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Montana Kaimin, March 2-8, 2016

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Curry me home: MASALA MOVES INDOORS

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Q OPINION



TRANNY 911

A preemptive strike on pedophiles requires empathy

Michael Siebert | michael.siebert@umontana.edu

Legal proceedings regarding child pornography will almost always make news. Perhaps the most baffling case in recent memory is February 2015's sting of Playpen, a deep web-hosted child porn site. During the operation, the FBI took control of the website and allowed it to run for 13 days, which let them obtain roughly 1,300 IP addresses of the website's users.

The problem, of course, is that Playpen had almost 215,000 users at the time, which means that only 0.006 percent of the site's users will potentially see criminal charges. This, at the expense of the FBI running a fully functional child porn website. During the two weeks that it was in the FBI's control, USA Today reported that close to 100,000 users visited the site.

This is fairly typical. Though child molesters and people who consume child pornography are brought to justice in these operations, we are ultimately dealing with our child porn problem after the fact.

Chris Shermer is a detective with the Missoula Police Department who specifically works in the Internet Crimes Against Children task force.

"We obviously deal with crimes that happen against a child on the Internet," Shermer said. "Or we find individuals that have the desire, if you will, to go out and try to find those kids online."

Shermer finds postings on Craigslist or similar websites and poses as a child, in order to bait pedophiles. There are enough instances of this in Missoula to keep him busy (though he is not, in his words, "pulling [his] hair out"). But Shermer is only involved in apprehending these individuals when they intend to act.

This is the typical method of dealing with pedophilia cases. Law enforcement does its best to prevent the distribution of images as well as the actual molestation of children, but preventative measures come in the form of mental health care. Unfortunately, there is no precedent for treating pedophilia before it becomes

criminal.

Michael Scolatti, a local clinical psychologist who typically evaluates pedophiles after they have been prosecuted, said that he usually does not see people who experience sexual attraction to children seek out help for their problems. Laws across the country are making it more difficult for that to happen. California implemented a law in late 2014 that requires psychiatrists to report patients who admit to accessing child porn.

Scolatti is "really glad" this law doesn't yet exist in Montana.

"That's going to inhibit people from coming out and saying 'I've got a problem with this, I just want help,'" Scolatti said.

As of now, Scolatti said he can provide treatment for these people without having to report them—a fear that often keeps people from coming forward to get help in the first place.

"It would be nice if we treated it as a public health problem," Scolatti said, "and people could just contact somebody and say 'Hey, I've got this problem and I really want to get help for it.'"

However, Scolatti also recognizes that this may be a stretch, due to our attitude toward sex criminals. But groups in other countries, like Germany's Prevention Dunkelfeld, are taking steps to treat pedophiles before they can act on their urges by providing counseling to manage their urges.

It's questionable that something like this could happen in the United States. But until we take steps to prevent the abuse of children, we'll continue to only bring about justice for crimes that have already occurred. There may be a solution in therapy — it's just a matter of whether or not we're willing to consider it. ■

Cover photo by Evan Frost/@efrostee



EDITORIAL

The Grizzly Champions Center is an insulting abomination

Editorial Staff | editor@montanakaimin

Good news for fired UM professors! Soon, there will be a \$14 million, 46,000 square foot absurdly named athletic shrine you can keep warm in during your job hunt.

The goals of the new Washington-Grizzly Champions Center, to provide new locker rooms for football players and more than double the size of the existing weight room, are admirable enough. Athletics have traditionally come before academics at UM, and the sky is literally falling in the Adams Center's facilities.

It's not the intentions that make the Champions Center seem so insane, but it's brutal timing. Construction begins in April, as UM still reels from massive budget cuts and mourns affected colleagues. It's abhorred for the University to lay off beloved professors and dismantle cornerstone institutions on one day, and flaunt their exclusive new gym the next.

But the \$14 million price tag, staggering as it may be, isn't being paid by the University itself. Most of the money comes from private donors, including a \$7 million gift from future namesakes Kyle and Kevin Washington, sons of Dennis and Phyllis Washington, for whom the other football temple is named.

So no big deal, right? As long as it's all privately funded, it shouldn't matter what buildings UM wants to build and not build, correct?

Well, maybe not. We've all done a dutiful job of attacking the usual boogymen blamed for UM's budgetary issues: A bloated administrative staff, a lingering reputation of a sexist bureaucracy, MSU being a better school, etc. But there's one that doesn't get talked about as much: Donors.

