

KD MAGAZINE

Spring 2007 Vol. 1 Issue #2

MEN'S ENVY

Behold the beard!

INKS, GUNS & TATS

A personal narrative bled with ink



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Self-expression is irreplaceable in our society, varying from person to person and culture to culture. In this issue, we look at many different forms, hoping to give voice to those who feel misunderstood and offer insight to readers looking to understand the diverse world around them.

Featured on this issue's cover, Louie Cruz expresses himself through tattoos; they represent the mix of tattoo tradition around the world. "My face isn't just one culture," he says. A mixture of Māori, Marquesan and Inuit are inked onto his face. "I didn't want to tread on any one culture."

But the process is anything but pretty. Needles, guns and blood come hand-in-hand with this ancient art form; permanence comes at a price. "I feel you have to earn this kind of stuff and not cheat it," says Cruz.

Staff writer Jason Dronkowski reveals the history and tradition behind the art, discussing his own terrorizing, yet satisfying ride. "You better have some emotional endurance once the bloody tears of a trillion skin pricks start flowing. All in all, it's a nasty process any way you do it, but the healed result can be as personally gratifying as it is artistically beautiful."



Pain and permanent ink aren't the only physical forms of self-expression. In years past, the way a man wore his facial hair was a form of identity; it could show where he lived, what religion he worshipped, or his personal style. Today, the culture behind facial hair is often overlooked. Staff photographer and writer Kyle Carnes examines the history and absurdity behind the scruff, and in the process, uncovers the story behind his own appearance.

Some instead choose to express themselves through movement. Parkour, the art that forges an unconventional path in ones environment, is a way to test the boundaries society creates. Participants climb, jump and flip on and over anything in their way; parkour is an act of "flowing" through the buildings and boundaries that industrialization creates.

Others turn to their heritage to find personal definition, but it isn't easy for everyone. For adoptees, separation at birth can create a disconnect and loss of identity. We talk to Kristen McColloch, a young woman adopted from South Korea at birth and placed into a white American family. She discusses her struggle to understand her Korean culture growing up in the United States.

These examples are only a few forms of self-expression. We feel it doesn't matter how you express yourself, but that you share your story and expand others' knowledge is what's most important. In this and every issue, *KD Magazine* gives this mix of voices a common platform to be heard.

Tristen Knight
Senior Editor

KD MAGAZINE

CO-DIRECTORS

Sojin Kim, Yoon Suh

SENIOR EDITOR

Tristen Knight

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

Logan Juve

COPY EDITOR

Karyn Campbell

WRITERS

Inka Bajandas, Weronika Budak, Jason Dronkowski, Tess McBride, Amber Mees, Sierra Miller, Grace Neal, Jessica Polley, Marcus Purkapile, Katherine Vetrano

ART DIRECTOR

Krystal Hilliker

DESIGNERS

Shawna Huang, Jiyea Park, Tomoi Miyauchi, Melissa Reader, Shiori Takeuchi, Kelly Walker

PHOTO EDITOR

Conner Jay

PHOTOGRAPHERS

Kyle Carnes, Nick Gates, Benjamin Mangin, Zane Ritt, Kai-Huei Yau

JUNIOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

Blake Hamilton, William Lead, Jordan Strong

AD SALES DIRECTOR

Louis Kim

AD SALES REPRESENTATIVES

Eugene Ahn, Sung Won Bae, Carly Hong, So Young Kim

COORDINATOR

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Reiko Jinnō

ACCOUNTANTS

Suyoung Kim, Yao Yan

PR DIRECTOR

Shui Ching Mo

PR REPRESENTATIVES

Angela Chun, TaeJin Kim, Anna Lee, Bryan Saxton

CONTACT

Mail: PO Box 30023 Eugene, OR 97401

Phone: 714-403-8570

Email: kdmagazine@gmail.com

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The Soul of Religion

In Hinduism, the world's third largest religion commonly practiced in India, the ultimate goal is to discover the truth within us. Self-realization, once reached, will open a person's eyes to the truths beyond mind, thought and feeling, leading to the true self: the soul.

With a billion followers, Hinduism is believed to have originated in ancient India, but has no known founder. While the religion's philosophy and spiritual insights have been recorded in many sacred texts, such as in the Shruti and Smriti, the theology focuses on the significance of the soul, known as *atman* or *atma*.

"We identify ourselves with our body or our mind, but when your body dies your soul doesn't," said Veena Howard, a University religious studies professor.

Karma, one of the main principles of Hinduism, is the belief that every action

has an effect, and every decision we make will connect back to us, either in this lifetime or the next. Howard refers to Karma as "layers on our soul" that remain present throughout reincarnation, also known as Samsara.

Reincarnation, meaning "to be made flesh again," is directly related to Karma. The concept promotes the belief of

Dharma creates social and universal order.

treating all creatures, small and large, with the kindness and respect you want to be bestowed on yourself. Howard described the mindset of reincarnation as similar to dreaming. When dreaming, we are not conscious of our existence, and once awake the memories of our dreams vanish but still affect our thoughts and actions. As our bodies and lives shift with every rebirth, our Karma-layered soul, or true self, remains the same.

Equally important, Dharma guides its believers to make the right decisions and contributes to positive Karma. As the cosmic theory of balance and truth, Dharma is the sacred obligation to make the right choices. Everyone's Dharma is different, reflecting individual situations, but once a person discovers and follows his or her Dharma, it will create harmony among all.

In addition to finding personal balance, Dharma creates social and universal order. Rules prevent us from doing wrong, and while some are enforced by the law, others are mandated through society and conscience. Howard pointed out that in almost every culture there are taboos, such as lying, cheating and killing. By living by our Dharma and separating right from wrong, we create unity among all cultures, countries and religions. *-Tess McBride*

Made in India

Before making serious life decisions, Mary Evans consults the unwritten laws of her Indian heritage. Before piercing her nose, Evans made sure to follow the unsaid guidelines of Indian nose-piercing standards. According to Indian superstition, getting your nose pierced on the left side will bring luck with love. A piercing on the right side of the nose will seal a terrible fate for future relationships.

Mary Evans was adopted at three months old from India. That is as close to India as she has ever been. Eager to discover pieces of her culture, she uncovers what she can in Eugene. The University of Oregon offers Hindu as a language, and Evans can be found on the roster.

Evans has other distinctive markings on her body as a tribute to her Indian heritage. On the lower left side of her hip is a proudly stamped tattoo that reads, "Made In India."

Unlike Evan's goals to learn her Indian heritage, Vinnie Reddy, a biology major at the University of Oregon, is trying to find his place in America. Reddy was born and raised on the East coast of India in Hyderabad. His motivation for moving to America is similar to that of most immigrants: the land of opportunity. Like any culture, he says there are



superstitions and traditions unique to his homeland. Nose piercing is a tradition not practiced by all families in India. Some Indian families still follow the tradition of arranged marriages, while many others date someone and eventually marry. The main difference Reddy identifies between America and India is family structure. He says India is more family oriented and America is focused on the individual.

While Mary Evans searches for her link to India, Vinnie Reddy works on adjusting to American culture. Someday, their paths may cross in their journey to cultural understanding. *-Amber Mees*

Rules of Play

It doesn't cover front pages of any United States newspapers, but in India, the sport's importance compares to Americans' love of football. At first, the game resembles soccer. Then you see bats and balls in each player's hands. Baseball? No, the field is oval. What we have here is cricket, the sport that warrants more viewers than any other Indian game. You've probably never heard of Rahul David, whom the natives named the pride of the country, or Sachin Tendulkar, known as the "Indian David Beckham." Though the names of cricket players may not echo through the American media as often as Joe Montana's or Terrel Owens', for Indians, this unique and classy sport means something more than just competition: It connects people and expresses their spirit to the whole nation. *-Weronika Budak*



CULTURAL LENS

Chai means *tea* in Hindi. Therefore the expression "chai tea" is redundant.

India has 14 official languages. Naturally, English is India's primary language.

The world's first university was established in Takshashila, India in 700 B.C. and offered warfare as part of its curriculum.

India invented math. You can thank them for calculus.

You can thank them for *pi* too.

It's been 10,000 years since India invaded another country.

About half of the residents in India are less than 25 years old.

Bollywood is the largest film industry in the world; Brett Ratner may be directing there soon.

The founder of Hotmail, Sabeer Bhatia, is Indian.

Indians consider the Taj Mahal a gift of love to the world; postage can be a bit steep.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: CONNER JAY; AMBER MEES; WILLIAM LEAD.

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Adopted Culture

Exploring the disconnect adoption creates



Separation at birth is more common than most people may realize. Thousands of children are adopted into the U.S. every year from various countries around the world. International adoptions have increased dramatically over the last decade. According to the U.S. State Department, in 1992, 6,472 children were adopted from abroad. In 1999, the number increased to 16,396 and in 2005, there were 22,728 international adoptions, with China, Russia, Guatemala and South Korea,

respectively as the top four countries of origin.

Across generations, international adoptees experience a separation from their biological parents. They are inserted into a culture that is not their own. Of the thousands adopted out of South Korea, Kristen McColloch has experienced this trend. She was adopted by a white American family, complete with two white brothers, one of whom is adopted. She stands alone in her family, being the only daughter and the only member with foreign blood.

What were the circumstances of your adoption?

My birth mom was raped, and she was from a pretty small village so she gave me up for adoption. I was born in my aunt's apartment in the middle of Seoul. Then I was adopted when I was four months old and brought over here.

What do you think adoption has done to your Korean culture, or rather, your culture in general?

I think it's funny when people say that racism doesn't exist anymore because

it obviously does. I think that adoption is one way to show how humanity boils down to basic emotions. It's the common thread that ties everyone together. In terms of what it has done to the visible American culture, it has shown how the homogeneity is not as straightforward as has been in the past. On a social level adoption is a good thing; I don't see how it couldn't be.

What does adoption mean in your family?

I was always brought up with the knowledge that I was adopted, and I always understood the idea in terms of

My parents are about as ignorant as I am about Korean culture.

the transaction. But in terms of cultural issues, it was never really stressed that much. My parents are about as ignorant as I am about Korean culture. If I was to learn about Korean culture, I would have to get my parents excited about the idea to get them to learn about it.

Have you always assimilated yourself in the identity of your family rather than your own because you are adopted?

I was talking to my brother about it; we were just talking about the fact that we're recognizing that there are different cultures and that there are different habits, or little idiosyncrasies that define cultures as different from each other. Within my own family, I've definitely been assimilated into whatever culture it is that we are. So there really wasn't that much of a stress on Korean culture in my own family. I think it was hard; I was also the minority in a group. It's hard to show your own culture when you're surrounded by a dominant one, kind of like it encompasses it. We never really dealt with that too much.

Do you think that adoption affects people in different ways, or is there a common effect?

I don't have anything to contrast it against, but I think that adoption, as a general term, has its own separate psychology attached to it. There is that sense of obligation to feel grateful to your parents; there is an obligation to

prove that it was a good choice on their part to adopt you. I think that in every adoption case, there's a lot of behavioral problems, just because there is a sense of disconnect: "I know you're my parents; I know all of my family, but there isn't that biological tie." So it brings in questions like, "What does DNA mean?" or, "What does the nurture versus nature factor into the adoption equation?"

Do you think your adopted brother has experienced adoption differently than you?

He probably felt some sort of questioning. I know that it is easier for him, if he wanted to, he could find his birth mom. That's kind of a sense of comfort I think in the back of his mind, and I know that I could never do that with mine. But I think that, in terms of my brother contrasted to me, it's the same idea of contrasting cultures in general.

With not having the comfort of being able to find your birth mother or birth father, how does that play into being adopted? Is there a division between those who can find their parents and the ones who cannot?

I don't know. In general with adoption there is a sense of this strange disconnect. I feel like most people that grow up with their biological parents don't ever question that relationship; it just kind of is. I know for me I have questioned that relationship before, and have

"I feel like most people that grow up with their biological parents don't ever question that relationship; it just kind of is."

questioned, "What is this actual thing [adoption]?"

Have you ever felt out of place?

