Artful Living is defined by the quality of thought brought to action by an individual. The more highly refined the quality; the more singular becomes that individual. His singularity is not numerical. Indeed, he exists as one of a group. His groups are multiplex. Some assume human form, others assume the myriad forms. An individual may nourish from all of those entities, vitalizing himself and the life around him. A human, artfully being, is ecstatic, exuberent. He is not an ideal. He sweats, he eats. He exists as he or she. He is not unaffected. He is not ineffectual. He counts, but not in numbers.
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Late in September Klipsun invited writers to submit essays on values. The following piece is one of those submitted.

Today I watched a cat dying. It had been attacked by dogs. It lay on its broken back, hind legs spread, its belly chewed. Its eyes were huge with terror. Its front paws could no longer strike or scratch. Occasionally its insides, which may have looked like mush, would groan and roll and its mouth would emit a gasp of breath.

Years ago, maybe because I was younger, I would have cared and cried for this waning life. I would have tried to save the maimed creature's life, or I would have stayed with the cat until it died — then buried it. Today I looked at it — made it comfortable — thought for a moment — then walked away. God, I've changed. I didn't have the time or the desire to help this creature battle for life.

No time for interruptions. My days are planned. A few minutes spent on any unscheduled occurrence throws my day out of balance. Stress and panic overtake me. Scheduled normalcy cannot return until I have caught up with lost time. New curriculums require my attention. I am forced to squeeze more into my time-tabled day. My movements increase. I absorb more. I digest and interpret too much unconsciously.

Every day brings new knowledge — creating changes — making life different. I find myself evolving at a pace faster than I can comprehend. I find myself walking away from a dying cat.

It seems as though I had no choice. The change occurred without my being aware of it. The precipitance that each day requires allow no time for renewal of yesterday's sterling commitments.

Dead cat. Abused and tormented. I did not interfere with its fate. Its importance when viewed in light of the struggles of my life (the changing days) appeared trivial. My socially disciplined intellect drove me onward leaving my aesthetic emotions behind. This trivial incident keeps reoccurring in my mind's eye. I feel uncomfortable. I had transgressed against myself.

I returned to where the dead cat laid to retrieve my aesthetic emotions in whose absence I could not rest. The cat lay there, stiff, terror frozen in its opened eyes. Its dead mouth silently cried with pain-stretched lips, revealing her pointed teeth and extended white tongue. Its death wasn't in vain.

I thanked the corpse for interrupting my changing process and making me take the time to amend myself.
Although many articles and interviews have been written about Pulitzer Prize winner, Annie Dillard, I didn't feel I knew what she was really like. Words to describe her, "true spirited" and "mysterious," were just not enough, so I decided to seek her out.

I called her and she invited me out to talk with her. The voice was not "mysterious," but very receptive. I tried to match the voice to a person. An amicable person.

I grabbed my notebook and pen and headed out to the ferry. On my ride over to the tiny island, I asked the man working on the ferry if he knew Annie Dillard, the Pulitzer Prize winner, and where she lived. With a perplexed face he said, "Who? Annie Dillard? No, never heard of her. What didja say she did?"

He took my money and looked quite disappointed that there was someone on the island he didn't know. After all, he had worked on the ferry some 20 years.

I reasoned that Annie must stay home quite a lot and just write, and she must be real quiet . . . and my mind raced on to build the image of her. The ferry hit the dock and jolted me from my thoughts. I drove up to the little store to find directions to Annie's.

Store owners, Bill and Virginia Smith's faces lighted up when I mentioned Annie's name. I could tell they liked her.

Virginia said, "Yes, we know Annie, she's a person 'all her own.' Of course our only association with her is a business nature, because she comes into the store quite a lot and she also rents from us. Excuse me," and she helped a few customers.

Bill stepped in, "We haven't had any long conversations with her but she seems 'true spirited.' (He must have read the same reviews I had.) Virginia was through chatting with the customers — she spoke to each one as if they were close personal friends. She added, "Annie is real opinionated about the atmosphere. Like in the house, everything must be open — even the closet doors were taken off. She moved her bed into the living room so she could see the water — the bay, and she put the couch up on blocks so she could sit and look out the window. I'm surprised she can even jump up on it." I watched Virginia as she spoke — she was amused by these peculiarities.

I received directions from Bill, thanked him and as I walked out the door, Virginia said, "She has to have everything a certain way."

As I was about to open my car door, the bulletin board caught my eye. A note posted that was different from the regulars — the ones written on napkins, old sacks, or the board itself. It was neatly printed out, and had drawings of a chair, flower arrangement, and a bookcase. I ran over to check this one out:

ANNIE DILLARD
NEEDED TO BORROW, OR BUY
OLD STRAIGHT CHAIRS, OLD ARMCHAIRS
LUMBER FOR SHELVING
SMOOTH DOORS FOR DESKS
ANY OLD RUGS
ANY OLD LAMPS.

It was a poem, of course.

I ran back to the car, my thoughts not far behind. I drove on. Soon I was there and saw a blonde lady bent over something on the ground. She wheeled around, waved and hollered, "You must be Anne! (same breath) I'm cleaning the catbox, come on in!" Whatever I expected, she wasn't it. A close friend of hers told me that Annie was "just too complex to put into words."

I stepped inside the house, she followed and offered me a seat and a fig newton.

The interview began. With a slight spirit of insanity, she started asking me questions. I answered.

