ETHOS

Winter 2010 Volume 2 Issue 2

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Searching Through the Fog

By **Robert Dyck**

"It feels like it's been a really long time since I've been in school, and all I know is work." Meet Sean, a 21-year-old who, like many is unemployed, out of school, and uncertain about the future. Follow him as he wrestles with his biggest questions in a world filled with distractions.

Campus Cuts

By **Shelby King**

"My job is going fishing—my hobby is cutting hair," says Pete Peterson, owner of Red Rooster Barbershop. The Rooster, at 40 years old, is a University fixture.

Ghana's Traffick

By **Jefferey Szabo**

Human trafficking and slavery still exist throughout much of the world. And in Ghana, human trafficking is a problem that continues to grow at a steady pace. Despite efforts to identify and prosecute traffickers, it is still very much a part of the society. However, human trafficking and slavery are not restricted to one geographic region; this problem crosses national borders.

Ethos does not end with the last page.
Check out more stories, videos, and links.

MULTIMEDIA

ethos.uoregon.edu

Local Sound

By **Luke Harris**

Springfield High School band director Chris Holt directs one of only two high school Mariachi bands in the state of Oregon. The band, named Mariachi del Sol, is in its third year and plays performances in the community as well as school concerts.

The Nepal Experience

By **Leah Olson**

Jaw-dropping sites, sounds, and smells of Nepal. See a Trugram Monastery, the streets of downtown Kathmandu and the serene Himalayas.

Clinton Global Initiative

By **Nina Strochlic**

While able to recognize the likes of Usher and Ben Stiller, but unable to distinguish heads of nations, a college intern realizes her lack of familiarity with international issues at the Clinton Global Initiative conference.

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While toilet paper is a necessity in the States, some places do without, or have an entirely different approach to toilet etiquette.

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION KEVIN BRONK, IVAN MIROLYUBENKO

BACK COVER:

"I love you" in American sign.

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PHOTO **LESLIE MONTGOMERY**

The first decade of the 21st century has come and gone and luckily we're all still here. Y2K came and went without so much as a light bulb going out. Technology didn't falter as predicted; rather, it enabled profound progress. We've spent the last ten years illuminated by blizzards of information. Nobody seems to remember the way things were—like the days of pagers and dial-up—all the way back in the 20th century. The Web for example, has snowballed, rolling over itself again and again while redefining the ways we walk through life.

Forward motion appears to be the driving force of humanity. We can't stay still. Our rate of progress is scary, almost too swift to adjust. But we are adjusting; we must adjust.

The University of Oregon's School of Journalism and Communication, just two years shy of its centenarian, is scrambling with heavy breaths and gritty determination to adjust. The world of journalism is evolving faster than it ever has before and we're all attempting to rapidly rethink our roots for the foggy future that's barreling towards us. I'm surprised even Google, with a reported 100,000 news-related hits a minute, has been able to keep up.

But this is the fun of humanity, the fun of progress. This is what we do—we adjust and move forward just to redefine it all again, hopefully for better. *Ethos* is doing our best to embrace the modern whirlwind of journalistic evolutions, investigating cost effective printing, and investing further into the cyber world.

Ethos has some exciting things in the works. Who knows where we'll progress from exploring the world's toilets, examining the nuances of socialist health care, or getting a feel for Eugene's eclectic barbershops. All we ask from you is to keep reading, and maybe hand a free copy to a friend.

Kevin Bronk
Editor in Chief

This edition of *Ethos Magazine* was printed on recycled paper thanks to the generous support of the University of Oregon Campus Recycling

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ASUO Senate, Cultural Forum, Mark Dixon, JR Gaddis, Mary Kate Mackey, Max's Tavern, Daniel Morrison, Ninkasi Brewery, Michael Werner, and all of our readers

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Ethos Magazine is a multicultural, student publication based at the University of Oregon in Eugene, Oregon. *Ethos Magazine* receives support from the Associated Students of the University of Oregon.

Congratulations to the *Ethos* staff, both past and present, for its award-winning work.
In 2009, *Ethos* received national recognition from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association's College Gold Circle Awards and the William Randolph Hearst Foundation.

Talking Hands

Local American Sign Language instructor and interpreter emphasizes the need to recognize similarities in people, not differences.

STORY **STEPHANIE REYES**
PHOTO **COURTNEY HENDRICKS**
ILLUSTRATIONS **CAMERON GIBLIN**

At three years old, Shirley Sieczkowski's grandfather sent her to get a monkey wrench from her father. She ran across the yard to her dad, and looking up at him, signed, "I need a monkey…" Not knowing how to fingerspell 'wrench,' she returned empty-handed, exclaiming, "I couldn't get it. I don't know how to spell 'wrench'." Shirley was born hearing to Deaf parents. Now, as an interpreter for the Deaf community, Shirley works at local schools and teaches American Sign Language at Lane Community College.

How many generations are deaf in your family?
Just my parents. When my grandmother was pregnant with my mother, she had the Mumps. So my mother's Eustachian tubes, which help regulate pressure in the inner ear, are malformed. My dad lost his hearing before he was a year old due to severe ear infections. They are the only ones who are Deaf in my family; it's not hereditary.

So while deafness doesn't run in your family, what are your thoughts on deafness? Specifically, do you consider deafness a disability?
Most of the Deaf people that I know do not see themselves as disabled. They see themselves as being able to do anything that anybody else can do, except hear. The hearing world created the label "hearing impaired" in order to be less offensive, and ended up being more offensive. Being Deaf, capital D deaf, is who you are, not what you are: unable to hear.

Can you describe a typical day in a public place with your parents?
Being out in public with my parents was always fun. Strangers always complimented me for helping. My parents didn't hide signing. We lived in a small town and people knew they were Deaf. I knew other kids like me who had Deaf parents, and they were not allowed to sign in public.

Do you have any guilts about being able to hear and your parents being Deaf?
No. None. I wouldn't change anything. It was a great childhood.

Can you describe your involvement with local American Sign Language programs?
I have taught ASL at Lane Community College since 1994. I got into teaching because the Deaf gentleman who was teaching the class lost his eyesight and was unable to drive. He asked me to take over the class—on the condition that it was just one class, I said fine. But by mid-term, I was hooked. So when LCC asked if I wanted to continue teaching the class, I said yes. I found an enjoyment in teaching. I have taught an infant sign language class at McKenzie-Willamette Medical Center, I've taught basic signs to law enforcement and members of the fire department, and I am always up for specialized classes. I am happy to put a class together for people who need it.

Do you think people understand the difference between ASL and other sign languages?
I think most people assume that sign language is sign language. People don't understand that there are different sign systems used in the U.S. as well as in other countries. All countries have their own version of sign language that is usually totally different than ASL. Sign language is just like spoken language—so naturally, there are different systems of sign for different spoken languages.

What do you think of ASL being accepted as a foreign language in universities?
I think ASL is a language separate from English. It needs to be recognized and accepted as a foreign language. Many colleges and universities accept ASL as its own language of syntax and grammar, and it meets requirements as a foreign language. So, with all this said, I think ASL should be considered a foreign language.

What is your role as an interpreter?
My role as an interpreter is to facilitate communication between two language systems: one audio, one visual.

Did you teach your children to sign?
I didn't teach my children how to sign because as a young person, I felt a huge responsibility to the Deaf community. I never gave myself permission to say no if a Deaf person needed an interpreter because most of the time, there was nobody else. I didn't want my children to feel that sense of responsibility.

Most deaf people do not see themselves as disabled. They see themselves as being able to do anything that anybody can do.

When did you start interpreting for your parents?
A: My earliest remembrance of interpreting was when I was about five or six. I remember before I started school, I was put in front a group of Deaf people at church and would sign the service. There was no recognition of interpreting as a profession. Kids who had Deaf parents and could sign were expected to help.

When you were a child, what job did you envision you would have as an adult?
I wanted to be a teacher at the Oregon School for the Deaf in Salem. I never finished high school because I got married and decided to have kids. I finally went back and got my GED in 1993, and shortly after I started working for the school district as an interpreter. My husband was out of work and there was a job available as an interpreter. I was recommended and I took the job.

Are there other forms of sign language used in the local Deaf community?
Locally, the sign language used is primarily ASL. The interesting thing about ASL is that because it is a language, it is constantly changing.

Is the Deaf community open to hearing people being involved?
Yes and no. Deaf people live within the hearing world, so Deaf people are in the hearing community. However, the core group within a Deaf community is generally all Deaf.

How can a hearing person become involved?
The first thing to do is to learn the language. Find a Deaf friend and spend time with him or her. Be open to recognize the differences without judging the differences. Recognize and understand that Deaf people come in all levels of communication and language abilities. Probably the biggest complaint I get from Deaf people when they find out I teach ASL is that hearing people talk down to them. If you want to be connected, you have to be accepting.

Shirley Sieczkowski continues to use her knowledge of American Sign Language in locally in the Eugene community.

Are there community events that Deaf people are more likely to be involved with than hearing people?
Most towns with a reasonably sized Deaf population will have a Deaf bowling team, deaf poker tournaments, and Deaf cruises. There are Avon ladies and tupperware sales women who are Deaf; they just cater to a different group of people.

Do Deaf people tend to be more blunt than hearing people?
That tends to be very true. The other thing said about Deaf people is that they are rude. It comes from a lack of understanding of Deaf culture and how it differs from hearing culture. Traditionally, Deaf people have a smaller group of people to communicate with. Therefore, when they get together, they tend to take less time with the "niceties" that the hearing world requires.

What do you hope to achieve by being involved within the Deaf community?
Making my mother proud. When I was growing up, she was very insistent that I learn to sign like a Deaf person. If I achieve that, then I am happy.

By being an interpreter, do you think you help overcome these issues?
As an interpreter, some, but as a teacher, it's one of my major goals. The more informed people are, the more accepting they are. Focusing on the similarities instead of the differences helps people to understand that we are all alike.

Knowing what you know now about your career and involvement with ASL, would you choose the same profession?
I consider myself an interpreter and then a teacher. I would have liked to have been a teacher and then an interpreter, but now I am primarily an interpreter.

Kiwiana Treasures

No longer "the country next to Australia," New Zealand is starting to make a name for itself in more ways than one

STORIES **KAITLIN FLANIGAN**

If you ever find yourself in Hawke's Bay, New Zealand, go search for the hilltop called "Taumatawhakatangihangakoauauotamateaturipukakapikimaungahoronukupokaiwhenuakitanatahu."

Congratulations, you've just visited the place with the world's longest name. At an impressive eighty-five letters long, the Maori name translates into "the summit of the hill, where Tamatea, who is known as the land eater, slid down, climbed up and swallowed mountains, played on his nose flute to his loved one." This is just a taste of the quirkiness that envelops this island nation.

Take, for example, the giant bra fence that wraps along a country road in Central Otago on the South Island. Created in late 1999 by anonymous locals, the fence started out with four bras. But its popularity and the amount of bras hanging on the fence quickly snowballed, turning the site into a local, and then a national, oddity. By 2006, an estimated 800 bras had appeared on this controversial tourist attraction until that spring, when the government removed the bras because the fence was found to be on public property and was deemed a "traffic hazard" and an "eyesore" by complaining locals.

New Zealand's animals also add to the country's quirkiness. Less than five percent of the total population is human, which means that New Zealand boasts one of the highest animal-to-human ratios in the world. There are twenty sheep to every person in the country. Would it be an appropriate time to mention that the human population of New Zealand is more than four million people? This means that eighty million sheep call New Zealand home, and it should come as no surprise that wool is one of the nation's biggest exports. The country is also home to the two-foot-long Kea, a bird with the habit of eating the strips of rubber around car windows. Another unusual bird is the Kiwi, which has adapted to life on the islands without wings. As a nickname, New Zealanders are also sometimes referred to as Kiwis.

Even some of the activities in New Zealand have their own interesting facts. New Zealanders coined the term "jogging." University of Oregon's former track coach Bill Bowerman brought the exercise concept back to the United States in 1962, after a visit to the island nation.

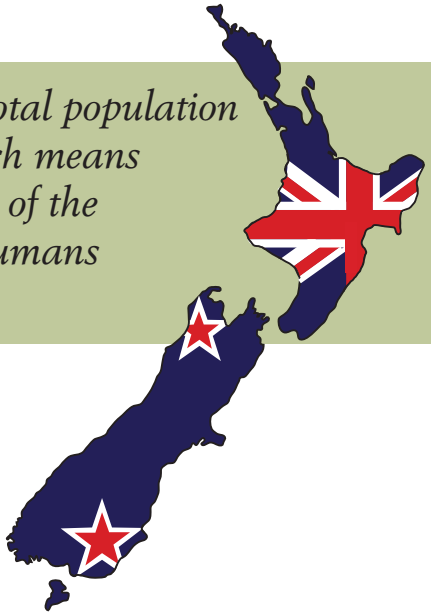
New Zealanders have a love affair with the water surrounding their country, and it's little wonder why—the farthest a Kiwi can be from the coastline is eighty miles. The love of seafaring also extends to the citizens of Auckland, the largest city in New Zealand. There are three harbors filled with boats, which boosts the city's nickname, "City of Sails."

One may ask why New Zealand's eccentricities are worthwhile, but the answer is simple: It's the country's charms and oddities that make the island nation so unique and fascinating to the rest of the world, attracting everyone from Hollywood executives to everyday travelers exploring the world.

PHOTO COURTESY ANDREW CASWELL, FLICKR.COM/ANDREWCASWELL

The infamous bra fence in Central Otago is one of the many quirks that put New Zealand on the map.

Less than five percent of the total population of the country is human, which means that New Zealand boasts one of the highest ratios of animals to humans in the world.



Aotearoa: Home to the Maori

In recent years, the Maori culture has been portrayed in Hollywood productions like *Whale Rider* but its history goes far beyond that

Arriving more than 1,000 years ago, Maori culture in New Zealand boasts a rich history that continues to this day. The culture of the ancient tribes still influences the everyday life of the islands, from various festivities to the language itself.

A current trend in New Zealand society is substituting Maori words for everyday vocabulary, from the word for non-indigenous New Zealanders (Pakeha) to the Maori-given name of New Zealand itself (Aotearoa). It is common to hear people greet one another with "*Kia ora*" ("Hello") and part with "Hei konei ra" ("See you later"). In fact, the Maori language is officially recognized by the government.

The Maori also have other distinct aspects to their culture, such as the tattoos that adorn their bodies. Maori tattoos denote each member's social rank and identity. These traditional tattoos are engraved into the skin with a bone chisel or some other instrument. Afterwards, ink consisting of dried powder is dipped into the wounds.

Another fascinating aspect of the Maori culture is the ceremonies, or *kapa haka*, that they perform. Although the kapa haka can take many different forms, it's generally a group dancing and singing in sync. During this ceremony, the women sing or chant poems, while others perform the haka, a dance with fierce shouting and aggressive stomping.

PHOTO COURTESY RICHARD SHAMAU, COMMONS.WIKIMEDIA.ORG

Maori girls performing a "*waiata*" with the men in the back getting ready to perform a "*haka*."

The *haka* is associated with New Zealand most prominently by foreigners because it is performed pre-game by the New Zealand All Blacks rugby team. Traditionally, the Maori performed a haka before charging into battle. Following suit, the All Blacks, too, line up, shouting and stomping, giving their opponents one hell of a game face.

