

# ETHOS

Spring 2010 Volume 2 Issue 3



**RAVE!  
ON!**

Eugene's  
Bandest **Sea**  
Band **Bell**

**A WAKING  
TERROR**

FREE



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# ETHOS

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## Battle Royale

See and hear the bands that rocked *Ethos'* Bandest of the Bands.

VIDEO KATE BROWN



## Double Duty

Step into the lives of local ROTC members on and off the field.

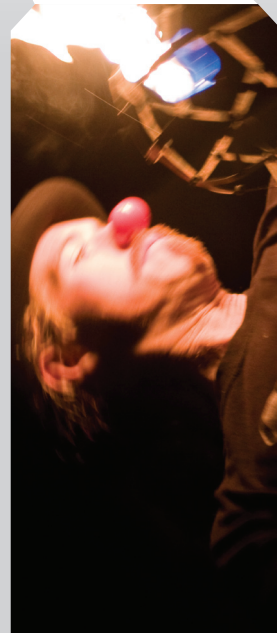
VIDEO KATE BROWN



## David Minor Theater

Discover the legacy of David Minor

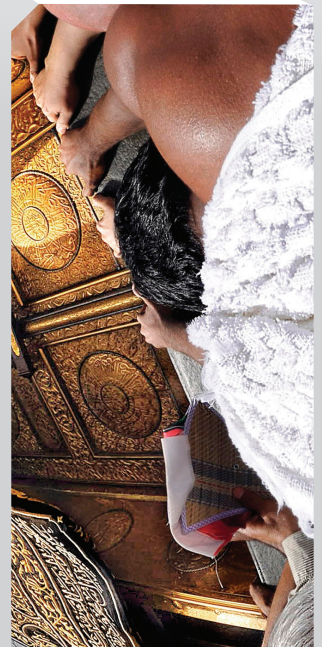
VIDEO DAVE MARTINEZ



## Dance with Fire

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VIDEO LEAH OLSON



## Islamic World

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VIDEO LEAH OLSON



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**COVER:**  
Skip inside where the music hits you hard, rocking you back on your heels. Grin hugely.  
PHOTO NICK COTE

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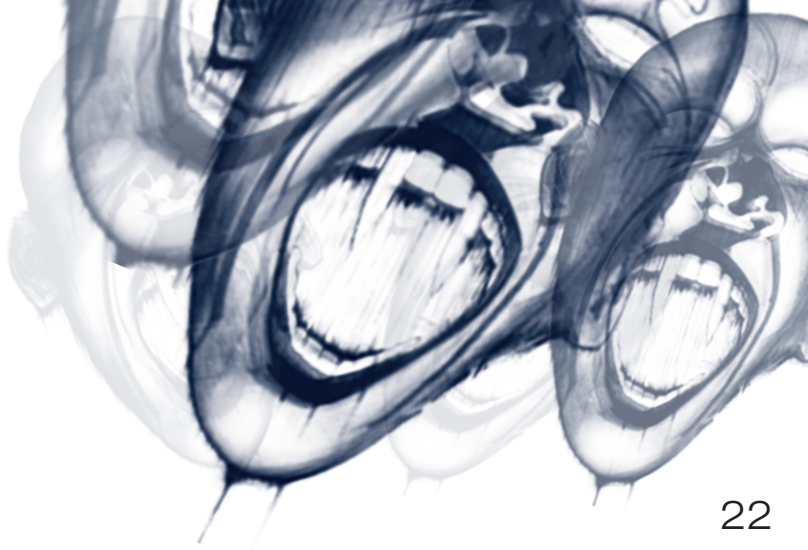
Sustaining all life on Earth is a heavy burden to put on one element. From taking it for granted to worshipping it, our relationship with air is nothing less than complicated.

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STORY KATY GEORGE  
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In front of a crowd of more than 300, Kevin Bronk plays MC for *Ethos Magazine's* first annual Bandest of the Bands competition at WOW Hall.

PHOTO COURTNEY HENDRICKS

Scrambling through the chaos, I attempted to identify each band. Piles of equipment grew on stage as six Eugene bands loaded into WOW Hall for *Ethos's* first annual Bandest of the Bands competition. Through the disarray I examined a small crowd wandering the room, fully clad in homemade Native American costumes. I asked the stage manager who they were. "Uh, that's Sea Bell – the big band" he mumbled, glancing over the set list.

The band had painted their faces and neatly tucked vibrant feathers into braided hair. That night, Sea Bell decided they wanted to dress as Indians – one of the many themes the band features in their energetic shows.

Since the '60s, the debate surrounding Native American costumes has been as heated as it's been complex. Some argue such costuming is disparaging and others — like Sea Bell — believe it's empowering and respectful. The debate has been widely played out with professional and college teams' mascots and logos; the results have been varied. Stanford University, for example, dropped the Stanford Indian mascot in 1972. Now the cardinal (the color, not bird) represents the school. But the Washington Redskins, among many other teams, still uphold Indian themes.

While I was apprehensive with Sea Bell's stereotypical Indian attire, I also had the sense the band members were well intentioned. However, well intentioned or not, some in the crowd were offended.

This issue, like any other involving ethnicity, heritage, or faith is multifaceted and the means to adequately address it are muddled. The recent debates surrounding Pacifica Forum and the attempt by campus leaders to clarify the definition of hate speech depict exactly how intricate cultural considerations can be.

Diversity dilutes simplicity. Complexity creates confusion and ignorance. Far too often ignorance sprouts into hate, progresses into hate acts, and ultimately hemorrhages into violence. Understanding and compassion are the only combatants to such rampant abhorrence.

The collegiate atmosphere is ideal for engaging in the thorny dialogues surrounding racism, classism, sexism, and any other micro or macro aggressions that empower hatred and discrimination. The muscle of student voices paired with the idealism and energy of campus life create a unique opportunity to deflate hostility and gain understanding. While we're here, it's imperative that we attempt to engage, question, and challenge all walks of life — vile or otherwise — in order to combat hatred in all of its forms. Only then will we shift this intricate, odious paradigm.

To learn more about Sea Bell, and the complexities of Native American mascot and logo controversy, visit [ethosmagonline.com](http://ethosmagonline.com).

Kevin Bronk  
Editor in Chief

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



# A Student in Camouflage

STORY **KRISTI MUELLER**  
PHOTO **NICK COTE**

As both a graduate student and ROTC cadet, Mike Smith shares his perspective on life as a student soldier



**D**ressed in a sweatshirt and baseball cap, Mike Smith looks like any other laid-back University of Oregon student. However, rather than sporting yellow and green, Smith's daily wardrobe revolves around forest green and black. A military man first, Mike Smith's maturity and real-life experience in the field distinguishes him from classmates who, for the most part, have never ventured outside of academia.

A master's candidate for the Conflict and Dispute Resolution program, Smith also serves as a ROTC cadet major. At thirty-nine, Smith has served for more than a decade with the U.S. military as a medical field officer and continues to serve with the Oregon National Guard. Despite initial opposition from his family and friends, Smith volunteered to serve in the Middle East twice. As graduation approaches, he opens up about his experiences both in and out of the military.

KM: Why did you enlist in the ROTC?

MS: Well, I have prior military service, for one, and I've always wanted to be an officer. But I also felt that there are a lot of younger individuals who have come through and they just think that the military is kind of like the video game *Call of Duty*. You know, where somebody shoots somebody and then they get back up. Basically, like a great big game and that disturbs me. I think if you're going to join the military, you really need to know what you're getting into because it's not a lifestyle like anything else.

KM: What motivated you to join the military?

MS: I believe — and this is going to sound really kind of corny and cheesy so please bear with me — I believe that this country's

given me a lot. I believe that our country is definitely not perfect but I believe that we have a great many more opportunities than individuals in other countries. So that's one of the reasons I joined. I didn't join for money, and I didn't join because it was the cool thing to do, especially at the time that I joined. I just believe that this country gave me an opportunity to further my education. This country's given me the opportunity to really build upon what I want to do as a person whether it's education, whether it's business, whatever, and I felt that the way I could give back was to join the military.

KM: What has your time in the military taught you?

MS: Don't take life for granted and live a life of no regrets. When you're overseas a lot of times people think it's the big things, but it's really the little things that you miss: lying on your couch and just watching TV or being able to just jump into your car and drive to Safeway and pick up a bag of Doritos or something. It's little things like that.

KM: What was your reaction when you were called up for duty the second time?

MS: The funny thing is that I volunteered. I volunteered the first time mainly because I wanted to see what it was. It's just like anybody else who does something over and over and over, you train and you train — you want to see what happens, you want to actually do it. The second time I volunteered because my unit had lost a number of soldiers and I went to go to replace those soldiers. I had much more of a reality check because I wasn't going as an entire unit. I was going to replace individuals who had been killed or wounded.



KM: Would you be willing to serve overseas again?

MS: Currently my unit is deployed and if I weren't in the ROTC I would be there with them. That was one of the biggest sticking issues when I was looking at becoming a cadet because my unit was training up to go overseas. If I wasn't a student, I'd be there right now. I could have volunteered to go but I was already too far into the whole grad school thing.

KM: What's the greatest challenge you've had to face during your time in the military?

MS: I have had two main struggles: one practical and one internal. First, I'm not a very good shot, and it has taken me years and years of shooting M-16s and M-4s to actually feel confident within that area. Second, how do I balance learning things in the classroom about our military, our government, and our politics and still be able to do my job as a member of the military? There are a lot of things about the government that I don't agree with, but I swore to uphold and protect the Constitution, the commander in chief, and the citizens.

KM: Did you ever feel that your faith or morals were challenged?

MS: If I spoke in my military environment the way that I speak here [at the University], people would think I'm crazy. If I spoke here the way that I speak in my military life, people would probably think that, or anybody in the military would think, "what a racist, sexist, whatever," which is far from the case. It is also a part of a culture that is cultivated and there are times when I will speak out in that environment. I believe the military is making strides to move away from that culture that has been set way back then, but it's still a culture that you got to be aware of what you say.

KM: What was the transition from military to school life like?

MS: That has been an interesting transition because in the military it's very ordered and very disciplined. It's this, this, this, and this. Student – it's like whee! And it's hard being a student because I mean I'm just like you guys. I don't want to do homework. I want to go and play on my Xbox 360 and, you know, lounge around and watch movies. But there's another element of being in ROTC that if I don't do what I need to do academically, then my ROTC goals will not happen.

KM: What do you think are common misconceptions about ROTC members?

MS: That anyone who is involved with the military is just a dumb grunt. Supposedly we aren't very smart. And it always comes up, "Have you ever shot anybody? Did you ever kill anyone?" Just the assumption that I shot someone or killed someone kind of makes me wonder about the mentality of the people who ask. Why are they asking? Why do they want to know that? By asking that veteran about his/her experiences you're taking that person back to that situation and that might not be where that person wants to go.

KM: How do you feel ROTC students are viewed here at the University of Oregon?

MS: I would like to think that the University population thinks of them as students who are hardworking, don't give up, who will put others before themselves and who are academically strong. Also, that ROTC members are open-minded, and that they are willing to listen to both sides of an argument. I would hope that they would see them as an active, vibrant part of this community. One thing to remember is that the ROTC is a group of individuals who are not robotic. We have opinions. We do get hurt. There is still a human wrapped up in that camouflage. ☺



Watch the full interview  
[ethosmagonline.com](http://ethosmagonline.com)

# In Lieu of Civil Liberty

An Oregon native speaks of faith and government

STORY MAT WOLF PHOTO SHANE CONNOR



PHOTO COURTESY HUSAIN AL-AHDAL AND THE MUSLIM STUDENT ASSOCIATION

Raising his hands to receive God's blessing, a Muslim man kneels in prayer in Saudi Arabia. Although a small community in the U.S., Islam is the world's second-largest religion.

The captive man sat in the back of the prison transport vehicle confused, disoriented, and at a complete loss as to why he was handcuffed by two FBI agents and being charged as a co-conspirator in an international terrorism case. One of the agents leaned over and hissed, "You remember Mike Hawash, don't you Brandon? You remember how all the brothers stuck up for him, right? Well they won't stick up for you."

Nearly six years later, as he sits back, speaking about his ordeal to *Ethos*, Brandon Mayfield hardly seems like the kind of man capable of terrorism. Of average height and small build, Mayfield drives an apple-red all-American sports car and wears a reddish-brown beard speckled with gray. At a burger joint in Beaverton, the interview location of his

choosing, he eases back into a plastic booth with iced tea in hand. Taking a sip, Mayfield begins to describe the day two FBI agents came to his legal offices and forcibly took him into custody. "They looked to me like they were Jehovah's Witnesses, or door-to-door salesmen or

*"I didn't think that myself, or my wife, or my children would have to worry that much about being targets."*

something," Mayfield says. "They were in these suits, and they said they were with the FBI, and they asked if they could come in."

He initially resisted the two agents, completely unaware that he was a suspect, and insisted that the federal agents return with a warrant. They would not take no for an answer. In a matter of seconds Mayfield was in custody. "They forced me down to my desk and handcuffed me,

and they really worked over my shoulder," Mayfield recalls, "they wrenched it down and partially dislocated it."

Mayfield, a native Oregonian from Coos Bay, was brought up in what he describes as a relatively non-religious family of German-Mennonite descent

between the Pacific Northwest and Kansas. Mayfield joined the United States Army in 1985, and while stationed at Fort

Lewis, Washington he met and married his future wife, Mona. At about this time Mayfield says that he was coming closer to solving what he called a "long, slow, drawn-out search for an answer."

Spurred by his wife's Islamic faith and his own curiosity about cosmology and belief systems, Mayfield began to attend mosque and came to embrace the Islamic faith. Brandon left the military in 1994 as a second lieutenant in the army and went

on to receive a law degree from Washburn University in Kansas, and soon began to practice family law in the Portland area. After September 11, 2001, and the invasions of Afghanistan and Iraq, many Muslim-Americans found themselves under increased scrutiny from their newly paranoid neighbors. "Honestly, I looked at all the faces of the hijackers, and I was first off surprised to see how fast the media got a hold of those pictures," Mayfield says, "I then looked at all their faces, and saw only Arabs and Southwest Asians, and I didn't think that myself, or my wife, or my children would have to worry that much about being targets."

This assumption would soon come back to haunt him.

Three years after 9/11 a series of violent explosions ripped through the commuter train system of the Spanish capital, Madrid. This senseless violence killed 191 people and left at least another 1,800 injured. Spanish authorities were on the hunt for the perpetrators of the attack and their possible motives. Among the evidence in the investigation was a set of fingerprints that would have far reaching consequences outside of Spain, as these prints, once cross-referenced with an American database, would result in the arrest and detention of an American attorney from Oregon.

The U.S. government determined that these fingerprints, found on a recovered bag of detonators, to be enough evidence to arrest Mayfield, who may have already been under surveillance for his connections to a group known as the "Portland Seven." The Portland Seven was a group of Portland area Muslims, who had been tried by the U.S. government for attempting to travel to Afghanistan to fight U.S. forces in 2002.

One of the seven, a Palestinian-born American named Maher "Mike" Hawash, had been a respectable community leader who worked for the Intel Corporation in Beaverton. When he was charged and arrested as a material witness to terrorism, many of his coworkers, including non-Muslims, came to his defense, declaring that he was not the kind of person who would betray his adopted country and the erroneous charges against him should be thrown out. All of this support dissipated when Hawash was found guilty of conspiring to aid the Taliban.

The FBI agents in control of Mayfield's fate, as he sat confined to the backseat of their car, seemed all too eager to remind him of Hawash.