"Yes, I made it here alright."
"Yes the Department is good."
"No, I don't know where your class will be held."

She explained she didn't quite know what to think because someone had called her from Western and asked her if she wanted a heated room. She said, "What kind of a question is that? Sure I want a heated room unless everyone else is doing without a heated room to conserve. I'll pull with the rest of
them. Who knows what I’ll get!” She swung her arms up.

The conversation went directly to gill netters and she explained the whole process of this particular kind of fishing, acting it all out. She had gone gillnetting only twice but loved it — “waiting all night long with a few friends,” she said, “You become closer, sing songs, really get to know the people.”

The questions and answers were juggled — cows, cats, classics. The interview belonged to no one. I couldn’t feel anxious about not getting the right information. Whatever her hands were doing, along with her voice, it dissolved any anxiety I had stored away. As she spoke, her ashen eyes glanced to the left, right and around until they came to a place they seemed to be searching for. The spot was usually high left front. She’d dig the thought out from there. The space was full of her thoughts. Others just seemed to tumble off her tongue. Each new idea was a different color pulled out of her hat, and she waited for my reaction and continued on. And I asked a question.

She told me she was tired of interviews, I sunk. I had read her books and did want to ask some questions so I decided to shp them in as we went along, later, if the opportunity arose.

She told me a story about this “incredible lady” who lived here before she did. There had been a wall dividing the kitchen from the dining room in this old farmhouse. Annie said, “She didn’t like the wall so she started chopping it down. She just started chopping, isn’t that fantastic? I really like the space. I sit here and think about her chopping away!” The Smiths were right about Annie and her love of open space. She got up without saying a word and raced across the room into the kitchen; her legs seemed to stop and wait for the rest of her to catch up.

“Coffee?” she asked, and added quite willingly, “If you really want to be a writer, you just reeeeealy do, then you must commit yourself and do the best and hardest think you can.” I wanted to ask her more — Annie went on, “I have this horrible vision of some man, angry, after he has picked up my book and read a few pages. I see him hurling it across the room. The book is boring.”

Who does Annie Dillard write for? “I write for the page! for the page! The empty legal page is frightening because it could be anything. It could be the finest poem ever written.” I asked Annie if she kept journals. "Sure, wanna see them?"

We went upstairs, to see her journals filled with “the best and hardest.” A wood desk, an ink pen, a black journal. The journal lay on the desk, open and ready to catch any thoughts that were just in the air.

“Go ahead, take a look,” she said. “When you write, stay from topics like your grandmother’s death. You owe the reader honesty, not that. Life is not always so easy, life is a mystery.”

I sat down at the desk and read a page of the journal, which was quite different from any I had seen before. There were pictures and doodles off to the side bordering the print. A reecho in my mind of her words, “Fill the page . . . .” and I laughed to myself, she certainly lived her words. The page was so full, it looked like something there might be pushed right off the page. I looked at Annie, who was digging away on a shelf next to me.

“I’ve been keeping a journal for four or five years,” she said, not turning around.

The Pulitzer Prize was won because she had kept these journals and organized these many thoughts. Had winning the Pulitzer Prize affected her?

“Yeah, I’ll tell ya down stairs,” she said. Virginia’s words reechoed, “everything a certain way.”

“Yes, it did affect me, all the interviews, the winning and dining, the prize. It interrupted my private life. It took a lot of time and I decided I didn’t want to do this. I started saying no to requests for television, readings and many interviews. I didn’t want to waste a week on flattery. And the money that went with all that — I only have one rent to pay.” She was speaking slower, almost pensively, of how life could have been, but no second thoughts — that was certain.

The ferry that I needed to catch was whistling. I had to go. Annie rode to the ferry dock with me and waved goodbye. As I drove on to the ferry, I noticed Annie waving at the man working on the ferry; he returned the hand signal. He walked over to me and asked me, “Is that who you mean? Yeah, I know her, she’s real friendly, not loud.”

Annie wasn’t known as the person who had won the Pulitzer Prize. The man on the ferry didn’t know her other than being another person on the island.
Every morning I came face to face with two shiny silver steel doors, 12 feet high and eight feet wide. A cord hung down from the ceiling just in front of the doors. When I pulled that cord the day's work would begin.
On the other side of those doors it was 80 degrees colder than where I was standing. I was going into the giant walk-in freezer of a cold storage company. Ice covered the floor. Ice crystals delicately balanced one on top of another formed a frost two inches thick on the walls. In some places icicles over a foot long hung down from the ceiling.

Just inside the freezer doors was the main hallway. It was wide enough that two fork lifts going in opposite directions could pass each other, and the ceiling was very high. On the left side of the hallway were the doors to the six tunnels. The tunnels were eight feet high and about 80 feet long. On each side of the tunnels were seven rows of shelves equally spaced from floor to ceiling. They ran down the entire length of the tunnel. Fish were laid out on these shelves where in six to eight hours they froze solid. My job, called stripping, was to go into those tunnels and pull the frozen fish off the shelves and put them into big wire baskets so they could be sent to the next stage of processing.

The freezer doors still stood in front of me, tall and ominous. I reached up and pulled the cord. The doors parted, one sliding to the right, the other to the left. A cloud of mist rolled out of the freezer toward me along the floor. It turned silver as it crossed a patch of sunlight and enveloped me. I stepped forward knowing it would be a long cold day.