The Maori's presence in New Zealand is immediate to newcomers of Aotearoa, leaving a lasting impression of cultural richness.

Vacation Capital of the World

Whether you're an adventure seeker, animal lover, or just looking for a place to spend some downtime, forgo "the down under" and escape to Kiwi country

Tucked away like a well-kept secret for many years, New Zealand is only starting to emerge as a popular destination for the adventurous. With geography ranging from towering mountains to secluded beaches, New Zealand attracts vacationing explorers from all over the world.

New Zealand consists of two main islands, called the North and South Island, along with numerous smaller islands, most notably Stewart Island and Chatham Island. Weather on the main islands stretches from that of a wet maritime climate on the west coast of the South Island to the semi-arid climate of the Canterbury region, to the subtropical setting found on the North Island.

New Zealand is unique in that it offers something for everyone. If you want to hike along glaciers, climb up soaring mountain sides, or snowboard down the slopes, Mt. Cook on the South Island is the place to be.

In addition to its geographic diversity, New Zealand has another treasure: its unique biodiversity. Evolving from eons of isolation, New Zealand's furry, scaly, and beaked occupants add to the country's brilliance. The rulers of New Zealand's animal kingdom are easily the abundance of bird species, since larger predatory animals are not native to the islands.

New Zealand is also home to the world's only species of "living fossils," the native tuatara is lizard-like reptile, whose closest living relative died out sixty-five million years ago. Although their origins may be prehistoric, these reptiles can only grow about twenty-four centimeters in length—not very threatening to humans. But what it lacks in stature, it makes up for in longevity: the tuatara can live upwards of eighty years in the wild. No wonder it is such an ancient creature.

Other unique creatures on this island include the world's heaviest insect, the weta, which can grow as large as a house mouse. To those afraid of the "creepy-crawlies," relax, as there are no snakes native to the country. As for spiders, there is only one species that is potentially poisonous; only rarely is ever encountered. Overall, New Zealand is a country with unique traits that range from the general quirkiness that cover the country, to the special characteristics of the country contributed by its indigenous population, to the soaring mountains and sweeping hills of the land itself.

Children of the Corn

We were once told to eat our vegetables. Now we have no choice.

STORY BY **SACHIE YORCK**
PHOTO BY **BLAKE HAMILTON**

For any college student taking a break from studying in search of some midnight munchies, for the recipients of candied sweethearts wrapped in homemade boxes and attached to love letters, for those seeking the best deals on packaged food at the grocery store, for the everyday citizen caught in the national marketplace—it's hard not to consume corn.

Modern American life depends on corn. In this country, countless consumer products are made with it. From the foods and drinks we consume, to the complicated processes we rely on, corn is consistently seen as the starting point of agricultural development.

With all the possibilities for a grain easily grown on U.S. terrain, no wonder corn became mass produced and consumed in nearly every imaginable way. One crop can contribute to foods, starches, alcohol, preservatives, alternative sweeteners, and livestock feed. Corn silages in the Midwest often overflow with harvest surpluses.

"Here in America, if a little is good, then a lot must be better," says Sandi Thompson, a nutritional therapist in Eugene, Oregon. She encourages her clients to stay away from packaged foods as much as possible—the less refined, the better. Thompson also suggests looking at ingredient lists and avoiding "anything you can't pronounce."

Even still, many pronounceable ingredients derive from processes that are more difficult to understand. Cornstarch, for instance, is produced by slicing up germ cells from ground corn to help create sweeteners, thickeners, preservatives, baked dishes and even ordinary paper.

Only through several treatments of enzymes can one make corn syrup. What results is an enzymatic conversion of glucose into a fructose to generate a common sugar replacement: high-fructose corn syrup.

Despite all the complex processes involved, industrial America has heavily invested in corn. Thompson attributes this trend to the cheap price in the United States. "It would be great to eliminate [corn] from our diets and food sources, but there's just too much investment," she says.

Americans are especially protective about their sweets. On Halloween alone, retail candy sales equal more than two billion dollars. Unknown to many people, one of the main components contributing to the popularity of American tasty treats is, faking it. In fact, many supposed saccharine snacks do not contain real sugar, though the strong sweetness may taste otherwise. What causes the tips of tongues and the roots of teeth to tingle was actually once born in a cornfield.

Welcome to the world of high-fructose corn syrup—filling drink cups, flavoring cough medicine, topping salads, accenting meat, and ingraining itself into most modern processed foods in the United States. It's a $2.6 billion industry, with only four companies controlling 85 percent of the profits.

$2.6 Billion Industry

Scientists first invented high-fructose corn syrup in 1967 when they converted glucose-heavy corn syrup into fructose using acids and enzymes. The final mixture blends fructose with lesser levels of pure glucose. The whole procedure is cheap to produce and easy to transport.

Local health food stores typically avoid genetically modified products "GMOs," especially in Eugene. However, some alternative markets still shelve ketchups with high-fructose corn syrup. Graham Kroese, vitamins clerk at Sundance Natural Foods, says their store regularly screens its merchandise for genetically modified products. Kroese says Sundance dislikes genetic modification for its inorganic materials and potential for cross-contamination and by-products.

"It's everywhere—it's omnipresent," Kroese says. "The average American consumes twelve teaspoons of high fructose corn syrup a day."

High-fructose corn syrup grabbed the public's eye for its alleged threat to consumers' health. Thompson says there is empirical evidence that suggests links high-fructose corn syrup and obesity, diabetes, mineral deficiencies, and even cancer. Kroese cites a recent study that found detectable quantities of mercury in products that listed high-fructose corn syrup as a primary ingredient. He adds that some companies use mercury-grade lye chemicals to remove starch from kernel.

"When we eat a lot of it, our bodies can't really tell what we've had," Kroese says.

In a 2007 study, Saint Louis University researchers supplied test groups of rats with high-fructose corn syrup as a substitute for fat. Within sixteen weeks, the scientists observed that the specimen, although not forced to eat, ate much more frequently than before. These results concluded that fructose may suppress fullness, allowing for over-consumption of the sugar carbohydrates.

"It took only four weeks for liver enzymes to increase and for glucose intolerance—the beginning of type II diabetes—to begin," said a leading researcher in the project, Dr. Brent Tetri, in a May 2007 press release.

Other studies have reinforced the idea that high-fructose corn syrup prolongs hunger symptoms.

Corn as a sugar substitute came shortly after high tariffs were placed on foreign goods. The Jones-Costigan Sugar Act, enacted in 1934, implemented quotas and subordinate limitations on sugar imports, thereby motivating U.S. citizens to find domestic alternatives.

When the Federal Crop Insurance Corporation emerged in 1938, farmers were better able to survive in the rising economic standards. By 1980, most crops and regions were eligible for insurance. A 1994 act mandated the program in order

Corn and its derivatives are common ingredients in America's daily consumables.

to receive deficiency payments, price support programs and, loans. Catastrophic coverage was also included.

Each year, U.S. corn subsidies reel in the biggest crop subsidy amounts, totaling $56.2 billion from 1995 to 2006. In the past decade, Congress has passed several emergency supplemental bills that offer up to 100 percent production payments.

Although corn demands large amounts of nitrogen and degrades soil quickly, investors still look to produce more corn more efficiently, using complicated artificial fertilizers. The demand for corn is immense from a culture that has grown supremely dependent on the grain.

"Corn we consume is not the corn the Indians consume," Thompson says. Like all things American, corn has been cultivated, modified, perfected for efficiency and then mass-produced.

Most of the corn comes from what is known as the "Corn Belt," a cluster of Midwestern states that uses corn as a top economic revenue, where silages overflow and farms are forced to specialize in one crop—in a genetically modified form called yellow dent.

Daryl Eash, herd manager at Platt's Oak Dairy Farms in Independence, Oregon, admits that the Northwest doesn't have the best terrain or long summers to efficiently grow corn. "It takes a lot of heat units to get corn here," he says. "Farms only do it if you can make money."

While many western states must import their grains, Platt's grows nearly

"The average American consumes twelve teaspoons of high fructose corn syrup a day."

1,000 acres of corn. Yet, they must keep every plant to feed the dairy cows. By autumn, the field that recently thrived in rows of towering corn looks dusty and feral, scattered dried leaves floating on the plunged ground. Platt's cornfield stretches farther than the eye can see, up on top of the perched hills and then some.

Across a rocky dirt road, the sound of shuffling hooves and deep moos echo through the air. Mountains of feed grains pile in separate bunkers, ranging from soy and grass to corn grain, cornmeal, and seeds. The animals eagerly chow down on the mixed feed set in front of them, unaware that their food took multiple chemistry equations to get there.

"A lot of people don't like genetic bases, but you gotta use it," Eash says. "We gotta embrace the technology."

At K&M Farms Inc. in White Cloud, Kansas, the corn and soybean crops use fertilizers made from nitrogen, phosphate, and hot ash. Owner Ken McCauley says biotechnology is similar to hybridization, both incurring cross-pollination in the field and laboratory.

"If you didn't have a lot of modern things your life wouldn't be the same. It's just like agriculture; we've changed for the better," McCauley says.

He also argues that most farms are not commercial, but rather family enterprises. McCauley has farmed with his family for more than forty years. He lives in the house his great-grandfather built on K&M Farm's 4,500 acres, and nowadays, his son manages the business. Yet, even this family business sends off their harvest to Frito-Lay Cheetos production.

Corn, although intrinsic in the sustenance of modern American life, raises questions about its rapid evolution. Companies have manufactured endless uses of corn and the viability for processed corn does not appear to recede anytime soon. The way Americans consume the genetically modified crop could very well turn the Corn Belt into a corn waistline.

FLUSH OF CULTURE

Pulling you out of your comfort zone, toilets around the globe reflect economical situations and cultural values

STORY **EMILY GILLESPIE, NINA STROCHLIC**
PHOTO **LESLIE MONTGOMERY**

Few things are as universally understood as expressing the need to use the bathroom. It can be conveyed through one-word requests, gestures, or even an entertaining game of charades. Jeff Hanes, a professor of Japanese history at the University of Oregon, has been thrown into many unexpected situations while working and traveling abroad. But until one night in a Japanese home, he had never before needed to worry about the cultural confusion that could arise over 'doing his business' while on business.

"Excuse me, I need to go to the bathroom," Jeff Hanes requested. He was seated around a dinner table at a Japanese home. "Now?" the wife of his host asked incredulously. Hanes was taken aback by the question. "Well…yeah," he replied. She rose from the table without indicating for him to follow and left the room. Twenty minutes later, she returned, this time inviting him to come with her. They got to the bathroom door and she paused, handing him a stack of towels. "When I opened the door, I realized she had drawn me a bath," recalls Hanes. "She didn't speak much English, and when I finally conveyed that I meant 'toilet,' we all laughed about it."

A myriad of sentiments revolves around the small room where humans perform what some consider their dirtiest function. But whether it's an English loo or an outdoor hut, a bathroom comprises much more than wood, ceramic, or cement: Built into these structures is a framework that can be used to decode the practices of another culture. Misunderstandings like the one Hanes experienced are what make the subject of toilets a bit uncomfortable, yet fascinating. Because of its personal nature, going to the bathroom in another part of the world can wind up being a harsh dose of reality, signifying that you are, in fact, far from home. When it comes to using the facilities, culture shock is expressed at its finest.

The most underlying factor of culture that bathroom customs address is sanitation. Cultural views and definitions of sanitation and cleanliness vary so vastly, which can result in shocking and uncomfortable situations. "It is so deeply rooted in us, so cultural, to know what is dirty and what is not," says Magid Shirzadegan, director of International Student and Scholar Services at the University. Shirzadegan, a native of Iran, interacts with international students coming to study in the United States, which includes dealing with culture shocks like these every day.

In Iran, bathrooms represent a taboo so strong that they often have a separate structure from the main house. The room contains a squatting toilet and a watering can with which to wash. Many bathrooms oftentimes don't include a sink, as the can is also used to rinse your left hand—the one customarily used to wipe with. Shirzadegan says he keeps bathroom slippers in his house for Iranian guests to use. "You would never, ever go barefoot in the bathroom. It's the worst thing in the world," he explains.

The way people wash after using a toilet can also represent a point of discord in adjusting to a new culture. Whether using water, paper, or leaves, depending on the culture and location, personal hygiene falls under the 'comfort' category of the bathroom experience. In Iran, people view toilet paper as extremely unclean, and Shirzadegan cites it as a western custom he still dislikes.

In America, toilet paper is a common bathroom accessory, and to see otherwise would be considered somewhat unusual. In places such as Europe and Latin America, people use bidets—toilet-like fixtures that use water to clean the genitals—as a common tool used for personal cleaning. "For me, I think water is more hygienic than toilet paper," Awab Alrawe says. Alrawe, a native of Baghdad, Iraq, has used both toilet paper and bidets in his

> "Mothers tell their kids not to talk about toilets because it's rude. So the problem becomes an unspeakable taboo."

ABOVE: A mobile toilet in Meulaboh, Banda Aceh, Indonesia.
BELOW: The best available toilet in a village in Bangladesh.

country. "For example, when you work in the garden, you wouldn't go and wipe your hands with a towel afterwards; you go wash your hands. It makes more sense having water than paper," he says.

For Jack Sim, the sanitation issue goes beyond comfort and cultural practice. He views sanitation as a worldwide problem that has long gone unaddressed. Sim, founder of the World Toilet Organization, says the elephant in the room labeled "disease" which needed to be discussed and finally addressed. "Mothers tell their kids not to talk about toilets because it's rude. So the problem becomes an unspeakable taboo," he says. "Due to long neglect, 2.5 billion people today have no proper sanitation; many of them suffer illness and death due to poor hygiene and flies spreading diarrhea through food."

WTO, a non-profit organization, aims to improve toilet access and global sanitation. It has created a network and service platform, from which organizations can learn from one another to provide support in creating change in media and government. "Since [its creation], it became a media darling, and people start to find that they too can talk about toilets, and from there, they demand better sanitary conditions," Sim says.

Dr. Janice Smith also became aware of this global situation on a medical mission in Nicaragua. The cause of many of the diseases she was treating quickly became obvious: A huge part of the diseases in the community were related to poor sanitation, including no clean running water and no solid waste disposal. Although organizations such as Habitat for Humanity had dug deep water wells and various types of latrines, the population was not responsive. "They didn't have enough of them, and most people were not using them," she says. The danger in their practice of simply going in the field or in a pit is that leaves it the population more exposed to diarrhea and parasitic diseases. During her time in Nicaragua, Smith encouraged people to use the community toilets that were available to them to promote health and curb the spread of disease.

Strangely enough, Sim has found that in China, the practice of smoking has been linked to bathroom use. "Smoking is a very common habit among men. How did it start? Normally, when the toilet is smelly, you can handle it better if you smoke while using the toilet," he says. Sim is an advocate of a study on the behavior, saying he "suspects this contributes to smoking habits. I am certain they will discover that good toilets reduce smoking and incidents of cancer."