In his role as a family law attorney, Mayfield had also offered legal assistance to Jeffrey Leon Battle, another member of the Portland Seven. In 2003, Battle was involved in a child custody case and was briefly introduced to Mayfield through intermediaries at the mosque that both men attended. "There are over 300 people who attend that mosque on Fridays, and I really didn't recognize [Battle]," Mayfield



Brandon Mayfield speaks about being arrested under the USA PATRIOT Act for alleged acts of terrorism.

says. "Someone had introduced us because I was a Muslim and a lawyer who practiced family law."

Prior to his arrest in May of 1994, Mayfield had suspected the U.S. government of monitoring him, though he was unaware of why. On two occasions in April, the Mayfield family had returned home to find a deadbolt locked on a door that was always left unlocked. The Mayfields also never wore shoes in their home, a fact that clashed suspiciously with the shoe prints they found on a carpet. Wiring and electrical problems, as well as an overly paranoid pet cat indicated to the family that they were not alone. Mayfield also began to believe that his computer hard drives, both at home and at his office, had been tampered with. "It was quite surreal," he says, "like after a while it becomes that if you're Muslim and you're in the United States, you expect it, you expect to get arrested."

He was held for two weeks under a material witness charge, and was granted only limited access to legal counsel, and even less access to his family, who were still unaware of what charges Mayfield was being held for. By May 20, the Spanish government was insisting that the prints the U.S. Department of Justice considered to be Mayfield's actually belonged to an Algerian national named Ouhnane Daoud, whose ties with a Moroccan based terror cell were already under investigation. Daoud's whereabouts are unknown, but he is rumored to have died fighting in Iraq. The Federal Government released Mayfield immediately and dropped all charges against him by May 25, 2004.

Mayfield went on to sue former Attorney General John Ashcroft and the Department of Justice, citing violation of Constitutional rights. He was awarded \$2 million dollars in a case that was eventually settled outside of court. Currently, he's involved in continuing legal proceedings against the U.S. Government concerning the

Fourth Amendment probable cause statutes of the U.S. Constitution. The U.S. Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals rejected Mayfield's appeal late last year, but according to Mayfield, he and his representation will continue to pursue legal action.

#### USA PATRIOT Act

- Stands for Uniting and Strengthening America by Providing Appropriate Tools Required to Intercept and Obstruct Terrorism Act of 2001.
- Signed into law in 2001 and renewed in 2006, the USA PATRIOT Act gives government agencies more power and authority in the face of threats posed in the wake of 9/11.
- The law allows for the indefinite detention of immigrants, for law enforcement agencies to search people's homes or places of business without a warrant or their permission, and gives the FBI permission to search telephone, e-mail, and financial records without a court order.
- Although controversial and often politically polarizing, the original USA PATRIOT Act passed with 98 votes in the U.S. Senate.



See *An Inside View of the Islamic World*, a photo exhibit put on by the MSA at [ethosmagonline.com](http://ethosmagonline.com)

Ultimately, Mayfield believes that his entire detention was a scam, and the FBI rushed to arrest him in order to divert attention away from the Abu Ghraib prison scandal during the 2004 election. "There are definitely some Muslims doing nefarious things, despicable things, but that's absolutely not everyone," he says. Mayfield placed his hand firmly on the table before him, like a door closing after a final statement. "This was an example of just what kind of mistake that can be. It's an erosion of civil liberties, the fourth amendment, and our rights to privacy." ☞

# No Child Left Behind

Destined for a life of military or monastic service, Myanmar's children strive to find their place in society



A young boy perches on the bow of his boat, using his leg to steer it along the clear waters of Inle Lake.

Located in Southeast Asia, bordering China, India, and Thailand, the Union of Myanmar, previously known as Burma, is a diverse nation torn by civil strife. Despite being rich in natural resources, Myanmar is one of the poorest countries in the world. The average annual income per family is around \$1,900, making education a privilege rather than a priority for those in dire economic straits. For many children born into poverty, entering the labor market at a young age offers families a means of survival.

Children are required to attend school up until the age of ten; from then on they are free to decide whether they want to continue their education. For many children, leaving school comes as a relief for their families. Parents struggling to make ends meet often choose to send their children into the workforce as a necessity. If a child continues their education through

high school, they are forced to pay student fees — causing an even greater financial strain. As a result, only about a third of the secondary school age population is enrolled in school.

Growing up, many Burmese children only have three options. Reaching secondary education is a shrinking prospect for kids in this poverty-ridden land. Along

## *Children who cannot afford school often choose to join the military or become monks*

with basic student fees, books, and the suggested uniform, many teachers require additional tutoring. Without this costly add-on, students find themselves falling behind the rest of their class. Therefore, many students are unable to afford an education and end up becoming monks or joining the military.

According to the Human Rights Watch, Myanmar's army has enlisted over 70,000

children under the age of eighteen, making the country home to the largest number of child soldiers in the world. However, the government has vehemently denied these allegations.

Finally, when a family cannot afford education and does not want their children in the military, they send them to learn at monasteries. In Buddhism, men are required to take up temporary monastic residence at least twice in their lives. Their first duty is between the ages of ten and twenty as a samanera (novice monk) and later, after the age of twenty, as a hpongyi (fully ordained monk). The 50,000 monasteries in Myanmar are home to around 500,000 monks. Monks are viewed as the country's reigning civil institution, since the majority of Burmese are strict followers of the Buddhist faith.

Left with meager options, the children of Myanmar are constantly overlooked in their own society, and forgotten by the rest of the world. —*Luis Ramirez*

# A Land Lost in Time

Architectural and natural wonders sprinkle Myanmar's landscape

The dusty streets of Yangon overwhelm the senses. The shaven-heads of monks in their saffron robes weave through throngs of men clad in longyis, the traditional sarong, and women with golden circles of tanaka dotting their cheeks, a tree-bark paste used for sun protection. Red splatters paint the sidewalk where betel nut chewers spit. The nut, packed with tobacco and lime in small banana leaves and tucked into cheeks, stain chewers' teeth a deep red. Rows of vendors line every street, hawking deep-fried foods, watches, empty CD cases, mountains of oranges, and bootleg DVDs. Those relaxing during the workday sip milky tea on green plastic stools next to sidewalk teashops. Restaurant stalls stoke their fires and the smells of food, oil, and dirt waft unapologetically through the air.

Myanmar's main tourist attractions spiral out from the Earth into ornate structures — the 4,000 temples of Bagan. Horse carts rumble through the maze of temple peaks dotting a dusty landscape that stretches for miles in each direction.

As the sun lowers behind the myriad temples, turning the sky deep shades of orange and red, young monks performing their regulatory monastic service offer fresh flowers to each monument's towering Buddha.

The country's dominant Buddhist faith is supplemented by belief in Nats: spirits that inhabit living and inanimate objects. The impish Nats demand constant appeasement, lest they inflict misfortune. Ancient trees cradle their limbs around ornate shrines for the spirits, dominating the sidewalks. Though Nats are now considered more a superstition, huge festivals called pwes are thrown annually in their honor. Celebration participants watch the main attraction in fascination — entranced professionals and unknowing audience members whose bodies are possessed by Nat spirits. Musicians pound out rhythms on their drums, while the feasting, drinking, and wild dancing whip the crowd into frenzied excitement.

A bumpy seven-hour bus ride east of Bagan sits another wonder of Myanmar: Inle Lake. The expansive body of crystal-

clear water hosts a dazzling border of colorful floating villages and monasteries. The lake's only disturbance comes from local fishermen practicing a unique method of rowing — tranquilly perched on the bow of their canoes, they balance themselves on one leg and wrap the other around the oar to steer. The boats dock at the marketplace to buy fruits or crafts from the brightly turbaned hill tribe women, and to lay offerings to Buddha at the top of a mountainous pagoda. —*Nina Strochlic*



Young monks holding their alms bowls take a morning stroll down the dusty roads of Bagan.

# Fighting for a Voice

Stifled by an oppressive government, Myanmar's people struggle to be heard

In a humble home in the city of Mandalay, three old men perform their nightly comedy routine for a small audience. Locals and tourists know the scrawny trio, the Moustache Brothers, for their political jests. However, to the government their jokes are no laughing matter.

The Moustache Brothers spent five

On a bustling street in Yangon, a girl displays her tanaka-smudged cheeks next to a stand selling betel nut.



years in prison after they sang and "joked about government cooperatives as thieves," according to Amnesty International. Banned from performing in public, tourists cram into their home for shows. Since their arrest, the brothers, though not related by blood, have been driven indoors; forbidden even from entertaining in traditional Burmese attire.

In Myanmar an oppressive military junta rules, and the brothers are just one of the groups strictly surveyed by the tyrannical regime. Politicians, entertainers, and common people alike endure unjust censorship and punishment. And despite recent plans for a 2010 general election — the first in twenty years — many doubt this will put an end to a history of political corruption.

"It's going to be a long time before they get democracy," says Tuong Vu, a University of Oregon professor specializing in Southeast Asian comparative politics. "The government is totally sinister."

Sinister may be an understatement. In the 1990 general election, the junta overthrew the victory of the National

League for Democracy and jailed political dissenters. *The Irrawaddy*, a newsmagazine founded by Burmese exiles living in Thailand, reported that there were over 2,000 political prisoners in 2009. Among those still imprisoned is elected Prime Minister Aung San Suu Kyi, who has been under house arrest since the election. "They have branded her as an agent of imperialism, and they tried to isolate her from her supporters," Vu says.

Others fear more serious consequences. For the Karen people, Myanmar's largest ethnic minority, death lingers around their ongoing struggle for autonomy — the longest running insurgency in the world. As a result of constant civil war, mines pepper their territory. For over sixty years, the Karen National Liberation Army has been embroiled in a bloody battle with the government-allied Democratic Karen Buddhist Army. Tens of thousands have fled as a result of the turmoil. In the Thai border town of Mae Sot, forlorn migrants, mostly Karen, find the shantytowns around the landfill to be a safer home than the ones the left behind. —*Jenny Kane*



looking for **love**  
in all the right  
**places**

Finding the right person is like putting a puzzle together upside down. Many pieces look as if they will fit at first, but may ultimately prove ill-matched with the surrounding edges. Once in a while, a spontaneous, chanced guess falls into place. Although unclear, ambiguous, and perhaps frustrating, the challenge is exciting, the goal remains clear, and the delight in success is strong. Across the globe, single teens and young adults find similar outlets for the desire of love, but with a mixture of traditional customs, new ideas, and opportunities. Assumptions and expectations differ strongly from those in the United States, but the desires and outcomes often find worldwide similitude. For young people around the world, now is the time to test boundaries and stretch limits, in the hopes of finding what we all seek: love.



Standing in line at the grocery store check out, a couple in their mid-twenties hold hands. This scene is not uncommon for most, as holding hands is a common, if not universal sign of affection throughout much of the world. And in Europe, physical displays of attraction are barely given a second thought. In some cases, especially in metropolitan areas and red light districts, sex as an industry flourishes without the stigma received in other parts of the world. This open-minded view of sexuality has shaped the way Europeans approach relationships.

Johanna Mattay's sunny disposition matches the vibrant yellow and orange walls of Café Roma as she sips a latte. Mattay, an exchange student from Germany, notes, "in general, Germans are more reserved." People go out in groups of friends, she says, adding that meeting people is more coincidental. When people are interested in each other, it's common to smile while catching the gaze of another. "Often girls will approach boys," Mattay adds coyly, twirling a blonde curl between her fingers. But approaching someone in Germany is much different. "It's not so obvious," Mattay says. "People don't say, 'Hey, want to come over to my house tonight?'" In Germany, it starts with a handshake and slowly progresses into more.

However in Italy, when two people become acquainted or are in the early stages of their relationship, a single kiss on each cheek is quite customary. This practice is very common, even between couples who have been together for a long time. "A kiss on each cheek "is very Italian - it's more of a term of endearment than affection," says Taryn Hull, a University of Oregon student currently studying abroad Italy. The equivalent of a handshake, this 'intimate greeting,' also reflects how Italians approach dating.

"Italian men are braver at approaching women than American men are ... if you even smile at a man, chances are he'll approach you," Hull says. And while many Italians, like Americans, view dating as casual flings, traditional ideals of finding the right person are still deeply engrained. One of

Hull's Italian professors explained this concept well, saying, "It is very easy to pick up an Italian man and very difficult to get rid of him."

University of Oregon graduate student Bryce Peake has spent time conducting research in southern European nightclubs and says, "it's all based on the Mediterranean schedule: people get up around ten, eat lunch around one, then take a nap. Things start to open back up around four or five - [they] don't eat dinner until ten or eleven. With dinner [they] can have a couple glasses of wine, and that's when the dating would happen."

Carol Silverman, an anthropology professor at the University of Oregon, who has lived in various European countries over the years, attributes the surge of casual daters to the rising number of people who consciously choose to postpone marriage. "Marriage isn't really seen as a goal to have children and have a long-term relationship. Marriage rates have actually gone down in the past twenty years."

Besides the trend to marry late, Silverman notes how new ideas of sexual liberation have prompted the increase in casual liaisons.

"Dating is almost considered an ethnocentric category. In the majority of populations, it's harder and harder [for people] to even have [their] own apartment." Throughout Europe, men are living at home longer, sometimes until the age of forty, for financial support during tough economic times.

Like Americans, Europeans often cruise the mall, scope out bars, and hang around coffee shops in search of potential dates. But in some European countries, "hooking up" has become a more frequented past time, in clubs and in pubs. "Sexuality has become more open-ended, for example, the statistics show more women are having children out of wedlock and that marriage isn't necessarily the required transition point to having children," Silverman says, sinking into a chair behind her wooden desk.

It is important to realize that in traditional cultures, "there is no such thing as dating," Silverman says. Yet the mentality regarding dating has changed over the past twenty years, and today parallels what is commonly found in the United States.

Perhaps the constant flux of tourism has resulted in some of the similarities the dating scene in Europe shares with the United States, or perhaps humans are just similar creatures, who, despite being separated by bodies of water, religion, language, and culture, will forever be searching for companionship. —*Kassandra Easley*

## Middle East

A young man saunters home after work with an intensified step. The daily monotony had become charged with interest after his first sideways glance at the new girl sitting across from him a couple months ago. Today, he has decided to reveal his feelings to his parents, and will ask if they can set up a meeting with her family.



This circumstance is not uncommon in many Middle Eastern countries today. Diane Baxter, an anthropologist at the University of Oregon, studies and spends her travel time with Palestinians. She says with love interests, "parents often get involved. Marriages are traditionally arranged, and still, the concept of dating is pretty foreign."

Because of customs that date back generations, dating has less relevance than in the United States.

Awab Alrawe, the rain curling his short black hair, looks out behind large eyes with surprising confidence considering his arrival to the University of Oregon from Iraq only four

months ago. Alrawe says most relationships happen during college. Baxter added since there are more women in the workplace, relationships can be sparked during coffee breaks or lunch outings. Although firm societal rules exist, they may provide structure to prevent long-term damage. "I look at it

**"Because of the restrictions, people tend to do bad things, secretly."**

as a good thing because young people make mistakes," Alrawe says. Marriage in the Middle East is considered a contract, one that is personally formatted and deeply discussed before the ceremony takes place. Baxter says that the argument of many Middle Easterners includes the question, "How can you leave the most important decision in life to two young people whose hormones are raging?"

In the past few years however, dating practices in the Middle East have begun to shift. Physical affection, such as holding hands, kissing, or even just a touch on the shoulder or back, which in public is usually seen as strange, has become accepted in certain environments. "Because of the restrictions, people tend to do bad things, secretly," Alrawe remarks. "So having a relationship for example, when you're under eighteen, is not culturally acceptable, but it still happens a lot. They just hide it, which is unhealthy I think."