In the afternoon the man wearing the hard hat came through the tunnels, scowling, pointing a finger, asking the fatal question, "Six to ten?" Once confronted with that question it became almost impossible to get the night off. Overtime was your fate. Go home at 4:30, eat, and come back at 6 to work until 10 p.m. or whenever the job was done. If you had other plans — forget it. The company was doing your thinking for you.

There were nights of angry frustration, working in the freezer handling fish, when I'd rather be at home warm and dry listening to the stereo. But there were other nights when the bizarre became the real, and lunacy overtook sanity to make the cold and the boredom vanish.

Working in the gigantic freezer at a cold storage is like being in the ninth and lowest level of Dante's "Inferno." As my boss said when he sent me through the big sliding steel doors to the freezer, "It's colder than hell in there."

He meant it was 20 degrees below zero. My nose would run continuously and the snot would freeze in my moustache. My feet, enclosed in two pairs of socks and insulated boots, would feel like blocks of ice. Frost would form on my hair turning it white.

One night when I'd been drafted to return for the 6 to 10 shift, I went into that frozen world wearing more clothes than I'd even worn in my life. Rusty Erickson came in dressed like a weekend Bozo heading for the beach. He was greeted by a vertical smile that Rusty revealed when he turned around, bent over and pulled down his shorts. It was so unexpected, so crazy that our minds were taken off everything else.

After the laughing was over we went back to work. Rusty worked hard and fast trying to keep warm, but the goose bumps on his legs told of a losing battle. After an hour he went upstairs and put on his warm clothes.

After that outrageous event, a "six to ten" shift always had a bright spot, a moment of comic relief. The rest of us started doing crazy antics. A new dance was invented called the freezer shuffle. I wrestled a dead halibut. Gary fell into a tub of slimy fish just to provide a live accident. We had a trivia contest. We made it out alive.

Rusty immediately became the center of interest. He was flooded with questions. Why was he dressed that way? He replied he had come late and didn't have time to put on all his heavy clothes. Wasn't he cold? "No," he said. "Let's get to work."

We had all been standing around, staring in disbelief and now, as we went back to work throwing frozen salmon from shelves into big wire baskets, we wondered how long he would last. The man in the hard hat, who was the freezer foreman, walked by the end of the tunnel where we were working and looked in. I guess he figured that anyone crazy enough to come into the freezer in a tee shirt was too crazy to talk to. When the baskets were full, Dick came in on a fork lift to take the baskets away. Rusty had a surprise in mind for Dick. He was greeted by a vertical smile that Rusty revealed when he turned around, bent over and pulled down his shorts. It was so unexpected, so crazy that our minds were taken off everything else.

After the laughing was over we went back to work. Rusty worked hard and fast trying to keep warm, but the goose bumps on his legs told of a losing battle. After an hour he went upstairs and put on his warm clothes.

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by Larry Evans
SORTS OF SORCERY

by Christopher Buck

The first time we met, I was struck by his underworld-like and somewhat villainish appearance. But the mercy and kindness in his eyes struck a balance with his darker side, building a mystery that I wanted to explore.

Probing that strange balance between villainy and kindness, I asked Sa'at about his involvement with magic.

"In magic," growled Sa'at, "you must assume everyone is your enemy."

"Why?" I asked. A thin grin caused his dark eyes to sparkle.

"It's a lonely, cold place," he told me, "for no one is your friend when everyone is a tool for your purpose. It develops utter paranoia."

"How so?"

"It's like this country worrying about attack. Gloom in yesterday's Herald, where the printing of a threat itself becomes a self-fulfilled prophecy. After a long time under that pressure, there's no other place to go."

"Well, suppose you knew someone was casting a spell over you. What should you do?"

"Chris," Sa'at replied, "there's only one absolute protection against any form of attack: happiness and contentment. Yet there are weapons. Suppose a magician moves into town and opens a bookstore. His rival owns a health food store. A feud ensues; sort of a struggle for supremacy."

"To the death?"

"It depends," Sa'at offered, exhaling smoke and a sudden sternness from a spent and withered cigarette.

"Let's say one of the magicians casts a spell — one intent on destroying a business or injuring a person. Now, the other magician, in protection, could just not care. This robs the spell of its force and true source of energy."

"But if both were fighting, like one conjuring an amulet for the other to break his leg and the other person picks up on it, the defense would be to discover the method of that spell and to simply turn it back on the attacker, so that its force of destruction flows back to the first person. This is the Law of Muhammad, where he is commanded by Gabriel to retaliate only in the manner by which his people are attacked. This is a natural law of alchemy, which knows the pitfall of vengeance."

"Well, I've been taught that concept all my life," I said, "yet I've not quite understood why."

Sa'at's eyes darted up through the ceiling, as if summoning a response. They lowered slowly, until I saw them charged with a distant sorrow.

"You must recognize this precaution: anything done from revenge admits of defeat and all the power you put in for revenge comes from death. Besides, it leaves you open; you never want to be on the negative side."

I was afraid, for Sa'at brought up voodoo to prove this truth. My spine stiffened.

"For instance, voodoo psychology never works on a person who knows nothing of the curse. The only workable force of magic on another person is suggestion. "Illusional magic is but a mirror of real magic, which exerts its influence through creating so potent a fear in the victim that through dread alone is disaster wrought. This is why the doll is always sent to its victim."

A pause dropped like a spider into the room. I fidgeted around with my papers, pretending they were important documents. They crackled like fire.