Beyond sanitation, toilets can also reflect more than just views of cleanliness. They can also be indicators of the events the country is experiencing. The history of Japanese toilets is an excellent example. University Japanese instructor Yoko O'Brien explains that western-style toilets replaced traditional squatting toilets in Japan as a direct product of post-war occupation. "After World War II, people started using chairs—they never had before," she says. Although traditional squat toilets are still used, primarily in rural areas of Japan, western models are becoming increasingly abundant in cities following this introduction.

Today, Japanese toilets have evolved in accordance with Japan's fast-paced technological advances. In a country that leads the world in manufacturing technology and robotics, its toilets have similarly followed suit. Hanes describes these newer Japanese toilets, although similar in form as the western counterparts, as "incredibly sophisticated toilets with controls that look like they could be a panel in a jet plane." A dashboard of buttons has become common on Japanese toilets, and Kohei Shibuya, native of Japan, says that these high-tech additions are all for convenience. "When I enter the restroom, the cover [of the toilet] automatically opens, and when I am finished, they flush automatically," he says. The bathrooms also have a bidet washing function with degrees of pressure, as well as controls to create music or background noise. These built-in functions demonstrate the importance the culture places on modesty, he says. "The idea is that it's a private function," Hanes says. "You don't want to share all sights and sounds with your neighbors."

In Iraq, both eastern and western-style toilets exist, which reflects the economic differences and the levels of resistance to change in the country. Alrawe says that in the northern region near

PHOTOS COURTESY OF RATNOR NURI AND WORLD TOILET ORGANIZATION

the capital, the country is rich and the bathrooms consist mostly of western-style toilets. However, in poorer areas like the south, squat toilets with a sewage system that usually lead to a river, or even the streets, are commonplace. "[Squat toilets] exist for people who are not accustomed to the new ones, for people that didn't change with time," Alrawe says. He says that, until 1980, the southern part of Iraq had not been introduced to commodities such as blue jeans and soap. "If you weren't introduced to jeans, you wouldn't be exposed to the [western)] toilets," he says.

Japanese toilet control panel.

The difference in economies also provides insight into a country's toilet system. According to the United Nations World Health Organization, a little more than half of the world's population has access to running water in their homes. With this in mind, it is easy to understand that economic structures often account for the variation in toilet structures. Alex Matu Muvua of Nairobi, Kenya, says he has seen all kinds of toilets that correlate to poor or rich economic situations. He says that because he went to boarding school and lived in a middle-class household, the kinds of toilets he grew up using were like those in the United States. "Then I'll take you to my grandma's house. My mom brought me up in a modern way, but my grandma lives kind of a traditional life. She lives in a hut, and over there, they use pit latrines," he says. He describes pit latrines as a mud structure that sits atop a ten-foot-deep hole. The latrines are either fashioned with a constructed seat, or no seat at all. And when toilet paper isn't available, Muyua says, people sometimes use leaves.

Across the river from his school in Nairobi sits the city's largest slum, Kibera. "This is where the poor people go to live, and since the streets are really packed, so there's no room for pit latrines … so they had to figure out a way for how everyone's going to come poop and do all that," he says. The solution: flying toilets. No, not a porcelain chair with wings—though it has been depicted as such in many satirical cartoons in newspapers—but a system of defecating in a plastic bag and throwing it as far away from you as possible. "They bend over, poop, close the bag, and throw it," Muvua says. "So if you so happen to be walking, and the bag lands, plop," he says, grimacing, with a disgusted look on his face. He goes on to explain that the practice has led to the spread of many diseases, such as diarrhea and typhoid.

Although the region does have community toilets where you can pay a few cents to use a more sanitary toilet, many people can't afford to use the facilities. "Some people make [the equivalent of] twenty dollars a month; they just can't afford it," he says. Muvua describes the United States as "perfect," when it comes to its view of sanitation and toilets, largely because the economic stability allows everyone access to a sanitary toilet. "People here are sanitary. This is heaven; I love it. Even a homeless person can get access at a café, bus station, the mall, wherever. In Kenya, it's just not the case," he says.

Just as the availability of toilets can suggest a country's current economic state, it can also be indicative of its outlook on waste. In the United States, a reported fifteen million trees go into the production of the thirty-six billion rolls of toilet paper used each year. To combat such waste, environmentally conscience paper companies such as LetsGoGreen, offers toilet paper made from 100 percent recycled fiber, packaged in entirely recyclable material.

Some cultures have created a new use for their waste, making it more of a tool for their benefit. Many countries, including Vietnam, shape their bathrooms around the concept of reusing waste to aid agriculture. "The main reason that we made the Vietnamese have one-hole type of bathrooms is that we want to reuse the solid waste because we do farming," says Nguyet Nguyen, a native of Vietnam. "The country is mainly poor, so people have to think of every possible way to reuse and recycle." Water, she says, goes first to farming.

> Toilets can also be an indicator of the events the country is experiencing.

People in other regions, such as the town in Nicaragua in which Dr. Smith worked, are attempting to implement this practice of compost toilets. Composting latrines were built in the area to strengthen agriculture with fertilization, while encouraging people to use them as a more hygienic alternative. "They're very effective, and they make great compost. I must say when they started using those latrines, the greenery and the gardens around the complex were impressive," Dr. Smith says.

Ranging from a hole in the ground to an elaborate, multi-functioning unit, toilets say a lot about a people. Although a taboo topic by most standards, toilets ultimately offer a unique, inescapable view of culture. So, the next time you're confronted with the sight of an unfamiliar toilet, take a moment to "give a crap." Sit down, relax, and appreciate the nuances of toilet culture.

SANITATION LADDER

The World Health Organization defines sanitation practices of countries by using a four-step ladder called the sanitation ladder.

OPEN DEFECATION:
Defecation in fields, forests, bushes, bodies of water or other open spaces, or disposal of human feces with solid waste.

UNIMPROVED SANITATION FACILITIES:
Facilities that do not ensure hygienic separation of human excreta from human contact. Unimproved facilities include pit latrines without a slab or platform, hanging latrines and bucket latrines.

SHARED SANITATION FACILITIES:
Sanitation facilities of an otherwise acceptable type shared between two or more households. Shared facilities include public toilets.

IMPROVED SANITATION FACILITIES:
Facilities that ensure hygienic separation of human excreta from human contact they include:

- Flush or pour-flush toilet/latrine to:
  - Piped sewer system
  - Septic tank
  - Pit latrine
- Ventilated improved pit (VIP) latrine
- Pit latrine with slab
- Composting toilet

Barber Shops

STORY & PHOTOS **ROGER BONG**

A look at three unique barbershops, where creativity, history, and culture combine to create places not found anywhere else in Eugene

History tells us barbershops existed far longer than you would ever guess: all the way back to 14th century B.C.E., invented by the ancient Greeks. Yes, barbershops, which must mean that barbers themselves have been around since the beginning of time.

Barbers performed surgery back then, bloodletting and teeth-pulling and such, which is most likely why barbers have red-striped poles: bloody bandages wrapped around a white pole indicated the barber's ability to "breathe a vein." (The color blue is used in American barbershops to symbolize the country's national flag, but that's years and years later.)

It wasn't until the mid-1700s that France and England legally separated the barber and surgeon professions, which devastated business for barbers. For a good century, many barbers sold wigs to make up for losses.

America's barbers were suffering, too: from low pay, long hours, and poor working conditions. But in the late 1800s, things changed. The Journeymen Barbers, Hairdressers and Cosmetologists' International Union of America was formed in 1887 and the first barber college opened in Chicago in 1893. Textbooks appeared, states began to issue barber licenses and the profession of barbering found its place in society once again.

In Eugene, Oregon, you'll find shops that fit the traditional description of a barbershop—an odor of chemical products (like the transparent blue disinfecting solution, Barbicide), a straight row of chairs, open Tuesday through Saturday, cash only. But look closer and you'll discover barbershops much unlike any other.

Take, for example, the Kampus Barber Shop, located a few doors down from the University of Oregon bookstore on the north side of 13th Avenue. History breathes here. The original owner, Leo Deffenbacher, rode into town on a colt he raised on his own. The barber chairs, produced in the mid-1800s, are a half-century older than the shop.

Or head over to Mos Faded on 7th Avenue, where you might run into the University of Oregon's head men's basketball coach, Ernie Kent, or one of the players, like Detroit-native Tajuan Porter. Founded in 2003 by Elijah Mack, it's a small shop with bigger-than-life murals adorning its exterior walls. Customers looking for a fade or a line-up can depend on the barbers at Mos Faded to know what they're doing. Better yet, the shop is open late on Friday nights, so you can stop by for a cut or just to hang out.

And in the heart of downtown is Man's World, which could be a house of mirrors if it weren't for the combs and shears and clippers about. The man behind Man's World, Nathan Shields, has been a key player—barber, really—in challenging the conventions of barbering principles.

The fact that barbershops have been an important part of civilization for millennia is of no question: men need their hair cut. But these shops have more to offer than just a trim, because barbershops are some of the most welcoming places in a community, the following three being no exception. Stop by, sit down, and have a chat at a nearby barbershop and you'll see what we mean.

Man's World

Nathan Shields is an innovator and will go against the traditions of barbering if he sees necessary. In the 1960s, by law barbershops could only be open Tuesday through Saturday.

"But campus is a different world," Shields says, "no one's around on Saturday." He petitioned the barbers' union of Eugene, seeking to open Monday through Friday instead. He was kicked out of the union, but he continued to operate under his own hours anyway, he says.

Shields has barbered at several shops in town, including Kampus Barber Shop and the Red Rooster, both on 13th Avenue, but the most intriguing contribution Shields has made to the world of barbering is Man's World, located in downtown Eugene.

You might think the place is a beauty shop in disguise: shampoos, blow dryers, hair products—all these easily found in any beauty salon, as well as Man's World. Although men now do more for their hair than they did 50 years ago, Shields explains, men usually prefer the barbershop to the beauty salon, so Shields took care in naming the 40-year-old institution in order to "bring masculinity to a feminine thing."

Man's World is no ordinary barbershop in its design. Forgoing the typical setup of a row of chairs—where, generally speaking, the top barber cuts closest to the front door—Shields' shop is circular in design. Four styling stations are divided equally on the first level. When the shop first opened in 1970, the upper level was a waiting area complete with pool table and television.

"Barbers would stop by and laugh because it didn't look like a barbershop," Shields says. But that's exactly what he had in mind. Every barber at Man's World is as good as the other, Shields explains. "Everybody thinks everybody here is the main man."

Designed like no other barbershop, Man's World even has vacuum-like tubes hanging from the ceiling so the barbers can clean up a client's shoulders and neck easily. Shields (pictured in middle image) installed a credit card machine accessible to all barbers: hidden behind the center mirrors on a rotating carousel.

"You take pride in what you do. It's a reflection of you."

Mos Faded

Jason Thompson claims he was in "barber denial" for a long time. He's been cutting hair since the late 1980s but didn't get his license until after the new millennium. "I used to cut around the neighborhood and in locker rooms [in Portland]," Thompson says. He later set up shop in his garage when he moved to Eugene. "I never thought I could make a living being a barber."

In 2004, after finally becoming a licensed barber, Thompson joined master barber Elijah Mack, who had founded Mos Faded a year earlier.

"He was the main barber in town," Mack says of Thompson, "especially if you were a black man."

Mos Faded is a place where people of all backgrounds are welcome. Not that other shops in town claim otherwise, but "there's no other barbershop in town where you could go in and get a line-up," Thompson says. (A line-up is a technique of making the hairline straight-edged and clean.) It's what separates Mos Faded from the rest.

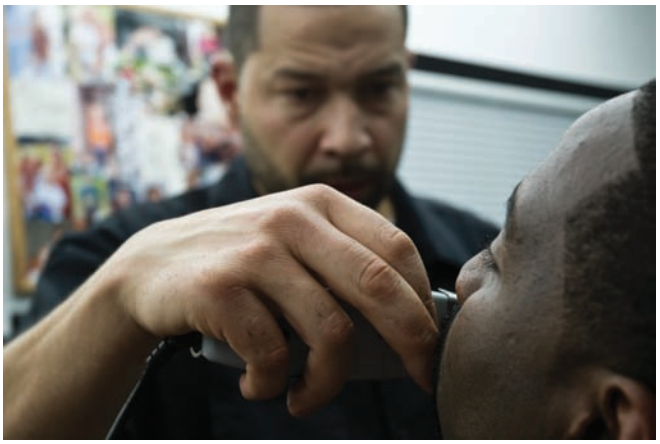
When Mack moved away from Eugene a few years later, Thompson's good friend Alan McKinney stepped in to take Mack's place. McKinney had just received his license to barber. "It seemed like a good fit," Mack says on letting Thompson and McKinney take over the shop. Despite the change, Mos Faded has always been a place for friends and family.

"I think it's the people that make the barbershop a barbershop, not the barbers," says Thompson. "It's nostalgia, atmosphere, company."

"It's much more personal than professional," McKinney says. Relationships between barber and customer are deep-seated, so to speak, and some guys have been coming to Mos Faded since its inception.

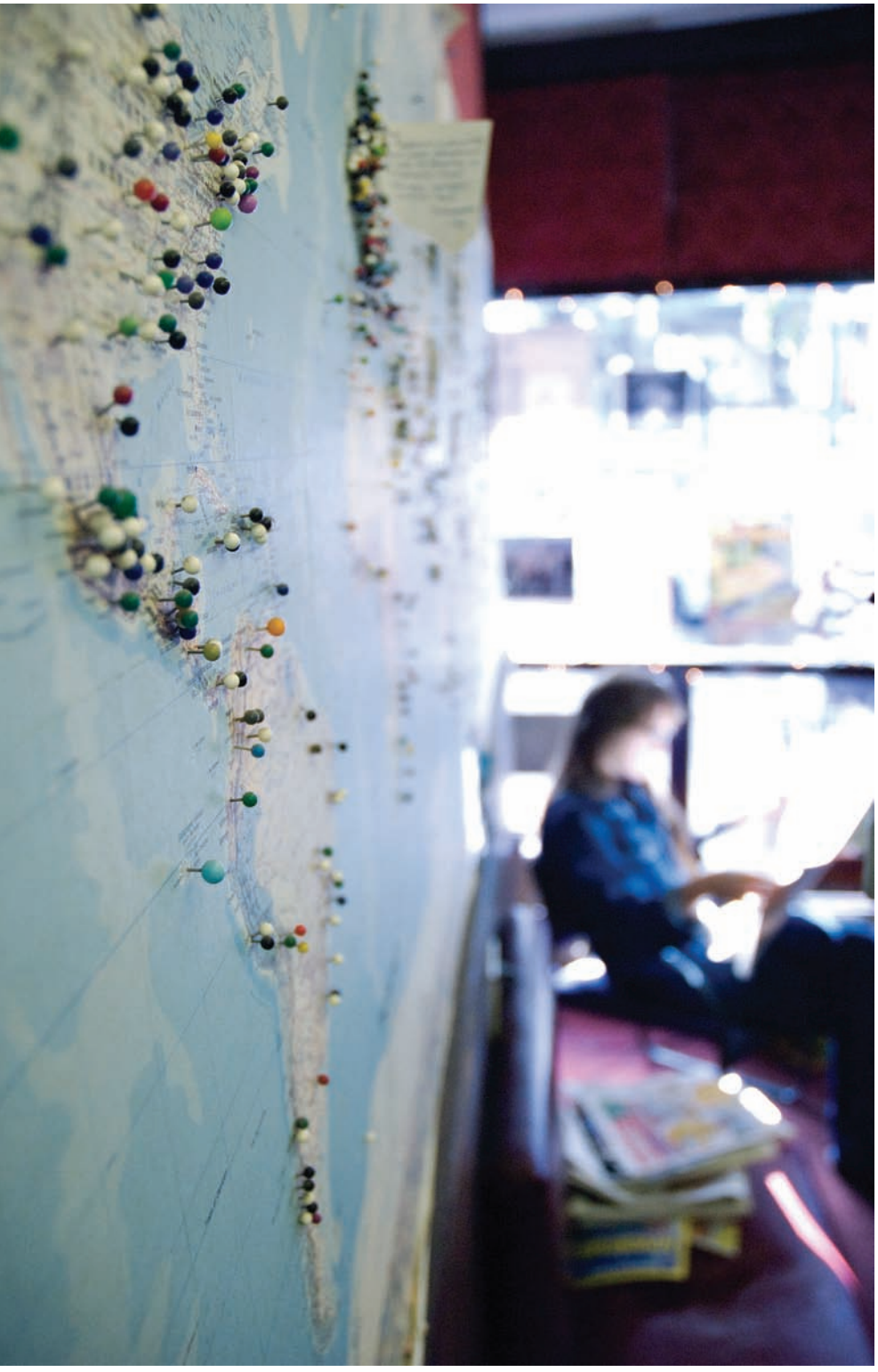
"There's always been this underlying theme that [Mos Faded] is a place for all people regardless of race, religion, or class," Mack says. In June 2009, Mack opened a new shop, Electric Ocean Barbershop, located in southeast Portland. ("The biggest difference," he says, "is that Jason isn't here, and that's the hardest part for me.")

