hemp beers; Burke's hemp ale (from Australia,) Cannabia hemp beer (from Germany,) Hanfblute (from Switzerland,) Greenleaf hemp lager, Humboldt hemp ale.

Q: Is the building material itself for the hotel made of hemp products?

A: We have outfitted the hotel with as many hemp products as we have available and that we can afford; Hemp sheets, hemp towels and bath robes, hemp soap, shampoo and conditioner, hemp food. The hotel in Germany that I was involved in was constructed with hemp building materials but the hotel in Mexico is not a new building but an existing hotel fitted with hemp products.

Q: Hemp is a very ecological and sustainable product, how important was this aspect in the formulation of plans to go "hemp"?

A: This is No. 1. The Hemp Hotel concept is a 'living' or contemporaneous hemp museum. It is an up-to-date showcase of how you can incorporate hemp into your life or hotel stay. Using hemp, we have the most sustainable and ecological products and applications anywhere in the industry.

Q: Are you constantly on the look-out for new hemp products to introduce at the hotel?

A: Yes, absolutely, this is one of the exciting parts of our business.

Q: There are franchising opportunities available too. What markets are currently open?

A: We would like to make franchise opportunities available to entrepreneurs who want to open up a Hemp Hotel in their city or neighborhood anywhere in the world. Please feel free to contact me; sales@hempworld.com. If you're looking for a truly unique vacation experience, you'll find it at the Hemp Hotel. Disneyland may be the hap, hap, happiest place on earth, but this is the hemp, hemp, hempiest hotel on earth and you owe it to yourself to immerse yourself in this flower of a garden that will calm the soul and titillate the senses at the same time.

Kids, Pan dulce & Oranges in San Miguel de Allende

by
Colleen Chalmers

In the Central Mexican town of San Miguel de Allende, the euphony of young kids playing and laughing echoes throughout the cement-paved streets of Colonia Obraje. The neighborhood is historically known as where much of the working class families live, and their children are the heart of the colonia.

When I visited this town in Guanajuato state last year, I stayed in Colonia Obraje for one week. I traveled with other art students from Humboldt State University and our photography professor, Don Anton. Just walking distance from the colonia is El Jardin, the town's central square. Trees surround wrought-iron benches and vendors sell everything from cold horchata to marionette puppets on the street. Mariachi music can be heard both day and night and the local shoe-shiner sets up shop across the street from the town's Starbucks Coffee where handmade dolls are sold outside.

The iconic focus of El Jardin is La Parroquia church on the south side of the town square. The inside of the church is beautiful, but the focal point remains the outside where gothic-style architecture dons the exterior of the building. The golden-blond pillars tower over every other building around town. I found that spending time together at El Jardin and paying respect to La Parroquia was not just for tourists getting their fill of a colonial Mexican town, but it was also a daily tradition for locals. More vendors stake out to sell even more handmade dolls and beaded jewelry. Friends and lovers gather at cafes around the square. Families sit together as their children run and play games around the gazebo. People known as beggars to the community often sit cross-legged on the hard pavement and hold a hand out, palm up. Once in a while, someone will place a peso in their outstretched hand.

The best tacos I had in San Miguel came from a taco truck where they put pineapple on everything I ordered. Although the best food I will remember from my time in this town is not a taco or even a dinner meal at all. I will remember the pan dulce and the oranges. The pan dulce was from La Colmena, which means 'the beehive.' The panaderia is on a street called Relox, which is unmistakable once you find the plethora of blue doors. The street itself is famous for its affinity for blue doors and the best pan mexicano I have ever had. It was fresh from that morning we bought it. It was so sweet and hearty that eating it was more of a ritual in honor of something special. The panaderia has been in the same family for three generations and it is known as one of the oldest businesses in town.

