KLIPSUN CONTAINS

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THINGS CAST ASIDE

photos by JOHN HARJO
"It doesn't bother me when people ask about my handicaps," Celia Casper, a Western student, said as she started explaining what it's like relating to others when you're handicapped.

"A physical handicap is so obvious, you can't avoid it. It's your first impression," she added, explaining that sometimes it takes time for people to get past the physical differences and realize the handicapped are just people too.

Seated at a pull-down table in her one-level apartment on Northwest Avenue, Celia said that despite her own rather severe handicap caused by muscular dystrophy, even she doesn't automatically feel comfortable with handicapped people. "I never ask them what's wrong, I don't know how they'll feel," the 23-year-old woman said, glancing at her own crutches which she is decorating with an overall wood burned design. "My basis in relating with other handicapped persons is not trading old crippled stories. It's not that I don't feel comfortable with handicapped persons, but rather, I don't feel this is the primary base of that relationship." She added that it is annoying when "well-meaning people suggest (she) meet someone just because they are in a wheelchair also."

Celia is one of three students attending Western in wheelchairs this year. She transferred from Everett Community College fall quarter to pursue a degree in psychology and try living on her own. She was born with muscular dystrophy which gradually deteriorates muscle tissues. As a child she wore leg braces and at ten she developed severe curvature of the spine which was corrected surgically a year later. "I grew about five inches when they straightened my spine. They fused calf bone to my backbone and inserted a steel bar to keep it straight. The bar is telescopic so that I can grow, but I've only grown an inch or two since then," Celia explained, just five feet tall now, as she braced her crutches and stretched herself to her full height in the doorway to her miniscule, but meticulous, kitchenette.

"I was really lucky the surgery was so successful. I've heard of people having it redone several times. If I can remember correctly, I was the thirteenth person to have the surgery, it was still experimental then," she added, alternately moving her crutches and half swinging, half dragging her legs, as she maneuvered back to the table.

"The first month of school I felt a bit defensive. Finally, I realized that I needed some time to be comfortable and perhaps other people needed time to get accustomed to me," she said, looking back on her first weeks at Western. Celia's handicaps are quite noticeable and sometimes the realization that people are staring at her all the time is "boring," "annoying," and even "depressing."

"I'm not a freak side-show. I'm a person and at times it bothers me when people ignore this fact. There's a difference between curiosity and just plain rudeness. Looking at me because you haven't seen many handicapped people before — I don't mind that, but I don't like gawking."

Part of the adjustment was no doubt due to new surroundings, new people, new expectations and all of the other problems and insecurities that face every transfer student or freshman. But, a physical handicap is so totally unavoidable, and so much a part of that all-important first impression, that it makes everyone feel a little more self-conscious.

Although Celia uses crutches at home, she drives an electrically powered wheelchair around campus because she's not strong enough to spend the whole day on crutches. The newly constructed ramps on campus enable her to reach most of her classes unaided, but someone must go around and open the exit door to Lecture Hall 4 so she can avoid the steps at the regular entrances.

"I don't expect people to treat me special, but I appreciate it when someone opens a heavy door for me or something. If they don't help me, I can do it myself, but it's always nice when someone does," Celia said, leaning forward on a pillow balanced on the edge of the table. Her neck muscles are weak and it's easier to hold her head up if she leans forward. "Sometimes people are
afraid of me because I look so uncomfortable in my wheelchair with my head held back so stiffly, but I'm not uncomfortable particularly, it's just hard to hold my head up any other way," she said.

The wheelchair is powered with a new Sears Diehard battery and Celia leaves it plugged into a battery recharger in an audio-visual storage room in Miller Hall. She rides to school every day with Becky and Jeff Marks, friends from Everett who are attending Western this year, also. They bring the wheelchair to the car for her and then she's on her own.

Celia has help with her housekeeping and the Marks' help with grocery shopping and the laundry. Though she needs help to do some tasks (and who doesn't) she confidently arranges her life quite normally.

"I didn't want to live in a dorm. I like my privacy and I like keeping my own hours. I'm not inclined toward community living. I've experienced it and found it wasn't for me," she said, explaining why she doesn't live on campus which might be more convenient. "I wouldn't mind living closer to campus, but this was the closest apartment I could find," Celia said, balancing her crutches under her arms as she prepared chicken, baked potatoes and fresh broccoli for dinner.

Despite her physical weaknesses, Celia is determined to fend for herself and to learn to be independent. "No matter where I am at or who I am with, I'm still going to be my own person and pay my own way," she said forcefully. "I know I have to learn to be more realistic about some of my limitations," she added, softening her voice and staring absently at the cigarette smoldering between her fingers. Her long curly eyelashes hid her eyes as she tapped the ashes into a plastic ashtray and began talking about her family while waiting for the chicken to bake.

"My mother has muscular dystrophy, too... my family doesn't make a big deal about it... she can't face it... no one talks about it... I guess that's one reason I'm so unrealistic about my own limitations... although it has also made me independent and confident that I can make it alone," she rambled, sometimes bitter, sometimes wise.

Celia plans to get her driver's license and be driving in the near future. She also hopes to buy a car if "everything works out right." "I want the freedom of going where I want to go and doing what I want to do. It'll even be easier to study knowing I'm not trapped here," Celia said, looking fondly at the small, cozy living room full of plants and books and woodwork.