After previously working together at Kingsford Manufacturing Co. in Springfield, McKinney and Thompson are happy to be working for themselves as barbers. "You take pride in what you do," Thompson says. "It's a reflection of you."



ABOVE: Thompson retouches the 'Oregon' logo on Eugene native Corey Phaigh's head. Thompson can do almost any design, just ask. BOTTOM RIGHT: He got his first pair of clippers in the eighth grade and started cutting friends' hair at school and around the neighborhood. LEFT: Artwork on the south-facing side of Mos Faded. OPPOSITE: Long-time friend Gene Chism (left) and barber Alan McKinney on a Friday night at Mos Faded, when the shop stays open late at night. Dogs are welcome to hang out.

Kampus Barber Shop



ONLINE
Watch a video about the
Red Rooster barber shop
ethos.uoregon.edu

Perhaps the most decorated barbershop in town, just fifteen minutes spent inside is a visual feast.

Penny Berry first learned barbering techniques when she bought her first barbershop, the Kampus Barber Shop in 1992. She promised the previous owner, Ed Mayers, who was her ex-boyfriend's father, that she would never turn the shop into a beauty salon. "I didn't want to anyways," she says wholeheartedly. Berry is the third owner of this ninety-seven year-old shop.

Perhaps the most decorated barbershop in town, just fifteen minutes spent inside is a visual feast. A mounted bear head roars above three golden-framed mirrors that rest on cluttered counters, behind which hangs a giant marlin. Near the entrance, a world map is filled with colorful pins to represent customers' hometowns. It's no surprise that international students often stop here in search of a haircut.

Berry hasn't changed much of the decor. Even the red, velvety walls remain from the 1970s, when the owner prior to Berry remodeled the place.

"He was going for the Roaring Twenties look, but it ended up more like French brothel," she says, laughing.

It might not be obvious why Berry, a hairdresser her whole life, would take so favorably to barbering, but ask her or the other barbers in the shop and you'll get a simple answer.

"Women are pickier; there's less stress as a barber," Berry says. "Men probably wouldn't even get their haircut if it wasn't for women."

"It's laid back," says Rom Bichel, the shop's newest barber. He worked seven years in a local beauty salon before becoming a barber in 2009. He immediately noticed the difference: "I go home feeling good about myself."

ABOVE: Barber Sheryl Lavender (left) says she likes cutting men's hair because they are "easier to please" when it comes to hair styles. Long-time customer Steve Durrant (right) comes to the shop because the barbers are friendly and the cuts are consistent, he says.
BOTTOM: A bear head hangs in the back of the barbershop.
OPPOSITE: A map where clients pinpoint their hometown; a black-and-white photo of the barbershop in 1922; *Playboy* for interested customers, with just one rule—no fidgeting.

EMBRACING THE ELEMENTS:

WATER

From cultivation to consumption, cleanliness to conservation, water spills from every facet of life. However, it's the methods of conservation and the traditional practices of cleanliness that a culture molds into their own. The unique methods of consumption and the survival stories of a tribe draw us to the meanings of water. As only one of four essential elements, these stories intertwine into continuous tales of nature and culture. Explore earth, wind, and fire in future editions of *Ethos.*

STORY JESSIE HIGGINS ILLUSTRATIONS COURTNEY HENDRICKS

NORTH AMERICA

Water, Virginia Beavert says, means everything to her people. As an elder of the Yakama Nation, a Native American tribe in Washington state, Beavert was born amidst a blizzard deep in the Blue Mountains. Her parents had been on a hunting expedition when the blizzard struck and all their horses had froze to death. After taking refuge in a bear cave, Beavert's mother allowed the frozen liquid to welcome her daughter into the world.

Eighty-seven years later, Beavert sits looking out the window of her Eugene home almost like she can see the events of her long life playing out for her through the partially drawn shades. Her mother had insisted on coming hunting even though she was due to deliver any day, Beavert says smiling. She was too stubborn to miss the trip.

For the Yakama people, religion and nature are one. Traditions revolve around the use of organic material, and at the base of these practices, is water. As a young girl, Beavert's mother introduced her to the sweat lodge; an important place for the spirituality of the Yakama people. Every Yakama village had a lodge, made with a roof of willow branches, clean wooden floors, and walls. The Yakama people heat the lodge by pouring water over rocks that have been heated in a fire, creating steam that raises the temperature in the lodge.

"The Native American sweat house is kind of a religion in itself," Beavert says.

Although her mother did not use much water her first time, Beavert noticed that as the steam clung to the walls the sweat began to build against her body. Slowly showing her the motions, Beavert's mother knelt down to teach her daughter how to cleanse the body and the spirit by rubbing away the dirt and grime.

"As she did that all the dirt just rolled off," Beavert says closing her eyes and motioning with her hands to show the dirt and bad things leaving her body. From that experience, Beavert found water to be a medicinal, cleansing, and culturally-based element that governed many of the practices of her tribe.

WEST AFRICA

On the other side of the world decades earlier, Kofi Sarfo-Kantanka's grandfather found a very special river in the central, Ashanti region of Ghana, Africa. This river, he thought, had to be guarded by the Gods, for even in the most grueling of droughts, its water still flowed abundantly. The man, seeing this, decided there was no better place to start a new village, Gambia Two.

As the village began to grow, its inhabitants set up shrines and made offerings to pay respect to the river so that it would continue to provide them with a never ceasing supply of life-sustaining water. Praying to the water was a daily routine. Years later, their homage paid off. Kenyasi, a rivaling village, had plans to expand its territory. Part of these plans included forcing Gambia Two, out. The Kenyasi village was larger and stronger than Gambia Two, so the villagers did not know what to do.

Late one night, the Kenyasi fighters prepared to ambush Gambia. But in order to reach the village, the fighters had to cross Gambia's sacred river. As the first warriors stepped onto the bridge the river awoke and rose up to defend its sleeping village. No one knows exactly what came out of the river that night,–if it was simply a wall of water, or the spirits that dwelled inside the river. But the Kenyasi fighters were halted, and never threatened Gambia Two again.

Many years later, Sarfo-Kantanka recalled the legend from Gambia Two, his grandfather's village. In Ghana, Kantanka says, stories like this are not



Water is a sacred element valued by cultures all over the world. The pictures above are examples of how different cultures interpret water. Left: The Ganges River, located in the subcontinent India, is considered a holy place in Hindu beliefs. People travel there every year to cleanse themselves in the water. Center: A Native American sweat lodge like the one used by the Yakama. Right: Shinto ceremony held every year on May 8. The Kawado Suijin Matsuri, otherwise known as the The Festival of the God of the River, dates back 500 years celebrating the water god Sujin.

uncommon. Almost every village or settlement (in both dry and wet climates) sets up shrines and prays to a water supply, believing that the spirits within the water will provide for the people if they pay enough respect.

"In some parts of the Ashanti region, water bodies like rivers, lakes, lagoons, are really special," Kantanka adds. "People pray to the water and believe that water is a [way to communicate] with God."

JAPAN & SOUTHEAST ASIA

Chiyoko Chapman was raised in a village on a tiny island between Okinawa and Taiwan in the 1940s. Life in the village meant one thing: work, and lots of it. Chapman's family, cultivated a small farm where they grew the food that to themselves, and the cash crops earn become their yearly income.

The village lacked many modern conveniences, such as irrigation or running water.

"None of us had our own personal well," Chapman notes. "You had to go to the community well and carry [the water] back in buckets over your shoulders."

The village women visited the well every morning to bring back water for the day's activities. Chapman remembers the women being careful to use the right amount of water for each activity—such as for cooking, cleaning, and drinking—so that the well water would last throughout the day and they would not have to make multiple trips.

In addition, each village had a public bath house located near the well where the villagers would clean themselves once a day. The bath house was separated according to gender, much like the Native American sweat houses.

"They were similar to hot tubs," Chapman explains. Spouts of flowing water surrounded the warm pools in the center of the bath house. When bathing, villagers first scrubbed their entire bodies clean at the spouts, then dipped themselves into the hot tub.

"You don't just jump into the hot tub," Chapman adds with a laugh.

Chapman left the island village for Okinawa, a larger more advanced island, when she was ten, so her memory of the village culture is limited.

But further west, in Indonesia, Dore Zarlons remembers water having a much more spiritual significance.

In Jakarta, Indonesia, where Zarlons was raised, the people are influenced by several different cultures and religions. Hinduism has seeped down from India, but the area is still predominantly Muslim. By the time Zarlons was born in the 1970s, most homes had running water. Zarlons' father served as at the secretary of the prime minister, so the family was fairly wealthy and lived in a very large home with members if extended family.

Zarlons was raised in the Muslim tradition. Followers of Islam believe that they must keep their bodies clean at all time to keep themselves pure and worthy of worshiping God. For Zarlons, this meant that daily life was full of bathing. In Jakarta, everyone showers twice a day, once in the morning before sunrise and once at night after sunset.

The people also wash themselves before every prayer, or when they are entering a Mosque.

Muslims, Zarlons explains, have protocol for cleansing themselves in almost any situation, generally by scrubbing different parts of the body, similar to how both Chapman and Beavert describe bathing.

In Indonesia, water is abundant, and people can use it to clean and decorate mosques. But in desert lands, Zarlons explains, Muslims do not always have that luxury. Although using water for religious is cleansing very important to them, sometimes there simply is not enough. In these cases, Muslims are allowed to use clean, rough sand or dirt until they have access to water again.

MIDDLE EAST & NORTH AFRICA

In drier lands, such as those in many parts of the Middle East, accessing water is an almost daily struggle. In many Middle Eastern countries where small amounts of water must be shared by several groups, any kind of war or struggle could complicate the process of water distribution.

But Aaron Wolf, a researcher in water sharing at Oregon State University, found that despite the seeming difficulty, people in areas with water shortage as a rule share the resource very fairly among themselves. He says this is because people everywhere in the world tend to place the same value on water as a resource and commodity as well as a spiritually significant element.

Wolf's research took him high in the Moroccan mountains where he found that rival groups are able to successfully share water.

"Morocco has a huge history of mediators," Wolf says. "They are respected for their ability to mediate."

This success comes despite the complexity of sharing limited water supplies among villages spanning hundreds of miles. After looking at this research, a professor at the University of Oregon now believes that decades of fighting in the Middle East might be resolved if peace negotiators model their strategies after water-sharing mediation.

Shaul Cohen, a geology professor at the University of Oregon, has been focusing a portion of his research—the dynamics of territorial conflicts—on modeling a new kind of peace negotiation after water sharing. Even in warring regions, Cohen said, governments will put aside the conflict when discussing water distribution. For example, Israel and Jordan, although technically at war, have been collaborating for years to share the regions limited supply of water.

"The governments have been [collaborating] but not formally," Cohen says. "It has mainly been technicians and the military mutually working it out."

Cohen said water negotiations are more successful than other kinds of negotiations because both parties recognize that water is essential. If the nations began viewing other resources, such as land, as a necessity as well, Cohen theorizes that disputes could be resolved more easily.

"If you deny people water, you deny them the right to exist," Cohen declares. "If you feel they have the right to exist, you have to give them water."

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NOT-TO-BE-FORGOTTEN

SPORTS MEMORABILIA

The NFL and World Vision make losing teams' gear winners for children in third world countries.

STORY **KELSEY IVEY**

In Zambia, the Chicago Bears are champions; in Nicaragua, the New England Patriots finished the season undefeated 19-0; and in El Salvador, the Cardinals are king.

Since 1994, the National Football League has teamed up with World Vision, a Christian humanitarian organization, to donate non-winning teams' pre-printed Super Bowl Championship T-shirts and caps to needy communities and families in third world countries.

"It's the ultimate form of recycling," says Karen Kartes, the media relations director of corporate partnerships for World Vision. "A win-win situation."

But one team has to lose.

As the clock counts down the final minutes of the 2009 Super Bowl and the Arizona Cardinals push forward in hope of a comeback win, the NFL's consumer products department volunteers gather on the sidelines in preparation for another game plan.

Each volunteer is assigned a player.

Cardinals Quarterback Kurt Warner throws 64 yards to Larry Fitzgerald for a touchdown with 2:47 left on the clock. Cardinals take the lead for the first time during the game, 23-20.

It's the ultimate form of recycling. A win-win situation.

While the crowd anxiously cheers on their team, cardboard boxes filled with cotton blend trophies are brought onto the sidelines from behind locked doors. The title of Super Bowl Champion is too close to call. Both sides of volunteers must be ready to distribute the pre-printed championship gear as the game hangs in the balance of the last seconds.

Pittsburgh Steelers receive the ball. Holding penalty pushes them back ten yards. The game seems like it is over, but then the Steelers spring into action.

First down.

Quarterback Ben Roethlisberger throws long for 40 yards, but wide receiver Santonio Holmes is taken down on the six yard line.

With less than a minute left in the fourth quarter, Roethelisberger passes six yards to the corner of the end zone. Holmes catches the ball. His gloved hands wrapping around the cone of the football as his toes barely cling to the grass on the boundary line for the score.

27-23. Steelers win.

Roethlisberger takes a knee forcing time to run out on the clock and sealing the Steelers' victory. Championship T-shirts and caps are rushed to each winning player by the volunteer staff and the media begin to swarm. Flashes pop for photos of the Steelers' excited faces dripping with sweat of glory.