The oranges – or naranjas – came from a grocery stand next to the mercado de artesanias, where there is blocks and blocks of vendors selling art and copious amounts of gifts to buy. With the sweetest and juiciest oranges I have ever had, the groceries by the mercado are the best stop for fruit by el jardin.

Outside the blocks of mercados and groceries are also elderly women sitting on the pavement – selling tortillas – again their hands outstretched and palms up; their wrinkles telling a story to passerby.

“**VERDE!**” I scream as 10 young kids with brown-black hair run toward me. “**ROJO!**” I holler just seconds later, which brings their feet to an awkward halt where their restless legs have trouble stopping. The boys and girls push each other with playful rivalry. “**VERDE!**” They sprint faster and laugh uncontrollably as they get closer. “**ROJO!**” The kids try to stop themselves from inching forward as they are expected to stay in whatever spot they stopped until they hear the next command. “**VERDE!**” The front-runners get closer and closer until I have to scream “**ROJO, ROJO, ROJO!**” three times as the winner reaches me and hits my knees in a fit of joy. The children of Colonia Obraje love to play ‘red light, green light.’ A dirty, stray dog follows the children wherever they run.

San Miguel de Allende, Mexico

A Paddle Around Humboldt Bay as Pelicans Led the Way

By John Walsh

One of the few negative things about working with boat rentals is the fact that I often send people out under the most ideal conditions, but have to stay behind on the dock. Terrible, I know, to complain about something like this, but knowing what pleasure they are about to enjoy - knowing what I'm missing - always tugs my thoughts a little towards the longing side.

One day this last season proved to be an especially demanding test for me. Even as I was driving over the bridge to work, my first customers were gathering at the gate in anticipation. And who can blame them: a favorable tide, glassy water, clear skies and summer sweetness was the order of the morning. In other words, perfect conditions for kayaking. And I'm working. But I love my job, right? And so off I go to the punishing task of making someone's day.

Only today it seems to be everybody's day. I'm rentin' boats right and left, drooling with jealousy as paddler after paddler passes through my view of the bay and islands. Finally, as I launch what would be the last rental of the day, I realize that once they are all back and we close, I can go out myself! This thought is so revitalizing to me that I even let a late-comer take the Hobie 14 out for an hour after closing time.

But then, finally, my chance has come! Of course I've got my boat all ready to go with snacks, water and gear while waiting for quitin' time. Now I just need to think of a route. Hefting the boat down the ramp, I notice a relatively large flock of pelicans do their beautiful glide landing on the water just off our dock. And I am struck, not by bird shit like with seagulls, but with a beautiful idea for a route: follow the pelicans, wherever they went, as long as I could.

In the water and ready to go, I paddle out slowly along the backside of the pelicans noticing that they are not scared by my presence - but, hopefully, as interested in me as I am in them. The pelicans take flight as if on cue, and make for the south end of Indian Island. Okay, I think, here I go- handing the reins over to the instincts of another animal! Am I sane, or searching for sanity? I contemplate the arguments for both sides, and end up at a draw when I reach the spot where the pelicans still remain. Stopping to gulp some water and breathe, the pelicans seem to think I'm slacking because they take off again towards the bridge on the west side of the island. Because it is a low tide, and because I have never been out and around Indian Island, I hesitate long enough to say, “Um, ... oh well, what the hell”. The wind that had been blowing well all afternoon died, the water was calm and despite its low level, I felt game. So paddle I did, to the bridge and beyond, thinking that it was probably double the distance around this island at low tide compared to high water level.

Up around the north end of the island, I saw that 'my guides' were behind me now, and flying v-formation out towards sea. Okay, so I'm more around than not, but I'm not even sure if 'around' is possible at low tide. And it's my call now, no lead. “Go for it” I say, to spite my apparently abandoning leaders. And sure enough, I make it around not just Indian but Woodley Island, too. Paddling back up the Eureka waterfront from Samoa Bridge to our dock at F Street, watching the sun go down, the pelicans came back out of nowhere for one more flyby. And there was just something about the moment that made me think the pelicans were trying to say, “Hey, you trusted us. We didn't leave you, we were watching all along. We just wanted to give you an opportunity to push the trust in yourself.” And as I drove home back over the bridge, looking at the paths I had just journeyed, what else could I say - but thank you!