"But could suggestion extend beyond the conscious knowledge of the person cursed?" I asked.

Sa'at seemed pleased. A mischievous cunning animated his face.

"If a person uses a formula which causes something to vibrate, this audio-talisman could set off a series of triggers."

"You've lost me, Sa'at."

"Well, do you recall an electronic device recently invented to ward off mosquitoes?"

"Sure, with a miracle tomato-slicer."

"Right! Now, this instrument emits a pitch which causes certain parts of the mosquito's body to vibrate so violently it dazes not penetrate the field of sound. A magician, if expert enough in the application of this principle, could very well construct an audio-talisman for a multitude of purposes. It might, for example, consist of a bell which, when rung, would cause a glass to shatter, the acid which it contains to spill and start a fire to burn down a victim's house. That bell is set to respond to one and one thing only: the victim's voice."

"It all sounds quite exotic, Sa'at. But how in blazes do you plant the talisman?"

"I know of magicians who can render a person dizzy, temporarily blind or totally deaf through the use of sound. If you want to break into a person's house while he or she is asleep, all you need to do is to set up, through striking a nearly inaudible frequency, a ringing sound in the victim's ears. But obviously, to accomplish this you must have a great deal of knowledge about this person. To an accomplished magician, any information you have about a person is usable."

Sa'at detected a troubled expression in my eyes.

"Chris, there are ways of confronting this — like intense concentration on your part can block quite well. When dealing with a more powerful personality, you must try to distract. Yet, an odd thing in magic is this: one of the best forms of protection is to know what your opponents believe, in order to pierce through to their suggestion."

"For instance, should your enemy be convinced that a stick of witch hazel crossed with ivory on one end and silver on the butt end with copper or silver wire running through the core conveys great power as a wand, then you respond in those terms. However subtle your counter-suggestions may be, they must communicate immediately and thoroughly in the most understood and appreciated symbols."

"What is the most vicious form of magic?" I ventured.

Sa'at peered back wildly, as if angered by the question,
though I later understood his fierceness was for another reason.

"The most severe magic is the magic of the goats. It is the most perverse form of the various occult sciences and is very common in the U.S. and Canada today. (If you print this, you'll be in trouble.)

Numerous societies flourish, but the OTO (Order of the Templars of the Orient) is one of the worst, along with orders associated with the Ritual of the Golden Dawn. These rituals consist of various child and animal sacrifices for the purpose of receiving power from the goat."

"And who is the goat."

"The goat is the symbol of Satan, represented by both inner and outer masters."

"Tell me then, Sa'at — how is the sacrifice of a child meant to release power?"

A look of revulsion rippled across his face.

"If you are an adept, your master will display a desire, offering you a gift of knowledge which, of course, you must earn. After you perform three ninth-degree sexual rituals, with one child sacrifice after that of an animal, you are promised the powers of 418 of the most exalted masters. It's an absurd, but beautiful, point about magical orders: should you succeed in pleasing your master, you may be granted esoteric knowledge. For what you really want is power and knowledge is power.

"Most people learn magic to overcome others and that's their downfall. The master knows this all too well, at least as far as his adepts are concerned. In order to safeguard his own position, therefore, the master rewards you with letters and letters only — never a complete word. But the adept doesn't know this and that's how the Ninth Degree of the Ancient Masonic Order functions."

"Why does a master then surround himself with adepts?"

"Because the master does much better when he is charged with their accumulative energy. All he has to do is to plant desire within them and he sustains, or rather gorges, himself on the power generated by their ambition and activity."

"Is there any such thing, then, as good magic?"

"Creation is the noblest of magic," Sa'at answered.

"Understand that magic itself is not satanic, only those who practice it are or are not. The association of 'black magic' with diabolical motives, for example, is basically fallacious, insofar as the original term is concerned. 'Black magic' originally denoted that school of magic practiced in a region of Egypt where the soil was black. That's all. But when the science of nature is applied by an individual who is at heart an animal, then magic becomes satanic."

My curiosity, at last, drove me to a final question.

"Sa'at what would you describe as the most potent source of magic as far as incantations go?"

He became very calm as a certain dignity, which seemed to transform him, betrayed an unmistakable reverence toward what I sought. Again, that inexpressible kindness returned to his eyes, animating his entire being.

"As far as the language of incantation is concerned, in the age of medieval alchemy, it was Arabic. The word "alchemy" itself comes from Arabic. The principle involved is that the tongue of the prophet for any given age is endowed with tremendous power. I would encourage you to study Persian.

"Everything we do is magic. The person who is a true magus is simply aware of that, and that he is in control of his own destiny. When he tries to exert control over the lives of others he becomes satanic. Now, I would be quite willing to challenge any magician in the world openly, for you know no magician can ever truly harm you."

Sa'at had studied in the "Goat-Hunter's School of Knowledge" while in San Francisco, where he made his rather lush living as a pool shark. The school basically taught, according to Sa'at, self-preservation. Perhaps that experience gave rise to this insight, one of the last that Sa'at shared that afternoon.

With a mischievous glint in his kindly, cunning eyes, Sa'at craned his head toward me.

"Conjuring up is good..." A spark of kindness left his eyes, and he stopped smiling. "Provided what you conjure up doesn't eat you."
The gallery began to fill with people mingling and surveying the works, when a little girl fidgeted, squirmed and finally wiggled her way out of the grasp of her mother's hand. She headed excitedly across the room for an exhibit of poured sand, glistening on the tile floor under the lights. There were no ropes to restrain her and before anyone could grab her, she scuffed her feet through three edges of the rectangular piece.