Early in winter quarter she plans to go to the University of Washington campus for a physical evaluation to determine what kind of seating support she will need in her car to hold her head up while driving. The State's Division of Vocational Rehabilitation will pay for installing hand controls, she said. They also pay her tuition.

Learning to drive will free Celia from still more of her physical limitations, allowing her to grow less dependent upon others. It will free her from the confines of a weak body and let her live an even more normal life.

"I can't say I dig the crippled life, but then again I can't say I really feel crippled," Celia said, trying to explain how she copes with the emotional problems of being crippled. "When it comes to having fun I find it very frustrating to have to take an intermission. Particularly when I'm bar hopping or whatever. I'd just as soon hold up as long as the others but often times I have been piggybacked into my house after an evening on the town. Usually that's fun, too!"

"I'm learning to respect my body and not to make jokes about it just to make myself or others feel comfortable. Not that I don't want to make people feel at ease, but not at the expense of my self-respect," she said seriously.

"I was in a tavern by myself not long ago, and this old guy started talking about courage and stuff and about how amazing it was that I could get around. I told him, 'I'm just living my life,' but he couldn't understand that without pitying me or something."

"I feel like television is instrumental in creating an atmosphere of paying homage to the perfect body. My body is not perfect and I prefer not to be screwed out of my sexuality, if you'll pardon the pun. Sex is a very realistic compliment to life," Celia continued.

Celia left home when she was eighteen and spent some time in a vocational rehabilitation program in Everett learning to be "self sufficient." There were too many "rules and regulations" and she didn't enjoy the community living situation, so after a year she enrolled at the Everett Community College instead.

The story of her search for identity and how she found it and is still finding it, is similar to that of many young women today — even though she is handicapped and therefore "different" and supposedly not normal.

"I want to live a full and balanced — albeit unbalanced at times — life," Celia said, smiling. About a year ago, Celia decided, after much consideration, to have a tubal ligation to ensure that she would never have children. "To me sexuality has nothing to do with motherhood. I think physically it would be a stupid decision for me (to have children) and I don't want to pass on my handicap. Also, I feel a strong consciousness about overpopulation," she explained.

"A friend of mine had a story in the Everett paper about his handicap and how he felt, and I never thought I'd do it. I didn't want the exposure. Now, I have mixed feelings about this article I don't want my life to be public, but I feel compelled to let people know that handicapped people are just people, too," Celia concluded.

As more and more handicapped people come out of their homes and into society to pursue educations and careers, people will become adjusted to their presence, and hopefully, the social taboos about "imperfect" people will melt away and the handicapped will be accepted as people, just people, despite the minor physical differences.
The road carried him. He did not know where he was going nor did he care. Yet safe in the pseudo-embryonic shelter of his car, Arthur J. Stevenson was, in fact, going home.

It was a time and place so far removed from Arthur that he had never considered it a form of escape. But now, in his desperate hour, he needed to run home.

He drove for hours, days perhaps, attempting to force thoughts of his present life away, but they persisted. Pressures filled his mind now and the past could not exist.

At last, Arthur stopped the car. He had found his destination. Before him lay the remains of a house which had stood abandoned for years, and behind them, a forest. Arthur left his car and slowly headed toward the woods and a trail which he thought he had forgotten long ago.

Sunlight shone through the trees, lighting the woods and ground in patchwork patterns, as Arthur started down the trail. He knew his way, he had been here many times, long, long ago.

Slowly, the memories filtered into his mind. Piece by piece he was fitting the days of his life together.

As he walked, Arthur could remember running through these woods. He could recall days which were far away now and hard to touch.

Arthur smiled as he recalled himself and a time, years ago when he was about eight years old, and had hidden a message in a tree nearby.

Curiosity struck him suddenly. What did the message say that had been so very important on that day which was now years gone by?

It was probably a note declaring his undivided love for a girl, he thought, or a ridiculous treasure map. Yet, somehow it had great significance to Arthur now. He needed to find his message.

Arthur's pace quickened, his mind was flooding with thoughts, but of most importance was the note. It was part of his life and he wished to reclaim it.

The trees were taller and the underbrush had changed, still the path was familiar. Arthur found his way to the tree and stood at its base remembering.

He could recall when he had written the note and carried it in his pocket for several hours with the intention of keeping it with him forever. He remembered finding a bottle which he could put the note into and deciding to hide the message in the hollow of his favorite tree so that he would always be able to find it. Here stood the tree — Arthur had returned.

Kneeling and brushing away the leaves, searching for the hollow, Arthur felt a surge of fear as logic told him that the message was gone now, that it was impossible to reclaim a single piece of childhood. Frantically driving his hand through the twigs and needles into the hollow, Arthur felt for the bottle — the one reclaimable part of his past.

Suddenly, he felt an object. His fingers trembled as disbelief struck him and slowly he redeemed his treasure from the depths of the hollow.

Arthur stood clutching the piece of his past and then carefully removed a note that was crumpled from having been stuffed in a young boy's back pocket.

Arthur unfolded the note and read:

Never forget this day.

In amazement Arthur J. Stevenson wondered if, even as a child of eight, he had known, had anticipated and had planned for a time when Artie Joe Stevenson would be a troubled old man...