You see, much of UM's money doesn't actually come from you. Rather, it comes from you in 20 years. Universities rely hugely on monetary gifts from alumni, and UM is no exception. According to University tax forms, in 2013, donors gave \$12.7 million, 65 percent of the school's total revenue. In 2012, it was 73 percent, or \$14.3 million. Even in 2011, when contributions dipped to just below \$9 million, they still made up 63 percent of UM's revenue.

Imagine how much good \$14 million could do for UM at large. That much could pay to keep a few cut professors teaching for a few more global centuries, or at least cover all of the recent budget shortfall.

This is what donors should be giving for. UM doesn't need to reward a losing team with a "champions" center. It does need the quality academics that come from dedicated employees. If donors insist on pouring money into athletics over academics, there might not be a football team to use those shiny new locker rooms. There at least won't be a crowd.

In a press release after he and his brother donated \$7 million to the Champions Center, Kyle Washington said, "Something new was well beyond needed." He's right. But it's not needed in the athletic department. ■

NEWS



Mansfield library cuts 13 student, staff and faculty positions

WillMcKnight/@WillMck_Photo The Maureen and Mike Mansfield Library is laying off 13 students, staff and faculty due to recent University budget cuts. The positions include circulation, metadata and web technicians.

Kasey Bubnash

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The Mansfield Library was forced to cut a total of 13 student, staff and faculty positions this semester, more than any department on campus, during the University of Montana's enrollment crisis.

Deborah Kelley, the library's fiscal and personnel manager, said library administrators were able to save some people from losing their jobs by eliminating vacant positions.

"We had some open positions that we were actively recruiting, and we were very close to hiring. Those positions, we ended up cutting," Kelley said. "We just stopped hiring as soon as we found out this was happening."

Along with cutting vacant positions, the library cut the pool of money used to pay their adjunct professors. Kelley said they are not sure what the impact of that will be yet.

Kelley also said the library was able

to save student positions after choosing to pay them from a designated fund rather than the general fund.

"So those positions aren't actually eliminated," Kelley said. "The problem is, we don't know how long we can sustain that because we don't have that much money."

Several important positions were cut, however, including circulation, metadata and web technicians, Kelley said.

Dean of the Mansfield Library, Shali Zhang, said these losses will affect interlibrary loans, the reference desk that assists faculty and students with their inquiries, research assistance, metadata for digital resources and web platforms.

Sue Samson, a humanities librarian and professor, said this personnel cut will hamper the library's ability to offer the same resources to students and faculty in the future.

"It's important to note that we never experienced a growth in employees

during the high enrollment time," Samson said. "We stayed steady all this time, and now we have taken the biggest hit on campus. It's sad."

Now, the Mansfield Library can only try to regroup, restructure and move forward with what they've got.

Christa Fehrer, the staff representative to the Library Administrative Advisory Group, said the library began the long process of restructuring with a meeting on Feb. 23.

"(We looked) at what services we can continue to provide and what services it would hurt the least to maybe cut," Fehrer said.

Although the library is currently open from 7 a.m. until 2 a.m., Fehrer said that will likely change to a smaller time frame.

"I feel terrible that we may not be able to continue providing the level of service that we're providing now," Fehrer said. "It hurts."

First case of Zika virus diagnosed in Montana

Silas Miller

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A Missoula County woman has been diagnosed with the Zika virus after returning home from a Zika-affected area, according to the Department of Human Health and Safety.

It is the first reported Zika virus infection in Montana.

This virus is primarily spread to humans by mosquitoes, and only around 20 percent of those infected show symptoms. The most common symptoms are fever, rash, joint pain and red, itchy eyes, according to the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention.

Pregnant women experience the most severe symptoms, as birth defects have been linked to the disease, according to the CDC.

The infected Missoula County woman is not pregnant.

The CDC discourages travel by pregnant women to Zika affected areas and suggests they abstain from sex with partners returning from those areas.

Outbreaks have occurred in areas of Africa, Southeast Asia and the Pacific Islands.



curry me home

By Reagan Colyer
Photos by Evan Frost
Design by Kelsey Johnson

*"Real simplicity,
real ingredients."*



Theo Smith uses a mortar and pestle to grind up toasted spices in the kitchen of Masala, making sure not to make too fine of a powder to ensure each flavor's individuality.