Leisure

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Take A Ride On The Wild Side

Redwood Creek Buckarets

By Christina DeGiovanni



*T*ake a ride on the wild side. Horseback riding with the Redwood Creek Buckarets makes for an excellent time in the sunshine. With a friendly atmosphere and experienced staff riding alongside you, the Buckarettes horseback riding experience is safe and suitable for everyone.

At first I was timid, after all, it had been years since I had last ridden a horse. The owners and instructors, Kimerby and Kristina, will try to match you with the best ride possible. A girlfriend of mine recommended the Buckarettes and said the experience made her feel like she was in a movie, climbing up a mountain on a beautiful steed overlooking the Redwood National Forest.

A movie is an understatement. The Buckarettes took me to a natural level of euphoria that no altitude sickness could. As I discovered horses have personalities of their own, some like to travel fast and some like to linger. The Buckarettes horses' personalities vary as do their backgrounds. Trustful Kim and Kristina have been raised around horses their whole life, they started the Redwood Creek Buckarets ten years ago. "The economy has hit a lot of horse owners hard, it's expensive to maintain these animals. So some of them have been donated to us", says Kim.

The horse I rode went by the name of Candy. Candy came to the Buckarets from an unpleasant situation. She lacked the necessary attention horses need, so when she came to Kim and Kristina, her tail required endless

hours of work to detangle. She was rescued over a year ago and has quickly bounced back. Now, she's a spoiled girl living the life of a Buckarete. With daily rides in the morning and afternoon these horses act like it's just another trip to the grocery store, eating the luscious green plants along the entire way.

We started off our ride at sea level and rode our way up 700 feet in to the mountains. No Hollywood film could do justice to this breathtaking experience. This full-fledged tour of the redwoods wasn't just a walk through the park. It was an experience of mother nature at her best with memories that will forever be challenging to describe.

As we climbed through the forest, we leaned forward to help the horses with our weight. We made several stops along the way to let the horses rest. By the time we reached the top we pulled over at a place known as, "The Goose Pen." It has been said that over 100 years ago a bear came out of hibernation and was looking for berries. He couldn't find any but did find the sap in between the bark of a redwood tree. The bear scratched away the bark and began eating the sap. Normally redwoods are fire resistant but since the bear clawed away at the fire resistant bark, the top layer the tree caught fire and burned throughout the inside.

After 100 years the tree has continued to grow, even with a hollowed out inner core from the fire. Now people can walk inside this "goose-pen." Kim placed each of us and our horses inside the goose-pen and snapped a picture. From there we traveled back down the mountain, catching a glimpse of even more nature. The summer time breeze quickly whisked the time away and before we knew it, our hour and one-half ride was over.

If you're looking for a great activity to take the kids on, then the Buckarettes is your solution. If you are planning a first date or just want to make a great impression, an ideal place to go is Redwood Creek Buckarets. There's nothing more unforgettable than a breathtaking ride through the redwood forest.





Sherae O'Shaughnessy is **F#?king** Funny!!!!

By Benjamin Fordham

Have you ever wondered how turned on you could get by “quiet sex?” Have you ever put off breaking up because of your joint Netflix account? Have you ever laughed about the Salem witch trials? You will. Because it’s funny, people.

In case you don’t think so, don’t worry. Sherae O’Shaughnessy and the Ba-Dum-Chh comedy troupe are here to help us understand: it’s okay to talk about it, and it’s okay to laugh at it. The world won’t crumble. “I like to say things you shouldn’t say,” O’Shaughnessy confesses, “And I think it’s okay to ruffle a few feathers.” Sherae and Ba-Dum-Chh have been a comedy troupe since 2010, ruffling feathers and making people laugh at masturbation throughout Humboldt.