And the time had come.
Jesus Jock

photos and story by
Rob Baldwin

Can a veteran deejay find happiness at a religious station? Did God create the Hammond organ? And why should the Devil have all the good music?

It is seconds before 3 p.m. and a boyishly-handsome man of 34, with a brown moustache and a hint of premature grey in his moderate-length hair, sits before a panel of knobs and switches in the control room of a radio station.

Through a window behind the control panel, he watches the station's news director finish a six-minute newscast and launch into the weather report. "Sunny again tomorrow," he thinks to himself. "Good."

In the middle of the newscaster's final word, and just as the second hand of the studio clock sweeps past 12, the man behind the control panel pushes a square, green start button on a cartridge tape player. Immediately a deep and pleasing, recorded voice speaks:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...THE SCOTT CAMPBELL PROGRAM."

Before the last word is heard, he flips the toggle switch on a turntable. The record spins and music, loud and upbeat, fills the control room.

This is Scott Campbell's favorite time of day. Since early morning, Radio KARI (pronounced carry), a religious-format station, near Blaine, Washington, has broadcast a stream of taped preaching to the faithful: searing fire-and-brimstone fulminations, thoughtful Bible studies, testimony from the miraculously healed and always a pitch for money. One electronic man of the cloth, with an obvious hot line to the Almighty, exorcises a demon from a babbling woman in seven minutes flat.

But now it's 3 o'clock and listeners will be granted a two-hour respite from salvation's hit-men while Scott spins "Jesus music" - a mixture of blues and rock-and-roll sounds, with spiritual lyrics, light-years removed from Rock of Ages and the church organ.

Religious music has come a long way in the last few years. It used to be big news when Johnny Cash or Elvis Presley recorded a gospel number. Today singers like Kris Kristofferson and Judy Collins regularly get play on top-40 and hard-rock stations with gospel tunes.

Some of the newest gospel groups have pushed their music to the limits of so-called acid-rock, catering to a steadily-growing number of young fundamentalists who have "decided to follow Jesus," but don't want to leave rock music behind.

The rear wall of the control room is glass. Beyond that a thousand or so LP records are shelved in a small alcove. Scott walks back to finish selecting the 50 or so he will play this afternoon. He pulls out each record and places it to a steadily-growing number of public-service announcements.

He is still talking as he spins another record. He will continue talking until the introductory music ends and the singing begins. This is called "talking up to the vocal." Good jocks talk up to the vocal.

Scott leans back, snaps the cap off a bottle of pop and savors the first swallow. "Mmmm...that's good Coke," he murmurs. Here's a man who drinks a lot of Coke. A man able to distinguish subtle variations in taste from bottle to bottle.

Scott has worked at KARI for six years now, a rather long time for a jock to stay in one place. "I love my job," he says. "I mean if I can get excited about doing a record show after nine years of it, I guess I really do love my job."

Many jocks aren't so contented. A combination of odd working hours and chronic low pay, they say,
gives small-market radio one of the highest personnel-turnover rates of any industry.

Although KARI has a reputation for paying well, Scott, with the title of Operations Manager and second in command on a staff of nine, earns less than a high school teacher with as many years experience. Jocks at other stations may earn half as much.

Small-market radio is also largely non-union and management has almost unchecked power to hire and fire at a moment’s notice. Rumor has it one local country-music station fires one employee every couple months just to keep the rest on their toes.

Add to this a large labor pool of young men (women have yet to break into broadcasting in numbers) anxious to make it in what they imagine is a glamorous line of work and six years in one place comes to be thought of as a long time.

Maybe one reason Scott has lasted at KARI is his attitude. He approaches his job with a kind of contented enthusiasm. Enthusiasm springing from the chance to push his own brand of low-key fundamentalist faith and Jesus music to 60-100 thousand listeners every afternoon.

A faithful churchgoer, Scott chafes, sans suit and tie, under the stifling rigidity of church ritual and the especially listless music served up at the local Evangelical services. But he puts things right on his own show — setting a tone and spinning music that rankles a few traditionalists.

“I get calls all the time from irate listeners who don’t like my music: people who think God created the Hammond organ and every other type of music is Satanic. But why should the Devil have all the good music? Fanny Crosby (a 19th Century hymn writer) is sitting up in Heaven this minute, wailing on an electric guitar, wondering why Christians still sing her tired old hymns!” It’s this goal of trying to change people’s minds about music and Christianity that makes Scott tick.

The record is nearly over. Scott glances at the program log — time for a commercial. Before the last note fades, the square, green start button on the cartridge tape player is pushed and a voice is plugging some local realtor.

A commercial or “spot” should be started a split second before the record ends to prevent silence or “dead air.” Playing records and spots and bridging them with talk, all with no dead air, is called a “tight” job. Good jocks are tight.

From his chair behind the control board, Scott looks into the next room and out a picture window into a 60-acre hayfield where three red and white antenna towers stand. A half-mile or so beyond are the pungent, salt-water mud flats of Drayton Bay at low tide; across the bay, the just-visible white Peace Arch at the Blaine border crossing and, through the haze, the outline of Whiterock, B.C., laid out on blue hills.

Directly opposite the control-room door and across the hall, two wire service teletypes clatter away in a closet-size room. If you walk past the derailed sliding door, you see a faded, typed note to the jocks from the news director:

“Please keep the wire pulled every half hour. If it piles up on your shift, the next guy will have extra work and might miss an important bulletin. Thanx.”