But in the shadows of the Cardinals' sideline, another set of boxes is closed, taped shut, removed from the field and swiftly shipped out of the U.S. to never touch American soil again.

The trophy shirts in the rejected box: Arizona Cardinals, Super Bowl Champions XLIII.

Only far from home do the Cardinals find victory.

"It's cool that there is a place where the Cardinals are champions…where the Patriots went undefeated," says NFL Community Affairs Director David Krichavsky.

The championship shirts are an "enduring symbol of victory," says Krichavsky. "They are the first thing they [the players] put on." But for the "non-winning" shirts from the Cardinal-Steelers' game, as the NFL refers to them, the NFL "didn't want them to see the light of day."

As a part of the partnership with the NFL, World Vision promises that the championship gear will only be distributed internationally, says Kartes. The shirts and hats are never to be seen on American television, appear on eBay, or be sold illegally.

"We don't want incorrect products out there," says Krichavsky.

But the international distribution of the non-winning shirts to Third World countries also has brought up a moral question, Krichavsky says.

These shirts, if identified by tourists or other volunteers in the areas, may be bought for a little money out of pocket in US dollars, but would be "worth much more" back in the states, says Krichavsky.

"There may be a commercial opportunity in reversing the used-clothing flow: Diriamba [Nicargaura] is awash in victorious Patriots t-shirts that should fetch a handsome profit in the Boston black market," Tim Roger, a writer

The Team Players of Sports Donations:

Corporate

The National Football league is not the only major sports team donating their non-winning championship merchandise overseas. The trend has caught on with other teams too. Major League Baseball donates all their losing World Series gear and the National Basketball Association offers their non-winning clothing to World Vision. The humanitarian organization is currently working with the National Hockey League to establish a donation from the Stanley Cup.

Non-profit

Sports for the World's Children opened in 1997. SWC has been collecting donated sports equipment from across the United States to be donated to low-income families in the United States, Mexico, Nicaragua, and Uganda. So far SWC has supplied thousands of pounds of sporting equipment along with sports skills training and mentoring programs through its "Communities Play" program.

PHOTOS COURTESY OF WORLD VISION

for Time Magazine points out in his article "Where New England Won the Super Bowl."
World Vision and the NFL are willing to take risk.

Before the NFL partnered with World Vision, the non-winning championship shirts were sent to a landfill, says Krichavsky. The NFL "recognized that there was an opportunity to do something good."

After the Super Bowl, the losing T-shirts and merchandise are shipped to World Vision's donation distribution center in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. According to World Vision's website, the items are then sorted and added to shipments of other goods, such as medical supplies, books, personal care items and building supplies, requested by World Vision's field staff in various low-income countries.

World Vision's mission is to help build self-sufficient economies and communities. In the past sixteen years, more than twenty of the 100 countries that World Vision works in has received non-winning NFL merchandise.

Along with the Super Bowl Championship shirts, the NFL also donates overstocked merchandise from their corporate stores like Sports Authority and Dick's Sporting Goods to World Vision's Gifts-in-Kind program each year.

Gifts-in-Kind, like the losing NFL shirts, are a company's quality, excess inventory that are donated to assist those in need, says Kartes.

Last year the organization handed out more than $4 million in goods. "They are extremely grateful," says Kartes.

Besides gear donated from the NFL, World Vision also receives the non-winning championship merchandise from Major League Baseball's World Series. Recently, thousands of pre-print Los Angeles Angels, Los Angeles Dodgers, and Philadelphia Phillies' gear has been shipped to disaster-stricken Indonesia after the Yankees took the World Series title.

Additionally, World Vision receives counterfeit NFL team apparel through its work with the United States Customs. The confiscated goods and official, licensed apparel however are only sent to developing nations that are pre-approved by the U.S.

With the high influx of donated goods into third-world countries, World Vision is cautious to not overload communities with excess supplies in an effort to aid the natural development of the countries' economies. World Vision ensures that the donated goods are "integrated into the programs very carefully," says Kartes. Each site that World Vision works at is fully staffed on the ground. "We make sure to send items that are needed," Kartes asserts.

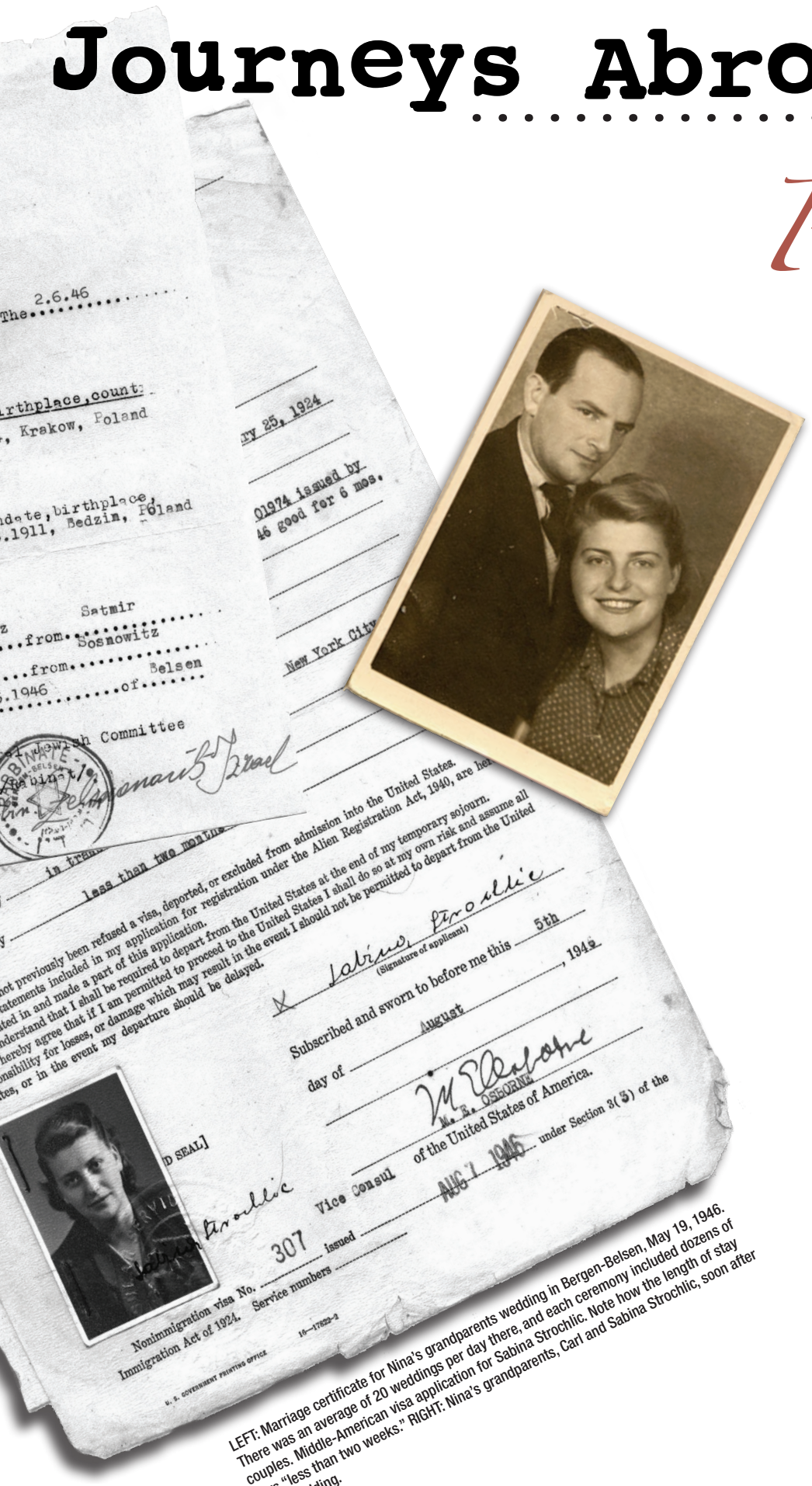
> "The Super Bowl is about opportunity: to go from humble beginnings, to pursue a dream, to becoming champion of the world. That's what it's all about — opportunity."

With Super Bowl XLIV quickly approaching, all the NFL teams are playing hard in hopes of fulfilling their dreams of playing in the world-renowned championship game. But no matter what there is always going to be a winner and a loser. But now the losing team knows that their loss helps to fulfill the dreams of thousands of others in need.

"The Super Bowl is about opportunity: to go from humble beginnings, to pursue a dream, to becoming champion of the world. That's what it's all about — opportunity," said by Mike Ditka, former NFL player, television commentator and coach, after Super Bowl XXXVII. And thanks to the NFL and World Vision that opportunity has spread around the globe.

Journeys Abroad:

Poland



LEFT: Marriage certificate for Nina's grandparents wedding in Bergen-Belsen, May 19, 1946. There was an average of 20 weddings per day there, and each ceremony included dozens of couples. Middle-American visa application for Sabina Strochlic. Note how the length of stay says "less than two weeks." RIGHT: Nina's grandparents, Carl and Sabina Strochlic, soon after their wedding.

When my feet hit the airport tarmac, I had no notion of what to expect from Poland, the country where my grandparents had grown up. In the late 1930s, they were forced from their homes into ghettos, and later to Jewish concentration and labor camps. They met in a displaced persons camp in Poland after the war, got married, and boarded a ship for New York City. I never met my grandmother, who died when my mom was 10 years old, but I spent time with my grandfather while he was still alive.

I knew my grandparents had hated Poland; I knew my mom expected to hate it; and I knew I was supposed to hate it, too. After declining to go on several Poland trips planned by distant cousins, my mom and I realized that an exploration of this distant country was inevitable, and we hesitantly booked our tickets. Neither of my grandparents had returned to the country in their lifetimes, and my grandfather made his hatred of their former homeland clearly known. We were uncomfortable defying their personal aversion to visiting Poland, but our curiosity was overwhelming. We felt the need to create a clear picture of this country, so steeped in history, for ourselves.

KRAKOW PHOTO COURTESY **RODRIGO GALINDEZ;** DOCUMENTS, ALL OTHER PHOTOS COURTESY **THE STROCHLIC FAMILY**

We arrived in my grandmother's hometown of Krakow and began a hunt for places, not people, because the chance of finding someone who knew our family more than 70 years later was unlikely. The city catered to us, and others like us—tourists making a pilgrimage to unearth their past in this once war-ravished country. We landed in Poland with a printed out jumble of e-mails that would ultimately lead us on a scavenger hunt of the country in search of my grandparents' prewar life. Our first stop was Kazimierz, Krakow's former Jewish neighborhood.

"Your mother lived here before war?" The shell-shocked woman behind the counter confirmed. She handed my mom back the neatly folded note that our English-speaking hostel receptionist had drafted for us in Polish, explaining our purpose. I stared at the wall as my mom nodded; an uncontrollable flood of tears streamed down her face each time she opened her mouth to speak. We had been standing outside this building filming, photographing, and studying the place we believed my grandmother and her family once called home. We crossed the street and entered what was now a tourist shop with every Polish souvenir imaginable crammed into two small rooms. It didn't look like what we were searching for. "What was it before the war?" I asked. "Was it ever remodeled or divided into separate units?" Shrugging her shoulders, the woman replied she had only been working here for a few years. These types of situations were obviously not covered in her training.

"Did you feel anything? A connection?" my mom asked as we walked outside. I shook my head. I had imagined our encounter involving shadowy figures of our family in period costumes drifting out of the walls. We celebrated a few successes in the next few days, such as finding the corner building that had once contained the seasonally changing ice cream parlor/fur shop my great-grandparents owned and getting as far as the hallway in their apartment building in the Krakow ghetto, where they lived in cramped quarters after being forced from their homes. We followed the route from their apartment to their shop, marveling that we walked the same cobblestone streets our ancestors once had. Still, the feeling of attachment that we longed for was absent, but we held out for our original goal— finding my grandparents' apartments.

We headed off for Auschwitz and my grandfather's hometown, Bedzin. By coincidence we were staying at the same hotel as a society for the area's Holocaust survivors. As we gave our last name at the reception, we were greeted with a surprising reaction from one of the group members who happened to be in the lobby.

Old meets new in a popular commercial district of Krakow.

The city catered to us, and others like us—tourists making a pilgrimage to unearth their past in this once war-ravished country.

We quickly discovered that the amiable elderly man, once a Bedzin resident, had known my grandfather's cousin before and after the war.

The next day, we accompanied his group on a tour of Bedzin. My mother and I watched as officials dedicated plaques and school children presented tributes. Hundreds of Israeli and Polish soldiers lined up at attention to face the Bedzin ghetto memorial, their buttons gleaming under the 90-degree sun as poets and survivors took the podium. We traveled to a church that, after the Nazis burned down the town's synagogue, had helped Jews who were trying to escape, and heard a terrifying account from one of the few who had been saved. As the group started climbing up the castle, my mom and I slipped away, walking down the main street until we stood facing my grandfather's apartment building. We stared from across the street at the second floor of the boxy yellow building that had housed my grandfather, his parents and seven siblings, some 70 years ago. A burly man stood on the apartment's balcony, and I wondered how he would feel if we asked for a peek into his residence. For some reason—maybe it was the now-noticeable language barrier—my mom and I didn't feel as welcome in this off-the-beaten-path town as we had in Krakow. Without discussing it, we turned and walked back down the street, understanding that a glimpse was the most we were meant to see of my grandfather's apartment. For some reason, we weren't disappointed. I don't think either of us felt an overwhelming need to discover the past of a man who we had both known and who had shared his stories with us already. The aspiration to see my grandmother's apartment stemmed from an insatiable urge to piece together the life of a woman who remained a mystery to me and a distant, hazy memory to my mother.

That night, we took a train back to Krakow. Our time in Poland was winding to a close, and we had one last shot at finding my grandmother's apartment. We stood across the familiar street, just a few buildings from that small souvenir shop,

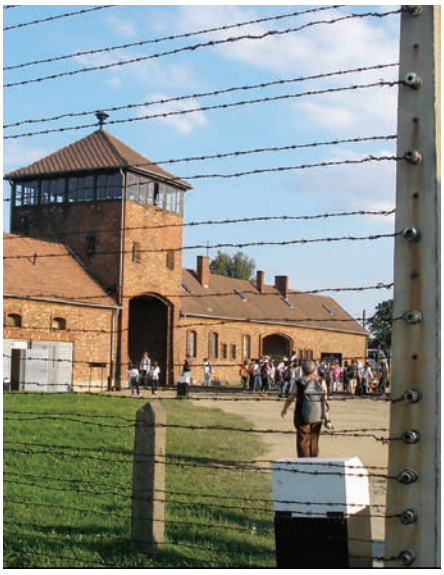
LEFT: Nina's grandparents stand between her grandmother's aunt and cousin on their wedding day in the Bergen-Belsen displaced persons camp.
RIGHT: Nina and her mother at the memorial in Bedzin.

and I confirmed the address with a new guide of printed out e-mails. It seemed that this time we had the correct address. The building was classic, with a gray limestone façade that could have been taken straight from a war-era photograph. We were hopeful, but soon spotted the buzzer with a list of names and apartment numbers in the doorway. The e-mail we held had no apartment number, and only knowing that it lay behind the two windows left of the door, we were left helplessly standing under the entrance's arch. We chided ourselves for leaving this to the last minute, until a man in a suit opened the door, and we silently slipped in behind him.

