

ADRIENNE MOMI

Surf Riding, 2013
Mixed Media Gilded Monoprint, 30 x 30 in.



courtesy: R. Blitzer Gallery

PETER LAUFER

Yesterday's News Tomorrow!

Join My Slow News Movement

Sitting in the glow of neon lights in Luckey's Club Cigar Store, I sip a Double D Blonde. I'm plotting revolution. A slow revolution. The bartender and a woman play a slow game of pool. My Sunday newspaper lies unread back on my kitchen table. I'll get to it later today or tomorrow. There's no hurry. I listen to the bar talk. "My connection with Christ is supernatural," says a patron in a large voice from the far side of the barroom. "Christ and the Grateful Dead."

Luckey's is a bar near the University of Oregon campus. I'm scribbling down these thoughts with a Mont Blanc pen I bought on a Lufthansa flight from Ankara back to my home in Berlin after covering the 1988 earthquake in Armenia. I rushed to the Turkey-Armenia border to report the story. Journalists had to get word out to the world about the devastation in Yerevan to stimulate donations to aid the Armenian victims. It was important to spotlight that disaster since the expiring Soviet Union was overwhelmed by the rescue and recovery crisis. Sometimes you have to act fast.

But more often than not, most news can wait. So I invite you to join my revolution against instant news and join my Slow News Movement. I want us to question the value of the perpetual fast food-like empty-calories news that is processed to keep us addicted to it and instead consider that, for most news events, some time to ruminate is valuable for both the journalist in the field covering the story and the news consumer back home.

The Double D beer I'm drinking was brewed locally, in the town of Springfield, just across the Willamette River from Eugene. I remember a story about Springfield that ran in *Parade* magazine in 2011. According to *Parade*, which as an insert in newspapers from coast to coast and border to border claims a circulation of more than 32 million, Springfield offers the most strip clubs per resident of any city in the United States. I've noticed a few seedy-looking establishments in Springfield, but I wouldn't have pegged it as the raciest place in the country.

Sure enough, a few days after the *Parade* story ran, Niel Laudati, the community relations manager for Springfield, insisted the story was false. In response, *Parade* acknowledged that it based its story on a report in a magazine called *Exotic*. Check out the *Exotic* website and it's hard to imagine that you would rely on it as a credible source