I went to Ohio for my grandpa's funeral last winter. We were all walking around eating cookies at the memorial service, and I felt really disconnected. Nobody knew that I was the granddaughter because they wouldn't have thought I was: My grandpa was white. It was kind of weird because I'm pretty sure that there was one other Asian family, and I'm pretty sure that everyone thought I was with them as opposed to knowing that I was part of my grandpa's family.

People's perceptions... it's not something that they would expect necessarily.

Do you know any other Korean adoptees that feel the same way you do?

We had some family friends in Boise, and we kind of fell apart when my family moved to England. But my parents keep in touch with their parents, and I guess that's when their daughter, who is a year older than me, went to college- she experienced a crisis of identity. I think it got diagnosed as attachment disorder. She had a younger brother who had behavioral problems growing up so she buffered that by being a really good student and so she ignored her own issues because of that. I can definitely relate. When she got to college, she kind of just fell apart, and she went through a phase where she really needed her parents there. So she spent her time getting reacquainted with them and redefining their relationship, probably in the terms of the fact that she was adopted. I don't really know how much she thought of it before.

Have you talked with your parents about if being adopted causes them to see you differently?

Oh, no. I don't think so. It's cool because my mom and I have similar personality. My dad is organized, and I feel I'm

that way sometimes. So I know that the environment I grew up in definitely formed a lot of who I am, but at the same time, I have interests that completely are outside of anything in their family history.

I have an older brother who wasn't adopted, and since my mom was an artist and my dad was a mechanical engineer, my brother is an architect. It seems like the perfect blend, and it just makes a lot of sense why he became what he is. In terms of having blood from both parents, that is what created his passion for architecture. My other brother is a drummer, and I don't know what I am going to do yet. **-Nick Gates**

A Conflict of Labels

Our country's preoccupation with race has led to false stereotyping



ABOVE: Juan Diego Hernandez hopes to educate people who misidentify him as Hispanic.

Just like any other racial identity structure formed within the United States, the ethnic labels used for people from Spanish-speaking countries are highly contested among their recipients. The terms Hispanic, Chicano or Chicana, Latino or Latina, and Spanish are rejected by some while others are favored, similar to the way African-Americans rejected the terms Negro and Colored in favor of

Black or African American. Terms such as Hispanic have no meaning outside the U.S. You would never hear a resident of El Salvador call himself or herself Latino or Latina.

The term Hispanic is a relatively new term that first appeared 1970 the census. Some Latinos reject this term because it attempts to homogenize them. "Since I was small I never liked being called Hispanic," says Juan Diego Her-

nandez, a University of Oregon student. "Some people don't know the difference between Hispanic and Latino." This ignorance is especially true with the inclusion of people from Spain in the label. "It's like counting British (people) as American," says Diego. "The word Hispanic is negative for our community; it erases everyone's history. Hispanic is an American way to make sure that the melting pot is working."

It is also an imposed label as University of Oregon Assistant English Professor David Vázquez points out. "I find (Hispanic) to be an ethnic label that is imposed by the state, so I tend to refuse that identification for political reasons." He explains Hispanic can be used to discriminate against Latinos in terms of available resources such as housing.

Latino, like Hispanic, emerged in the 1970s and puts a diverse group of people together under one category, but there's one key difference says Hernandez. "'Latino' was brought up by the Latino community." This means it was an elected label as opposed to one imposed by those in power making it the label of choice for many Latinos.

Chicano usually refers to those living in the United States of Mexican or Mexican-American descent. It attempts to define a new identity formed by those living between Mexican and American cultures who have created their own subculture. Chicano is a more complex label than Hispanic or Latino. "Anyone can be can be Chicano; it's a political identity," says Diego.

Despite being grouped together, many Hispanics or Latinos don't have a whole lot in common. They can vary racially, culturally and linguistically.

While Latinos are sometimes referred to as brown, their appearance can range from light-skinned with blond hair and blue eyes to much darker complexions. Some Latinos have primarily European ancestry, while others are indigenous or descend from slaves, but many are a mix of several of these backgrounds.

Contrary to stereotype, not all Latinos are illegal immigrants—some have been American citizens for generations or became American citizens when the United States acquired most of the Southwestern United States from Mexico; Puerto Ricans don't require a visa to immigrate to the United States because they are U.S. citizens; and Cubans for years received political asylum and immediate American citizenship upon immigrating to the U.S.

Some also assume that Latinos only speak Spanish or speak mediocre English. While many Latinos share Spanish as a common language, they speak many different dialects, with each country having its own unique phrases, words and pronunciations. There is an increasing amount of Latinos who speak

English predominately or speak no Spanish at all. Others speak a mixture of English and Spanish with each other where they use the two languages interchangeably.

And just as each Latin American country has a slightly different way of speaking Spanish, they also have many different customs and foods that vary from country to country. Traditional Mexican food varies from traditional Cuban food where they serve dishes including tropical ingredients like fried plantains. Not all Latinos eat burritos and tacos.

"Some of my teachers in high school thought I was just Spanish-speaking and they would talk to me really slow."

Vázquez believes Latinos can transcend their many differences. "I think we need to broaden our understanding of what it means to be Latino or Latina," he explains. "The key is that there is no essential Latino characteristic."

The problem with being grouped together as one is that some Latinos find they are treated differently because of negative Latino stereotypes, some of which assume that they don't speak any English, are here illegally and steal away jobs from hard-working Americans. English-dominant Latinos, or ones who have been U.S. citizens for years, are often affected by these stereotypes. Both Vázquez and Diego have encountered these stereotypes, particularly in relation to their command of English. "Some of my teachers in high school thought I was just Spanish-speaking and they would talk to me really slow," says Diego. "When finding out that you're Puerto Rican some people say, 'Oh you speak really good English,' as if we're all somehow expected to be immigrants to the United States," said Vázquez who was born in the United States.

Latinos make up a dynamic and diverse group of people, and while there are drawbacks to being grouped together, many Latinos have found that there is also a certain social and political utility to Latinos being unified into one group. "There's a potential for us to unite among common lines," says Vázquez who cites the commonalities that Latinos share, such as the history of

their presence in the U.S. and the common Spanish language, can as he puts it, "form the basis for political organization in terms of the formation of alternative political parties or the running of political candidates."

If Latinos choose to be labeled together they gain power in numbers. With 3.5 million people describing themselves as Hispanic on the 2000 census, Latinos make up a large and growing voting block in the United States. Politicians can no longer ignore the Latino vote. Latinos themselves have also become more active in politics. Recently, Latino Bill Richardson, the governor of New Mexico, joined the race for the Democratic presidential ticket in 2008. "There's power in numbers, but there's also the power to influence certain types of policy decisions—the power to influence the way in which our cultures are represented," says Vázquez. "But perhaps that greatest potential is in terms of remaking mainstream American identity from the standpoint of Latino identity."

In a way, the terms Hispanic, Latino and Chicano can help define the way generations of Americans whose parents, grandparents or ancestors were originally from Latin America must learn to live between two cultures: American culture and the culture of a Latin American country. In Chicana author Gloria Anzaldúa's book, *Borderlands: La Frontera The New Mestiza*, she discusses living with a hybrid identity comprising multiple cultures and races. She talks about the confusion that mixed people or people living between two cultures such as herself experience. "The ambivalence from the clash of voices results in mental and emotional states of perplexity. Internal strife results in insecurity and indecisiveness. The mestiza's (a person who is both of Indigenous and European ancestry) dual or multiple personality is plagued by psychic restlessness," she writes. This feeling of confusion and internal strife caused by living between cultures is prevalent among Latinos because many struggle with balancing American culture with their parents' or families' Latin American culture. Many Latinos must form a bridge between these two cultures, living in both at the same time, not entirely part of one culture or another. *-Inka Bajandas*



working in the
KINGDOM

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ABOVE: A crew of Bangladeshi road workers repairs a street inside the Saudi Aramco Residential Camp in Dhahran. All of the workers share a living space in the camp, while their families still reside back in their home country. PREVIOUS PAGE: Inside the city of Al-Khobar at dusk, a construction crew of Afghan immigrants works atop a four-story apartment complex. Although these men are living and working in Saudi Arabia, their wages are based on what they would make back in their home country.

Foreign workers prospect the desert in search of better wages but often find disparity

“*Allahu Akbar... Ash-hadu all ilaha illallah...*” A long cry in Allah’s name drifts across the urban landscape. Loudspeakers posted high above city mosques blare voices in unison. Adobe buildings turn crimson through the thick, red haze of the evening sun. Al-Khobar, a bustling city located in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia’s Eastern Province, grows silent for evening prayer. Shopkeepers close blinds and lock doors, while vendors cover their stands of fruit and vegetables.

Outside storefronts, men smoking cigarettes speak strongly accented Arabic tinged with hints of Asian, African and Middle Eastern dialects. Pakistani men sit beside their fish market, while across the street a butcher from Tunisia flips a chain of prayer beads as he waits for prayer to end. Filipino men carrying plastic bags of take-out food crowd a bus stop. They wait to return to the Saudi Aramco Residential Camp in Dhahran, the major administrative center of the Saudi oil industry. Nearly one hundred thousand people live in Dhahran, many of them immigrants from around the world cultivating this mass of diversity.

Saudi Aramco is the largest oil corporation in the world, drawing workers from all over the globe toward crude oil money. Most come to work and earn better wages than they could in their home countries, sending their earnings to support their families continents away. Foreign employment spans from physicians and engineers to barbers and maids; the world’s largest oil fields require an entire society to function efficiently. Of the estimated population of 27 million people, seven million are migrants.

But this diversity also harbors great disparity. The prospect of working abroad attracts outside workers, all looking to earn a better life than they could back home. Saudi Arabian oil companies create jobs meant for foreign workers but lack Western liberties, such as religious freedom. Cultural discrimination determines what one can gain economically from a typical profession. A doctor from the United States will earn slightly more in the Kingdom than what they could back home, whereas an Egyptian doctor—even with an American education—will

earn similar wages to what they could back in Egypt, because the government determines pay based on what one would earn in their native country. Though Saudi Arabian oil companies dictate the labor market, traditional work still thrives in such a diverse city.

The Tunisian butcher flicks his prayer beads once more and reopens his shop. As evening prayer ends, the bustle of the city begins again. Incandescent lights flicker on in shops; fruits, vegetables, fish and meat roll back out to be sold. A Pakistani man speaks in Arabic to a Saudi Arabian customer, and a butcher from the Sudan is ordered to make a three-kilo cut of lamb. The flurry of diverse laborers return to work, with desert culture as part of the job. Across the city, the local Dhahran hospital employs a staff of nurses and physicians from more than 18 countries. “That still doesn’t account for the scope of diversity here,” says Dr. Ron Price. “We have nurses here from India that have to speak to each other in English because there are so many dialects of Urdu in their country.”

Price, who was supposed to stay in the Kingdom for only two years, has lived here for 22. Originally from the U.S., he has since raised his family in Saudi Arabia and has become comfortable in the desert. He jokes that many mistake him for being

Desert culture is part of the job.

Arabian, not only because of his coffee-colored skin and dark facial hair, but also because he has adapted to the culture so well. His Chicago accent and fast words accompany the sincere smile he gives to his coworkers and patients. Yet the cultural differences he faces each day are challenging. “The hardest thing is just getting a patient’s history,” Price says, flipping through the charts of a 24-year-old woman suffering from pain and recent fainting spells.

As it turns out, the woman is diabetic and has not been properly regulating her insulin. However, this diagnosis takes 26 minutes and two translators. The young woman speaks English well, but because it is not proper for young women to speak to men outside their families, the girl’s mother speaks to Price for her. As the mother explains in Arabic, a Jordanian nurse translates in English, and Price finally pieces together a history. All the while, the young woman lies quietly hoping for a diagnosis. She has been missing her regular diabetic clinic appointments because her husband does not have time to drive her to the hospital. Women are not allowed to drive. Even taking a taxi is often taboo because a woman alone in a car with a man other than her husband is often looked down upon. “These kind of cultural problems are something you run into all the time,” says Price, as he tries to set up a time with her clinic to better regulate her insulin. “You would never hear of anything like a woman not being able to drive to her clinic appointments back in the States, but again here it’s just the reality.”