The transition between tradition and modernity doesn't happen all at once. Baxter has witnessed many interesting combinations and diverse scenarios. One example is called *Halal* dating in the United States. Halal means permitted, and describes a way to transfer traditional guidelines into a new context. Middle Eastern singles involved in Halal dating compromise between the Islamic rule of no dating before marriage and a practical way to find a compatible spouse. This





kind of pursuit, similar to speed dating, allows for those with similar beliefs and backgrounds to get to know each other in a social environment, without any preconceived expectations about physical relations.

Another example of the transfusion of old and new has come about because of the Internet. Online conversations allow friendships to develop and serve as a way to share feelings and thoughts that wouldn't fit into a social gathering with many other people. Although also used in the U.S., online dating is especially prevalent in the Middle East because of the limits of face-to-face social interaction.

Alrawe says that purpose of dating is, "To get to know the other person better. For me it's like steps: you meet the person, you go on dates, you get into a relationship, you see that this is really the right person for you, and then you get married. You make a commitment to all people and yourself that you're committed to that person forever." Just as in any other nation, the struggle continues for a balance of practical matters and desired happiness, a difference echoed in the relationship of parent versus child. Despite conflict, disagreement, or change, all face a daunting but thrilling task when it comes to relationships. Those in the Middle East are no different.

—*Kourtney Hannaway*

## Asia

Some simple advice: Don't neck in public in an Asian country. You can stroll through the streets with your sweetheart holding hands. You can even hug your partner for a short time in public, but it should not continue for too long. For in Asia, dating is different.

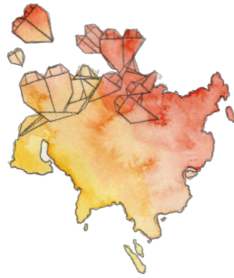
Compared to Western countries such as the United States, many Asian people still uphold conservative ideals of courtship. Thus, immodest expressions of love are considered shameful, even outrageous in their respective countries and cultures.

In South Korea, guys generally ask girls on a date. Girls asking guys or going "halves" on the check would be considered faux pas. And in terms of who gets to call whom for a second date, guys always call the shots. At the end of a date, the guy will ask for his date's phone number, and if he wishes to see her again, he might call her every day. According to Han Keul Kim, a student from South Korea, this is how relationships typically begin in Korea.

Like dating, marriage is also contingent on one party: the parents. The parents of the girl possess the power to decide if the couple will marry. Even if a couple loves each other and wishes to marry, if a girl's parents say *no* their wish may never come true due to strict parental influence, Kim says.

Similarly, in China, guys usually approach the girls. In elementary school, a boy might try to sit closer to a certain girl in order to get to know her better. In middle and high school, some boys may write letters asking a girl out. If the girl does not feel like spending time with the boy alone, it is not considered rude or strange to bring her friends along.

It is common for people, no matter what country they live in, to marry their sweethearts. And why not? It makes sense for people to end up with someone they have known and loved for a long time. However, in many Asian cultures, the sorrow of parting



might be sooner than expected for even the most devout couples.

Crystal Zhao, an international student from China, says that some couples break up after college. The reason for this is that both the boy and girl may end up with different kinds of jobs, so they may travel to different places. It's "so sad," she adds softly.

Japan may be the strictest country in terms of social rules that dictate public affection. Momoko Okudaira and Chika Onoshima, students from Japan, agree that it is not good idea for couples to hug and kiss in public. "In general, people care more about what people around them think about than what they want to do in public," Okudaira says. Both explain that these activities should be confined to private situations. Those who break the societal norms are likely to receive unfriendly looks.

On the contrary, casual encounters have become more common in Japan through services like blind-date parties. Intended to help ease the process of searching for possible spouses, blind-date parties match up groups of men and women. "In this party, men and women, usually three-to-four each, arrange to meet and hang out," Okudaira says, explaining that these set-ups usually occur between strangers who are looking for a date. Typically, the men and women will go to a bar and introduce themselves over drinks and dinner. In the process of getting familiar with each other, the men are required to show enthusiasm and interest to a certain woman. But when this doesn't happen, the women may soon get bored and no one will talk, leading to an uncomfortable situation. Also, if the men don't pick up the tab at the end of the night, the women may become disappointed. "At the end of the party, a man will ask a woman for her phone number to meet her personally next time," Okudaira says.

Cultural and social rules make dating customs in Asia different from that of Western countries, creating a drastically different environment for finding love. —*Seiga Ohtani*

LIBERTY TRADING POST

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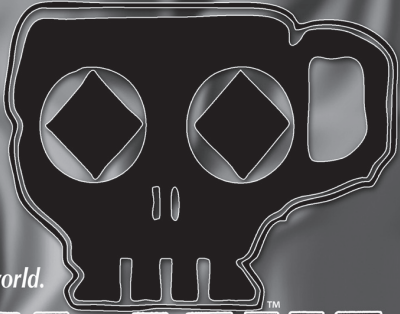
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# NOT YOUR AVERAGE JOE

Joe embarks on his  
unhinged fire-juggling  
skateboard-wielding  
harmonica-playing  
freestyle-rapping  
comic-creating  
cross-country  
adventure

STORY VICTORIA DAVILA  
ILLUSTRATION PAUL RAGLIONE

Joe knows. While many students are worrying about the real world with graduation looming in the nearby distance, Joe knows. Joe never had a set-in-stone plan like what many others grasp at, but rather, a blurry watercolor vision of the future that he just knows. And it doesn't bother him. He skates knowing he might fall. He juggles with fire at the risk he might get burned. He travels the country looking forward to sketchy situations that might arise. He knows without knowing. He's just Joe, a humble guy with a sweet smile and a big grin ready for the world to take notice.

Although he is anything but average, the twenty-something soul searcher Joe Penner is known around the Eugene hip-hop scene as AVGJOE. As a University of Oregon anthropology and philosophy student, Joe worked with Eugene-based music group Critical Masters of the Universe and made connections with various local DJs and musicians from around the Northwest.

That was the past.

After graduating in spring 2009 and spending the summer in Belize and Guatemala with family, Joe is now on track in his station wagon on a ten-month road trip that can only be described as "creatively coat[ing] the countrywide canvas" on a mission for self-reinvention: to become the Postmodern Comic.

Few people know who they are or who they want to be. But Joe does. And right now, he is transitioning from who he's been to who he is becoming.

Joe knows that as a budding artist he is a small fish in a big pond to corporate eyes. But he's looking to make a splash. He looks at his MC name as a challenge and says, "I've got to break that image of myself as someone who is just trying to rap, which is where the Postmodern Comic comes in."

Currently, Joe describes himself as a combination of AVGJOE and the Postmodern Comic. He knows he's "just another kid from Oregon," but he's also trying to do something innovative by bringing his art to the streets of America in ways that have never been thought of before.



Postmoderncomic.com is the home base of the project where Joe is documenting the world around him as often as he has access to a wireless signal and a moment to spare. Putting all his talents together, Joe embodies creativity. He is a “lighthearted spark plug of creative energy,” college friend Ko Tanahashi says.

“Art for me in general is about exploring and manipulating reality,” Joe says. Comics, poetry, videos, music, pictures, and more are added to the site weekly, if not daily.

“I want to come back with something so I can say ‘this is what I did, here it is.’ It’s more than just a blog ... it’s something in and of itself,” Joe explains. He even plans on superimposing his comics and music in innovative ways that give “the view of a schizophrenic mind.”

“After going to school for so long and putting energy into all these things I was interested in but weren’t really working on me, I was really excited to put all of that energy into my creativity and expression,” Joe says.

Joe headed out from Eugene in December with one final destination: “Black Rock City,” aka Black Rock Desert, Nevada, to

## “Art for me in general is about exploring and manipulating reality.”

attend the annual Burning Man music festival, a temporary city of tents and stages put up to worship art and music known for changing people’s lives.

Joe has always been confident about his trip. “We will manifest a creative and fun path, accomplishing what we have set out to do even if I cannot accurately describe what that is.” He knows without knowing. He rocks and rhymes with a something-special swagger, but without the “I’m-better-than-you” attitude many MCs acquire.

“Right now there’s a lot pieces and it’s just a process of putting them all together,” Joe said before leaving on his trip.

Now, steering wheel in hand, Joe is on what some have called “a creative cross-country crusade,” Ko says.



Joe prepares for a themed party his first night in San Marcos, Texas. Party on, Joe.

“I’m your host, Average Joe,” Joe says to the camera on day one of his trip from behind his thinly framed glasses. A slight scruff is already on his face, a look he has been perfecting over the years.

“I don’t really have an exact idea of the finished product, but that’s kind of also part of it – going on the road to find it, to make it happen, to put all the pieces together,” Joe says between a series of um’s and surprisingly un-awkward pauses.

“When we lived in the dorms Joe always had his stuff [music and art] that he did,” Ko comments, “but I never knew that he was as serious about it as he was until now.”

Money’s not a problem for the journey – Joe worked hard for many months to beef up his savings – but aside from gathering as much Northwest music as possible to share across the continent, Joe had a daunting list of prerequisites: Juggling supplies, fire torches, a music stand, and a swank briefcase were all necessary components for a trip like this.

But what the list lacked was a travel companion. As Joe explains, “the trip is its own entity. This is its own thing. I’m in control of it, but I’m not.”

And so, at his first official stop in Redding, California, to visit Brittini Zacher, a friend and fellow “Burner,” as the Burning Man attendees are warmly called, the trip began to take on a life of its own. Brittini is now Joe’s traveling companion, his *Sancho Panza* if you will.

### Average Joe’s Timeline of Events:

September 2009:	The packing and planning process begins.
December 29, 2009:	Joe stays in Redding, California with his friend Brittini Zacher.
December 31, 2010:	Joe takes a trip into the Redwoods in Willits, California.
January 9-16, 2010:	Joe and Brittini meet back up in west Oakland and start their journey together.
January 19-23, 2010:	Los Angeles, California. Attends official <i>couchsurfer.com</i> event called “Pancakes and Booze”
January 22, 2010:	Travels to Costa Mesa.
January 23, 2010:	Moves from LA to Victorville, California.
January 24, 2010:	Leaves for Phoenix, Arizona to stay with Joe’s aunt and uncle for two nights.
February 2, 2010:	Embarks on the 16-hour drive to San Marcos and then Austin, Texas.
February 4, 2010:	Attends themed birthday party in San Marcos, Texas.
February 5, 2010:	Superbowl in San Antonio, Texas.
February 7, 2010:	Fat Tuesday in New Orleans, Louisiana.
February 16, 2010:	Ultra, an electronic music festival in Miami.
August 28, 2010:	Trip culmination: Burning Man





Ecstatic about his travels, Joe leaps in front his Subaru Outback on the coast in San Luis Obispo, California.

"It just so happens that she's part of it. I could have said no, but the trip said yes that she's part of it," Joe says.

Many know the Kerouac and Cassady fantasies of hitting the endless miles of black tar with nothing but what's in the car, and a final destination point that makes the trip worth it. But unlike most people, Joe has turned that dream into a reality of proportions no one could have imagined.

It was during his summer travels that Joe had the realization. Travelers from all around the world crossed the same paths. Hula-hoopers, jugglers, and general street performers who all entertained and bartered their way from place to place demonstrated the possibility of such a trip.

I remember a lot of them telling me if you have three talents you can go anywhere," Joe recalls. So he is combining three talents into one outlandish street performance: juggling fire while playing his harmonica and skateboarding.

Juggling is the piece of the act Joe is least experienced in. He has been juggling for a year, and less so with fire. He started the harmonica in high school with the help of his father who handed a young Joe some harmonicas and said, "Find your blues." And although he has identified himself as a skateboarder since he was five years old, he jokes that he should be better at it with his years of experience.

Conan O'Brien fans got a sneak a peek at Joe practicing his fire juggling while in line for Conan's last show on January 22. The

**"When you become more in tune with reality coincidence is the rule not the exception."**

less-than-one-minute clip can be found on YouTube under "Fire juggler entertains Conan crowd."

Joe isn't alone in his love of fire either. Brittni joined his act with her Hula-hooping fire skills. "I believe good energy attracts good energy," he says.

Some of the good energy Joe has attracted in life includes astronomers, psychologists, rappers, disc jockeys, and other creative souls who have only begun to teach him numerous life lessons on his journey of self- and world-discovery.

A good friend with a PhD in psychology, and "self-proclaimed mystic" once told Joe, "When you become more in tune with reality, coincidence is the rule not the exception." Joe took this to mean that those little fortunate events that seem random or unplanned can to some extent be controlled or created.

Joe's venture as a postmodern comic is an example of a planned and unplanned process. Joe started making comics as a way to laugh about real-life situations, but the comic characters have now begun to take on a life of their own. Originally Joe's goal was to write one comic a day, and the hard part he says is making them funny.

"It's less creating their personalities than it is discovering them," says Joe.

Wherever the roads take Joe and Brittni, meeting people is an indispensable part of their trip.

Brittni agrees. "It's refreshing to know that there are people that are just so caring and sharing even if they don't have a lot. Whatever they do have they share with you and that's a unique quality that I think a lot of people don't have anymore."

Joe wants to go deeper than the niceties on the surface and interview people from around the U.S. and see what this country really means to them. He believes something needs to change in the world and part of his mission is to figure out what others think about the future of a possible paradigm shift.

"I want to find the future. I really want to find where this future that I feel a lot of people envision, meets the present," Joe says.

When asked what he would do if no solid career manifests from the madness, Joe replies, "There's always plan C: go back to the parents' house and save money until you can go on more adventures." But with his trademark Joe-knows confidence, he adds, "Just so *you* know, it won't come down to that." ☹

Editor's note: His quest for answers and the future continues and can be followed online at [Postmoderncomic.com](http://Postmoderncomic.com).

## COMMON REASONS for BREAK-UPS

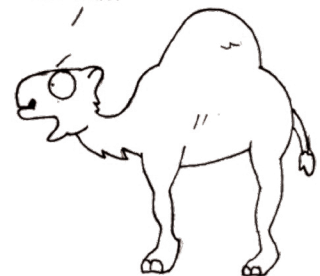
I just don't think  
the timings right



...and your always out  
drinking!



Hey, that's just plain  
not true!



ABOVE AND LEFT: Original Joe Penner cartoons



# A WAKING TERROR

The only thing worse than a nightmare is waking up paralyzed.

STORY **NINA STROCHLIC**  
ILLUSTRATIONS **PAUL RAGLIONE**  
PHOTO **BLAKE HAMILTON**

**I**t takes a moment for realization to dawn and terror to set in. Awoken with a start in the middle of the night and aware of her conscious state, the heavy pressure weighing on Kansas Keeton's chest is inexplicable. A dark presence moves menacingly just beyond her range of vision, though she can tell it's nearing the bed and certain it's right next to her. As soon as she tries to cry out for help, she discovers it's become completely impossible to move or speak; her body is paralyzed. Her lungs constrict as the crushing weight grows heavier, pushing out all remaining oxygen. Her mind races with fear, but her body remains immobile. A few

minutes later all unusual sensations have vanished, leaving her to wonder if she just survived an encounter with the supernatural.

For many, the series of events described sound like they could be drawn from a scene in a just horror film, but for University of Oregon sophomore Kansas Keeton, this is a weekly occurrence. Since her senior year in high school Keeton has suffered from sleep paralysis, a sleep disorder shrouded in mystery and laden with culture-specific beliefs ranging from witch attacks to vengeful hauntings.