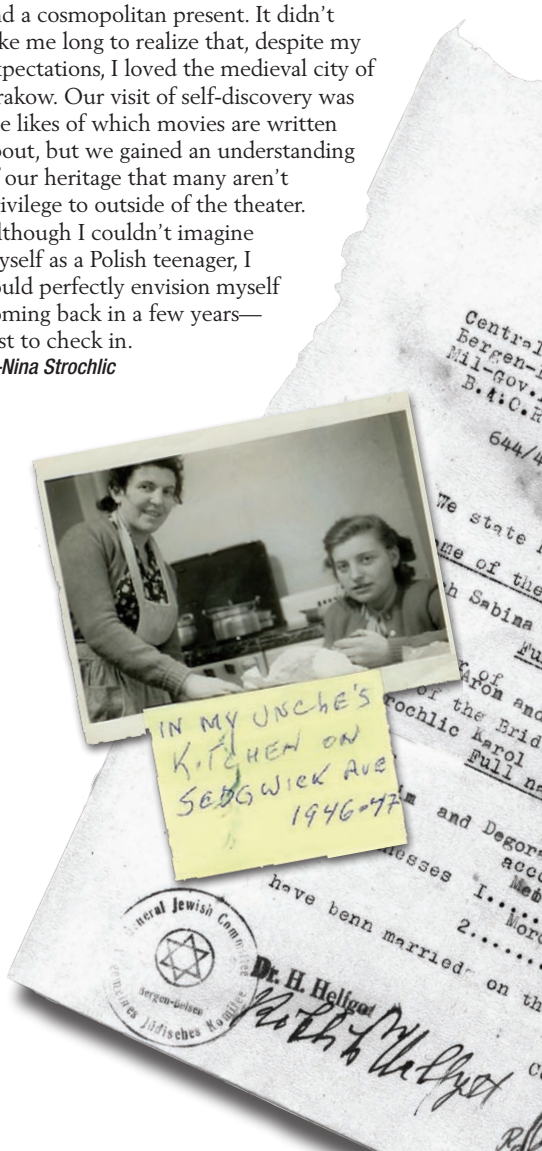
Standing inside the dimly lit hallway, my mom examined the now-creased note that explained our purpose for imposing ourselves on whoever would be on the other side of the door marked, "2." With a hint of suspense in the air, we rapped on the dark wood, praying that someone was home. A middle-aged woman cracked it open, greeted us hesitantly and took the note from my mom's outstretched hand. Her eyes flitted over the page, and an expression of confusion slowly melted into warmth. She admitted to seeing us filming from across the street, and quickly invited us in. The apartment housed inlaid wooden floors, a shared courtyard, and the original, yet no longer working, ceramic room heaters. "It hasn't been remodeled, except for the bathroom, since my mother bought it in 1949," she said with a tinge of embarrassment, as we trailed behind her through the rooms. "Nothing has been changed since the end of the war?" I asked incredulously, and she shook her head. I was dumbstruck, and glancing over at my mom, I found my expression mirrored in hers. We were overwhelmed by our incredible luck. We stayed for a while, talking to our new Polish friend, who turned out to be a schoolteacher. We eventually exchanged e-mail addresses, thanked her profusely, and left.

My mom and I strolled the twisting streets of a city our ancestors had once called home, and, with a twist of fate, we could have as well. That night, over dinner of traditional Polish perogies, I reflected on how different the people and culture I'd encountered in Poland were in comparison to what my grandparents had experienced and despised in their lifetimes. We hadn't merely dug up a trail of our family history through Krakow and Bedzin; we'd come to realize the bittersweet relationship of a nation torn between a violent background and a cosmopolitan present. It didn't take me long to realize that, despite my expectations, I loved the medieval city of Krakow. Our visit of self-discovery was the likes of which movies are written about, but we gained an understanding of our heritage that many aren't privilege to outside of the theater. Although I couldn't imagine myself as a Polish teenager, I could perfectly envision myself coming back in a few years—just to check in.

—Nina Strochlic



Birkenau (Auschwitz) Concentration Camp near Krakow.



Coloring Campbell Club

The walls are not left white at the nation's oldest student co-operative

With a giant metal spider perched in the front yard and musty couches scattered on the porch, the Campbell Club, wedged in-between the manicured lawns of nearby sororities, is a hard place to miss. The Campbell Club is a student co-operative situated along Alder Street on the University of Oregon's campus. It's early evening on a mid-November Friday, and for a place that is home to thirty people, it seems oddly empty.

Pink, red, and light blue illuminate the walls in the staircase and living room. In this central area, behind cluttered rows of residents' bikes, words that read, "May the walls of this house become an anti-authoritarian art gallery" are scribbled sloppily in black.

Unlike most college housing where residents are charged with hefty fees for the slightest wall markings, the Campbell Club actually encourages residents to write, draw, and paint on these walls. "This is our space and this community wants to see people be creative and improve the place," says second-year resident Riley Peck.

Two girls are in the kitchen cutting up vegetables for dinner that night. Above them, the walls are lined with some of the most socially and politically controversial art pieces in the house. These have been known to spark heated debates among residents. In one piece, a skeleton dressed like the Pope is riding a rocket and throwing pumpkin pies.

About an hour later, the girls put a communal dinner on the table, and nearly twenty people—mostly Campbell Clubbers accompanied by a couple guests—gather around the dining room. Chili, salad, and baked bread with squash are the options for tonight; it's all placed together on table in the center of the room, and people can grab however much they want. Dinner is leisurely, filled with friendly conversation.

Like cooking and other house chores, the artwork, too, is often a group activity. "A lot of times art is a solitary activity where you're drawing by yourself in a studio. But…here, lots of art happens that is more of a collective thing and so you're creating something with someone else," says former resident Amy Fox. With a battered pair of converse shoes and a lip ring, Amy Fox, an Art major who graduated from the UO with a bachelor's degree in Art in the spring of 2009, feels that residents benefit from being surrounded by canvas-esque walls. "There's a degree of freedom… in the co-op that you're never going to get living in an apartment or renting a house because you can paint and do whatever you want on the walls," Fox says. "It is a public place to display your art and live in rooms that are surrounded by art as opposed to four white walls."

With no landlord or resident assistant figure looming over the house, residents are free to create—and seemingly, to do—whatever they want. On the second floor, there is a large painting in blue and black with the phrase, "Love is All You Need." Another is a close-up portrait of a man with his hands to his face and his mouth open. The word "solution" is painted in red and white across his teeth. In the hallways, even the bedroom doors have been transformed by artistry. One is covered in a black and white spiral. Another has a giant Cheshire Cat. Along the staircase between the second and third floors, the walls are red, green, and light blue.

Nestled in the corner of the dining room, behind an empty candy dispenser and couches, lies a seven-foot replica of a tree. The trunk is made of wires and twigs closely wrapped around each other. Leaves and other ornaments hang down from the branches, reminiscent of an environmentally friendly Christmas tree. A mural of a mermaid warps around the staircase that leads to the basement. The hair of the mermaid continues down to the basement, where it turns into a dog.

That artistic freedom they enjoy also extends to the creation process itself. A few residents still remember one such artistic venture. One night, a couple of years ago, a former resident covered her entire naked body in red paint. Dripping in red, she ran down the hallway and pressed herself up against a wall near the kitchen. The red imprint of her body remains there today.

But while the lack of regulation may be conducive to the creation of art, it has also caused some problems. Typically, residents are allowed to decorate their bedrooms upon moving in. The Campbell Club has a high turnover rate; Peck estimates that they lose about half of their residents every year. A few people have moved in, painted over a mural in their room, and moved out a few weeks

PHOTO RENA LEV-BASS

Tree sculpture made out of chicken wire, branches, and dry leaves perches in the corner of the Campbell Club living room.

later. To safeguard against these occurrences, the house recently adopted a new policy—residents can get artwork in their rooms protected. The only way for another artist to remove the protection is to obtain consensus from the entire house. So far, Ian Royer is the only one to have a piece, his mural depicting rioters in Paris burning cop cars, protected by the new policy.

While some of the artwork is painted over to make room for the next artist, many other pieces are left for years. Much of the Campbell Club's art history is shrouded in mystery—the current residents are not sure exactly when certain pieces were created.

On the second floor, a small alcove in the wall has been filled with various decorations, toys and pictures, the shrine symbolizes a piece of the odd history surrounding the co-op, and a small picture of John Cusack. The John Cusack Shrine has been around for as long as anybody currently living there can remember, but its origins remain unknown.

The same is true of a shrine in the attic. With a dim, temperamental desk lamp serving as the only light, the attic is already creepy. At the top of the creaking ladder, sits a low table covered in red candle wax and a burnt bible. Cell phones are nailed into the wall above the table. All anybody seems to know about the origin of this piece, an alter known as the "Shrine to Nothing," is that it was created by three women who lived in the house sometime in the 1990s. According to the legend, the creators were a part of a blood cult. Today most residents aren't sure what a blood cult is, but by word of mouth, they have been able to piece some details together. The rumors say that each night the girls would come to the attic to watch the sun set from the roof. Then they would return to the attic to perform a ritual on the alter. Over the years, some Christian members have voiced their opinions against the shrine because of the degradation of the Bible. Nonetheless, the alter remains in the attic and some people continue to add on to it.

Life at the Campbell Club has been constantly changing throughout the decades. As one of the oldest student co-operatives in the nation, they have been around for 75 years. In the 1970s, the house had resident assistants and curfews. But by the 1990s, the co-op became a hotbed for radicalism, especially anarchism. Although this stage came to an end early this century, remnants of the green anarchism are prevalent parts of the house today. The first floor bathroom, currently marked "out of order," contains marked pictures of Malcom X and other radical movements with several hateful and alarming messages.

Despite this disconnect with some of the historical details, the art provides a small window into the past. "We don't have records and we only have some history," Peck says. "Art is one of the very few things we have that actually connects to the past."

> "May the walls of this house become an anti-authoritarian art gallery"

And although that connection can be a little bit hazy, it still resonates with many. "[I have] no idea of when the shrine started… it's one of those things we can take out but we don't because of the history, we sort of respect it," says Ian Royer about the "Shrine to Nothing." The same goes for the art in the kitchen, some of which construction workers painted over during the summer. Next to the Pope drawing, part of the wall is blank. Many of the Campbell Clubbers were deeply affected by this.

"I think what bothers us so much about losing this art is not so much that we lost the art, but that we lost the history," Peck explains. "So much else in the house changes, but those paintings have been permanent."

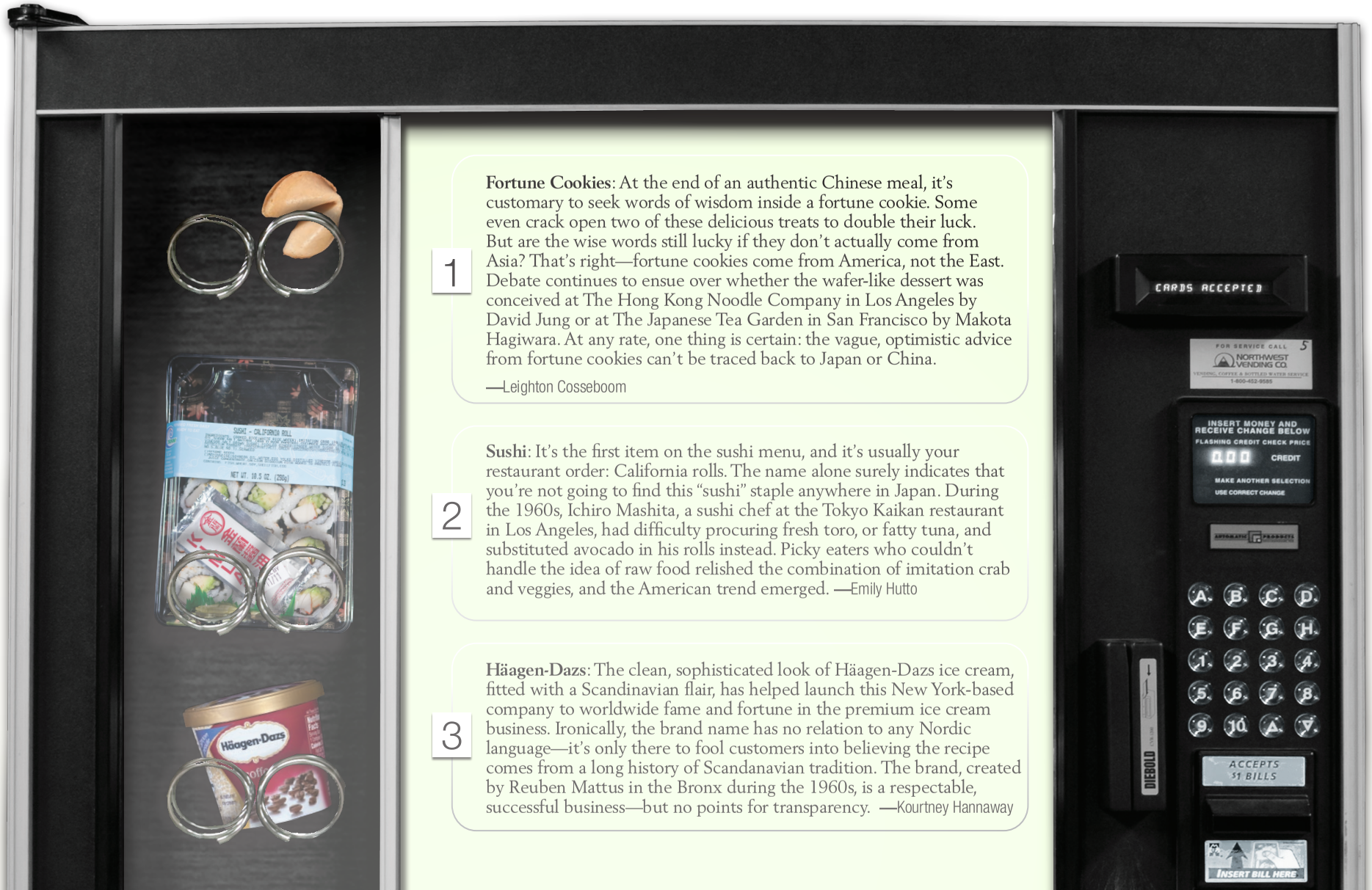
—Luis Ramirez

SPICES & SPIRITS

BASTARD FOODS

According to the birth certificate ...

Despite immense diversity across nations, there's one unifying characteristic of people worldwide: we're hungry. And we're often willing to try new flavors; hence, an abundance of foreign food and restaurants. Italian eateries, Chinese take-out, and sushi bars have become commonplace in the United States. So common, in fact, that our culture has embraced many of the menu items that we assume originated abroad. As we expand our palates, it's getting more and more difficult to pinpoint where in the world our edibles actually came from. The next time you're out, keep in mind that you might be dining with one of these cultural love children.