Ba-Dum-Chh consists of comedians Joe Wasetis, Joe Deschaine, Nando Molina, and of course, Sherae. They met up while doing open mic’s, and soon decided to pool their funny. They formed the troupe, and have found their services in high demand ever since.

For her part, O’Shaughnessy, who was born on an animal rescue in the Mojave Desert, learned early on that life was funny. “There was one year where (my dad and I) watched Austin Powers every morning getting ready for school,” she says. “It never got old.”

She eventually made her way to the San Fernando Valley, and then Catalina Island before settling in Humboldt. “Humboldt is hilarious,” said O’Shaughnessy when asked if we are funny. “Some of you take yourselves too seriously, though. You think you’re all liberal, but you’re really not.”

After trying her hand at an open mic at age 16, the Louis C.K. and Lisa Lampanelli fan realized that she was good at making people laugh. “I just told some old jokes, and basically killed it.” She also found she enjoyed being onstage. “I was always very animated, even at a very early age,” she said, and performance came naturally.



Somewhere along the line, she combined her powers of keen observation with her sailor’s tongue and her willingness to say what others won’t, and a stand-up comic was born. “I like to make fun of how seriously we take taboo subjects,” she says. “Being an adult sucks enough. Let’s all lighten up.”

Consider it a public service. “It brings attention to (those things),” she says. “Let’s talk about them so we aren’t so afraid of them. Fear makes people do messed up stuff.” O’Shaughnessy is also the single mother of a 5-year-old autistic daughter, so she fully understands that sometimes you just have to laugh at what Kati Texas (google her) would call the “fucked-up awesomeness” of things.

After her previous stop-overs, Sherae says she’s in Humboldt for the long haul. She even has a dream of opening the area’s first dinner/comedy club. “I’m a damn good cook.” Investors? Are you hearing this?

When she’s not doing Savage Henry shows or emceeing a burlesque show or charity event, Sherae is chumming around with Ba-Dum-Chh. “We’re everywhere these days,” she says. “This month we’re working with the Barfly, the Pearl, the Silver Lining, and the Red Lion...I’ve been talking with some folks about getting into radio too, so fingers crossed.”

The moral of the story, boys and girls, is that it’s good to laugh. It’s practically a medicine. Maybe the best, who knows? Sherae, God bless her soul, will make you laugh. So, as your unofficial doctor, I recommend you go get some soon.

“It doesn’t matter what you say or do, people will always find a way to call you a dick”
-Dave Attell.

For more information on Ba-Dum-Chh, or to book them, Facebook them at [Badumchh](#) or go to [www.ba-dum-chh.com](#)

Playing To Win

By Nathan Butler

Youth is a time of hard lessons and life-changing choices. It is your first impression of a world that can be cruel and unfair. It will take you from diapers to the DMV. There is one thing though that makes it all almost worth it- play. The schoolyards and playgrounds become a bastion of freedom and an opportunity to cast off the burdens that growing up does its best to bestow. If there is one thing Humboldt does poorly it is providing recreation for the young and young at heart.

The debate over skate-parks is a classic example of the battle between the need for more fun and the fear of what may accompany it. The powers that be worry that with more hangouts for kids there would be an increase in crime, under-age drinking, and marijuana use. The reality is that with more to do there is less desire for being a delinquent. This county has always had a problem with minors getting into adult substances. If we do nothing about, I am sure that will continue long into the future.

For the sake of argument, let's say there is a hypothetical 16 year old named Brad. Brad is a mediocre student, but not a particularly bad kid. He lives in Fortuna and due to his grades, is in-eligible for sports. Without a job and no real outlet for his stress and anxiety, drugs would be an almost easy choice. Yet he would prefer to bowl. However there is no bowling alley outside of Eureka (and Blue Lake) in the entire county. He would prefer to skate, but there is no skate park outside of Arcata and most towns frown on "illegal" skateboarding near businesses or public buildings. He would prefer to take his dog to a dog park, but there certainly aren't any where he lives. He would like to work, but without a car and with the unemployment as bad as it is, that is almost out of the question.