Scientists and researchers have been investigating the causes

and cures for sleep paralysis in the past thirty years and have begun assembling a conclusive explanation. Sleep paralysis occurs during a hypnagogic state — a gray area straddling sleep and consciousness — while the sleeper is susceptible to hallucinations. During the deepest period of sleep, the rapid eye movement or REM cycle, the brain emits signals stopping the body from enacting dreams being played out in the sleeper's mind. So, while the legs may still race, the mind is still absorbed in a dream. When sleep paralysis victims inexplicably wake up during this stage they are horrified to find their bodies virtually paralyzed. During sleep paralysis the mind and body do not transition properly between being fully awake and REM sleep; if the sleeper abruptly wakes up from their REM cycle or enters into it while awake, the result is a conscious mind struggling to move in an immobile body still stuck in the sleeping state.

Overall, sleep paralysis is an explainable phenomenon. "The hypnagogic experiences are remarkably consistent with what we know about the underlying neurophysiology of REM states," says Dr. Allan Cheyne, former chair of the Department of Psychology at the University of Waterloo, Canada.

Researchers have categorized the most commonly experienced sleep paralyzes into a three-pronged model. All of which include immobility. The first called "The Intruder," referring to visual and auditory hallucinations and the fearful sensation of a nearby presence. According to Dr. Cheyne, these feelings of intense terror are triggered by the activation of fear centers in the brain, which is a known characteristic of REM sleep. The next experience is called "The Incubus," where the sufferers feel a heavy weight on their chest and has difficulty breathing — attributed to the paralysis of muscles controlling voluntary breathing. Fortunately automatic breathing remains regular. The last and least common, called "Unusual Bodily Experiences," is when the sleeper has an out-of-body experience, including floating or flying sensations. This version

experiences in North America."

In South Korean society, beliefs about sleep paralysis, called "*gawee nulim*," are pervasive. When the topic came up in her psychology class, junior Hailey Im was surprised to discover how few Americans knew what the condition was, compared to her native South Korea. Belief in ghosts is an ingrained aspect of many Asian cultures and often infiltrates into the explanations behind sleep paralysis. "A lot of people see a ghost and they think it's that ghost hunting them down," Im says. Korean student Hannah Yoon expatiates further on these beliefs. "Asians believe in spirits and ghosts and say the ghosts are sitting on them or that it's just spirits having fun," she says.

Those inflicted by sleep paralysis are often caught in a double-bind: too embarrassed of their unusual situation to ask for help from their family or doctor lest they be considered psychologically unstable, but afraid of the unknown assault they survived. These people struggle between what they know they saw and their rational belief in its probability. Keeton says she experiences sleep paralysis about once a week. At first, she had no idea what to make of her strange nighttime condition. "For a while I thought it must have been some spirit and I did think I was going a little insane," Keeton says. She remembers wondering, "Why is this happening to me?"

Dr. Cheyne, whose name is plastered on seemingly every research article on the subject, has used his years of research to craft a simple explanation for the phenomenon. "Susceptibility to sleep paralysis appears to be a relatively minor problem of the coordination of transitions between different physiological states. On one hand, the transition between waking and sleep, and on the other, the transition between REM and non-REM states," he says.

The hazy division between dreaming and sleeping at this point sometimes allows dream-like visions to infiltrate into the waking world. "I think we fill in the blanks with our deepest fears because we are in such a vulnerable state and come up with the



of sleep paralysis is often the basis of claims ranging from alien abductions to angelic visits and is caused by malfunctions in the area of the brain coordinating the body's orientation.

Surprisingly, sleep paralysis disorder well below the American mainstream radar and virtually unknown to anyone outside the fields of medicine or psychology. However, according to Dr. Cheyne about 25 percent of Americans report having experienced sleep paralysis at least once. In his research on sleep paralysis, Dr. Cheyne has collected more than 40,000 accounts from around the world and he believes reasons for the obscurity of this condition may be found in cultural stigma.

"The difference between traditional and industrialized cultures in knowing about these experiences is striking," Dr. Cheyne says. "Interestingly, in Japan [where forty percent report experiencing the condition], they do have a term for sleep paralysis, '*kanashibari*,' as they do in Newfoundland, 'the old hag.' In both these cultures, the reported incidents appear to be much higher [than] reported

most frightening scenario possible," Keeton says. Many sufferers report seeing hooded men, demons, or other threatening creatures lurking about their room — though hallucinations are not always incorporated into the experience.

While experiences as a whole vary case by case, the feeling of being watched or attacked by a demonic presence is omnipresent in sufferers' accounts. Buzzing noises that sound like talking, a heavy weight pressing on the chest, and shadowy movements are all common features of the attack described by those afflicted. For those who have experienced this nightmarish waking-state, a scientific theory may be hard to settle for. Instead, many classify the lucid event as a near-death or paranormal confrontation, turning the phenomenon into breeding grounds for legends and myths across the globe.

Chiedza Chikawa recalls her first encounter with the nightmarish experience. "I wake up, I want to move, but I can't

## LOVE IS ALL

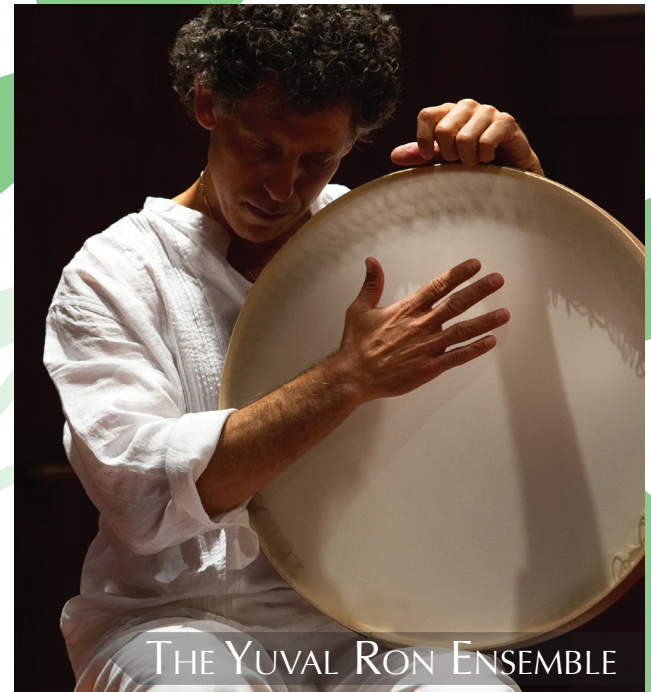


*Love Is All's* music is a mix of joy and anxiety, delivered in a manic post-punk style that owes a debt to classic indie bands while having its own particular character.

Thursday, April 15: 8:30 pm (doors at 7:30)  
WOW HALL - \$8

Middle Eastern music and dance including Sufi Muslim songs from Turkey, Jewish prayers, and Armenian chants. Led by Oscar winning composer Yuval Ron, the Ensemble has headlined the benefit concert for the Dalai Lama's initiative "Seeds of Compassion" promoting Compassion in Education, Business and Community.

Mystical Music of the Middle East  
Thursday, April 15th at 7:30 pm  
Beall Hall: \$15, Students \$7



THE YUVAL RON ENSEMBLE

## SEA BELL



For over 40 years, the Cultural Forum has produced an annual, free music festival. This year's WVMF will be on campus and will host a showcase of the latest Portland talent sponsored by PDX Pop Now!, an advocacy group for all-ages music in Portland. Four bands will grace the afternoon stage started by indie outfit *Wampire* and highlighted with a reunion performance from *The Joggers*.

*Ethos Magazine's* Bandest of the Bands winner *Sea Bell* will be one of the evening headliners! More info coming soon:  
[musicfest.uoregon.edu](http://musicfest.uoregon.edu)

Willamette Valley Music Fest  
Saturday, May 8 - EMU  
Noon - 2 am  
FREE



move," she says. "I felt like something was holding me down, I opened my eyes and tried to yell to my sister, but I couldn't even say anything." While Chikawa is unsure what the experience was triggered by, beliefs in her native Zimbabwe are definitive. "People from my country think it's an attack on your spirit; they believe it's black magic, and you could possibly die if you can't get out of it."

Senior Jason Moon, has had reoccurring encounters with

a modern ailment; in fact, a Chinese book on dreams dating back to 400 B.C. explains the experience of similar occurrences. Later, in the second century, another reference is made to sleep paralysis when Greek physician Galen attributed it to indigestion and gastric problems. Recent historical events may also have a basis in this phenomenon. Some theorists believe that accusers in the Salem witch trials were afflicted with sleep paralysis, and their claims of being sat upon and suffocated in a nighttime assault



this terrifying disorder, but none as memorable as his first. "My sensation was that I could just barely open my eyes by forcing them, and I could see my dorm-room ceiling," he says. "I felt awake; however, I could not move — my body was completely rigid. I was trying to yell at my roommate to wake me up but I think I was barely able to squeak out a gurgling noise." Moon watched, paralyzed, as a small geometric shape rotated above his head. "It was a scary sensation; I really wanted it to be over as soon as it started."

A popular interpretation leads the condition to be labeled "Old Hag Syndrome" in parts of the world. The name stems from British and North American folktales that attribute the disorder to an ancient, malicious woman who sits on top of sleepers and sends them nightmares or tries to suffocate them. In Newfoundland, Canada, a widespread belief is that someone with evil intentions can send the hag to inflict others. Other cultures use similar analyses to explain the weight they feel — their unique nuances in interpretation lend insight into embedded cultural norms, beliefs, and superstitions.

"I can definitely see why some people would consider this supernatural," Moon says. "It was not only a very bizarre, conscious hallucination, but it was accompanied by this indescribable feeling of dread and panic."

Sleep paralysis is far from being

by witches can be blamed on the symptoms of this disorder. The etymology of the word "nightmare" also shows the historical pervasiveness of sleep paralysis. By the 19th century, the word simply meant a bad dream, but in 1300, "nightmare" referred to an evil female spirit suffocating victims in their sleep — a figure almost certainly inspired by the experience of sleep paralysis.

Some studies attribute sleep paralysis to narcolepsy, unhealthy sleeping habits, or those prone to panic attacks; however, they also note that it seems just as likely to occur to an average, healthy person. Surveys of those afflicted have found that sleeping on your back or sudden changes in sleep schedule may be linked to this experience as well. Lisa DeJongh, a sleep technologist at the Eugene Sleep Disorders Center, believes it correlates with workload. "Usually, paralysis doesn't happen on a regular basis. It tends to happen during stressful times and generally more with college and high school kids," she says.

People suffering from childhood trauma or post-traumatic stress disorder may also be more likely to experience sleep paralysis, especially in areas afflicted by recent wars. Survivors of Cambodia's brutal Khmer Rouge regime have linked their experiences with sleep paralysis to beliefs that the ghosts of murdered family and friends are returning to assure they have not been forgotten. As many as 50 percent of Cambodian refugees cite experiencing sleep paralysis and many attribute their nighttime assaults to hauntings by angry spirits.

Remedies for sleep paralysis prevail in folklore around the globe. For some, wiggling a finger will gradually bring mobility to the rest of the body. "The first thing I try to do is move my finger. I can't explain why, but I focus on my finger and sometimes it works," says Jae Lee, a junior from South Korea. Moon was able to snap back into consciousness once his roommate said his name. Others find refuge in their faith. "When I told my dad about it, he told me to burn incense and pray. I find that prayer really helps me when it's happening," Chikawa says.

Back in her pitch-black bedroom, Kansas Keeton has regained full control of her body, but she's less than reassured. She knows any relief may be short lived because she could wake up to that terrified feeling over and over again in one night. After three years, Keeton knows what to expect from sleep paralysis, but this does little to quell her fears. "When it becomes more frequent I dread going to sleep," she sighs. "Your brain is saying 'wake up, just move' and you can't." ◉



# EMBRACING THE ELEMENTS:

STORY CAMILLE RASMUSSEN

**B**ehind every gentle breeze and hair-wrecking gust of wind lies one key element so transparent that it is seldom thought of while it flows above the heads of billions, lifting the wings of soaring birds and carrying pollens, pollutants, and voices along with it. Air's strength can be harnessed to produce energy or to propel windsurfers across a body of water. But air isn't always respected for the force it holds. Each year, industrial factories around the world release an army of pollutants, which are harmful for humans to breathe and nature to survive. As the second of four elements featured in *Ethos*, air is a shared resource that inadvertently connects the world together.

## Pollution

Linfen, China, is probably the last place on Earth anyone hoping for a breath of fresh air would choose to visit. A short walk through this soot-filled city, which is enclosed in a thick, black cloud of smog, could leave your lungs so raw and achy that standing in a room packed full of cigarette fiends lighting up would have greater appeal. Linfen, located in the Shanxi province, is overflowing with dirty coal-burning plants, steel and iron mills, and a plethora of particulate emissions continuously churning out of their smokestacks. Air pollution in China causes more premature deaths than in other any nation in the world. Between 350,000 and 400,000 people die each year from China's heavily polluted skies, the World Bank reports.

Linfen is surrounded by over a dozen other heavily polluted cities in China, including Beijing. James Crosby, who lived in Beijing for ten months on an exchange program,

says of the air quality there that, "some days you can't see thirty feet in front of you." During his stay in Beijing, Crosby experienced a variety of negative physical effects from the dense pollution. And it's no wonder why Forbes' top ten most polluted cities in the world are located all in China, seeing as 258,000 megatons of coal were consumed here in 2007. "I tried to play basketball my first month there, and I started coughing up blood," Crosby recalls. He also noticed the mucus he was coughing up was a distinctive black color. During the spring, the combination of pollutants and sandstorms blowing in from Mongolia made for a miserable outdoor experience. "Your eyes will hurt. Your lungs will hurt. You can't ride a bike without dust flying into your eyes," Crosby says. "It's hard to walk."

Ronald Mitchell, a University of Oregon professor of political science whose research focuses on transboundary air



# Air

pollution and international environmental agreements, says in Beijing, pollution has become so appalling that “before the Olympics, they shut down some of the factories for a month.” This proves that with the right incentives, China has the ability to clean up its mess, Mitchell says confidently. Nonetheless, air pollution regulations do not always work quickly or equally. Some make real progress while others fall short of expectations.

However, China is currently devoting a lot of resources to cleaning up its skies by reducing emissions, increasing the use of renewable energies, and conserving energy. According to the Global Wind Energy Council, China increased its energy production from wind by ninety-one percent between 2007 and 2008. Moreover, on December 28, 2009, China created an Environment Industry Fund in Beijing, which will raise 2 billion yuan (roughly 292,714,000 USD) in its first phase,

according to eBeijing, the official website of the Beijing government. The fund will then be used to promote cleaner air in many cities around the country.

The most perplexing problem with air pollution is its inability to be contained to the region producing it. Unlike some other natural resources that can be closed off and guarded in mostly human-free, protected wilderness areas, air is a communal resource that cannot be prevented from flowing freely and traveling around the world with a suitcase packed full of pollution. Toxic sulfur dioxide, carbon monoxide, and particulate matter that spew incessantly out of coal plants’ smokestacks in Great Britain will undoubtedly make their way to Scandinavia because of consistent wind patterns. “We can’t fence off air. We can’t prevent people from dumping into it. We can’t make them pay for dumping in it,” Mitchell says.

## Power

In stark contrast with the dark, looming clouds of pollutants in Linfen and Beijing, 4,500 miles away is Copenhagen, Denmark, home to some of the cleanest skies in the world. Denmark uses a large proportion of wind energy as opposed to traditional energy sources such as coal and oil to fuel much of the nation's electrical and industrial needs. Here, vast wind turbines can be seen stretching across long lines, pumping their sturdy arms around and around in a circular motion, resembling the continual turning of a Ferris wheel. Wind farms cover vast areas of offshore locations, where wind levels are higher than they are further inland. One of the largest offshore wind farms is Middelgrunden, located in the Oresund waterway, which is only a few miles east of Copenhagen.

