

ETHOS

A man wearing a blue beret and a dark blue sweater is playing a mandolin. He has a cigarette in his mouth. A dog is sitting on his back, wearing a grey sweater and a red collar. The background is a blurred outdoor setting.

Winter 2011 Volume 3 Issue 2

UNRAVELING THE
GYPSY MYTH

PILLAGING
THE SEA

A Knight's Trail:
The search for the Holy Grail

THE NEXT VINOPHILES

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PHOTO COURTESY CAROL SILVERMAN

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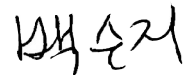
After years of reconstructive surgery, one student finally feels comfortable in her own skin.

One of the greatest pleasures of producing a magazine is watching its evolution. Over the ten weeks it takes our student staff to create the forty-eight-page medley of culture that is Ethos, prominent themes emerge and stories become inextricably linked by strands of community we didn't even know existed. This web is much like a culture itself: The distinctive characteristics of one demographic are echoed in another, regardless of how far apart on a map the two lie.

In this issue we explore several communities battling prejudice: two vastly different populations affected by the perils of HIV ("Driven to Medicine," "HIV+"), the Roma people who still struggle for international acceptance (Unraveling the Gypsy Myth), and German-Americans who were interned in US camps during WWII ("America's Forgotten Captives").

What we've learned is that culture is not a measure of separation, rather the stitched together squares of a quilt that eclectically and collectively represent what we all share as human beings. Whether we are the square that faces prejudice, the square that fights for the environment and against corporate takeover ("Deal for Seven Devils," "Pillaging the Sea," "Redefining Radio"), or the square of the millennial generation who are working their way into the adult world ("Pillaging the Sea," "The Next Vinophiles"), together we shape the broader culture of humanity.

As you flip through the pages that follow, we invite you to examine the idea of cultural interconnectivity—you may not think you have anything in common with the Bhutanese maidens who perform the Reed Dance for solidarity, but if you look a little deeper, you're sure to find an unexpected connection.



Suji Paek
Editor in Chief

In the last paragraph of "Shoot it, Skin it, Stuff it" from our fall 2010 issue, Brian Bradburn was repeatedly mistakenly attributed for David Clark. It was Clark, not Bradburn, who referred to his workshop as, "his little shop of horrors." Ethos sincerely apologizes for this error.



PHOTO BLAKE HAMILTON

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Congratulations to the *Ethos* staff, both past and present, for its award-winning work. In 2010, *Ethos* received second place for the Columbia Scholastic Press Association's College Silver Crown Award and the Associate Collegiate Press's Diversity Story the Year.

Driven to Medicine

Student intern Anna Brice witnesses the reality of HIV victims in Swaziland

STORY JAIMIE GOLDSTEIN

A five-year-old boy suffering from an infected third-degree burn, a grandmother dying from HIV, a young girl diagnosed with syphilis at age ten—these were just some of the conditions Anna Brice witnessed in the ten weeks she worked as a medical intern in rural Swaziland.

Brice, a junior majoring in history and biology at the University of Oregon, interned at a mission this past summer providing assistance to HIV-positive patients and orphaned children. Swaziland, a small country resting between Mozambique and South Africa, has a 50 to 60 percent infection rate of HIV—the highest in the world.

Brice did as much as she could to help in her short time as an intern, and can't wait to return to Africa as a doctor.

How did you get involved in your internship and what interested you about it?

The program was IE3 Global Internships and the site was Cabrini Ministries. There are two major components to their work. They have an orphanage where they have roughly 130 children who are mostly orphans due to HIV/AIDS. They also provide support to all of the children in the community, whether they need food, clothing, or help with paying for school. And then they also have a clinic, which is only for HIV and tuberculosis patients. And they provide home-base care for people who are too sick to make it into the clinic.

Do the orphans know their parents died from the disease?

All of these kids have at least one parent who has died—most likely from HIV. The king of Swaziland is basically in denial that there is such a thing as orphans because aunts and uncles are considered mothers and fathers as well in Swazi society. You have many parents. But the thing is, when there's so much poverty and you go to live with your aunt and uncle, they're not going to feed you before their own children. And when there's limited food resources, then these kids starve, these kids don't have shelter, these kids are abused.

What was it like to work with HIV-positive patients?

Well, it was a lot easier than I expected. Actually the hardest part about it is



One of Brice's fondest memories as an intern was spending time with the kids. Brice spent most evenings in the mission playing with the children and tutoring the teens in their schoolwork.

coming back here because while you're there, you're in the moment. You have to do what you have to do to help someone, and everyone there understands what you're going through, and everyone there understands the difficulties. It's hard to come back and convey how difficult it is to look at a five-year-old boy and know that he's not going to live more than ten more years. So, over there at least, I felt

like I was doing something about it: I was helping these kids, I was working with the patients, I was treating wounds, I was doing things to help. But here, since I came back, I feel almost helpless. You know, they're still there; they're still sick.

How did you spend the majority of your time in Swaziland?

The first six weeks I was there, I was

teaching . . . and then the last four weeks, when the kids went on their breaks to go home, I worked a lot more with the clinic.

There was a young boy who was five years old and HIV positive. He got a third-degree burn from a pot of boiling water that one of the older boys had tossed out the window while doing dishes. Every morning I would drive to his homestead and clean his wound. It was awful. Because it was septic, I had to scrub it until it bled to help it heal. He would scream and hate me. But every day I drove up to his homestead, he would walk out and just put his arm out. He wouldn't run away, he wouldn't fight it. He was the strongest little boy. That would be the first thing I did in the morning.

"And when you're starving, you can die in three years of HIV, or you can die tomorrow of starvation."

Not a lot of people there can drive because no one can afford cars and they're all stick shifts, so I would drive one of the nurses out to the homesteads for patients who are too ill to come into the clinic. There was a grandmother on a homestead who was so weak and very sick and she couldn't move. She was just stuck in her bed. And because of that, she had gotten one of the biggest and deepest bedsores I've ever seen. It was probably two-inches deep, and probably the size of a donut, on her right hip. But the thing is, she can't move, she can't leave her bed, she's too weak . . . she was in absolute misery. And the only thing we could really do for her was give her food—she couldn't even sit up. We had to hold her head to feed her. So I would do everything from giving people their daily injections, cleaning wounds, giving people medication [and] driving people to hospitals.

Do you think Americans react differently to someone infected with HIV than Swazis?

[HIV] is extremely common . . . the entire nation is affected by this. But there is a huge stereotype that comes with being HIV positive. Very few people live openly with it, which, in part, contributes to the problem because then you don't know your partner's HIV positive; the chances of you contracting it [are very high]. Nobody calls it HIV over there. It's called "the disease." So if somebody just says, "I'm sick," you know that means HIV. It's treated a lot like it is in the states, only it's more common. The problem with it also isn't education; Swazis know more about HIV than anybody else I've met. They know how to protect themselves; they know how to stay

safe. They know these things. But it's just that their culture doesn't abide by those same rules and so there's just a massive conflict. They know that they're putting themselves at risk, but they continue to do it because that's their culture.

What efforts are being made in Swaziland to control the disease?

There's a lot of effort to control. They put a lot of effort into showing by example. Also, they try tactics like female condoms, so that it's not necessarily up to the male if you have protection or not. But then again, if a man isn't going to want to wear a condom, he's not going to be all too happy that she's wearing a female condom. So there's a lot of work put into supporting

the women. Because a lot of times girls, young girls, start having sex because older men will offer them food or gifts in return for sex. And when you're starving, you can die in three years of HIV, or you can die tomorrow of starvation. A lot of effort is put into just giving people the basic needs: giving them food, giving them shelter, making them feel like a person so that they're less susceptible to older men or dangerous situations.

Were there gender disparities in Swaziland?

People refused to get in cars with women. I'd drive up to a homestead with a male nurse, [and] he'd get out of the car and everyone would just start laughing on the homestead and cracking up. And everything was said in SiSwati [the national language]. He'd be very embarrassed and it'd be awkward. We'd get back into the car, he'd take the keys from me, hop in the driver seat, and he'd say, "OK, let me just drive down a few meters until they can't see us," because he would be so embarrassed about them laughing at him.

They were laughing because you were a woman driving? Yeah.

What was the most challenging experience for you while there?

The only time I felt physically ill the entire time I was there

was when a man came in—he was HIV positive and he had syphilis. We gave him the injection. About an hour later, he came back with his ten-year-old daughter, who was, that day, diagnosed with syphilis. And there are stories. Right before I got there, there had been a seven-year-old who raped his four-year-old sister. How does a seven-year-old learn to rape a four-year-old?

What do you wish you had done more of while you were in Swaziland?

Everything—I wish I could have had more time with the kids, started to form relationships sooner, spent more time in the community. There's always something more I wish I could have done. But I am happy with the work I was able to do.

How do you think this experience has shaped your future?

I am more confident than ever that I want to be a doctor.

What kind of doctor?

I don't know yet. But I want to go back to Africa.

Swaziland or Africa in general?

Just Africa in general. Wherever I can do the most to help because in Swaziland I don't speak SiSwati. In order for me to help people, I would need somebody there translating. I just want to go somewhere that I can actually make a difference. And I don't want to go back to Africa until I'm a doctor because being there this summer was great and I felt like I could help, but I couldn't do a lot. So if I go back trained as a doctor, there's so much more that I could do to help. ♀

There are 15,000 households headed by brave children like this one, who have lost parents to the ever-growing epidemic.



PHOTOS COURTESY ANNA BRICE



TOP LEFT: Nearly 60,000 young maidens gather every year in Swaziland for the Umhlanga Reed Dance ceremony, celebrating women's solidarity. PHOTO COURTESY: DARRON RAW BOTTOM LEFT: King Mswati III of the Kingdom of Swaziland addresses the nation's development needs. PHOTO COURTESY: UNITED NATIONS PHOTOGRAPHY



OPPOSITE PAGE: A young Bhutanese girl peers out a window overlooking Bhutan's capital city of Thimphu. PHOTO COURTESY STEVE EVANS ABOVE: During the traditional Chipdrel Procession, His Majesty Jigme Khesar Namgyel Wangchuck, is welcomed to the throne as the King of Bhutan at the courtyard of the Machen Lhakhang during the Sacred Dar Nye-Nga Ceremony. PHOTO COURTESY GELAY JAMTSHO

Fit for a King

Explore two of the last ruling monarchies in the world

STORY JACOB O'GARA & BAYLEA O'BRIEN

SWAZILAND

"I learned from a very early age that the only way to escape the sadness was to get an education," Millicent Loddunea* says. Loddunea grew up in rural Swaziland, a small monarchy nestled between South Africa and Mozambique. Her parents divorced when she was young. Since the Swaziland government does not allow women rights to assets, Loddunea's father left her mother penniless, homeless, and responsible for raising her and her brother.

Even with a rocky family situation, Loddunea grew up in a humble community full of caring and generous Swazis.

"Even when they don't have much, the little they have they share," Loddunea says.

Despite her financial disadvantage, her persistence in school paid off when she earned a scholarship to study abroad in Singapore. Breaking away from Swaziland's monarchy gave Loddunea an entirely new perspective.

"There is no freedom of speech in Swaziland," Loddunea says. "They do not want this monarchy—that is what people say behind closed doors."

Now, 5,000 miles from home, Loddunea does what many Swazi's fear: She voices her opinion.

Likewise, Masia Tahri's family moved from Zambia to Swaziland in the 1960s when the British government transferred her father's job to the neighboring country. In Zambia, Tahri was conditioned to simple commodities such as electricity and paved roads. In comparison, Swaziland, was much less developed. Then, in 1968, Swaziland gained independence from Great Britain, which transformed the small

country into what many call the world's last absolute monarchy.

In 2005, Swaziland ratified its very first constitution to make a step forward into a new and more modern governmental system by adding judicial, legislative, and executive branches.

Although Swaziland's government structure modernized, the royal family still reigns over the land. The local media are owned and monitored by the monarchy. Miniskirts, most outside media sources, and unauthorized pictures of the royal family are prohibited.

Business conglomerates in Swaziland are primarily maintained by the monarchy. "The royal family owns almost the whole of Swaziland. Even if one is not a member by blood, the royal family will adopt any successful businessperson," Loddunea says.

Swaziland's current monarch, King Mswati III, is notorious for his lavish spending, despite the fact that the majority of the country's population survives on less than a dollar a day. In 2002, Mswati planned to buy a \$50 million luxury jet, totaling a fourth of Swaziland's national budget. After numerous protests on behalf of the Swazi people, the king reluctantly abandoned the idea.

Although Mswati did not receive his jet, he invested roughly \$3.5 million to celebrate Swaziland's forty years of independence and his fortieth birthday. The royal family purchased a fleet of BMWs for themselves and friends, as well as a shopping spree in Dubai for the king's fourteen wives.

Controversy and corruption run deeper than Mswati's pocket of personal expenses.

Loddunea recalls when a young Swazi was arrested for wearing a People's Democratic Movement T-shirt. Since free speech is illegal in Swaziland, he was thrown into jail for speaking out against the monarchy.

When the young man died in prison, officials pronounced it an act of suicide, but Loddunea and other Swazis remain skeptical, since many citizens are uninformed of what happens behind the royal family's doors.

"In SiSwati [the national language] they say 'Kukhutwa lubayethe,' which basically means once the king has spoken there is no going against his word," Loddunea says.

Despite Swaziland's heavily criticized government, the country's beauty lies in its generous civilians and astounding natural features. Tourism boosts Swaziland's economy every year while Swazis continue to create intricate crafts such as artwork, candles, and glasswork native to the country. "I would say creative talent is Swaziland's best kept secret," Tahri says.

While the urge for change secretly creeps behind Swaziland's closed doors, the country's next decision lies solely in the hands of the royal family.

BHUTAN

Sandwiched between the Republic of India and the People's Republic of China, the Kingdom of Bhutan looks like a Norman Rockwell painting—if Rockwell was a Buddhist who hailed from South Asia. From the architecture to the traditional dress required at state functions, the Bhutanese people display a kind of fifteenth-century idyllic lifestyle. The majority of the population practices

a form of Buddhism that has been in the country since its introduction in the seventh century. Buddhism and Hinduism are officially recognized state religions, and their influence shows in government policies: there are no executions in Bhutan, health care is free, the level of national happiness is measured by state officials, and protecting the environment is one of the four guiding "pillars" of the state. The Bhutanese people—who refer to themselves as the *Drukpa*, or Dragon People—have been ruled by the patriarchs of the Wangchuck dynasty since 1907. Yet despite centuries of stability, the political ground in Bhutan is shifting fast.

In 1999, King Jigme Singye Wangchuck lifted the ban on Internet and television, which had been trickling into Bhutan via secretly installed satellite dishes. Though it came with the caveat that "misuse" of these innovations could wither away traditional Bhutanese values, the king was praised for taking such a critical modernizing step.

Six years later, King Jigme became the first monarch to step down from the throne in Bhutanese history. After ruling the country since 1974, he presented a draft for a new constitution and new form of government.

"His Majesty ordered an emergency cabinet meeting and everyone was shocked," says Karma Tshering, a Bhutanese immigrant living in Eugene. A draft of the constitution was sent to every household in Bhutan, and King Jigme personally visited each village, including the one Tshering lived in until 2008, explaining his motivation and the principles of democratic government.

"We were confused," Tshering says. "We were happy. We love our king. Bhutan is

a ship between two big islands [India and China] and the king is our captain. He's very far-sighted, loves his country, and he looks around."

One thing he looked at was Nepal, a similarly Buddhist monarchy that morphed into a republic. However, that transition was ugly and blood-soaked, initiated by the 2001 massacre of the Nepalese royal family by one of the king's sons. The country slipped into chaos. In 2008, the kingdom emerged from the civil war and became a republic, governed by a Maoist ruling party. King Jigme did not want Bhutan to share the same fate.

Two years ago, Bhutan officially transformed from an absolute monarchy to a constitutional one and held its first general election, an election without the background noise of gunfire. King Jigme Khesar Namgyel Wangchuck, one of the youngest monarchs in the world at age twenty-eight, was crowned later that year, the head of a country far different from the one ruled by his forefathers—a Bhutanese state with Internet and television, a parliament, two political parties, and a constitution. What was once one of the last absolute monarchies on the planet is now one of the newest democratic states.

Though Bhutan now has many capitals, the ship sails on.

**Editor's note: names have been changed to protect the safety of sources. ☪*

These countries aren't the only ones ruled by a royal family. Go to ethosmagonline.com to learn about a Hawaiian movement to become a kingdom.



New growth emerges long after logging trucks left this forest opening near the Seven Devils mine site. Oregon Resources Corporation vows to replant trees that will be uprooted during mining so the forest will be able to return to its natural state after the chromite sand is removed from the soil.

A Deal for Seven Devils

A proposed mining operation creates confrontation on the Oregon Coast

STORY **KERRI ANDERSON** PHOTOS **RACHELLE HACMAC**

The scene from Seven Devils Road on a sunny October afternoon is picture-perfect. The sunlight reflecting on the calm, blue waters of the Pacific Ocean is a scenic backdrop to swaths of giant fir trees and hidden creeks, home to salmon, birds, and deer. As married couple Jack and Julie Jones gaze over the peaceful oasis, they remember why they moved to the area thirty-two years ago.

Today, this reason is exactly why they are fighting proposed plans to deforest about 200 acres of land to clear space for an open-pit chromite mine.

"It's beautiful here. We can hear the ocean from our house," Julie says. She fears the consequences of a future mining operation. "I won't be able to hear the ocean anymore."

