ETHOS

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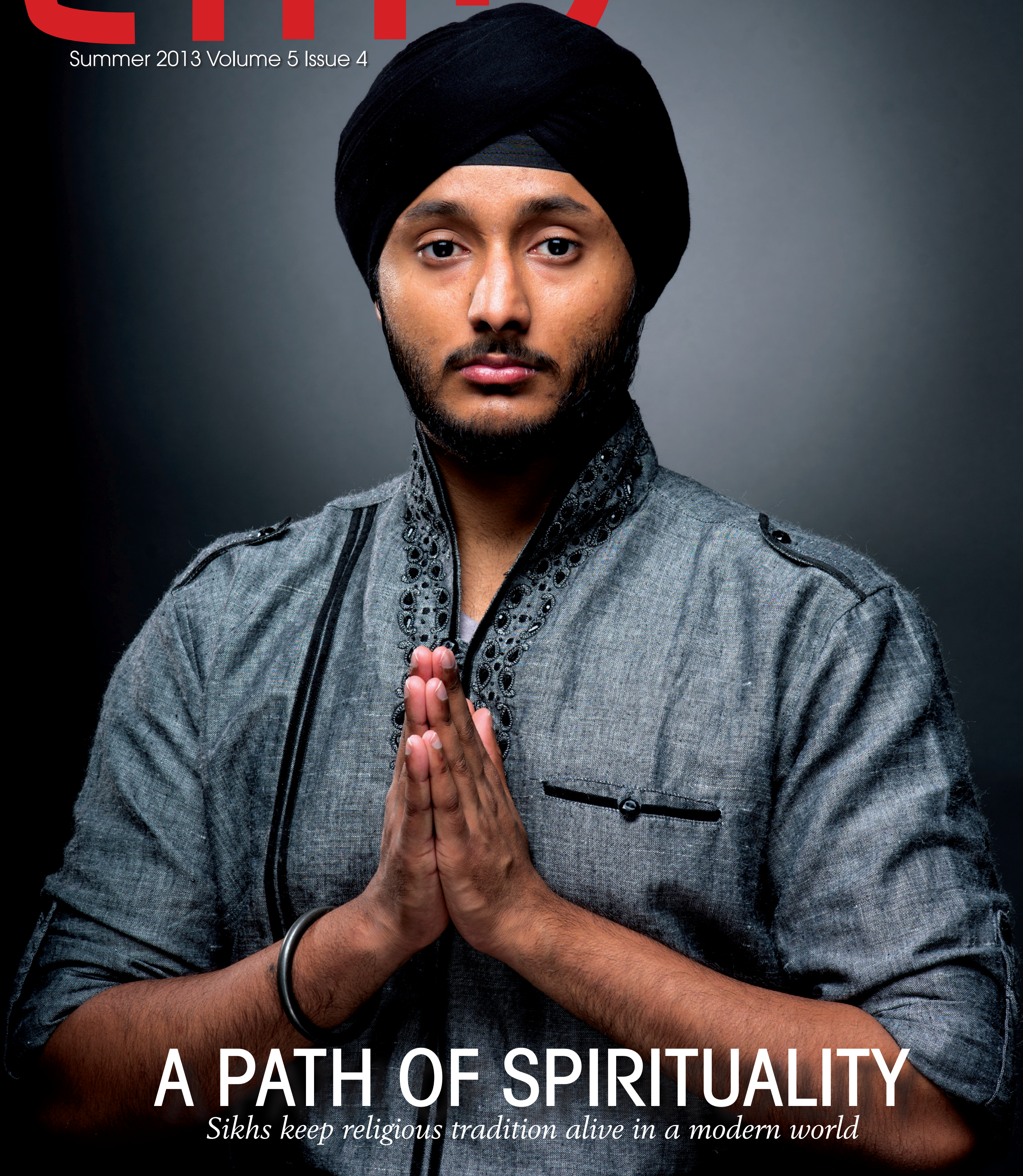

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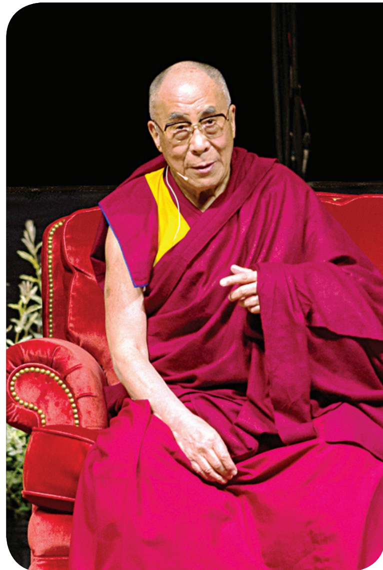

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summer 2013

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Returning to higher education as a thirty-something non-traditional student, I can admit I was more than a little nervous to join the ranks of fresh-faced twenty-somethings making their way in the world. Looking back now, I chuckle at the range of emotion—from excitement to apprehension—I felt those first few times walking onto the University of Oregon campus. Mostly, I remember an underlying sense of inspiration about the opportunities that awaited as I completed my undergraduate degree.

One of those opportunities was *Ethos Magazine*, and the release of this issue marks my two-year anniversary as a member of its staff. Working as a staff writer and an associate editor, I was mentored by co-staff members in the art of storytelling and the nuances of print publishing. As editor in chief, I feel privileged to have been able to pass this knowledge onto a staff of my own. These experiences are what have resonated most deeply within me.

The evolution I have been a part of at *Ethos* has given me unique insight into the pulse of a thriving campus publication. Each term *Ethos* fluctuates as new students join our staff and others move on. But despite this ever-changing atmosphere, throughout the year an ethic of collaboration remains constant. It's one of our core values, and it's what has given *Ethos* its longevity. This team mentality has strengthened *Ethos* into an award-winning magazine, and it has laid the groundwork for staff members to work together on our campus and in our communities. It's also what has established *Ethos* as an inclusive environment that welcomes students from all backgrounds, including those like myself.

As a new staff is welcomed for the coming year, the culture of our magazine may change, but one thing I am sure will remain constant is the value placed in producing collaborative content with distinction. Staff members past and present have made *Ethos Magazine* what it is today, and I am confident *Ethos* will continue to provide countless opportunities for students to produce excellence in journalism.

Lacey Jarrell
Editor in Chief

University of Oregon student and lifelong Sikh Ravidas Singh poses in his traditional Sikh attire including his turban and *kara*. While living in the US, Ravidas has created a balance between traditional practices and his own individual lifestyle.

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

the happiness formula

Life coach Barb Ryan provides her clients with tools to navigate the path to contentment.

Barb Ryan's favorite piece of advice to give students is to smile. "Smiling is a random act of kindness," she says, grinning at a student walking up the steps to her home's front door.

Students shuffle into the tranquil space of Ryan's living room and settle into a circle of chairs and couches for the first day of her happiness course. As they take their places, Ryan glides a mallet gently along the edge of a Tibetan singing bowl. The sound hums throughout the room and creates a stillness among the students. With that, her class begins.

Ryan's six-week program, "A Course on Happiness," developed out of her Eugene-based business, Spiraling Toward Joy, in 2009. She focuses on teaching others how to find and maintain happiness in their day-to-day lives. Being able to understand the importance of random acts of kindness and how to move past difficult situations are just a couple of the tools Ryan arms her students with on their quest toward joy. These strategies include creating gratitude lists and practicing laughing yoga, an exercise in which students voluntarily laugh. This voluntary laughter eventually transforms into true laughter and builds a sense of glee throughout the group. By repeating these exercises, she says students can re-train their brain to develop feelings of contentment. Ryan's main objective for her students is simple: She wants to teach them how to love and accept themselves in order to be happy with who they are. This, Ryan believes, is the key to happiness.

JH: What motivated you to help others find happiness?

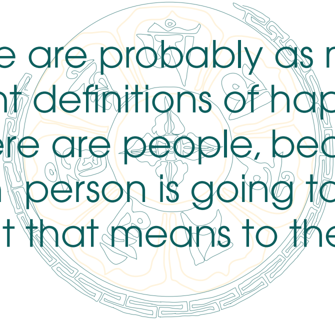
BR: I spent about 15 years—from ages 14 and a half to about 30—pretty depressed because I had a friend who suicided when we were both 14 years old. It took me a really long time to recover from that. I tried a lot of different ways of coping. Everything that has happened in my life up to this point happened so I could teach other people about moving through things. I have a daughter who deals with a chronic illness, and she is one of the happiest people I know. She is my inspiration for doing this work.

JH: Did you face any obstacles on your own path to happiness?

BR: Life just puts stuff in the way. What is more important is my response to everything that has happened in my life. Sometimes we don't know any other response than to get stuck in the feeling that we are in. I went through using different drugs, trying different spiritual paths. I went through bad, abusive relationships. I went through a lot of different ways of coping that weren't working. We move towards happiness in our lives and then stuff happens. As we are limited in our ability to cope or our ability to deal with things, we have limited ways of responding.

JH: How do you define happiness?

BR: There are probably as many different definitions of happiness as there are people, because each person is going to find what that means to them.



"There are probably as many different definitions of happiness as there are people, because each person is going to find what that means to them."

To me, happiness is a place of knowing that things are really OK—that wonderful things happen in the world, and that we really can feel better. I see happiness on this continuum of feeling content to feeling elated, blissful, and wonderful.

JH: What is an example of a happiness tool?
BR: Happiness tools teach us how to feel better no matter what is happening in our lives at that moment. I teach one [class] where instead of saying 'I worry,' students say, 'I wonder.' I tell someone in the class to pick anything they are worried about; then I tell them to try wondering about that. An example might be 'I am really worried about graduating this term and finishing everything on time.' So, 'I wonder how this will get done; I wonder what will inspire me; I wonder what will motivate me; I wonder who can assist me with this.' As people begin to wonder, ideas are able to commence and solutions are able to come in. They are able to think more clearly about all the possibilities. When people are worried about something, they can't think. They just get stuck. It's almost a self-fulfilling prophecy that everything falls apart, because we are always so worried about that one thing.

JH: What challenges do you face while teaching this course?
BR: The first 18 months that I went to teach the class, something hard would happen in my life. I had 15 people close to me die in those 18 months. When that happened, each time I was able to [ask], 'What are your happiness tools? What are you learning now? How can you shift this? How can you fully feel your grief and feel good about things?' Each time I taught the class, I got my own private lesson from life itself. My commitment to doing the work got stronger. My ability to move through things even faster would get stronger. After that first year and a half, I was pretty set to go. No matter what comes up in my life, I can move through it in about 20 minutes now.

JH: How do students enter the class, and how have they transformed when they leave?
BR: People enter the class from all different places. Some people tell me, 'I'm so happy I don't need the class' or 'I'm so depressed the class won't work for me.' I say no matter where you are in your life—no matter what is going on—the only thing you have control over is what you do, how you respond, and what you believe. When people who are basically happy enter the class, they learn how to sustain and spread [their happiness]. When people who have been chronically depressed come into the class, they can learn that it's OK and safe to feel a little bit better. This isn't saying that once you come here you will be happy for the rest of your life, but it creates a safe place to be able to have your own feelings.

JH: What is the importance of happiness in our lives?
BR: As each of us feels better, we do better. As we feel better in our emotions, we sleep better, we eat better, our body feels better, we have better relationships, and we do better at work. We preform better. We spread this feeling that is contagious. I believe I am changing the world one person at a time. - **JAMIE HERSHMAN**

ABOVE: When Barb Ryan explains her philosophy on happiness, she radiates a genuine sense of contentment and joy. Ryan says her goal is to provide others with tools that will allow them to find and sustain happiness in their lives. BELOW: Ryan begins each class by ringing a Tibetan singing bowl, which she says creates a soothing energy that helps her students relax.

DESIGN & ILLUSTRATION **SPENCER KELLY** PHOTO **ANDY ABEYTA**

90° SOUTH

Residents of McMurdo Station, Antarctica, revel in raw landscapes and isolation at the bottom of the world.

In 1999 Dr. Jerri Nielsen's story broke worldwide. Just one year earlier she had moved to Antarctica to clear her mind after a divorce, becoming the only doctor stationed at the Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station—one of the few places for humans at the bottom of the world. That winter, she found a lump in her breast. The tumor required sophisticated medical attention, but the winter weather was too wickedly cold for a rescue plane to land. She would not leave the base for another five months.

Throughout the winter months of 24-hour darkness, Nielsen enlisted the help of a welder to excise a piece of her tumor for a biopsy and an Air Force pilot, who airdropped chemotherapy drugs onto a pad illuminated by fire. When it finally warmed to 60 degrees below zero, the New York Air National Guard flew Nielsen back to the US, where she endured many more procedures. Her cancer went into remission for several years until she died in 2009.

NO ONE SHOULD FORGET THAT ANTARCTICA IS THE HARSHEST, COLDEST, DRIEST, WINDIEST CONTINENT ON THE PLANET.

National Public Radio aired Neilson's story in 2001. Deven Stross, a professional photographer in Portland, Oregon, heard it, and for the next decade, thoughts of Antarctica burned in the back of his mind. In 2010, Stross applied for a supply manager position with a company contracted by the US Antarctic Program at McMurdo Station, Antarctica. By the winter of 2011, Stross found himself flying south to McMurdo, though the thought of going to Antarctica still mystified him: "You're in this massive cargo plane—you feel tiny anyway—you're strapped into a belt on the wall of the plane and you're looking around and seeing cargo in there. Everyone's wearing a gigantic big red jacket, and you just don't know what's going to be waiting for you at the other end."

What was waiting for Stross at the end of the flight was Pegasus Ice Runway—a long, frozen airstrip at McMurdo Station, an American base on a peninsula jutting off Ross Island. The original McMurdo was built in 1902 by British explorer Robert Falcon Scott, and its remains still stand on the edge of Winter Quarters Bay, a small outlet of McMurdo Bay. Since the early twentieth century, McMurdo has evolved just like any northern city, witnessing the construction of a nuclear power plant and the turnover of hundreds of scientists and workers, of which Stross is one of the most recent.