1 **Fortune Cookies**: At the end of an authentic Chinese meal, it's customary to seek words of wisdom inside a fortune cookie. Some even crack open two of these delicious treats to double their luck. But are the wise words still lucky if they don't actually come from Asia? That's right—fortune cookies come from America, not the East. Debate continues to ensue over whether the wafer-like dessert was conceived at The Hong Kong Noodle Company in Los Angeles by David Jung or at The Japanese Tea Garden in San Francisco by Makota Hagiwara. At any rate, one thing is certain: the vague, optimistic advice from fortune cookies can't be traced back to Japan or China.

—Leighton Cosseboom

2 **Sushi**: It's the first item on the sushi menu, and it's usually your restaurant order: California rolls. The name alone surely indicates that you're not going to find this "sushi" staple anywhere in Japan. During the 1960s, Ichiro Mashita, a sushi chef at the Tokyo Kaikan restaurant in Los Angeles, had difficulty procuring fresh toro, or fatty tuna, and substituted avocado in his rolls instead. Picky eaters who couldn't handle the idea of raw food relished the combination of imitation crab and veggies, and the American trend emerged. —Emily Hutto

3 **Häagen-Dazs**: The clean, sophisticated look of Häagen-Dazs ice cream, fitted with a Scandinavian flair, has helped launch this New York-based company to worldwide fame and fortune in the premium ice cream business. Ironically, the brand name has no relation to any Nordic language—it's only there to fool customers into believing the recipe comes from a long history of Scandanavian tradition. The brand, created by Reuben Mattus in the Bronx during the 1960s, is a respectable, successful business—but no points for transparency. —Kourtney Hannaway

4

Alfredo Sauce: If you walk into your local Olive Garden and ask for fettuccine alfredo, you'll get a smile from the server and a plate of noodles bathed in a rich, creamy white sauce with garlic and parsley. But walk into any restaurant in Italy and ask for fettuccine alfredo and all you'll get is a blank stare. The reason? Italians don't know what alfredo sauce is! Most Americans think the sauce is an authentic Italian recipe because Alfredo di Lelio, a restaurant owner in Rome, added more butter to a dish known as fettuccine al burro—ribbon-shaped noodles with parmesan cheese and butter— and named it after himself. Since the 1920s, American tourists have visited di Lelio's restaurant to experience his world-famous dish—only to discover it tastes completely different than American grocery store "alfredo." —L.C.

5

Sriracha: As you drizzle your favorite scarlet sauce into your stir fry bowl and clear your sinuses in one spicy bite, you might feel as if you're eating directly from a red jalapeño pepper field in its supposed origin: Thailand's coastal town of Sri Racha. But as it turns out, you actually need to go to the Huy Fong Foods warehouse in Rosemead, California to find the source of Sriracha sauce. The company's founder, David Tran, a Vietnamese immigrant, named his business after the vessel that carried him to the United States in 1980. *New York Times* blogger John T. Edge and his readers have since spotted the zesty spread in thirty-seven U.S. States and the Virgin Islands. Tran created the sauce for emigrated Asian communities, but appealed to even more consumers when he listed the ingredients on the bottle in English, Chinese, Vietnamese, French, and Spanish. —E.H.

PHOTO **BLAKE HAMILTON, ROCHELLE RIVA BARGO**

Yoga Inc.

Strict in principle as in image, Bikram has many asking, should yoga be franchised?

ABOVE: Amy Hopkins, an instructor at Bikram's Yoga College of India in downtown Eugene, does the Eagle pose, which is known to strengthen legs, improve balance and stretch shoulders. OPPOSITE PAGE: Jessica, also an instructor at Bikram's Yoga College of India in downtown Eugene, does the Standing Bow Pose, which increases circulation to the heart and lungs.

We should work until we feel the pain, the teacher tells us, that's how we strengthen ourselves. I feel the blood rush to my face as it dangles between my legs, my hands pulling on the backs of my heels, forcing my knees to lock and my muscles to release their grip on my lower torso.

Burgundy horizontal lines stretch across the carpeted floor, expanding out like uncoiled ribbons—our guides for the poses. An hour into the class, the heat feels simply unbearable. I look in the mirrors; my cheeks look as though they've been painted with magenta circles and I am drenched in sweat, but so is everyone else.

I am taking beginning classes at Bikram's Yoga College of India in downtown Eugene at the request of the studio's director, Amy Hopkins, who asked that I take at least three classes in order to experience the yoga firsthand before interviewing her.

Bikram Yoga is more than just a tough workout. For some, it's an obsession—one that people are willing to stretch their wallets for: A month's pass costs $95, and that's with a student discount. Claire Dewey, who has been practicing Bikram for several years, says she's hooked because of the way it consistently makes her feel: balanced, energized, and cleansed. "I think it's the perfect combination of poses and exercises," she says. "It's become my religion."

In the past few years, however, the balance that once existed in Bikram has been pulled off-kilter. A steady flow of controversy over copyright, ownership, and franchise has kept Bikram studio owners on their toes, and left students wondering what the future of Bikram will look like.

> "We were going to have to carry his clothing line, lighting he approved, furniture he approved, eventually colors he approved."

Bikram Yoga consists of 26 body poses and 2 breathing exercises, which are performed in a specific order for 90 minutes in a room that is heated to at least 105 degrees. The heat is meant to loosen the muscles and tendons, facilitating deeper stretching and organ cleansing. Teachers must learn a specific script for communicating the sequence, so the same language is used in every class. The repetition of words and poses creates consistency and a framework that enables people to track their progress, Hopkins tells me.

As participants twist themselves like ropes and arch their backs like rabbits, they do so with the purpose of acquiring physical, mental, and emotional strength. Determination, willpower, and faith are three crucial components of Bikram's spiritual philosophy.

Bikram Choudhury, founder and president of Bikram's Yoga College of India, was born in Calcutta, India, and won his first National India Yoga Championship when he was just thirteen years old. What has followed is a lifetime dedicated to honing his yoga practice and

PHOTOS BY ROCHELLE BARGO RIVIERA

spreading his style of yoga around the world. Story has it, Hopkins says with a grin, that in 1972 Choudhury opened his first American studio after he advised President Richard Nixon about how to best heal his phlebitis. Nixon granted him a U.S. Visa in return.

Choudhury stayed in the U.S., and his yoga stuck. Today, Bikram Yoga studios exist in almost every state. From New York to Kansas to Tennessee, there are rooms full of sweating people performing the same sequence.

Hopkins explained that Choudhury has toyed with the idea of making Bikram Yoga into a franchise for several years. However, when he finally did, it caught many studio owners off guard, including Douglas Macreynold, owner of Southeast Portland's Bikram Yoga studio. He says he was surprised at the audaciousness of the terms Choudhury proposed in his 150-page Franchise Disclosure Document, which included wanting access to studios' bank accounts and a say in their decor. The FDD "is extremely restrictive from a business owner's point of view," Macreynold says. "We were going to have to carry his clothing line, lighting he approved, furniture he approved, eventually colors he approved."

What ensued was yogi resistance. Numerous studio owners, teachers, and students joined together to create Open Source Yoga Unity, a non-profit collective that believes yoga exists in the public domain and thus, no teacher or guru has "the legal right to impose control over another's Yoga teaching or practice." In 2005, OSYU sued Choudhury in Federal Court for his "interpretation of copyright law," claiming that Choudhury "engaged in copyright misuse by sending out cease and desist letters." Several months later, the two parties settled their conflict out of court and the lawsuit was dropped.

If studios do not want to become a franchise, they have two options: change the name of their practice or change the postures.

A member of OSYU was willing to speak with me about the group's stance on the franchise, but requested anonymity because membership is kept confidential. "OSYU has no design in mind for Bikram's FDD. That is up to him and we wish him all the best. However, if Bikram uses false and misleading concepts of copyrighting to bully or push studios into signing a FDD then we would be there to support those who are being victimized. No yoga is copyrighted."

At Eugene Bikram's Yoga College of India, blue and green mats hang on wooden rods to air-dry outside of the classroom. Near the entrance hang two large framed photographs of Choudhury. In one, he sits in the lotus position on top of a tiger skin, the head of which is roaring ferociously at the camera, filling the space between his legs. He is shirtless, wearing only a small black Speedo and a string of prayer beads. His black, stringy hair hangs just above his shoulders; the oval on top of his head is bald. He gazes serenely at the camera, hands folded in his lap.

In addition to signing the FDD, Choudhury asks that Bikram Yoga affiliates pay a franchise start-up fee of $10,000 as well as a five percent royalty fee.

Hopkins pushes aside the round coffee table in front of the couch and plops down on the floor in the studio's front room. "This isn't right," she tells me with a hand on her heart. Her teal eyes jump out in contrast to her gray smock. "He's not asking for it out of greed," she says. "He doesn't need to do that; he's not the money monger type."

Choudhury might not be greedy, but he is certainly wealthy. *Forbes* reports that his several dozen Rolls-Royces or Bentleys are a fine addition to his mansion in Beverly Hills, and his affinity for diamond-encrusted Rolex watches is impossible to ignore since he often wears one while teaching.

Currently, a group of dedicated Bikram teachers who, Hopkins says, wants to sign the FDD but lack the funds, are rewriting it in hopes that Choudhury will renegotiate. Bikram Franchise Representative Allison Butash says that he is doing just that. "We are actually revising the franchise offering right now," Butash says. So once that's finalized, we are going to re-offer it to our existing affiliates to convert. "She says that affiliates have been able to teach yoga using Bikram's brand without any cost (despite the required $6,600 it costs to be certified by Choudhury) and that a franchise is necessary "in order to preserve the brand and the integrity of the yoga."

If studios do not want to become a franchise, they have two options: change the name of their practice or change the postures. Hopkins isn't sure yet which route her studio will take, but she says she believes that loyal students will still come whether it is called Bikram Yoga or simply Hot Yoga.

Michael Harris, director of Bend's Bikram Yoga studio doesn't feel as optimistic. He says it could take years for studio owners to put together a workable franchise agreement that Choudhury will agree to.

Dewey says she is weary about how a franchise might alter Bikram's spiritual meaning. A franchise "would make Bikram [Choudhury] more money," she says. "He's profiting so much off of a spiritual practice; it seems like it kind of goes against the whole philosophy of yoga."

Ultimately though, "you are going to pay the money," she says, "if you love it that much."

—Abigail Diskin

A Band Filled With Heart

Springfield High School Mariachi Del Sol brings the sounds of Mexico to life

Walking through the brightly-lit gymnasium, a sense of community and wonder fills the air. Colorful posters line the walls while children run around and parents reconnect with each other. Arts and crafts to celebrate Día de los Muertos, the day of the dead, lay upon tables waiting for the fiesta to begin. With so much going on indoors, it's easy to forget about the storm that has been brewing outside for most of the afternoon. The band walks out in their delicately embroidered traditional *trajes de charro*, or suits, lighting the crowds' eyes up with anticipation. As Mariachi Del Sol, Springfield High School's mariachi band, plays its first tune, the festivities kicks off. Toes tap and hands clap as the band shifts from piece to piece, filling the room with life as the music of Mexican culture vibrates from floor to ceiling.

PHOTOS BY RENA LEV-BASS

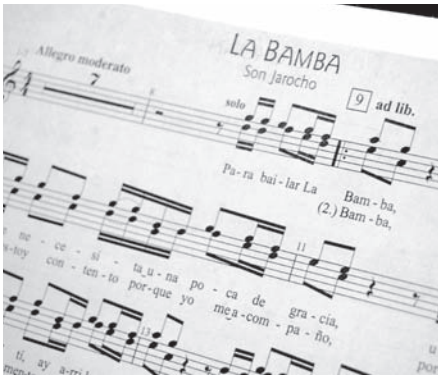
Springfield High School students come together for a class period each day to practice their skills for the mariachi band. Students try out to be members of the band and open themselves up for opportunities to perform throughout the Springfield area and to further develop their skills as musicians.

"The student body just went nuts for this."

Mariachi music has been around for hundreds of years and supposedly originated in 18th century Mexico. Similar themes prevail and emerge between the regional differences associated with mariachi music. Mexican culture is intertwined with mariachi, and more often than not, the two go hand-in-hand. Each member of the mariachi band is expected to both play an instrument and perform vocally, and this expectation is prevalent in Mariachi Del Sol. The young musicians sing throughout pieces, encouraging the audience to join in.

The unique sound associated with mariachi music is due to the instrumentation of the ensemble. "You need to have the traditional mariachi instruments to sound like a mariachi," Mariachi Del Sol Director Christopher Holt says. By using guitars instead of traditional instruments, it is easy to mimic a mariachi, but the sound will never be authentic. The traditional mariachi has anywhere from six to seven violins, two to three trumpets, one *vihuela* (a medium-sized guitar-like instrument with nylon strings.), one *arpa* (harp), one *guitarrón* (with the same body shape as the vihuela and three steel and three nylon strings with a fretless neck), and one guitar. Each one of the vihuelas and guitarrónes are handmade, which provides variety in the shapes and design. Occasionally, other instruments are added and subtracted to this instrumentation.

Mariachi ensembles are believed to have hundreds of songs memorized so they can play them at different celebrations, occasions, and fiestas. Mariachis perform traditional songs; their music is meant for dancing, singing, and remembrance celebrations. "There



The mariachi band features traditional instruments such as *guitarrons*, *vihuelas* and *trumpets*. The students also wear traditional outfits called "*trajes*" topped with a sombrero while performing traditional songs as well as favorites that everyone can dance along to.

are so many celebrations mariachi music is used for," Holt says. Mariachi music couples the celebrations and traditions that comprise Mexican culture. There are certain songs like "Las Mañanitas," which is sung early in the morning to wake up loved ones on birthdays, Mother's Day, and other celebrations throughout the year.

"Las Mañanitas" is a special song Holt's students told him can't be performed at each event. But during the Día de los Muertos performance, it happened to be one of the vihuela player's 18th birthday, so the song was performed in her honor. As the night progressed, The band played several other crowd favorites, including "Los Machetes," "La Bamba," and "La Raspa." Smiles brightened the faces of young and old alike as rhythm and tone resonated with the here and now, evoking memories. When Holt approached the microphone to briefly introduce a popular song usually taught in Mexican elementary schools, "De Colores," the audience shifted in their seats with excitement. Throughout the night, a sense of unity swept through the room as Mariachi Del Sol played, and audience members of different walks of life sang in unison.

In 2007, Holt saw the Woodburn High School Mariachi, the only high school mariachi band in Oregon at the time, perform at Springfield High's annual multicultural assembly. "The student body just went nuts for this; they loved it —literally dancing in the aisles, cheering and screaming," Holt remembers. At that point, he knew he needed to begin a mariachi music program at Springfield High.

Logistically, Holt needed about $5,000 to buy the instruments, music and trajes de charro to get the program going. The school district gave him $1,000 for the program, but the other $4,000 was up to him. Elena Espinoza, a multicultural liason for the Springfield school district, was very supportive of Holt's desire to start Mariachi Del Sol and helped with the fundraising efforts.

Espinoza arranged for an interview with a reporter from *The Register Guard* to inform the community of the possibility of a new and culturally rich music program. The article encouraged community members to donate as little as a dollar. The article was picked up by smaller papers throughout half the state, and Holt received donations from places as far as Bend, which was a promising sign of the program's potential success.

> "I can take a student and put a guitar in their hand, teach them three chords, and in a very short time they can play mariachi."