Oregon Resources Corporation (ORC), an American subsidiary owned by a larger Australian company called Industrial

Minerals Corp. (IMC), has spent the last twenty-one years surveying the land near Coos Bay and developing the most efficient way to extract chromite from under the ground surface. The unique form of chromite comes from the black sand commonly seen on beaches and contains chromite, garnet, and zircon. It's used in the stainless steel industry for large equipment like auto parts and aircraft.

Currently, South Africa, Kazakhstan, and India are the world's largest producers of chromite, and companies pay \$310 to \$360 per ton to import the mineral, according to the trade journal *Industrial Minerals*. If completed, the Coos Bay mine will be the only active strip mine in the United States that supplies chromite, but prices will remain competitive due to its high quality.

ORC plans to start digging the first of its new open-pit mines by March 2011 and continue the mining and reclamation

process for eight years. The company will mine twenty to forty acres of land and 700,000 to 900,000 tons of ore per year. After excavation, the material will be transported to a production plant in Coos Bay, where the ore will be washed and processed to sift out the valuable minerals. The remaining sand will be used to refill the holes before the land is leveled and replanted with trees.

"It's just digging a sand pit, that's all we're doing here," says ORC's Chief Operating Officer Dan Smith.

Thoughts of noisy construction, dust, and environmental destruction have pushed several homeowners to take action against the mining project. The Joneses are members of the Bandon Woodlands Community Association, which recently filed a lawsuit against two government agencies that granted permits to ORC. The Oregon Coast Alliance, a conservation group committed to protecting the

Oregon Coast from the effects of careless development, are also plaintiffs in the case. The litigations challenge assessments made by the National Marine Fisheries Service and the Army Corps of Engineers to evaluate potential health hazards and environmental damage from the mine.

"There is going to be noise pollution and light pollution. It's going to alter the flora and fauna in the area, the animals. It's going to disrupt a lot of things," Julie says.

Despite this resistance, ORC is investing \$75 million in the Coos Bay mine to obtain one of the world's mineral rarities. The smooth spherical shape of each individual grain of the dense, shiny black sand differs from the rough, jagged edges of the chromite found in South Africa, where the US imports the majority of the mineral.

"Our chromite is really unique. It's value added so it's actually better than the chromite that comes from South Africa," Smith says. "It's very unique on the world market. They have never seen a product like this."

Of the total chromite production in Oregon, 40 percent will be exported in the Americas, says IMC Chief Executive Officer Phillip Garratt in an *Industrial Mineral* article. Forty percent will be shipped to Asia, and the remainder will go to Europe.

"It's really important to the US because it will be a US mine and US-consumed chromite. It will help out the trade imbalance also," Smith says. "Primarily for the local point of view, it's jobs in Coos Bay."

The project will create seventy to eighty management and production jobs that earn a salary of \$46,000 per year. ORC is promoting the economic benefits in a town suffering from lack of business and jobs.

Coos Bay Mayor Jeff McKeown agrees that the industry will bring needed jobs to the area. Although the town will experience an increase in traffic on the usually quiet roads, McKeown sees a positive side. "The drivers in those trucks are people with jobs," he says.

Local residents and business owners also support these plans. Resident Jim Witt focuses on baiting his fishing rod as he squats on the grassy bank of the bay near the quiet streets of the town. "I'm for anything that'll boost the economy. It hurts when no one is working," he says, casting his fishing line into the bay just across from the ORC processing plant.

However, uprooting existing fauna and habitats isn't ideal for preserving the native forests and streams, and many conservation groups, including the ones the Joneses are members of, are up in arms about maintaining the water systems and fish habitats in Coos Bay.

Concerns are especially high since the detection of the toxin hexavalent chromium in the proposed mine site. Studies show the toxin can cause respiratory problems and lung cancer.

Hexavalent chromium is often used in industry production, but in this case it formed naturally in the soil, a rare occurrence for Oregon, says Bill Mason, groundwater hydrologist for Oregon's Department of Environmental Quality (DEQ). For now, the amount of the toxin detected is stable and Mason assures the project will not create any additional production or use of the toxin.

"The question is, will the mining operation affect what is naturally occurring? There is a great deal of uncertainty," Mason says.

The DEQ will be closely monitoring the site for any changes in nearby streams that provide fish and well water for some neighbors. In addition, flocculants, which are chemicals that act like filters and are commonly used in the purification of drinking water or swimming pools, are the

Concerns are especially high since the detection of the toxin hexavalent chromium in the proposed mine site.

only chemicals being used in the project, according to Smith and Mason.

Despite environmental precautions and economic benefits, some locals are still concerned about what will happen to the town after the company digs up their treasure. Sam Schwarz grew up in Coos Bay and now lives on a sailboat docked in the bay. His long blonde hair is neatly braided and he has a rough patch of stubble on his chin. He is not keen on the idea of disturbing the peaceful atmosphere of his hometown.

"They'll get what they can and move onto the next place. Then what are we left to deal with? The mess and a lot of toxicity," Schwarz says.

Residents who obtain their drinking water from wells are worried that the effects of mining could potentially damage the aquifers—naturally formed water filters located twenty to fifty feet under the surface. If the aquifers fail, sediment and toxins in the soil, like hexavalent chromium, can seep into the streams and creeks that many of the locals tap into to create wells, their primary water source. This is the primary reason the

Joneses are filing the lawsuit.

According to the DEQ, the project will only disturb the aquifers in the area when the pits are dug up and ORC miners remove the sand forming the aquifers. Mason predicts that once the sand is returned during the reclamation process, neighbors could see increases in the amount of well water available during the summer months, when wells typically run low or even dry up.

"[The mining project] is unlikely to change the ground water regime dramatically. If anything there will be more water entering the streams than before," Mason says.

He insists that affected aquifers are not linked to drinking water sources and ORC has taken preventative steps, including the construction of monitoring wells, dust traps, and control structures to contain storm water run-off. "ORC has met the conditions [to acquire a permit] at this point," Mason says. "Will they be able to adhere to these conditions? We will have to see."

The DEQ will be monitoring streams and well water regularly to ensure all potential problems are prevented. "We have plenty of time to react if we see a change," Mason says.

Smith points out that many employees involved in the project also enjoy fishing and hunting in

the area. "We are not going to do something adverse in the area where we live," he says.

ORC doesn't plan on abandoning Coos Bay any time soon. "There is enough chromite here to mine for fifty to one hundred years," Smith says. "It's just a matter of if we can get permitted." The company is already pushing to extend the project for thirty-plus years.

The black sand has ignited a controversial debate in this close-knit town where many are anxious for the business. But the voices of the neighbors and environmentally concerned won't stand to risk losing their peaceful lifestyle. Will the chromite mine be a treasure chest for this bayside town, or is the burden too heavy for Seven Devils? ☐

Workers building a chromite processing plant along the harbor, visible from downtown Coos Bay.



See more of the progress in Coos Bay at ethosmagonline.com



Faced with discrimination, HIV patients cope with their disease

STORY **CODY NEWTON** PHOTO ILLUSTRATIONS **ARIANE KUNZE**

I wish I could paint you a dramatic picture with images of how the steam rose from the 150-degree latte in front of my father, blurring the fearful expression he fought to hold back. I wish I could recall the color of his shirt, or the way his bracelets slid down his wrist as he nervously raked his fingers across his facial hair, creating that distinctive crunching sound. But despite it being only six years ago, I can't.

My little sister, Mariah; my father, Nelson; his partner Gordon; and I sat at a little steel table smashed between Café Aroma, the information kiosk, and a hundred dull faces all mulling about the Valley River Center in Eugene, Oregon. All other details are gone, eaten alive by the beast of a cat my father was about to let out of the bag. My thoughts were spastic. *Did I do something wrong? Did someone die?* When my father spoke, his words were fatigued: "OK, I've got something heavy . . . pretty drastic for you two to hear. However, I need to tell you, I've done a lot of research, talked to a lot of doctors, and I'm going to be OK.

"I have HIV."

It never occurred to me that someone I loved could get HIV, and I imagine I'm not alone.

Over a million Americans have HIV and most have learned that it carries more than a fear of death: the disease also brings a heavy load of judgment and discrimination.

It took my dad two months before he felt he was ready to tell Mariah and me that he was sick. He later told me how he debated telling anyone, even his own children.

I asked my dad what had to change for him to be more open about living with HIV. He admitted that it's a hard question to answer. There is so much information about HIV that he's surprised people still treat the subject like the plague.

About a year ago, my dad ended a friendship due to such a reaction. My dad, a hairdresser, often helps out friends during his off hours. He was cutting a friend's hair in his kitchen when he nicked his finger. She lost control and started shouting, "Fuck, you're bleeding! How am I going to tell my husband? Fuck, I'm going to have HIV now!"

She was completely safe. She had no open sores and my

father's blood didn't even touch her. It's reactions such as this that my father hopes will end.

Because of his disease, my dad has experienced similar scenarios in places he should feel safe—hospitals and doctors' offices. He recently went to the emergency room for stitches after slicing his thumb while laying linoleum. The nurse, wearing gloves, began to clean the wound and go over his medical history. When my dad told the nurse he had HIV, the nurse panicked. He stopped what he was doing and left to get his supervisor. A doctor came in to finish and blew it off as if nothing had happened. "I'm pretty sure that was [the nurse's] first time handling something like that, and he didn't do very well," my dad says.

My father's situation isn't unique. Angela Jones, a fifty-year-old mother of two and peer counselor from Atlanta, Georgia, has been living with HIV for over twenty-six years after a botched blood transfusion. Much like my dad, she constantly experiences discrimination. Jones has seen doctors put on two or three pairs of gloves, then suit up in extra gear and equipment. She says it makes her feel bad—as if she's some sort of burden. She's been to the dentist and watched the hygienists do their best to keep their hands off her. One dentist went to measure a sizing plate and simply looked into her mouth and guessed the size. "They didn't even want to touch me," she says.

"The discrimination is more out of homophobia and fear than out of anything else."

When it comes to the medical industry, Jones feels that it's a losing battle. She, like my dad, is dependent on pharmaceutical companies. Jones' HIV medication, Atripla, costs her \$1,500 a month, while my dad pays \$2,000 per month for his medication. Jones says that with all her medications, treatment, and hospital visits she can pay upwards of \$25,000 a month.

Atripla is distributed by Bristol-Myers Squibb & Gilead Sciences. Bristol-Myers reported sales of almost \$19 billion in 2009. Jones says the problem is they are making too much money being made. She says they're not going to tell people how much they know—that HIV doesn't have to kill you. "They can make their money behind fear," she says. For her and my father, that fear has led to discrimination.

Every year, Americans put billions of dollars into fighting HIV, yet every year, approximately 56,300 Americans are infected. Many people feel HIV discrimination is a key factor. If people are afraid to reveal they have HIV, it will just keep spreading. Jones had a relative who wouldn't admit he was carrying HIV. He witnessed multiple girlfriends die from AIDS as a result of their relationship until the disease killed him in 2001.

Susan McCreedy, HIV case manager for the Ryan White Foundation in Bend, Oregon, has worked with HIV patients for years. "The discrimination [against people with HIV] is more out of homophobia and fear than out of anything else," she says. When people experience this discrimination they're less likely to request care.

Another effect of the stigma that McCreedy noticed is that it keeps people out of care. "They don't feel like



LEFT PAGE: Cody's father knew that revealing his HIV might cast a shadow on their relationship. Many victims of HIV chose not to reveal their illness for fear of marginalization. ABOVE: When Nelson learned he was HIV positive, he felt stigmatized and discriminated against by society. For years he lived in silence about his virus, unable to speak out.



Angela Jones shows a large bottle of pills that she used to take on a daily basis; the harsh reality of living with HIV. She now speaks out about living with HIV at schools and in the community. PHOTO RACHELLE HACMAC

they're worthy of it," she says. Many of her clients have been "passively suicidal," as she calls it. "[Patients are] purposely choosing not to stay in care, choosing not to stay on meds that may have been prescribed because for whatever reason, they let themselves die," McCreedy says.

Recently, McCreedy had a client die for that very reason. He started using methamphetamine while living in a large city. Somewhere along the ride he became infected with HIV. He started losing friends and ended up at St. Charles Hospital in Bend, where he met McCreedy. He began treatment and moved in with his parents. "He's living back with his parents who never accepted him in the first place because he's gay. Now he has AIDS, and they're incredibly judgmental, but they're trying to be supportive," she says. "They don't know what to do and they don't have any support for having a child with HIV. They're just clueless." According to McCreedy, there was no need for him to die. He just let go. She saw four similar tragedies play out in just three months.

Jones knows this feeling all too well. "Your mind controls every aspect of your body. Once you give up mentally, that's it," she says. Even my dad admits he's not living because of the pills; he's living because he wants to.

Approximately 18,000 people die a year in America from HIV/AIDS-related deaths. The website Mental Health Matters states that a person with AIDS is twenty times more likely to commit suicide. People like McCreedy don't think that's necessary.

"They don't feel like they're worthy of existing. Some of them will come into case management apologizing to me for their situation, like they're such a bad person," she says. "It's really sad." According to McCreedy, this problem is rampant and only getting worse.

My dad asked my sister and me not to tell anyone he had HIV. "Don't tell your friends," he said. "Your friend's parents probably won't let them come over to the house anymore."

In grade school, principals hosted fundraisers for kids' parents who had cancer, but I kept quiet about my dad. I have close friends who won't know my dad has HIV until they read this article. This disease infects all aspects of life.

McCreedy explains that if it's going to get better it needs to begin at home. "The thing we know that changes attitudes about things like fear of difference or homophobia, or fear of a disease like HIV, is knowing somebody personally who is affected by the disease. It's one of the only things that changes attitude," she says.

The HIV Alliance of Lane County in Eugene, Oregon, has implemented programs to do just that. Janet Bott, an assistant for the HIV Alliance's Speakers in Schools program, says they "place people who live with HIV or AIDS into classroom settings, and they share their life story." Bott says they're willing to tell students the truth about living with HIV. People with HIV don't just experience stigma from the public, but often within their own families as well. "It's a culturally pervasive problem. Living with HIV, you're instantly in a discriminated class," Bott says.

Jones chooses not to date these days. A couple years ago, Jones became acquainted with a man interested in dating her. She asked if he knew she had HIV, and that they would need to use a condom when they slept

together. He simply replied that he didn't like to use condoms. My dad has encountered similar situations.

A man my dad slept with went to the police station, called my dad, got him to admit he had HIV and that they slept together, while the police secretly listened in. Charges were filed and my dad had to go to court to get out of it. Because of this, my dad says he wouldn't date anyone that isn't HIV positive.

Bott believes that we can fix these problems. "We're working through education to change what's normal within our cultural paradigm," she says. "It's a way of getting to people's minds and hearts. Because you can hit people with logic all day long, but most of our decision-making isn't ruled by logic. It has a strong emotional content to it."

Unfortunately it's harder to get people to speak out about HIV in smaller areas.

"Really the best thing is to get people who don't have HIV to come out into the community, and stand up and support people who are gay, or who are living with HIV," McCreedy says.

Jones is now a volunteer with Speakers in Schools, talking to students about what it's like to live with HIV and what they can do to be safe. "We're the land of the free," she says. "We should have the freedom to sit down and discuss these things." After twenty-six years, Jones still doesn't understand why so many in our society close the doors and walk away from this breed of discrimination. But she's doing her best to open them.

Being open about having HIV isn't easy for my dad either, but it's helped him stay well. At forty-seven, he is healthier than ever and shows no signs of slowing down. To him, the most positive aspect to being open about his HIV is simple education. As he explains with his characteristic bluntness, "If people weren't stupid, they wouldn't be afraid of me."

"There has to be willingness in everyone—not just those already affected by HIV—to be open and unafraid."

For Susan McCreedy and the HIV Alliance, communication is the most effective way to get people into treatment. There has to be willingness in everyone—not just those already affected by HIV—to be open and unafraid. For people to feel safe admitting they are HIV positive, they must first live within a culture sensitive to the struggles and stigmas faced by those with the disease.

The issue of HIV discrimination is as old as the disease itself and it isn't always easy for people to talk about. Navigating through the cloud of misinformation surrounding the affliction can be just as difficult, but ignoring the issue doesn't make it disappear. For my father and Jones, being open about HIV has made living with it easier. Easier not only to seek treatment, but also to recognize the friends they didn't need, while cherishing the ones they'll love forever. ♀



Today, Nelson and Angela speak out about their HIV to educate the community and reveal the truth about the virus.

THE FACTS

The Center for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) estimates there are currently 1.1 million Americans living with HIV. According to the appropriations budget put out by the Department of Health and Human Services for 2010, the CDC has requested \$744,914,000 for domestic HIV/AIDS research and prevention.

Obama's 2010 federal budget request included \$25.8 billion for combined domestic and global HIV/AIDS funding, with \$19.4 billion of that for domestic funding. Total funding broken into five broad categories: Care and Treatment (51%); Cash and Housing Assistance (9%); Prevention (4%); Research (11%); and Global (25%).



AMERICA'S FORGOTTEN CAPTIVES

During WWII, thousands of German-Americans were interned in camps across the country. Now, they are asking to be remembered.

STORY RYAN DETO

ILLUSTRATIONS ALEXANDRA NOTMAN

Arthur Jacobs was eleven years old when the FBI arrested his father. On a Friday in November 1944, authorities arrived at the mechanic shop in Brooklyn, where his German-born father worked, and escorted him to Ellis Island for detention. He was arrested on suspicion that he might have connections to the German government. For days, Arthur's family thought he disappeared. His mother cried and waited at the window, hoping her husband would appear from around the corner. Arthur's father informed the authorities that his wife was home with two boys and only two dollars to take care of them, but the family was not told until Monday. When Arthur's mother realized she could not support Arthur and his fourteen-year-old brother, Lambert Jr., alone, she voluntarily detained herself and her two sons with their father.