Of the 71 research stations supporting cutting-edge science labs in fields ranging from geophysics to medicine in Antarctica, McMurdo is the largest, and its 85 buildings make up the hub of the US Antarctic Program. Antarctica's polar region is an unparalleled environment for scientific research: The National Science Foundation has termed the atmosphere above Antarctica as "Earth's window to outer space" because of the unique way solar wind and Earth's magnetosphere interact in this region.

Amid the hustle of science research at McMurdo, Stross and his supply management crew keep the station's facilities humming along through the cold days and even colder nights. When the scientists are on site during summer months and the average temperature hovers around 20 degrees Fahrenheit, Stross is often on the grind in the workshop, spending entire days changing tractor tires as big as he is with a crane and a crowbar. In winter, Stross and his co-workers hike around the rocky banks of McMurdo Bay, unloading and storing supplies brought in by Operation Deep Freeze, the massive once-a-year supply shipment the station receives.

But as much as Stross enjoys maintaining the station, the importance of his duties fades when he steps onto the deserted snow-packed streets of McMurdo. Vehicles rarely roll down McMurdo's roads. There are no sirens, no screeching tires, and no pedestrians. Steam doesn't even rise from the short rows of brown, yellow, and mint-green barracks and workshops lining the streets.

Antarctica's intense weather and geographic isolation has forced a policy limiting the time someone can stay at McMurdo to 14 months. After that, each person must spend at least six months on another continent to re-acclimate to the noise, bugs, and the warmth of the sun before returning to the ice. Oddly, the cold at McMurdo does not toughen its residents to all types of climates. Antarctica is the driest continent, which means

DESIGN **EMILY FRAYSSE**

PHOTOS COURTESY OF DEVEN STROSS

ABOVE: On April 24, Deven Stross witnessed the final sunset that signaled the beginning of winter months filled with 24-hour darkness. The next sunrise doesn't happen for nearly four months, and Stross says it's a treat when the final sunset is not obscured by clouds. LEFT PAGE: Residents of McMurdo Station and Amundsen-Scott South Pole Station participate in a two-mile "Race Around the World" competition. This annual event attracts the hardy and enthusiastic among those who are on site during summer months.

when Stross takes holidays in Christchurch, New Zealand, the humidity is bitingly cold. Researchers and station workers on holidays in the north are encouraged to get briefly involved in their past lives while they are away—even with a steady satellite beam of Internet to the base, McMurdo residents choose how connected they wish to remain to their American lives.

Despite his required breaks, the simplicity of life at McMurdo has deeply resonated with Stross—even on nights of unmatched "Category 1" storms, when prying open a door to the outside is to witness a stark, violent hell of snow gusts. But despite the harsh environment surrounding him, Stross says he has never been anxious. "I've never felt anything that's any different from what I've felt back home, as far as isolation or depression goes," Stross says.

He has watched with sadness as fellow station members break down when their family or friends die back home. He has also seen fond relationships evolve into romance and into marriage back in America—but nobody raises a family at McMurdo. Stross believes this is wise. Under no circumstances, he says, should anyone forget that Antarctica is the "harshest, coldest, driest, windiest continent on the planet." Stross has no plans of returning to Oregon for longer than the mandatory breaks. The one regret he mentions is that he didn't find Antarctica sooner, that he couldn't see it earlier in his life.

This year Stross and some friends drove to the runway to watch the final setting of the sun. The weather was flawless, with a mix of clouds that set off the sunset's colors spectacularly as the temperature dropped to around minus 40. Despite the ice clinging to his eyebrows and lashes, Stross snapped photographs until the sun made its final pass over the horizon. "I just couldn't walk away from the imagery that was all around me," Stross says. "It really is magical."

And so winter in Antarctica began. No more scientists at the base—just Stross and his fellow supply managers. During winter, Stross has learned to live like he's never seen the light. "Me and my camera seem to be best friends. As long as my camera is with me, I'm fine anywhere I go," he says. "During midwinter, when you're in 24-hour darkness, if you happen to be fortunate enough to have a clear day on a new moon night when there's no moon in the sky, the Milky Way … You feel like you could touch it. The depth of it is phenomenal." - **BEN STONE**

Residents of McMurdo Station can only stay on site for 14 months at a time. Here, Deven is seen at the Amundsen-Scott Station as he prepares to leave the ice for a brief vacation in Christchurch, New Zealand.

Electronic EAVESDROPPING

A new public transit audio surveillance system has passengers debating privacy rights.

Every weekday at 3 p.m., Jonathon Antonson grabs his cap and briefcase, closes up his cubicle, and navigates through the bustling streets of Portland, Oregon's city center. For Antonson, it's that sacred part of the day when work ends and the commute home in the Oregon drizzle begins. At the Route 96 bus stop, he leaves behind the eccentric city to board the 3:15 southbound bus for his home in nearby Tualatin. Settling into one of the few vacant seats, Antonson is surrounded by a constant stream of conversation weaving through the vessel. Comrades exchange gossip, businessmen banter political commentary, and mothers entertain their children. Passengers are talking, and the bus is listening.

Coworkers Jonathon Antonson (Left) and Brad Johnson (Right) debate whether it is ethical for TriMet to implement audio surveillance in its buses. Antonson believes TriMet's use of audio recording devices can benefit the community, but Johnson believes audio surveillance on TriMet is an unnecessary invasion of privacy.

In of October 2012, TriMet, a division of Portland's public transit system, purchased 55 new 3000 Series buses equipped with a high-tech surveillance system that records audio in addition to the already established video surveillance system. Video has been a standard form of surveillance since it was introduced to Portland's bus and rail system in 1997, but the ability to capture passengers' conversations is the latest feature to aid the city in monitoring happenings in its public transportation system. This advanced audio system, however, has spurred a flurry of debate surrounding passengers' right to privacy.

According to a newsletter released by TriMet in January, the system is meant to provide a fuller account of TriMet-related incidents by having a clearer record of happenings on buses. Some recognize this as an act by TriMet to improve riders' commuting experience and to maintain the level of security TriMet has already established: In 2012 it averaged fewer than three crime reports per day—most of which were not crimes against citizens but rather instances of vandalism and property damage, according to a TriMet report on the company's website.

Despite the justification for security, American Civil Liberties Union of Oregon Executive Director, David Fidanque, is concerned that the buses' audio recording devices may conflict with Oregon law, which prohibits recording a conversation, or a portion of it, if all parties haven't been informed of the audio documentation. Fidanque acknowledges the value in video surveillance because it can provide accurate accounts of incidents along a bus route, but he says audio monitoring technology is an incremental step in reducing citizens' privacy rights. "If we have no expectation of privacy for conversations we have on public transit, why would we have a reasonable expectation of privacy anywhere else?" Fidanque says.

His worry is rooted in the fact that ubiquitous audio recording means all passengers must surrender speech privacy on buses at all times. Once people become accustomed to giving up those privacy rights, Fidanque says standardized audio surveillance may eventually become the norm in other settings like stores and restaurants. "Do we really want to give the government permission to keep records of our conversations using technology that is available today and that will only get more sophisticated over time?" Fidanque asks.

But unlike Fidanque, Antonson says his feelings about TriMet's audio recording capabilities are neutral, and that he actually finds comfort in the added surveillance.

"It's nice to know there is something out there that can prove what somebody might have said," Antonson says. "I think it's just something people are going to have to come to terms with for the greater good. It's not going to make everybody happy."

Antonson's claim is valid—not everyone is happy. Brad Johnson, Antonson's coworker who commutes via TriMet four days a week, shares Fidanque's concerns. "If you're not doing anything wrong, then it's not necessary," Johnson says. "Will things be taken out of context?"

TriMet Chief Media Relations Officer, Mary Fetsch, emphasizes that the new audio system is incident based. She says unless criminal activity or an accident occurs, audio is recorded over within three days of its original documentation. The recordings will only be retrieved when a complaint requires investigation.

DESIGN **DELANEY PRATT** PHOTO **ANDREW SENG**

Upon boarding a bus, TriMet passengers are informed about on-board audio recording devices by a placard placed near the driver's seat. Most passengers are aware of video surveillance that has been a standard on TriMet since 1997, but many passengers haven't realized their conversations are being documented as well.

Fetsch says this advanced system will create a more complete picture when investigating incidents such as collisions or injury claims. She says the main goal of these audio recorders—which came as a standardized feature in the new buses—is to better the TriMet experience for riders. "These systems can act as a deterrent to criminal and inappropriate behavior. They can also be used as a training tool, teaching operators how to deal with different scenarios. This system will help advance TriMet's safety initiatives," Fetsch says.

TriMet's insistence that the system is standard, as well as the promise to erase audio files, is not enough for those who oppose the system. There are concerns that this is an unjustified recording of information—regardless of how it is processed or what it is being used for after it is stored. To adhere to Oregon law, TriMet has placed signs alerting passengers that their actions and conversations are being recorded. The gray area, however, lies in what constitutes adequately informing riders about this electronic eavesdropping.

The blue and white placards that read "Security cameras with audio onboard" are hung near the front of the bus on the driver's side, and Fidanque is troubled by the fact that this is typically the only sign on a bus. He also points out that the signs don't necessarily warn everyone about the audio recording, especially passengers who are visually impaired. "My opinion is a sign doesn't cut it," Fidanque says.

"If we have no expectation of privacy on public transit, why would we have a reasonable expectation of privacy anywhere else?"

"I think we're heading in that way anyway," Antonson says. He believes advances in technology will inevitably make video and audio monitoring easier, making increased surveillance inescapable. In Atonson's opinion, the system implemented on buses is just a part of the natural progression of surveillance techniques—cameras became standard, and now audio is the next step. "We've got the technology, so why not use it to protect most of the citizens?" Antonson says.

It is arguable whether TriMet has the right idea in recording audio. Rather than a direct concern for personal privacy, what some find most disturbing based on principle is recording information before it serves a specific purpose: "The surveillance system is incredibly convenient, but we shouldn't be asked to give up our privacy in exchange for being able to use technology. We should be able to have both," Johnson says.

While questions remain about where to draw the line between privacy invasion and necessary surveillance for riders' protection, citizens and officials will continue to discuss the controversy. And that's a conversation worth listening in on.

- BRITTANY HALLIN

This image represents placards displayed to alert passengers to audio surveillance on TriMet's new 3000 Series buses.

The Hippest Cats IN TOWN

Director Thara Memory cultivates a sound reminiscent of jazz's golden era in his American Music Program youth orchestra.

STORY **REUBEN UNRAU** PHOTO **ASHLEY COLLINGWOOD** DESIGN **DELANEY PRATT**

Saxophone player Sam Seachrist pumps out some notes to kick off a performance at Jimmy Mak's nightclub in Portland, Oregon.

Thara Memory, director of the American Music Program Pacific Crest Jazz Orchestra, requests donations at Jimmy Mak's in Portland, Oregon. Memory's music program is largely supported by donations, which are used to fund activities like traveling to competitions in New York City.

It's a warm Monday evening in Portland, Oregon, and Jimmy Mak's jazz club is sold out. Inside the venue, the audience hollers in approval of the music. "Yeah!" some shout. "Play it loud!" Cymbals crash in exclamation and trumpets and trombones sway in overlapping juxtaposition. Dressed in suits and ties, the musicians of this 20-piece big band play jazz that rings with the seasoned soulfulness of a 1950s Duke Ellington Orchestra, but they are far removed from the genre's golden era. This is a group of fresh-faced teenagers, none older than 18, and they are the American Music Program Pacific Crest Jazz Orchestra (AMP), one of the most prestigious youth bands in the country.

AMP is a public institution offering specialized instruction in the art of one of America's oldest music traditions: jazz. The program is open to seventh- through twelfth-grade students, but to participate, they must audition and be prepared to dedicate nearly 12 hours a week to rehearsals. Since the band's inception in 2005, AMP has competed in, and many times won, major high school jazz competitions, including The Next Generation Festival in California, Swing Central at the Savannah Music Festival in Georgia, and the *Essentially Ellington* High School Jazz Band Competition and Festival in New York City.

The program's intense commitment requirement has yielded numerous accomplishments for its alumni: Students have gone on to receive full scholarships to top music schools such as the Berklee College of Music, Julliard, and the Manhattan School of Music. The band has even fostered Grammy-winning bassist and vocalist, Esperanza Spalding. Many of AMP's musicians, past and present, have demonstrated a natural talent for jazz, but much of the group's success is attributed to its director, Thara Memory.

Beyond the hours spent memorizing charts, to succeed in Memory's band students must possess the determination to handle his brutally direct, yet successful, approach to music education. At rehearsals, Memory is seemingly never satisfied. After practicing the song "Peak," he calls out the drummer for playing too tight and compressed. "That two-beat still sounds funny. You better fix that," he advises.

Turning his attention to the saxophone section, Memory hounds the musicians for not playing their lines in unison. If a student talks back for any reason, Memory shows little patience. Shuylier Neilson, a new addition to the trumpet section this year, begins mumbling an excuse for not knowing his part only to be interrupted by feedback from Memory. "Don't talk to me, blow at me," he cries out. "'Cause you ain't sayin' nothin'!"

Although a bit rough, this unorthodox approach to education is a testament to Memory's devotion to music. "To Thara, jazz is a sacred music," says Kiran Bolsey, a 16-year-old AMP trumpet player. "He expects us to treat it that way, too."