Beneath the control board, a few color-coded wires dangle down towards scraps of paper, bits of recording tape and dust. On the floor a metal plate covering wires leading to the transmitter has come loose. During a fast number that Scott particularly likes, he thumps it with his foot making it sound alternately like a snare drum and cymbal.

Through another window sits a bank of lights and switches — the transmitters: a 5,000-watter for daytime, a smaller 1,000-watter to run at night. KARI never signs off the air. You can get saved, healed and “filled with the spirit” any hour of the day or night. Just tune 550 on your AM dial.

At a few minutes before 5 o’clock, Scott is talking up to the vocal on the last song of his program:

“You’ve been a great audience. Take care, keep praising the Lord and we’ll see you tomorrow... Baal!”

The last word is a trademark: “bye” with a southern drawl. It explodes as sharp staccato milliseconds before the record vocal.

At 5 o’clock, Scott presses a square, green button on the cartridge tape player. Immediately a deep and pleasing, recorded voice speaks:

‘THE NEWS IS NEXT... SERVING WASHINGTON AND BRITISH COLUMBIA, THIS IS K-A-R-I BLAINE.”'
Pantomime, an age-old art of communication, transcends the power of the spoken word; transplanting tongues on the tip of every finger. Photographer Penny Bratsvold captures the many, expressive faces of Benjamin Trogden on these two pages.
It's 3:15 a.m. and David arises with fifteen minutes to dress and be downstairs for morning prayers. After prayers, he will start doing his chores for the day until he breaks for Lauds, or morning prayer (mass). Then he will eat his breakfast. After, he will again meet with the community for the office of prayers at 7:45 AM. After these prayers, David will return to his work, breaking only for meals and prayers. This schedule is followed all week long, all year.

This is the simple way of life, the life of a modern monk.

David feels that it sure would be nice someday to be able to sleep in, and that 3:15 in the morning is sometimes the wrong time to wake up.

The monastic day consists of communal and private prayer, spiritual readings, courses in the sacred sciences, and productive labour on the farm or in small industries.

The work of the monastery consists of a variety of everyday occupation. Every individual is employed in tasks adjusted to his personal talents. Everyone works according to his ability, and for the support of the community, no matter how old, whether 22 or 80. There are veterinarians, pharmacists, accountants, ballet dancers, farmers, a doctor, priests, and others.

The monastery has one of the most up-to-date dairy farms in the state of Utah, with about 200 dairy cows, 2000 chickens, beehives for making different kinds of honey, and fields of wheat and hay.

The milk is used only in the monastic community because of the amount of milk taken. The wheat is used to make 200 loaves of hand ground whole wheat bread every other day. The bread and honey is sold in the gift shop, and the eggs are sold to neighboring groceries in the towns surrounding the area.

The monastery houses about thirty six monks, of which half are also priests, in an old army barracks from World War II. The monastery was established in 1947, after the war, and is located on a 2,000-acre plot just outside of Ogden.

The Cistercian Order originated in the twelth century as a reform movement within the Benedictine family. The orientation of Cistercian monasticism has been mainly directed toward contemplative prayer, manual labour and the simplicity of life in a surrounding of solitude. The goal is the same today.

With these priorities, everything comes together to help each man respond fully to his own personal vocations, and to follow the spirit which leads ever deeper into God.

The environment of the monastery is aimed at confronting the individual with the examination of his attitudes and the formation of realistic ideas. It promotes the formation of men who can step into a situation with confidence. Monastic life is far from seeking to destroy the personal growth of its member; instead it seeks to help each monk gain his full potential of maturity.

My duties while staying at the monastery for two weeks, were to keep the guest house clean, work with the irrigation in the fields, and to survey a new road for the rerouting of the wheat fields.

It was a retreat, not for hiding from the world outside, but a place away from the everyday distractions of the modern life that is so common.

Any man desiring to become a monk may spend a short period as an observer in the community and may directly participate in the life style there.

After a while, the observer may leave for a while to think about the decision. If he chooses to return, he then becomes a postulant (one who asks). This lasts from one month to two years, during which time the postulant will be under the direction of a priest who in turn is in contact with the vocational director.

After this period, he becomes a novice (beginner) for two years. This period is used to search inside himself to find out if he is really ready and willing to accept this way of life. A novice may leave at any time.

If he stays, and receives favorable votes from the monks, he will take temporary vows or commitments for a period of time from three years to nine years. At the end, he may leave or ask again to remain. Again, a vote of acceptance from the community is taken.

If he remains, he takes his vows of celibacy, poverty, obedience to all things good, stability (staying with the community), and conversion of manners (to live his life to the fullest without ever saying that he has done enough).

Some monks may study theology and enter into the priesthood. Not all monks continue their education in this direction, and in the eyes of the community, all are equal as monks.

It is true that the Cistercian monk must make a radical break with contemporary society for the sake of a special kind of freedom, but still remains in loving solidarity with the world, being sensitive to all the world's pains and problems.

The monasteries of course realize the dramatic change and interest in monastic lifestyles, but the monks feel that the monastery has been around a long time, and that they are not likely to disappear as long as men search and crave for a quality of depth and simplicity in their lives.

There have been ideas thrown around that the monastic life may move into small houses, collegial structures, salaried employment and many others.