During World War II, thousands* of German-Americans (resident aliens born in Germany) were interned in camps and detention centers throughout the United States in places such as Crystal City, Texas and Fort Lincoln, North Dakota. With no mention of internment in history books and no preservation of the camps, most Americans are unaware that German-Americans were interned at all.

In February 1945, the Jacobs family was placed on a train from New York City to Crystal City, Texas, where they were housed in a large one-room structure. From inside, the internment camp resembles a small city, with all the conventions of society. Male internees performed manual labor while females sewed garments for ten cents an hour. Families earned wages in the form of red and green tokens and could spend this money at grocery stores, a butcher shop, and a barbershop. The camp had a fire department, a swimming pool dug by the internees, and a school where Arthur and Lambert Jr. were taught to speak German.

A view from outside provided a different perspective. A ten-foot-high fence enclosed the camp's one hundred acres. Guards patrolled beneath the barbed wire barrier and armed men sat in watchtowers. Incoming and outgoing mail was carefully inspected and censored. Internees were held captive and kept until the FBI cleared their names; most were not cleared until after the war was over.

These German-Americans were taken after President Franklin Roosevelt issued Presidential Proclamations 2525, 2526, and 2527 following the attack on Pearl Harbor. The proclamations designated Japanese, German, and Italian nationals as "enemy

aliens" and allowed law enforcement agencies, such as the FBI, to arrest suspects they deemed potentially dangerous. More than a million resident aliens were forced to register at the post office—about 250,000 were German. Resident aliens were not allowed to carry radios, cameras, or firearms. Captives were given no prior notice to their arrests. Their hearings were short and the accused had minutes to defend themselves without the aid of attorneys.

ENEMY ALIENS

Jacobs' father was detained because the FBI alleged he was on a list of Nazi sympathizers, even though his father said he never signed up for any such group, according to Jacobs. They also claimed he had a picture of Hitler in his bedroom, though the picture was of Will Rogers, a popular radio personality of the era. The FBI kept him without providing the Nazi-sympathizer list as evidence. Today, the FBI could not comment on the subject because the bureau employs no one that can provide an expert opinion on the internment of German-Americans, according to FBI Public Affairs Specialist Linda Wilkins.

The detainment of German-Americans would not have been possible without the presidential proclamations, which state that whenever war is declared between the United States and a foreign nation, the subjects of that hostile nation who are at least fourteen years old and not naturalized citizens, shall be liable to be apprehended, restrained, secured, and removed as enemy aliens. Jacobs also explains that some internees were exchanged for American POWs in Germany during the war. *In Undue Process: The Untold Story of America's German Alien Internees*, Arnold Krammer writes that although most German-American internees were innocent, fifteen to twenty percent of them were legitimate Nazi-sympathizers and would be considered "enemy aliens."

Steve Fox, author of *America's Invisible Gulag*, says some of these reasons for internment could be petty. "There were human reasons why German-Americans were interned. Like if people were jealous of somebody's promotion. All the kinds of things that happen in normal human relationships."

The story of Seattle physician Dr. Otto Trot reflects the arbitrary way some internees were detained. Fox describes Trot as brash, arrogant, and possessing a sense of superiority over his American colleagues. He continually bragged that the medicine in Germany was better than anywhere in the world. When the FBI came to investigate suspicious enemy aliens, the people who



ABOVE: Detainees eating Christmas dinner in 1943 in the great hall at Ellis Island. LEFT: Arthur Jacobs when he retired from the Air Force in 1973. He served for twenty-two years after his return to America following his family's repatriation to Germany and now resides in Tempe, Arizona. PHOTOS COURTESY FOITIMER.COM

knew Trot did not hesitate to encourage the FBI to detain the doctor, even though he had no Nazi affiliation. "The paranoia triggered it, but then the personalities took over," Fox says.

Alfred Voester, a painter, was detained just south of San Francisco in Camp Sharp Park for almost two years. He had lived in California for twenty years before he was arrested. His son, Kurt Voester, says that his father was taken because he was simply too German. He attended German social clubs, a German church, and frequented a German deli. According to Kurt, this made local authorities suspicious, and he was detained.

Japanese-Americans faced different reasons for internment. The authorities found it much easier to detain entire Japanese families because of the 1924 Oriental Exclusion Act, which blocked Japanese immigrants from obtaining citizenship. After President Roosevelt issued Executive Order 9066, whole communities of Japanese-American citizens were relocated to desolate areas such as Manzanar and Tule Lake in California. The order authorized the Secretary of War to prescribe militarized zones, and thus the Army held the majority of Japanese-Americans, while German-Americans and Italian-Americans were held by the Department of Justice.

Because German-American and Italian-American citizens made up such a large sector of the US population, they were excluded from Executive Order 9066. US authorities usually only took the male head of household, and children were not interned unless they volunteered to stay with their parents in the camps and detention centers. Because the criteria for interning Japanese-Americans were less strict than that of German-

Americans, ten times as many Japanese-Americans were interned.

Perhaps because of these differences, Japanese-Americans were acknowledged by the government while German-Americans were ignored. President Gerald Ford issued a public apology for the internment of Japanese-Americans during his tenure and President Reagan signed the Civil Liberties Act of 1988, providing redress of \$20,000 to each surviving Japanese-American who was interned during World War II. In 1992, President George H. W. Bush appropriated an additional \$400 million to ensure the remaining Japanese-Americans received their \$20,000. Payments continued until 1999 and reached more than 80,000 Japanese-Americans. After years of requests, the German-Americans have received nothing.

SEARCHING FOR RECOGNITION

Jacobs began forming his case against Congress thirty years ago. In the 1980s, Jacobs says no one knew about German-American internment. He found hundreds of

articles on internment, all of which highlight the Japanese-American experience and a few that briefly mention German-Americans or Italian-Americans. Some of the documents that mention the names of German-American individuals are filed under "Custody of American Citizens of Japanese Descent." The Freedom of Information Act has released documents tallying the detention of German-Americans and Italian-Americans by city and region, but those documents do not mention any names. Jacobs grew frustrated with being forgotten.

In 1991, his suit (*Arthur D. Jacobs v. William Barr*) reached the Supreme Court. Jacobs argued in the suit that internment for German-Americans was equitable to that of Japanese-Americans and requested that they receive the same recognition. The court ruled against the suit because they felt the situation of the German-American internees was different than that of the Japanese-Americans. The court's defense states: "After three years of testimony from hundreds of witnesses, Congress concluded that Japanese-Americans were detained en masse because of racial prejudice and demagoguery, while German-Americans were detained in small numbers, and only after individual hearings about their loyalty."

In 2001, Wisconsin Senator Russ Feingold introduced the Wartime Treatment Study Act after reading an article on internment in *German Life* magazine. This bill differed from Jacobs's initial request in that it asked the government to review the facts surrounding internment so they could make an informed decision on granting German-American internees recognition. Currently, the bill is in its ninth attempt and has been referred to the House of Representatives after the House Judiciary Committee voted in favor of the bill 19 to 7. However, according to govtrack.us—a site that tracks the progress of congressional bills—the bill may be tacked onto a larger bill, in which case the Wartime Treatment Study Act could be ignored. And with Feingold's failed bid for reelection in 2010, the bill will have no supporters in the future. "My bitterness is not from internment, it is from the lack of recognition," Jacobs says. "I don't need an apology. I just want people to admit that we were interned."

Karen Ebel created the German American Internment Coalition in 2005. Her father was interned at Ft. Lincoln, from September 1942 until June 1944. According to Ebel, he was taken for his refusal to fight for the United States in Germany. He didn't refuse to fight in the war; he just did not want to fight in the country of his birth. Ebel started the coalition to "make public the little known US World War II policies that led to internment, repatriation, and exchange of civilians of German ethnicity."

"When people have experiences that were so harsh and people deny that it ever happened, that is what hurts them the most," Ebel says. Her website contains dozens of personal stories of former internees; the history of restriction and internment in the United States; links to books and articles on German-American internment; and updates on legislative efforts. She wants the bill to pass not only so people will know about stories like her father's, but also to prevent this from happening to any resident aliens in the future.

On March 19, 2009, Ebel attended a hearing in front of the House's Judiciary Committee Subcommittee on Immigration and Citizenship in Washington, D.C. In her written statement, she pleaded with a sense of urgency to the subcommittee:

"The Wartime Treatment Study Act needs to pass now before more die or are too old to understand. The advanced age of the remaining internees weighs heavy on my mind. Study and acknowledgment of their internment is long overdue. Sadly, my father cannot be here to see it, but others are still here who will."

WAITING FOR RESOLUTION

Decades later, the facts surrounding German-American internment are still widely unknown by the American public. Fox says this may be due to the Japanese-Americans already receiving their recognition. "Anytime one group gets recognition there is less recognition for the other groups," he says.

According to Fox, the notoriety of Hitler has also made it more difficult for German-Americans to receive acknowledgment. "The Germans had an association with Hitler that cannot be divorced from the [American] people's minds," Fox says. "Nobody thinks about Italians and Mussolini anymore, but how many politicians get compared to Hitler on a daily basis?"

The Wartime Treatment Study Act has yet to receive the unanimous vote required for it to pass. One dissenter, Alabama Senator Jeff Sessions said he voted against the bill because he did not want the German-American experience being compared to that of the Jews in Germany or Japanese-Americans, according to Ebel. Sessions also said he worried that if the German-Americans were granted recognition, that might lead to reparations, which could cause an influx of groups in the United States asking for the same acknowledgement.

Despite the failures, they have received some recognition, but not on a national level and not enough to satisfy the German-Americans that are fighting for acknowledgement. On May 21, 2010, the Texas Education Agency revised its history and social studies curriculum to include information on German-American and Italian-American internees. However, according to a *New York Times* article published in March 2010, this was not to reveal the issues of German and Italian internment, but to "counter the idea that the internment of Japanese was motivated by racism." From 1985 to 2005, the Crystal City monument erroneously called the camp a "concentration camp" and did not mention that German-Americans were detained there, even though the camp had the largest German-American population in the country. After 2005, Crystal City erected a monument

that describes the camp in detail and explains how German-Americans, Italian-Americans, and Japanese-Americans, were held there.

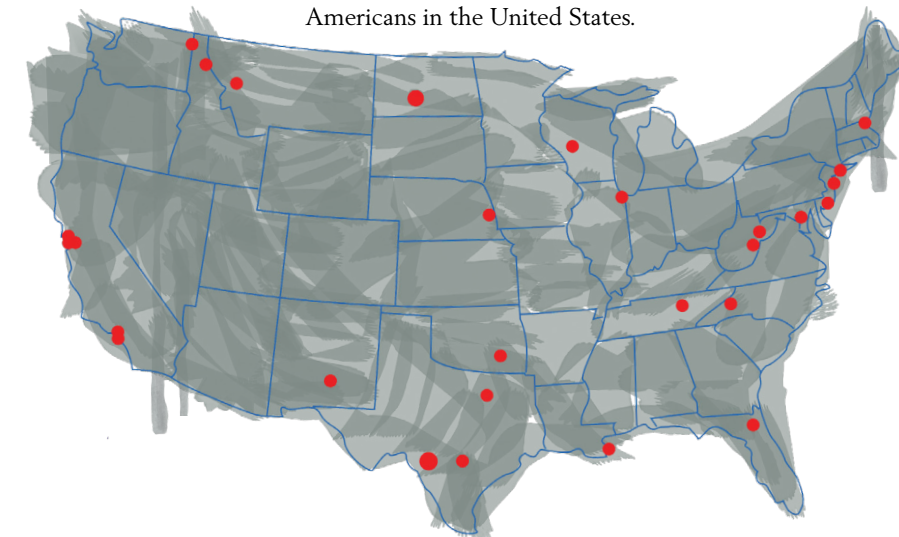
Fox says he thinks that once the story has more exposure, the public and the government will realize their mistake and rectify it. But, he believes that stories like that of the German-Americans are bound to be repeated. "We never seem to learn the lesson, even though we are always sorry for what we did," he says. "But regret is not a lesson."

CONSEQUENCES OF WAR

In December 1945, Arthur Jacobs and his family were sent back to Ellis Island where his father voluntarily repatriated the family back to post-war Germany. According to Jacobs, President Roosevelt warned internees that they could be deported back to their country of origin after their

GERMAN INTERNMENT CAMPS

● Locations of internment camps and detention centers that held German-Americans in the United States.



internment in the United States. To avoid the shame of being deported, the Jacobs family voluntarily returned to Germany. In their first month back, they were imprisoned at Ludwigsburg. Prisoners, including Nazi war criminals, could not talk while eating and ate standing up. Arthur and his brother shared an eight-by-ten-foot cell with a barred-off window that provided a view of a large tree. Guards told Arthur the tree was called the hangman's tree and warned him to behave.

A month later, the family was released. They moved to the north German town of Bremen to live with Jacobs's grandparents. Arthur and Lambert Jr., both American citizens, struggled to adjust to life in Germany and decided that returning to the United States, even without their parents, would suit them better. In 1947, with the help of some Americans stationed in Germany, they returned to the United States. For the first few years without her sons, Jacobs's mother set portraits of Arthur and Lambert Jr. in the two vacant chairs during holiday dinners. With the exception of brief family visits to the United States, Jacobs' parents remained in Germany for the rest of their lives.

After his release from the prison in Ludwigsburg, his mother offered the distraught Arthur a few words of wisdom: "These things will always happen during war."

**Eleven thousand Germans were documented as "enemy aliens" during WWII. But because a number of them were arrested and released, or detained and then released, only around 5,000 to 6,000 were held in internment camps.*

PILLAGING THE SEA

STORY CATHERINE KECK & JACOB O'GARA
PHOTOS MAIKO ANDO

Coral harvesters are sustaining artificial ecosystems in an effort to save what is left of the reefs.

Down the steps and through the basement laundry room of an apartment building near campus, a once-abandoned storage room is now rented out by one of the tenants. The room is an organized chaos of boxes, small tanks, paint, tubs, lighting screens, dollies, and water heaters. Pumps and hoses snake across the cement floor. To the left of the entrance, a desk is centered in front of a four-paneled mural that reads, "Good Life." Each panel features the silhouette of a different location: California, the Philippines, Maui, Japan—all of the tenant's favorite locations.

This is the office of a curly-haired, wide-eyed twenty-four-year-old University of Oregon student who hardly appears to be the owner of a thriving international business. His shorts, T-shirt, and weathered sneakers are even less indicative of his entrepreneurial success, or the fact that he is regularly flown across the world to do business.

This is the office of Ian McMenam, a sustainable coral grower.

"Nobody thought I would make money doing coral," he explains while examining a particularly exotic-looking breed of red mushroom coral.

McMenamin uses his converted grow room to propagate sustainable coral—coral he harvests and reproduces artificially indoors—which he ships to locations internationally. He has created a name for himself as one of the most successful coral distributors on the West Coast, with first pick of coral that even major aquariums cannot obtain. McMenam's dedication to quality in a market flooded with "crappy coral," as he calls it, has helped separate him from the competition, as well as his work in maintaining a sustainable business.

McMenamin has grown a lucrative company out of near nothing and now does business with some of the world's wealthiest coral collectors. He has come a long way since he initially took interest in this obscure market.

At thirteen, McMenam began working for under-the-table pay at a local fish store in his hometown of San Francisco. The business had a salt-water fish tank that held a small variety of coral, which he recalls was the big-ticket item for many of the store's wealthiest clientele.

"I used to sweep by this nice little reef tank they had," he says. "It was a salt-water coral fish tank, and I used to see the clients that would come in. These guys would have the Ferraris, the Bentleys, the suits, and the girls, and they'd come in and buy this beautiful coral. I was mesmerized."

Coral, he thought, seemed like an attainable market with a narrow, but profitable demand. Intrigued, McMenam decided to invest his small income into starting his own salt-water fish tank.

He began small. McMenam recalls a number of

mishaps during his earliest attempts at establishing a salt-water tank, such as pouring store-bought table salt into his tank, which he quickly realized is hardly the same as using actual salt water. Undeterred, he eventually managed to successfully establish a small salt-water tank. He added a number of exotic fish that he got permits to pull while traveling with his family in the Philippines, South Africa, the Caribbean, Indonesia, Australia, and Hawaii.

After deciding to begin adding coral to his modest tank, McMenam quickly realized that propagating this species is no easy feat. In order to survive in a controlled environment, coral needs cleanliness and a constant steady flow of water. His first attempts were less than successful, and all his first coral failed to survive.

Rather than become dissuaded by his lack of initial success, McMenam continued to invest every cent he earned into his new hobby. "I wasn't going in and buying the \$3,000 pieces, and letting it die. I was doing it with little thirty or forty dollar pieces," he says. He continued to purchase inexpensive mushroom coral, which is one of three major types of coral species, and expanded on his collection as he could afford it.

Soon after, McMenam began extensively researching coral growing extensively. Coral became his lifestyle, so much so that McMenam recalls planning his dates with girls around trips to the coral store. Surrounding himself with other coral distributors, he heeded the advice of his counterparts and began successfully producing small, inexpensive pieces of coral to sell for profit.