A Lasting Memory

To fully grasp Memory's high expectations and say-it-to-your-face criticism, one must know his journey through jazz: In 1948, Memory was born into a world rooted in rich music and culture in Tampa, Florida. His neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Rodriguez, introduced Memory to the trumpet when he was eight years old and he became infatuated with its warm, brassy sound. Living in the city's College Hill neighborhood, an area dominated by blacks and Latinos, the path that led Memory to the trumpet was as clear as the Cuban rhythms he heard while sitting on the porch of his family's apartment. Memory says his mother often worried when he spent afternoons following Cuban horn groups marching through the streets. "What is wrong with you?" he recalls his mother asking. "I just got the bug," he would respond.

When Memory was ten, his family relocated to Eatonville, Florida, where he continued to musically thrive in a community surrounded by jazz, Latin, European, and classical. Eatonville's flourishing artistic environment was home to talent such as Zora Neale Hurston, author of *Their Eyes Were Watching God*, and was a platform for African-Americans to gain a voice during racial oppression that permeated America during the 1950s. "We didn't have anybody in my community trying to be a Wall Street stockbroker," he says. "The culture promoted what it had at its best, and that was art. In

"To Thara, jazz is a sacred music. He expects us to treat it that way, too."

Eatonville nobody worried about the glass ceiling."

In 1959 at age 11, Memory was already playing trumpet at local jazz clubs. But before he was allowed to perform, a bandleader came to his house to talk with his mother and then escorted Memory to and from the venue. Being the youngest musician on stage was never a worry for the rising trumpeter. "It was a very nurtured environment," he says. "Intimidation wasn't a word in our culture."

When Memory was 22 and touring with renowned rhythm and blues artist Joe Tex in 1970, he arrived in Portland. Walking down Union Avenue, today known as Martin Luther King Jr. Boulevard, and exploring North Portland's black community, Memory says he was taken aback by the sight of the Northwest's serene landscape and the beautiful homes lining the streets. They were nothing like those he had seen in the slums of Birmingham or Los Angeles. "Black people actually live here?" he remembers asking a local at the time. "Well then, I'm not going anywhere else."

Teaching From The Soul

Musically, Memory has seen and done it all. He has laid down funk with the Godfather of Soul, James Brown; he has traded lines with be-bop icon Dizzy Gillespie, and he has grooved with Motown legends like The Commodores. But in 2005, Memory's career shifted gears. A diabetes-related kidney failure resulted in the amputation of three fingers on his right hand, one finger on his left, and the lower half of his right leg, rendering him unable to walk without a prosthetic leg and a cane. Perhaps most devastating, was the loss of his fingers, which left him unable to play the trumpet.

This musical handicap did not last long, however, as Memory commissioned a specially designed left-handed trumpet with an extended third valve that allowed him to use his pinky. Today, Memory is still hitting the high notes and swinging with the same spirit as his days in Eatonville. "I'm a bulldog," he says. "I will not lay down, stay sick, and die in a wheelchair."

The same year as the operation, and after more than 30 years of teaching jazz at local high schools and universities, Memory founded the American Music Program; with public funding and complete directorial independence, he was able to focus his education on only the most driven and dedicated students of jazz in the city.

Among the 20 musicians enrolled in the AMP orchestra, the student that has perhaps proven himself the most in the Portland jazz scene is 18-year-old trumpet player, Noah Conrad, who began playing trumpet in the third grade. After hearing music played by trumpet legends like Miles Davis and Freddie Hubbard and learning about the liberating nature of jazz improvisation, Conrad says there was no looking back. He joined AMP as a freshman in high school, and since then has earned an impressive résumé of awards, including the Outstanding Soloist award at the 2013 Essentially Ellington Festival in New York. "It seems like in music such as rock, you'd get to the point where you'd learn everything there is to know about it," Conrad says. "I think it's impossible to learn everything in jazz."

While it may seem impossible to learn it all, Conrad is certainly doing everything he can to make the most out of every opportunity available. In addition to playing with AMP, Conrad participates in three other bands and takes private trumpet lessons from two other instructors. On top of that, he studies piano to deepen his understanding of harmony and chord structure. "He has so much potential; it will be exciting to see what he does with it in the next few years," Memory says to the crowd at Jimmy Mak's.

Studying under Memory's direction, students find that rehearsals are more than just tireless takes of charts and fine-tuning every minute detail of a set. Rather, Memory is known to digress into long-winded anecdotes about his tumultuous life in the jazz world and the history behind the music. His stories, which range from tales of living in the segregated South to encounters with jazz legends, aim to provide real-world perspective for his students. A favorite among Memory's tales is his story about meeting jazz great Art Blakey. After hearing Blakey perform, Memory approached the famed drummer and asked him how he kept such great rhythm. He advised Memory to lie down on the floor in front of his bass drum and listen close as Blakey played a demonstration. Blakey began faintly tapping the bass drum, at the same time telling Memory to feel the bass, not just hear it. This philosophy became Memory's golden principle for drummers who pass through his band.

Behind all the contemporary lectures and lessons, Memory constantly reminisces about jazz's glory years—a time when the genre was a prominent feature of the American music landscape. "In comparison, today would be like a tree that's totally barren, that only has one branch with only one thing blooming on it," Memory says. Year after year, Memory teaches his students with the hope of planting seeds that will "bloom" jazz back into the cultural consciousness.

All In The Blues

To Memory, jazz is built upon the blues—a music with roots that can be traced back to slavery and strikes a cord with natural feelings of pain and torment. At Jimmy Mak's, he announces the song "Empty Town Blues" by describing its timeless emotion: "This tune is like if you went to Harlem and there was an atomic bomb explosion and nobody was left. As you walk through the streets and hear the reminiscence of the horns, the blues are still being played." The song swoons eerily; the trombones drone low tones and the solo clarinetist, a grimace of passion covering his face, plays drawn-out, high-pitched accents. The song's effect on Memory is evident in the way he pounds his feet and shakes his hands wildly in the air before throwing his flat cap to the floor.

His soulful relationship with blues-fueled jazz has spurred his students to treat their instruments as a channel for human expression rather than a tool for playing fast. To foster this emotional connection, Memory requires his students to memorize their parts instead of merely reading notes on a page. "He showed

Sun Richter, AMP's only female student, belts out a tune before saying goodnight to the crowd at Jimmy Mak's.

me that audiences react to the blues more than any advanced time signatures or harmonic vocabulary," says Aaron Reihs, 18, a saxophone player who is a featured soloist in many of the band's songs at Jimmy Mak's. "I think that's especially important knowledge in today's world, when such a large population of people have completely lost interest in jazz music."

At AMP, Memory teaches music as a language that can empower his students to become proficient jazz conversationalists. Jazz is largely spur of the moment and soloists often explore a song's rhythm and harmony by drawing on the energy of surrounding musicians. To help students understand the intimacy required for improvisation, he urges them to listen to famous jazz recordings and transcribe—or "steal" as he calls it—lines from their solos. "It's like teaching a baby how to talk. It's just building a vocabulary," he says.

Louie Leager, a former bassist with AMP and now a sophomore studying music at Michigan State University, auditioned for the band in 2010 and was criticized straightaway for playing with a poor sense of rhythm. Memory advised Leager to dedicate his time to transcribing solos from legendary bassist Ray Brown. Soon after Leager began playing his bass lines with an improved, relaxed cadence. "Memory would preach that if you learn from the masters that shaped this music, you will always be well off," Leager says. "You can really never go wrong from stealing from others because it's all just part of learning the language of jazz."

An Invitation to Women

Perhaps Memory's most crowning achievements are the results he gets from women who have studied under his direction. The charismatic bassist and vocalist Esperanza Spalding has won three Grammy awards including Best New Artist in 2011, beating out pop megastar Justin Bieber and becoming the first jazz artist to win that category. At this year's Grammy awards, she took home the honor for Best Vocal Jazz Album for her album, *Radio Music Society*. The other Grammy was shared with Memory: a 2013 Grammy for Best Instrumental Arrangement Accompanying Vocalist for her song "City of Roses," a tribute to Portland featuring AMP playing instrumentals.

Despite jazz's historically male-dominated landscape, Memory has had great success teaching women by giving them what he calls an "equal education." Memory believes if women hope to thrive as musicians, they must be prepared to handle criticisms they will eventually encounter on the bandstand. As a result, his harshly direct evaluations and brooding presence in rehearsals is shared equally among his male and female students. "They better not say 'boo,'" says Memory when talking about toughening up his female students.

The only female in this year's group is 14-year-old vocalist, Sun Richter. The petite, short-haired high school freshman says she is aware of the high level of achievement expected of students who pass through AMP, and she has already gotten used to Memory's unorthodox teaching techniques. "When I first joined the group, he would yell so much that I almost had to leave," she says, "But now I understand that he only really yells because he is actually pushing us to be better. If he doesn't yell at all and he doesn't want to talk to you, then he has given up."

On stage at Jimmy Mak's, Richter sings Louis Armstrong's "Sweet Georgia Brown" with a confidence that prompts more shouts of approval from the audience. When the song's finale climaxes, Richter compresses the last breaths of sound out of her lungs. Silent, she smiles at the crowd before setting the microphone back on its stand.

It is 9:30 p.m. and the American Music Program has played for more than two hours. The teenage musicians' faces are weary with exhaustion. This show was similar to rehearsals as Memory gave into his anecdotes and demanded silence in the audience between sets. Before the final song is played, Memory grasps the microphone and reminds the audience about the young players' legitimacy and their absolute dedication to the music: "They may seem like butterflies today, but they gonna be cockroaches tomorrow. Everybody knows there ain't nothin' you can do to kill a cockroach."

At rehearsal, AMP musicians practice the saxophone while Memory adjusts his prosthetic leg. Memory's leg was amputated after a diabetes-related kidney failure in 2005. He also lost four of his fingers, but he continues to play with a specially designed trumpet.

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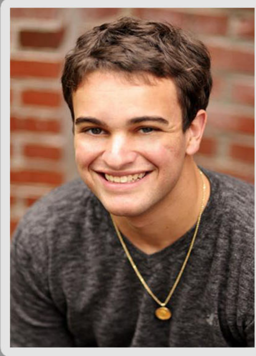

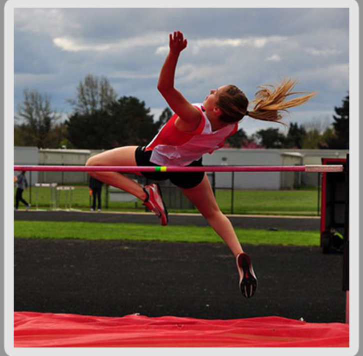

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EAT, BREATHE, LIVE, BODYBUILDING

Two retired school teachers trade classrooms for competitions when they take the stage as professional bodybuilders.

STORY **HALEY MARTIN**
PHOTO **WILL KANELLOS**
DESIGN **CHRIS JONES**

At the McLaughlin 24-Hour Fitness in Portland, Oregon, Daphne Rice places her hands on a bar and steadily inches them apart to prep for a pull-up. Taking a deep breath, she grips tightly and shakily pulls her petite, muscle-defined body off the ground until her chin touches the bar. Letting go, she drops to the floor and shakes her arms out; then she does four more reps in quick succession. "Great job, honey!" her husband, Dennis, yells from the other side of the gym between sets of pushups

Dennis and Daphne spend hours at the gym every day prepping for competition, although they haven't always been avid gym-goers. Portraits spanning the 30 years they were elementary school teachers reveal that their former wardrobes differ drastically from the athletic clothing they wear these days. Dennis boasted an impressive collection of polo shirts, sweater vests, and oversized glasses. For Daphne: collared shirts, turtlenecks with matching hair bows, and thick bangs. Dennis retired in 2002 at age 59 and Daphne five years later at age 52. Since retiring, they have replaced their former work attire with workout clothes and in some cases, a Speedo or bikini complemented with a spray tan. Now, 69-year-old Dennis and his 59-year-old wife, Daphne, are professional bodybuilders.

The Rices have been married for more than 30 years, and during that time, they dedicated their lives to teaching. The couple taught at Milwaukie Elementary in Milwaukie, Oregon, where they instructed fourth and fifth graders. During the final four years Dennis and Daphne taught at the school, they had neighboring classrooms that allowed them to visit throughout the day and spend lunch breaks together. After retiring, Dennis volunteered in Daphne's classroom until she retired in 2007. "We just really enjoy each other's company, respect each other's work ethic and sense of humor, and like the same activities," Daphne says.

Soon after the Rices retired, they discovered they needed a new hobby. "We had to find something else that we could just throw ourselves into," Daphne says. "Pretty much 24 hours a day, we talk, eat, and live bodybuilding."

Daphne and Dennis had no idea what they were getting into when they decided to start bodybuilding. Their days are now centered on preparing for competition; they work out two to three times a day, six days a week, and adhere to a strict diet. Each day begins at 4:30 a.m. with coffee and protein powder. By the time they go to bed, they've eaten six more carb- and protein-rich meals and have worked out at the gym for at least two hours. Their free time is now nearly as scarce as it was before their retirement.

Every meal the Rices eat is mapped out precisely, including specific times they break for meals. For breakfast, they eat oatmeal with blueberries and a side of egg whites. Lunch is a balance of high protein, carbs, and vegetables. Dinner consists of lean protein and green vegetables. "Dennis is an excellent chef and makes 'clean food' fun to eat," Daphne says. They do get to indulge in a "cheat meal" twice a week. "Daphne loves her pancakes, so Wednesday nights we go to IHOP," Dennis says, smiling at his wife. "It's senior night!" she giggles in response. "Buy one, get one free!"

ABOVE LEFT: Dennis and Daphne Rice pose with hands clasped behind their head in a position to show off their abdominal muscles. This stance is commonly seen in male competitions; when Daphne competes, she showcases a set of poses that are meant to elongate the body. BELOW LEFT: The Rices also enjoy posing to accentuate their biceps. They have been married for more than 30 years and have been bodybuilders for nearly ten.

After Dennis and Daphne finish practicing competition poses, they lace up their shoes before beginning a workout session.