In the first 15 minutes of its public display, part of Larry Hanson's exhibit had been destroyed by one little girl.

The outline of his lean 5'8' frame in the center of the sand was still intact, but Hanson said he expected the whole work to be dissipated before the end of the show. "But, I don't exactly like to sit around and watch it happen," he said. He raised his voice and added, "Whoever steps on it is a clod!" He expects it maybe to be stepped upon by someone who is careless as they are walking through the gallery, but his temper surfaces when he thinks that someone would be insensitive enough to deliberately stomp through it.

Hanson has probably watched many viewers, the sensitive as well as the insensitive, in his capacity as director of the Western gallery. He has been at Western for 12 years as an art instructor and he also helps to select campus sculptures. These responsibilities keep him active and involved as an artist.

Reflecting on how he began his career in art, he said he had been turned on to looking through museums when he was about 22 years old. He went to college thinking he wanted to become a lawyer and make lots of money (because his father wanted him to be a lawyer and make lots of money). Before he had even completed his first year, he switched his major to zoology . . . and then to something else . . . and changed several times so that now he doesn't remember the sequence or the desires.

But, he started visiting the Walker Art Center and the Minneapolis Art Institute when he lived in Minneapolis and was going to college, and "something sparked my interest," he said.

"I began as a traditional sculptor," the 39 year-old artist said as he ran his hand through his medium-long brown hair, "then I experimented with using plastics and lights." He liked the idea of incorporating the contemporary time element. "There weren't any plastics made before now, and by working with them as a medium, it is a way of dating a piece," he said. Sort of the way the first stone age or bronze art pieces are dated.

Turning his gaze, he paused and said in a thoughtful way, "I like to know what feelings I can induce with my art." Between drags on his cigarette, he said, "I guess you could say I'm doing sort of quasi-experimentation watching how viewers react to certain patterns of light and color.

"My exhibits are meant to change with time, they are impermanent and non-collectible. After an exhibition they are taken apart and recycled," Hanson said.

But later he revealed he doesn't feel as strongly about their non-collectibility as he did a few years ago. "At that time I didn't want to be a part of the American marketplace. I didn't want to make things that could be consumed by an individual. In part, it was a protest against the war in Vietnam. I did not want my work sold as part of the American capitalistic rip-off system and have the taxes on the sale go to a government supporting the war."

Shifting in his chair, he said, "Times have changed. It is still a social issue but it is not as important to me today." He still feels art should be available to everyone. Hanson has never sold any of his works, though he has sold his ability to install them at various shows.

He describes his work of the last two or three years as being more autobiographical. "It is more and more about me. I tried earlier to take my direct presence out of my work, now I use myself as subject matter," he said.

Turning his gaze, he paused and said in a thoughtful
tone. "I don't see my art as a projection of self as other artists may see their own work. My work is not precious in that way ... but it is precious in the fact that art is the by-product of a mind at work."

"I try to crack through to an uneasy feeling in the viewer. I like to make something that is a just-once, intense, heavy experience. It is very important to have someone remember a piece and think about it later. It can even be something that is humorous superficially — and then be rather annoying when you think about it later," he said. His eyes revealed his mood behind his black, heavy-rimmed glasses.

Does he have any conflicts in being an instructor as well as an artist? Smiling, he said, "I'm lucky, because I enjoy teaching.

"Teaching art is an emotional and physically demanding job, because there are no fixed standards of right and wrong to evaluate a student's work," he said. "My role as a working artist is important to students and I communicate with them as an artist, not only as an instructor.

"As I remember it, the most important part of my education was coming in contact with people who were doing something outside of their teaching profession," he said. Hanson's students also know him as an artist, because he takes a day off from time to time to set up a show somewhere else.

For Larry Hanson, creating is only half the excitement of being an artist.

"Running the gallery is the most important of all my teaching functions. I can reach more people by bringing them in contact with the best art available," he said with a touch of enthusiasm in his even-toned voice.

The enthusiasm faded to a note of disappointment when he said he doesn't reach near as many as he would like to.

"The average attendance for a show is about 2,000, and that is roughly only one-quarter or one-fifth of the total campus population."

He does reach a lot more people through the sculptures on campus, though. Last year there was quite an uproar about the sculpture "For Handel" by Mark di Suvero, which Hanson helped to select.

How did he feel about the reactions it brought?

"At times I went through hell, seeing and hearing the total rejection the piece received, since I was so closely involved. Every criticism got heavier and I felt awfully bad for Mark," he said. "But now, the community has accepted it and I think the controversy was healthy. I'm not sorry it happened ... I am sorry that the community wasn't more sophisticated, at least enough to say 'Let's look at it awhile and then make a decision.'"

The piece originally had a swing which was broken shortly after it was installed due to too much stress. Hanson said he hopes it will be replaced. "Mark has redesigned it, and he will come back to Western to put it up as soon as he finishes his current work," he said.

Hanson is busy working on a new piece now. He is putting together a show with Nancy Whyte, the woman he is living with. She is a dance instructor and has been dancing since she was seven. They hope to have their performance ready by the end of October, when they will be taking it to Pullman. They will also be doing their performance for Western.