It sounds like the slogan of a fast food chain trying to convince you they don't import their pre-sliced frozen French fries from another continent. But for 39-year-old Theo Smith, there was a time when that phrase meant living — and eating — off 13 cents a day. A typical meal was a pile of rice; maybe some greens or chilies if he was lucky enough to find them, eating in a ditch or squatting on the side of the road with a few others with similar budgets.

Smith wasn't living this way out of necessity. He did it for a taste of what his life nearly was, an orphan in a developing nation. Born in 1977 in Surabaya, Indonesia on the island of Java, he was adopted at the age of three weeks, but always harbored a curiosity for the place and the culture he left behind. Smith has satiated that curiosity for the benefit of Missoula foodies since 2009, and hopes his newest restaurant, Masala, will show customers the genuine simplicity and realism that is authentic Indian and Southeast Asian food.

Raised in Edmonton, Alberta, Smith grew up in a very different food atmosphere than he would have experienced in Indonesia. He showed interest in cooking in high school and even before, when his mother would toss him a ball of pizza or bread dough and teach him how to shape, proof and bake it. He enjoyed the tactile nature of cooking, using his hands

to create something out of raw and sometimes very disparate ingredients. It wasn't too much of a stretch that he ended up studying art — another tactile medium — at the University of Puget Sound in Tacoma, Washington.

His parents worried that pursuing his culinary aspirations would land him a terrible job with no pay, so they actively encouraged him to pursue a four-year degree. But he realized three credits short of graduation that he didn't want to put another semester toward something that wouldn't ultimately further his ambitions in cooking. He ended up in culinary school instead, working in some of Seattle's best-known restaurants like the Dahlia Lounge, Wild Ginger and the Space Needle's SkyCity. And before long, he started impressing the right chefs. He began to work his way up the Seattle food scene.

Smith knew Seattle wouldn't be the place to start his career as a restaurateur in earnest. The restaurant industry there is ruthless and nearly saturated with restaurants of every variety. Greek. Italian. French. Japanese. Even if fortunate enough to start up a new restaurant, the odds would be against him.

So Smith moved to Missoula, where his father grew up. His grandparents owned a cabin near Skidoo Bay on Flathead Lake. From day one it just made sense.

Smith's first ambition was to open a bar, rather than a restaurant. He called a property manager and started looking into acquiring a liquor license, but first he needed the money.

"Do you have a million dollars?" the manager asked.

So the bar idea was out.

Not long after, Smith met Tobin Aroner through a mutual friend. Aroner grew up working in the Bay Area food industry, and wanted to open an Asian restaurant in Missoula. But he lacked a chef, a position Smith was only too eager to fill. The two clicked, and in 2009 they opened Iza Restaurant on Missoula's Hip Strip. Iza remains a popular spot, though Smith sold his share in 2011 and moved north to Charlo to help establish the Allentown Restaurant at Ninepipes Lodge. After Allentown got off the ground, he realized how much he missed Missoula. He returned with a renewed ambition for his own restaurant.

He was adamant that his restaurant be something that didn't already exist: no pizza, no burritos, no burgers. The market for those was already inundated, and Smith wanted something new. When he asked himself what was missing in Missoula, the first thing that came to mind was Indian food.

There was another problem: authenticity.

"When I got the question 'where did you

learn to cook Indian food?' I knew the correct answer wouldn't be 'from a cookbook,'" Smith said. And so, like any good student of cuisine, he went for the source, jetting off to India for three months in early 2012. He traveled all over the country but found himself most at home in the north, where familiar ingredients like eggplant, potatoes and squash were common. While the similar ingredients in the north were comforting, his most memorable experience occurred in the southern tip of India, in Kerala.

Smith arrived in the region and wandered the streets in search of breakfast. He passed tourists and businessmen in hotel windows, sipping their morning coffee and eating toast. They flew halfway around the world and couldn't leave their morning routines from home behind. Smith couldn't understand it.

He continued to meander and finally stumbled upon a wooden hut on the side of a street. It really wasn't more than half a hole in the ground, a ramshackle roof upheld by a few sizeable bamboo shoots. An old man stood inside, smoking a cigarette and stirring a huge pot of something yellow.