Along with bragging rights, the Rices reap the benefits of being fit, healthy, and able-bodied. They are combating the bodily degeneration that naturally comes with age, and their efforts are paying off. The Rices are more toned and in better shape than most 25 year olds. They even manage to make pull-ups and bench presses look effortless. "The payoff is a longer, higher quality of life," Dennis says.

The focus of Daphne's workout routine varies each day of the week, rotating between back/biceps, quadriceps, chest/triceps, hamstrings, abs, and shoulders. She also attends weekly competition posing classes and performs high-intensity interval training on the treadmill and StairMaster. She has accomplished the traditional pull-up and is now working toward a wide grip, non-assisted pull-up, in which the hands are spaced farther apart. Daphne is certain if it weren't for her husband, she would have never gotten involved in bodybuilding. "When I met him, I was a do-nothing marshmallow. He encouraged me to become a runner and then a bodybuilder," she says.

Dennis began bodybuilding before Daphne, but it wasn't long before she was motivated to join him. Like teaching, competitive bodybuilding was another activity for them to do together and strengthen their bond. "The first time I saw him up on that stage, I couldn't believe my eyes! He had recently lost 65-plus pounds and looked like a totally new man. I about burst my buttons with pride," she says. "He looked like he was having so much fun up there; I thought I might want to try a competition, too."

For Dennis, working out is less about mastering certain moves and more about the overall health benefits. "My goal is to slow the aging process by continuing to challenge myself. Mostly I've gone to higher volume training with more reps and lower weights," he says.

The average stranger on the street would never guess the Rices are bodybuilders. When they aren't done up in their competition outfits, Daphne and her husband certainly look more fit than the average person, but their muscles aren't bulging out of their clothes like one might expect. "Most people probably associate bodybuilding bodies with Mr. Olympia or Arnold Schwarzenegger. But when the topic arises, we pull out our phones to show them our competition pictures. The first comment is often 'Oh, photoshopped, right?'" she says.

Although Dennis and Daphne are still adjusting to their new way of life, they aren't completely new to exercise. Back in their teaching days, the Rices woke early every morning to run a few miles before school. After he stopped teaching, Dennis's weight climbed to 225 pounds. "Right after we retired, we kind of slacked off for a while," Dennis says. "I hadn't been that heavy since I was a hard-drinking partier in college." Today he maintains his slimmed-down physique at 170 pounds. "We're trying not to lose the battle," he says.

The Rices participate in two competitions a year: the Oregon Ironman Bodybuilding, Fitness, Figure, and Bikini Championship in Lincoln City, Oregon, as well as the National Physique Committee Seven Feathers Classic Bodybuilding, Fitness, Figure, and Bikini Championship in Canyonville, Oregon. "Since there are master's classes and age groups, there's a place for anyone who wants to work on their physique," Daphne says.

Susan Smith and her husband, Ron, produce and promote these two bodybuilding competitions, which are the longest running in Oregon. Daphne competes in the Women's Master's Class for ages 35 and up, Smith says—and despite being nearly 25 years older than some of her competitors, Daphne continues to win trophies. "Older competitors are very well-respected and admired. They are motivating to the audience and younger competitors," Smith says.

According to Smith, some of the main benefits for senior bodybuilders include improved muscular strength, faster metabolism, improved mental focus, and most importantly, camaraderie and encouragement from people sharing a common goal of improving their health. "There are not many sports that you can jump into past mid-life and with some hard work receive so many rewards," she says.

Having been a librarian, Dennis is exceptionally organized, which makes him adept at planning, packing, and getting the couple to and from competitions. At the competitions, when only one of them is competing,

"We just really enjoy each other's company, respect each other's work ethic and sense of humor, and like the same activities."

they jokingly call the non-competitor the "drag around man," the person in charge of keeping track of gear, food, water, and hollering the loudest in the audience. "I'm Dennis's biggest fan, and he's mine," Daphne says.

When he's not working out or competing, Dennis works as personal trainer at the same 24-Hour Fitness the couple trains at. After Dennis initially began working out, his trainer, Brandon, encouraged him to become a personal trainer himself. "I'm teaching again, which was my life for 30 years. Now, instead of improving people's minds, I'm improving their bodies," says Dennis, who is the oldest trainer at the McLaughlin 24-Hour Fitness by about 12 years.

The Rices aren't the only seniors who've decided not to hang up their sneakers just yet. One of Dennis's clients, 98-year-old Dario Raschio, can vouch for the importance of exercise at an old age. "The more you sit around at my age, the weaker and flabbier you get. If you don't move, you have a tendency to move less every day, and pretty soon you'll find yourself in a wheelchair," he says. With Dennis's encouragement, Raschio works out at the gym twice a week and takes his girlfriend ballroom dancing three times a week. "Dennis isn't like some of the younger people at the gym. He's more understanding of problems associated with my age group," he says.

Before Daphne became a bodybuilder, she took Actonel, a drug to help fight osteoporosis—though she eventually found that regular exercise was much more effective than the drug. When she started taking Actonel, Daphne's doctors noticed minimal bone growth, but it wasn't until after her retirement, when she began doing regular weight-bearing activity at the gym, that they noticed a significant increase in her bone mass. Daphne was able to replace the daily pill with exercise, and she is relieved to no longer be taking Actonel. "I feel really fit and strong compared to most women my age," she says.

Although Daphne has always been petite, she refers to her former self as "skinny-fat," meaning she was able to stay thin, but not in a healthy way. "When I was a little girl, I would look at the scale, and when the scale went up, I would think, 'Oh my gosh,'" she says, her eyes widening. Daphne says it took some convincing from her trainer and Dennis to quit looking at the number on the scale and start focusing on what's really important: lean muscle mass.

In addition to improvements in her physical health, Daphne's body confidence has come a long way. "You can bet your bottom dollar that when I was a teacher, I could never go on stage in a bikini. When I met Dennis, I didn't even own a pair of shorts," she laughs. Now, she flaunts her body in a purple rhinestone string bikini that shows off the sculpted muscles she's worked so hard for. A spray tan completes her competition getup, making her muscles pop even more. The first time Daphne went on stage at a competition, she felt strangely calm and collected. Silently wondering where her jitters were, she realized that being a teacher for 30 years, she always had people's attention on her, and she enjoyed having an audience again.

After they retired and started bodybuilding, the Rices knew they would be improving their health and fitness. But even more so, they were happy to discover that their new lifestyle would strengthen their bond and bring them even closer. Even after everything they have done together, the husband and wife agree that they never tire of spending time together. "I feel like I'm the luckiest girl in the world," Daphne says with a smile.

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Dennis on stage at the Nevada State Championships where he placed second in the Masters Over 60 category.

In the days leading up to their competition, Dennis and Daphne send photos to their coach to receive last minute nutrition advice.

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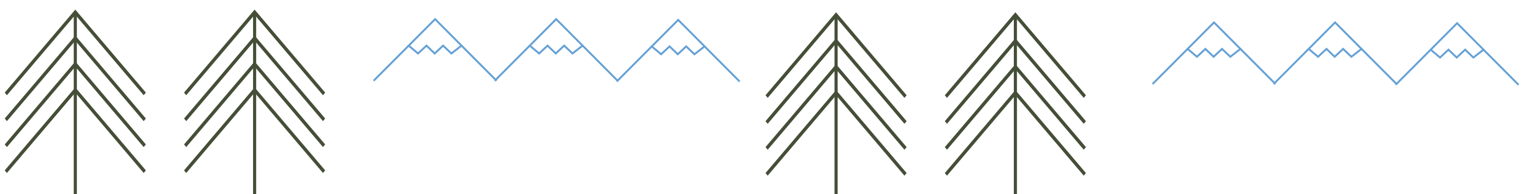
Specially adapted recreational equipment and home tools for those with disabilities are designed to inspire passion for an active lifestyle.

STORY **JAYATI RAMAKRISHNAN**
PHOTO **KYLE MCKEE**
DESIGN & ILLUSTRATION **LAUREN BEAUCHEMIN**

Tim Holm approaches the concept of rifle use with the breezy affirmation of a gun enthusiast: "I'm fairly confident it's safe," he says, hardly batting an eye. Of course, the gun Holm refers to is attached to a stationary mount that can be fixed to his wheelchair. It is controlled by a switch he can operate with his chin and a trigger that can be activated by simply sipping on it like a straw. It doesn't even require a person to use their hands.

This rifle mount is part of the collection in the Device Loan Library at Access Technologies, a nonprofit organization based in Salem, Oregon, that strives to make everyday activities easier for people with physical disabilities. The organization also rents out recreational equipment for indoor and outdoor activities. Elisha Kirsch, an assistive technologies specialist who has worked with the company for four years, emphasizes that Access Technologies does not design or manufacture any of its products. "We do a lot of testing in here before we let anything out the door," she says. "A lot of what I do is research. Finding ways to help an individual be more independent is so exciting."

Employers often refer clients like Holm to Access Technologies in the hopes that the company can outfit an individual's workspace to be more compatible with his or her needs. Holm has quadriplegia as a result of an injury to his spinal cord caused by a 2008 motorcycle accident. Holm, a former policeman, lost much of the use of his limbs, but eventually returned to work as a public works dispatcher for the City of Salem. His supervisor found Access Technologies, and the organization adapted the



This rifle has been modified with a large screen to help users with limited mobility view the scope from a seated position and fire the trigger with a straw-like apparatus. This entire setup can be mounted onto the arm of a wheelchair.

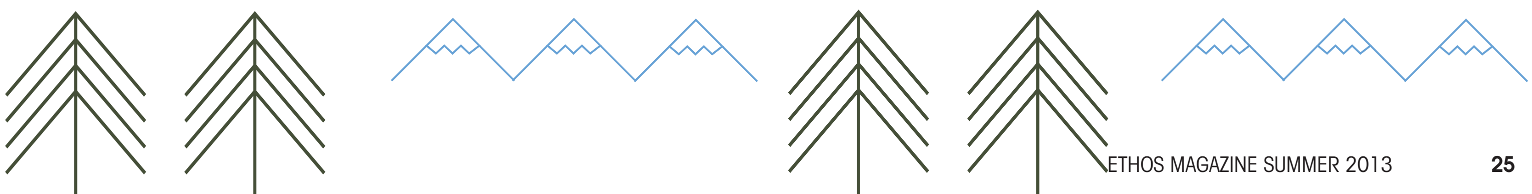
front door of Holm's office building by making it wheelchair accessible. The company also gave Holm computer accessories, such as a smaller keyboard and an oversized ball mouse, which are easier for Holm to operate with the limited mobility of his hands. Among his most valued tools, Holm says, are reaching aids such as a pole with a hook and magnet on the end he uses to pick up items like dropped keys.

Initially, Holm did not know how badly he was hurt or how much function he would be able to recover after his accident. The therapy that followed has given him back some mobility in his arms, but the use of his legs has never returned. As he recovered, Holm's family and close friends began encouraging him to adapt some of his everyday devices to help him move around more independently. This included modifying devices and doors in his home, a project completed by a hired contractor experienced in outfitting homes for people with disabilities.

Holm's experience also inspired him to actively research companies like Access Technologies for other recreational outlets. Holm's father and sister frequently show up at his home to help him. Holm also has assistants who help him get out of bed using a device called a Hoyer Lift, which envelops Holm in a full-body sling and lifts him up so he can be moved from the bed into a wheelchair. Holm drives his own van, which has a ramp that allows him to drive his wheelchair directly into the vehicle. The van is also fitted with hand steering controls, a wheelchair locking system that secures Holm's chair into the driver's position, and a modified seatbelt. In addition to transporting himself, Holm is now able to run errands and pick up his son from school without assistance. "The minute I got the van, it was about three days of driving lessons and then back to work," he says.

Increasing accessibility to public spaces is becoming a major priority to aid individuals like Holm, who have had life-changing experiences. At the University of Oregon (UO), the Accessible Education Center works to assist about 1,000 students with a range of disabilities. The center, which recently changed its name from "Disability Services," strives to make the campus a place that is easy for everyone to navigate. Senior Director Hilary Gerdes points out that the department is trying to inspire an attitude shift

After sustaining spinal injuries in a 2008 motorcycle accident, Tim Holm hopes to utilize adaptive equipment to enjoy outdoor activities such as recreational shooting and quadriplegic rugby.



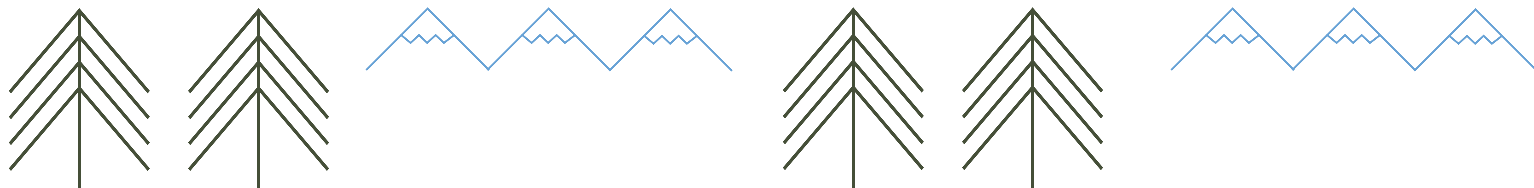
Elisha Kirsch explains why her employer, Access Technologies, sells household items, such as hammers and specially angled hand shears. She says even the slightest angular or length modifications can be helpful for accessing hard-to-reach objects.

in the public's view of disabilities, from one of special accommodations to an attitude of universal inclusion: "I think our name change signifies where we'd like to go," Gerdes says.

Holm believes a positive attitude makes all the difference in transitioning to a lifestyle with limited mobility. Despite Holm not having complete range of motion in his hands, he still aims to pursue his passion for guns. He hasn't explored all of Access Technologies' outdoor equipment, like camping tents, fishing rods with battery powered reels, and scales that read an object's weight out loud, but he plans to. Right now, he has his sights set on using the rifle mount he is testing at Access Technologies to re-enter the world of recreational and competitive shooting. The mount can accommodate a variety of firearms, too. Holm wants to create a club event that allows people of all mobility levels to come and try out the adapted equipment. "I'm a member of the Albany Rifle and Pistol Club, so I've already talked to their executive board about sponsoring an afternoon," he says.