A modern monastery is no place for a man to hide from change, but to the average "civilian," it may be a place to make a retreat and put together thoughts of the twentieth century, and the way he can relate to modern pressures or just take a good look at himself.

Author's note:

I wish to express appreciation to the brothers of the Abbey of the Holy Trinity Monastery for the material used in this story.
FROM THE BOTTOM UP

high school in a cellar

by Erik Magnuson

PHOTOS BY GARY JOHNSON

A look at the Bellingham Street Academy which for the last two years has provided an alternative to public high school education.

A sixteen-year-old with shoulder length, brown frizzy hair, sits in a corner of the basement, picking expertly at an electric guitar. The music carries easily to all parts of the room, though the cord is not jacked in to anything and dangles to the floor.

"I'm goin' fishin', yes I'm goin' fishin', and my baby goin' fishin' too," he sings the Taj Mahal song in a hoarse yet pleasant voice that fits the song and casual mood.

Pipes criss-cross the ceiling of the windowless room and bare bulbs hang between them, although make-shift paper shades shield the glare of some.

A mahogany paneled back wall stands out proudly, while a television set with blank screen squats before it, looking as though it began life with episodes of The Lone Ranger and Rin-Tin-Tin.

At a garish pink, wooden booth, a smiling, thin, curly-haired girl of 16 deals out Tarot cards on a table. Three others listen as she explains the theory of Tarot, then all four explode into laughter at someone's joke.

It's business as usual at the Bellingham Street Academy.

Someone visiting the Street Academy for the first time might be surprised that such a genuinely friendly and comfortable atmosphere thrives in such drab surroundings. This is not high school as most remember it.

The "Academy" has its origins in a group of Western graduate students and other persons who used to meet and talk about what could be done with kids who dropped out of the public schools and were just "hanging out." Carl Taylor, now a teacher in special education at Shuksan Middle School, was one of that group.

"All year we'd talked about what to do with the kids just hanging around the "Y" and other businesses," he recalled. "One morning we all got together for breakfast and decided to set up a school. We just tapped one of the kids from the street and we all tried to decide how to go about it."

The Bellingham Street Academy opened up some time later in a small room in the YMCA building in February of 1972. It has since moved to the YMCA basement.

"The first year-and-a-half was a constant struggle to find money and the teaching was all volunteer," Taylor said.

In spring of 1973 a federal grant from the Justice Department came through and things have been easier since, though salaries are low and contributions are still needed to keep the school open.

Joan Wick, a thin, blond, intense woman with an air of quiet confidence, has been the Academy's director since fall of 1973.

"The image of the academy has improved since the first year when, I am told, some people in the police department thought of it as a place to exchange drugs," Wick said. "Now, Police Chief Burley has pledged his full support."

There are still a few on the police force who are critical of the school, she added.

One of the strings attached to the federal grant is that 75 per cent of those enrolled must be "delinquent," or on referral to juvenile probation. Those on referral are not on probation but have been brought to the attention of the courts by their actions.

"Most students strongly believe they are suspect in the eyes of the police," Wick said. "However, many students don't feel the city's juvenile probation officers view them so negatively. Last October, a flag football game pitted the "p.o.'s" against students and teachers from the Academy.

"The kids were really interested - they practiced after school and in P.E.," Wick said. The p.o.'s won, 21-18.

One problem the Academy has had to face has been that the school, as yet, is not accredited.

"Because we have no windows or separate bathrooms, and can't comply with health and fire regulations, we are not accredited, and have to get our credits through a special arrangement with Bellingham High and Sehome," Wick said. She and others have been searching for a new location for more than a year.

Students can be issued a diploma from one of the Bellingham schools or work toward the General Equivalency Test, or G.E.D. They can pick from such traditional course offerings as English, math and biology, or those of a more exotic variety such as Yoga, Astrology and Tarot. All three of the latter are taught by students.

Classes are ungraded, students
must attend class regularly and rules against drugs on the premises are strictly enforced. With six teachers and 40 pupils, classes are small.

A “review board” made up of two staff members and six students enforces discipline and arbitrates disputes.

Classes were spiced up last spring and fall with trips to Mt. Baker and San Juan Island, and students spent six days at Expo ’74.

Gene, 16, has shoulder-length sandy hair and a shy smile, and strikes you immediately with his intelligence. He says he is at the Academy because, “I can learn something here.”

“I lasted just one year at Sehome,” he said, “I liked a lot of the kids and liked some of my time with. But I wasn’t learning classes — even the ones I had a hard just too many rules.”

There’s maybe five. Plus there were enjoyed reading,” he said, “but now, choice is between here and the Academy doesn’t bother him, he added. “Sure, it might be better to troublemakers.”

History and reading. “I never has a bad image with the Bellingham Police. “A lot of cops don’t like us,” he said. “They look at us as troublemakers.”

Arlene, 18, has been at the Academy for two years.

“People here accept you as you are,” she said. “You know, some places you can wear jeans and feel out of place because everybody’s dressed up, and other places you’re dressed up and wish you were wearing jeans. Here I can wear anything and nobody cares.”

Arlene said she had a hard time adjusting to the public schools.

“I dropped out of Fairhaven Middle School in the eighth grade,” she said. “Then I tried Sehome for the ninth, but I didn’t like the kids there. I wore jeans and other girls were into makeup. I got called into the principal’s office and he told me I had to get some better clothes.