There was no need to offer a menu, because there was only one choice. It was chickpea curry made with coconut milk and chilies, drawing its vibrant yellow color from liberal addition of turmeric, a spice native to



Diced tomatoes, Paneer cheese, ginger, garlic, red onions, and peas make up the essential elements of Matar Paneer, a Northern Indian staple that chef Theo Smith considers his litmus test for other Indian restaurants.

the area and a relative of ginger. The language barrier made words impossible but they were unnecessary. It was one of the most beautiful interactions Smith had ever had. The old man set a plate of the steaming curry in front of him, a dish he remembers to this day. Sitting in the half hole in the ground, he unwittingly found a real, honest iteration of the region's Indian food.

When Smith finished eating, he had no way to ask for a bill. He set down an amount he thought seemed reasonable to cover the price of his meal. The old man looked at it,



shook his head vehemently, and gave back all but the equivalent of 35 American cents.

Smith returned home to Missoula, where he immediately set about recreating the meals he enjoyed on his travels, including the yellow chickpea curry. Smith said he has had to adjust most of the dishes he ate while abroad, because American palates aren't used to as much spice as Indian palates. He even had to ask for his meal to be toned down a few times while in India, and while the chefs obliged, he said he was usually met with an apology that the food didn't taste right, because less spice was not really "how we make it." But Smith was willing to adapt for his American audience, and Masala emerged just a couple months after he returned, in the form of a food cart.

The cart was a cheaper and easier way for Smith to gauge the interest and adventurousness of Missoula's eaters. For the last four years, it's been a favorite at events like the Out To Lunch series in Caras Park, serving up curries, salads and flatbread. But it's unique

in more ways than just the cuisine. The majority of the ingredients that make up Masala's menu come from the Western Montana area. Meats come from farmers in Hamilton and Stevensville and produce from the Western Montana Growers Co-op, as well as from Masala's own tract of land in the upper Rattlesnake area. It doesn't hurt that Masala has its own employee farmers, doing what they love and offering the restaurant an even closer tie to the ingredients in its food.

The hardest ingredients to find locally are unfamiliar spices like asafoetida, a rarity in American cooking. Smith bought herbs and spices from Missoula institution Butterfly Herbs, but joked that he's gotten in trouble there for buying up too much of their stock. So he balances importing some ingredients while buying others locally.

Now, with public support and the help of a Kickstarter campaign that raised over \$9,000, Masala's brick-and-mortar home has become a reality. It has taken over the remodeled space that was formerly home to The Walking Mustache. Scan the menu and you'll find Smith's version of that yellow chickpea curry made by the old Indian man he met back in 2012. Also on the menu, matar paneer, a dish Smith calls the "litmus test" to see if an Indian restaurant really knows its stuff. It's not a complicated dish, but it is a staple of northern Indian cuisine and when done right, Smith's favorite dish. Made with peas and garam masala in a tomato base, it features paneer, a unique Indian cheese known for the fact that it doesn't melt. This means it can be sliced up and fried, sauteed or added to curry without losing its shape. Smith has perfected his recipe over the years, and has it down to a science.



Goat heads and hides wait to be prepped as chef Ryan Scott readies lamb shanks before Masala's opening on Feb. 5, 2016. Masala sources their goats, a breed originating in northern Africa, from the Bitterroot Valley



Smith hoped Masala would open Valentine's Day weekend but there were still too many things to be done. Delays were frustrating for Smith and his team, but it's part of the business of opening a restaurant.

When I visit, a week before Masala opens, whiffs of spices and hot oil replaced sawdust and plaster. There are 37 jars of spices arrayed on a table and I have to resist the urge to open them. All are labeled, some familiar like ginger, cayenne and coriander, others less so, like mango powder, nigella seeds and the elusive asafoetida.

The reason for the aroma today is also the reason I'm back: Smith is sharing his recipe for matar paneer, complete with a cooking demonstration. All the necessary ingredients are laid out on a gleaming counter, the most eye-catching a plate filled with spices, including whole cinnamon stick, cardamom and fenugreek pods, black peppercorns and cumin seeds. All get toasted in a hot, dry pan for just a few moments before being ground by hand with the biggest mortar and pestle I've ever seen. It's Smith's own garam masala blend, and he says the toasting and pulverizing of whole fresh spices separates an average dish from something that's truly next level. If the smell is anything to go on, we've already reached the next level.