With the aid of adaptive equipment, Holm also hopes to branch out into activities like quadriplegic rugby, which he describes as "a mix between football, soccer, and hockey with some of the rules of basketball." Portland has a competitive quadriplegic rugby team, the Portland Pounders. "It's actually quite exhilarating to watch," he says, lighting up at the mention of athletic competition. "It's all trial and error." Holm adds that sports and an active lifestyle have always been a part of his life. This, he feels, is a way to explore a new side of activity.

Seated in his wheelchair, Holm is soft-spoken with a sweet smile that gets even broader when his son, Kyle, bored with waiting for his dad, runs into the showroom. Holm's hands are perpetually curled into fists that rest near a joystick that controls his chair. While surveying the adaptive equipment offered by Access Technologies, Holm watches his son, an energetic fourth grader, bound into the showroom and begin inspecting the room full of "toys." Holm watches him with a smile that is only occasionally broken by a warning not to touch something.



A POSITIVE ATTITUDE MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE IN TRANSITIONING TO A LIFESTYLE WITH LIMITED MOBILITY.

Battery powered hand shears are available at any hardware store, but Access Technologies also supplies this item from its lending library. Holm can check out a pair from the organization any time he likes.

Access Technologies is still fairly small, with about ten employees and a single office, but it offers many options for those looking to live their lives more independently. The company has a small showroom inside a shopping complex, where groups of phone accessories, adaptive childrens' toys, and household tools like hammers and pliers are separated by function and rest on tables around the room. All of these technologies are designed to make activities possible that would otherwise be a major struggle for people who don't have the full use of their bodies. But some of the items, Kirsch says, are not specially manufactured for handicapped individuals and can be purchased in regular stores. Picking up a battery-powered hammer, she explains: "Assistive technology is *anything* that helps people be more independent—iPads, hand tools, as well as specialized tools."

Hand tools, like battery-powered pruners and pliers, are tools anyone can buy at a hardware store, but Access Technologies carries them because they can make outdoor activities easier for those suffering from arthritis. In Holm's experience, tools like these can make a world of improvement. He says adding an inch in length or slightly shifting an angle can mean the difference between being able to reach a door handle or not. "It's amazing, just raising up something a little bit, changing the angle on it, and it's like, *voila*," he says.

Specially adapted utensils are also available at Access Technologies.

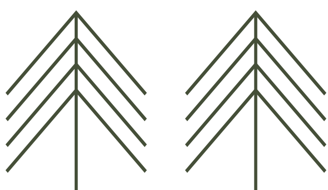
Gerdes agrees that simple changes can make all the difference in making mobility easier for someone with a disability. The UO is constantly working to improve the accessibility of all of their buildings by adding ramps and elevators to the older campus structures. When a building is not accessible, the Accessible Education Center does its best to relocate classes to accommodate students with disabilities. Another addition the center is proud of is the Access Shuttle, a fairly recent addition to the program that picks up students and takes them to and from home, or even from place to place on campus. "That's been a huge improvement, even though the shuttle service is almost at capacity for meeting that demand," Gerdes says.

She also mentions a newer piece of technology the UO suggests to make note taking easier for students with visual or hearing impairments, or anyone who might have trouble keeping up with the pace of note-taking lectures. Called the "Pulse Smartpen," it records what the professor says and then takes pictures of a student's notes while writing. If something is missed and a blank space is left, the pen will play back the appropriate part of the lecture with it is pressed to the empty section of the page. The UO also occasionally rents these pens out to students.

Access Technologies relies on public funding and private donations. The Tech Act, officially known as the Assistive Technology Act, is a law that provides funding for the company to have a demonstration center and a lending library, as well as allows individuals from around Oregon to work with a specialist from Access Technologies to determine the technology that he or she needs. The company can only acquire some of its more expensive products, like motorized wheelchairs, by donation.

Kirsch says she hopes to expand Access Technologies, but acknowledges this as a long-term goal. Currently, the company isn't very well known, and recognition is one of its main roadblocks. "My biggest plans are for publicity, seeing how many more people we can draw in and help make an impact on their life," she says.

Holm's injury has certainly impacted him and his family, but it has made him look at his life in a new light. He is constantly touched by how often people, even strangers, want to help. "Wherever I go, whoever I'm with, people really don't want to see you struggle," he says. "It's opened my eyes, really, to the generosity of people."



Finding the Light Within

Followers of Sikhism strive to balance personal truth with the teachings of the ten gurus.

STORY **KYRA BUCKLEY** PHOTO **MASON TRINCA** DESIGN **CARLY ELLIOTT** ILLUSTRATION **HANNAH SEDLAK**

ABOVE: A group of female students dance and play in front of a painting in the dining hall of the Gurdwara Sahib Sikh Temple in Salem, Oregon.
LEFT: Pawan Kaur, a Portland State University student, balances the Sikh traditions she learned as a child in India with the Western culture that now surrounds her.

Today is quite unusual for the students who gather weekly to learn foundations of the Sikh religion at the Gurdwara Sahib Sikh Temple in Salem, Oregon. Surrounding them, the classroom's cobalt blue walls are covered in yellow papers displaying the children's efforts in writing the Punjabi alphabet. The students, ranging in age from four to 11 years old, speak quickly and loudly with each other, hardly containing their excitement. Before the day's festivities begin, teacher Kirandeep Kaur explains a set of rules: Students can converse with their teams before clicking their toy buzzers, but if they buzz in before confirming the answer with their team and they get it wrong, one point will be deducted from their score. Today is Jeopardy day.

Before the game begins, teacher Amandeep Kaur suggests the class participate in a Sikh prayer. Calm fills the room, and for the next few minutes the students recite a morning prayer in the Indian language of Punjabi. Some sit with their hands together and their eyes closed; others have a wandering gaze, yet they are still engaged in the prayer. When they are finished, one female student asks, "Can we start asking Jeopardy questions now?"

When the first question is asked, the students spring to life. Blurting out the answer to a history question, one student is instantly chided for not consulting with her team before answering. One younger boy must be consoled because his team is losing. Another student is reprimanded for buzzing in before a question is read. It's certainly not a typical game of Jeopardy, but the students appear eager and willing to show off their knowledge of Sikh culture and history.

Sikh, meaning student in Punjabi, is a monotheistic religion that follows the teachings of the ten human gurus. When a teacher asks the name of the eleventh guru during their Jeopardy game, almost every student responds: the Guru Granth Sahib, is a collection of holy Sikh scriptures regarded as the eternal spiritual guide. Students at the temple are also taught that Sikhism was founded by Guru Nanak approximately 500 years ago in the Punjab region of eastern Pakistan and northern India. Although Sikhism was founded somewhat recently, it is now the world's fifth largest religion with more than 20 million followers.

Salem's Gurdwara Sahib Sikh Temple is the largest Sikh temple in Oregon, but in 1999 when temple president Bahadur Singh moved to the state, no such gathering place existed. "[Opening a temple] was pretty much always in my heart," Bahadur says. "My prayer got listened to."

"Sikhism is basically a way of life; it's a way of being spiritual."

Originally from India's Punjab region, Bahadur moved to San Francisco in 1991. After spending nearly ten years in the golden state, he and his wife moved to Salem. To his knowledge, they were only the second Sikh family living in the area, and it was nearly six years before his prayer to open a temple was answered. In 2005, Bahadur purchased a former Lutheran Church in Southeast Salem and turned it into the temple it is today. When the temple first opened, only five or six families regularly attended—now the congregation consists of more than 100 people who attend the weekly Sunday morning service.

"Our souls are connected here. It doesn't matter if we are practicing or not," Bahadur says, referring to the temple. "At least once a week we can bow our heads and bear our life troubles. [God] is not going to tell anybody. You don't even have to say it out loud. Guru Granth Sahib says that [God] hears your heart. And he does; I know that."

Founder Guru Nanak's basic teachings are followed at the temple—the most important of which is treating everyone as equals. According to Bahadur, Guru Nanak's goal was to create a spiritual community without the rigid class structure of the Hindu-based caste system, which originated about 1,500 years before Sikhism was founded and still exists in India

ABOVE: To celebrate the anniversary of Sikhism, on April 14 a priest reads from the Guru Granth Sahib in the temple's worship hall. LEFT: As Sikh tradition dictates, women worship separate from the men; however, both women and men cover their heads to show respect to the Sikh gurus.

today. Because last name can be an indicator of caste, initiated Sikhs—and often those born into Sikhism—are assigned the last name Singh, meaning lion for men, or for women, Kaur, meaning princess, to promote equality in their communities. Bahadur says equality, truthful living, community service, and emphasis on conscious contact with God, are essential aspects of Sikh lifestyle that are embodied in practices at the temple.

On this day, 11-year-old Amrit Singh, Bahadur's son, greets guests at the door. He instructs visitors to remove their shoes and wash their hands. Pointing to a basket of blue and orange bandanas, he asks them to cover their heads. Amrit explains that these practices show respect to the Sikh gurus. He also invites visitors to join the *langar*, a meal offered to anyone who crosses the temple's threshold.

According to Jasvinder Singh, a 24-year-old junior priest, Sikhs believe that worshipping while hungry diverts attention from God. It is not uncommon for visitors to be offered food many times during their visit to the temple, he says. Women at the temple typically prepare the traditional Indian cuisine offered to guests on any given day. Most orthodox Sikhs do not eat meat; therefore, offerings are always vegetarian. Today's menu consists of Indian pakora with a spicy cilantro sauce, sweet carrot and sweet almond bars, pita chips, and customary chai tea laid out on a counter in the dining room.

Gold fabric lines the walls of the main room of worship where services begin as a Sikh priest reads from the Guru Granth Sahib. The words are then followed by music and hymn singing. Upon entering the room, Jasvinder says visitors walk across a deep red carpet to where the holy Guru Granth Sahib is kept and bow down, often leaving a small offering. Temple-goers are free to move between rooms during a service—listening to an entire service is not required. Visitors may come and go as they please and participate as much or as little as they like. When a service begins, the room is often almost empty while people getting food at the *langar* trickle in and out. By the end of a service, the room is filled with families and guests.

Although no formal ceremony is required to be a Sikh, some choose to be initiated, or baptized, into Sikhism and adhere to the religion's guidelines. Initiated Sikhs, such as Bahadur, have chosen to follow five physical *Khalsa* practices revealed by the tenth guru, Gobind Singh: *kesh*, uncut hair that is often covered with a turban; *kirpan*, a religious sword carried at all times; *kara*, a thin steel bracelet worn to symbolize eternity; *kangha*, a comb that is kept in the hair at all times; and *kacchera*, shorts that are often worn as an undergarment.

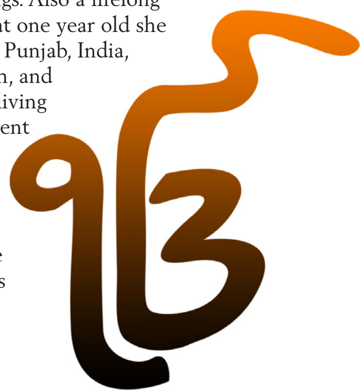
While devout Sikhs follow Guru Gobind Singh's guidelines and wear the five physical markers, others balance fundamental Sikh teachings with individual lifestyle choices. "Sikhism is basically a way of life; it's a way of being spiritual," says Ravidas Singh, a lifelong Sikh. "All it comes down to is how to be a good person in your community."

Ravidas, an international student studying at the University of Oregon, blends the teachings of Sikhism with his everyday life. His family history draws on a mixture of culture from India, Thailand, where he and his parents were born, and Singapore, where his two older sisters were born. Following in his siblings' footsteps, Ravidas decided to leave Eastern Asia and study abroad. Before moving to Oregon, he expected to live a very traditional and strict Sikh lifestyle, but he quickly learned that to stay true to himself he needed to be more flexible. "A whole lot of emotions went through me, and I was like 'Okay, what kind of Sikh do I want to be?'" he says.

Throughout his own spiritual searching, Ravidas has kept his upbringing and family heritage in mind. Although he doesn't always wear his *kara*, he often carries the thin silver bracelet in his backpack. He does not cut his hair and keeps it wrapped in a white turban, and he also carries a small *kirpan*. Overall Ravidas is able to follow the basic tenants of Sikhism while adapting to life as an American college student.

Similar to Ravidas, 21-year-old Pawan Kaur balances her Western lifestyle with the traditional Sikh teachings. Also a lifelong Sikh, Pawan was born in California, but at one year old she was sent to live with her grandparents in Punjab, India, until she was seven. She is a Sikh by birth, and learned a traditional Sikh lifestyle while living with her grandparents. Now she is a student at Portland State University (PSU) and regularly attends services at the Salem Gurdwara Sahib Sikh Temple.

"I cut my hair," Pawan admits. "I'm not initiated, and I've kind of come more into the Western society." Although she is



TOP: Men pray together during the end of the worship ceremony at the Gurdwara Sahib Sikh Temple. MIDDLE: On the afternoon of the Sikh anniversary, the Gurdwara temple is full as Sikh practitioners gather to celebrate the day the religion was founded. BOTTOM: Temple instructors Kirandeep Kaur and Armandeep Kaur organize a game of Jeopardy that tests childrens' Sikhism knowledge with questions about the Guru Granth Sahib and the ten gurus' spiritual teachings.

not an orthodox Sikh, religion still plays an important role in her everyday life—whether she is on the PSU campus, with her friends, or at the Salem temple. "I have a lot of friends who are non-Sikhs," Pawan says. "How they perceive things and how I perceive things [are different]. It matters a lot to me if I'm doing my work in a pure manner and not cheating my way through it. For school, I would just rather get a bad grade than cheat."