“So for a couple weeks I wore makeup and different clothes, but it was all so plastic that I went back to jeans. I quit later that year.

“I tried Bellingham High the next year but I didn’t get along there either. I had good grades, but they wanted to put me back as a freshman because of the school I’d missed. I told them I’d stay after school and work, and even study instead of take my lunch hour. But they said no.

“And I couldn’t take what I wanted. I tried to take shop; they said I had to take home-ec instead. So I quit and came here. My sister’s in her first year at Sehome and has all the same complaints — now she’s thinking of coming to the Academy.”

Arlene plans to take her G.E.D. exam soon. She wants to be a letter carrier, she said, and will have to take both the civil service and a special Post Office exam. Because there is a long waiting list for letter carriers, she intends to take electronics courses at Bellingham Technical School until something opens.

Zak, 14, has blonde hair that falls to a point just below his shoulders. He is the youngest student at the Academy.

“I made it through the eighth grade in Port Townsend,” he said, eyeing his interviewer with a faint trace of suspicion.

“I didn’t like junior high though. I didn’t do a thing in eighth grade — just sat in my chair — until the end of the year when they threatened to kick me out. I knew I was gonna have real problems with high school, and there was no free-school in Port Townsend, so I came here.”

The Academy is “all right” according to Zak, but he had hoped to go to a free school in Seattle where he had friends and where they “even have an electronics lab.”

“I guess I’ll stay here ‘til I’m 16,” he said. “Then I want to go somewhere. I don’t know where, it doesn’t really matter where.”

As with any institution, the Academy has its share of critics. The mother of a former Academy pupil, who does not wish to be identified, has few kind things to say about the school.

“I feel kids should be in a real school,” she said. “A lot of kids at the Street Academy could make it in a public school with a little discipline. It’s too easy now for them to get kicked out — why not make them stay after and mop the floors instead?”

“And what do those kids have when they get through — Hell there’s nothing to it. There’s no real discipline at all. Why let a kid wait until 10 o’clock in the morning to go to school?

“Another problem with that school is drugs. Kids who go there have been on drugs and are on drugs. And I know they sell drugs.”

She said she has never visited the school, but thinks it, “might be a good idea.”

John Whitbeck, a juvenile probation officer who has been involved with the school since its inception, takes a different view.

“The probation department views the Academy as one of the cleanest places in town,” he said. “They’re self-regulated — if somebody comes in spaced, the kids themselves tell him to leave.”

Whitbeck, who is on the Academy’s Board of Directors, emphasized that many students do not adjust immediately to the school.

“They get some people who are super-aggressive, with lots of frustrations. It often takes time.”

Many of the school’s page-long list of rules were added after the first year, Whitbeck said.

“In the beginning there was a very loose structure; much was left up to the students. The kids themselves decided they wanted things tightened up.”

Although a newspaper article once described the Academy’s pupils as “...the kids a lot of people might hate to meet on a dark street,” this writer is left with a much different impression. The Academy just does not come across as a den of forty thieves.

The school appears to be successfully helping what has traditionally been an alienated and perhaps neglected segment of any community.

As one member of the Academy Board put it, “these kids are being reached where they’ve never been reached before.”
nobody knows the real me  
until they see me dance

by Victoria Hamilton
photos by Gary Johnson

There is a renaissance of Dance at Western. Since the dance program has moved out of the Physical Education Department (except for a few remaining 100 level courses), it has thrived. Before dance courses were transferred to the Speech Department last spring, there were only eight dance majors. As of this quarter the number has tripled with 24 declared dance majors and has quadrupled with interested and participating students. As one who is interested in dance as a performing art, I have found that there are different levels of attitude reflecting varying levels of proficiency and direction. Just as I have found my own growth in the art of dance diverse, I have talked to
many students at Western who are experiencing dance at different levels. (The following voices do not necessarily match the photo essay.)

I

How do I put these damn things on anyway?
Black tights and leotards cover everything except the feet, hands and head. The first step is entering the dance studio.

I want to hide but the room is too large, the space reveals my awkwardness. I avoid the mirrors.

The teacher says to just walk. Walk across the room.

I forgot how to walk. God,
everyone must be watching. I keep stumbling, my body is rigid with tension, beads of perspiration begin to form. My brain is straining to take the body in control. Droplets of concentration trickle down my forehead and shine on my nose.

"Ever since I was a kid I loved to watch ballerinas on TV. I would draw them all the time, so one day I asked my mom if I could take lessons."

"The roots of my dance career were formed in my enjoyment of social dance. I began at the suggestion of a friend who knew nothing about my enjoyment of dance, but because I was physically fit introduced me to one of the local dance studios that needed a male dancer."

"There is a big difference between a college dance major and a professional dancer, especially in attitude. I would like to be a dance teacher or a dance consultant of some kind. I like to dance and I will always devote some of myself to it but I will never be dedicated, I could not spend all my time doing it."

"I will probably be a housewife who takes ballet twice a week."

II

Blond wooden floors a little gritty in some places for doing floor exercises. Waist-high wooden bars
project from two sides of the rectangular room. A faint odor of sweat hangs in the room. The mirrors of the studio reflect energy that is an echo of the activity that occurred an hour before.