Cubes of paneer cheese — resembling the blocks of tofu found in a bowl of miso soup — get stir-fried in canola oil until they're crunchy and brown on the edges. Smith expertly handles a wide wok over the burner of an enormous gas stove, casually blowing on the rag he's using as a potholder when it gets

singed by the open flame. Fresh onion, ginger, garlic, tomatoes, tiny green chilies and peas all make their way into the wok with the crispy paneer, along with the freshly toasted spices. But there are a few finishing touches before we get to eat. Cream, lime juice and fresh cilantro get added just before the curry gets plated. It's served alongside a bowl of long grain white rice, but even that gets the star treatment with fresh, whole spices, including cloves, curry leaves, cumin and crushed cinnamon sticks. Watching Smith plate the meal, it's apparent that he's become an expert at making already stunning food look even better.

The whole process only takes about 25 minutes. When it's finished, Smith calls over the few of his employees that are still working at four on a Saturday afternoon painting, sanding and hoping to have this place ready for a final pre-opening health inspection in five days. Six of us gather around and serve up bowls of curry family style. The houseblend of spices warrants an enormous pitcher of water to share, and I know what Smith meant when he explained the importance of toasting the blend. The wok empties in less time than it took to fill it, while conversation drifts to everything from local whiskey to the Bollywood films Smith plans to show on late nights once Masala opens. He also hopes to serve brunch after things get going, with Tunisian, Indian and Moroccan twists on brunch fare like scones and chicken and waffles.

Masala hopes to bring those flavors to Montanans without making them travel half-way around the world to get there. •

MONTANA Journalism

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

Upcoming Lectures

Thursday, Mar. 3, 2016, at 7 p.m.
Turner Hall, Dell Brown Room, *Free Admission*



Wednesday, Mar. 9, 2016, 7 p.m.
Law School Room 101, *Free Admission*

Nick Ut presents
“100 years of Pulitzer Prizes,
Associated Press Newsphotos,
the Vietnam War”



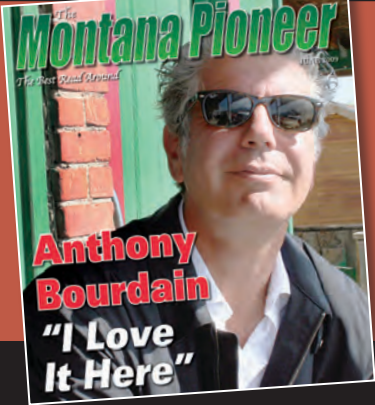
Left :
“Napalm Girl” is a
Pulitzer Prize
winning image
taken during the
Vietnam war.
Photo by Nick Ut

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SUDOKU

Difficulty : Easy

7						5	1	
	3				6			
	8		4					
				2			7	
3		2	1					5
					8			
			8			6	2	
		8	5	6				1
9		1			2	7		

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Edited by Margie E. Burke

HOW TO SOLVE:

Each row must contain the numbers 1 to 9; each column must contain the numbers 1 to 9; and each set of 3 by 3 boxes must contain the numbers 1 to 9.

Answer to Last Week's Sudoku

2	1	4	5	7	9	3	8	6
6	5	7	3	8	4	1	2	9
8	3	9	1	2	6	7	4	5
4	6	8	7	9	1	2	5	3
5	7	1	6	3	2	4	9	8
9	2	3	8	4	5	6	1	7
3	9	5	4	1	7	8	6	2
1	8	2	9	6	3	5	7	4
7	4	6	2	5	8	9	3	1

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The Weekly Crossword

by Margie E. Burke

ACROSS

- Cider season
- Kind of income
- Watery snow
- Mishmash
- Bring to ruin
- British coins
- All excited
- Rule
- Bouncing off the walls
- Mountain-climbing spike
- Bamboozle
- Like a Cones-toga wagon
- Hemingway nickname
- Night light?
- Antisocial sort
- Backboard attachment
- Middleman, maybe
- Proof of pedigree
- May birthstone
- Pass to the side
- Go back (on)
- Split up
- Match, in poker
- Fix firmly
- Went first
- "Say ____"
- Kind of case
- Suffers from
- Secretary, at times
- London landmark
- Eloquent
- "So long!"
- Large-eyed primate
- Hamster's home
- ____-ran
- Correct, as text
- Leaves home?
- Onion relative