By sixteen, he had invested nearly all of his coral profits back into his business and began purchasing larger, more exotic pieces of coral desired by his growing clientele. McMenam saw the potential for large profit in this obscure market and continued to expand his small-scale business. By a strange turn of events, a teenaged McMenam found himself distributing to the very men he'd once envied. He recalls meeting elite businessmen through Craigslist in shady parking lots, since at sixteen, he couldn't really invite them over to his parents' house.

"I would go out to parking lots in the middle of the nighttime—I mean, it looked like a straight drug deal—and these guys would come up with big cars, their suits half-done. We'd hold [the coral] up to the light, and it was always like, 'Oh my God. I can't believe you got this!'" he recalls. "We'd count out hundreds and I'd sit in my car and think, 'This is ridiculous. I'm selling product to these people that I would never affiliate with.'"

Despite his obvious youth, the quality of McMenam's coral had his clients raving—and to other coral enthusiasts. By eighteen, McMenam's top buyers included CEOs and presidents of yacht clubs.

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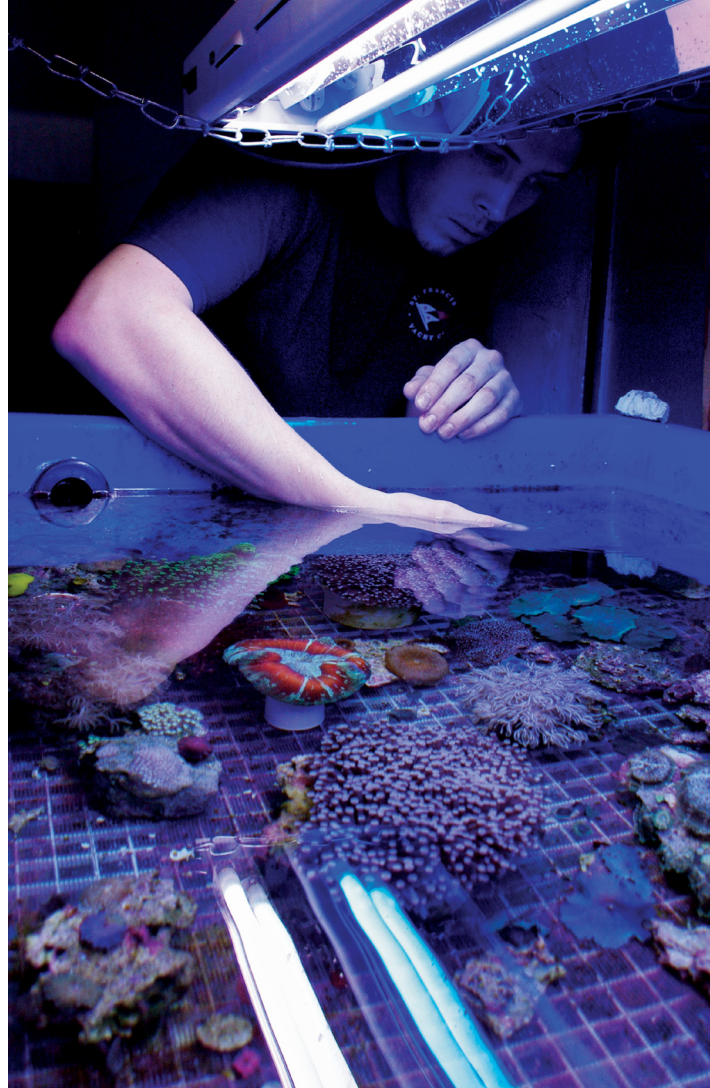
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PREVIOUS PAGE: Pulsing Xenia is one of the types of coral found in McMenamin's tank. Their tissue contains limestone crystals, which gives them a flowing appearance. ABOVE: McMenamin houses one of the most diverse coral aquariums in the Northwest. Most of his coral species originate from the Philippines, though they are sold and shipped to collectors all over the world.

of the people here will never see a piece coral in their life. Ever. I think it would be great to let people see the beauty of coral.”

Today, 75 percent of his coral is sustainable, meaning that each individual piece of coral that he obtains is the last of that species that he'll have to pull from the ocean.

Now, McMenamin is focusing on expanding his coral growing to be wholly sustainable, and hopes to aid in slowing the rapid depletion of endangered coral reefs.

“So once these countries start putting the money into cleaning their waters up, we can ship it right back to them,” he says.

The Quarrel Over Coral

According to marine biologists, the international coral black market could kill us all.

If clumped together, all of the coral reefs on Earth's ocean surface would occupy a space about the size of West Virginia. Despite this small surface area, a quarter of all marine wildlife considers the world's coral reefs home. However, studies suggest that one third of all coral reefs are at high risk for extinction. Rising temperatures in the oceans, pollutants caused by human activity, and coral “headhunters” who illegally sell the endangered species for profit, contribute to this destruction.

Coral reefs host many species of fish and other marine creatures, and their devastation would kill most of these inhabitants. The loss of a quarter of all marine life would cause the oceanic food web to collapse, affecting billions of people around the world who depend on the ocean's ecosystem for nourishment and economic prosperity. Studies estimate that coral reefs provide \$375 billion in goods and ecosystem services, while providing food and livelihoods for 500 million people.

Fortunately, work is being done to prevent this apocalyptic scenario. In cooperation with international organizations, national governments have set up Marine Protected Areas (MPAs), zones designed to restrict human activity and development. Another method of coral protection, especially from collectors, is stiffer penalties for the transporting, selling, and buying of illegally obtained coral. The Convention on International Trade in Endangered Species (CITES) regulates the smuggling and trade of wildlife, including species of coral on the verge of extinction. Despite the fact that many types of endangered coral are protected by international law, some coral bandits continue to break the law.

In 2007, Gunther Wenzek, a German national who owned a company called Cora Pet, was arrested in Portland, Oregon, for trying to smuggle forty tons of endangered coral hidden in shipping containers into the United States. Wenzek had been on the Justice Department's radar since earlier that year, after a customs agent in Portland seized a shipment of endangered coral that Wenzel was smuggling in from the Philippines. Wenzek now faces three years of probation and a fine of \$35,000.

Then, in June 2010, a couple in the US Virgin Islands was arrested for smuggling black coral—a species protected by CITES—to the islands. Ivan and Gloria Chu were sentenced to a combined fifty months in prison. Each was also sentenced to pay a fine of \$12,500—pocket change compared to the almost \$200,000 they raked in from their contraband coral operation between 2007 and 2009.

Ultimately, the quarrel over coral between those who wish to preserve the ocean's natural, living palaces, and those who wish to exploit them will come to a straightforward end. Either the existing coral reefs will remain, or they will be exhausted by a combination of disintegrating pollutants and collectors armed with hammers and dynamite. ☹

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As McMenamin became more familiar with the sources from which his coral was being mined, he was faced with the harsh realization that coral is a dying species throughout most parts of the world. “The Philippines is just about the only place in the world that still has pristine corals. Everywhere else—the Great Barrier Reef, everywhere—coral reefs are dying,” he says. As a result of mining, pollution, and climate change, coral reefs are now endangered. Fishermen are rapidly depleting corals where they are still thriving, and human pollution is killing even protected reefs. As coral reefs are home to hundreds of species of oceanic wildlife, their extinction threatens the entire ecosystem.

Reassessing his methods of buying and distributing his product, McMenamin decided to focus on growing coral sustainably. “I really, really want to do something—that's why I have taken the steps I have. I want to help, and I know I can,” he says. “And propagating this stuff indoors, that's sustainable.”

Since moving to Oregon two years ago, his business has expanded to include multiple headquarters nationwide. “I feel that in the next twenty years we're not going to have reefs . . . that's why I'm pushing so hard right now. Most

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UNRAVELING THE GYPSY MYTH

Across Europe and the United States a minority remains segregated from mainstream society. The 21st century has brought little improvements to the Roma people, commonly known as Gypsies, who have been fighting discrimination and deeply ingrained stereotypes for centuries.

STORY NINA STROCHLIC
ILLUSTRATION SARAH ABADI



She wears jeans rather than a flowing ankle-length skirt. Her ears and teeth are devoid of gold adornment. She prefers living in a house to roaming the countryside in a cloth-covered caravan.

At a glance, Morgan Ahern looks nothing like what many would associate with being a Gypsy. Small with a toothy grin, she doesn't resemble either the mysterious bejeweled Gypsies of Hollywood or the thieving ragged Gypsies of current stereotypes. Yet, Ahern is a proud member of the ethnic group often called Gypsies, though many identify with the less-loaded term, Roma.

In 1955, when Ahern was seven years old, New York authorities raided her family's community in Brooklyn and removed every school-aged Roma child. Ahern and her brother were taken away from their parents because their traditional

homeschooling was considered truancy and child abuse by the state. They were moved to a nearby orphanage. The community crumbled—her parents moved out in an attempt to get custody, but it wasn't until thirty years later that Ahern found them.

The history of the Roma is traced like all those constantly marked as outsiders: measured in discrimination, expulsion, and genocide. Entering a Church-controlled Europe from the Punjab region of India in the middle ages, the Roma were seen as heretics for practicing fortune telling and palmistry. They were believed to be Egyptian and called "Gypsies" for short. Europeans didn't trust the dark-skinned outsiders and Roma communities adapted to a mobile lifestyle to avoid persecution.

Today, Ahern actively works in Roma rights with a start-up mobile museum near Seattle, but initially, the forced assimilation was a success. Forbidden to speak Romany, the

Roma dialect she was raised in, and barred from seeing her family, she lost all ties to her Roma heritage. Ahern lived in orphanages, foster homes, and juvenile institutions for the rest of her childhood.

"It was a system that thought the only way to fit in or exist in a culture was to give up anything that made you different," she says in a thick New York accent. Authorities of New York State claim it was never targeting the Roma, but Ahern doesn't believe it, saying that non-Roma kids who also weren't in school in their neighborhood were left alone.

Ahern was forty years old when she was reunited with her mother for the first time while crossing a Denver street. As she reached the corner, she turned and so did the woman she had just passed. They walked back into the intersection and the woman called her by her Gypsy name—a traditional name that

no one but a mother and child can know. The stranger invited her out for a cup of coffee. Her father and grandmother had since died, but Ahern was reunited with what was left of the family it had taken her thirty years to find.

In 1554, being a Gypsy was punishable by death in England. At the same time the Swiss were hunting Roma men, women, and children for sport. A century later, fifteen countries had laws aimed at destroying or deporting Roma communities. The Nazis murdered an estimated half million of Europe's Roma population during World War II. And as recently as 2010, anti-Roma sentiment erupted in France, as thousands were uprooted and deported to Romania and Bulgaria.

In response to hundreds of years of attempts at dismantling their culture, most Roma communities remain insular and isolated. Since many outsiders aren't immersed in, or even

aware of, Roma societies, there are ideal conditions for breeding stereotypes. Mainstream media, like the comic strip called “Those Thieving Gypsy Bastards,” does little to dispel beliefs of Roma as thieves and vagabonds, while popular movies, including Disney’s “The Hunchback of Notre Dame,” portray Roma women as scantily clad and promiscuous. In reality, conservative Roma men and women don’t show their legs in public, and discussions of sexuality are strictly forbidden. These misconceptions plague twelve million Roma in Europe and one million in the United States.

Roma are known as celebrated musicians even in countries actively repressing them. Despite being scattered across Europe and the United States, the Roma’s traditional music, customs, and language have woven tightly formed communities. Subgroups defined by region, traditionalism, language, and occupation make up the complicated cultural puzzle that few *gaje*, the Romany word for non-Roma, understand. The Kalderash, the largest group in America, specializes in fortune telling and car repair, while other Roma communities are blacksmiths or laborers.

As recently as 2008, doctors trying to independently curb what many consider "the Gypsy problem" continued to sterilize unknowing Czech Roma women.

While the prejudice may be more deep-seated across the Atlantic, Roma in the United States survive as an invisible group, faced with combating similar stereotypes and ignorance that pin them as uneducated criminals. Today, with the melting pot of ethnicities in the United States, American Roma are much less distinguishable than their European counterparts who are singled out by their dark skin and Indian features.

Kristin Raeesi is a master’s student studying communications and language preservation at the University of Wyoming. Growing up, her mother warned her and her sister to say they were Hungarian because people wouldn’t like them if they knew they were Roma.

Raeesi can clearly remember the only time she was taught about her heritage in school—when an elementary school teacher read a Shel Silverstein poem titled “The Gypsies are Coming.” The poem includes the line, “The Gypsies are coming . . . to buy little children and lock them up tight.” Raeesi was stunned. Her family didn’t steal children, she thought.

She followed her mother’s advice when starting new jobs and schools, preferring to tell people she was Greek or Lebanese. Then, during a rebellious streak at age twenty-two, she decided to move in with a traditional group of Roma in Oklahoma. This Roma community was known in town and the women were identifiable by their traditional long skirts.

The first time Raeesi felt anti-Roma prejudice first-hand was in a Tulsa drug store. She was shopping for makeup with one of the other girls when she noticed the shop employee trailing them through each aisle. Shocked, Raeesi confronted the woman, asking why they were being followed.

“Get out of here . . . I know who you are and where you guys live,” the woman screamed. “I’m going to tell the manager that you were trying to steal something.”

With Roma constantly portrayed as swindlers and thieves, communities are often targeted in criminal investigations. In 2006, *Los Angeles Times* published a story exposing a group of 800 detectives hailing from across the United States called the National Association of Bunco Investigators. According to the article, the investigators collaborate on monitoring and targeting Roma communities. Executive Director Jon Grow denies allegations that Gypsies are singled out. “No group has an exclusive right to commit any certain type of crime, but some crimes are more prevalent within certain groups,” he says. “Some crimes we look at Gypsies do, but we don’t classify

anything as Gypsy crimes.”

Confrontations are more prevalent when she divulges her heritage or in places with an obvious Roma presence, Raeesi says. When she tried to apply for a minority scholarship, she was told she couldn’t because the Roma weren’t a real ethnic group. She fought back and was later granted the award. Recently, a fellow graduate student told Raeesi that she wasn’t like the Gypsies in her native Romania who are all dirty and uneducated. Later, a student presenting on Gypsy music in one of her classes blatantly stated that all Roma are primitive and without a real culture.

Raeesi is currently working with Voice of Roma, a social justice group, to launch a school for Roma children in California. In the Roma communities of the United States, many parents chose to keep their children out of school as a measure to preserve their culture from outside influences. Since Roma history and traditions are virtually absent from lessons and textbooks, conservative Roma families feel mainstream education has no relevance, Raeesi says.

She has been discussing plans for a new school with the

communities and is hopeful that parents will feel more comfortable when they know which subjects are taught and who the teachers are. “There was an indication that people are starting to realize the value of education and what it can give you because traditional ways of making a living are getting more difficult,” Raeesi says.

The Roma are the largest ethnic minority group in Europe, but also the poorest, with a poverty rate about ten times higher and a life expectancy ten to fifteen years shorter than the average European citizen. Despite living in Europe for almost a thousand years, Roma are still seen as outsiders and prejudice remains deeply ingrained across the continent. What distinguishes their situation is that compared to those living around them, Roma communities have seen little improvement in social conditions through the centuries.

Segregation tactics prevail across Europe. Roma populations are pushed further into the fringes while suffering constant discrimination, police brutality, and poverty. Since Romania and Bulgaria joined the European Union in 2007, thousands of Roma fleeing from persecution or searching for work and decent living conditions continue to travel from Eastern Europe to Italy, Germany, and France. The large number of immigrants has embittered many citizens of these countries who have been taught to fear the Roma.

New migrants form ramshackle communities outside large cities where social services are barely existent and outsiders routinely and indiscriminately abuse residents. Government authorities perceive crime and unemployment in Roma camps as irremediable ethnic problems and use them to justify the separation rather than amend it. Cities in the Czech Republic and Slovakia have walled-off sections of towns to segregate Roma occupants.

To combat this influx of Roma, governments across Europe instated mass deportations. Thousands have been kicked out of Germany, Italy, and France in the past two years under policies that equate eliminating Roma to eliminating crime. In July 2010, an internal police document explicitly singled out Roma communities in France as the focus of President Nicolas Sarkozy’s crackdown on illegal workers. Sarkozy ordered 300 Roma camps to be dismantled and their residents sent back to their homelands, claiming the deportations as a measure to decrease illegal activity.

Under European Union law, countries are allowed to

expel immigrants under certain circumstances, but not for ethnic reasons. The EU Justice Commission threatened legal repercussions against France, until deciding to drop investigations in mid-October after the French government agreed to their treaties. Human rights groups like Amnesty International were outraged over what they saw as vindication for France.

Covert anti-Roma activities have been occurring for years under government auspices across Europe. Popular stereotypes have extremely negative implications for Roma communities, who are often targeted under discriminatory legislation.

Roma typically have large families because their culture puts a strong emphasis on children. During the communist period in Czechoslovakia, Gypsies were considered inferior and it was state policy to sterilize the women in an attempt to curb their population. Illiterate Roma women being treated in hospitals for other medical issues were told to sign papers guaranteeing better care, only to wake up and discover they had been sterilized. As recently as 2008, doctors trying to independently curb what many consider “the Gypsy problem” continued to sterilize unknowing Czech Roma women, according to the European Roma Rights Centre (ERRC).

Gaping disparities in education have kept European Roma communities in the grasp of inescapable poverty for decades. Many children enter the school system without fluency in the national language, since they were raised in their Romany dialect. An enormous percentage get placed in classes for the learning disabled and kept there for the rest of their education. In some regions of the Czech Republic, 50 percent of Roma children are put into schools for students with learning disabilities. In neighboring Slovakia, Roma children constitute 85 percent of the students in classes for the mentally disabled in mainstream schools, even though they only make up 10 percent of the country’s population. In October, the United Nations reported that 50 percent of Roma children in Europe do not finish elementary school.