He and Nancy have their home in a combined dance and art studio downtown. Their art is a big part of their lives and their studios are the major part of their home. After the grand tour through the two studios, kitchen, and one "living-dining-bed-room," a smile broke through his full beard and he said, "I really like getting back to the basics in my life, where all I have with me is what I really need."

And he said he likes having his studio where he lives. "Art is first with me and it is a fun way of life!"

But he doesn't spend all of his time in his studio, he also likes to work in the kitchen. "I'm sort of an eclectic-style cook," he boasted as he waved his hand in the direction of the kitchen shelves stocked with natural foods. "And I never like to prepare my best dish for guests, I always try something for the first time when I'm expecting company," he grinned as he spoke.

Another hallway-type room abounding with flourishing greenery betrayed that he is a plant enthusiast. Nancy promptly denied taking any credit for their healthy state, while he expressed that he mainly grows the "grocery store 59-cent variety" of plants.

Returning to the kitchen, he refilled his glass with Sherry and contentedly scanned the room. "It's a good life ... better than deciding that I could make $50,000 a year as a stock broker, because right now I feel satisfied," Hanson concluded.
10,788-foot Mt. Baker, 55 miles southeast of Bellingham, was once noted as being Washington’s third highest mountain. It attracted its fair share of tourists, mountaineers and skiers.

Since last spring however, the mountain has added a new dimension. Early on March 10, as the mountain emerged from a snow storm, a man employed at a nearby dam noticed steam or smoke billowing from Mt. Baker’s summit. When geologists with the U.S. Geological Survey were notified they were skeptical: after all, for years both Indian and white man have reported steam emissions from Mt. Baker. The following day, agency employees flew over the mountain and found huge holes in Sherman Crater, 900 feet below Baker’s summit. The holes belched steam and a foul smelling sulfuric odor. On the basis of this and subsequent expeditions to the crater, scientists concluded Mt. Baker had become the world’s 456th active volcano. They envisioned the possibility of observing the first volcanic activity inside the contiguous United States in 60 years.

Following the March discovery, a recreational area directly beneath a decaying 300-foot peak along Sherman Crater, known as Lahar Lookout, was closed by the U.S. Forest Service. The closure of the Boulder Creek area wasn’t for fear of volcanic activity. The real danger was from probable mudslides precipitated by the steam vents and melting snow.

A little more than two months later, on June 26, as a result of continued steaming from the crater and a U.S. Geological study, the U.S. Forest Service closed six of its campsites, a privately-owned camping resort and campground run by the Puget Sound Power and Light Co. All are at or around a man-made Baker Lake, eight miles beneath Sherman Crater. Four days later, geologists reported a new area of steam activity on the northern slope of Mt. Baker.

In following weeks and months, Mt. Baker’s steaming activity became page one news across the country. The New York Times of July 3, for example, reported that a civilian-government task force determined a mud slide flowing from Lahar Lookout would take with it, initially, 40 million cubic yards of rock matter and water. “That,” said the Times, “is the equivalent mass of more than nine Hoover Dams hurtling down the mountainside and along Boulder Creek at more than 175 miles an hour.”

According to the same study, the mass “would go off a cliff and become airborne” at the mountain’s 3,000-foot level. In that eventuality, the whole 40 million cubic yards of matter somehow reached Baker...
Lake, an unlikely occurrence, "a wave of as yet undetermined size would sweep into the lake, swamping beaches, campgrounds, the resort and possibly breeching over the 330-foot Upper Baker Dam." (As a precautionary measure, Puget Sound Power and Light Co., this summer lowered Baker Lake 33-feet below normal depth level to reduce potential wave damage).

Another article, an Associated Press dispatch from Mt. Baker carried in the July 12 Seattle Post-Intelligencer, reported the sulfurous fumes coming from Sherman Crater's steam had made Mt. Baker "the second biggest sulfur pollution source" in Washington State. The first, the article said, was the American Smelting and Refining Company's Tacoma plant, which discharges 40,000 pounds of sulfur hourly. To obtain readings from Sherman Crater scientists placed measuring devices inside and outside the crater, and on March 27, recorded 2,800 pounds of sulfur emitted hourly. A June 30 measurement showed the crater's sulfuric emissions rate at 10,000 pounds an hour, said the P-I article. "Hydrogen sulfide levels," it added, "have been measured at more than 700 parts per million venting from the crater. Man can tolerate less than 10 parts per million, and at 50 parts per million the gas, which smells like rotten eggs, actually destroys the sense of smell, according to scientists."

Concrete, in Skagit County, has a population of 700, a high school football team that's having a bad year and two taverns and a cocktail lounge, by a visitor's estimate. It also has a weekly newspaper with a circulation of 1,300, the Concrete Herald.

In its issue of June 19, 1915, an article appears with the headline "Mt. Baker Crater Smoking, Declare Mt. Vernon Men."

It reads in part:

"Steam and smoke are issuing from the crater of Mt. Baker, and the snow slides can be heard for miles as the loosened and partially filtered snow and ice drop over the canyon walls along the slope of the mountain, according to a report of a party of Mount Vernon business men who returned Wednesday . . . ."

Nearly everyone a visitor talked with this rainy, depressing afternoon in Concrete would allude to the fact for ages the crater's been smoking, and nothing catastrophic has happened, so why worry?

"I think," said Herald Publisher Robert Fader, "the geologists saw some excess steam (coming from Sherman Crater), and got excited."