A patient’s history is often the most important tool for an emergency room physician, Price says, as most medical problems stem from a previous diagnosis. But as an American doctor predominantly treating Saudi Arabian patients, learning an individual’s history also requires understanding the cultural nuances that separate Price from his patients. “Talk to a patient long enough, though, and you’ll find the problem,” he explains. “It helps that most of my patients look at me and think we could be related, as well.”



TOP: Inside the Fresh Gulf Fish shop, one of Mani’s Bangladeshi employees holds up a King Fish caught earlier that day in the Arabian Gulf. ABOVE: Mani from the Philippines works with two other men from Bangladesh. His family still lives back in the Philippines as he supports them from abroad.

An old Saudi Arabian man rolls into the ER in a wheelchair. His stern face grimaces; a catheter bag hangs at his side. Dr. Price stands up and gives a long, formal Islamic greeting to the old man. "As-salamu alaykum..." he says as he respectfully touches his hand softly to his heart. The old man's face stretches into a toothless smile, and he leans over to take the doctor's hand, mumbling back to Price in Arabic as if he were a family member. As they walk towards a bed, Dr. Price looks back and says, "You see, he thinks I'm an old cousin!"

Diversity in the Kingdom is a double-edged sword, because its opportunities can be short-sighted and limited. Workers wages are adjusted to scale, usually increasing little more than what workers would earn back home. No legal minimum wage exists to solve this problem.

"Even with an American education, my payroll is based upon my passport," says Dr. Amir Al-Shakh, an Egyptian physician at the hospital. "It is based upon your country, your profession and your worth from back where you're from." Dr. Al-Shakh explains that the wage system often exploits foreign workers despite the opportunities it provides. According to Human Rights Watch, guest workers can be subject to abuses and labor exploitation, including physical and sexual mistreatment, forced confinement, withholding of wages, denial of food and health care, and excessive working hours with no rest days.

Although Amnesty International and Human Rights Watch have repeatedly expressed concerns about human rights abuses in Saudi Arabia, the Kingdom denies that any abuse has actually taken place. Hundreds of thousands of laborers from the

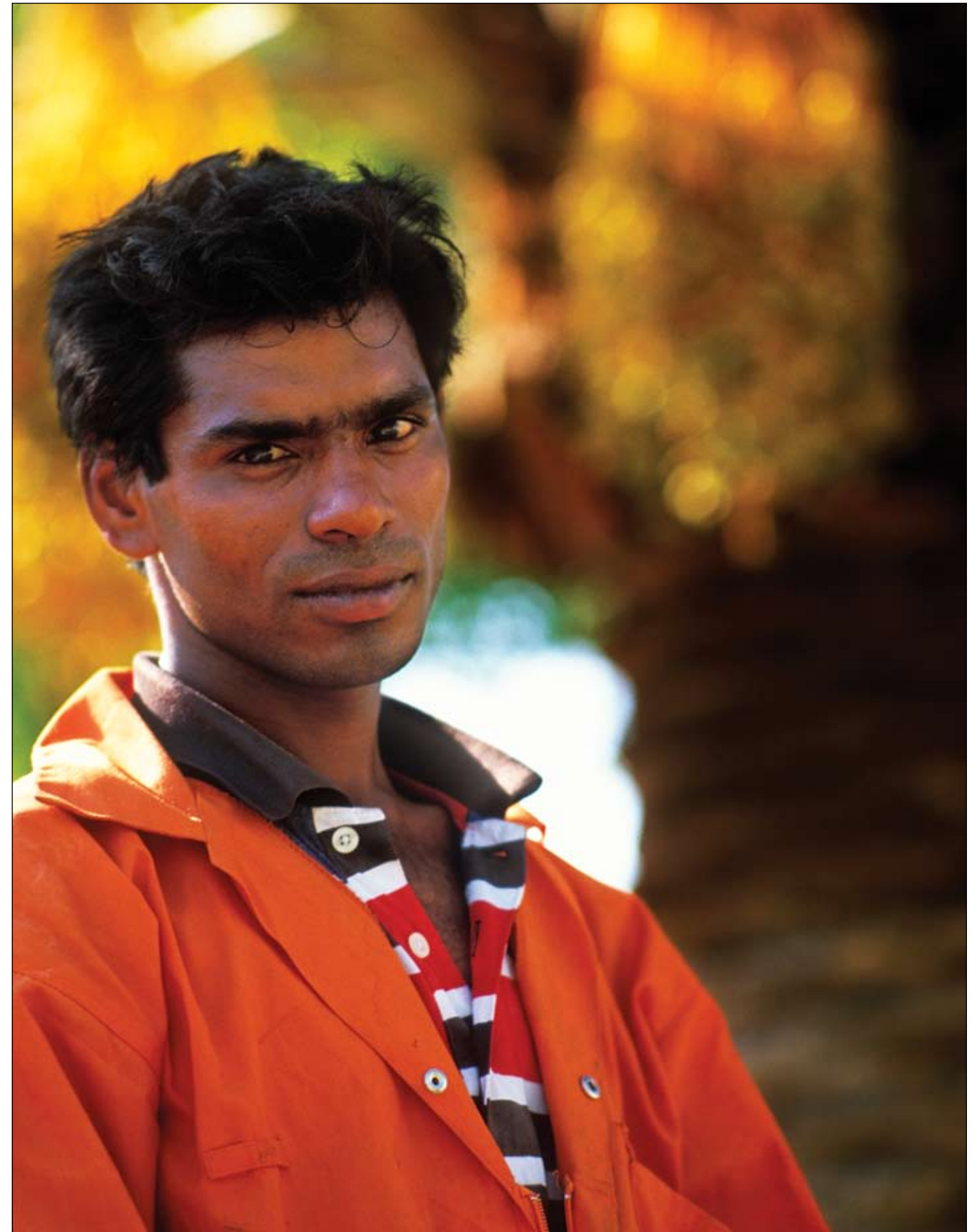
developing world migrate to the Kingdom, and little protection is in place for their employment benefits. The U.S. Department of State says some migrants reported that they weren't allowed to leave Saudi Arabia after their contracted work period ended. It wasn't until 2002 that the Saudi Arabian government passed a law prohibiting employers from holding employees' passports without their consent—a law that remains widely unrecognized. Saudi Arabia is one of only two major nations in the world without a legislature, leaving little or no representation for foreign workers in the government.

Bangladeshi migrant Adel Zia (whose name has been changed upon request) has worked on a maintenance crew for seven years, but he still has no representation or voice in how his wages are allotted. He repairs and cleans the roads around the Saudi Aramco Residential Camp in Dhahran, sending income back to his wife and three daughters living in Dhaka, Bangladesh. Adel, who could not find enough work back home

"Even with an American education, my payroll is based upon my passport."

to support his family, can only afford to visit once a year. "I have to work in the desert now," he says with a smile. "But I would work anything, as long as there is work." Now he makes slightly more than what he would in Bangladesh and his work in the Kingdom provides his family some stability. He boasts with a white-toothed grin that his daughters all attend a private school and plan on going to a university. "I am very grateful. I can feed my family and send my daughters to school. That's fine." **KD**

BELOW: Omar Hussain bags a cut of lamb for a regular Saudi customer. Although he is originally from Pakistan, he now owns his own business in Saudi Arabia. **OPPOSITE:** Adel Zia is on a street maintenance crew in the Aramco Camp, working in the Kingdom for the past seven years. Zia was unable to find work back in his home country of Bangladesh and came to Saudi Arabia for an opportunity of a stable job.



Inks, guns & tats

The history, culture and fascination behind the needle

STORY JASON DRONKOWSKI PHOTOS CONNER JAY & KAI-HUEI YAU

Uou ready to get to it?" asks a tattoo artist between trembling pulls of a cigarette.

"I guess as ready as I'll ever be," I reply with a bit of hesitation, still subconsciously questioning this man's ability to hold a needle.

"That's good," he remarks with a sly grin. "Because when I move, I slice like a motherfuckin' hammer!"

Mike Freeman leads willing victims into his office, filling their bodies with the same terror as *Texas Chainsaw Massacre's* overpowering Leatherface. In fact, Mike and the masked murderer's lairs are dreadfully similar. The air reeks of iodine and rubbing alcohol while sounds of screams and screeches resonate from the speakers playing fanatic death metal overhead. However, instead of Leatherface's broke-down family farm, Mike stations himself in nothing more than a quad studio shared between several Oddball artists, all just as talented and just as insane.

"Everyone brings something to the table," explains Mike, surrounded by four walls strewn with single tattoo sketches, finished product photos and rude written remarks. "Everyone has something to offer and everyone has some bullshit too."

The permanent painting about to be placed upon my arm is no consequence of a drunken whim. It's the Gonzo dagger, the symbol of a journalistic style and my tribute to the good doctor. I considered the image for many years, reworking its details over

and over again before carefully choosing the artist. When I first walked into Oddball Studios, located in Northeast Portland on Burnside, I knew the shop had the attitude needed to implement my desire. But right now, Mike has me scared shitless. As he cleans his tattoo gun, the slow whines begin to infiltrate my skull, and suddenly I feel the urge to clean out my stomach.

"I've only had two other jobs this week," Mike explains without being asked. "They both passed out on me. So, even though I may be a little out of practice, just try to stay conscious."

In a fit of uncanny inhibition, I decide to take a few moments alone. I mull over my deposited dedication to this artist in the amount of sixty dollars. I begin to wonder if my life, or my health, is worth this down payment. Prior to my appointment, I sought refuge in the form of hydrocodone support. Now, I sigh and try to slow my breathing before going back into the studio looking like a lemming.

I reenter the studio with a drugged smile and a lack of fear. Mike looks straight into my eyes; he knows his wise cracks won't scare me anymore. I may be messed up, but at least I won't feel his infliction of fear. I stretch my shoulder and arm for the last time before I nestle into the arm harness and float away on the emotional rush of my natural endorphins. In my half-contemplative and constrained state, the high-pitch buzz of the needle motor is pure Zen.





PREVIOUS: "Tattooing my face just set me apart from the rest of American tattoo culture," says Louie Cruz an apprentice training to be a piercer at High Priestess Body Piercing and Ink. ABOVE: A tribal design on Cruz's shoulder was his first ink, later expanding his pieces to include branding work on his face and neck. OPPOSITE: HPP Ink artist Splat Ter explains how his humor mimics some of his tattoos, "I just happen to be the type of guy that even with someone choking, I would perform the Heimlich and finish my joke."

Although aesthetically enlightening, the tattoo experience is never an entirely pretty one. But with a good artist and an entertaining atmosphere, a patient should hardly ever notice. While Mike appears to serve our world as a sadist savage and petty prankster, there is also a connection between us as he pushes and pokes my skin in the most meticulous manner. It's more intimate than a hug, but less sensual than a physical.

I began having nightmares involving a steroid-strung Henry Rollins chasing me down an endless hallway.

However, he turns hard as fast as he turned soft: "Your skin's tough and thick, so I'm goin' to really have to grind hard."

Pain is literally the name of the game. You're getting permanent paint—ink deep within your skin. It will last forever, but first it's going to sting a little bit. Nothing horrific, just the slight discomfort of a burn and the appearance of a road rash wound. Anyone who's fallen off a bicycle can take the pain of a small tattoo, but for a large project, you better have some emotional endurance once the bloody tears of a trillion skin pricks start flowing. All in all, it's a nasty process any way you do it, but the healed result can be as personally gratifying as it is artistically beautiful.

To tell the truth, my tattoo experience never began on the right foot. Sometime during my adolescent years, I watched six

of my closest friends ignorantly try to ink themselves using Bic ballpoint pens and sewing needles. I lucked out that day, rejecting the opportunity of matching skull tattoos in exchange for the job of bleaching the blood-stained throw sheets. The bleach worked on the sheets, but my mind was scarred. I began having nightmares involving a steroid-strung Henry Rollins chasing me down an endless hallway with a mechanized needle the size of a Soviet AK-47. His cackles still curdle my blood when I think about it.

It took almost ten years for my mind to finally settle and find an inspirational design to pursue. Truthfully, the whole revelation is blurred into one big ass-kicking and bountiful binge. By then, the matching skull tattoos that were childishly cut into my friends' calves morphed into oblong jack-o-lanterns. They wear pants nine months out of the year, but they're always excited for Halloween.

"Safety and consistency are always challenges," says Mike. "But the biggest challenge I've faced so far is self-doubt and being overly critical."