DOWN

- Pillow filler
- Sea lettuce

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14				15				16				
17				18				19				
20				21	22					23		
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27	28	29	30					31				
32			33					34			35	36
37							38					
39						40						
		41			42					43		
44	45			46					47			
48			49					50		51	52	53
54			55					56		57		
58					59					60		
61					62					63		

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- Animal with a mane
- Computer circuitry
- Faulty firecracker
- Intact
- Groupie, to a rock star
- Hang out
- Spic-and-_____
- Authorize
- Like some legislatures
- Inside info
- Reddish dye
- Affirmative action?
- Artistic potpourri
- Semi-sheer fabric
- Tom's father, in verse
- ____-friendly
- Stew
- Ali Baba's cry
- Machine gun sound

- Be exultant
- Mill output
- Size up
- Husky burden
- Influence
- Motorcycle add-on
- Surviving organism of old
- Unbroken
- Sheik's bevy

- Alpine sight
- From around here
- Focus builder
- Artifice
- Ill at ____
- Corner piece
- 252 wine gallons
- Majors in acting

Answer to Last Week's Crossword:

R	E	C	A	P		A	U	N	T		A	R	M	S
I	M	A	G	E		S	N	O	W		M	E	A	N
F	I	V	E	R		T	I	R	E		B	E	T	A
T	R	A	N	S		F	I	X		L	O	U	V	E
					D	O	E	R		E	V	I	L	E
I	S	L	A	N	D		H	Y	E	N	A			
T	O	O			A	U	G	U	R		K	N	O	L
C	L	A	P		P	E	R	I	L		T	R	E	E
H	E	M	A	N		C	R	E	A	M		A	G	E
					L	A	N	K	Y		P	A	R	L
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O	D	O	R			M	O	R	E		H	O	O	H
O	G	L	E			A	N	T	E		A	S	T	E
P	E	L	E			L	E	S	T		L	E	A	R

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Bowen through the motions: DJ redemption



Olivia Vanni / @ogvanniphoto Connor Whelan (right) explains the basics of the two-deck controller and mixer to Bowen West. The mixer allows the DJ to manipulate the sound coming from the decks.

Bowen West

bowen.west@umontana.edu

When you read my critical and commercial hit series “Bowen through the motions,” you probably think I have it all. But there is a large part of me that is underdeveloped, especially when it comes to taking jokes too far.

For the better part of my life I’ve made fun of people so others would think I was cool, and because of this I have grown into a man who constantly burns bridges. I am an emotional infant.

To fix my mistakes and hopefully grow as

an individual, I have decided to meet someone that I have hurt face to face and apologize.

In November of 2015, I attended a sorority function. The DJ was Connor Whelan, and at the time I was not impressed with his selection of music. I wrote that he was the “worst DJ in town,” a phrase that will likely haunt me for the rest of my life. Whelan (and his fraternity brothers) expressed that what I said had hurt him (see below) and I have lived with regret ever since.

Here are a few of the 32 comments on the piece:

“Because while I was well as most of my fel-

low greek members were having a good time dancing and grinding on women your sad, pathetic, and judgmental sad ass was sitting and watching we were all having a great time,” said by Kaiminsgarbage1738.

“In fact, seeing Urkle (sic) (Bowen) write everything in his blues clues notepad made everyone there want to inhale an entire tank of propane and propane accessories,” said by MotorboatMyGoat.

“You should re think your life before you start some more shit. You better hope you don’t see me around campus (winky face) cheers,” said by Blowmybow.

Clearly, I had touched a nerve.

I figured Whelan could be the first on my list of people I apologize to. There was no better way than to let me experience the one thing I judged him on — being a DJ.

I arrived at the Sigma Nu house ready to DJ. Whelan opened the door and greeted me. This was my first time looking at him (I’ve never truly looked at a DJ. It’s a policy that I have).

He led me to the basement where his turntable was located. The floor was sticky, and there were posters of beer on the wall. I was in the lion’s den. In the back of the basement, there was the stage, a majesty in its own right. It was all black with a serpent on the front.

Whelan led me onto the stage where the turntables were. I stared at it with all of its knobs and switches. I gave him my flash drive full of songs that I wanted to remix (some Will “The Fresh Prince” Smith). He looked at my list of songs, and none of them really worked for

what we were doing, so I played some seemingly nameless electronic song.

