

Does Friday the 13th freak you out? You're not alone

BY VALERIA SOSA
STAFF WRITER

Are you afraid of Friday the 13th? Don't worry! You are not alone.

According to the Stress Management Center and Phobia Institute in Asheville, N.C., as many as 21 million people in the U.S. are fearful of the date, resulting in about \$800 million to \$900 million lost in business every Friday the 13th.

The origin of paraskevidekatriphobia, or fear of Friday the 13th, lies with a book.

"Putting together Friday with the number 13 is something that has only become a preoccupation in the 20th century," said Timothy Kircher, professor of history. "One of the catalysts for this was a book that was written in the 20th century about the stock market and the stock speculators who took advantage of people. Friday the 13th was the day in which their schemes would come to fruition."

Thomas Lawson's novel "Friday the Thirteenth," published in 1907, chronicles the story of a businessman who tries to crash the stock market on the date of the book's namesake. The book was a hit, selling nearly 28,000 copies within the first week.

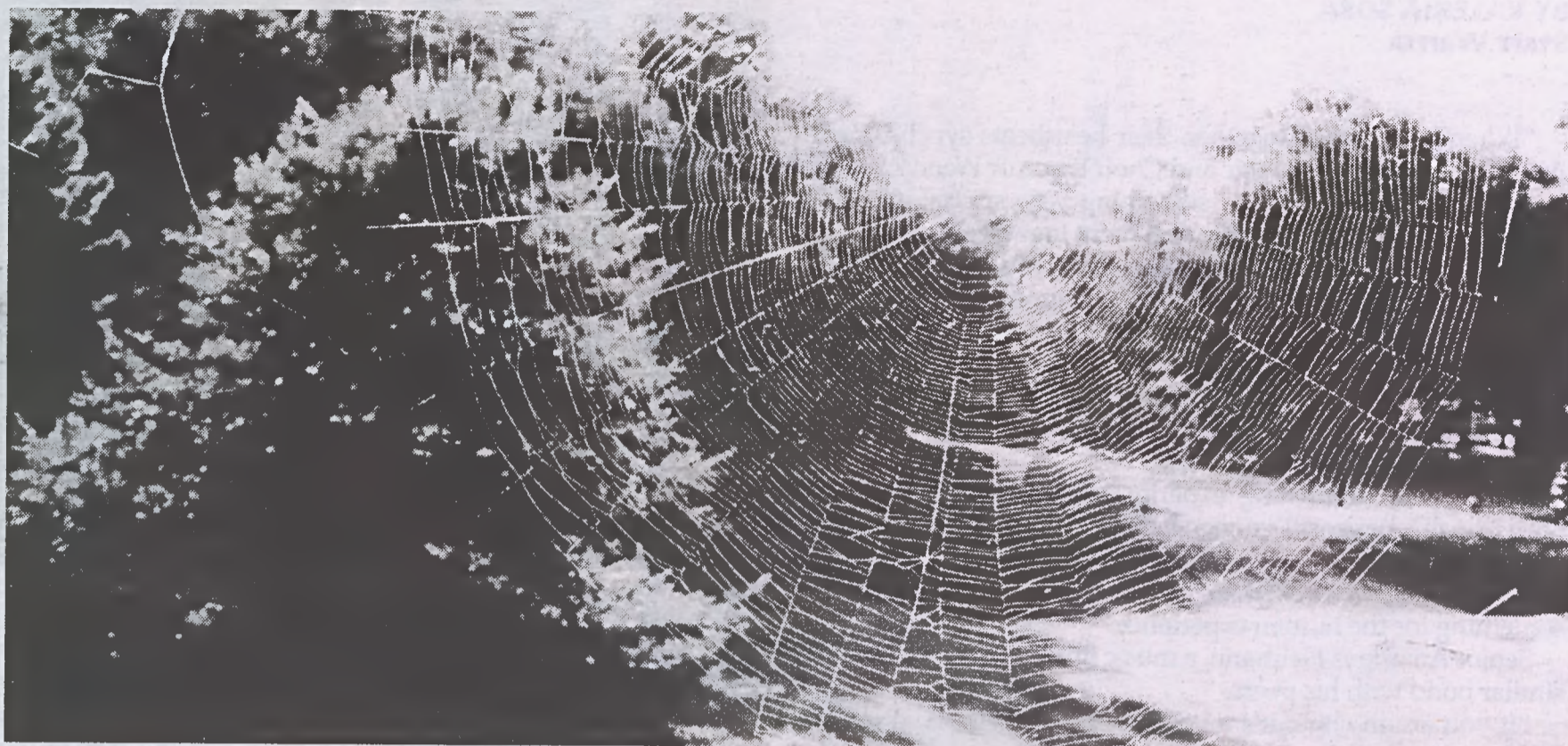
While the Friday the 13th frenzy became more popular in the 20th century, it had taken hold of the world long before.

In 1881, an organization was created specifically for the purpose of debunking the superstitions surrounding Friday the 13th. The original thirteen members of the "Thirteen Club" first met and sat down for dinner in room 13 of the Knickerbocker Cottage, a Manhattan tavern, at 7:13 p.m. on January 13, a Friday. The members, who later went on to include the ranks of five Presidents, walked under ladders to enter the room, sat in seats covered with salt, 8:00 a.m. - 9:00 p.m. weekdays and 9:00 a.m. - 6:00 p.m. weekends, and broke glass with complete abandon.