TATTOO CULTURE HAS OUTLASTED PUNK MUSIC, metal fashion and folk philosophy; it's been a part of several fads, but it's never faded. The tattoo craft has progressed from bamboo and wooden pricks to precisely gauged, sterilized needles.

Pigment dyes have evolved from black and earth tones to include a multi-colored spectrum of ink, including blacklight-reactive ones. Once only done in tribal rituals or traditional ceremonies, tattooing has grown to a popular and interesting service spawning large and independent businesses, TV shows and one hell of a following.

Rumor has it, tattooing began as a Eurasian practice sometime during the Neolithic era. But there is also evidence dating the art of tattoo to the Paleolithic era where it was pioneered by the indigenous people of Japan, the *Ainu*, for body decoration and elevation of social status. In Samoa, tribal *tatau* traditions still hold strong after almost 2,000 years. This particular place revealed the art to Western culture through Pacific island exploration during the seventeenth century, specifically during James Cook's travels to Hawaii and Tahiti.

For centuries, tattoos remained intolerable to Christians and socially unacceptable in Europe. Initially, the Western experience with tattoos was restricted to punishment markings on criminals and prisoners. But tattoos soon became coveted souvenir marks from distant travels. Wealthy travelers and troubadours returned to Europe with crosses, dragons and legion markings inked on their bodies.

Prior to his pricking, Mike quickly traces the tattoo onto contact paper via enlarging machine and designated graphics. He centers the paper on my arm, making the blade perfectly perpendicular to the width of my bicep. He stands back and examines the art, moving my arm in different positions. My questioning gaze is returned with a displeased smile.

"The dagger just looks too small for your arm," says Mike, a prelude to the tattoo artist's constant commitment to bigger and bolder. "I think it'll look better if we blow it up some more."

Obviously, the decision rises to either go big or go home. The tattoo will represent my way of life and my eternal, ethical influence. Why not embellish this design to the world with large lettering and bold illustration? At my approval, Mike creates a larger trace design and diligently slaps the new contact paper onto my arm.

I reveal the trace to the rest of the studio. Receiving smiles of confirmation and favoring nods, I check myself out in a nearby mirror. I dig it. And I declare its hardcore legitimacy. "Looks good. Let's rock."

SOUTHEAST ASIA AND THE PACIFIC ISLANDS once became a Mecca for abstract and unorthodox artists. Some European artists reformed by the Renaissance threw away their canvas to start art anew on the human body, the most beautiful medium of all. Once Westerners mastered the unusual art, their limits became unbound and rebellion became their safe haven. Soldiers cemented their oaths with permanent brands, while royal families rested their heritage on a tattooed family crest.

It's all relevant history you'll never learn in your average art class. Personal symbolism, souvenir signatures, permanent promises; they're now all honest reasons to get inked. But reason shouldn't be relevant when a marking the size of a nickel can illustrate a sentimental piece that's priceless. Occasionally, the artistic quality is inferior to the eternal memory it represents. The boys back home have never shown remorse for their oddly strewn skulls. In fact, they're proud of their paint.

Fortunately, this sentimental symbolism spawns business opportunities for abstract and unique artists. Born from hobby,

the dream of self-employment and respected recognition is more than common among young tattoo artists. However, these goals are often stalled by start-up capitol and licensing issues.

"The licensing issue is extra hard because to teach someone to tattoo you have to be a state licensed tattoo school," Mike explains, referring to Oregon license standards requiring apprenticeships. "Most of the people doing it just want to make money and aren't very good at tattooing. Finally, I was able to apprentice for two and a half years, learning about everything from blood diseases to tattoo history."

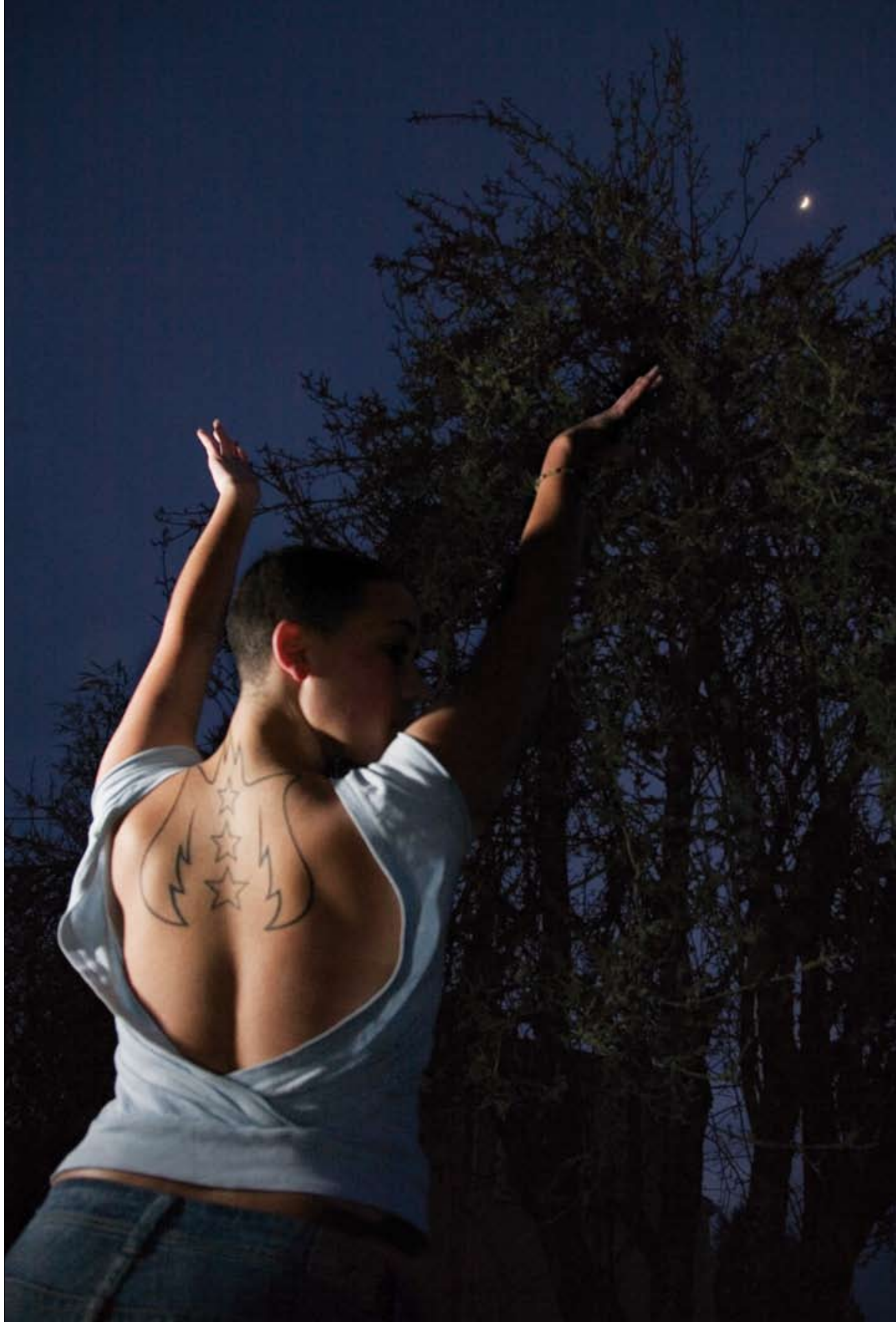
For this reason, precise pieces reveal symbolism as personal as DNA with artistic skill as scientific as sculptural realism.

Precise pieces reveal symbolism as personal as DNA with artistic skill as scientific as sculptural realism.

Michelangelo went beyond the canvas to paint on all four walls of the Sistine Chapel. Tattoo artists draft on paper and materialize on the human body, a medium where they cannot erase or start over. A tattoo artist knows they have one chance to prove themselves and make your painful experience worthwhile.

"Respect comes from quality work, diligence, honesty and care," explains Mike. "If you do really good work, keep your ego under wraps and have some personality, people will notice you."





LEFT: Grayce Bentley got stars on her back when she was 18 and spent two years deciding what else to add. "My uncle always said I was the eagle of the family," says Bentley. She is also a fan of artist Jean-Michel Basquiat. "His repetition of the use of the crown in a lot of his pieces is really important to me," she says. "It's a symbol of power and strength." ABOVE: Splat Ter shows a picture of his 3 1/2-year-old son tattooed on this thigh done by Stevie Soto. "It's about taking what you have on the inside and putting it on the outside."

Sometimes these ink-inflictors refuse to limit their art to the human body. Many artists prove to be excellent watercolor painters, a style similar to tattoo art and its inks. In fact, many tattoo artists learn detailed drawing skills before tackling the cumbersome pursuits of tattooing practice.

"I draw a lot," comments Mike. "When I was about nine, I started drawing barbed wire all over myself and my friends." In hysterical reminiscence, Mike recalls the irony of the situation. "My mom eventually told me that if I kept drawing on my skin I would get ink poisoning."

Finally, we approach the second hour of the job. The tattooing is as continuous as my euphoric state, save a short break for cigarettes, of course. The needle pressure begins to weigh more. I glance at the horror to double-check that Mike isn't hammering nails into my skin.

Increasing nausea almost overpowers me as I witness the oozing blood mix with the injected ink. The product is a black solution stinking of iron and sweat, hard work and blood. Mike wipes away the coagulating concoction and inspects the finishing outcome. At this instant, I realize the artistic simplicity of the tattoo: several lines meeting together to create a black dagger reading "Gonzo" at the handle. The technique used is nothing special and the art is nothing abstract, but Mike and I know the memory will last a lifetime.

My artist covers my war wound with gauze and skin tape, carefully sealing every exposed corner of the art. Mike then be-

gins his spiel about post-job care, suggesting non-scented lotion as the best treatment for my damaged arm. As he speaks, my natural endorphins combine with my ingested drugs to almost send me spiraling out of consciousness. I realize it's time to step away from the needles and guns and find a private resting spot where I can bask in this partly organic inebriation.

When you obtain a tattoo combining beautiful art and sentimental value, you have found something more precious than a portrait. Tattoos can be both personally meaningful and visually ridiculous simultaneously. I once met a state attorney with the High Life girl pleasantly perched on his right forearm; Winston

The tattooing is as continuous as my euphoric state, save a short break for cigarettes, of course.

Churchill's mom had a snake tattoo on her wrist, supposedly accompanied by a pair of pierced nipples. In my humble opinion, a tattoo is for you, so screw everyone else.

Some people buy expensive senior pictures, some families hire painters for reunions and some couples hire montage videographers for weddings. For a sado-masochistic cult, overly interpreted as weird and unethical, we get tattoos to brand our memories. And when you, the inexperienced, finally do, you'll throw out your fifty-cent street portraits and penny souvenirs for that throbbing piece of flesh that will heal into a true heritage. **KD**

the **ENVY** of **MEN**

The rooted absurdity of facial hair

STORY & PHOTOS KYLE CARNES

I won't lie. I have a glorious beard. I call it, The Envy of Men. It's motor oil-black, thick as an Irish accent, and rough like sandpaper. When I wake in the morning, I don't have bed head—I have bed face. Obviously, I'm a real man's man: five foot ten, 140 pounds, Scrabble enthusiast, and slightly effeminate. If you slapped a football jersey or a flannel shirt on my back, I couldn't be manlier.