Professor Carol Silverman, head of the University of Oregon’s Anthropology Department, is a small woman with cropped hair. She has been working and living with Roma communities across Europe and the United States for the past thirty years.

According to Dr. Silverman, when Roma children do enroll in public schools, non-Roma families pull their children out. Soon the school is majority Roma and problems of substandard education persist, though recent efforts in the Czech Republic and Hungary are being made to effectively desegregate schools.

“In the end, the good districts accept [Roma] and those very same kids learn people are people—dark skinned, light skinned, whatever language you speak, whatever culture you have—people are people,” Dr. Silverman says.

In 2008, a survey in Italy found that 81 percent of Italians consider all Roma unlikeable or barely likeable. The same year, hundreds of Roma were forced to flee as young Italian protesters threw Molotov cocktails and burned settlements near Naples.

In the camps, Roma are not only abused by outside citizens, but are often victims of police profiling and receive unusually harsh sentencing. According to Dr. Silverman, there have been multiple cases of Roma taken into police custody and never returning.

“Are there police trainings? Are there Roma in textbooks [to teach] about their contribution to European history and culture?” Dr. Silverman asks. “No—the conditions that produce prejudice have hardly changed.”

In largely homogenous societies in Eastern Europe, prejudice against Roma citizens is based on physical appearance. When Monditza Fournier was four years old, she was adopted from an



TOP: A Macedonian Roma woman prepares for her wedding by putting henna in her hair. BOTTOM: Roma often live in substandard conditions. This house is in the only Roma-majority municipality of Macedonia. PHOTOS COURTESY CAROL SILVERMAN

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| 10 | 11 | 12 Student Workshops for Film Competition— check the CF website for more info | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 17- Martin Luther King Holiday | 18 | 19 | 20 Documentary on Betty LaDuke | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28- | 29- | 30 |
| 31 | February 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | 8 | 9 Craft Center Art Exhibit in Adell McMillan Art Gallery | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 14 | 15 Agricultural Life Exhibit in Aperture Gallery | 16 | 17 Cecilia Zabala Concert (Free) | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 Pacific Northwest Art Annual Entries due in person by 5pm | 25 | 26 | 27 |
| 28 | March 1 Tracy Kidder, Matt Court (Free) | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 Spanish Dance Troupe | 13 |
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orphanage in Romania and moved to the United States. “In the orphanage she was beaten, not fed, and never held due to being Roma,” her mother, Criss, says. Today Monditza is a senior at the University of Washington.

Growing up, Criss strived to educate her daughter on her Roma heritage, but neither was prepared for their first return to Romania in 2007. Criss had been warned of possible discrimination against her daughter, but was shocked by the widespread hatred also apparent in Italy and Croatia. She recalls hearing cruel comments toward Monditza, watched people spit at her feet, was forced to move to different tables in restaurants, pushed off benches in the airports, and thrown out of upper-class eateries. Monditza says she was baffled until one Romanian woman told her she was easily identifiable by her facial features and recommended she tell others she was Indian to avoid discrimination.

“It’s hard to watch when a child has to lie about who and what they are to survive,” Criss says.

Although they don’t have a centralized political leadership, European Roma have formed a handful of human rights organizations over the past decades. The largest of these is the European Roma Rights Centre (ERRC), a Hungary-based watchdog group monitoring and assisting with Roma issues across the continent.

Catherine Twigg, the ERRC’s communications officer, says they have been investigating legalities of the situation in France. By singling out Roma as an ethnic group in the expulsions, the group believes Sarkozy’s government should face legal retribution. “From the evidence gathered so far, [the expulsions] seem to violate national and European law, as well as international human rights obligations,” Twigg says.

According to Twigg, conditions of the Roma aren’t being improved because politicians are more likely to blame them for naturally being lazy, prone to criminality, and uninterested in school, than to recognize the obstacles and lack of opportunities the group faces. Public figures and media outlets follow the same path—constantly portraying Roma as swindlers and thieves. When these stereotypes are seen as natural to the Roma as an ethnic group, problems and substandard conditions are ignored or written off. Today, the theory that crime, poverty, and unemployment are natural to the Roma leads to serious marginalization by political powers in Europe.

For decades, the media has largely ignored thousands of Roma deported from France, Germany, Italy, and other European countries. This time, international focus is on France as Sarkozy legitimizes already pervasive stereotypes by putting the Roma at the center of his hard-on-crime platform.

“It’s getting the press now in France because it’s part of Sarkozy’s political campaign, and actually getting a lot of support . . . whereas in Germany, just ordinary Roma were [taken] from small communities, put on planes, and sent back to Kosovo,” Dr. Silverman says of the deportation coverage.

In the midst of the civil war in 1999, as many as 100,000

Roma fled from Kosovo and dispersed throughout Europe. Recently, the German government decided to send 10,000 Roma refugees back to Kosovo, where instability and minority-focused crime still prevail. After vowing to deport illegal residents in July 2010, French authorities began fingerprinting all Roma, including children, to ensure they couldn’t return. Two years earlier, Silvio Berlusconi’s government in Italy declared a state of emergency to enact the same eviction tactic, backing down only after sharp criticism from the European Union. That year, a former mayor of Rome claimed the Roma are responsible for 75 percent of the city’s crime.

“It’s hard to watch when a child has to lie about who and what they are to survive.”

Social progress for the Roma is slow but powerful. From school assimilation efforts in the Czech Republic to the media focus on deportations in France, every victory counts. In order for social and economic improvement to begin, stereotypes about the underrepresented group need to be unraveled.

“We aren’t just traveling in wagons and reading palms—some people do that, but you can’t just pigeonhole everybody,” Raeesi says. “Just like you wouldn’t say that all Jewish or Muslim people are the same. We are not all the same either.”

Only once negative connotations no longer pervade their name in mainstream society will the Roma be able to build themselves out of poverty and live as equals. With many European and American Roma afraid to admit to their ethnicity, the first steps are the most personal. Raeesi still remembers the first time she heard her mom tell someone she was Roma. “I think she sees that it doesn’t have to be a bad thing,” Raeesi says. “It doesn’t have to be something you’re ashamed of.”

Morgan Ahern sits in the museum she transformed from a small trailer into a traveling display of Roma history and culture. PHOTO COURTESY TOM HUGHES



A Knight's Trail

Relive the Holy Grail's mystery on a modern trip through the New Jerusalem of the West



The medieval Belfry of Bruges in the main square was once used as a look out tower. Now open to the public, the tower offers a panoramic view of the city. PHOTO COURTESY RUSSEL SCHINDLER

As my train rolled to a stop, I glanced across the road to the blue sign reading “Bruges” in large white letters. The industrial sign gave no indication that century-old stories of the Holy Grail can be found along each canal-lined street of this idyllic Belgium city. From Indiana Jones to Dan Brown, from King Arthur to Hitler, hundreds have searched for the legendary relic and none have been successful. Yet few have mentioned a location that is a contender for the actual Holy Grail: Bruges, Belgium.

I stepped off the train's platform and became part of what could have been a familiar autumn scene of a jigsaw puzzle. I soon learned it was anything but

familiar. The story behind this puzzle-like town is missing more than a few pieces. It is concealed with mysteries that many who walk along its cobblestone streets are unaware of.



I was immediately taken back to my childhood in Reno, Nevada—sitting cross-legged on the carpet, watching autumn leaves fall slowly to the ground outside the window. I could feel the cold air creeping in through the sliding glass door. I ran my fingers through the box sitting on the table beside me, feeling all 1,100 cardboard puzzle pieces. Some were turned upside down, blending in with the musky brown-colored box,

while others had pastel bits of trees, homes, and people. The gritty cardboard residue covered my hands as I reached for my sandwich.

As I finished the last bite, my grandma found the last of the corner pieces. Hours passed, and small towns and trees formed. Eventually, those 1,100 randomly cut puzzle pieces created a pristine autumn scene of green hills, churches, and faultlessly content townspeople.



Founded in the ninth century by Vikings, Bruges excelled as an international trading center. As Bruges flourished, people around Europe were taking great interest in pilgrimages to

the Holy Land: Jerusalem. Later, during the Crusades and into the nineteenth century, the West Flanders province in Belgium became one of the poorest European cities. But it was the relic behind a set of common black doors tucked away in Burg Square that later strengthened Bruges's economy and made it a destination of great interest.

Entering the Flemish region on a rainy October day, tourism was not at its peak. I started down the desolate streets avoiding the loose, grass-lined cobblestones and made my way toward the market square. It was as though the Grimm brothers' “Hansel and Gretel” came to life around me. The homes could have been made from gingerbread, and the smell of warm, homemade waffles and chocolate filled the air. The roads were peaceful and the alleys content. Occasionally a moped or bike would pass, but rarely any cars. As the distant bell tower appeared closer, I could hear voices growing louder. Small boutiques, department stores, pubs, and chocolate shops along Steenstraat Street led into the square.

The streets normally filled with tourists were once occupied by the Order of the Knights Templar. The Templar's mission was to protect pilgrims who visited the Holy Land. Founded in 1119, the Templars are a group of great mystery. Their first European headquarters were in Ypres, Belgium, a short journey

outside of Bruges. Stories and myths have circulated for years about an unidentified object in Europe protected by this group of warrior monks. Though there is no documentation to prove this, with the exception of the Holy Blood of Bruges, which many believe is the Holy Grail. Although history tends to be slightly disjointed, Grail researchers Patrick Bernauw and Corjan de Raaf believe modern claims that the Holy Grail is in fact the blood of Christ, which makes the Holy Blood of Bruges a primary candidate.

Upon entering the square, two larger tiers topped with a hexagon-shaped bell tower contribute to the medieval architecture. A visit to Bruges is not complete without a climb to the top of the famous Belfry Tower. Eleven euros and 366 steps later, I conquer the tower. The climb to the top was not a normal climb, but instead a spiral staircase with no railing, the opening not much bigger than the width of my shoulders. Lifting

my legs to the last platform proved to be worth every curse word and blister, which began to bleed on the way up.

The view from above Bruges showcased the city's blood-red rooftops, clusters of golden foliage, and surrounding canals. The rights to the canals are shared by five prestigious families who run daily tours from March until November. The waterways surround the city and weave between buildings, giving Bruges the nickname, “The Venice of the North.” However, a glance out the tower to the west holds Bruges's alternative alias as the “New Jerusalem of the West.”



At first glance, Burg Square, left of the market, appears to be another cluster of local stores, churches, and homes. But on Christmas Day in 1148, it was where the legend of the Holy Grail in Bruges began.

Before the Holy Grail made its way to the medieval Burg Square, knights and kings searched for it endlessly. French writer Chrétien de Troyes was the first to record the accounts of Perceval, the main knight who searched for the Holy Grail in the seventh century. Despite his mother's disapproval, Perceval set out to become a knight and sought the Grail. Chrétien's

The story behind this puzzle-like town is missing more than a few pieces. It is concealed with mysteries that many who walk along its cobblestone streets are unaware of.

story of Perceval's quest continues for 9,000 lines. In 1190, Chrétien died, leaving Perceval's story unfinished and never explaining what exactly the Holy Grail was assumed to be.

While the identity of the Grail has never been uncovered, it is known that Perceval did join the Grail Brotherhood, a brotherhood formed to protect the Holy Grail by Joseph of Arimathea, one of Jesus's disciples.

Philip of Alsace, the son Thierry of Alsace the Count of Flanders, supplied Chrétien with the documents of Perceval's adventures. It is Thierry who the Flemish people can thank for eventually bringing the Holy Blood to Bruges. Thierry set out for the Holy Land during the Second Crusade. Along with King Baldwin III of Jerusalem and the Templars, Thierry fought in the Battle of Antalya, continuing to participate in the Siege of Damascus. While the siege was unsuccessful, Baldwin was so impressed by Thierry's bravery that he granted him

a relic discovered by the Templars.

According to the tale, the Templars found a stone jar in the Holy Grave, claiming it contained the Holy Blood of Christ. They poured the blood into an octagonal vial sealed with golden roses at each end. Once given to Thierry, the vial was placed into the hands of his wife, Sybilla of Anjou, on Christmas Day. Sybilla had suffered from leprosy, but when she held the vial, not only was her disease cured, but she also had a vision of Bruges as the “New Jerusalem of the West.”



Examining Burg Square from Belfry Tower, the small building in the corner appears to be nothing more than a mundane house. Tucked away, the small charcoal-gray building with gold-leafed statues reflects the twelfth century Romanesque architecture. Here in this chapel, the Basilica of Saint Basil, is where Sybilla's story continues.

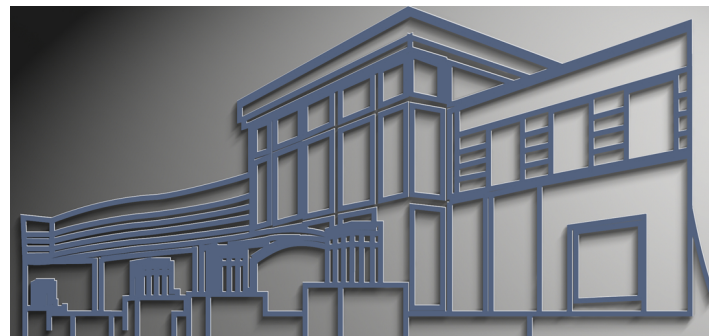
As I stepped out from the bell tower, the rain began falling harder. I hurried through the square into a pub. I sat and savored the dry, tolerably lit, English-speaking pub, while the now-torrential downpour caused pandemonium for those making their way through the square. Umbrellas were forced inside out; purses, scarves, and hats were soaked by rain and blown every which way by the wind. But nobody seemed to mind. The drivers of horse-drawn carriages comfortably awaited business, while tourists continued snapping pictures to relish every aspect of the unfamiliar Holy City of Bruges, even during a monsoon.

Once the rain began to subside, I opened my umbrella and meandered down the Spinolarei canal. Passing schools and flower shops, I found myself staring at the heavy black wooden doors of the basilica where Sybilla had stood nearly nine centuries ago.

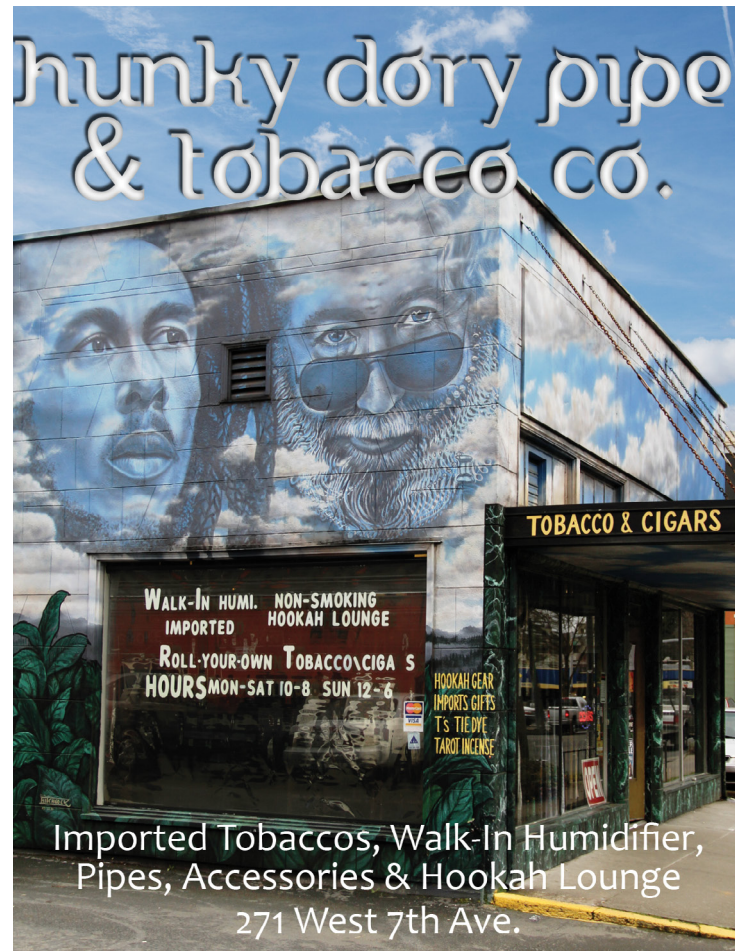


After being healed of leprosy, Sybilla pledged to transform Bruges into the Holy City. In 1150, Sybilla, her husband, and the Flemish crusaders arrived at the steps of the Basilica of Saint Basil, where they placed the octagonal container filled with the Holy Blood, which remains there to this day. Every year on Ascension Day, since 1291, the people of Bruges gather to celebrate the procession.