This leaves Brad with stunningly few options for entertainment and diversion. We tell him that drugs and alcohol are bad, but we don't want to provide any alternatives out of fear that will somehow further encourage him to do so. Feeling alienated and forgotten by his community he could care less now what they have to say.

This is what nearly every teen in our area goes through at some point in one way or another and it is deplorable. We wonder why the kids leave and only the elderly, the few with job prospects, the trapped and the wealthy remain. Fun is important for everyone at every stage of life. It is just more entertaining for someone in their 50s to join The Garden Club than a 15 year old. There is a kind of ageism that exists in our county whether we want to admit it or not. We say we care and we pump thousands of dollars into drunk driving programs, D.A.R.E., and other out of touch ideas that neither help nor show any solidarity with the kids in so far as what they are going through.

We were all kids once, although I often have trouble believing it. Teens are not a different species and the answers to their problems are not locked within the research of marine biologists and astrophysicists. It is really quite simple: Give them something fun to do and they will do it. Give them nothing to do, and they will find something to do, whether it is good for them or not.

Stream of Consciousness from a Wandering Lost Coast Conservative

Written by a
Rabbit Valley Rebel

I don't smoke pot. When I was a kid, my brother was a "stoner," and grew his own stash on our roof in suburban Southern California. I was more into sports and middle class life. I associated pot with the "counter-culture," and wanted no part of it or him.

Hello... we are out here too, the silent minority, living or visiting amongst you. Our version of the North Coast dream is different than yours, but we are both rebels in our own right. You may be potheads, Leftists, arm-chair Rastas, aimless square-slackers, or earnest hard working Democrats. We may be conservative dairy farmers, P.E. teachers, electricians, fisherman or Insurance Salesmen, but we share a love for the woods, the bay, fierce independence, and isolation.

When I came north for school at age 20, I was not a hippie, not the slightest bit politically inclined, and never even thought about the county's association with herb. I was a quiet conservative dreamer. Nothing has changed. My attraction to Humboldt was the natural beauty, the small town atmosphere, the rural flavor, and the distance from urban mayhem. I am a capitalist, yet I admit that the county could not be the way it is, if it was filled with aggressive, sober go-getters. I like to be around moderate people, not "wasted" overly mellow ones, and not "amped" ones.

But remember, the next time you complain about lack of jobs, that you wanted it that way. You don't want a lot of big box stores, you don't want growth, clearcutting, or yuppies, but you do want the jolly green motivation-killer. I get most of that too. But there's a price to pay for every decision you make or don't make. You're left with growers, smokers, hippies, and culturally isolated reservations. That's in addition to county workers, low key professionals, tradesmen, and the odd innovator. Not necessarily a recipe or a thriving economy, but like I say about so many things in life, "It is what it is."

Entrepreneurs and big business help drive our national economy. On the surface it would seem as though you have nothing in common with either of them. (I say "you," because I am not a permanent resident, nor a part of the cultural mainstream, yet I live in a Humboldt state of mind).

But the Kinetic Sculpture Race tradition brings out the entrepreneur in you, and growers certainly have a work ethic. Local breweries are paragons of business innovation, and artists and musicians often create something from nothing. So you are productive, but not commercial. Remember however that we all benefit from the toil and sweat of clear-lunged, capitalists beyond the Redwood Curtain, who provide us with the goods and services we love and need.

My best memories from the 80's are of listening to KRED country radio, watching jets take off and land at Arcata Airport, hiking through Prairie Creek Redwoods State Park, and swimming laps at the college pools. It was pretty benign stuff. My Humboldt was Trinidad Head, not a head shop.