When I strolled into the Thai restaurant I work at, The Envy of Men blooming, my perplexed Thai coworker said, "Are you trying to look . . . ?" She couldn't find the right word, so she clawed the air and gnashed her teeth like a ferocious tiger. "Are you trying to look fierce?" (I certainly wasn't.) She and my other Thai coworkers didn't think The Envy was too hot and told me to promptly shave. Perplexed, I wondered if more than just poor taste influenced their opinion. In Thailand, a beard could mean something other than the pinnacle of manhood—an

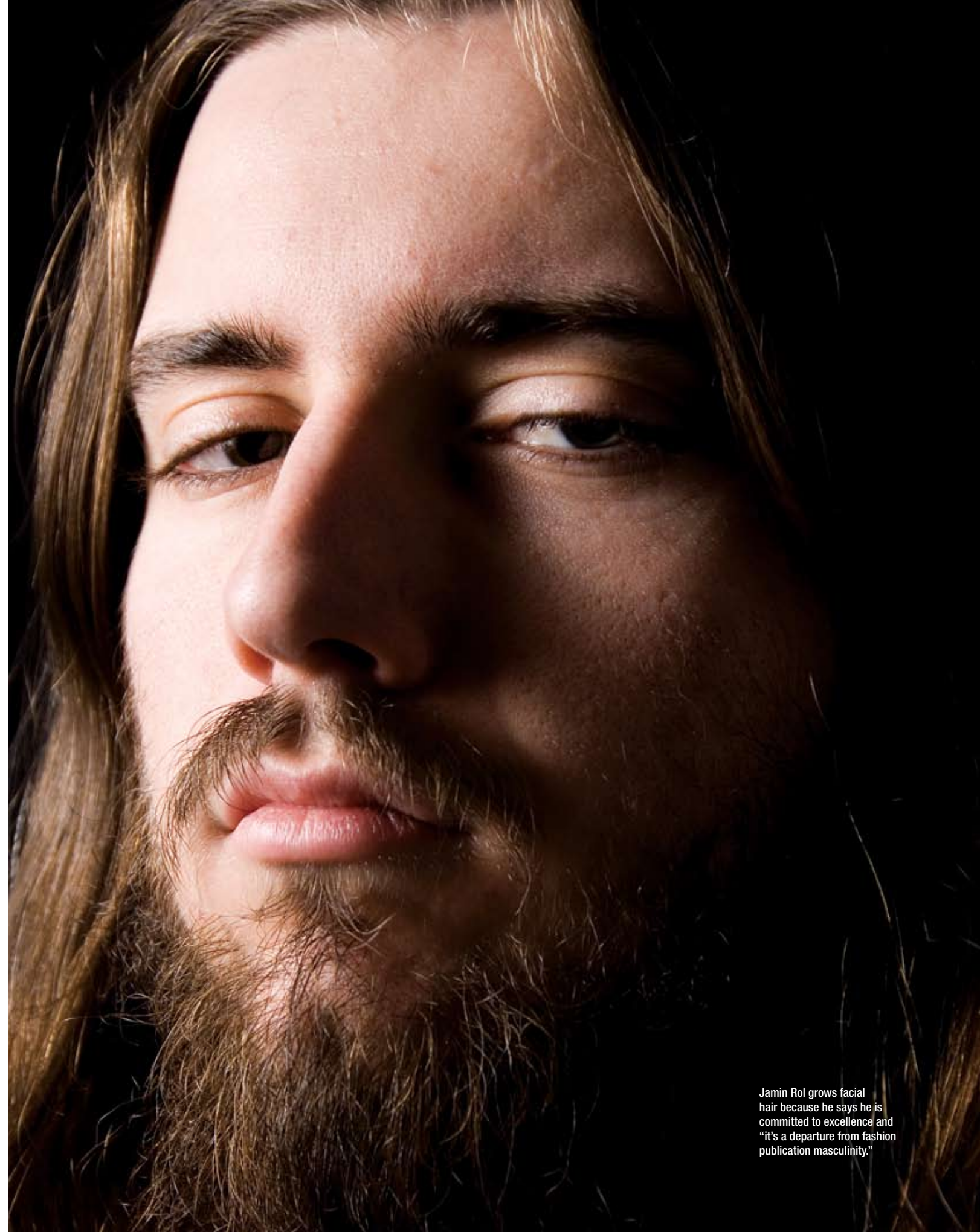
unforeseen blow to my ego. Thus, I embarked on a quest to reinvigorate my machismo by discovering the meanings behind the scruff.

While Internet searching, I stumbled on Beard Team USA's Web site, featuring this country's gnarliest group of beard-wielding mofos. BTUSA competes in the biennial World Beard and Mustache Championships, which to BTUSA's dismay, the Germans dominate. While I spoke with self-proclaimed team captain Paul Olsen, he tried to recruit me for this year's competition in England to help knock "the Germans off their high horse." (Entry is only 20 dollars.)

He could sense The Envy's power through the phone. But I declined the offer. I've nothing to prove.

Olsen, a 58-year-old semi-retired lawyer with a black bushy beard, says beards are men's birthright; they shave because women who are jealous of male facial hair make them. (Whatever. Chicks dig The Envy.) Olsen has been growing his beard

He could sense The Envy's power through the phone.



Jamin Rol grows facial hair because he says he is committed to excellence and "it's a departure from fashion publication masculinity."



▲ "[My facial hair] just kind of came up on me, and I try to maintain it as much as possible," Michael Peta says. "When I cut it off, it's even more of a hassle to keep a fully shaved face."

for eight years, but it stopped mid-chest. He's envious of those who can grow longer beards. Take for example Jack Passion, who's pictured clad in a pirate costume on BTUSA's Web site alongside Olsen, dressed as a Civil War soldier. He's 23 and has a gargantuan red beard nearly to his belt. "To me that is just an amazing beard," Olsen chimed. "He could be a model that students at the University of Oregon strive for."

Olsen's beard makes him feel distinguished. He says God, Jesus, and Moses all had beards. Revolutionaries like Carl Marx and Ché Guevara did too. Heck, half of Hollywood's leading stars have beards. Villains like Osama Bin Laden also have beards, he says. "But for every bearded villain, there's a bearded hero. It's important not to over-generalize."

As Olsen noted, facial hair can be the sign of good and evil, divinity, strength, wisdom and manhood. Dartmouth European history professor Angela Rosenthal says, "Hair, both natural and artificial, human or otherwise, always serves to communicate." Eighteenth-century European society discouraged facial hair. Modern men shaved. To modernize his empire, the Russian tsar, Peter the Great, taxed men up to a hundred rubles a year for going unshaven. Likewise, Alexander the Great required his soldiers to shave their beards before entering battle to

prevent their enemies from yanking on them during hand-to-hand combat.

In 1773, the French writer, Antoine Dulaure touted the beard. He said beards nearly prevented the sack of Rome and made the Chinese believe that Europeans were the first humans on Earth. He also insinuated that shaving creates homosexuality and quoted the philosopher Jean Jacques Rousseau saying, "Unless one be five feet six inches high, have a firm tenor voice, and a beard on his chin, he should not pretend to be a man."

By the mid-1800s, British bearded patriarchs, possibly channeling Dulaure's vibe, denounced shaving. They said it was emasculating, ungodly and unsanitary. God made man in His image. Why defy His design? Clearly, His germ-filtering mustache design ward off tuberculosis. Truth-seeking scientists de-furred animals to prove shaving produced effeminate males. And in early American history, East Asian men like the Chinese were considered inferior and less cultivated because they weren't follicularly endowed.

While East Asian men aren't the world's hairiest, they can sprout impressive whiskers. However, Derrick Louie, a UO student growing a thin black goatee, says Asian culture typically prefers men clean-shaven. The first time he went

Peter the Great taxed men up to a hundred rubles a year for going unshaven.

home with facial hair, his mom, who moved to the U.S. from China in the 1960s, said he had to shave for work. He said it was probably a generational difference because he remembers "wise old men from the movies" having "long ass white beards."

Elsewhere in East Asia, it wasn't uncommon for emperors in seventeenth century Japan to sport mustaches. Warriors grew facial hair to appear tougher. After the seventeenth century, beards delineated status. They weren't allowed in proper society. Since then, Japan has wavered on whether facial hair is a status symbol or not. In 2004, the Japanese military ordered soldiers in Iraq to grow mustaches so they would fit in with the locals. Beards, however, were prohibited as they interfere with gas masks.

For some religious men, facial hair is not a status symbol but a show of faith. From the day the first peach fuzz sprouts from an Orthodox Jewish boy's pubescent face, he lets his mug flourish as The Holy Bible: King James Version commands, "Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard." Likewise, Islam forbids shaving. It's considered *Haram*, or sin. Islam instructs Muslim men to grow fist-length beards like the prophet Muhammad. Otherwise, one may be mistaken as a Westerner or a hermaphrodite. Sikhs, often mistaken as Muslims, grow beards because they believe it's God's will for hair to grow naturally. However, Amish men are a bit more razor happy. They stay clean-shaven until they're married or until they're forty. Their beards are like wedding rings and signify passage into manhood.

► "Some people grow big beards in Saudi Arabia for cultural and religious reasons," Mustafa Al-Abudib says. "I grow it because I like it."

► "I would say Asian culture prefers clean-shaven," Derrick Louie says. "When I went home from school for the first time with facial hair my mom said I had to shave for work."

Facial hair even extends beyond the spiritual and religious into fantasy worlds created by authors of comic books and novels. Along with their long cloaks and pointed hats, wizards are often characterized with magical long, white beards. Practically the two most powerful wizards of all time, Middle Earth's Gandalf The Gray and Hogwarts' Albus Dumbledore, both have brilliant beards. And everyone's favorite mutant superhero, Wolverine, sports the meanest looking chops this side of the Marvel Universe. Without the fuzz, these characters wouldn't be the same beloved kick-ass idols worshipped by nerds abound.

On a less geeky note, sports superstitions surround facial hair. On one occasion, *USA Today* sports columnist, Jon Saraceno, actually decided that because of their combined scruff, Ben Roethlisberger and his Pittsburgh Steelers would win Super Bowl XL. "The guy hasn't shaved in two months," Saraceno wrote. "The Steelers haven't lost since he reached for his Norelco." It turns out, the Steelers won. The basis behind Saraceno's prediction, which has spread to the NFL, NBA and MLB, stems from the NHL's playoff beard. As soon as superstitious hockey players enter the Stanley Cup playoffs, they stop shaving and don't pull the razor back out until their team wins or is eliminated. They believe that the playoff beard is a deciding factor in the Cup's outcome. "The guys who don't





have a beard right now wish they did," Anaheim Mighty Ducks forward Todd Fedrouk said during the 2006 playoffs. "If you don't look like a Grizzly Adams right now, as a hockey player, you know your year has been a failure."

The various facial hair histories, religious connotations and superstitious mumbo jumbo rendered me confused as to where my manhood lies, if not in the voluptuous, robust Envy of Men. If modern European men shaved, what's a postmodern guy like me supposed to do? I decided to visit the Red Rooster barbershop in Eugene whose owner, Pete Peterson, has been a barber for forty years and was recommended as among the most knowledgeable people on hair in the city. Unfortunately, Peterson no longer does clean shaves for his customers. Apparently, blade-sterilization and disease transmission is an issue in the barbering world. "When you're shaving someone with a straight razor, you're using the same razor over again," he said. "No way am I messing with that." Plus, barbers haven't been in high demand for bearded folk since Gillette's invention of the double-headed Trac II razor in 1971. But Peterson still trims the hedges.

The three most popular facial hairstyles Peterson sees in Eugene are trimmed full beards (like The Envy), unkempt

beards and goatees. He sports a commanding silver mustache, the kind that Magnum P.I. (and porn stars) in the 1970s made sexy. But he doesn't have the foggiest why he grew it. His son said he looked dorky the last time he shaved. However, a stoic walrus would be proud to don his current stache.

Humans, like walruses and all other mammals, have hair all over their bodies. But why humans grow hair is an enigma. Scientists speculate that hair evolved to keep us cozy. Others suggest that hair evolved from scales. While yet another says hair is a form of sexual selection and facial hair evolved to intimidate foes and attract the ladies. However, shaving has been around since at least 100,000 B.C. when Neanderthals used seashells to pluck and shape their facial hair into the latest styles. Picture the Geico caveman.

Since then, beards have cross-culturally evoked confidence and power the way Peterson's mustache does. Abraham Lincoln didn't grow a beard until he became president. And everyone knows that wrestler Hulk Hogan's handlebars compensate for his yellow tights. Even though Egyptians regarded body hair as bestial, their pharaohs wore long braided beards and their gods were depicted with the same style curled at the end. After the death of her husband, Egyptian Queen Hatshepsut wore a false beard when she became pharaoh to express her power.