"I think that in very minute ways I consider myself superstitious, but I'm not crazy," said first-year Kat Kaltenheuser. "I think for me it's just habitual. I don't really take it super seriously, but I always feel a little bit odd when it's Friday the 13th."

Why do people, even if they aren't superstitious, fear Friday the 13th?

"In the case of people afraid of Friday the 13th, they have associated with the date cultural stories and fears that they have learned from media or other people," said High Point



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University Associate Psychology Professor Deborah Danzis in an email interview. "It is not to the point of a full phobia, but there is learned discomfort and anxiety about the date."

Hollywood exploited these fears, superstitions and scary myths in the 1980 film "Friday the 13th." The film grossed almost \$40 million at the box office, and inspired a generation of horror thrillers not for paraskevidekatriaphobes. Nevertheless, many people love these horror movies.

"The whole Freddy Krueger/Friday the 13th movie series is pretty big for the horror genre," said junior Jon Macemore. "I think it's pretty awesome."

Yet, not everyone has a scary hockey-mask-psychopathic-killer kind of Friday the 13th. To many people, 13 is actually a lucky number.

"I've actually been really lucky on all the Friday the 13ths I've ever had," said Emily Eadie, a senior psychology major. "Pretty much any Friday the 13th has always been a good day for me."

Whether you fear, long for or just like watching movie about Friday the 13th, this special date has influenced many, and if you don't share these beliefs, come the 13th of September and December, you may just find your reason to believe in the myths.

Freaky Facts about Friday the 13th

November 13, 1829:

Stuntman Sam Patch dies jumping off of a 125-foot platform into the Genesee River.

September 13, 1940:

The Nazis bomb Buckingham Place while the King and Queen are sitting down for tea.

September 13, 1996:

Tupac Shakur dies in the hospital, six days after being shot four times in Las Vegas.

August 13, 2010:

A 13-year-old British boy is struck by lightning at exactly 13:13.

INFORMATION COURTESY OF GUILFORDIAN.COM

Hopscotch music festival brings many talents to Raleigh

BY GABE POLLAK
STAFF WRITER

With 175 bands storming 14 different venues on Sept. 5-7 in downtown Raleigh, North Carolina's most eclectic music festival — Hopscotch — gives attendees a lot to choose from.

I arrived downtown Friday evening, on the second day of the festival. Already, Fayetteville Street bustled with hip dads and college students alike.

As synth-pop band Future Islands blasted from City Plaza stage, fest-goers roamed from venue to venue, avoiding the occasional errant glow stick, consulting pocket schedules and texting friends the essential question: who should we see next?

In 15 minutes, Dub Addis would play at Tir Na Nog, all the way

over by Moore Square. Soon after, Lady Lamb the Beekeeper would perform in the opposite direction at Fletcher Opera House. On top of that, Kanye West's DJ protégé, A-Trak, would take center stage 20 minutes before 10:00 p.m. And these are just three of the eight artists playing — each at different venues — around 9:30 p.m.

Contemplating who to see next, I realized I'd not only missed the end of Future Islands' hit "Balance," but that the group was already halfway through "Tin Man." I was so engrossed in deciding on the next group to see that I was missing the one right in front me.

So I stalled in indecision, defaulting to stick around the City Plaza stage for the rest of Future Islands' set. I realized I might be able to catch the end of Dub Addis' performance after all. I hustled off towards Wilmington

Street.

Like Future Islands' transforming rhythms, my plans shifted unexpectedly again.

As I walked toward Tir Na Nog, Carrboro-based band Some Army had taken over Hargett street. A frizzy-haired mom head banged to the tightly-harmonized rock, her baby boy in hand. I joined the mom, lingering for the rest of the show.

At this point, I was definitely missing Lady Lamb, but as Some Army singer Russell Bargett said to The Guilfordian, "There are worse things in the world than having too much good music."

Later that night, I abandoned my friends, who were eagerly waiting to see indie heartthrobs Local Natives, for some golden era hip-hop.

At Lincoln Theatre, highly-influential late-1980s master of ceremonies Big Daddy Kane

schooled an enraptured audience with classics like "Ain't No Half-Steppin'." While choosing Kane over Local Natives was an easy call, the real challenge came on the festival's closing night.

Califone or John Cale? Sleep or Kopecky Family Band? Coke Bust or Pissed Jeans? I was revisited by that essential dilemma: who should we see next?

It seemed there were a hundred artists on my plate, but I only had time left for one. I made a decision, sprinting seven blocks, out-running rickshaws and speed-walking hipsters to the Berkeley Café.

Lightbulbs flashed on and off as I entered the club. On time with the Ramones-y garage rock, a trio onstage switched between pure silhouettes and floods of light. I climbed onto a table, and, over the bobbing heads, noticed the lead singers' blue John Lennon glasses.

I wove through the sweaty crowd, searching for a better view of this musical discovery.

"The Beets were so good, I almost cried," said senior Emily Henderson.

Across the street from the club, I spent my last hour of Hopscotch, not seeing John Cale or Califone or Coke Bust, but sitting on a stoop and chatting with the Beets. We talked about everything from their influences — the Beatles, pro-wrestling and Howard Stern — to their immigration to their home in Queens.

By the end of the weekend, Plan A became Plan B became no plan at all. Once I realized I couldn't catch everything, turning away from the anxiety of choosing one good show over another, I took Continuing Part-time Lecturer in Music Parke Puterbaugh's advice.

"Focus on what you like and spend some time with it."