For temple president Bahadur, part of being a Sikh is adhering to the guidelines set by the tenth Guru and wearing the five markers of the Khalsa. "I'm baptized, so I have all five things," he explains. "This is my *kara*," he says pointing to his bracelet. "I have my comb here," he says placing his hand on his head. Next he pulls out a small six-inch dagger-like object, his *kirpan*. Its small size, he explains, means he can carry it almost anywhere; in India, he adds, some choose to wear a bigger sword. "There is a reason why the Guru gave us these five things," Bahadur says. "He gave us the comb because he wants us to always be ready, not look or search for anything. He gave us the long shorts so we don't have to wear another pant or pajama—we could walk around in public," he says, referring to kachera, the undergarments symbolizing a willingness to go into battle at any time. Pointing to his *kara*, or bracelet again, he says, "This is saying that I do not do anything wrong with my hand. It reminds us what we stand for."

"All it comes down to is how to be a good person in your community."

Although Pawan, Ravidas, and Bahadur practice Sikhism differently, all agree that a constant awareness of God is the driving force in their lives. Sikhs may use the pronoun "He" to describe God, but their vision of God is a genderless and shapeless form that all humans—whether man or a woman, rich or poor, or a student learning about Sikh history by means of a Jeopardy game—have equal access to. As Pawan phrases it, "We believe that God lives within all of us—it's finding that true light within you."

People come and go throughout temple services to eat at the *langar* in dining hall. Sikhs believe worshipping while hungry is a diversion from God, and it is custom at the Gurdwara Sahib Sikh Temple to participate in worship with full stomach.

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DISCOVERING ISRAEL

התקוה

One traveler's journey to the birthplace of Judaism helps him understand his cultural heritage.

Thick gray moisture hugged the Jerusalem Forest hills for as long as the sun would let it on the cold December morning I arrived at Mount Herzl. The air was crisp and reminded me of the Pacific Northwest, although I was in Israel 6,714 miles away from home. Except for birds and rustling leaves, all was quiet as I walked through Mount Herzl Cemetery's front gates. The soldiers traveling with us, normally jovial and relaxed, tucked in their shirts, wore their caps as a sign of respect, and walked with purpose along the pathways between graves.

Passing the tombs of famous Israelis such as Yitzhak Rabin, Golda Meir, and Theodor Herzl—the founder of modern Zionism—I saw rows of graves housing Israel's war dead. Symbolically alive with shrubs and flowers, hundreds of raised planters were marked with headstones bearing the name and rank of the soldier enclosed within. The solemnity of this place reminded me that I came to Israel for more than a vacation.

In a way, it's a fortunate coincidence that I visited Israel at all. The application for the ten-day Taglit-Birthright Israel discovery program had been filtered into my email's spam folder. For me, Israel had always seemed an enigmatic country—a place home to a myriad of cultures enshrined in ancient world history, and watched with scrutiny by world media. I had thought of Israel as a divided place, where coexistence wasn't possible. Anytime I turned on the TV, it seemed every story about Israel detailed the brutality or hopelessness of a country at war with its neighbors. I had never understood it—the fighting seemed purposeless.

But despite that, a desire to visit had always been there. My great-grandmother was born in what was then British Palestine; my mother studied in Jerusalem in the 1970s, and I strongly identify as Jewish. Israel seemed like the right place to learn more about my Jewish heritage and identity. The email's subject line read "Free trip to Israel," and as fate would have it, I opened the message, applied, and was accepted to tour Israel with 40 other American Jews.

In the morning fog, Rachel, our Taglit guide, led our group to a stone planter marked with a headstone and a simple inscription revealing the deceased's name, rank, and place of death. Stopping before the grave, Rachel explained that so many Israelis had been killed in war that every person in the country has a number representing how many friends or family members were interred at Mount Herzl. Her number was two, and this grave was one of them. It belonged to Nir Cohen, a friend who had been killed when a rocket struck his tank. Quiet settled over the group as Rachel placed a pebble on Nir's headstone, a Jewish gesture of respect for the dead. In that moment I felt the true impact of violence in Israel, and I empathized with the reality of struggle in a war-torn country. In the few days I had been in Israel, I had been surrounded by people yearning for peace; I saw it in the faces of old men and women sweeping their stoops and buying groceries at the shuk—they were tired of conflict.

A few days later my cohort traveled to the Negev Desert to meet Israel's Bedouin, Arab nomads who

PHOTO **GORDON FRIEDMAN** DESIGN **NAI SAEPHANH**

ABOVE: A view of the Temple of Jerusalem. While in Israel, writer Gordon Friedman re-evaluated stereotypes of the Middle East. LEFT: Friedman traveled to Israel as part of a ten-day Taglit-Birthright Israel discovery program. True to its name, the journey proved to be an exploration of culture as Friedman learned about the united spirit Israelis possess.

practice Sunni Islam and are highly regarded for their desert tracking skills. Bedouin custom stipulates that if travelers seek food and shelter at their camp, the visitors must receive it without harm, regardless of race, religion, or nationality. Accordingly, our hosts greeted us with generous hospitality, including a formal coffee roasting ceremony followed by a meal of lamb, curried rice, hummus, and of course, more coffee.

That night by the fire I asked our host if he considered himself an Israeli or simply a Bedouin. He responded that of course he was Israeli—he had been born in Israel. The man explained that although he is an Arab, a Muslim, and a nomadic Bedouin living in a politically Jewish state, he identifies as Israeli because Israel is a homeland to many cultures, customs, and traditions, including those he embraces. I began to think perhaps Israel wasn't so enigmatic after all. Before I had come to Israel, I expected to see cultures clashing against each other as a result of the political and religious conflicts that plagued the country. It was a welcome surprise that I was wrong. Listening to the hem and haw of the camels outside our tent that night, I meditated on the thought that Israel, like America, is a place defined by its people.

My last day in Israel, I volunteered at an elementary school in Kiryat Malachi, a town where three civilians had recently been killed by a rocket attack from Gaza. While teaching the students English and playing games with them, I noticed something they perhaps did not: their diversity. Some were Israeli, some were European, and many were Ethiopian. The children appeared to see no differences among themselves—everyone was just a playmate. But to me, the willingness of these youths to accept others embodied Israel's future. The children harbored no prejudices, and it inspired me to look at others with acceptance.

"The willingness of these youth to accept others embodied Israel's future. The children harbored no prejudices, and it inspired me to look at others with acceptance."

Hatikvah, the name of Israel's national anthem, means "the hope." I have never seen as much hope for change and for the future as I witnessed in Israel. I saw it in the pride and equality within their youth; I saw it in their understanding of each other despite cultural differences. From the first day of my journey, I met Yemenites, Arabs and Muslims, the Bedouin, Jews of all degrees of religious conviction, Africans, Christians, pilgrims seeking religious sites, and secular youth looking to the West for influence. All were distinct, yet united in their common ideals of acceptance, hope, and good will towards one another. I had learned that cultural diversity did not prevent a sense of community and friendship between them.

Just as Mount Herzl—a place where soldiers are buried—is green and alive despite the evidence of struggle and death around it, the people of Israel are alive with hope and compassion. Just as a Bedouin nomad can be a Muslim and an Arab, he can also be an Israeli because he embraces the same values as his countrymen. And the children, who are Israeli despite coming from worldwide diaspora, inspire a hope for peace and growth.

- GORDON FRIEDMAN

As Brian Vorwaller begins working on this nine-foot-tall Sasquatch, he makes rough cuts using a method called blocking to create the piece's initial shape. Vorwaller began chainsaw woodcarving in 2009 after accidentally smashing his hand with a sledgehammer and a wedge while cutting wood.

CHANGING THE DIRECTION OF ART

Modern chainsaw carvers in local studios and professional competitions are reinvigorating the age-old craft of woodcarving.

PHOTO ANDY ABEYTA DESIGN BRITTANY NGUYEN

At 8 a.m. artist Kevin Strauslin's chainsaw is roaring, piling up sawdust, and transforming what began as a rough sketch on a chalkboard into a lifelike three-dimensional figure. For the next ten hours, nothing will come between Strauslin, his chainsaw, and the seven-foot-tall Western red cedar log standing in the middle of his studio.

To some, chainsaw woodcarving is a dangerous yet thrilling hobby. To others, like Strauslin, owner of Oregon 3D Art and Chainsaw Sculptures in Salem, Oregon, it is a way of life. The art became popular in the 1950s when Ray Murphy, one of the first people to declare chainsaw carving an art, began using chainsaws to create animals and furniture out of wood. Since then, chainsaw woodcarving has grown into a unique expression of talent.

Before taking up the chainsaw, Strauslin spent nearly 30 years working in the drywall industry feeling unsatisfied with the lack of creativity his job offered. In 2008 while driving home from work, Strauslin became intrigued by what appeared to be animal woodcarvings on display in front of a studio, and he pulled off the highway to take a closer look. The studio's owner introduced Strauslin to his hobby, and Strauslin was immediately hooked on chainsaw carving. After Strauslin carved a detailed salmon out of a small scrap of wood, he says he knew this was the new direction his life would take.

Within four months, Strauslin had taken over the shop and named it Oregon 3D Art and Chainsaw Sculptures. Now after five years of professional carving, Strauslin can bend his body and move with the agility of a skilled craftsman to achieve the expressive angles and sinewy textures that represent each animal's personality; his finely detailed carvings are then incorporated into furniture items such as kitchen tables, benches, and shelving. Strauslin has also worked to establish a customer base and to meet other carvers in the industry. He says the chainsaw carving industry is competitive, but it is also a way to bond through a rare art form. "It's an art as well as a sport," Strauslin laughs.

He and his son Tyler, 20, compete in the annual Logs to Frogs Chainsaw Carving Competition held in Milton-Freewater, Oregon, and the Oregon Divisional Chainsaw Carving Championship, which is held every year during Father's Day weekend in Reedsport. Artists are given a set amount of time to complete their creations—some competitions last only two hours, others last as many as ten. The artists work rigorously in their leather aprons, competing to show the judges and onlookers how they can turn a generic log into a piece of art that can be showcased in their homes, businesses, or given as gifts.

Traditional competitions begin when artists draw a number for the log they will carve. Once a theme is announced, which can range from animals to people or even phrases, artists take their positions in outdoor tents. The sounds of chainsaws, electric sanders, and grinders take over as the artists focus. Strauslin says he blasts Led Zeppelin through his headphones while he works because it allows him to "forget about

the other carvers and let [his] imagination guide [him] toward a winning piece."

Although Strauslin enjoys the excitement of competition, he says it isn't the most important aspect of his career. At Oregon 3D Art, Strauslin finds his greatest rewards filling custom orders that allow him creative freedom to be the true artist he is. To expand his business, Strauslin decided to build a larger studio in nearby Salem, and once the new studio is complete, he plans to officially hire Tyler to work at Oregon 3D Art. "I don't really need a pat on the back when I win. What I need is my place here, to be able to communicate with customers and to be with my family," Strauslin says. "I can't wait to have Tyler in here with me."

Despite his excitement about the future, Strauslin knows he wants his woodcarving legacy to live on in Eugene. He has now passed his Eugene-based business to fellow carving enthusiast Brian Vorwaller, who has transformed it into Artist Extreme woodcarving studio. "When I saw that Brian needed a place, I knew I had to help him out," says Strauslin, who showcases a handful of Vorwaller's pieces at his new gallery in Salem. Both artists have taken their love of art and parlayed it into a lifestyle full of long days in the studio, showings at art exhibits around the country, and exhilarating competitions. "It's a labor of love—a way to express yourself through wood. It's pretty intense, and definitely rewarding," says Vorwaller, who began thinking about woodcarving as a teen living in Utah.

But it wasn't until years later while chopping firewood that Vorwaller decided to give the craft a try. In 2009, after accidently smashing his hand with a sledgehammer and wedge while chopping wood, he joked to his wife, "If you let me get a chainsaw, maybe I'll build you a bear." After healing from his injury, Vorwaller got his hands on a chainsaw and some wood and began carving animals. "I saw that people wanted to buy them, so I just kept making more, and I started getting into it," Vorwaller says. After that, he knew it was time he and his wife moved to Eugene—the town Vorwaller refers to as "Wood City."

"It's a labor of love—a way to express yourself through wood. It's pretty intense, and definitely rewarding."

According to Vorwaller, wood harvested in the Northwest is much softer than wood found in Utah. The Sitka Spruce, a softwood and native Oregon evergreen, is a wood Vorwaller says he commonly works with. It is the third tallest tree species in the world and is ideal for carving larger pieces, which gives Northwest artists an advantage by having easy access to this prized wood. "You've got most varieties of wood up here [in Oregon]. In Utah, you get a variety of woods, but nothing real big. Up here, it's mostly redwood and red cedar—real pretty for carving," Vorwaller explains.

The excitement of woodcarving is what Vorwaller says keeps him going. Living in Oregon, where wood is cherished and admired offers artists like he and Strauslin an opportunity to step away from the demands of everyday life and express themselves through art. "I love the intensity of woodcarving—it takes your mind off of anything else," Vorwaller says.

By 6 p.m., Kevin Strauslin's chainsaw is silenced and sawdust is being swept up. What started as a seven-foot-tall Western red cedar log has transformed into a large grizzly bear catching a wild salmon, complete with detailed textures adding the impression of fur to the body and expression on its face. After applying finish to the bear, Strauslin heads home and begins envisioning the next piece he will start as soon as morning comes. - **HANNAH ZIMMER**

After 100 hours of work, Vorwaller's 5,000-pound Sasquatch is complete. He says he hopes to sell the creation, but admits he will enjoy having it in his studio to impress visitors until then.

Lyman Meade and his son, Lyman Jr., regularly scour Oregon's sandy shores for bay clams like the Empires seen here.