“I get a lot of Carly Rae Jepson,” Whelan continued, “You’ve got to play stuff they know.”

He is a slave to the audience, forced to play mundane music instead of his preferred electronic music.

I started to identify with Whelan. He was opening up about his passion for music. He wasn’t just a DJ anymore — he was person with hopes and dreams.

He was trying to teach me how to transition from song to song with no delay. The beats per minute had to match up perfectly, and when the right moment happened you would switch. I never accomplished this. It always sounded like I pressed “skip” mid-song. I was awful.

I started to really appreciate the craft of DJing. I don’t understand it, and I can’t imagine I will ever try to DJ again, but I have gained a respect for it. Whelan is someone that constantly works on his craft, and he is dedicated to destroying the stereotype that a DJ could be replaced with an iPod on shuffle.

I decided to address the elephant in the room and finally apologize.

We sat and spoke about how we felt about hurting each other’s feelings. We were both in difficult places during the time of the sorority function, and the backlash following the article didn’t help. Whelan and I may not be so different after all.

So Kaiminsgarbage1738 am I still a worthless, waste of space person? •

Chasing Courtin: Buddhist nun brings teachings to Missoula

Maddie Vincent

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She enters the room and everyone stands. Dozens of bowed heads and hands at heart center decorate her path to a chair neatly set up front. Before she sits, she fluidly moves from her feet to her knees, arms outstretched on the floor towards images of Buddha and the prominent teachers who follow him. For Missoulians, she is one of those teachers.

Robina Courtin is a Buddhist nun, a woman whose life is dedicated to preserving Buddha’s views. She has taught around the world and visited Missoula’s Osel Shen Phen Ling Tibetan Buddhist Center for the last 20 years.

“Robina has a different style of teaching. She is very direct and doesn’t tiptoe around the basic but complex ideas of Buddhism. She hammers away at them,” Fran McDermott, Courtin’s host, said.

Courtin grew up Catholic in Melbourne,

Australia. As a little girl she was very attracted to religion.

“I loved going to Mass. I liked God. I’d always think about this kind of thing,” Courtin said. “At the same time, I was very rebellious. I didn’t look like a holy kid, you know?”

Courtin attended a Catholic convent, but said at 15, her aspirations shifted from religious to social. She gave up God for sex, drugs and radical politics.

“I think I was always looking for a way to see the world. I went the political way and saw how the world was full of suffering. I was idealistic, trying to make the world a better place,” Courtin said.

Throughout her 20s, Courtin was part of different advocacy groups that fought for the poor, racial equality and women’s rights. After 10 years, she decided she wanted something spiritual again. When asked why she chose to become a Buddhist nun, she said it just hap-

pened. She liked the Tibetan way of seeing the world and the Buddha’s view of understanding the mind. It made sense for her to have her life more focused.

In 1996, while editing for Mandala magazine, she received a letter from a prisoner in California. He wanted to know more about meditation. By the end of the year, Courtin had 40 prisoners writing to her. This was the start of the Liberation Prison Project.

Courtin ran the nonprofit project for 14 years. She wrote letters, made phone calls and sent books to prisoners interested in Buddhism. She visited prisons in both the United States and Australia. Courtin said she received letters from about 25,000 prisoners in both countries.

“The people in prison are the ones that have no money, no family, no nothing. In other words, the garbage dump of the world,” Courtin said. “It was so moving that these human beings, who’ve got nothing to look forward to,

happily took on Buddha’s tools.”

In 2000, Amiel Courtin-Wilson released “Chasing Buddha,” a film about his aunt’s prison project.

McDermott, who has hosted Courtin for the past five years, said the nun is invited back to Missoula every year because of how powerful her teachings are. Osel Shen Phen Ling Center director Bob Jacobson agrees.

“Robina is a very dynamic and clear speaker,” Jacobson said. “Her broad experience allows her to put into words very complex concepts.”

Courtin visits about 60 Buddhist centers every year. She’s also stayed in contact with some prisoners, who she sees regularly. She says if she could teach the world one lesson, it would be to not harm another sentient being.

“For your sake and the sake of others, try not to harm,” Courtin said. “Don’t kill, don’t steal, don’t lie, don’t cheat, don’t jump on the wrong partner — that kind of thing, OK?” •