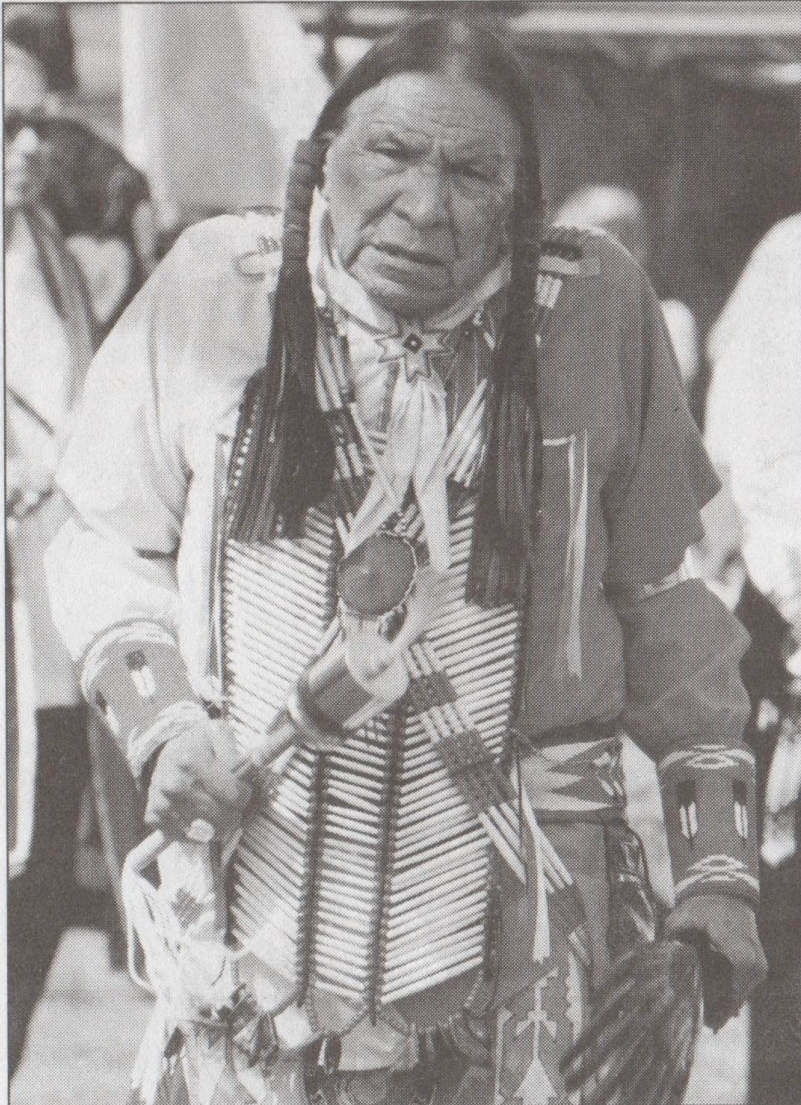


POW WOW WOW YIPPEE YO YIPPY YAY

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If you were on campus this weekend, you probably saw the rippling of your glass of water; the precursor to any coming rumble and quake of the ground. But it wasn't a T-Rex skulking about campus, it was the annual Pow Wow put on by the American Indian Studies Program and American Indian Student Council. The gathering of tent-vendors and fry-bread ironically circled their wagons around the Native American performers, dressed in traditional garb and dancing around a large tree on the Upper Campus lawn.

The all day event featured dancing, contests, and traditional drumming from Native American performers. Many vendors were hocking their wares to anyone walking by but it really seemed like a large, Native American themed flea market. Some of the food vendors just seemed to unceremoniously add the word "Indian" to whatever food they were peddling. Indian tacos? What the fuck are Indian tacos?

Another food staple seems to be this product called fry-bread, which essentially is an overpriced fried dough platter with bargain brand food products splattered on top, like a Mexican pizza from Taco Bell, but shittier. The only experience I have with fry-bread is watching a show about how incredibly unhealthy it is to consume, and watching its rapid consumption on campus grounds.

The pinnacle of this underwhelming affair was watching authentic cultural dancers in the middle of the event and random audience members ambling awkwardly up to the line of dancers and dropping wadded up dollar bills in front of them as some form of donation. When the dance was over, the closest dancers to the cash pile stooped and picked up what I could only assume was barely more than \$30-50 in small bills. The entire scene felt disingenuous and cheap. Donations are great, and necessary, tossing them unceremoniously on the ground is crass and borderline obscene. Even the homeless have hats and cups.