While not the primary source of Concrete's economy (lumber's king), the estimated 2,000 persons who come to Baker Lake area on weekends in the summer do help the town's commerce. Fader and his wife, June (the Herald's editor and chief reporter) are outspoken critics of the Forest Service's closure of Baker Lake. Since the closure, he says, local business is down 25 per cent from the previous year. Whether it's because of the closure or the

Photograph by Larry Larson
The wind started as soon as I’d zipped up the tent. It annoyed me. I didn’t want anything to spoil our chance to stand on Mt. Baker’s summit the next day.

We weren’t the strongest group ever assembled on the mountain. There were two competent mountaineers, three who had never held an ice ax before and myself, halfway in between. But we were huddled in three tents, high on Baker’s northwest shoulder, and enthusiasm was running high. We could make it if the weather held.

As I climbed inside my sleeping bag, I could hear the wind whistling to us. My tent answered by flapping feebly.

Scott, next to me, was already fast asleep. I tried to close my eyes, but couldn’t. The flapping wouldn’t stop. The whistling got louder. A gust shook the whole tent. We were both now wide awake, listening. The whistling of the wind was steadily becoming a scream.

More gusts shook us. The nylon walls were being stretched inward from the force of the wind. I had considerable, but not total, confidence in the tent. But still . . .

The winds were fast becoming a storm. Snow was blowing and piling up on the back of the tent. Every once in a while, the wind would suddenly die down, and everything would be calm for a few peaceful seconds. But just as suddenly, the blizzard would come booming back, stronger than ever.

“There goes our chance to conquer Baker,” I thought. But people cannot conquer mountains. We can get to the top and down again, if we’re lucky, but that is far from conquering the mountain. Nature has more awesome power than man could ever subdue, and we were starting to find out.

I was literally shaking from fright inside my sleeping bag. Once, when the wind died down, I caught myself saying, “Please don’t let it start up again.” Was I talking to God? I didn’t believe in God. And I didn’t think that praying would help us any.

Were the nylon seams starting to give, or was it my imagination? Maybe it wouldn’t hurt to pray. I wrestled with that idea for awhile, but finally decided that I wasn’t going to lie there and wait for God to save me.

We had to be ready to act if the tent gave out. If the tent next door was still standing, we’d climb in with them. If not, we’d all have to put our boots on, and try to head down to Kulshan Cabin.

The storm was getting worse. Snow was being driven through the tent fabric. The back of the tent was slowly buckling from the weight of the snow piling up.

It was strange to think that our lives depended on a wall of nylon, no thicker than a piece of paper. I wondered if the makers of the tent considered it. Did the little old lady who sewed the tent together down in Berkeley care about me? Did she know that I was entrusting myself totally to her product?

My thoughts were interrupted by a snap, and suddenly we were wrestling nylon. What had happened? The tent hadn’t ripped. Either the poles or the front line had broken.

I sure as hell didn’t want to go outside in the storm, but I had to try and raise the front again. A totally collapsed tent had no chance against the wind.

I tried to tell Scott what I wanted to do, but my words were lost in the deafening roar of the wind. I fumbled on my boots and found the zipper.

Snow came screaming in, drenching Scott. I tried to stand up, but was blown over and halfway down the slope.

Looking back, all I could see was white, swirling white, everywhere. There were three battered hulks of orange nylon, holding on for dear life. Things weren’t quite as bad as I’d imagined, though. The other two were still standing (although none too proudly), and mine was fixable.

Crawling back against the blizzard, I reached the tents. I was able to retie the front of mine and tried to scoop some snow off the back, but it was coming down faster than I could bail.

Back inside the tent, it was cold and cramped, but it sure felt nice. Scott had brushed away the snow and was now cozily cocooned inside his sleeping bag. I didn’t bother to take off my boots as I slid into mine.

The winds continued to roar, but they eventually seemed to lose some of their authority. The gusts still came, but only half-heartedly. The worst of the storm was over. I was no longer worried. We were going to make it.
"We do not need anymore bad publicity," a woman seated at a table in a cocktail lounge in Concrete told a visitor. Asked if she resented the east coast newspapers' coverage of the Mt. Baker story, she laughs and said the Vancouver Sun has been "very bad in its coverage." She claims the Canadian paper carried an article recently saying the air above Concrete was fouled with sulfuric pollution from Mt. Baker. She says this isn't so.

"I would be curious, with no campers up there (in the Baker Lake camp area), whether the (federal) government has laid off any forest service personnel," said the woman.

A man, a logger by trade, sitting next to women, replies, "Hell no! They've hired more. They have to have someone keep people out of the forest."

At the bar another man, a carpenter by trade, says, "Hell, it's been steaming for a long time, and it'll be steaming a lot longer without ever erupting." The carpenter says this past summer he worked "up on the hill" lending his talents in the construction of a clubhouse he says costs someone $200,000. The clubhouse is for a campsite in the closed section of the Baker Lake area.
We here in the Karums Collective not only work with one another, but we also work with kids. All of the kids we work with have been busted; most of the kids we work with come from broken homes, and their parents are either very poor or non-existent. In 1974, the only way society could deal with these kids was to lock them up so they do not cause trouble. Once a kid’s been locked up the first time, chances of the kid being locked up again are pretty good. When a kid’s been locked up twice, the chances become greater that the kid will be locked up a third time. Some of these kids break laws; for some the only crime is being under 18 with shitty parents.