It was clear from the weathered



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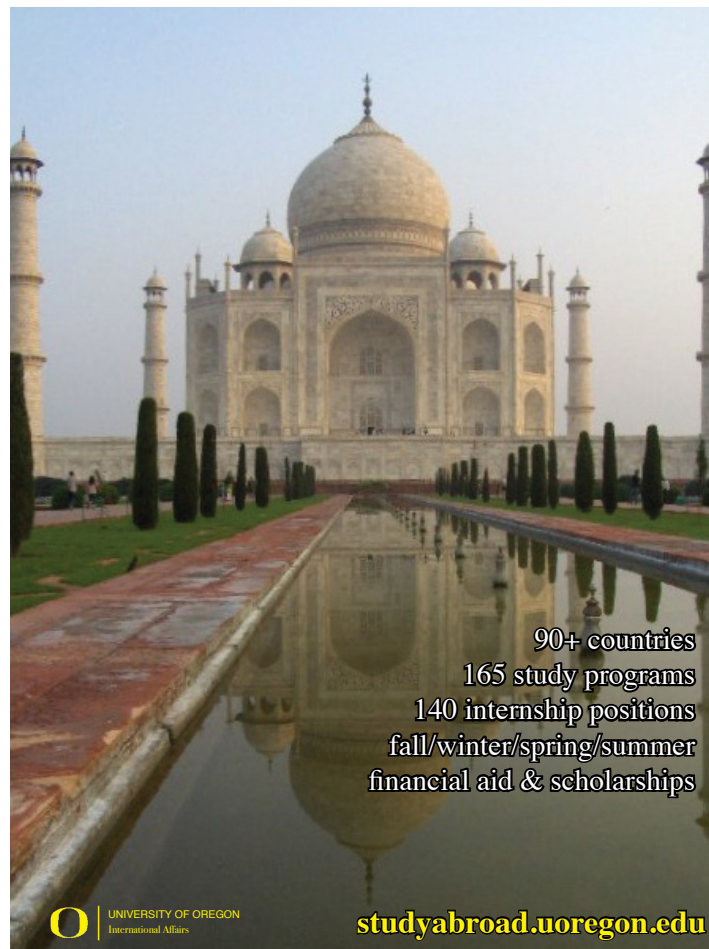
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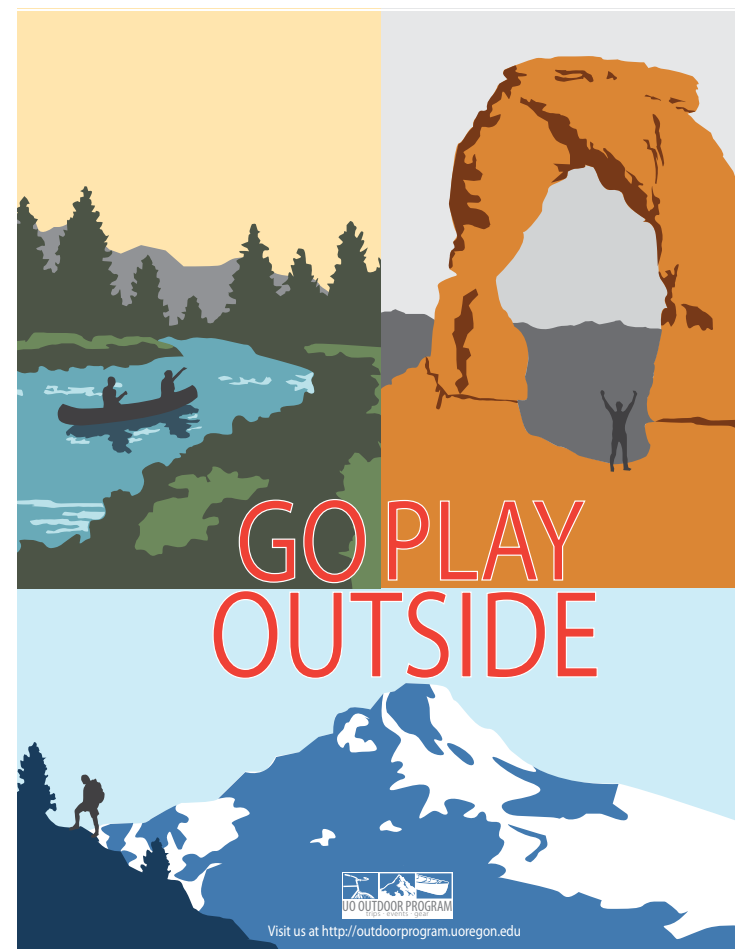
This northwest view out of the Belfry of Bruges reveals a section of the canals where people are able to travel the city by boat. In the middle ages, trade ships were familiar to the waterways. The rights of the canals are now owned by five families who run open-boat tours. PHOTO COURTESY RUSSEL SCHINDLER



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structure and battered walls that the basilica is home to dozens of legends and stories. While many writers have taken their chances at finishing Chrétien's tale, none of them are confirmed to be true. The missing lines of his story may have been the key to the whereabouts and identity of the Holy Grail. The incompleteness reassures the unknown manifestation of the Grail, even though it does not disqualify the relic as being the Holy Blood of Christ.



In 1310, Pope Clement V issued a Papal Bull stating the relic in Bruges was of great interest. It cannot be certain that the vial behind the black doors of the Basilica contains the Holy Blood. *The Da Vinci Code* author Dan Brown wrote of the secrecy and whereabouts of the Holy Grail. In his story, the Templars transported "something" to Scotland to be buried under the Rosslyn Chapel. Transportation seemed to be the only part Brown got correct. There have been no documents found stating Scotland as a possible location for the Grail. And while documentation like the Papal Bull gives hope that the blood in Bruges could be the much-sought Grail, we cannot be certain. From Chrétien's work in the tenth century, to Brown's fictional novel, the search

for the pieces of the Grail's history has become a crusade. Though a physical object that completes the story and reinsures faith has yet to be discovered, it doesn't need to be.

"The belief alone that it is [in Bruges] would be enough for it to inspire faith and legends as if it were real," de Raaf says. "It is this belief that gives value to the relic and that might have found its way into legends and books."



I turned away from the Basilica and made my way back toward the train station. I walked over another bridge, passing a canal filled with a flock of swans paddling under the weeping willow trees. The canal flowed into a grand lake, the Minnewater, also known as the Lake of Love. Sybilla promised to transform Bruges into the New Jerusalem, and while the small destination town may not have Jerusalem's fame—its charm, character, and mystery deserves to house the precious relic.

As I took my seat back on the train, I felt a slight sadness at leaving the city with so much undiscovered. Tracing the Grail turns into an endless path of dead ends and different versions only create more uncertainty. Each document claims a different story, dates don't quite match up, and when the Bible and Gospel make

no mention that the blood of Christ was ever collected, the epic poem of the Holy Grail of Bruges is limited.

It may be true that the pieces of the Holy Grail puzzle will never come together. And while the actual bottle, the story, and the religious symbol can be topics of great debate, it is clear that the Holy Blood of Bruges gives the enchanting city an everlasting element of ambiguity around every picturesque corner.

So often we look for evidence and factual proof—the Blood has never been DNA tested—but for those who believe, it doesn't need to be, much like the Shroud of Turin, which has been carbon-dated to hundreds of years after Jesus's lifetime. "[The shroud] will never cease to impress those who believe and will still hold monumental value for them," de Raaf says.

My adventure was slightly less melodramatic than the epic tales from Dan Brown or Indiana Jones, but I realized that the mystery and secrets about the Grail are what allows the people of Bruges to believe in something, gather every year for a procession, and continuously inspire faith. Because of the legends' missing pieces, the story continues to change—allowing some to continue believing and some to keep searching. —Whitney Highfield

It's All in the Tarot Cards

Exploring the history and symbolism behind the deck

Isha Lerner's house sits quietly on Harris Street, its beige exterior facing the falling autumn leaves. The neighborhood is calm and tranquil, much like the woman herself, who opens the door to her home with a warm smile and a soft welcome. Her living room is sparsely furnished and she sets a pot of water on for tea. Lerner is an author, international astrologer, tarot card reader, and flower

artists during different time periods, but the symbolism remains the same.

A tarot reader is almost as important as the cards he or she pulls. Lerner recommends those seeking a reader find someone they trust and connect with—someone with credentials. Each reader has his or her own strengths and methods of approaching a reading. Lerner is a firm believer in the ability tarot possesses to help a person face challenges and reach their highest potential. "It is essential to begin each tarot session with a basic introduction to the deck," she says.

There are seventy-eight cards in a tarot deck and each is associated with a number. The deck is divided into two parts: Major Arcana, which translates literally to "big secret" in Latin, and Minor Arcana. These twenty-two cards represent significant aspects of the human condition. Simply put, they signify the important relationships, conflicts, joys, or roadblocks one experiences. The Minor Arcana gives further insight to the broader themes introduced by the Major Arcana. The Minor Arcana addresses such basic issues as money, health, and emotions. These cards influence the meaning of the Major Arcana and give the reader a more detailed understanding of specific life challenges.

essence teacher. But sitting down with her, she just feels like an old friend.

She slides into a rocking chair and answers questions about tarot and mysticism in a straightforward and thoughtful way. While you would expect this conversation to be twinged with sarcasm, Lerner calmly explains the incredible art form that is tarot.

What Lerner makes clear from the beginning is that tarot cards are complicated, even after studying them for over thirty years. She began reading about tarot after her aunt gave her a deck as a present when she was eighteen, though didn't begin performing readings until her late twenties. Tarot cards have been studied extensively over the centuries, and most historians agree the cards first surfaced in fifteenth-century Italy. However, their exact history and origin is still shrouded in myth.

Many consider tarot cards powerful tools to unlock the human subconscious. Tarot readers and scholars of mysticism believe fiercely in using tarot to give people insight on their lives and help decipher confusing feelings and situations. On the other hand, they are the stuff of sixth grade sleepovers—an easy substitute for other mysterious games, like Ouija boards or "light as a feather, stiff as a board."

The two identities of tarot are strikingly different, but there is one similarity: they capture people's attention. Whether you believe in their power or not, the symbols adorning each card are intriguing. Every tarot deck is different, created by different

Here, the symbolism and artwork of four of the most commonly misinterpreted cards drawn from the Major Arcana are explained. —Lizzie Falconer



XV
The Devil

Bearing the number fifteen, the Devil represents animalistic lust, vice, lack of morality, and hedonism in everyday life. The image is typically a person wrapped in chains, and signifies being trapped by harmful routines and behavioral patterns. Although it seems extreme, the Devil card can relate to almost any aspect of life. Oftentimes, when this card is pulled it signifies an attachment to material things. In Lerner's Inner Child Deck, the Devil card is represented by the Big Bad Wolf from the children's fairy tale, "Little Red Riding Hood." Only through a skilled, honest, and authentic reading and interpretation can this card be fully understood.



XIII
Death

Although at first one may think the Death card is the worst card to pull, this isn't the case. "Very rarely does this card symbolize actual physical death," Lerner says. More often, it predicts a great change to one's life—a transformation. The Death card, holding the number thirteen, can signal the death of a relationship or a bad habit, and in this way it can be positive and indicate rebirth. It is a card of humility, a gentle reminder that death claims us all in the end. The imagery is eerie: the grim reaper nearly always appears, sometimes riding a horse, sometimes standing. His skull represents the death of unwanted thoughts. The Death card is a great example of the many forms symbols can take in different decks. In whichever form this card appears, it's always an indication that something significant is about to change.

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The Fool

The fool played a crucial role in the Royal Italian Courts of the fourteenth century. The fool, or minstrel, was the only member of the community who lived outside of society's rules, existing solely to amuse the king. He represents the very beginning of human life. The fool is bold, carefree, and sometimes reckless. He is often depicted as a vagabond, carrying a bundle on a stick slung over his shoulder. The bundle is a representation that the fool has both his material needs met as well as the capacity for success. He has the number zero, indicating infinite possibilities. He stands with his head in the air, but his feet are precariously close to the edge of a cliff. Although the fool is prepared for an adventure, he must be wary of the threat his disregard for caution holds.

VI
The Lovers

This card is seen almost universally as positive—a signifier of a healthy, happy, and loving relationship. Containing the number six, it represents romance, sexuality, bonding, companionship, and passion. However, the card also comes with a word of warning: one must sacrifice the joys of a single lifestyle to fully enjoy a caring, fulfilling relationship. The image on this card is always two people and sometimes includes the archangel Gabriel, who symbolizes the divine nature of love. The lovers are typically in a natural setting such as the mountains, a field of flowers, or near a lake.



The Next Vinophiles

Wine tasting for a fresh demographic

Think about your first taste of wine. Remember the feel of the glass against your lips, the surprisingly warm sensation of the liquid on your tongue. Try, if you can, to remember how sharp the alcohol tasted, how it burned the inside of your throat. Perhaps you snuck a bottle from your parents' cabinet, or maybe they offered you a sip with dinner. Either way, it felt deliciously grown up, if not ever-so-slightly illicit. Whether you liked it or not, the experience of that first brush with wine remains.

Wine is all about the experience. Rarely does one down a glass alone, hurriedly. Wine is made for enjoying, whether in relaxing solitude or boisterous company, with a gourmet meal or a good book.

It's this experience that Oregon winemakers are selling, and they're hoping to snag a new demographic: young people who may not know what terroir or tannins are, but who certainly know what they like.

Eugene-based King Estate Winery is one of those on the hunt for the youth market. Housed in a castle-like manor perched on a hill outside of Eugene, King Estate is as picturesque as they come. The twenty minute trip is well worth the gas money, as many young wine enthusiasts are discovering. "We're seeing a greater trend

in the younger wine crowd [in the tasting room]," says Austin Kumm, manager of King Estate's visitor center. Round-faced with a neatly trimmed beard, he speaks slowly, carefully. "I think that there's an interest in all things gourmet, and . . . a passion for an educational experience." This trend inspired King Estate to develop its Next: label in 2005, a low-priced but quality bottle geared toward the younger set. The Next: pinot noir is one of our introductory labels," Kumm says. "It's an approachable wine. Wine tasting can be very intimidating, especially for the Next: or millennial generation, and the Next: wine

How do you make the move from tossing back three-buck Chuck and Franzia to exploring the millions of varietals of wine? By drinking them, of course.

is a great way to get started with that." Kumm calls it a "crowd-pleaser" with a "light and balanced" flavor and a lower cost than King Estate's other labels.

So maybe all this talk about pinot noir and wine tasting intrigues you, but you don't know where to begin. How do you

make the move from tossing back three-buck Chuck and Franzia to exploring the millions of varietals of wine? By drinking them, of course.

Oregon is an ideal place to start. With a smaller wine industry than California, Oregon has a close-knit community of winemakers. But in spite of—or perhaps because of—the size, Oregon's wines have become internationally recognized in the past few years.

Oregon pinot noir in particular has garnered a large following. Madeline Triffon, one of fifteen women in North America currently certified as a master

sommelier, calls it "sex in a glass," but the grape itself is often called the "heartbreak grape" due to its finicky nature. It requires a temperate climate with warm, but not hot, summers and winter frosts that come late and depart early, if they show at all. Steady rainfall is a plus, as long as there is

a break before harvest time to prevent the mold that pinot noir is so susceptible to.

This long list of requirements leaves a fairly limited geographic area for pinot noir to thrive in. In fact, the grape grows almost exclusively along the two 45th parallels. In short, Oregon's Willamette Valley is ideal. David Lett of the Eyrie Vineyards first planted pinot noir grapes in Oregon in 1966; he is often called Papa Pinot for his work. Eyrie's 1975 pinot noir took third place at the 1979 Wine Olympiad in Paris, beating out wines from Burgundy, pinot noir's traditional home, thus creating Oregon's reputation as a world-class wine producer. In 2005, nearly 8,000 of the 14,000 vineyard acres in Oregon were devoted to pinot noir grapes.

Every so often, however, weather patterns do not cooperate and vineyards throughout the Northwest are sent scurrying to save their crops. One of those years was 2010: A late and short summer with cooler temperatures delayed the grapes' ripening, and harvest was not possible until mid-October—about three weeks later than normal. The conditions were perfect for an outstanding vintage—less sun means a less sugary grape, and thus a more subtle wine—but the window of opportunity closes fast in years like 2010. If frosts arrive before the harvest is completed, millions of grapes will be lost. Phillip Patti, certified sommelier and director of the Eugene Wine School, says the race was on to pull in the grapes this year. "People [were] really rushing," he says. "The time from bloom to harvest is one of the longest we've ever had." The balance, therefore, was precarious—the 2010 grapes needed the time to ripen, but the longer growers wait, the greater the risk of devastating loss.

Luckily, things worked out; King Estate pulled in the last of its grapes at the beginning of November. Kumm says the harvest was smaller than usual, "but the warm weather and sunshine at the end of September and October were very beneficial to the grapes." He likened the structure of the grapes to that of the 2008 harvest, which was widely regarded as a huge success. "One of our best vintages ever," he says decisively, and he expects this year's vintage to keep pace with 2008's.

However, these wines will not be ready for consumption for two to four years, depending on the varietal. Things are looking good for the 2010 vintage, but if you're looking to really enjoy it when it's time to uncork, the best plan is to start tasting right here, right now.

Patti's classes at the Eugene Wine School are designed specifically to give new wine enthusiasts a set of tools for enjoying wine. "Everybody's palette is different,"

Patti says. "People experience wine in such unique ways. [In my classes] I try to lay down some of the basics . . . and then people can go from there." Patti offers one-night classes periodically on a range of topics from pairing wine with food to Italian varietals. He also plans to begin his second five-week introduction to wine course in January, which meets once a week. "We probably try about twenty wines during the class," Patti says—enough to provide a jumping off point, but just barely scratching the surface of the wine industry. "I never buy the same wine twice. Why would I, when there are so many great bottles available?" What the intro class is for, Patti says, is figuring out what you like. "Taste, taste, taste," he advises. And, he is quick to add, his classes aren't the only way to start sipping.

"How I started is I found a great wine shop, and found somebody within that wine shop that I trusted," Patti says. "If you trust them, and you trust their enthusiasm for wine and their willingness to lead you there, you'll learn a lot."