Dance is a muscle art in which the student must keep the spine straight and head screwed on. Pain is the thing.

"When a dancer begins to develop through exercise and technique it takes suffering and discipline to start any kind of building."

"The enticing part of dance is the freedom gained ... complete freedom through complete control."

"Dance fulfills natural desires. I feel exhilarated when I move my body. When I move I explore the possibilities of developing a skill in expressing the dance of life, the joy of life. In the past I have denied going into dancing, now I go on attitude, positivity and confidence in self, and a type of enthusiasm which brings success and accomplishment."

"Dancing is addicting. It's junk because it feels so good. Once you have gotten your body to a certain point you can't let it backslide, as you work to maintain a certain ability."

III

I want to move, go, flow. The air cannot hold me. There is not enough space in the studio, it cages me in.

I take hold of energy and become one with the universe. The mirrors begin to complement and I call myself a dancer.

I am possessed but I try to keep it in perspective.

"Dance for me is a release of what is inside of me ... so many people are inhibited, in everything they do ... most people wouldn't barrel over the sidewalk in a leap even if they wanted to. Dance is the thing that allows you to move with freedom. Nobody knows the real me until they see me dance. I feel the same way about people. I watch people, and how they move tells me a lot about their personalities."

"I love to dance but I don't want to delude myself. So many dancers are completely narcissistic, they cannot keep their eyes off the mirrors, or their bodies out of the studio. I have seen dancers so obsessed with their egos that I wonder if they read the funnies or drink coffee in sleazy cafes."

"The forces of destruction and creation are in my body, and I can feel it through dance."

"I dance for a variety of reasons, mainly because through dance I can release energies that I cannot release through physical exercise and music. There are certain meaningful experiences I accrue through dance; an awareness of my body as an instrument of art."

Dance is an exploration of time and space.

To put a dance on the stage it takes more than technical ability or a desire to perform. Without the dynamics of energy and contrast a dance is flat, without form or shape it is hollow, without expression it is nothing.

Dance is a performing art and choreography is the means by which the message is sent.

Performing is the end result ... what the dancer has worked for.

I hate to see a bunch of movement on stage ... it has to say something. When I do choreography I start with a problem, an idea or something to say."

"Performing is a lot more than appearances ... it's acting using the body rather than the voice. A lot of things I choreograph cross the line between acting and dancing. What the dancers believe is what the audience sees." "To perform well your body has to be a fine-tuned beautiful instrument. To perform well it takes sensitivity, expression, acting ability and the movement in your body so that you do not have to think about it ... it becomes part of your body."

"There is that magic moment on stage when the audience sees who you are and what you can do. It's a magic feeling for me, an opportunity in which you must give your 200 per cent and more. Everything comes alive, the lights, the stage, the audience and sssshhhww- wwoo0000 ...." "Performing is what makes me want to dance. It is the best high there is."
Start a garden this winter with planning and foresight: reap the benefits this spring.

If you decided to return to the earth last year and expectantly planted a garden, only to get up at 6 a.m. every morning to see the sun cresting on mounds of wilted lettuce, wormy radishes, and radiant weeds—don’t despair. Now is the time to prepare for a successful garden this year.

The first consideration after rounding up last year’s frustrations and heaving them out the window, is choosing a proper garden area. The site, when possible, should be fully exposed to the sun and longer from north to south than from east to west. This will favor the even distribution of sunlight, a somewhat rare resource in Bellingham, and put your plants in a favorable growing mood.

The site should be well drained, because slow evaporation of water retained in the ground keeps the soil cold and “late” in spring and more subject to drought in dry weather. If your garden can be higher than the surrounding terrain, so much the better; this favors the drainage of cold air to the lower levels and often prevents damage by late spring and early autumn frosts.

The next consideration when selecting a garden site, is the type of soil. The best kind for vegetable gardens is loam, a combination of sand, clay and humus. This kind of soil can be made by adding humus-forming materials such as manures, compost, leaf-molds or green manures.

Keep in mind that animals on a good diet will make better manure. In general, the amount of manure increases with the amount of protein in the animal’s diet. Once you have found a healthy and inexpensive source, it is necessary to take proper care of your manure. The best practice is to apply it immediately to your garden, rather than storing it for later use. Without this proper care, your manure may lose many of its beneficial qualities.

Horse manure is best because it has fewer seeds and should be applied in early spring. Cow manure runs a close second and should be applied in early spring also. Chicken manure is the least effective of the three, and should be applied in late fall or early spring for best results.

Once your seeds have been planted, do not apply fresh, hot manure to your garden. Besides being a messy chore ruining an otherwise perfect day, it will burn the seeds or plants as they push their way out of the ground.

Another highly effective means of improving your soil is called mulching. By spreading a layer of organic material, (lawn clippings, leaves, etc.) in the soil around your crops you can be assured the soil will retain its moisture. Furthermore, most weeds are eliminated as they germinate, because they come up beneath the mulch and wither away, frustrated by the darkness. Meanwhile, this mulch slowly decays, adding more natural organic material to the soil.

Deciding what to plant in your garden is probably the most delightful dilemma of all. Spending hours leafing through seed catalogues, chatting away endlessly at the local seed store or just aimlessly discussing vegetable choices with successful gardeners in your area, can be pleasing and informative. Beginners should stick to the basic crops that have been grown successfully in an area before. However, a passion for creativity and experimentation with different or unusual vegetables will give additional challenge and excitement to your gardening adventure.