Once the money was raised, Holt's job began. "I didn't have kids enrolled. I didn't know what I was doing. I didn't have any equipment. It was like, 'Wow, I'm starting a mariachi band!'" He bought instruments, opened the class up for student enrollment, and took it one step at a time. As the first year began, "we had this incredible mix of Latino/non-Latino, Spanish-speaking/non-Spanish speaking students, and experienced musicians/non-experienced musicians all in the same class and we were able to make it work and have a lot of fun," he fondly recalls.

The second school year began, and the group became well known throughout the community as requests for public performances became more frequent. Holt says that in the course of the 2008-2009 academic year they played nearly forty performances. At each performance, Holt asked for donations, which enable him to buy new charro trajes, instruments and music.

Throughout this second year, Holt says he was really able to see the connections between the music and the people. "I got to see all of these celebrations and different things they do in their culture where the mariachi music is an important part of that," he says. The mariachi classes at Springfield High are open to all students. He says out of the thirty-four enrolled this year, half are White and half are Latino. As these students of different backgrounds come together to make something bigger for their community, they are eager to help each other and become the best they can be.

Most kids enrolled in high school band began playing their instrument of choice in middle school, if not earlier. With the mariachi program, Holt has found that music is now accessible to more kids. "I can take a student and put a guitar in their hand, teach them three chords, and in a very short time, they can play mariachi," he says with enthusiasm.

Within the next year, Holt hopes to begin a middle school mariachi program at Goshen Middle School this year and plans to have a full program running by next year. He sees the way mariachi brings students together, not only with one another, but also with their community. Members of the community attend each public event Mariachi Del Sol performs, and Holt says he receives requests weekly. Besides being culturally rich, he says, "mariachi is a very fun style; it is certainly one that people who aren't familiar with music really enjoy."

Perhaps it's time to put on those dancing shoes and hear what these students can do with a few instruments, a little guidance, and a heart full of mariachi. ***—Kassandra Easley***

Listen to the band at ethos.uoregon.edu

Facing Violence Through Film

Portland filmmakers give an identity to acid violence, raising questions about journalistic storytelling

That Marina was only sixteen years old and a rising karaoke star in Cambodia. In 1999, she became involved with the country's Undersecretary of State, Svay Sitha. Both romance and her career fizzled when he locked her alone in a hotel room for two weeks and threatened to harm her family if she left him. When the politician's wife, Khoun Sophal, heard of her husband's affair, she stalked Marina through a Phnom Penh marketplace and dowsed her face with a vile of nitric acid. Shoppers and vendors crowded around, watching helplessly as the acid instantly dissolved the skin and bone on her face. Almost immediately, Marina became permanently blind.

While shooting *Bombhunters* in Cambodia in 2006, documentary filmmakers Patti Duncan and Skye Fitzgerald discovered the premise of their next film, *Finding Face*: the emerging prevalence of acid violence worldwide. More and more, people drench their enemies with chemical liquid to permanently disfigure their faces. A study on acid attacks conducted by Afroza Anwary at Minnesota State University in 2003 suggests that this type of cruelty is not exclusive to Cambodia. Instead, it is increasing in countries such as Bangladesh, Pakistan, Ethiopia, and China. Wives throwing acid at their husband's mistresses and second wives is the most common reason for this type of violence, as reported by the Cambodian League for the Promotion of Human Rights' Project Against Torture. The 2003 report "Acid Attacks: Living in the Shadows" reveals these angry wives desire to mar the victims' attractiveness. It states, "The perpetrator [of acid violence] usually does not want to kill the victim, but to do something worse than murder—make them suffer forever."

Marina's suffering assumed many forms. That day in the marketplace, the acid ran from her face, scalding more than forty percent of her body. When her wounds became infected, gangrene set in, and doctors had to remove her ears. Marina has undergone twenty-five surgeries in the past ten years to counteract the debilitating effects of the chemical. In addition to continued physical affliction, the threat of violence did not end after the attack. The high profile of the perpetrator put the Marina family at risk of further harassment if they pressed charges or even went public with the story. Living in the Shadows reveals, "While some acid throwers have been convicted and sent to prison, others—especially those with power or money—live freely." Khoun Sophal lives freely.

Regarding Sophal, "I don't say alleged perpetrator. I say perpetrator," Fitzgerald declares. There were no disputes among the many witnesses that Sitha's wife was in fact responsible for Marina's attack. Fitzgerald would have liked to interview Svay Sitha both for the sake of the story and to satisfy a personal curiosity. He knew, however, that it would be too dangerous to get him involved. Before the attack, Sitha told Marina that her family would be in danger if she left him. After the story of the attack went public in Cambodia, the risks only intensified. Finding Face's content remained one-sided.

> "The fair and balanced definition of good journalism is not the only way to tell stories well, and truthfully."

"I'm not a journalist. I don't pretend to be a journalist," Fitzgerald says. He's sitting in his office chair surrounded by movie posters for Bombhunters and Finding Face. Although traditional and mainstream journalists produce timely, balanced and unbiased material, Duncan and Fitzgerald believe that this is a fruitless way to present narrative. Fitzgerald says, "the fair and balanced definition of good journalism, while I believe in it, is not the only way to tell stories well and truthfully."

The filmmakers ensured that Marina's family moved out of the country before premiering their film this year. Confident that Finding Face could not be publicly broadcasted in Cambodia due to government interference, they are quietly seeding, or Internet sharing, the film into the country. With the help of the Voice of America, a multimedia broadcasting company with an international audience of 125 million, they plan to stream the film onto the company's website in Cambodia's national language, Khmer. Outlets like these will help to sustain Finding Face past its premiere to spread worldwide awareness of acid violence.

The "long-term, familial" relationships they have formed during filming will also sustain Duncan and Fitzgerald's passion for their project as it branches into new forms. More research led them to another acid violence victim, Chour Sreya, who plays a minor role in the documentary. Sreya is also blind as a result of an acid attack, and she currently lives in Phnom Phen with her parents, siblings, husband, and daughter in a one-bedroom apartment. "She told us about her desire to live more independently," says Duncan. "Knowing how much she wants this, we embarked on a fundraising campaign, telling our community about her and requesting donations."

Sreya, her husband, and daughter will soon move into a new apartment using the funds that Duncan and Skye helped to collect. Her new independent status reflects their deep bond, nurtured by the filmmakers' frequent trips to Cambodia during the past three years. Duncan and Fitzgerald attended Sreya's wedding. They even became her daughter's godparents and selected the baby's name, Rachana, the Cambodian name for "precious gem."

Fitzgerald, an avid cyclist, crosses one Mion biking shoe over the other before he explains the rationale behind the name Spin Film. He and Duncan subscribe to a filmmaking ideology that they call "sustainable revolution." It requires getting close to subjects, choosing a particular angle and taking their sweet time to do so. Their lengthy production process fosters their commitment to their projects and provides new means of spreading their messages. In essence, documentary filmmaking is like riding a bike. It requires finding your own rhythm.

Finding Face's slow and steady rhythm gives Marina and Sreya a vehicle with which to share their stories safely. They speak on behalf of all acid violence victims, and they've found strength in the process. Garrett Russell, staff editor at Spin Film, chimes in from across the office, its sky-blue walls covered in tribal masks. "Spin Film is designed simply to give a voice to people who have been underrepresented," he says. "Skye lets them be heard."

—Emily Hutto

RIGHT PHOTO **NICK COTE**
ALL OTHER PHOTOS COURTESY **SPIN FILM**

ABOVE: University of Oregon alumnus Fitzgerald is currently producing the film *Stockpile* about conflict in the Congo, while Duncan specializes in transnational feminist movement as an associate professor of Women's Studies at Oregon State University.
LEFT: Since her attack, Chour Sreya has become a public voice against acid violence in Cambodia.

Editor's Note: Want to see *Finding Face*? Join the Center for the Study of Women in Society for a screening at the University of Oregon on February 25, 2010. To see the film trailer, get more information or get involved, go to findingface.org.

A Social Justice

STORY **SHANE CONNOR** ILLUSTRATION **MATT WIGGINS**

In Argentina, a river runs from the depths of the Atlantic northward to Uruguay. Hundreds of miles long and brown as earthen clay, the Paraná River etches the flat plains of *las pampas* with vines of Morning Glory. Rosario, Argentina's second largest city, can be found on the banks of the Paraná. Freighter ships navigate its waters to the industrial ports northwest of the city as folks dine in snazzy restaurants and gather in park benches upon the shoreline while others struggle to survive the night, hidden in the undergrowth away from prying eyes and city lights.

Often I'd stand on the edge of this river as dawn broke, my feet cool in the dew-beaded grass and my face warmed by the rising sun. I would sing the opening lines of *The Lion King* for a few smiles from friends as we discussed the proper way of saying Morning Glories, *campanillas* or *ipomoea alba*, among the homeless individuals of Rosario who set up camp nearby.

One morning, a man was fighting for his life.

He'd been beaten badly by the police, his friend yipped at me in Spanish while pouring contact lens solution on his swollen face. He lay shivering under a blanket, bloodied, unresponsive, and suffering from chills that only he could feel. I asked if they needed alcohol and he laughed, pointing to an empty wine box discarded in the bushes. I smiled back. To clean, not drink. Oh no, the man responded. I can take care of him. When I suggested taking the man to the hospital his friend laughed once more. "Why would they treat us?" he said. "We are homeless and black."

Indeed, the majority of Argentina's homeless and destitute have indigenous traits that Argentineans refer to as "black" or negro. I saw many of these traits in the faces of those who begged on the streets, from the Misiones province in the north to Buenos Aires heading south, faces often belonging to children who sell small wares well into the night, asking for just a coin or two. Funny, since I had heard that Argentina is a proud country of immigrants that values both tolerance and acceptance. But we are still riding that wave stirred up by the genocide Columbus brought upon America in 1492; it hasn't settled yet and neither have the immigrants. Rosario is also the only city in the country that boasts a local socialist government whose workers abide by the fundamental socialist philosophy: there are those who are underrepresented and misfortunate not as a result of the own lack of will or ambition, but rather as the result of a flawed social system too inept to provide for its own citizens. So as the man lay deafened and struggling to breathe, society turned a blind eye on him. He was turned away from a hospital because of the color of his skin in a country where healthcare is a human right.

So much for social justice.

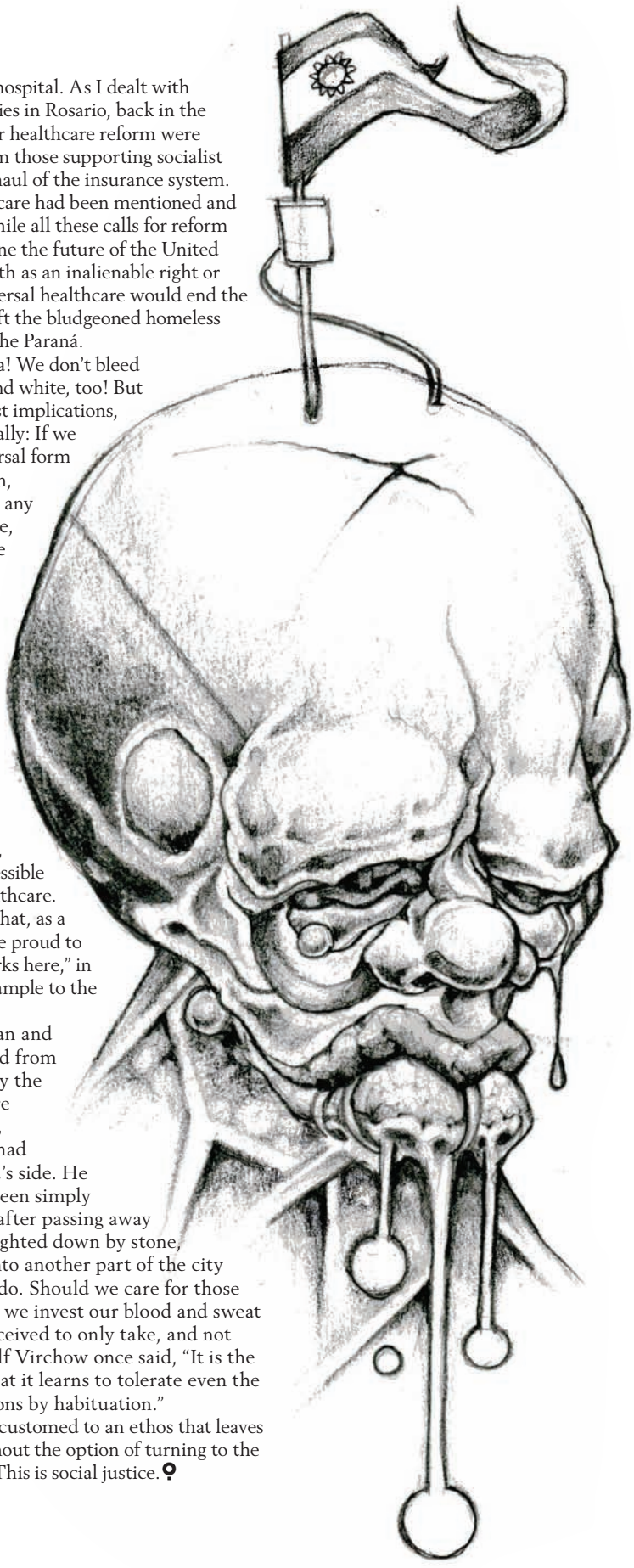
I walked the halls of the local hospital, el Centro de Especialidades Médicas Ambulatorias de Rosario, with a urine sample in hand. I needed a physical, and not only had I gotten it, but as a foreigner I was incorporated into the system–and society–on the account of my skin color and class standing. I had the adequate cultural, social, and human capital to be admitted into the hospital. As I dealt with numerous bureaucracies in Rosario, back in the United States, calls for healthcare reform were loud and distinct, from those supporting socialist healthcare to an overhaul of the insurance system. Even universal healthcare had been mentioned and advocated for. And while all these calls for reform would ultimately define the future of the United States' culture of health as an inalienable right or earned privilege, universal healthcare would end the social injustice that left the bludgeoned homeless man on the banks of the Paraná.

But this is America! We don't bleed red—we bleed blue and white, too! But aside from the socialist implications, let's think hypothetically: If we were to adopt a universal form of healthcare, any man, woman, or child from any religion, ethnicity, race, or creed would be able to walk into a health clinic twenty-four hours a day and receive quality care in spite of personal vices which may have led to their health condition.

The needs of the homeless and the less fortunate would also be met; quality healthcare, in essence, would be equally accessible to all. This is real healthcare. A kind of healthcare that, as a community, we can be proud to say, "this is how it works here," in Eugene, and be an example to the rest of the country.

In Rosario, the man and his friend disappeared from the homeless camp by the river. No one was sure where they had gone, or whether the man had survived at his friend's side. He may have very well been simply tossed into the river after passing away to the rising sun, weighted down by stone, or simply vanished into another part of the city as transients tend to do. Should we care for those who wander? Should we invest our blood and sweat to those who are perceived to only take, and not contribute? As Rudolf Virchow once said, "It is the curse of humanity that it learns to tolerate even the most horrible situations by habituation."

Let us not grow accustomed to an ethos that leaves many Americans without the option of turning to the community for care. This is social justice.



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