Sundance Wine Cellars in Eugene is a great place to go searching for new wines. The knowledgeable staff is happy to help customers pick out a bottle or two, and they offer free tastings on Fridays and Saturdays from 5 to 7 p.m. Sales Manager Jeff Salata says Fridays are for categories, such as the wines of France, while Saturdays feature local wineries. "It's a nice way to start off," Salata says, since you can buy what you taste right there on-site. "Wine drinking is a full-contact sport," he says. "You can't learn it all by reading!" He and his coworkers are infinitely informed on the wines they sell, which include over 5,000 different varieties. They also have the largest collection of Oregon wines "anywhere in the Milky Way," Salata estimates jokingly. Anything they don't have, they can usually order specially. "You have to explore [wine] to know it," Salata says. And he and his coworkers are happy to serve as guides.

An even cheaper way to learn the ropes is to visit local wineries. Many offer tastings for low fees or even for free, depending on how many wines you want to try. Start with Oregon's 2008 vintage to get an idea of how this year's weather will affect the harvest. Sweet Cheeks Winery, located a half an hour from Eugene in Crow, Oregon, offers twilight wine and cheese tastings with live music every Friday evening, in addition to free tasting daily from 12 to 6 p.m. They host weekly



Tara Schwab, a student and self-described wine lover, savors a glass of wine at the Eugene Wine School.

Mimosa Sundays, a free brunch event featuring the winery's sparkling wines. King Estate also holds daily free tastings with their pinots—both gris and noir—taking center stage.

With Oregon winemakers so optimistic about the 2010 harvest, things are looking up for the local wine industry. This year is a great time to cultivate an interest in wine beyond the box, and the Willamette Valley is a prime location for the budding vinophile. So grab a friend, grab a bottle, and start drinking. —Katy George

A view of the vineyard at King Estate where you can enjoy Next: wines, a line inspired by the millennial generation.



PHOTOS CATHRIONA SMITH



Wine Terminology

Backward
Wines that are undeveloped and not ready to drink. They are often young and tannic, and may also be described as austere.

Closed
Wine that has very little aroma or flavor.

Length
Describes how long the flavor of the wine persists on the palate after it has been swallowed. A lengthy persistence of flavor may be taken as a sign of quality.

Nose
The "nose" of a wine describes how a wine smells.

Structure
This is referring to the tannin and acidity levels. These elements give the wine a presence in the mouth; without them wine would tend towards a flabby, fruit flavored drink.

Tannin
Harsh, bitter compounds that if present in large amounts, make a wine difficult to drink as they leave a dry, puckered sensation in the mouth.



Minutes before the start of the Ford Ironman World Championship in Kona, Hawaii on October 9th, almost two thousand triathletes enter the water in Kailua Bay to warm up. Osias is among them, competing in her first full-Ironman despite being diagnosed with Type 1 Diabetes just eight weeks earlier.

Ironman on Insulin

Athletes with Type 1 diabetes compete in one of the hardest tests of physical endurance

At dawn, a canon blast pierced the thick anticipation in the air. Signaling the start of the race, it released a kinetic wave of 1,800 triathletes onto the surface of the ocean. The Ironman course on the big island of Hawaii would maintain its reputation that day when pavement temperatures on the bike course were rumored to be 120 degrees and wind caused crashes as cyclists descended hills through the lava fields. Alex Osias wasn't going to win the race that day, but finishing would be a statement about the roughly three million people in the United States she now represents.

Eight weeks before Osias was scheduled to race at the Ironman World Championships in Kailua-Kona, she searched Google for the words "mold" and "toilet." She just wanted advice on how to clean her bathroom, but the search results led her to a different answer.

Osias had recently completed a half-Ironman race near her home in Denver, Colorado. She had felt particularly cruddy on the run segment of the race, but attributed her extreme thirst, weight loss, and fatigue to her training regimen. However, these are all symptoms of uncontrolled diabetes. Sugar and ketones, being spilled by her overworked kidneys into her urine, were enabling the black mold to grow in her toilet. Instead of scrubbing with bleach, injecting insulin would be the only treatment for her new problem—Type 1 diabetes.

The Ironman distance is considered by many to be one of the most extreme tests of physical endurance. Race participants have seventeen hours to swim 2.4 miles, bike 112 miles, and run a full marathon of 26.2 miles. The months, and even years, of training for a race like this are incredibly challenging, especially for someone with diabetes.

For a triathlete, there is no bigger race than the Ironman held in Kona. Osias was granted a coveted lottery spot: Her first full Ironman was her first race after her diagnosis.

"You know, we never discussed not doing it," Osias says. "You can't not do Kona if you get the chance."

Type 1 diabetes makes up only 5 to 10 percent of diabetes cases and is most commonly diagnosed during adolescence. Osias, at thirty-three years old, was diagnosed much later than most. Calculating and injecting insulin to cover meals and snacks while adjusting to accommodate exercise, stress, illness, and adrenaline was now daily routine and incorporated into her training practices.

Osias had to learn a lot very quickly.

From a second Internet search, Osias found the world's largest triathlon club for people with diabetes, and their team that trains for these multisport events.

Triabetes is a program of the non-profit organization Insulindependence.

"I'm in a pickle," Osias wrote to founder Peter Nerothin.

Nerothin showed her that she was not the only one with a useless pancreas and Ironman goals. He put her in contact with

Osias jokes that her race plan consists of crossing her fingers and praying.

one of the athletes on the 2010 Triabetes team who lived near her hometown. He encouraged her to join Insulindependence's online network where active people with Type 1 share experiences regarding diabetes and athletics.

Triabetes members gave Osias advice about where to find doctors who would work with her to achieve her Ironman goals and shared their diabetes management strategies.

Osias wasn't the only Type 1 starting in the water at sunrise in Kailua Bay. Veteran Ironman Cliff Scherb races all over the world and currently holds the second fastest Ironman time ever performed by a diabetic.

"The truth is that Ironman training as a diabetic hasn't been going on for that long," Scherb points out. "You can't really ask your doctor. Your doctor doesn't have experience about it."

Diabetic athletes have additional worries. It is important to have some insulin "on board" so that food eaten is available to the cells for energy, but not so much insulin that the bloodstream is depleted of the glucose that the brain and nervous system need to function normally.

Scherb reluctantly admits that diabetes was the culprit for racing troubles in his past.

"Yeah, flat tires, mechanicals, things like that, they happen," he says, "but, I've never had them be as dramatic of an effect as what can happen if you're not in tune with what's happening with your diabetes."

Scherb says it is most important for someone with diabetes to understand the timing of calorie intake when racing an Ironman because the day is so long and the amount of food that needs to be consumed is so much.

"In the beginning, what I call it is a lot of crash and burn," he says, citing when he was forced to walk the entire marathon at this race in 2005. Through his career as a triathlon coach he hopes to contribute to a road map that will help other athletes with Type 1 figure out how to successfully race triathlons.

Osias jokes that her race plan consists of crossing her fingers and praying. In actuality, she uses two types of insulin, carries insulin pens, and wears two continuous glucose-monitoring sensors during the race. Because everything is new to her, the calculations she must make are not automatic. She wrote blood sugar ranges on 3x5 cards with corresponding insulin doses so she wouldn't have to worry about how much insulin to take when racing fatigue sets in.

Osias's goals were to finish, have fun, and not end up in the medical tent.

On the bike she wanted to test her blood sugar every hour, but she accidentally dumped a bottle of water on her blood-glucose meter and it didn't work for almost two hours. She kept riding, relying on her continuous glucose monitors for feedback about blood sugar extremes. After worrying about making the cutoff time, she was still smiling at mile 111. She dismounted the bike and tested her blood sugar. It was a bit high, making her feet feel like lead, her stomach uneasy, her mind cloudy, and her heart rate rise. She took some insulin to correct it. She made a friend within the first few miles of the run course. Into the night, on the dark highway pavement, they ran every step of the marathon together.

Under the fluorescent lights, on Ali'i Drive, Osias crossed the finish line hearing the declaration "Alexandra, you are an Ironman."

On her way to collect her finisher's medal, she pulled her small pink blood-glucose monitor out of her back pocket. She cocked the trigger of the lancet device, put the tip to her middle finger, and pricked it. She squeezed the finger and touched the drop of blood to the end of a strip inserted in the meter. It counted down, five—four—three—two—one—143: a post-Ironman blood sugar that veteran Type 1 athletes would just about kill for.

Scherb, who had finished many hours before, didn't break the record for a Type 1 in Kona this time, but blood sugars were not the reason.

"I had great [blood sugars] all day," he said after the race. "Perhaps I missed a few things in training that could have made for a more speedy day." A few days after Kona, he was already looking ahead to racing in Germany in 2012.

Ninety-five percent of people who die from diabetic complications die because their average blood sugar level over decades is abnormally high, putting strain on blood vessels and kidneys. Exercise lowers blood sugars by making body tissue more sensitive to insulin, yet there are still people who tell those diagnosed

with Type 1 that their lives will be limited and sedentary.

"It makes so much more sense when I see how other people train and hydrate and take in calories," she says about the community of athletes with Type 1 she had access to through Insulindependence. "It was such an amazing experience and having such kick-ass support made it even better." —Blair Ryan

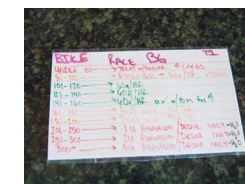


Ironman Materials

Alex Osias relied on a variety of monitoring devices, equipment, and the support of her friends and family to successfully complete the triathlon.



Proper nutrition is probably the most important thing when racing an Ironman because the day is long, requiring the consumption of many calories.



Osias wrote insulin doses on cards to help her determine how much to inject based on her blood sugar during the race.

For example, if her blood sugar is 220 mg/dl when she tests, she will inject one unit of short-acting insulin and drink only water to avoid raising her blood sugar further.



Osias mounts her blood-glucose meter and lancet device to the stem of her bike using a watch mount and shoe glue. With it

close and ready she can test her blood sugar without having to stop riding.



Osias's family and friends lined the course waving signs and yelling encouragement to the tune of "I like to move it move it!"

PHOTOS BLAIR RYAN

Redefining Radio

Local broadcasters struggle for exposure as control of the airwaves goes corporate



KPCN's Director of Production Tomas Bartolo, twenty-three, oversees a broadcast. Bartolo also works with the station's developing website, radiomovimiento.org, which they will use to release podcasts and other activities. The website launched in December.

A jaunty orchestral arrangement flits out of antiquated tweed speakers and off into the cool autumn evening. Blaring horns pulse to a swanky tango rhythm as Ramón Raquello and his band perform "La Cumparsita" to a standing-room-only crowd in New York's Park Plaza Hotel. Across the country, a sea of listeners sits starry-eyed in front of their radios. The doldrums of the Great Depression are temporarily forgotten in the wash of sound.

Back to reality. A brusque reporter informs listeners of an "explosion of incandescent gas" observed on planet Mars. The breakneck report, issued twenty minutes before 8 p.m. hints at a series of atmospheric disturbances recorded from the Mount Jennings Observatory in Chicago. With condolences to the audience, the station returns to the scheduled broadcast—an ominous rendition of the jazz standard "Stardust."

After more musical interludes, a distress signal interrupts the broadcast. A luminous disc, believed to be a meteorite has landed in the sleepy town of Miller's Grove, New Jersey. A frantic reporter, broadcasting from the scene of the incident, provides a gripping eyewitness account of the terrifying extraterrestrial encounter: a creature, too terrible to imagine, emerges from the disc, hell-bent on ending human existence.

The resulting pandemonium—broadcast to an estimated audience of six million—

incites many listeners to call their local authorities in panic. Some complain of smelling noxious gases, while others claim to have seen the alleged spacecraft.

In reality, the broadcast was an elaborate hoax masterminded by theater dynamo Orson Welles. Although intended to be a Halloween gag, the program demonstrated the irrevocable power of the emerging technology.

The ensuing years, termed the "Golden Age" of radio, marked the beginning of the end—a slow-motion swansong broadcast over stagnating air to a dwindling few.

Today, competing media platforms have ousted commercial radio from the forefront of the public consciousness. Congress' decision to ratify the Telecommunications Act of 1996 compounded problems for struggling broadcasters by opening the doors for consolidation. The flurry of corporate buyouts in the latter half of the decade occurred at a rapid rate. When the dust settled, only six major US media companies remained—an astonishing departure from the fifty-plus corporations operating in 1983.

For independent broadcasters, resistance to corporate takeover and federal regulation is necessary to preserve the legacy of community-based radio. These purists adhere to a singular code of conduct, pledging allegiance to a different authority: the immutable independent voice.

One station representing this ideal, the Portland Radio Authority (PRA), committed radio piracy when it commandeered a vacated FM frequency to disseminate their brand of homespun radio.

For more than three and a half years, the PRA, a grassroots community radio project, broadcast from an undisclosed location in southeast Portland. It relied on clandestine operations to subvert commercial saturation of the city's airwaves. DJs played local bands in genre-spanning sets characterized by off-the-cuff commentary and total creative freedom—avoiding the trappings of the free-play-for-promotion model utilized by commercial broadcasters.

In spite of burgeoning appeal, the Federal Communications Commission (FCC) ignored the 100-watt station.

"We were able to broadcast to a small area within the city for quite a while before the FCC finally found us out," says PRA Co-Founder and de facto engineer, Gus Elg.

Using a homemade transmitter nicknamed "Frankenstein," Elg and other PRA volunteers broadcast for nearly three and a half years before the FCC intervened.

Citing Section 301 of the Communications Act—which states that a sanctioned license must be obtained in order to use any apparatus for transmission of radio signals—officials from the regulatory commission came to the door of the PRA with a cease-and-desist order and the threat of a \$10,000 fine.

Elg attributes the FCC's renewed interest in the station to a barrage of local media coverage. Broadcasters agreed to talk with reporters only if stories focused on the PRA's online station, rather than the illegal FM frequency. An untimely feature in *Oregonian's* Arts & Entertainment section detailing the station's illegal activities was enough to pique the interest of the FCC. The subsequent raid signaled the end of an era.

In spite of the closure, the station's online presence maintains considerable influence within the community. Moreover, the PRA's coup d'état demonstrated the possibilities for a group of volunteers committed to upending mainstream radio. The station's improbable run exceeded expectations in a market where Clear Channel Communications owns five of the top ten radio stations.

Although the broadcasts were innocuous, the FCC takeover proved how valuable airspace has become.

"Bandwidth is like the gold rush . . . it's worth billions of dollars," KBOO Program Director Chris Merrick says.

KBOO began as a community radio project in 1968 in the basement of a donated house in southeast Portland. With two tape recorders and a turntable, the station operated on a monthly budget of fifty dollars. The electric output was slightly less than that of a fluorescent light bulb.

Today, KBOO's profile has grown considerably. A roster of nearly one hundred volunteers provides content for the station. With the help of a small but dedicated staff, KBOO has helped transform the face of mainstream radio by putting power in the hands of the public—a public eager to listen.

"We don't get any federal money," Merrick says. "Over half our money [comes from] memberships from people who phone in during pledge drives."

As part of the station's executive board, Merrick helps oversee the bi-annual pledge drive—a two-week event designed to raise money to alleviate the station's high overhead costs.

It's Friday afternoon at KBOO headquarters and the building is uncharacteristically quiet. The often heated political ruminations of station volunteers—self-described "radio activists"—have all but subsided. An empty box of donuts and the lingering scent of stale coffee are the only remnants of a chaotic morning that saw the station's employees rushing to finish work on the latest pledge drive.

The event was successful. KBOO generated over \$140,000 in sponsorships, which is quite an accomplishment for a station that relies primarily on user-generated content.

"We try not to run any syndicated programming," Merrick says. "Usually we get three or four stories turned in by volunteers and we go from there."

Because of these varied sources of input, the station's content never follows a set agenda. Past stories range from charges against Nike's Indonesian sweatshops to natural gas spills in Portland neighborhoods.

As a twenty-one-year veteran of KBOO, Merrick is quick to establish a dichotomy between local and commercial radio.

"There's a huge division psychologically between people who hate commercial radio. They listen to OPB and classical jazz and KBOO . . . and what do they all have in common? They're the non-commercial stations," Merrick says.

Across the state, other broadcasters share Merrick's view on media consolidation.

"Bigger corporations plan to own most of the media, and then they try to tag it as local . . . but it's not really local, it's more

Today, competing media platforms have ousted commercial radio from the forefront of the public consciousness.

national because they're owned by bigger, rich companies," says KPCN Co-Director Erubiel Valladares.

KPCN's founding organization, the *Pineros y Campesinos Unidos del Noroeste* (PCUN), or Northwest Treeplanters and Farmworkers United, formed in 1985 as a way to empower farmworkers.

"Our slogan is 'the voice of the people,'" Valladares explains.

Valladares, a native of Mexico's Queretaro region, is an unassuming firebrand: amiable and soft-spoken, yet an ardent supporter of grassroots campaigning. Together with the help of a dedicated group of volunteers, Valladares helped create KPCN, the only radio station in Oregon owned by a labor union. It's located in Woodburn, a town where over half the population speaks Spanish. KPCN's first broadcast on November 20, 2006, the ninety-sixth anniversary of the Mexican Revolution. Volunteers christened the event, "Radio Revolution Day."

From a quaint four-bedroom house in the shadow of an old church steeple, KPCN broadcasts twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. An inconspicuous hand-painted sign on the porch is the only telltale feature of the station.

The station's volunteer-generated content varies depending on the issues at hand and the willingness of contributors. KPCN broadcasters include youth, women, farmworkers, immigrants, and other non-traditional voices.

"Our mission here at the station is to educate, raise consciousness, and entertain. We don't care how it's done, as long as we

have those three," Valladares says.