Once you have decided what you’re going to plant, it is a good idea to sketch out a rough garden plan on a sheet of paper. Here you can indicate how many rows of which vegetables you desire, and which areas of the garden they will be planted in. Label the rows with the names of the vegetables and keep this sheet throughout the growing year.

Now that you’ve gotten this far, you’re probably standing out in your garden, knee deep in manure, pockets bulging with seeds, wondering when and how to plant them. This is a common frustration for all beginning gardeners, but one that can be overcome by following a few simple rules.
Each packet of seed, if it comes from a reputable grower, will have the percent of germination of the seed and the date the tests were made printed on the packet. This percentage of germination should be your guide to how thickly the seeds should be planted.

The next consideration is spacing between the rows. There are many different views on the subject among gardening experts, but the majority seem to feel it is important to get the rows as closely together as possible. In this way you can plant more crops, and as they grow, they will overlap across the soil between the rows, aiding in the retention of moisture. This fine netting of growing vegetables also retards the growth of weeds in much the same way as mulching.

Place rows of small-seeded vegetables, (carrots, radishes, etc.) close together, no further than 10-12 inches. If the soil is moist and finely prepared, there is no danger of planting the seeds too shallow, as long as they are covered and the earth is tamped down on top of them. Deep planting means the seedlings will take longer to appear, and the sooner they come up the better, as they will have a much better chance of achieving a “good stand.”

In general, the same plan should be followed for large seeded vegetables, (corn, squash, etc.), except the distance between the rows should be about 12-16 inches.

Old farmers and gardeners will tell you, in bribed secrecy, the best time to plant flowers and vegetables which bear fruit above the ground, is when the moon is full. In contrast, those vegetables which grow below the ground, like potatoes, should be planted when there is no moon. Many people swear by this method and claim great success when these rules are stringently adhered to. Others balk at the thought, finding the task of dropping seeds into the ground at night with the aid of a bobbing flashlight, extreme and unnecessary for a flourishing and successful garden. Your own personal discretion is probably the best rule to follow.

Gardeners have always winced at the thought of hungry bugs attacking their freshly growing gardens. Standing out in your garden with a fly swatter, although impressive to the neighbors, is not the answer. Nor are dumping chemical pesticides, sure-fire powders or fumigating with sprays the answers to the bug dilemma.

In recent years, a new and highly effective method of pest control has emerged on the organic gardening scene. It is called “companion gardening.” The theory is simple: there is a scented oil secreted by plants as a waste product, which attracts or repels the insects. It is therefore possible to plant vegetables together with other vegetables, herbs or flowers that would, and do, repel damaging marauders.

There are two things to remember before beginning your companion gardening experiment. First, these repellents do not “repel insects,” as much as they mask, absorb or deodorize the attracting scent of the plant being protected. Secondly, the production of the aromatic oils in the plants is influenced by the condition of the soil. Generally, plants growing in heavy or poor soils emit the strongest odors.

The idea is to grow such things as wormwood or mint with potatoes to repel the black-faced beetle, a potato lover from way back. Marigolds and chrysanthemums are great in repelling most insects that attack a vast array of crops, and should be scattered throughout your garden no matter what you’ve planted. Sometimes you can “kill two bugs with one stone,” so to speak, by planting asparagus with tomatoes, for example, and in doing so repel the nasty asparagus beetle. Or, by planting carrots with onion family members, you’ll scare away even the most detrimental of carrot flies.

The best book on the subject, which is filled with graphs and suggestions, along with being easy to read and understand, is called: Companion Plants and How to Use Them, by Helen Philbrick and Richard Gregg. Another source is “The Mother Earth News Magazine.”

Now you have it, the basic ingredients for a summer garden. Once you begin, you will find gardeners are a curious lot and enjoy sharing garden tips and techniques with their neighbors.
'74 was quite a year. "It was the year," we'll say later, "when our national leader found his true level."

Many will remember 1974 as the year of the great energy rip-off or the year of the bitter sugar prices.

Certainly we'll remember it as the year of Western budget cuts and the infamous RIP program that shook the souls of several staff and faculty members.

Closer to home, those of us interested in student publications will recall it as the year that publications finally lost their long-drawn-out struggle to maintain free space in the building designated for student activities.

The struggle—and its tawdry conclusion—was a painful minuscule reflection of many of last year's national issues where administrative boondoggling and indecisiveness, confronted with strong power plays, passed the buck and the power block carried the day.

As Editor of KLIPSUN for the past year, I felt the heartbeat of Western.

One might expect that the national and local scene would slow down that heartbeat or stop it. I saw neither.

I saw instead a steady beat, a forging ahead in spite of gloomy predictions. I saw a human hope that said, "Things will get better. We will make them better."

While the national and local fiascoes saddened me—sometimes to the point of despair—the optimism I found on campus buoyed me up time after time.

Some may say 1974 was a bad year. For me it was a good year. It was a good year because I saw hundreds of Western students, faculty and staff attempting to remould society into a compassionate, viable, flexible form.

I saw these people making a staircase up a slippery slope one step at a time and coming back stronger each time a step crumbled.

I saw people progress. It was a good year.

D. Starbuck Goodwyn
Editor, KLIPSUN