I have nothing against drum circles, Frisbee Football, art, botany, or the cultivation of weed. I don't care how long someone's hair is either, as long as they shower regularly. But I come and go to the county for the "country" and "working man" ethos. I am neither Abbie Hoffman, nor Abbey Road. I am Humboldt-bound Andy Garcia in "Jennifer 8," a weary refugee in search of purple sunsets and a modest farmhouse. I am a worker and a patriot, but a fringe-dweller nevertheless. My reasons may be different than yours, or maybe not. What's with the reggae? Do you harbor massive resentment toward the west, and worship the former King of Ethiopia, or do you just like the music and the vibe?

I'll bet that baseball, church, and apple pie still mean something to many people around the county. So does the rule of law. I am libertarian on the drugs issue. I get the conservative side and respect their values, which I share in most cases. But there is something genuinely rebel about this place, and that is genuinely American. If you want to grow and sell, I can understand that.

Remember, that the only thing that actually makes it "cool," in your world, is that it's against the law. So if you get what you want, legalization, you will be forfeiting your credentials as "outlaws." I think you relish the identity and would miss it sorely. Be careful what you wish for.

25 Things You Didn't Know About Humboldt County

Humboldt County is a fascinating place to live or visit for so many reasons. Whether you are an artist, a cinephile, architectural buff, naturalist, activist, outdoorsman, or historian you will find something special about Humboldt.

Here are just a few of the reasons why Humboldt is such a unique place.

1. Brendan Fraser (star of “The Mummy”) lived in Eureka as a child.
2. Humboldt Bay is California’s second largest natural bay.
3. Humboldt County produces 20% of California’s lumber production.
4. More than 9 tribes make up the indigenous peoples of Humboldt.
5. Humboldt has over 40% of California’s remaining old growth forest.
6. Humboldt is named after Alexander Von Humboldt, though he never actually visited the county.
7. There are 11 states in the U.S. that have either a town or county named Humboldt.
8. California’s first oil wells were drilled in Petrolia.
9. Chinese settlers have been twice expelled from Humboldt County, once in 1885 and again in 1906.
10. Humboldt Redwoods State Park has the largest contiguous old-growth stand in the world.
11. Lloyd Bridges (father of “The Dude” Lebowski) lived in Eureka during his youth.
12. The world’s tallest tree, Hyperion, is in Humboldt County and reaches six stories higher than the Statue of Liberty.
13. The movies “Return of the Jedi,” “Humboldt County,” “Outbreak,” “The Majestic,” and “Jurassic Park: Lost World” were filmed in Humboldt County.
14. Humboldt County represents more artists per capita than other county in California.
15. One of the most written about and photographed Victorian style homes in the United States is Eureka’s Carson Mansion.
16. There are three types of Redwoods: Dawn Redwoods of Central China, Coast Redwoods of California and Southern Oregon, and Giant Sequoia of the Sierra Nevadas.
17. 53% of HSU students say that they have smoked marijuana.
18. The Eureka Inn is Eureka’s oldest existing commercial establishment.
19. Goose Pens are what you call the base of a redwood that has been hollowed out by fire, but the top of the tree is still alive. They are so common and so large that early settlers used them to corral livestock.
20. Redwoods first made their debut in California a mere 20 million years ago.
21. Redwood burls are actually a type of tree wart that grow on the side of trees.
22. Redwoods live between 500-2,000 years.
23. William Carson, builder of Carson mansion, claimed to have been the first one to fell logs commercially on Humboldt Bay.
24. The Carson Mansion cost \$80,000 to build in 1886, which is over \$2,000,000 in today’s economy.
25. Fernbridge, built in 1911, is the oldest concrete reinforced bridge in existence.

As you can see, there is a lot to be proud of and there is also a lot to reconcile. We can only hope there will be more to cherish in the years to come and not less.

www.TheEmeraldMagazine.com