Once inside, flashes of character illuminate the residence: a stoic portrait of Comandante Marcos—the Zapatista labor organizer and rebel radio broadcaster—greet visitors from a mural in the foyer. A littering of scrawled letters from local students adorns the walls.

Even when unattended, the house never feels vacant. A stereo in the hall blasts KPCN at all hours of the day. The view from the second floor office window offers a glimpse of the station's broadcasting apparatus—a ninety-five-watt antenna fastened to the roof of the Woodburn water tower.

By comparison, KKCW, Oregon's highest-rated radio station, emits 95,000 watts of power. While KPCN's ten-mile broadcasting radius may seem insignificant in scope, the importance of the station cannot be undermined. KPCN is the culmination of a twenty-six-year journey.

The station's first incarnation—a weekly one-hour show entitled *La Hora Campesino* (the Farmworker Hour) debuted in 1990 on KWBY. PCUN purchased the time slot to provide

Oregon's agricultural workers with a platform to discuss labor rights and issues of ethnicity and cultural identity. Laborers often called the show to air their grievances and advocate for better working conditions.

In the mid 1990s, the PCUN radio show was systematically shut down. Although the KWBY station manager never gave PCUN organizers a reason for the forced departure, many suspected regional employers were responsible for pressuring the reconciliatory action following a May Day strike organized on the weekly radio show. The incident reaffirmed the town's commitment to establishing their own station.

"Corporate control of media and lack of access to our own airwaves impacted our struggle to protect our rights and to broadcast to the Latino community in the Willamette Valley," Valladares says.

Today, KPCN is making strides toward expanding their coverage to other areas across Oregon. The station is in the process of applying for a full-power license in hopes of creating a network of community-run stations across the state.

KPCN, KBOO, and PRA's ideals form an emerging paradigm of community radio: local broadcasters must represent local voices. Together, they stand on the front lines of a beleaguered but resolute group of stations redefining radio one broadcast at a time. For these broadcasters, maintaining identity amid the static of a conglomerated radio market remains the most important aspiration.

And while the sounds of revolution are faint, the signal is gaining clarity.

—Jordan Bentz

Let The Right Film In

Why remaking foreign films is a one-way street

The *Magnificent Seven*. *Some Like It Hot*. *The Sound of Music*. These three classic American films have amassed numerous awards, critical acclaim, and a permanent spot in the Hollywood film cannon. But they share a secret—they are not originally American, but remakes of foreign films. Even the contemporary classic *The Departed*, which won the Academy Award for Best Picture in 2007, was a remake of Hong Kong's *Infernal Affairs*.

More than one hundred foreign films have been remade into American versions since the 1930s, including more than

On average, more than ten of the top twelve movies in the overseas box office every week are American.

fifty from France. In the past year, several American films hold the title of foreign remake, including *The Next Three Days* (starring Russel Crowe) and *The Tourist* (starring Johnny Depp and Angelina Jolie). *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*, the Swedish film based on the popular novel, was released in Europe in February 2009; the American version will hit theaters December 2011. What drives this flick-flipping factory?

For Bobette Buster, foreign film expert and professor at University of Southern California's School of Cinematic Arts, the answer is simple: money. "We have an industry here," she says. "We have a huge appetite for a product and a billion dollar development industry looking for a story."

Buster explains that award-winning American films can take decades to complete. *Unforgiven*, the Oscar winner for Best Picture in 1993, was in production for seventeen years. In an industry that demands new movies at an accelerated rate, Hollywood often looks to the foreign market for ready-made scripts.

"The constant struggle is the industry needs projects now," Buster says. "There is this huge, on-going search for the scripts that are ready for the screen." In the case of *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*, the Swedish original already garnered critical success in Europe and America. The film also fits into the market sensation surrounding the novel, so for American production companies it's a win-win.

"Production companies are always trying to strike while the fire is hot," Buster says. "The number one thing that drives films is the market." Even with the sluggish American economy and the weakened value of the US dollar, the American film industry makes more money than film industries in every other foreign market. American films also dominated the top selling movies abroad. On average, more than ten of the top twelve movies in the overseas box office every week are American. Most American remakes that enter the cinemas of their origin countries end up out-grossing the original film by the tens of millions.

Changing the image of a film can also be beneficiary to a new market. Buster explains

that when *March of the Penguins* came out in France it was seen as a triumphant nature documentary that catered to a scientifically savvy crowd. When America released the film, with the recognizable voice of Morgan Freeman as narrator, they marketed it as a family movie and the film became a national phenomenon. "When you can convince them that their movie will reach a bigger audience, then it is easier for the film to be remade," Buster says.

The highly organized structure of the American market sets it apart from foreign markets. American writers negotiate contracts early on, ensuring them royalties if their stories are ever remade in any form. According to Buster, the European market lacks this structure, making it easier for Americans to exploit the foreign industry by purchasing film rights and remaking them without the cost

of royalties. "They are very vulnerable," Buster says. "Artists are preyed upon by the market forces."

Harvey Weinstein, co-founder of Miramax Studios, pioneered the practice of attending foreign film festivals, buying foreign movie rights for cheap, and remaking or editing them for American audiences, Buster says. This method has upset some foreign filmmakers; acclaimed Chinese director Feng Xiaogang did not appreciate his film being poached by the American film mogul. At the 2010 Shanghai International Film Festival, he called Weinstein "a cheater in the eyes of many Chinese moviemakers," after Weinstein paid \$500,000 for the rights to Xiaogang's *The Banquet*.

However, Buster says high-grossing films are necessary for the industry, even if they compromise artistic

value. "The industry is like a supermarket. You need the flour and eggs to sell the high-end products," she says.

Some American distribution companies have made it easier for producers like Weinstein. Music Box Films, founded in 2007 in Chicago, purchases theatrical rights from foreign films, such as *The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo*, to show them in theaters throughout America. And while Program Director Brian Andreotti says the distributor was not

created to help Hollywood remake films by avoiding foreign film festivals, he understands it can happen.

"No one doing foreign film distribution is doing it to make money, there just isn't that big of a market for it," Andreotti says. "We do it because we all have a passion for films."

But one of Music Box's films did succumb to the remake machine. The French film *Tell No One* was based on the American novel of the same name. The story was originally going to be an American thriller, but Hollywood passed on the script. In 2006, France penned its own script from the book and released the film to a mass of critical success. Music Box then bought the theatrical rights and it became America's most popular foreign-language film in 2008. The American remake is now in production.

While American filmmakers face fewer obstacles in redoing foreign films, international filmmakers find remaking American movies almost impossible. Less than a dozen American films have been remade by foreign markets, including a Japanese version of the wine movie *Sideways*. German filmmaker Jörg Foth knows just how difficult this process

can be. When Foth tried to remake the classic Elvis Presley film *King Creole* into a German play he failed. Not because he lacked directorial experience—Foth directed three feature-length films in Germany following the fall of the Berlin Wall—but because his production company could not afford the rights to the American film.

"Every American film has a large audience with millions of dollars attached," Foth says. "Every European film is a loss for the production company."

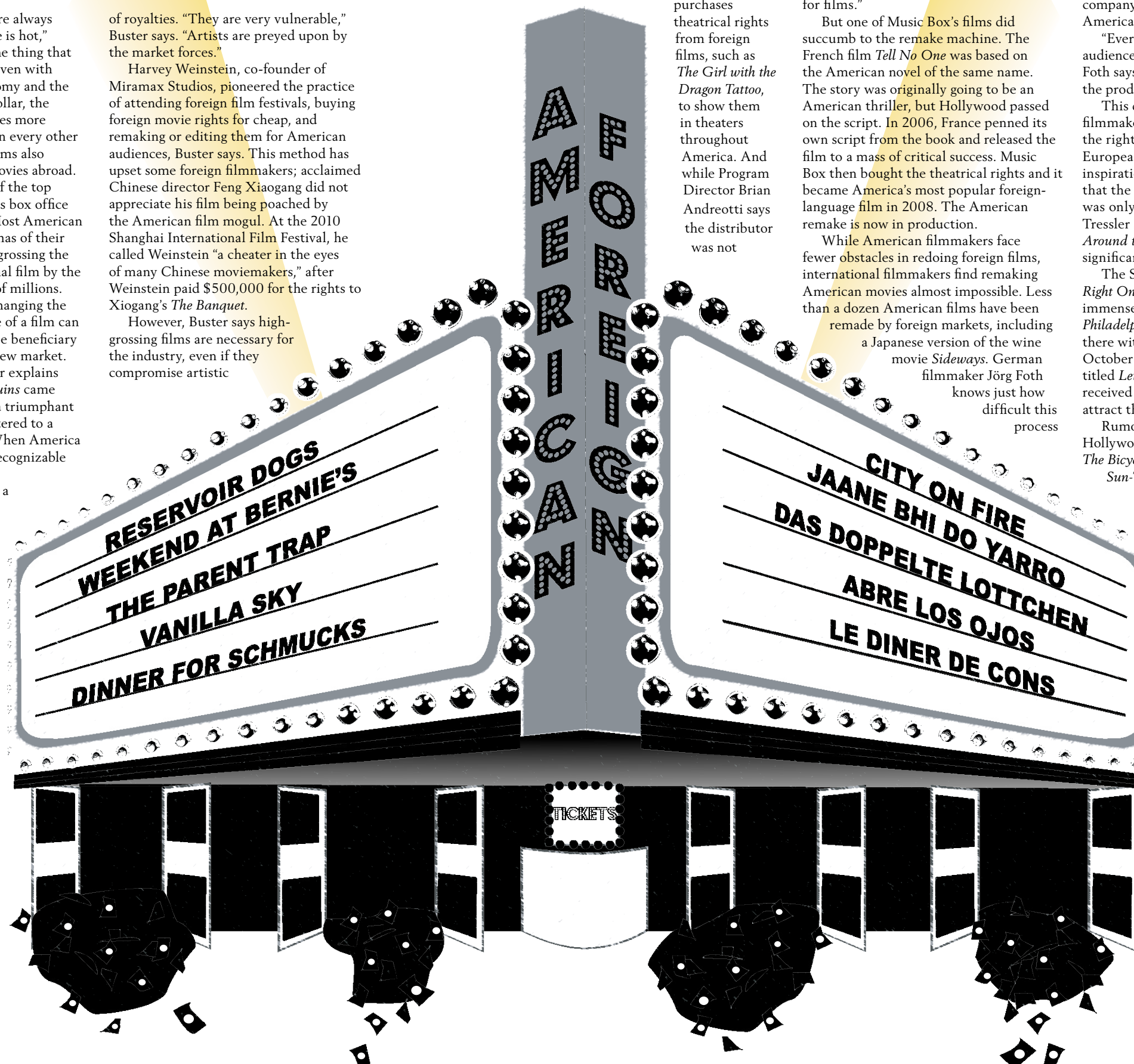
This disparity means European filmmakers rarely have been able to afford the rights to American films. However, Europeans have used American films as inspirations for original films. Foth said that the German film *Teenage Wolfpack* was only made because director Georg Tressler saw the American movie *Rock Around the Clock*, which caused a significant stir in Germany.

The Swedish vampire movie *Let the Right One In* was released in 2008 to immense critical acclaim. Steven Rae of *Philadelphia Inquirer* said the film was "up there with the bloodsucking classics." In October 2010, an American version re-titled *Let Me In* was released, and while it received critical success, the film did not attract the same praise as its original.

Rumors have recently surfaced that Hollywood may remake the Italian classic *The Bicycle Thief*. Roger Ebert of *Chicago Sun-Times* says, "The Bicycle Thief is so well-entrenched as an official masterpiece that it is a little

startling to visit it again after many years and realize that it is still alive and has strength and freshness." So why would any American filmmaker decide to remake this cinematic treasure? Buster answers again: money. "If a beautiful classic is remade, then some of us will feel sad," Buster says. "That is the tension for those of us who love movies and those who see an opportunity to make money." —Ryan Deto

The American films you didn't know were foreign remakes. *City on Fire*, China; *Jaane Bhi Fo Yarro*, India; *Das Doppelte Lottchen*, Germany; *Abre Los Ojos*, Spain; *Le Diner De Cons*, France.



My Picasso Years

STORY ALEX STOLTZE

I haven't met many other nineteen-year-olds who have had three nose jobs and a Gortex implant in their cheek—what I call “a little piece of raincoat”—not out of pure vanity, but necessity. To breathe. To eat. To speak. To kiss. I needed these surgeries to repair a large opening that separated my mouth from my nose, splaying my lips and gums: a cleft lip and palate.

Being born with a defect that made me look different has forced me to be comfortable with myself. It is so smack dab in the middle of my face that there is no way to hide my scars, and I have never wanted to, since they are all I've ever identified with. It would be easier to forget about all the painful surgeries and long recoveries if I didn't have to see the scars everyday, but it's who I am and what makes me beautiful.

There is no specific reason why a child is born with a cleft lip and palate, though it is possible for the mother or father to pass on genes that cause the cleft. It is the most common birth defect, affecting one in 700 newborns annually. Gene therapists can assess the likelihood of a child developing a cleft in the womb based on family history and, once conceived, a cleft can be detected after seventeen weeks of pregnancy.

My condition has required extensive craniofacial surgeries from the time I was two months old. This past summer, I completed my ninth and final surgery at the age of nineteen. If my family had opted to save the time and money it cost to have these surgeries, we could have purchased a Lamborghini and traveled through Europe. Instead they spent countless hours negotiating with tired insurance representatives and doctors. My parents have been there for me through all the surgeries and pain and would never have given that up for a luxurious car or vacation.

When I had my first surgery, my lip and nose were brought together, making my appearance much more symmetrical. But the surgery left a large scar trailing down my left nostril through my lip. Six months later, I had my soft palate, the roof of my mouth, and my uvula stitched up, which allowed me to eat small pieces of food without it coming out of my nose.

At age nine, while being prepped for my fifth surgery, I urged the doctor to pierce my ears while I was under the knife. The second I woke up the first thing I asked for was a mirror. Forget that doctors had just successfully performed a bone graft by taking a piece of bone from my hip and inserting the remains into my upper left jaw, allowing my permanent teeth to come in and my jaw to develop normally. I finally had earrings after waiting for years and I wanted to see how good I looked with sparkly gold studs, despite the bandages covering my lips and nose.

I patiently waited six more years for my next surgery, which my parents and I lovingly refer to as “the ugly years,” or more respectfully, “the Picasso years.” These terms don't offend me because I never truly felt ugly. All the doctors I have met have told

me how they could sculpt me into a prettier person. After hearing that for years, it is easy for me to acknowledge that I didn't have an aesthetically pleasing face. My face was uneven, and my nose was large and angled slightly diagonally. My top lip was narrower on the right side and larger and scarred on the left side where I had surgeries, and my teeth were spaced, colored, and weirdly shaped.

In elementary school I was occasionally made fun of because of the way I looked, but it didn't affect me much because I had supportive friends and parents who told me how beautiful I was. It wasn't until “the ugly years” in middle school that others began treating me differently. Kids were concerned about looking and acting cool and associating with other cool kids, which wasn't conducive to my braces and crooked nose. I still had a lot of friends, but it was harder to meet new people at an age when others judge on looks first.

After my freshman year of high school, I finally went through a full facial reconstructive surgery. During the five-hour surgery, an ear, nose, and throat surgeon in Portland, Oregon, performed a rhinoplasty, inserted a cheek implant to even out my face, and sucked fat out of my stomach to inject into my top lip to make it symmetrical. The doctor also completely reconstructed the inside of my nose so I would be able to breathe easier.

I later met with a prosthodontist who gave me veneers, which are individual acrylic fake teeth that glue onto the original teeth and last about fifteen years before needing to be replaced. This process required the prosthodontist to take an electric drill to my real teeth until they were only small nubs and glue the veneers onto my stumpy old teeth. I was awake during this surgery and it was like my own personal hell. I could hear my teeth being ground away and I had to wear sunglasses so small pieces of teeth didn't fly into my eyes. However, when

my six new front teeth were finally glued on, I was no longer living in the ugly years. I walked out of my doctor's office shaking and almost crying in pain; I looked like a new person. For the first time in my life I had symmetrical teeth and gums, and my face and smile looked beautiful.

My experiences with the surgeries prompted me to organize a trip with my mom to Tecate, Mexico, during my junior year of high school. We volunteered with doctors of the Smiles International Foundation who performed surgeries to correct twelve children's cleft lip and palates. During the trip, I watched the same surgeries I had experienced years before. I spoke in Spanish with the mothers of those children and shared my own experience with them. The mothers said I gave them confidence about their children's journey to a healthy and normal future.

After hearing how many families were unable to afford surgeries for their child, I realized how fortunate I was to have parents with insurance who could pay for great doctors and dentists.

Over the years I have grown to love my scars. Every day when I look in the mirror, I appreciate the journey I have gone through to have a better life now—a life filled with even more confidence, beauty, and strength. ☺



Stoltze pictured her freshman year of high school undergoes a full facial reconstructive surgery, one of nine surgeries in nineteen years.



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The City of Eugene, *Ethos Magazine*, and Ninkasi Brewing are hosting a public art design competition to promote vibrance and color in downtown Eugene. The competition is open to all local artists. Artist submissions should be in the spirit of the Summer in the City event series, which brings residents to downtown Eugene for family-friendly events throughout the summer. Submissions are due no later than May 7, 2011. The winning design will be displayed in banner form all summer long on the Parcade parking structure located on Willamette St. and E 8th Ave. The winner will be selected by *Ethos Magazine*, Copic Marker, the City of Eugene, and Ninkasi Brewing. All contest terms are at the discretion of the City of Eugene. Full submission guidelines can be found at ethosmagonline.com/events.



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