Denmark's leading role in utilizing wind energy stems from the country's history involvement with alternative energies. Denmark was at the forefront of the wind energy initiative that emerged shortly after the world oil crisis in the 1970s. Vestas, a wind turbine manufacturer that originated in Denmark, was one

“These are clean, reliable, and very efficient energy sources that allow folks to develop and consume energy locally,”

of the first businesses to jump on the wind energy bandwagon and has since expanded its market to 63 nations around the world. Andrew Longeteig, the communications specialist for the Portland, Oregon branch of Vestas, says Denmark has the highest percent of electricity — nearly 20% — coming from wind energy. In comparison to the U.S., which derives less than two percent of its energy from wind, Denmark is a wind energy powerhouse. Several other Western European nations, including Spain, Germany, and Ireland, are also among the top users of wind energy.

John Audley, the deputy director of the Renewable Northwest Project in Portland, explains that there are numerous benefits of wind energy. One of these benefits is the economic investment money that wind farm projects bring to communities, he says. “These are clean, reliable, and very efficient energy sources that allow folks to develop and consume energy locally,” Audley says.

In the U.S., the focus of wind energy companies like Vestas is mostly on large-scale wind farms. In Denmark, however, it is not uncommon for small areas of land to hold only three or four wind turbines, compared to the 300 to 400 turbines found in larger farms such as the ones located in the Columbia River Gorge. Denmark's focus on smaller wind farms is due to the modest size of the country, with a population of only five million people.

Owners of small Danish farms can buy a few turbines and place them on their property. In exchange for housing turbines on their land, farm owners receive payments from the government as well as the income they make by selling the energy produced by the turbines back to the grid.

“A lot of farmers are getting payments to have turbines on their land,” Longeteig says. In smaller towns, farming has not been as lucrative, and a lot of people are hurting. Longeteig says hosting turbines on their property is providing jobs and promoting economic activity. However, he says with resolve, “Wind is not going to solve all the problems, but we think we're a pretty important part of the answer.”



PHOTO COURTESY TED HÖRBERG PIHL



PHOTO COURTESY BERT VAN DIJK

“Your eyes will hurt. Your lungs will hurt. You can't ride a bike without dust flying into your eyes,” Crosby says. “It's hard to walk.”

## Recreation

Air isn't just used, or misused, for energy production. Global wind patterns create numerous pockets around the world where wind activities, such as windsurfing, sailing, and kite flying, can be practiced with great success.

For Chris Moe, the business manager of Northwave Custom Sails in Hood River, Oregon, Maui is his most beloved windsurfing destination. "The water is always tropical blue, they get fairly consistent wind, and they get a wake," Moe says. In Maui, windsurfers relish the perfect weather, gorgeous scenery, and warm water. "It's just beautiful, almost heavenly," he notes nostalgically. The island is also a remarkable place for Moe's favorite type of windsurfing – wave surfing, which is windsurfing on an ocean's breaking waves. The season for good windsurfing lasts for nine months in Hawaii, which is much longer than the four-month seasons in areas like Hood River.

Moe describes windsurfing as a sense of freedom. "It's just you and the wind. There's no motor. There's nobody else. It's just you scooting across the top of the water with nothing but the wind on your back," Moe says.

But wind riding isn't always about relaxation. High-wind areas, such as Hood River, make for a thrilling, high-adrenaline experience for riders. Steve Gates, the president and general manager of Big Winds windsurfing shop in Hood River says, "Windsurfing provides a great exhilaration of speed on the water. Whether you're in a boat, windsurfing, or sailing, it just feels great to go fast over water."

The thrill of windsurfing in Hood River is in part due to this area's distinct wind patterns. The wind blows in the opposite direction of the water's current, and this creates a huge swell in the river. Gates says some areas even get swells up to eight-feet tall on windy days, which are great for huge jumps.

For Moe, the casual windsurfer-meets-businessman, windsurfing is a unique activity because it's an individualist sport; there's no team, and unless you're one of the few people who compete, it's not a competitive sport. While other people are always nearby on the water, windsurfing doesn't require you to engage with them. "It's the great escape. It takes your mind off anything else you might be thinking about that day," Moe says.

While not every windsurfing enthusiast participates in windsurfing competitions, they are appealing to those who want to put their skills to the test. The Gorge Pro Am, which takes place every summer in Hood River, draws professional and amateur windsurfers from around the world. In racing competitions, contestants have six minutes to gain speed before crossing the starting line. Windsurfers follow a course marked with buoys to guide them to the finish line. This process, which is referred to as a heat, is repeated ten times throughout the course of the day before a winner is declared.

"Windsurfing," Gates says, "is the purest form of sailing because you're standing on the board and holding the sail in your hands." And while windsurfers revel over their ability to harness the wind, ultimately the air decides. ☘

"Windsurfing provides a great exhilaration of speed on the water. Whether you're in a boat, windsurfing, or sailing, it just feels great to go fast over water."



TOP: Middelgrunden, a twenty-turbine wind farm located near Copenhagen, Denmark, is one of the world's largest wind farms. BOTTOM: The smothering clouds of smog in Linfen, China have led this city to be deemed the most polluted city in the world in a recent report by the Blacksmith Institute. RIGHT: A windsurfing enthusiast catches some serious air off the coast of Norderney, Germany, in the North Sea.



PHOTO COURTESY TIM SCHULZ



# NEON

## NIGHTLIFE

*Ethos escapes into the subculture of raves*

STORY **KATY GEORGE** PHOTOS **ROCHELLE RIVA BARGO & DAVID MEHR**

**STEP ONE: GET IN A CAR AND DRIVE,** either for hours and hundreds of miles, or just across town. Gulp down an energy drink as you arrive at a sketchy building in the middle of nowhere. Wriggle yourself into fishnets and tiny shorts paired with a tank — clothes fit for dance floors made tropical from body heat. Feel the familiar tingle of anticipation as you climb out of the vehicle. It's a night to rave.

Step Two: Get in line. Wait twenty minutes in the cold to be given the briefest of once-overs by a short man with huge muscles. Skip inside where the music hits you hard, rocking you back on your heels. Grin hugely.

Step Three: Slip your way into the crowd. Hug friends, hug strangers. Faces appear like snapshots in the bursts of lights from the strobes overhead. Everything seems disjointed, more like Polaroid pictures than a seamless narrative. The beat sinks into your bones, taking over your body. Drink it in. Think you're close enough to the speakers? Go closer. Touch them. Place your palms flat on the mesh and feel your whole body vibrate. The lights flash, the crowd surges, all in unison. Glow sticks burn patterns in the air as they whirl. Watch the trails and dance. Don't stop. You will eventually feel tired. Push through it. Smile bigger. Hug harder. Love more.

The details may change, but the rhythm of a rave does not. In clubs, warehouses, forests, and city streets around the world, the electronic music sphere continues despite the fact that the media, so enamored with the scene in the late 90s, has moved on.

Basses pound, DJs spin, people dance, unseen by the rest of the world.

Dressed in jeans and a plain red hoodie, her blonde hair down, Zephyr hardly looks like the sort of girl you would expect to find at an all-night underground party. But to her, that's part of the fun. "The point of a rave is to release. Go crazy! Wear your underwear!" the Seattle-based raver or kandi kid exclaims. "You don't have to be who you are in real life."

Zephyr's friend and fellow Northwest partier Bionic Raver is a glowing example of the transforming nature of raving. "He's my hero," Zephyr gushes. He is well-known around the area for his incredible outfits, which consist of little more than pants and strands of blinking lights taped all over his six-foot-five frame. Such elaborate and eccentric costumes are ubiquitous in the rave scene. Raves with themes such as Toon'd In, Jinglebomb, and Rave to the Grave entice attendees to dress according to the premise, occasionally with discounts at the door for those in related get-ups.

The pile of clothing on her living room floor demonstrates vividly that Zephyr does not just admire such attire from afar. Short mesh tutus, brightly colored T-shirts, a faux fur coat in a shocking shade of pink — all are items she has worn to raves before. A backpack in the shape of a panda sits prominently on top. "People love the panda," she says, grinning. "They always want to touch it." Particularly, she adds slyly, when they're rolling, high on ecstasy.

But perhaps more indicative of Zephyr's passion for the scene is the mountain of pony bead bracelets and necklaces that covers the coffee table. Called *kandi*, these bracelets are passed through a "kandi kiss," a semi-ritualized exchange of bracelets. "You find someone with a lot of kandi on their wrists and you just say, 'Hey! Let's trade!'" Zephyr explains. The two people then hold hands, fingers intertwined, and slide the bracelets over one wrist and onto the other. Some kandi kids have hundreds of these bracelets and often wear as many as they can fit on their arms. The rest they cram onto belts and into backpacks. Some bracelets are "tradables" — kandi that can be passed along from person to person — while others the wearer keeps as a reminder of a time, place, person, or feeling.

Chaco, a good friend of Zephyr, calls the first piece of kandi you receive "sacred." "You feel like, 'Oh, I'm in the club!'" she says. But, she is quick to add, it's important to pass kandi on. "It keeps the tradition moving. It all goes full circle."

Zephyr agrees whole-heartedly. "Sometimes when you ask people if they want to trade, they just go, 'Oh, I don't have any tradeables.' And that's lame." After all, the central tenet of kandi kid culture is kindness to others. A gleeful, childlike outlook defines the persona. Hugs are common. Smiles are required. The dancing is enthusiastic and spontaneous. Even the style of dress is geared towards making people happy. Kandi kids often wear shirts featuring cartoon characters and neon colors. Many of them carry backpacks like Zephyr's panda, filled to the brim with supplies such as water bottles, toys, gum, lollipops, and other actual candy, as well as the kind made from pony beads. Sometimes there is even a pacifier or two to use as a guard against teeth grinding, a common side effect of ecstasy.

But far more important than the outward appearance of a kandi kid is the motto of all ravers: PLUR, which stands for peace, love, unity, and respect. While some ravers say the acronym is passé, the four letters are universal in the kandi kid scene.

"It comes down to one being," says Kaleb, a member of a local four-man production team LoveFamily. Young and heavily pierced, he speaks about raving with a certain enthusiastic urgency. His foot bounces constantly to a beat only he can hear and he leans forward, inclining his body into the conversation. "You go [to a rave] with a peaceful vibe, a peaceful mindset. You go there with a love and an intention to get to know everybody there."

Zephyr says the concept of PLUR is more than just what the letters stand for. She likens the motto to the golden rule, just applied to rave culture. "It's like everybody's your family, and you should treat them as such," she explains. "If you see somebody who's not having a good time, don't let them stay like that. Do what you can to help them enjoy themselves."

It may come as a surprise for some to hear that there's more to raving than just loud music and ecstasy tablets. The stereotype of drug-fueled dance parties has dogged the scene for decades, causing many participants to abandon the title of "rave" in favor of less loaded names. Seldom do promoters use the word "rave" on flyers these days. In everyday conversation, many ravers use

## SMILE BIGGER. HUG HARDER. LOVE MORE

vague euphemisms such as event, gathering, party, or show. The community itself is often called the electronic music scene.

Not everyone has embraced the movement away from the drug-associated words. Pop, an L.A. raver, says the squeamishness over names stems from an attempt to make the scene sound less "sketchy." "The promoters are just trying to make it sound better," she says with a sigh. "You can't get so offended by the word rave or by the drug stereotype because it's true. The point of going to a rave is to let loose to music and that involves hallucinogens or ecstasy. The music is geared towards freeing yourself."

Zephyr is similarly forward about the presence of drugs on the scene. "You can't dance around the fact that there are drugs there," she says, "just like you can't dance around the fact that typically if you go to a frat party there's going to be alcohol there. It's inevitable."

MDMA, also called Molly, is pure ecstasy and is prevalent on the scene for a reason. The high ravers call rolling enhances the emotions many associate with a good party. "You fall in love when you're on E," Zephyr says. "Everybody is your best friend and they



PREVIOUS PAGE: Many dancers use glow sticks, letting the dubstep beats release their inhibitions. ABOVE: Happy Hardcore DJ Jimmi Cricket spins to the praises of a dedicated audience.



all feel the same way. So you're in a place with 300 people who are your best friends for that night."

Many common practices at raves stem from the omnipresence of the drug. Light shows are geared specifically to those who roll. The performer manipulates lights in time to the music as close to the viewer's face as possible, and the resulting trails are positively mesmerizing to anyone under the influence. Spike, an artist who recently exhibited his skills at Love 2010 in Seattle, says the moves take time to perfect. "I spend some time developing something new before I use it," he divulges. At that particular party, he showed off his own invention: glasses with small black lights taped to the side, which illuminate the highlighter marks he draws all over his own bare chest. Spike also carries a small fiber optic lamp, knit gloves with LED lights on the fingers, and glow sticks to create his shows. Despite light shows' roots in drug culture, the performances are guaranteed to leave any sober audience members slack-jawed.

Light shows are not the only aspect of raves that can be enjoyed without chemical enhancement. There are many who choose to attend parties completely sober. Organic ravers, as they are known, completely eschew mind-altering substances. The reasons are diverse, from a fear of side effects to a purist attitude toward the music. Many sober ravers say the music alone is enough to transport them to a heightened state.

Drugs or no, the true foundation of raving is the atmosphere at the show. A lot goes into the kind of feeling an event gives off, from the style of music to the lights, to the mindset of the

## DESPITE THE PRESENCE OF DRUGS ON THE SCENE, THERE ARE MANY WHO CHOOSE TO ATTEND PARTIES COMPLETELY SOBER

participants. "Raves are a forum for happiness. When you see hundreds of kids smiling on the dance floor, you know you've done your job," says Johnny Zane, a member of Eugene-based ThoughtShop Productions. Dreadlocked and kind-faced, Zane is committed to what he calls the vibrations of a show. He describes them as the invisible connections between DJ, promoter, and raver, both physical and emotional. The intent of the promoter is especially important to the quality of the ambiance. "It has to come from the heart," he says.

The atmosphere at Eugene raves has been especially praised. "The gatherings in Eugene have gone off more than in any other place I've ever seen," says Luke Wells, a Northwest-based DJ and producer who has spun all over the world. Sitting in a breakfast nook at his friend's house, a well-worn sweatshirt covering his thin frame, he exudes a calm authority on the local scene. "Eugene just has this loose vibe to it. A little more positive, a little friendlier. It's definitely known to have really good dance floors." Though the scene is smaller than, say, Portland, Wells says, the open-heartedness of Eugene ravers sets a great tone for gatherings. "[The events here] can be really beautiful. There are some production companies that are coming into their own. Two or three years ago, things here were really wonderful, but there's been kind of a lull. And now there's a renewed interest."

But, Wells adds, there have been issues with the prevalence of young ravers in the local community. It's a natural cycle, he explains, especially in a smaller scene that is less secretive than others. And with a new generation of production companies like LoveFamily and ThoughtShop garnering attention for the rave community, younger members are flocking to local events in droves. The change isn't inherently bad, but it can make it difficult to keep the experienced partygoers coming back. "It's like a tribal community in some perspectives, and in a tribal community the different age groups balance everything out." Without that balance, he says, "you miss out on the things the elders on the scene have to offer." Often, Luke believes, the younger kids get too wrapped up



## ELECTRONIC DANCE MUSIC SUBGENRES

**HOUSE**, which originated in 1980s Chicago, is characterized by a "four-on-the-floor" beat, meaning a steady 4/4 time maintained by a bass drum, and an average tempo of 118 to 135 beats per minute. Stylized vocals, either original or sampled, are prevalent in the genre. Popular artists: Benny Benassi, Justice, MSTRKRFT.

**TECHNO** is not, contrary to popular belief, synonymous with electronic music – rather, it is a subgenre as opposed to an overarching title. Like house, techno generally uses the distinctive four-on-the-floor beat, but is generally a little more up-tempo. Popular artists: DJ Rush, Daft Punk.