Like Hatshepsut, women have occasionally embraced facial hair. The beautiful, talented Mexican painter Frieda Kahlo rocked a petite mustache and unibrow. And there's Vivian Wheeler who holds the world record for the longest female beard at eleven inches. The men's record, set by the beastly Norwegian Hans Langseth, is seventeen and a half feet. Generally, women are considerably less hirsute than men. Even still, female facial hair in the media is only found on

bearded women in carnival freak shows. Mainstream Western culture says women must remove facial hair. Pluck, bleach, wax, depilate, laser, you name it; women do it. "Whatever you do, don't shave!" Cosmo Girl says. "Scruff is only cute on boys (wink!)"

In response to an article in *The New York Times* describing the comeback of male facial hair in Hollywood, one reader, Emily Alice Katz, responded: "I'm afraid that there will be no analogous move away from the plucked and straightened aesthetic that remains de rigueur among fashionistas and female celebrities, and thus for women everywhere. The reigning look for women is as punitive and perverse as the Victorian corset, and encourages conformity in place of the raucous individuality that marks true style."



▲ Ben Hartley (left) says, "[Facial hair] is definitely tied to masculinity." Max Beeken (right) says, "I don't own a razor. I have 13-year-old facial hair. This is just were it grows."

However, facial hair culture, style and mores evolve with every generation. University of Illinois doctoral student Grant Kien experienced a generational change in male facial hair while traveling with a beard in South Korea. "It's rare to see anyone with facial hair in Seoul except for the odd, rebellious college students and musicians," he says. While on a subway car in Seoul, Kien met one of these bearded rebels and asked him why men in Korea don't grow beards. Only *haraboji*,

or grandfathers, grow them in Korea, The Rebel said. Kien guessed that The Rebel was a grandfather, but The Rebel just didn't care what anyone thought.

The Rebel represents an anti-culture. Men in this culture would have sticks and crumbs nestled in their beards rather than shave. I recently spent an afternoon on the UO campus and asked men growing everything from neatly manicured soul patches to gargantuan Paul Bunyan beards why they

Men would have sticks and crumbs nestled in their beards rather than shave.

grow facial hair. I got many responses: "It's a departure from fashion publication masculinity like Abercrombie & Fitch." "I hate shaving." "I feel more connected to the wild." "Because I don't own a razor." "It's an accessory." "I just think it looks better and the girlfriend likes it." "Shaving is a waste of time."

But some men disagree. They want their faces to feel like a baby's bottom. Who doesn't like silky smooth skin? The Thai women I work with do. Thus, I've concluded that I can still be a brazen man with a beard or clean-shaven. So long as when I shave The Envy of Men, I do it with a dull, rusted knife, using turpentine as shaving cream, as I imagine Clint Eastwood would, stogy in mouth. But all machismo aside, The Envy means little to me. I have sensitive skin, and I grew it because shaving gives me razor burn and acne. **KD**

Ben Hartley (left) says, "[Facial hair] is definitely tied to masculinity." Max Beeken (right) says, "I don't own a razor. I have 13-year-old facial hair. This is just were it grows."

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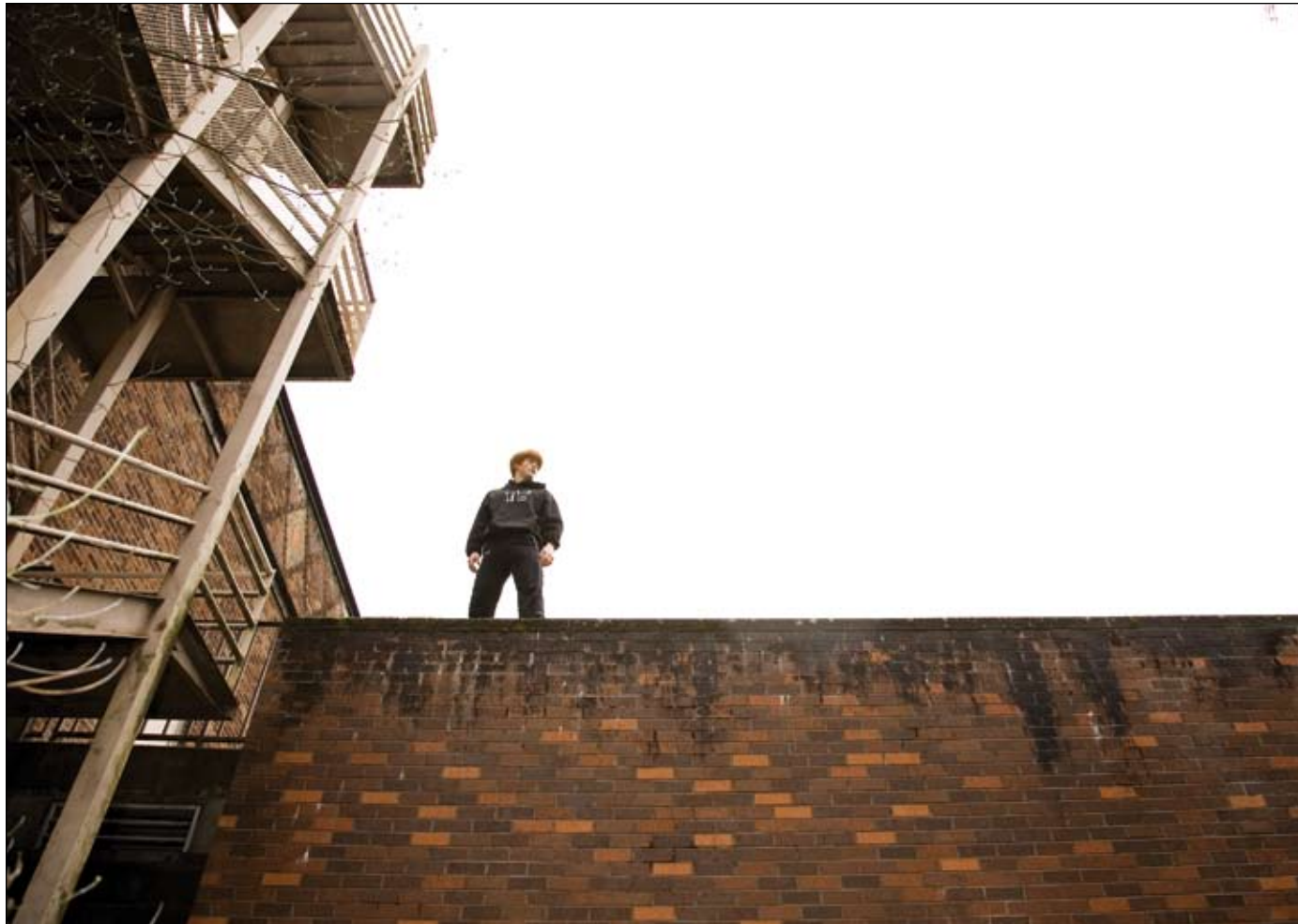



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Urban Movement

A Daoist-inspired activity, parkour creates new paths through the city streets



PREVIOUS: Nathan Andrus-Hughes performs a precision jump as he practices parkour, a physical art of French origin. The aim is to move from point A to point B as efficiently and quickly as possible. ABOVE: Parkour is a physical art form meant to help one overcome obstacles, which can be anything in the surrounding environment.

Nathan Andrus-Hughes, a University of Oregon freshman, stands in the open corridor behind Oregon Hall. He takes a deep breath, letting his shoulders raise and then drop heavily. As he breaks into a sprint, passers-by stop to watch him heading straight toward a four-foot-tall cement block. His tennis shoes are on top of the ledge before you can even see him leave the ground. After pausing for

a second, he blindly heaves his body backwards, and his feet circle over his head before returning him safely to the pavement.

The art of this urban gymnastics, known as parkour, often includes blind movements, allowing your body to take control of your mind and lead you on paths not regularly explored. Participants approach everyday obstacles with a creative outlook, avoid-

ing the structural boundaries that society has created by forging a unique path.

A participant of parkour, known as a traceur, focuses on sustaining continuous movement while creating the most efficient path from point A to point B. Such movement would normally be difficult in a city environment, with structures blocking paths and interrupting runs. Participants utilize rails, walls, ledges

and other obstacles as opportunities to create new paths by jumping off or climbing over them.

"We live in such an industrial urban environment. Parkour is a way to flow through your environment," says Andrus-Hughes, who practices parkour around campus for the exercise, stress release and as a follower of the philosophy behind the sport. "It's pushing the limits of humanity,"

he says. "I think we're limited, and parkour helps us push these limits."

Part of the philosophy behind parkour, based on the theory of Daoism, is to become like water in order to flow through different environments. The structural obstacles people come across daily, represent larger life challenges, and finding alternative paths symbolizes the search for general solutions to life's problems.

"Anything you do you can attach a philosophical meaning to it, but it's not because of the deeper meaning that I do it," says Cody Predum, a University freshman, who practices parkour around campus because he enjoys the inventive form of exercise. "I would like people to say parkour is a creative, artistic way of doing things."

Parkour, which comes from the French word "parcours," meaning path or course, was founded by David Belle in France in the late 1980s. A similar activity of movement was created in the early twentieth century, known as the "Natural Method of Physical Culture," which was used as a military training exercise.

Belle's father learned the skill as a French soldier in Vietnam before teaching it to Belle, who incorporated this into what he learned while participating in martial arts and gymnastics as a child.

running, which incorporates more aesthetic and non-functional movements.

An important aspect of parkour, which Belle has mastered, is learning the body's physical limits and then continuing to push them. Belle, who has never been seriously injured, drops off buildings' roofs and has even jumped from a two-story ship onto a platform as part of his adventurous media stunts.

Andrus-Hughes believes the sport is based on instinct, and participants revert back to an animalistic nature of movement. "It's letting your body do what it's made for," he explains. While parkour is second nature to children, who constantly jump over and off things, people of all ages occasionally do parkour without knowing it, Andrus-Hughes says. "It's putting a word for the natural things we do."

Andrus-Hughes and Predum say they train by running, practicing jumps and looking up new techniques on the Internet. They note that weight training is unnecessary because the body naturally builds muscle by practicing the sport. Urbanfreeflow.com is one of the sources they use to find new moves and stories from traceurs around the world.

There are no organized competitions for parkour because that would go against the philosophy behind the

The structural obstacles people come across daily represent larger life challenges.

As a teenager, he applied his new founded sport to more practical urban settings. Because Belle lived in a city, he could practice anywhere and often did with his childhood friend Sébastien Foucan. Foucan applied what he and Belle practiced and founded a similar sport known as free

sport, says Predum, who added the goal of the sport is smoothness, continuous momentum and taking a creative approach to ordinary obstacles.

"You learn that everything is your friend. You look at everything differently," Andrus-Hughes says. "We're taking our own path through life." He



ABOVE: Nathan Andrus-Hughes executes a reverse vault, or a move in which an obstacle is 'overcome' by vaulting and turning at 360 degrees.

added that parkour is a sport that can generally be practiced anywhere from a busy, urban city to a quiet, natural forest. The only equipment a traceur needs is a pair of shoes and a willing body. While the environment is broad-ranging and the equipment is sparse, it can still be difficult to find a place to practice because most people are unfamiliar with the sport and are afraid the traceurs are damaging their property. "It's a challenge because people don't know what we're doing."

Recently though, the sport's popularity has grown outside France, finding its way into North American popular culture, such as the *Lara Croft: Tomb Raider Legend* video game and the latest James

Bond film, *Casino Royale*. Riley Clawson, a University freshman who practices parkour, is excited about the rising popularity of the sport, although he hopes popular culture will embrace the sport, not destroy it.

"I surely hope that this art will be taken seriously, but I can't predict the flow of culture. If a certain group wants to adopt parkour as their own, I have no say in how it develops, but I sincerely hope they will preserve the beauty of the art," Clawson says, who refers to parkour as the French art of running away. "We have the infamous 'fight or flight' instinct, and there is training for fight, but parkour seems to be the training for flight." -Tess McBride

A Lens on Indie Film

DisOrient, Eugene's own Asian-American Film Festival, brings a twist to celebrating cinema



ABOVE: Jason Mak is the visionary behind the *DisOrient* Asian-American Film Festival, which attempts show the world through the Asian-American's point of view.

Artistry in film can be broken down into several basic elements: The writer who struggles to transform single words into a moving script; the director who must visualize the

script and guide the actors and technical crew to fulfill an overall vision; the editor who connects sequences of scenes to form the finalized movie. They must feed off each other's creations to shape

a cohesive film. Making films takes more than money. You need perseverance, belief and a lot of heart.