The *Dig* for *Dinner*

Low tides on the Oregon Coast reveal Empire and Martha Washington clams that are perfect for a hearty meal.

ILLUSTRATION HANNAH SEDLAK
DESIGN & PHOTO RACHEL MONAGHAN

On a chilly Saturday morning Lyman Meade and his son, Lyman Jr., are the only souls on the Charleston beach scouring the sand for dinner. Among clumps of glossy seaweed, broken clamshells, and molted crab exoskeletons is a quarter-sized hole. Lyman Sr. sticks his index finger into the sand and probes the creature below. With a spade shovel, he carefully digs into the dark sand, releasing the earthy scent of decomposition. Water shoots from the two-foot hole revealing their prize—an Empire clam.

Low tide in the early morning is the best time to find these impressive ten-inch clams perfect for hearty clam steaks and chowder. The estuaries near Charleston, Oregon, provide ideal habitat for bay clams like Empire, Martha Washington, and softshell. The Meades are at their favorite spot on the estuary across from the Charleston Marina & RV Park and the Fishermen's Wharf. At 8 a.m. the dock is abandoned except for a lone sea lion barking in the distance.

Lyman Sr. grew up in Cottage Grove, Oregon, but moved onto the Coquille Indian Reservation in Coos Bay after marrying his wife, Brenda, a native Coquille. Members of the Coquille Indian Tribe have harvested clams for generations, and from them, Lyman Sr. learned how to recognize the signs indicating where a clam has burrowed beneath the sand. Lyman Sr. passed this knowledge onto his son, who now shares it with customers at Bites On Bait and Tackle, a bait shop where Lyman Jr. works.

On the beach, Lyman Jr. is harvesting another clam. He drives his shovel an inch or so away from a quarter-sized hole and heaves a mound of sand to the side. By digging next to the Empire's hole, instead of on top, there is less risk of breaking the shell or accidently cutting off the clam's siphon, known as the "neck." A broken shell won't spoil the clam, but it makes cleaning more difficult, Lyman Jr. says. Water and dark gritty mud seep into the hole as he digs. Suddenly, a sandy neck protrudes from the hole. Lyman Jr. begins gently scraping mud away from the shell and plucks the mollusk from the ground before the mud can reclaim it.

The siphon consists of two valves that clams use to feed, breathe, reproduce, and move. Empires, commonly called gaper clams, got their name because their siphon is so large that the shells evolved to leave a gap for the siphon to protrude. Martha Washingtons also have a siphon, but it is tiny compared to an Empire's and is

easily hidden inside its shell. Located at the opposite end is the "foot," a muscular appendage that allows the clam to burrow into the sand. The neck reaches up to the surface and uses one valve to bring water, oxygen and food into the shell. This is the sensation diggers feel when they stick their fingers in a clam hole.

As Lyman Jr. lifts the clam, water squirts from the crevice of its six-inch shell. "It's not a big clam," he says. "Some Empires can grow to between nine and ten inches across." A good rule of thumb, Lyman Sr. adds, is the bigger the clam's hole, the bigger the clam.

As the tide slowly advances up the beach, the Meades head inland toward a rocky patch of estuary where Martha Washingtons are found. The sharp crunch of empty clamshells echoes from beneath their boots and green sea anemones, exposed from the low tide, spray water as the men march across them.

Unlike Empire clams, Martha Washingtons create small oblong holes. This time, Lyman Sr. begins his dig right on top of the hole, noting that Martha Washington shells are less fragile. But instead of a clam, a long, red sandworm with scaly-looking limbs called parapodia wiggles across the sand. A digger may mistake a sandworm hole for a clam hole and unbury the critter.

With five to ten clams in each of their buckets, well below the maximum number of clams they are allowed to harvest in one day, the pair heads to the reservation to shuck their catch at the Coquille Community Plankhouse. Clammers may take up to 20 combined Empires and Martha Washingtons, but only 12 of the total catch may be Empire clams. Diggers over the age of 14 are required to carry their own license, shovel, and bucket. In Oregon the amount of each species that diggers are allowed to harvest is strictly regulated.

At the plankhouse, the Meades gather their equipment: a hose, a few sharp knives, and a couple of clamming knives—dull but flexible knives for prying meat away from a shell. The Meades first soak the clams in water and wait for the clams to open and reveal a sliver of flesh. To separate a clam from its shell, Lyman Sr. puts the flexible knife's tip by the side of the neck and slices down between the shell and the fleshy body, repeating the process on the other side.

The trick, he says, is to move quickly before the clam closes. If a clam snaps shut before it can be cleaned, it is placed back into the water, and the pair waits for it to open once again.

As father and son finish shucking their clams, the plump bodies of gaper pea crabs emerge from the Empires' flesh and litter the wooden table. These little crabs are found in Empire shells, but they pose no threat to the clam meat.

Before the clam meat is ready to be cooked into chowder or their necks tenderized into steaks, the clam's flesh is thoroughly picked through. The Meades separate the neck from the fleshy body and store it in a water-filled container. This allows the necks to lengthen and loosen for bigger steaks. Then they clean waste from the clams' stomachs and remove the slimy mucus-covered gills.

The stomach muscle, foot, and remaining bits are cleaned again and used for chowder. The neck can also be cut into chowder-sized pieces, but the Meades flatten these into delicious clam steaks. The necks are soft enough for Lyman Sr. to insert a sharp knife into one valve and cut through. He lays the exposed flesh on the table and cuts off the orange tip—a part that has been hardened and beautifully discolored by contact with the mud—from the clam's white flesh.

With the clams clean, the cooking begins. Lyman Sr. takes a meat tenderizer and pounds the flesh until it's thin as lace. It's then covered in flour and garlic powder and tossed in a pan until browned on both sides. The remaining meat is chopped into bite-sized morsels ready for chowder. From their hour-long excursion on the beach, the Meades have shucked enough clams for a hearty bowl of chowder and at least a dozen clam steaks on the side.

- FELICIA KLOEWER

Lyman Jr. and his father also dig for Martha Washington clams. Lyman Jr. identified this Martha Washington's location by the telltale oblong hole it created in the sand.

THE POWER OF PLAY

The Afro-Brazilian martial art capoeira aims to create tension between its players while providing a platform for unity and respect.

Once a month, students from Eugene and Portland come together to learn and share Afro-Brazilian culture at the Core Star Cultural Center in Eugene, Oregon. But before students engage in capoeira, they gather outside the center, a warehouse-turned-fitness studio, to share in music and song. Contra Mestre Dilaho, leader of the CTE Capoeiragem Oregon chapter, treats students who arrive early to an informal jam session. When Dilaho begins strumming his *berimbau*, a traditional Brazilian instrument, a young woman plays a soulful rhythm on a tambourine. Dilaho belts out lyrics in Portuguese, the national language of Brazil, and his students respond in kind. For the students of CTE Capoeiragem, Capoeira is interwoven in every aspect of life.

Capoeira is an Afro-Brazilian martial art made up of a graceful mosaic of movements, shapes, and sounds that are meant to create tension. The matches, known as games, are at a fight and a dance as opponents act as allies and adversaries. Capoeiristas, students of capoeira, learn the art's fundamental movements as a group. Their repertoire of skills includes the *áu*, the term for cartwheel, *ginga*, a movement done to protect the body from attacks, and a variety of kicks, handstands, and ground-hugging movements. Students' skills are tested in the *roda*, a circle where games take place. The *roda* is the life and energy of capoeira.

Students gather around the two fighters and the instrumentalists, or *bateria*, at the head of the circle. The capoeiristas are at the mercy of the *berimbau* player, who dictates the game's pace by how quickly the music is played. The class leader sings a line of lyrics, and the students answer, creating a call-and-response tempo. Once the stage is set, the capoeiristas face each other at the head of the *roda*, and complete an *áu* to begin their match. As one capoeirista kicks, the other answers back with a handstand. More experienced fighters may even add a high-flying kick or flip in the *roda*. This creativity and openness adds an element of playfulness to the art form. Although students learn the same techniques, a capoeirista must be inventive and cunning to outdo an opponent.

> "We're cooperating; we're competing; we're trying to best each other. But we're trying to bring out the best in each other, too."

A game can be playful, but it also has the potential to be deadly. Davey Jackson, a spirited CTE Capoeiragem student and instructor who has been practicing for ten years, believes capoeira should be understood as an exhibition rather than a competition. "The object of capoeira isn't to win, but you do want to best your opponent. At the same time, some *rodas* are a little bit more spirited than others. Some can be quite competitive and even violent," he says. "There's this fine line: We're cooperating; we're competing; we're trying to best each other. But we're try to bring out the best in each other, too."

Learning that capoeira is the only martial art with African roots is what drew Jackson to the sport. Capoeira dates back to Brazil's colonial period, Jackson's uncle explained to him, when African slaves were shipped to the country to work on sugar cane plantations. Capoeira developed as a form of resistance and a way to preserve their culture; its tension was derived from slaves' efforts to mask the martial art as a dance in front of slave owners. After the slaves gained freedom, the sport's combative nature was exposed when many Brazilian street gangs and some former slaves adapted the sport to their needs. It became seen as a dangerous, ritualized form of aggression, and Brazil banned the practice in 1892.

The efforts of Manuel Dos Reis Machado, known as Mestre Bimba, led Brazil's ban on capoeira to be lifted in 1937. Machado reclaimed the art from the streets and brought it into the classroom, requiring students to wear white uniforms and follow a code of ethics known as "Mestre Bimba's Rules." Machado's version of the sport arrived in the US in the 1970s, and it is the foundation of the capoeira Dilaho teaches today.

As Dilaho leads his students through a series of songs in Portuguese, he is youthful and lithe with an air of childlike enthusiasm. Anyone would be surprised to learn he has been

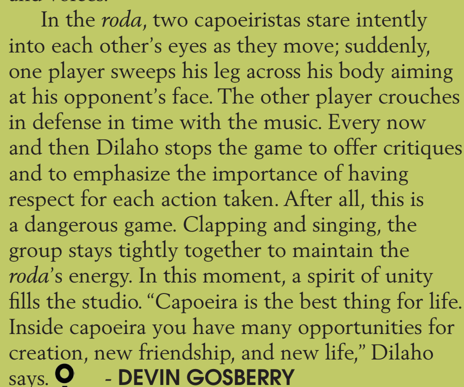
PHOTOS **TAYLOR WILDER** DESIGN & ILLUSTRATION **LAUREN BEAUCHEMIN**

practicing capoeira for 22 years and teaching for 16. "That's baby time. Some *mestres* have practiced for 60 or 65 years," Dilaho says. Although he is not a *mestre*, the highest rank in capoeira, his experience and dedication to the martial art have earned him the title of *Contra Mestre*, the second highest designation a student can earn.

Inside the center, students gather inside a room with whimsical walls covered in clouds. A graffiti artist in his mid-twenties furiously performs a series of kicks, while an 11-year-old martial arts enthusiast shadow boxes with a black punching bag twice his size. A 65-year-old man watches himself in the mirror as he slowly practices a sequence of moves. Students bring different skills based on their body type to the games, but in capoeira no one is superior. "Someone who is bigger or stronger doesn't automatically have an advantage inside of capoeira. In that sense, it is a democratic environment," Jackson says.

As the time draws closer to the 2 p.m. class, more students begin filing in, and Dihalo greets the more experienced practitioners affectionately by their *apelidos*, or nicknames. He calls one of the class's youngest students *Papagaio*, Portuguese for parrot, because of his chatty nature. "He always repeats after me," Dilaho laughs.

When the whole group was arrived, Dilaho starts class by leading the students with a jog around the studio's perimeter before they move into simple moves such as *ginga*. They challenge their skills with kicks, lunges, squats, and flips across the floor as the class progresses. Once the students are winded and their white uniforms are drenched in sweat, they prepare to play a game. Three students grab a tambourine, a *berimbau*, and a congo drum. The class forms a circle and with the first strum of the *berimbau*, the studio is filled with the harmonious sound of instruments and voices.



In the *roda*, two capoeiristas stare intently into each other's eyes as they move; suddenly, one player sweeps his leg across his body aiming at his opponent's face. The other player crouches in defense in time with the music. Every now and then Dilaho stops the game to offer critiques and to emphasize the importance of having respect for each action taken. After all, this is a dangerous game. Clapping and singing, the group stays tightly together to maintain the *roda*'s energy. In this moment, a spirit of unity fills the studio. "Capoeira is the best thing for life. Inside capoeira you have many opportunities for creation, new friendship, and new life," Dilaho says. - **DEVIN GOSBERRY**

GET IN THE SESSION

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Contra Mestre Dilaho and Natalie Stameroff begin a game by performing *ginga,* a defensive stance that players use to protect themselves.

Youth capoeirista Ezra Chavez swings his leg in a roundhouse kick during practice.

Signing with the BEAT

Students from the Oregon School for the Deaf infuse music performances with meaning that transcends the spoken word.

The auditorium, strangely silent despite the full seats, is still with anticipation as a basket of earplugs is passed through rows of audience members not quite sure what to expect. Two performers take the stage, and music floods the room with sound. The song, "No Air" by Jordan Sparks, reverberates through the speakers, sending deep vibrations through the chairs and floor. Performers Tony Campbell and Tayanita Bob begin singing—though not with audible words. With eyes closed and faces writhing with emotion, their duet in American Sign Language (ASL) captures the audience's attention as their hands and bodies give the song a meaning far beyond words.

This performance at the University of Oregon was one of 24 individual acts by students from Bold Expressive Arts Theater (BEAT), a performance group from Oregon School for the Deaf (OSD) in Salem, Oregon. The school is a K-12 boarding school for students whose hearing impairments range from being hard of hearing to completely deaf. Most wear hearing aids, and all communicate using ASL, though sometimes along with audible speech. The students dance and sign with music, despite being hearing impaired, thanks to hours of instruction from staff and volunteers, a quality set of speakers, and the volume turned all the way up.