**HARDCORE** covers a multitude of styles from happy hardcore – the chosen genre of kandi kids the world over, featuring high-pitched vocals and fast-paced rhythms – to the slower, spooky doomcore. Common qualities include atonal industrial-esque beats, fast pace, and use of samples. Popular artists: Party Animals, Bang!

**TRANCE** builds in intensity throughout the song, which many listeners say encourages an altered state of mind – hence the name trance. Synthesized melodies flow over a simple 4/4 rhythm with a tempo around the same of techno. Vocals are not uncommon. Popular artists: Paul van Dyk, Tiesto, ATB.

**DRUM N BASS** has a noticeably faster tempo than other electronic music genres. It has a heavy bassline and a broken beat, meaning syncopated rhythms that play on the traditional four-on-the-floor beat. The use of reggae and ragga vocals, while sometimes associated with the older and almost identical jungle genre, is widespread. Popular artists: Goldie, Panda, Hive.

**DUBSTEP** grew out of two-step garage, a genre from the UK that has ties to hip-hop and R&B. However, it has since evolved to be more closely linked with drum n bass due to its syncopated breakbeats. Dubstep is traditionally more down-tempo, with 140 beats per minute being the norm, and takes many melodic elements from reggae. It also features bass drops, where the track stops completely before the percussion drops back in more intensely than before. Popular artists: Skream, Digital Mystikz, MRK1.



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ABOVE: Ravers enjoy the atmosphere of LoveFamily's Toon'd In event.  
RIGHT: Hired go-go dancers inspire the audience as they dance through the night.



in the fashion and image aspect. "When you have a mature presence, you get an awareness of the power of the music," he says. "It's more than a party. It's a place to evolve."

Jimni Cricket, a DJ based in Seattle, embodies the mature presence Wells speaks of. A youthful twenty-eight, she carries herself with a poise that manages to remain approachable. Jimni paints a trustworthy picture despite her less-than-mainstream occupation thanks to her innocent facial features and engaging smile. She's the kind of DJ young hardcore fans can take home to Mom and Dad — just the sort of mascot the stereotype-fraught rave scene needs. And Jimni recognizes her role as ambassador for the community. "I try to be a positive role model," she says, a humble smile on her youthful face. "I have an understanding that younger people will be looking up to me. I try to present myself in that way by not drinking or doing drugs." Jimni's bouncy music has attracted many young fans, which she believes is a good thing. After all, the scene can't continue without new members. "I think people get old and they have a different perspective on how raves are. Now that I'm twenty-eight, obviously I'm going to view a show a lot differently than when I was fifteen," but the change in outlook doesn't mean the community has been lost. In fact, Jimni cites ravers' accepting natures as her favorite part of the scene. "You can be yourself and people like you. You'll be hanging out with a baker, a grocery store clerk, a CEO. But you're all together in this one place for the night."

To Johnny Zane, the variety is magnetic. "There's no one common factor," he says. "[The scene] pulls people who are looking for some magic," and that's exactly what he thinks they find in the Eugene community. The size, he believes, makes it that much more possible to connect with other ravers on a deeper level.

Some ravers, however, prefer the allure of larger populations. Zephyr and Chaco attend parties mostly in Seattle and Portland, citing the size as a reason they tend to avoid events in Eugene. Seattle in particular is a haven for Northwest ravers looking for a scene that packs a little more punch. The city is home to several "massives," as raves over two thousand people are generally known. FreakNight, for example, entertained over seven thousand people

in 2009. Over a dozen music artists were featured, including Wheelz, a Seattle favorite; Ferry Corsten, a Dutch producer who recently rated the number seven DJ in the world by DJ Magazine; and the world-famous Grammy-winning Benny Benassi. In addition to pulling big-name performers, these larger gatherings tend to hold multiple stages, each featuring a different subgenre of electronic music. The sheer size can be overwhelming, says Zephyr, so it's not something she does on a regular basis. "We generally go to parties that have 250 to 500 people."

Big or small, raves have become deeply entrenched as a subculture in America. Whether driving for hours in search of the event or staying true to their local scene, ravers are forever enjoying the community, the experience, and the chance to escape. Like the hardstyle DJ group Showtek writes, "I'm told to enjoy every hour, every minute,

So that's what I do on Fridays and Saturdays.

Why should I take life so seriously?

I just wanna do what I like to do,

Be as far from reality 'cause I can't stand society

In my own world I just wanna

Hear the music . . ." ♪



# THE GARDEN ROUTE

A journey along South Africa's Garden Route takes seven travelers on a wild adventure.

**T**he trip began as a group of seven — six girls, one guy. Our journey: The Garden Route.

Living in South Africa for the last three months has lured me into countless conversations about my stay: what I've done and what I should do next. The one "must do" that consistently came up was the famed "Garden Route," which I knew next to nothing about. The name made me think of a scenic drive along the southern coast — but when I heard stories of bungee jumping, elephant riding, and crocodile cage diving, I knew it was much more than flowers and windy roads. It had my name written all over it.

Our group was quite the mix. Morgan, Elsa and I were college-aged, outgoing American girls. Kayla, the self-proclaimed

photographer of the group, documented all of the shenanigans and mishaps along the way. Jules, a Canadian, was quiet and intelligent. Tor, short for Victoria, the lone South African of the trip, I had met through working at *The Big Issue*, a magazine sold on the streets of Cape Town. Ben, although outnumbered six-to-one by girls, proved to be a good balance for the group. A patient guy, he occasionally prevented passionate

**I have never felt the kind of peacefulness that I am convinced came from the complete uncertainty required of any leap**

conversation from turning into a catfight.

Of all of the things to do on the Garden Route, we immediately jumped into the most thrilling: bungee jumping off of the highest commercial bungee in the

world, Face Adrenalin. That's right — the world.

When we got to Face Adrenalin right before Bloukrans Bridge, we immediately ran out of the car to the edge of the railing. The company, situated on the east side of the bridge, was in plain sight of prospective jumpers. Exhilarated, all but one of us immediately turned around and signed up; Jules opted out despite hounding from the group. Although the price was steep for a college budget, some things in life are worth going in debt for, and jumping off the world's highest bungee jump site just so happens to be one of them.

All geared up, we were ushered to the zip line — our transport to the jump site. Ben on the other hand chose to walk — something our bungee guides advised against, since the hike takes you through a netted bridge from where you can see the vast distance below. I wasn't that brave.

As we waited our turns to zip line, minus Ben, our nerves and voices grew more frenzied. We started making jokes about anything to keep our minds off of what we were about to do. We laughed at the fact that the bungee policy included radioing our weight to the person waiting to catch us ("Ten four ten four, we got a fatty coming in. I repeat, a 'big mama'"). We even named who we wanted to speak the eulogies at our funerals should the bungee break. After a relatively smooth zip-line to the platform — albeit crashing into the worker designated to catch me — I found out Ben and Morgan had already jumped. It's okay, I think; I still get to see Tor and Elsa go before I have to jump. But the next thing I knew, someone grabbed my hand and hollered, "You're next!" So without the luxury of getting to watch anyone else, I was directed to the loading bench in a slightly forceful manner.

A worker began to wrap my ankles

Tor laughs as ostriches eat from the bucket in her hands.



PHOTOS COURTESY FACE ADRENALINE AND KAYLA YOUNG/KAYLA JILL PHOTOGRAPHY

with red Velcro padding. I tried to concentrate as he explained what he was doing. “Uh huh, uh huh,” I said nodding, despite the fact that I couldn’t hear the words exiting his mouth. I felt as if I was somehow submerged in water. Before I knew it, I was lifted toward the ledge by two men on either side of me, my arms around their shoulders. “Any last words?” I was asked. “Wait,” I finally managed. “This is too loose,” pointing to my ankles. “No it’s not,” they said with a chuckle. I was told to look up as they counted down from five. “BUNGEE!”

I cannot honestly say how I jumped off that bridge. All I know is that I did, and only after a second of free falling, staring straight at the foliage more than 200 meters below me, did I manage to have any thoughts. “What the fuck am I doing?” Quickly remembering that I had voluntarily propelled myself off the side of a bridge, the thought of ruining Adrenalin’s 100 percent survival record crosses my mind. But after these morbid thoughts die away, I find myself strangely at peace. Everything seems still and right and the beautiful view offers a glimpse of serenity. The sun hits everything perfectly, and the detail of every leaf on every tree is so obvious and wonderful. Everything in the world has its place and that’s how it should be. Time seemed to inch by, ever so slowly. I have never felt the kind of peacefulness that I am convinced came from the complete uncertainty required of any leap.

The next thing I felt was the pull of the rubber chord, flinging me back up in the air. Finally able to scream, I did so willingly and at a decibel I didn’t think I was capable of. A few bounces later, I was dangling by my feet, arms flopping uncontrollably. I survived.

Having all taken our leaps and returned safely to the ground, we slept soundly that night, and spent the next day lazily by the pool.

From there we headed to Cango Caves, a national landmark in South Africa. Although most of us were too hungover



Emily Gillespie during the first few seconds of her bungee jump at Face Adrenaline in Storms River, South Africa. As the world’s highest bungee jump bridge, the 216 meters fall and takes about four seconds.

to get out of the car, Ben, Jules, and I explored the beautiful geology and rock formations. Having gone on the adventure-style tour, Ben and I found ourselves laughing as we watched each other’s attempts at squeezing through the tiny crevices.

Afterwards we went to the Cango Ostrich Farm, where we eagerly anticipated checking off the last activity on our vacation “bucket list:” ostrich riding. We paid the 40 rand (a whopping \$4) and had a quick tour of the grounds. After a brief lecture, the guide looked me straight in the eyes. “I want you to go first,” he said. It took a bit of clarification to realize he was done with his lesson — he did little more than say, “It’s not that hard” — I did my best to mount the bird. Clenching its bony wings, he removed the cloth draped over the ostrich’s head and I held on for dear life. To no surprise, my ride was short-lived. After a short five seconds, I gracefully tumbled to the ground.

After we had each tried our hand at riding, or more so experiencing what it feels like getting bucked by an ostrich, we couldn’t wait to get back in the car and make our way home. Ben offered to drive while the rest of us rested our heads, taking in the beautiful colors of the plains and mountainous backdrop. After driving

for an hour in thoughtful reflection, we pass a sign that read “Ronnie’s Sex Shop.” It was the first man-made thing we had seen in at least ten minutes, and we all looked at each other knowing we had to stop. Driving through the middle of nowhere, convenience stores, gas stations, and the occasional roadside stands are common. Sex shops, not so much. Ben looked back at everyone with a smirk, and pulled over. “Easiest decision I’ve ever made,” he said, as the car erupted in laughter.

From the moment we stepped into the small wooden shop, it became immediately apparent that Ronnie’s Sex Shop was in fact a bar — and one decorated with enough bras, panties, and boxers to act as inventory for a Jockey store. We all had a beer and took our time scanning the gem of a bar. Although not the sex shop we had envisioned, the triple-D size bra hung over the entrance and the g-string draped between the Captain Morgan’s and Witblitz shot dispenser was enough for us all to feel at home. It was the perfect twist of fate to wrap up our whirlwind trip. Almost as if we had just eaten a full course meal, we all happily resumed our positions in the car. We couldn’t have planned a better ending to our excursion. —Emily Gillespie

# Experience Bliss

A Eugene treat that's fun to eat: Luna & Larry's Organic Coconut Bliss Ice Cream

Larry Kaplowitz's brown eyes dance with delight as he reflects on his reputable career: making ice cream. With a toothy grin, he says, "It's a simple, clean experience."

His passion for simplicity, health, and delicious tastes are wrapped into familiar pints of cold, creamy ice cream — a success he shares with Luna Marcus, his longtime partner in both business and affection.

Larry, an approachable man with an illuminating smile, and Luna, an elegant woman with long dark brown curls, began making Luna & Larry's Organic Coconut Bliss with the intention of creating a healthier alternative to the typical cream-laden dessert loaded with processed sugar and saturated fat. Made with fair trade ingredients, Luna and Larry's blissful

confection is a certified organic treat that is soy, gluten, and dairy free.

The couple has always shared an interest in both natural foods and cooking for each other. After their meals, they occasionally ate sweet, frozen treats, but choices for these health-conscious consumers were limited. "[We] weren't eating dairy for lots of reasons — health reasons, ethical reasons," Larry says. "It felt like all the non-dairy ice creams on the market were terrible and made us feel ill." He says that headaches and congestion were common side effects he encountered after savoring just one bowl of conventional ice cream.

One day while shopping at Goodwill, Larry stumbled upon an ice cream maker priced at just a \$1.50. As he brought it home, he thought, 'Surely we can make something out of this that will be good and we can eat without making us feel sick.'

A substitute for milk and cream, Luna and Larry's ice cream uses a base of coconut milk and agave syrup; a plant extract known as a wholesome alternative to artificial sweeteners. Miriam Mazure-Mitchell, a nutritionist and allergist in Eugene, says there are definite benefits to using coconut.

"Coconut contains good fat. It's monounsaturated fat, similar to olive." Monounsaturated fats contain one double-bond in the fatty acid chain and are believed to lower total cholesterol levels. Mazure-Mitchell also says that coconut contains medium chain triglycerides, which "nourish intestinal cells" and are easy to digest.

Using ingredients from their cupboards, Luna and Larry began concocting recipes. "We started out making it in our kitchen, hand-packing it into pints and having tasting parties at our house," Larry says. Inviting over everyone they knew, their quaint old home

in Eugene's eccentric Whiteaker district become routinely crowded with people eager to try the newest flavor.

At the tasting parties, neighbors who owned local shops approached Luna and Larry about selling their delectable treat. The couple then expanded their business

to a friend's trailer and they soon began making tubs to be scooped out at Sweet Life Patisserie and Red Barn Natural Grocery. Sweet Life, a dessert shop featuring specialized treats baked

daily, and Red Barn Natural Grocery, a grocery store dedicated to selling whole, natural foods, proved to be the first steps for the couple in marketing their new brand of bliss under the company's new name, Bliss Unlimited, LLC.

After a few weeks of selling home-made tubs to Red Barn, the store's owner suggested making pints, which would allow customers to enjoy the dessert from their freezers at home. Luna and Larry then got to work, designing a package and collaborating with a Department of Agriculture inspector to get necessary business permits. The hand-packed pints became a common find on store shelves throughout Eugene.

"We had a little trailer, and we were in there about ten hours a day initially. It was very slow — the machine we had would only make about seven pints per batch. It was about a half an hour to make seven pints," Larry recalls.