Many people worldwide are familiar with Hollywood movies associated with major

film corporations. However, independent filmmakers usually work alone or with a small studio and must find a way to bring their visions alive without a large crew or budget.

Oregon's *DisOrient* Asian-American Film Festival is an event that celebrates independent filmmakers and their art. Dedicated to presenting honest portrayals of Asian-American experiences, the *DisOrient* film festival is the first of its kind in Oregon to display film and videos made by and about Asian-Americans.

"This festival is one of the unique things in Eugene," says Jason Mak, the festival director. "I did my graduate work at UCLA in California and they have so many film festivals down there. I thought, why can't Oregon have a great one too?"

The *DisOrient* Film Festival was founded in part to help people of other races and cultural backgrounds to understand what Asian-Americans go through. The festival's title, *DisOrient*, symbolizes how many Americans feel about Asian-American culture: lost, confused or misled. Clearing up misconceptions by exposing those unfamiliar with a certain culture through the use of film is a strong method of communication. As an art form and a reflection of culture, visual elements in films use compelling images to create powerful universal understanding.

For many filmmakers such as Grace Lee, who directed and produced "*The Grace Lee Project*," a movie is more than just the routine process

from script to screening: It's a personal journey.

When Korean-American Lee moved out of the Midwest where she grew up, she realized that she was no longer the only Asian Grace Lee. Her film, which was showcased at the 2006 *DisOrient* Film Festival, is documentation of her journey to disprove the stereotype that all Grace Lees are quiet, piano-playing overachievers. Started by a personal motivation to answer

who were mistaken for the enemy and stripped of their official duties. For Nishikawa, making the movie was about celebrating his family and heritage while also recognizing other troops.

Other independent artists like Lee and Nishikawa individually created a variety of 45 films showcased at last year's *DisOrient* Film Festival. Hundreds turned out for the event, and Director Jason Mak hopes this year's event

"Film festivals are a celebration of film, not just showing movies."

the question "what's behind a name?" Lee ended up with a comical, artistic account.

"I wanted people to be entertained by the film first of all, and that the audience would be able to get a new perspective that the film offers," Lee says.

Lee was able to find funding for her film through the Center for Asian-American Media, a non-profit organization that helps fund and distribute independent films about Asian-Americans. Since 1984, CAAM has given over \$3 million with funding from the Corporation of Public Broadcasting.

Other independent filmmakers are similarly inspired. Like photography, painting, theater and dance, movies are born from a single idea. From there, many bloom into award-winning films.

"*Only the Brave*," which debuted last year and is written and directed by accredited playwright Lane Nishikawa, is a story based on actual experiences of his three uncles who served in the first all-Japanese-American Nisei military unit. Driven by the desire to explore into the life of his uncles, this film takes its audience into the hearts and minds of the forgotten heroes of World War II, like the volunteer, Japanese-American Combat Team

will play host to even more than that.

"Film festivals are a celebration of film, not just showing movies," Mak says.

Along with showing films, they will hold panel discussions and lectures for further learning and exposure to the Asian experience. The films touch on a variety of issues, including Asian immigration into the United States.

The political controversy surrounding the deportation of Mexican immigrants in the United States sparked the idea for a panel discussion with the Latino community. It is an idea that Mak hopes can help connect the Latino-American experience with the Asian-American experience.

"It is my hope that we can have multiple panels on a variety of issues," explains Mak. We are also hoping to create workshops to show people the process of making films. Maybe they too can become inspired."

With the recent burst of popularity found on YouTube and other Internet outlets, even amateur filmmakers can produce no-cost or low-cost video footage to share with large audiences.

The filmmakers are encouraged to attend the festival to support and promote their work. Part of ticket prices goes

to help fund their stay during the event. The festival is also possible thanks to sponsors and volunteers.

"The *DisOrient* Film Festival presents an important opportunity for individuals and organizations to support Asian-American arts. We look forward to building partnerships with individuals and organizations invested in enlivening our community," says *DisOrient* Film Festival Associate Director Nadia Raza on the festival's Web site.

Hundreds of movie watchers are expected to attend the 2007 *DisOrient* Asian-American Film Festival held over a three-day period starting April 27th at the Wildish Community Theater in Springfield.

The festival provides opportunities for people of differing races and cultures to unite while broadening perspectives on the different experiences people face in the United States. For some, this festival will be an outlet to proudly showcase their work. For others, it will be a chance to learn. Whatever one's reason is for attending, Mak hopes that audiences are not just entertained but also educated.

So go ahead, bring a friend and try something new. There might even be porn spoofs like last year. *-Jessica Polley*

For ticket prices, times and film information please visit www.disorientfilm.org

BELOW: The *DisOrient* Film Festival tries to break stereotypes that Americans associate with Asian films. Jason Mak sums up the feeling of the festival with their event t-shirts.



PHOTOS BY NICK GATES

Big Ideas, Micro Brews

A taste for beer in college proves just as useful as a degree



Jamie Floyd first experimented with brewing in high school when he and a friend made hard cider, using apple juice and baker's yeast. They stored it in a hot attic and left it fermenting at around 130 degrees Fahrenheit. "It wasn't good," he

comments. "I can't believe we drank it, really."

Floyd walks into The Bier Stein in a leather jacket and tight jeans. His shortly cropped brown hair emphasizes a distinctive gray patch on the right side of his head. He takes off his jacket, revealing

a Ninkasi shirt, which proclaims "Jesus was a home-brewer" on the back. He orders a pint of Ninkasi's Total Domination IPA.

He is a prolific networker. Everyone seems to know him. Before he can get a chance to take his beer and sit down, he

is greeted by patrons and Bier Stein employees. During the interview, a large man with a massive beard asks him for a job. Later, a college student shows up to buy a keg out of the back of Floyd's van.

He's come a long way since his first brewing experience.

Taking advantage of the massive micro-brewing market in Oregon, Floyd is now the co-owner and master brewer of Ninkasi Brewery, Eugene's newest microbrewery. The name, Ninkasi, comes from the Sumerian goddess of beer.

"We wanted to go to the start of it all," he said. "And the Sumerians were the first brewers."

The beer brewing industry in Oregon is booming. According to the Oregon Brewers Guild, Oregon Breweries contribute around \$2.25 billion to Oregon's economy. Portland alone has around 30 breweries, more than any other city in the world. In Oregon, there are about 60 breweries in total. In the U.S. it is the second largest producer of hops, a vital ingredient for a beer's aroma and bitterness. According to Floyd, most of the country's hop research is done at Oregon State University.

A microbrewery is a brewery that produces less than half a million gallons of beer per year, according to microbrewforum.com. To put that in perspective, Budweiser can produce up to half a billion gallons of beer per year. Budweiser's parent company, Anheuser-Busch, claims 48.8 percent of the global beer market.

Floyd's interest in craft brewing came about in college.

"I've read everything that people going to brewer's school have read," he said.

Floyd explained that he had always wanted to own a business. As he gained more experience as a brewer, the idea of opening his own brewery seemed more and more possible.

Floyd and Nikos Ridge, Ninkasi's chief financial officer, are now full-tilt-boogie. Ninkasi now produces 240 kegs or 3,720 gallons of beer a month, providing beer to around 40 bars in Eugene and Springfield and 15 bars in Portland.

Thanks to vigorous networking during his years in Eugene's service industry, Floyd has been able to get Ninkasi beers on tap at nearly every high-end restaurant in town: El Vicaro, Marche, Red Agave, Café Soriah, Café Zenon, Adam's Place, and The Lucky Noodle to name a few.

The Bier Stein has carried Ninkasi's IPA, Helles Lager, fresh hop ale, dunkle and winter seasonal ale.

Chip Hardy, 35, the co-owner of the Stein says that the public reaction to Ninkasi has been great.

"Everybody loves the fact that it's fresh and local," Hardy says. "He hasn't made a bad beer yet."

Currently, Ninkasi's best received beer has been its

"He hasn't made a bad beer yet."

In 1990, he moved from his hometown of Livermore, California to Eugene to attend the University of Oregon. During college, he and friends began home-brewing beer. He recalls that his first batch of home-brewed beer was a stout, brewed with partial grain and malt extract.

While he never received any formal brewing education, Floyd gained experience as a brewer at Steelhead brewery and through reading.

Total Domination IPA. It's a hazy, citrusy ale with a lingering grapefruit-like bitterness, coming from a generous amount of northwestern hops. It's a perfect example of the northwest's favorite style. However, Floyd said that his winter-seasonal, Believer, which Ninkasi has now made a year-round offering, is catching up in sales.

Now that Ninkasi has established itself locally, Floyd is ready to expand. By the end

of winter he plans to open a tasting room on 272 Van Buren Street, in the Whittaker area. According to Floyd, the tasting room will be small at first, about 600 square feet or enough to seat from 20 to 30 people.

It will have all the Ninkasi lagers and ales on tap, including seasonals. People will be able to come in to buy a pint of their favorite Ninkasi beer or a keg. While it will not have a full kitchen, Floyd is talking

with local restaurants and bakeries about providing the tasting room with food.

Floyd said that one of the mission statements of the Ninkasi brewery and tasting room is education. He explains that Pacific Northwest beer is revered nation-wide and is one of the most fruitful beer producing regions of the world.

"What we need to do is to get the people of Oregon to realize it." -Marcus Purkapile

BELOW: Hunter Hicks pours a glass of Ninkasi's Total Domination IPA at Max's Tavern. Ninkasi Brewery distributes to 40 bars in Eugene and Springfield and 15 in Portland.



PHOTO AND PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY ZANE RITT

Scratchy Compositions

How the art of sampling will reshape the future of hip-hop culture



ABOVE: DJ Ohmega Watts, Milton Campbell, spins together two tracks during "Breaking Down the EMU." OPPOSITE: Watts employs a tear scratch where the record is moved in a staggered fashion, dividing the forward and backward movement into two or more movements.

Sound sampling is nothing new to the music scene. Artists have snipped and copied other musician's work for years; cover songs are almost a pop craze; and live performers usu-

ally know a barrage of covers to spark an audience during a dull moment. But sampling, in the most honest sense, is the manipulation of old material to produce something new and innovational. When it's

mastered live or in studio, the DJ is worshiped like a historic composer, not quite topping Mozart and Beethoven. We've all heard Run DMC's "Walk This Way" remix or De La Soul's Funkadelic sample

for "Me, Myself and I." Lee "Scratch" Perry has sampled sounds for his dubs since the '70s. But what is DJ sampling and what are the sounds of a DJ's soul? And how has this become an art?

Using short cuts, riffs and lines from previously recorded material, DJ sampling remixes the old to produce sounds stylistically similar or entirely unique. It is the advent of innovative orchestration, combining a cluster-fuck of movie dialogue cuts and rhythm breaks organized by beat production and precise turntable tactics. Epitomized by few and envied by many, DJ sampling is the life force behind raves, dance parties and trip-hop enthusiasts everywhere.

But sampling has had a controversial history. The Beastie Boys, DJ Dangermouse of Gnarls Barkley and many more have been accused of copyright infringement due to their use of samples.

"I believe that sampling has a place in certain settings," confirms local Eugene artist, Hiawatha. "Although it tends to trigger memories and feelings that you had for the original song, musicians who use such technology have the power and responsibility to create new and different music from the ground up."

Pioneered in the late '80s, vinyl-spinning entrepreneurs like Eric B, DJ Premier of Gang Starr and Mix Master Mike of the Beastie Boys sprouted sound sampling to accompany early rap vocals. But sampled instrumentation was still dormant—laced and clouded by early hip-hop

lyricism and b-boy shout outs, the soul of the DJ was seldom apparent or pure.

But in 1996, an unorthodox techno track asked "What does your soul look like?" when production guru Josh Davis, AKA DJ Shadow, stunned audiences worldwide with his debut album, *Endtroducing...*: an underground essential still loved today for its eccentric minimalism and historic authenticity. Shadow's connections with uncomplicated samples are eternally ingenious. Anyone who's ever rocked out to "Organ Donor" or drifted off during "Midnight in a Perfect World" can tell you the exact same. Dark, but enlightening, Shadow set a new standard for techno music and reformed the hip-hop scene that, according to Shadow, was "sucking it up in '96."