BEAT is an after-school program at OSD that was founded in 2004 by counselor Jean Obray and career interpreter Bevin McNamara. While interacting with students in the OSD dorms, they observed students signing and acting to music in their free time. Inspired by the students' creativity, Obray and McNamara created BEAT as an outlet for expressive performance. The program meets two nights a week for three hours, during which the group rehearses songs and gives each other feedback. Within the program, four students a child of a deaf adult (CODA), ten are hearing impaired, seven are completely deaf, and several others perform with BEAT as hearing volunteers.

LEFT: Hunter Morelli, 16, explains that performing with Bold Expressive Arts Theater (BEAT) at the Oregon School for the Deaf is a way for him to connect with other kids and community members through sign language, poetry, comedy, and music.

PHOTO **GORDON FIREDMAN** DESIGN **CARLY ELLIOTT**

Student Rigo Martinez, 16, shows his passion for music during a performance of Linkin Park's "Lost in the Echo" at the University of Oregon. To convey the song's meaning, Martinez accentuates his movement with strong and powerful signing.

BEAT volunteer Tayanita Bob, 17, signs the word "love" during her university performance. Bob, who is hearing impaired, works with BEAT in the hopes of inspiring teens to perform and express their emotions by signing to music.

Campbell and Bob, who performed the opening act, are both volunteers with BEAT. Bob, 17, is hearing impaired and a CODA. Campbell, 21, has no hearing impairments, but is also a CODA and became fluent in sign language while learning to communicate with his parents and brother, who are all hearing impaired. As two of the oldest and longest-standing members of BEAT, Campbell and Bob understand the organization's deeper meaning and purpose: to encourage self-expression by communicating in a way that transcends signing. "BEAT is a place where you can let everything out and just feel even," Campell says aloud while signing, his hands moving quickly to keep up with his words.

Hunter Morelli, a 16-year-old student with hearing impairments, is friendly, energetic, and eager to listen and speak to people with the help of his hearing aids. He became involved with BEAT two years ago when he began attending OSD. When he takes the stage at BEAT's performance, Morelli shares a poem, a song, and two skits. The emotion during his interpretation of John Mayer's "Waiting on the World to Change" is infectious, causing everyone in the audience to clap along with the beat. "It feels great to perform," he says. "I can feel the words coming down out of my hands, bringing it to the audience and making them go 'Wow.' That feeling is really strong."

By signing and performing together, the students say they can relate to each other and their onlookers as they convey the story and feeling within a song. Happy songs are performed with smiles and fluid motions, while other songs are communicated through furrowed brows, jerky movements, and even tears. "When you're signing, there is a totally different meaning to a song because each person interprets the song differently," Bob says.

All of the students sign using ASL; however, each student has the freedom to translate a song as they prefer. Performance preparation begins with a student's personal interpretation. After figuring out how he or she might like to express a song's meaning, the student performs the piece to the rest of the group, which then gives feedback and guidance to ensure clarity for the audience. For audience members who don't know ASL, the communication gap is bridged by body language and facial expressions.

> "When you're signing, there is a totally different meaning to a song because each person interprets the song differently."

During his performance of Linkin Park's "Lost in the Echo," 16-year-old Rigo Martinez's gestures make it evident that he loves to perform. Martinez, who is hearing impaired but is able to hear and speak well with the help of his hearing aids, says his interest in music began as means of self-expression. The much-loved rocker of the group, Martinez has mastered a superstar hair flip and uses the full length of the stage to demonstrate the angst within his songs. After dazzling the crowd with a song, Martinez further amazes the audience by accompanying other students on the drums. He has been playing the drums since seventh grade and says he can hear the drums as he hits them, but he also focuses on feeling vibrations from the drums. "Performing moved me; it made me feel very passionate. And I felt the need to express something," he says, adding that inspiring people is his main motivation. The most important part of his performance? "Never stop rocking."

Each student brings his or her own personality and infuses it into a performance. BEAT may have begun as a form of recreation and a creative outlet for skilled students, but it has evolved into much more. "The students come to BEAT and show their true selves," Bob says. "That's why when you see some of the kids signing, some of them are actually crying because it shows who they really are—as a person, as a personality. That's what it's all about."

BEAT is a group of students who choose to discover and define themselves not by their inability to hear, but by their ability to inspire. When they reveal their personalities on stage, the program becomes a platform for the students and the audience to know each other in a way that is not dependent upon hearing.

BEAT communicated this message and it resonated with the listening audience. They left their audience inspired—impressed by their skill and amazed by their heart. As the performance came to a close, the music faded and the audience's ears were left ringing. BEAT bowed and exited as the crowd waved their hands silently signing a roaring applause.

- MEGAN DOUGHERTY

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PORTLAND

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SALEM

INDIAN BEACH

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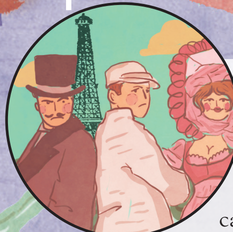
COTTAGE GROVE

Free Willy I/II (1993)
Portland & Astoria

Keiko, the star of this film, was the first and only whale to be held in captivity and later released into the wild. After *Free Willy* was filmed, Keiko spent time at the Oregon Coast Aquarium in Newport, Oregon. In 2002, he was transported to Iceland where he was released into the ocean.



The Great Race (1965)
Gearhart

This Oscar-winning American classic about a car race spanning three continents was filmed in 14 locations worldwide, including Gearhart, Oregon. Final production costs for *The Great Race* peaked $12 million, and at its release, the film was considered to be the most expensive comedy ever produced.

Point Break (1976)
Indian Beach

Indian Beach doubled as Bells Beach in Victoria, Australia, in this internationally renowned film. A legend of a "50 Year Storm" that causes lethal waves evolves into a reality throughout the plot; it is a surfers dream, and a suicide mission, to ride this wicked typhoon's waves that were filmed at Indian Beach.

Animal House (1927)
Eugene

Nearly all of the buildings featured in this University of Oregon's college classic are still in use today. The film's misfit Delta boys performed stunts across the campus, even initiating a massive food fight in the EMU food court. Reportedly, former University of Oregon president William P. Boyd was so delighted to have the comedy filmed on campus that he volunteered his own office to serve as Dean Wormer's office for the glorious horse scene.

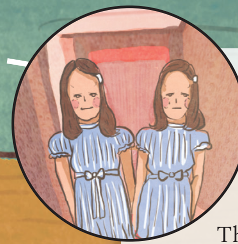
The General (1926)
Cottage Grove

Vast open grasslands and mysterious dark woods in Cottage Grove, Oregon, were used to recreate the Civil War in Buster Keaton's classic comedy, *The General*. This silent film featured 500 Oregon National Guards acting as soldiers in the battle scenes.

Twilight (2008)

Vernonia, Astoria & St. Helens

This film's female protagonist, Bella, is sent to Forks, Washington, to reconnect with her father and attend high school. The small town of Vernonia represents Forks, and its local bank is featured as the Forks Police Station. St. Helens appears in the film as Port Angeles and is the setting for Bella's house.



The Shining (1977)

Mt. Hood

Overlook Hotel's eerie, ghost-like façade was shot using the exterior of the Timberline Lodge. The interior, as well as the back of the hotel, was built and filmed in London. The lodge staff requested that screenwriter Stanley Kubrick not use room number 217 in the film because they feared guests would no longer want to stay in that room. Kubrick changed the script to feature the nonexistent room 237.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest (1976)

Salem

The mental institution scenes in this film were shot at the Oregon State Hospital, where many patients played extras. The title of the film became a reality during production when a patient fell from a second story window. Despite these circumstances, in 1975 at the forty-eighth Academy Awards ceremony, the film flew to success as one of only three to have won the top five major awards: best picture, actor, actress, director, and screenplay.

The Goonies (1927)

Astoria

Haystack Rock at the southern tip of Cannon Beach is the first piece of the puzzle in *The Goonies'* treasure map. On the film's twenty-fifth anniversary, Astoria opened the Oregon Film Museum in the building featured as the jail in the film. As part of the celebration, Mayor Willis Van Dusen declared June 7 "Goonies Day."

MADE IN OREGON

Oregon has been the scene for more than 400 films since the debut of *The Fisherman's Bride* in 1908. The state's dynamic landscapes have allowed producers to portray the spirit of a variety of genres, including the 1920s silent era film *The General* (1926), thrillers such as *The Ring* (2002), and comedies like *Without a Paddle: Nature's Calling* (2009).

Producers have coveted Oregon's notoriously ever-changing skies, dense forests, grassy meadows, rocky coastlines, and vast oceanic views. The state's rowdy waves and towering rock formations have served as the backdrop for adventure, and small towns scattered across Oregon have provided versatile backgrounds for filmmakers. These settings can be easily transformed to profile the simple life of the 1800s or to mimic haunting twenty-first century crime scenes. The locations on this map distinguish Oregon as a center of cinema.

STORY **NATALIE POMPER** DESIGN **CHARLOTTE CHENG**

Our Midnight in Paris

One writer discovers her best friend while celebrating a birthday and a national holiday in France.

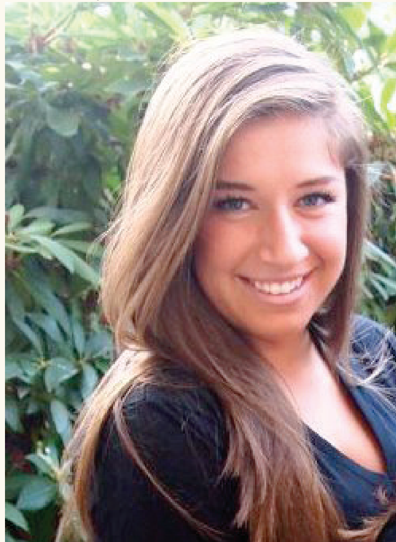
On July 14, 2009, the streets of Paris were flooded with crowds inching their way closer and closer to a parade commemorating Bastille Day, the holiday marking the first day of the 1789 French Revolution. My mother and I stood on the Champs-Élysées, a famous avenue where historic monuments such as the Arc de Triomphe are located, waiting for the parade of massive green battle tanks and primly dressed men in dark uniforms with swords hanging at their sides. Four military planes soared overhead, leaving the sky stained with streaks of red, white, and blue to lead the parade's path.

Coincidentally, my birthday also falls on July 14. The year I turned four, I received a card from my uncle containing two crisp $2 bills and a newspaper clipping revealing that France's Bastille Day shared the day of my birth. As I matured, my curiosity about the foreign national holiday grew, and my freshmen year in high school, I took French as my foreign language requirement. I hoped one day I could travel to France and use my new language to share in celebrating this historic French victory.

On my sixteenth birthday, this wish came true. My mother and I embarked upon a ten-day journey that would be the biggest trip I had ever taken. Two days after arriving in Paris, we joined a group traveling to Claude Monet's garden in Giverny.

As we stepped off the bus, my mother and I were welcomed with the honeyed fragrance of nectar wafting from Monet's Clos Normand garden. Rows of flowers led to Monet's historic home, and standing in a sea of perfume and splashes of floral color, I knew what my mom was thinking because I, too, was reminded of my grandfather.

My mother's parents share a passion for flowers that has been passed onto my mother, and I believe on to myself. Before I was born my great-grandfather opened Broadway Florist, a small Los Angeles corner flower stand that has since flourished into Stats, a holiday decor retail store now owned by my grandfather. When I visit my grandfather's store with my mother, employees immediately recognize me as their manager's granddaughter because I distinctly resemble my mother.



Eleni Pappelis traveled to Paris, France, to celebrate her sixteenth birthday.

Looking upon Monet's garden, I could see the connection between my mother and her father. Wide eyed and face glowing, she could hardly believe the picturesque rows of flowers, and we both easily connected the sweet-scented natural domain to my grandfather and his craft in the floral industry.

Watching her reflect on our family history that day, I realized one of the most valuable things I have learned from my mother is to find and cherish beauty in all that surrounds me. She has two special gifts that I hope to also inherit: seeing the good in everything and being selfless. For as long as I can remember, each birthday I have awoken to a bouquet of flowers from my mother. Even as a student at the University of Oregon, I have often been surprised with flowers when she visits. Our trip together helped me appreciate all the things my mom goes out of her way to do for everyone besides herself—including making my childhood dream of traveling to France a reality.

Four days after visiting Giverny, my special day finally arrived. It was a day that had been in the back of my mind for most of my life. After attending the Bastille parade, in true birthday fashion, I was treated to a fancy dinner in downtown Paris before we traveled on foot to the final celebrations. With only a glimpse of the Eiffel Tower behind the city skyline to guide us, we made our way toward the festivities. Thousands of people sharing our sense of excitement trickled through the small streets of Paris.

As we stood at the base of the Eiffel Tower that night, it twinkled as lights bounced along its enormous steel structure. Warm air carried the voices of opera singers Maria Callas and Pavarotti. Over our heads, fireworks showered the sky in synchronization. My mom had helped me believe the entire country was celebrating my birthday with us, too.

Wandering together through Paris after the celebration, I realized that exploring France with my mom was the most meaningful adventure of my life. Although I am fortunate to have traveled to France to learn about Parisian culture, I am most grateful to have recognized the lengths my family would go to give me this opportunity. I am very lucky to have experienced such a beautiful culture with my best friend.

- **ELENI PAPPELIS**

DESIGN & PHOTO ILLUSTRATION **EMILY FRAYSSE** PHOTO **ELENI PAPPELIS**

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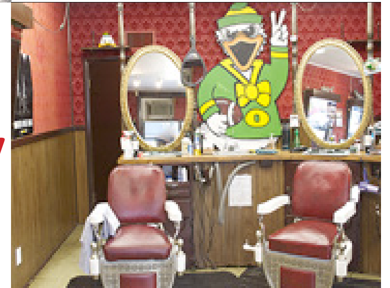

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