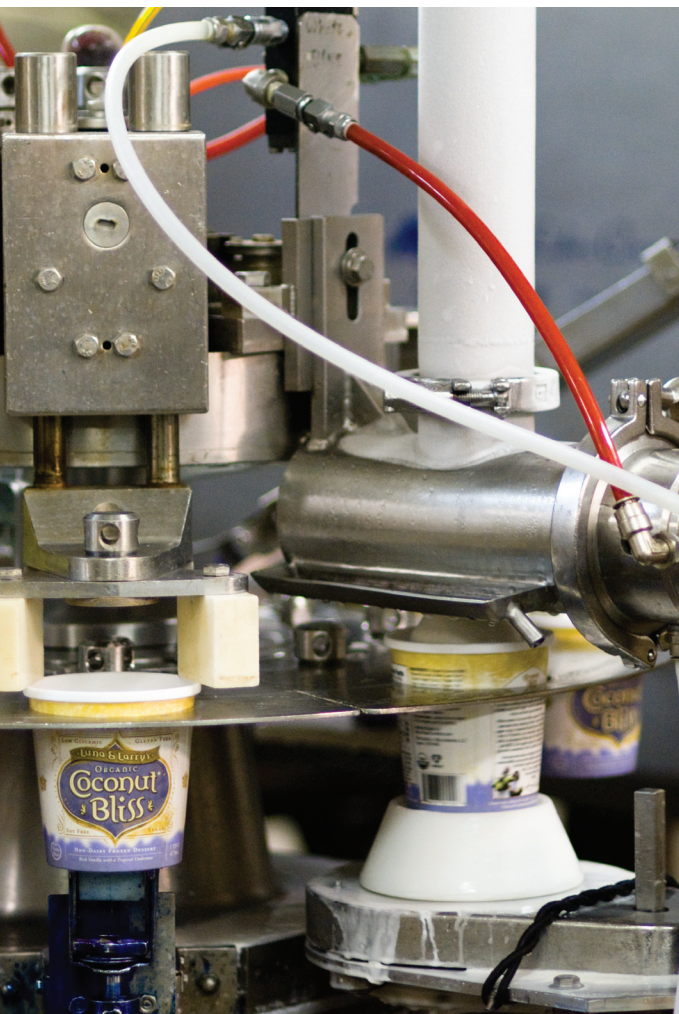
Making such small batches, Luna and Larry were able to make eccentric flavors like Wild Lavender Blueberry. "There were over forty flavors," Luna says, thinking back on the period when each batch was an opportunity to be creative.

As a healthy ice cream alternative with many rare flavors, Luna & Larry's Organic Coconut Bliss grew an expansive following in various stores in the Eugene area. With the increasing popularity, the operations became too large for the simple trailer. Scaling up again, the couple left the trailer and rented a large warehouse in the Whiteaker neighborhood that could fit bigger, more efficient equipment.

Yet after only a year and a half, the demand had increased threefold and Luna and Larry desperately needed to find an even larger production facility.

After much thought, the duo decided to move their production site out to Lochmead

**"I don't think of it as work ... it's something bigger than a job."**



The local dairy company, Lochmead Farms, prepares and packages Coconut Bliss in Junction City, Oregon.



Farms in Junction City, Oregon. Lochmead Farms, an independent supplier of milk and ice cream to many stores throughout the Pacific Northwest, also shares facilities with non-dairy companies. Luna and Larry were impressed with the venue's amenities that surpassed the previous factory.

"The quality [of the product] actually increased when we started making it there," Larry says. "The whole trick with ice cream and getting a creamy texture is the faster you can freeze it, the creamier it will be."

The move to Lochmead has paid off, and the company stills grows at an incredible rate. Last year, roughly one million pints of Luna & Larry's Organic Coconut Bliss were produced. This year, the company hopes to double that quantity in a forty-three week production schedule.

Throughout the company's growth, communication has been an important value, according to Jaya Lakshmi, the first employee and current director of marketing and events. Kiley Gwynn, who has worked for Bliss Unlimited since last March, says, "I don't think of it as work ... it's something bigger than a job."

While Gwynn's current favorite is Naked Almond Fudge and Lakshmi has found a new appreciation for the timeless Vanilla Island, pints also come in

eight other flavors: Dark Chocolate, Chocolate Peanut Butter, Cappuccino, Naked Coconut, Pineapple Coconut, Mint Galactica, Cherry Amaretto, and Chocolate Hazelnut Fudge. Ice cream bars come in Naked Coconut and Dark Chocolate flavors. Across the nation, stores continue to add the innovative twists on classic flavors to their shelves.

It's an appealing treat for allergists like Mazure-Mitchell who recommends since it's gluten and dairy-free. "I love Coconut Bliss," she says. She points out that this product is particularly helpful to people who are lactose intolerant.

Luna & Larry's Organic Coconut Bliss appeals to a wide demographic of people, making it a popular treat that has sprouted up in local and nation-wide natural food stores. In the United States there's a soft spot for ice cream right next to apple pie and baseball. And as winter gives way to



**TOP:** In addition to the flavor Naked Coconut pictured, other flavors include almond fudge, peanut butter, and classics like vanilla and mint.  
**BOTTOM:** Larry Kaplowitz and Luna Marcus use coconut milk and agave syrup to make Coconut Bliss, a healthier ice cream alternative, that boasts a variety of rare flavors.

spring, with the sun making its appearance and the temperature slowly beginning to rise, the thought of this cool creamy ice cream alternative proves to be enticing and outshines every expectation.

—Kassandra Easley

# Dancing With Fire

Fire Dancers illuminate a dangerous form of self-expression and beauty



Jacob Anderson drops his poi on the ground to put out the fire.

Handling fire is no simple task. Just ask Eugene resident Jacob Anderson, who had been dancing with the blazing substance for a year when he decided to undertake a fresh challenge. After a year of incorporating fire breathing into his routine, he recounts, “I caught my face on fire. You can see this little scar here,” pointing to his upper lip, “but it actually extends down the side of my neck, which is more visible when I shave,” he says chuckling. “I stopped breathing after that.”

For many, the title “fire dancer” conjures up a series of images: a foreign beauty seductively slinking around as flames rhythmically swirl around her exposed skin; a massive man, plastered in tattoos and piercings, twisting his arms as he toys with torches and then suddenly releases a pillar of fire from his mouth into the open air.

Anderson challenges these stereotypes. With a thin layer of scruff on his face and a plain black hooded jacket keeping him warm, he looks like any other college-aged student. But as he begins performing, Anderson clearly has another story to tell.

To those outside of the fire dancing community, it seems like one of the world’s most dangerous forms of self-expression and entertainment. Sustaining a burn is a constant possibility, but professional performers know exactly what they’re doing. From stage curtains to their own outfits, they are conscious of any type of fabric worn or used during a performance. Dancers never decorate their bodies in synthetic fibers, since

**“The moment you think you have power over it, it’ll burn you, and then you’re humbled.”**

it would melt over bare skin if caught on fire. Instead, they usually don cotton or leather, sprayed with flame retardant. While groups always maintain a permit with the local fire department, they also have extinguishers and buckets of water ready at a second’s notice.

Asraiya Deyo, a member of Spinergy Arts’ Seattle branch, has been in the profession for

the past thirteen years. After graduating with a degree in theater, fed up with traditional plays, she packed up her bags and ran away to the circus. Once she mastered torches, she eased into blowing and eating fire. When it comes to safety, she stresses the importance of respecting the fire. “The moment you think you have power over it it’ll burn you, and then you’re humbled.”

During a show, the audience, mesmerized by the spectacle, often fails to notice the performers’ chosen tools. What exactly is on fire? A range of equipment is used to amaze the crowd, but the most common

instrument is *poi*, a ball of wicking material attached to the end of a chain. The tradition of swinging around a pair of poi stems from the Maori tribes of New Zealand. Both Maori men and women practiced dancing with poi to increase their flexibility, strength, and coordination in battle and weaving, respectively. Performers also use staffs



constructed of Kevlar wick joined to each end of an aluminum pole. Twirling them around the body produces a similar effect to poi's, but for some, their movement can be easier to control and slow down.

Beyond New Zealand, fire demonstrations can be found around the world. Dive into a massive party in Thailand, or roam around the beaches of Hawaii—performers are wowing spectators with fire almost everywhere. However, the practice isn't only about playing with danger for an audience's pleasure.

For Kris Manaio, co-founder of Eugene-based troupe Earth DescenDance, it

## “There’s a huge conflux of fire artists that go there ... Out there, anything goes.”

represents an ancestral history that he has never shied away from. “Ever since I was born into my family, we did Polynesian dance with Hawaiian dancing. ‘*Nifo oti*’ is the Samoan term, which is translated to ‘Samoan fire knife,’ or more like the ‘deadly tooth,’ which was used for battle and weaponry,” he shares. Whether you employ poi, knives, or hoops, the influence of tradition is undeniable. It’s present in every swish of the hips, every flick of the wrist.

Some, like Edie Bernhardt, choose fire dancing to exercise artistic skill. As a lifelong dancer and part of Deyo’s group in Spinegy Arts, she desires more focus on movement than flashy trickery. “I like choreographing pieces to music and I like pieces that tell a story,” she says. “Audiences appreciate something a little bit more cohesive, with themes, story lines, and costumes.” While she devotes a night a week to group practices, and more if they have an upcoming show, balancing an occupation with her passion isn’t easy. Bernhardt wishes her schedule allowed her to dedicate more time and energy to fire dancing. After spending a workday managing an office in a company that produces wooden instrument parts, she can’t wait to let loose. “I wanna run around, let off some steam!” she exclaims. However, with a heavy sigh, she laments, “It’s a catch-22. You want to make a living with your art, but you can’t quit your day job.”

Others tie fire dancing to their beliefs. Deyo bemoans the trend of acts with a sensual tone. Her soft voice thickens with passion as she relates; “To me, it’s always been more about spirituality and mythologies. I’ve always wanted to portray some token of enlightenment for the audience, to see the beauty in us and themselves.” Meanwhile, whirling around poi bonds, Anderson associates fire dancing with communicating to a higher being. “Spinning poi is as close as I’m going to get to God,” he says. “When I spin poi, it creates the algorithm, that equation that

essentially describes our entire universe.” He acknowledges that his views are uncommon, but continues, “Mathematically, there are only certain things that I can do with them. And to understand how to get my body and poi to react to those things is a beautiful symphony.”

While everyone dances for different reasons, they all feel tied to the medium itself. Manaio thinks that fire, as an uncontrollable component of nature that simultaneously frightens and challenges humans. “What attracts people, and me of course, is being able to manipulate an element that can hurt and harm you, yet we

take for granted every day,” he says. “One in five members of our audience will have a lighter or a matchbook in their pocket. That right there can create devastation, but can also create harmonious interactions.” For Lily Supardan, one-third of a Seattle-based fire-dancing group called Womanipura, the sound of the flame instantly pulled her in. She exclaims, “I heard it and thought to myself, ‘I gotta do that!’” As a former body builder and someone who labels herself a “fitness drill sergeant,” Supardan says it felt natural to progress into an intense discipline that



Teamwork, practice, and timing are very important when performing a group act, as Mike Seager, Kris Manaio, and Mark Hewitt demonstrate.

intertwines the entire physical form with fiery objects.

Ever since relocating from the Bay Area to Eugene five years ago, Manaio has observed the steady growth of the fire dancing community. “A couple handfuls of people were creating groups, and now you can find them in nooks and crannies in Eugene and all over the Northwest, especially with the younger crowd,” he remarks, somewhat amazed. He also sees a collaborative effort across all of Oregon to share skills and experiences. Take the Oregon Country Fair’s fire show, where he has participated with his group. “Hundreds of people show up to perform, and thousands of people watch. Within those hundreds of people performing, all these entertainers come together.”

Nobody can confidently pinpoint why fire dancing has spread throughout the Northwest. Some speculate that it all started with the rise in influence of the Burning Man festival. The founders and attendees gather every year during the week before and through Labor Day weekend in Black Rock Desert, Nevada, to celebrate progressive, unconventional forms of self-expression and art. Bernhardt first witnessed fire dancing at Burning Man in 2001, where “something clicked in my brain: ‘That’s what I need to do. I know I can do that. I’m going to learn how to do that,’” she recalls. “There’s a huge conflux of fire artists that go there ... out there, anything goes.” Manaio even goes so far as to declare the annual event a “Mecca” for fire fanatics.

Some guess that fire dancing’s appeal lies in their environment’s ideology. Anderson proposes, “That’s the big thing, the fact that you’re on a coast. There’s more of a mixing pot of people going on. The main thing about the Northwestern region is one, we’re more liberal in general ... A lot of flashy, flamboyant things will happen on the West Coast that won’t on the East Coast,” he points out. “Burning Man came out of a cultural uprising anyways, so if you get down to the bare roots, it all comes back to culture and demographics.”

The enthusiasm surrounding this craft is palpable all over the world. From Australia to Germany, fire dancing groups entice members into the community and are building a legion of admirers. Although the expertise has evolved away from customary dress and moves, the core of the trade will always focus on the captivating element of fire. The thrill of danger tests the artist’s physical and mental boundaries. As Supardan puts it, “Anyone can dance around, but it takes passion, skill, and fearlessness to be able to pull off dancing with fire.”  
—Charmaine Ng



See fire dancing at  
[ethosmagonline.com](http://ethosmagonline.com)



Sea Bell stalks its unsuspecting audience. FRONT ROW: Aubrey Ament, Leslie Robert, Emily Jacob, Madi Becker BACK ROW: Devin Brown, Stephen Moore, Daniel McIntire

# Cowboys and Hobbits and Drums! Oh, yeah!

By the time local Eugene band Sea Bell finishes setting up for a show, clarinets and trombones have been tuned; banjos, guitars, ukuleles, and an enormous drum of marching-band caliber rest against the walls. The band, a troupe of bearded men and wild-haired women, faces painted, squeeze on stage decked out in feathers and buck-skin fringe. One or two jingle tambourines, and with a dull clang, a young man in brown cut-off shorts adds two pots to his collection of percussion tools. As they take their

positions behind the bizarre assortment of instruments, the audience knows they're in for something *big* — and, quite possibly, a little strange.

Two beats after Leslie Robert begins to sing, the music starts up. The rhythm is funky with a hint of folk. The vocalists erupt into a harmony-rich, slightly haunting chorus filled with soulful “ohs” and “whoas.” The audience has gotten its first glimpse of Sea Bell’s eclectic enchantment, and I think they like it.

“We like to call that ‘sad circus,’”

Leslie tells me when I ask about their melancholy sound. The band admittedly has a fondness for writing songs in minor keys. “Sometimes I feel like I’m doing it wrong if it’s not in minor,” adds drummer, banjo, and guitar player Madi Becker. Her comment is met with laughter. Offstage, the groups jokes and teases each other like family. Long before Sea Bell rocked its first show, University of Oregon students Madi and Leslie began making music together in their dorm rooms. “[We] started writing these songs, and we didn’t want to take

ourselves too seriously” Madi says. “So the first songs were about Sam and Frodo [from Tolkien’s *The Lord of the Rings*] ordering Chinese food.”

When singer and guitarist Devin Brown learned of their musical exploits, he decided to join in. Their recreational jam sessions slowly evolved into a full-blown musical act as Madi, Leslie, and Devin invited several talented friends from their hometown of Canby to play along. “Eventually, we started growing more and more,” Devin recalls. The three founding members gradually added singer Emily Jacob, singer and pianist Aubrey Ament, trombonist Daniel McIntire, bassist Stephen Moore, and electric guitarist and clarinet player Tyler Hart, in search of a “full sound.” Finally, the band found guitarist Kyle Martin by posting an ad on Craigslist, “which is kind of sketchy” interjects Devin, “but it turned out to be the greatest thing ever. Now he’s a good friend of ours.”

With so many members (they have even more friends who appear as guests every once in a while), the band is a crowd. “Fitting on stages has been hard,” Madi says. “We played a show once where we had the horns sit on a wall above everybody else. It’s always a question when we go somewhere new: ‘Alright, are we all going to fit?’”

And it was a tight fit for the group on stage at *Ethos’* recent Bandest of the Bands event; only half of them could be seen from the audience at once. However, rather than

## Daniel’s upturned pots also add to the band’s rollicking theatrics

hindering their presence, musicians who appeared as if from nowhere along with the sound of unexpected instruments seemed to raise their “awe” factor. The atmosphere cast by the vocal twang, roaring trombone, and steady, thumping drumbeat of Sea Bell’s music, challenged the typical experience of rock and roll. The crowd was rowdy, sure, but in place of a chaotic mosh pit, a ring of people with interlocked arms danced around Kyle, who, by the end of the show, had leapt from the stage and tossed his feathered headdress to a member of the crowd. His enormous drum was held high in the air by an ecstatic fan as he beat it with brutal force. At the end of the competition, the crowd’s ecstatic cheers secured Sea Bell’s victory, which was ultimately based on a combination of crowd response and judges scores.