Endtroducing... diverged from the hip-hop norm with Shadow's extended instrumentals and complex layers. The album's soft-spoken and slow samples refused association with the rave-clouted techno genre, a stereotypical scene for DJ sampling.

Shadow opened the flood gates; DJs worldwide fed up with a sexploited and racist



hop, techno, downbeat, etcetera), all of which are contested in style. Although partly born out of rap and hip-hop, instrumentalists of sampling remain apart from the overplayed pop fads. But recently, the revived rationale of sampling has leaked into hip-hop, spurring a renaissance in beat-breaking skill and artistic merit. One of

ing almost all instrumentals, RJD2 saved a few tracks for collaboration with the soulful and playful Ohio emcee, Blueprint. Soul Position, as the duo became called, unleashes an unorthodox but relieving faction to the arena of modern hip-hop. As trippy as Deltron 3030 and as catchy as Mother'ship Connection, their debut

tonal texture available to you through use of pitch, speed, and slicing skill makes a world of sound not possible before."

Imagine if ex-Rolling Stones guitarist Brian Jones could skip his life-threatening LSD sabbatical in India needed to obtain the sitar skill for "Paint It, Black." Abstract artists like Kid Koala and Dan The Automator can now master multicultural music in less than a minute with the push of a button.

Gnarls Barkley bombarded the Top 40 all last year with DJ Dangermouse's frenzied beat technique layered under Cee-Lo's soulful lyrics. The abstract musical reformation brought only the highest respect to sampling, earning two Grammy awards for the artists. Sampling is a new bandwagon crossing cultural fads faster than the Macarena. And meanwhile, back at the train station of artistic progression, the sampling silver bullet is leaving for a higher plane of musical originality and every artist, from Aesop Rock to Frank Zappa, is climbing aboard. **-Jason Dronkowski**

DJs worldwide fed up with a sexploited and racist pop-rap scene began to chime in.

pop-rap scene began to chime in. Their music became witty with enough compassion to lull the roughest redneck and enough attitude to make Tippi Gore curse. Consequently, the lumped genre of sampling is now more than a soundtrack to the E-tard-infested techno club. Funky samplers now flourish globally; the jazzy DJ Cam moves club foundations in France while DJ Vadim beats away oppressors in Russia and DJ Krush tears down techno bars in Tokyo.

The international expansion of DJ sampling creates a whole family of genres (trip-

the shockwaves behind this reconstruction is no other than Eugene-born, Ohio-based, Ramble John Krohn, also known as RJD2.

RJD2 set brush fires to the Midwest United States with the release of *Deadringer* in 2002. *Deadringer* was hailed as a funkier, more danceable trip-hop record than anything previously released. The album's initial single, "The Horror," became a smash-hit throughout indie music stores, and the album's most popular track to date, "Ghostwriter," became a repetitive request at metro radio stations. Includ-

album, *8,000,000 Stories*, is an abstract necessity for any popular hip-hop collection.

By breaking down language barriers and relieving musical seclusion, sampling is among the greatest universal music media. The incorporation of pre-recorded material allows artists to produce cultural sounds without musical background or material availability. Sampling creates international influence without exclusive research or practice.

"Sampling is one of my favorite tools in the studio," explains local sampling artist, Hiawatha. "The amount of

Out of the Fire

A new exhibit blazes into the Jordan Schnitzer Museum showcasing Korean ceramics



ABOVE: Incorporating his Christian beliefs, Moo Keen Lim's creation "Letter to Paul to Colossians, Chapter 3 Paragraph 2," symbolizes Jesus and his followers.

Picture ceramic art: a bowl overstuffed with a warm meal, a petite cup serving a refreshing liquid or perhaps a vase filled with colorful beads waiting to be strung across an elegant, Eastern-styled necklace. But for 5,000 years, Korean ceramic art hasn't been holding just the tangible; they hold years of tradition as well. These pieces can carry history, employing the responsibility of Buddhist ceremonial

purposes, the Neo-Confucian state of pure mind, and even the proof of a potter's higher education.

Thanks to International Arts and Artists, University of Oregon's Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Art will be rewarded with an elaborate survey of Korean ceramics glowing with 54 contemporary ceramic artists' own flair. *From The Fire*, which takes place February third through April 22nd, divides 108 eloquently

crafted pieces into three separate categories: Tradition Transformed, Ceramic Sculpture and Individual Direction.

The Jordan Schnitzer Museum of Asian art curator and University of Oregon Professor Charles Lachman will aide in helping deliver the show to Eugene. Lachman feels this show will change the way visitors look at ceramics. "Often when people think of ceramics, they think of utilitarian kinds of things, but this show

is more of using clay as a form of expression," he says.

The opening night for the exhibition on Friday, February second immediately awed its fans. The setting felt more like an elegant cozy dinner party than an art exhibit. Classical music floated from a grand piano as Marketing Coordinator Debbie Tyson and other enthusiastic Schnitzer employees engaged in friendly conversation with art lovers. Art connoisseurs nibbled

on catered sushi and sipped wine as Lachman, smartly fitted in an ash jacket, smiled proudly and gave his well-humored opening remarks to the crowd. Gazing out at the zealous audience over his artsy glasses, he jokes, "This is our first all 3-D showcase, so you can only imagine the installation problems!" After his remarks, the crowd ventured upstairs to begin the ceramic experience. Tranquility overcame the guests, calm embracing them in a hushed atmosphere of scarlet walls and softened lighting.

Despite a few gasps, the visitors were speechless as they lingered about the room, eyeing each piece with admiration. *Autumn Mountain* is a piece by Hyang Lim that looks as though a rugged chunk of rock was stolen from a far cliff and kissed with a smear of vibrant color to look like a work of art and not a piece of nature. In a far corner stands an almost melancholy clay torso, its bowed head pointing to a torn open hole in its stomach. The hole reveals a set of elegant white wings that capture a true sense of purity. Artist Young Sil Han gave life to this sculpture, *Place of Heart*, and its twin of a frostier color scheme, *Frozen Wings*.

In the Tradition Transformed section of the show, a long outstretched table holds an array of classic enlarged pots. In the line, Soon Hyung Kwon's *Pulsation* called for attention with its energetic indigo coloring. But not every ceramic in the showcase is as elaborate in its first impression. "One of my favorites is just a plain, white porcelain piece that is made of very thin eggshell material. I like it because it seems so simple, but the more you look at it, and because there is no decoration, it forces you to focus on their subtleties," Lachman says of his preferred piece, Sung Min An's *Origins of Life*.

Among these creations is the ceramic art done by the show's curator and potter herself, Chung Hyun Cho. Cho is a professor and former Dean in the Department of Ceramics, at the Ewha Women's University's College of Art in Seoul. Her works have traveled far across the world, landing everywhere from the Pacific Asia Museum in Pasadena, California all the way to the Musée Royal de Mariemont in Morlanwelz, Belgium.

Her choices for this tour unite a cultural bond between older Korean ceramic tradition and contemporary work. These choices have the ability to please fans of original ceramic techniques in addition to those who favor modern pieces. Her work certainly pleased Lachman. "When I received the proposal for this exhibition, I was very excited because it fit so well with what we were trying to do, that is on one hand, keeping the Asian connection to the museum, but also to find something contemporary that would engage the larger community because there is a large interest in this field, especially in ceramic art."

The tour will be traveling to multiple museums on the West Coast including the Honolulu Academy and the infamous Asian Art Museum of San Francisco. The University of Oregon, thanks to



ABOVE: Many of Young Sil Han's pieces concentrate on the hidden spirit and its search for liberation.

"For a lot of people who work in ceramic art, there is something almost magical about what happens in the kiln."

multiple grants, is the only university that will house the showcase.

In addition to several Wednesday lectures offered, professor and featured artist Heh Ja You, who specializes in Celadon ceramics, will be giving a demonstration of the

complexities of ceramics in the museum's art studio. Curator Lachman feels that this particular form of ceramics takes prime concentration. "It

really explores the chemical side of pottery. For a lot of people who work in ceramic art, there is something almost magical about what happens in the kiln. There is so much in the development of kiln technology that is based on trying to control what

happens inside: keeping the temperature even, adjusting the amount of oxygen and everything." This meticulous craft will be demonstrated on April seventh from one to four in the afternoon.

The art of ceramics brings forth a mystical quality that sparks an element of mystery for its makers. Each piece placed in the fiery kiln is an unknown path that might lead to disappointment, or if its maker is lucky, to greatness. Lachman feels that the show's title, *From The Fire*, captures this idea: "At some level, there still is that element of surprise. It is based on taking earth and heating it and just seeing what happens." **-Katherine Vetrano**

PHOTOS BY BENJAMIN MANGIN

A Call for Help

What happens when society has no solution for the mentally ill

STORY TRISTEN KNIGHT • ART KELLY WALKER

In my home, we wait for phone calls. They tell us about my older brother, Larry. I have few good memories of him: We'd play basketball at the park, he'd buy me ice cream, and then we'd walk home to play Super Nintendo. He looked out for me.

Then came his girlfriend, Angie, and with her came the drugs and the pregnancy. He was eighteen years old; I was only eight. My mom, dad and I wouldn't hear from him for months. He



would call in the middle of the night, saying nothing. His words were vague, his tone lifeless.

"Where are you?" my mom asked.

"Around."

"Are you okay?"

"Yeah."

"We can get you help, Larry."

"I don't need help."

Larry faded in and out of our lives over the next few years. But when he did visit, he was different. He would be engaged in conversation, and then suddenly stare at the wall. As months passed, his condition worsened. He would stand in our living room and stare. Stare at the ceiling. Stare at people. Unmoving. It was as if he were lost, trapped in his thoughts. He had no emotions, no desires, no drive. He was empty.

Larry disappeared again, and we waited for the next phone call. He lost his job. He gave him money. He landed in jail. They released him. He couldn't afford his medication. We paid for it. He wouldn't take it. It was a continuous cycle of phone calls with the same information—Larry wasn't okay.

"Why won't you stay on your medication?" I asked Larry when he called one night. I was in the sixth grade.

"They make me feel funny."

"You act funny without them." I paused. "Why don't you stay at the doctor's?"

"I don't want to."

"You're going crazy."

"I know," he said.

This was our last *normal* conversation.

We waited for more phone calls. He was thrown out of his apartment. He was in jail again. He was in the hospital. He was living on the streets.

One night, I woke up to a slam. "What the hell is this?" my mom yelled.

I crept around the corner and peered into the living room. A pile of papers lay next to her. "He's almost thirty! I can't bring a crazy person in my home! I can't believe this is my son!"

I came into the room. My mom stepped in front of the papers. "Larry's been arrested again." *Better in jail than on the streets*, I thought.

"He planned on preaching this shit to the president!" She grabbed the papers and raised her voice. "He charged a ticket to D.C. and was scaring people on the plane! The FBI called me! The *FBI!*"

I wanted my mom to bring him home and nurture him back to health like moms are supposed to, but I knew she couldn't. She wouldn't bring an unstable person into the home, endangering me. He was old enough to check himself out of hospitals, and the jail wouldn't even keep him safe; he has to physically hurt himself or someone else for them to keep him. That only left him one option: the streets.

"I want to see," I said as I reached for the papers. My mom hesitated, but handed me papers smeared with dried dirt and grass stains. His writing was shaky. The phrase *I will always love God* repeated haphazardly down the pages, like a child being punished. He wrote *die* and *hell* hard and long, black smudges, scribbles, ink blots everywhere. He seemed possessed. My stomach churned; my brother was gone.

We waited for more phone calls. He was released from jail. He broke into his ex-girlfriend's home, frightening his son. He stood on street corners following people—scaring people.

He was old enough to check himself out of hospitals, and the jail wouldn't even keep him safe.

My senior year in high school, he started showing up at the house. We repeatedly found him sitting on our lawn, juggling baseballs in our front yard. He smoked cigarettes and blew smoke rings into the air. He carried a few pieces of clothing and a pocketknife in an Albertson's bag. I caught our neighbors peeking out their windows. My mom cried out of embarrassment. I felt ashamed. All we could do was watch.

We recently received a phone call that Larry is in jail again. All we can do is wait. Wait again for the next phone call and hope Larry is still alive. **KD**



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