The group has once or twice been larger than its audience, but the band has tweaked its composing method to make sure their sound is never muddled or over the top. “Our initial viewpoint on it was [to have] anybody play whatever [they] wanted to

play all at the same time” Devin says. “We’ve been working more and more on trying to minimize it, but also have everyone still play something.” On some numbers, members lay aside their heavier instruments to pick up a ukulele, melodia, or tambourine. The band has also been experimenting with a range of percussion instruments. “Percussion is something you can add that doesn’t sound as layered,” Leslie says. “[It] just adds a little bit of friskiness.” Daniel’s upturned pots, for example, also add to the band’s rollicking theatrics.

Adding yet another facet to its aesthetic appeal, Sea Bell has been dressing up in themed costumes for their shows. “We really wanted to amp up our energy,” Leslie says. “The costumes just kind of bring it to life.” The band has appeared ready to perform in space suits, as colors of the rainbow, and in Native American-inspired garb. “The Native American theme is the most empowering for everyone,” Devin says. “We’re all just really interested in the Old West. It just feels really cool to be up there with all the war paint on ... It helps me perform a little better.” Madi feels more unified with the group in costume, “[It’s] like this cohesive group of, you know, tribespeople.”

However, when the band chose its name, inspiration came not from Western American lore, but from *The Complete Guide to Middle Earth*, an encyclopedia of JRR Tolkien’s fictional realm. *The Sea Bell* is a poem written by Tolkien through the eyes of his hobbit protagonist Frodo Baggins. “And then we just made it our name. We said ‘that’s going to be us.’”

The Tolkien references do not end there. “Every song we have has an alternate *Lord of the Rings* name,” Madi says. “Our first song was called ‘Sam and Frodo’s Night Out.’” The second was “Mordor is a Bitch.” Even the western-themed “Rainy Boys” is also called “Burned down the Shire.” “That would definitely be our influence,” Leslie says, pointing to herself and Madi, who began the infatuation of with *Lord of the Rings*-themed songs. Devin wryly shakes his



On January 28, 2010 judges and the audience crowned Sea Bell *Ethos’* Bandest Band.

head. “[I] did not like it.” Instead of hobbits, Devin uses elements of his favorite western miniseries, *Lonesome Dove*, to create songs of a genre the band calls “epic rock western.”

Since “getting serious” last summer, Sea Bell has cleaned up their MySpace page, recorded three songs in Madi’s barn, played any gig they can get, and made tons of costumes. These days, they are recognized by local fans and their performance videos on YouTube are constantly flooded with comments. In terms of the future, the members, although numerous, all seem to share a common goal. “Play as much music together as possible,” Devin says. Sea Bell’s objective is the same as it was back in those dorm room days. And at its core is the celebration of each other’s camaraderie and talent. “It just feels really *healthy*,” Madi says. “It’s a great incentive to keep writing and learning and playing and being friends.”

—Ailin Darling

Check out Sea Bell at Cultural Forum’s Willamette Valley Music Festival this spring and at Ninkasi’s Kesey Fo’ Sheezy Show this summer.



See footage from the Bandest of the Bands, an exclusive look at Sea Bell and more about their controversial outfits at [ethosmagonline.com](http://ethosmagonline.com)

# A Living Memorial

Behind the curtain at the David Minor Theater

The pounding rain outside doesn't dampen the spirits of the people waiting in line outside The David Minor Theater. It's ten minutes until the first movies are due to start, and like almost every Sunday at the brewpub theater, the place is packed. As the clock ticks nearer to show time, potential customers are turned away and told to come back earlier next time in order to get a ticket.

"Now, this is why we need to expand," says Josh Goldfarb, co-owner of the David Minor Theater, on turning away customers due to sold-out showings.

This seems to be happening often, though, as the popularity of this small theater grows within the Eugene community. People are drawn to the small venue because of good movies, a relaxed atmosphere, and comfy seating, Goldfarb says. It doesn't hurt that along with the traditional movie staples of popcorn and candy, the theater offers

beer and restaurant-catered food from nearby restaurants Café Lucky Noodle and Cornucopia, making it the first luxury brewpub theater in Eugene.

"We have a pretty good crowd that comes in here," says employee Malcolm Jenkins, twenty-nine, who appreciates the "mom and pop" business compared to

**"We have a 'Cheers' scenario over here."**

nearby Regal 16 Theaters at Valley River Center where he worked for years. "We have a 'Cheers' scenario over here."

However, despite being the first movie theater of its kind in Eugene, the trend of small theaters serving beer and nontraditional food has been growing more popular in the past decade. With other luxury brewpub movie theaters like the David Minor spanning from

Massachusetts to California, critics of this business idea believe that brewpub theaters make it easier for underage patrons to buy alcohol. The David Minor Theater has managed to thwart this problem by only allowing customers twenty-one and older into the theater.

Goldfarb, twenty-nine, had been planning to start a small "luxury brewpub" movie theater with his father, Ronny Goldfarb, at the family's existing business, Ronny's Audiovision, in 2008. Then, on June 2, 2008, Goldfarb found out that his best friend, University of Oregon graduate David Minor, had been killed in a bicycle accident. Weeks later, Goldfarb decided to dedicate and name his fledgling business in honor of his friend. The theater celebrated its grand opening in October of that year.

By day, the building that houses the David Minor Theater hosts another business, the Goldfarb's previously existing Ronny's Audiovision, which has

Viewers comfortably sit back to watch a movie in the David Minor Theater's main showing room.



PHOTOS EMILEE BOOHER

been in operation for over twenty-five years.

“What used to be our showroom became the larger of the two theaters,” Goldfarb says. “The showroom on the east side of the building basically remains the same. We just added chairs, couches and did a couple of tweak jobs here and there.”

The bulk of the equipment used for Ronny’s Audiovision remains in the lounge of the David Minor Theater, which is also decorated with an art gallery that frequently participates with art events in Eugene. Recently, the David Minor was a stopping point for Lane County’s First Friday Art Walk.

“We’re not your normal kind of business,” says employee Chris Sloanes, also twenty-nine, who works at the theater four nights a week. “People just come in here to watch football games and basketball games with us. It’s pretty sweet. It’s just easy going around here.” Everything about the business is, in some way, dedicated to Minor, who was an avid microbrew lover. In fact, everyone who works at The David Minor actually knew Minor while he was alive, and they use

this knowledge to personalize the venue. Some pieces, like the theater’s motto, incorporate humor Goldfarb says Minor would’ve found entertaining. “We decided on the motto [‘Letting you stop sneaking beers into movies since 2008’] because most everyone knows someone who has snuck beer in, or has seen someone sneak beer so it’s kind of playing off of something that everyone is already

## “We’re not your normal kind of business.”

familiar with,” Goldfarb says. “At the same time, since I knew this was going to be a small kind of joint where it’s independent and you gotta keep a tight ship, but you’re not corporate, so I came up with the quote as a joke, but also [to say] ‘Please don’t sneak beer into our theater, we sell beer here.’ It works both ways.”

As for the unicorn in the logo, Goldfarb just smiles. The theater needed an iconic logo, and since the venue also

serves as a pub, a horse head seemed to fit nicely. Plus, unicorns had a special significance to Minor.

“It was kind of common knowledge that as an inside joke [Minor’s] favorite fantasy animal was the black unicorn,” Goldfarb says. “So it was an inside joke and a way to honor David Minor.”

With its multifaceted business model and strong local following, the theater continues to attract new patrons every week.

“I want to see this place succeed because it’s a rad idea,” Sloanes says. “I really appreciate the fact that I’m a part of this.”

The David Minor has showings every night starting from 5:15 p.m. to 10 p.m. On Sundays, tickets to the David Minor are \$1, also available student discounts are.

—Kaitlin Flanigan



Learn more about the legacy of David Minor at [ethosmagonline.com](http://ethosmagonline.com)

David Minor was born on February 23, 1981. He was twenty-seven years old when he was killed in a bicycle accident on the corner of 13th Avenue and Willamette on June 2, 2008. As a student of environmental studies and sociology, Minor was keenly aware of the injustices of the world and strove to correct what he saw as wrong, his mother Susan Minor says.

Growing up, Minor, Goldfarb, Jenkins, and Sloanes all attended South Eugene High School and graduated in 1999, which is where they initially met and began their friendship.

“We all went to a lot of the same social functions,” Sloane says. “[Minor] and I definitely knew each other, we’d sit out on the porch at a party and talk about life or whatever else was going on at the time. He was definitely a very motivated and involved guy in the community.”

After high school, as other friends left Eugene, the four guys started to hang out more often and got to know one another better. “[Minor] was the clumsiest person I knew,” Jenkins says. “He would walk into a room, and say that there was a glass of water, and just like that [motioning with his hands] he would knock the water off the table and everyone would be like ‘What?!’”

Minor’s parents, Susan and John, said they have been incredibly receptive to the outpouring of support in light of the tragedy. For Minor’s memorial service, his parents set up a memorial fund at the Willamette Farm and Food Coalition at the suggestion of their minister.

Susan Minor maintains her son’s ghost bike memorial on 13th and Willamette that his friends made. While tending to



A ghost bike sits on the corner of 13th Avenue and Willamette Street in memory of David Minor, who was killed in a bicycle accident in 2008.

the freshly potted flowers at the site, Susan Minors says members of the community always thank her, or come up to talk to her and tell her that the memorial serves as a reminder for them to drive slowly, or be a safe biker. “[The memorial] definitely has a place and a purpose,” she says. “It’s a very spiritual place for me to go to.”

Mrs. Minor says her family appreciates how the theater and ghost bike memorial have become a part of the community of Eugene.

“He loved to have fun, but was a very deep thinker,” she says. “He truly cared about people and the world. [His death] was

such a huge loss, not just to us, but to the community and the whole world.”



PHOTO COURTESY SUSAN MINOR

# All Hands on Board

STORY **MARIA CULP** ILLUSTRATION **CAMERON GIBLIN**

"If a doctor is on board, please report to the cockpit," the flight attendant's voice echoed throughout the plane. Clutching my lifeless hand, eyes closed, I tried to organize the traffic of thoughts rushing through my mind. I needed a doctor.

Just four hours earlier, on a different plane, a blaring, overhead voice jolted me awake. A long night of packing left me exhausted, and I was satisfied with the nap I managed to catch on the flight. The voice explained that we had just landed in New Jersey and I smiled unconsciously — I completed the first leg of my journey to Vienna, Austria. The "Fasten Seat Belt" sign flickered off with a startling "ding," and I stood, slamming my head into the overheard compartment, to retrieve my baggage from above. This task, which I already viewed as a complete nuisance, was even more trying thanks to my useless right hand, which had fallen asleep during the course of my flight. With a little extra effort, I managed to make my way off the plane and onto a bench, which I claimed as mine for the next three hours — my last hours in America for an entire three months.

But after about an hour into my layover, as my hand continued to peacefully sleep, my hopes of relaxing slowly began to diminish. I've had limbs fall asleep before (who hasn't?) but never for such a prolonged period of time. I recognized the familiar tingling and numbness, but I also knew that this is typically short-lived. On this day, as my mind raced and my worry intensified, my hand slept on.

In an effort to calm my nerves — not the ones in my right hand (those were calm enough) — I resorted to my favorite stress reliever, and one I highly recommend: food. Not overly enticed by any of the airport restaurants, I opted for a pre-made Caesar salad — always a safe bet. But with my dominant hand out of the equation, I had given little thought to how I would actually enjoy my lunch.

Using my left hand, I broke into a small sweat as I wrestled the plastic wrap off my fork and haphazardly mixed in the dressing. Awkwardly gripping the fork, I pathetically stabbed bits of lettuce and chicken. My lack of coordination was causing a minor scene, and my frustrations were growing rapidly. Halfway through the salad, my desire to finish it had completely vanished.

Eventually, my layover ended and I boarded the Polish Airlines flight, navigating my way through the somewhat

overcrowded aircraft. Finally, I found my seat—a cramped, torture-like device where I would be for the next *nine* hours. Lovely. A friendly-faced, plump Polish man squished next to me, and I closed my eyes hoping to fall asleep. After about an hour of restless, claustrophobic discomfort, I checked the status of my hand: still numb, still lifeless. Until this moment, I had been reasonably calm. But finally admitting that this could actually be serious, I felt the muscles in my face tighten and my heartbeat escalate.

My mind was a tangled mess of thoughts. *This can't be good. What if something needs to be done immediately?* I needed a doctor.

Discreetly, I flagged over a flight attendant. But after explaining my predicament, I earned only an empty stare in return. She mumbled something in Polish, smiling kindly, and started to leave.

**After about an hour of restless, claustrophobic discomfort, I checked the status of my hand: still numb, still lifeless.**

Stopping her, I firmly said, "doctor." With no response, she walked away leaving me completely bewildered. But seconds later, an announcement in about five different languages over the loudspeaker requested a doctor.

Concerned passengers nervously whispered, and as people began to realize that I was the poor soul at the crux of this drama, a small audience formed around me. Before I had time to brief my puzzled neighbor, he was literally yanked out of his seat and replaced by a young, handsome Polish physician.

"What wrong? Forgive me, my English not so good."

I quickly updated him, and he frantically checked my vitals — my pulse, my neck, my eyes.

Seemingly baffled, he explained, "It not seem serious. Try move around, walk around, get blood moving, *Okay?*"

Wonderful. A doctor can't even tell me what's wrong.

After eight anxious, miserable hours, we finally touched down in Warsaw. Never in my life have I been so thrilled to get off a plane. With only an hour delay, I hurried through customs, desperate to call home.

I tried several pay phones, but grew increasingly irritated when they all rejected my credit card. Desperate for any help, I



found a burly soldier, but quickly learned that he didn't speak English. Genuine and eager, he asked, "Deutsch?"

Bingo! Years of learning German had finally paid off. He explained that I needed to purchase a calling card, and after another small struggle with the U.S. calling code (it's 001, in case you are wondering), I waited: rrring ... rrring ... rrring. My mom answered. "Maria?"

No longer able to hold them in, tears flooded my face; there's something about hearing your mom's voice that just makes it OK to cry. Nearly fifteen hours had passed since my hand first fell asleep, and I had reached my limit. My screams wildly ricocheted off the airport walls. But through my tantrum, my mom somehow understood me, and advised me to see another doctor.

My last flight was short and painless — a well earned change of pace — and moments after arriving in Vienna, I was rushed to the Allgemeines Krankenhaus, the city's general hospital. A young, male doctor called my name. After hours of worry, hours without a functioning hand, I was finally going to have answers. Following a brief examination, he explained in nearly perfect English, "You have nothing to worry about. This is actually quite common — I see four or five cases a week. This is just the result of a severely pinched nerve. You'll need to wear a splint for two to four weeks." An overwhelming feeling of relief consumed me, and although I didn't, I felt compelled to hug him. The damage wasn't permanent, and I was going to be okay. *I was going to be okay.*

So, after the longest and most grueling travel experience of my life, I had arrived in Vienna with a temporarily paralyzed right hand. Key word: temporarily. Consistent with my luck, the two to four weeks of wearing a splint turned into a solid two months before my hand was fully functioning and had regained its feeling. But despite these unfavorable circumstances, the three months I explored Vienna and other parts of Europe were certainly not overshadowed. Not only did I leave Vienna with an appreciation of European culture, I returned to America with a newfound sense of exactly what I can handle. ☺



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# SPIRIT OF SUMMER

Art Competition

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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, 2010. The winning design will be displayed in banner form all summer long on the Arcade parking structure located on Willamette St. and E 8th Ave. The winner will be selected by *Ethos Magazine*, 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](http://ethosmagonline.com/events).



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