The big question is what to do with these kids. A lot of people who are in “kid business” believe that dealing with kids is just a matter of having proper facilities, properly trained people and continuously growing funds from outside sources. Some people believe that handling kids is simply a matter of caring about kids enough to want to take care of them. We do not believe that either of these two outlooks is sufficient. Good intentions alone are very seldom successful in helping kids learn what they have to know to make it in the world.

The standards and criteria used to determine “qualified personnel,” the type of facilities usually extended and the source of money invariably leads to a situation that is not only non-productive in terms for working with youngsters, but is, in many cases, destructive. For example, a person with a doctorate working within an institutional setting costing millions of dollars of state and federal money, usually creates a situation of high dehumanization, insensitivity and invariably breeds a big business atmosphere of dishonesty and distrust. Meanwhile, the question still persists — “What can be done with these kids?” Meanwhile the excuse remains: “Certainly what is being done is not the answer; however, it is better than nothing at all.”

For those of us here at the Karum School, this answer is simply not good enough.

UP FROM SECURITY RISK

Kids usually come to the Karum School weighted down with labels of all sorts and descriptions. They are often times runaways from very undesirable circumstances. They come “institutionalized” — usually geared to tell us pretty much what they think we want to hear. Most of them have spent time on the streets and attempted to “get by” on what little they know with the help of what friends they thought they could rely on. For little boys, this usually means eventually falling in with “rip-off” artists because at 15 they cannot get a job even if they had the skills. For little girls, this usually means using their bodies as a means of staying alive. For this reason most of the little boys come to us with records. This means they have been arrested, heard in a juvenile court and found guilty of some sort of crime — usually larceny or auto theft. Little girls usually come to us with diseases. They are usually picked up for incorrigibility or runaway and are involved in various forms of what are called sexual deviancies. By the time
we get them, the little boys are usually pretty calloused, and the little girls are invariably in pretty poor health. They have been processed by institutions which are extremely sexist and which have taught the boys to be “tough guys” in the classic Cagney tradition, and the little girls that it is desirable to be “young ladies” much in the Ida Lupino tradition. Needless to say, the best that has been done to them is emotional homicide.

Kids who model themselves after the worst that society has to offer — kids with values that will keep them getting busted for the rest of their lives — kids who are sad, lonely, miserable, fucked-up and locked-up. These are the kids we work with in the Karum School.

WORK IS LOVE MADE VISIBLE

The Karum School is run by people who are part of the Karums Collective. The Karums Collective is an organization of people who have managed to stay together for over four years on trust, determination, care, love and a lot of hard work. We are addressing ourselves in this article to those people who share our concern for young people, particularly kids in trouble, and who are interested in the alternatives available for these kids. The collective and the school have been established as two separate legal entities. However, the same driving force and philosophy characteristic of the collective are integral parts of the Karum Group School. Much of this force is based on four basic philosophies:
1. Work as love made visible.
2. Experience as learning.
3. Honesty by example.
4. Alternative as a genius lifestyle.

Let us explore each of these.

Work as love made visible is a genuine working phenomenon at Karums. Those non-residents who have participated in the Karums work experience are aware of the unique nature of work and how it is done here. Far from being the source of alienation which is so commonly the case in Western society, work in the Karums Collective is a means of communicating, understanding and building relationships with one another and our environment. Our experience of work is not that it brings us closer to God, but rather that it brings us closer to one another. Our experience of work is not that work is a means to salvation, but rather it is a process, an experience and an end unto itself.

For those who are literate enough to understand Calvinism, it is obvious

Just northeast of Bellingham, in Everson, there is a combined collective and school situated on 63 acres of tilled and forested land. My task in visiting this place was to “find out about it.”

On approaching the Karum Group, via the gravel driveway, I passed by an animal shelter with pastures before it, a brand new stable almost hidden behind trees, and a car garage, surrounded by imported cars like BMWs and Mercedes Benz.

At the end of the drive is a cluster of buildings, the actual living and teaching quarters of the Karum Collective and Karum Group School. Of that gathering of buildings, a “Geodesic Dome” imprinted an image of “new,” of “different” of, “change” on my subconscious. After seeing the remaining portions of the grounds, which included two gardens, more pasture lands, kennels and fields of corn and grains, I decided that this collective was just like any other very small farm, except for the dome. (Not too many families live in domes).

So what was the big deal? The difference, I was informed, was the fact that all of the materials were either paid for by the members of the group or contributed by outside sources. The Karum students and staff built every building, hoed every garden and dug every ditch. Mutual cooperation is an asset of the collective and school. However, they accepted assistance from neighbors and other friends as a last resort.

There are two definite entities within the group, the Karum Group School and the Karum Collective. The purpose of the school is to “deal” with “juvenile delinquents,” whom I found to be polite, gentle and amusing, though a bit cautious. Those kids live in what appeared to be an extremely structured situation of work, entailing mutual cooperation and classes, instructing them toward “emancipation.” From observation, I found that trust and a genuine fondness for one another were important. There were no locks to be found anywhere. I was told that locks just weren’t necessary. Does the school “rejuvenate delinquents?” It’s too soon to tell. I can only say that I saw members of the staff attempting to “deal” with students. But, what’s more, the students were actively trying to participate with the group in return.

The collective is a communal life-style for eight staff members. The staff are the leaders and examples for the kids of the school. They exercise a non-intoxication manner to help kids. Three of the staff members expressed pleasure in the kids’ energetic involvement with the collective. But from what I could observe, the staff was pretty energetic in their own right. How else could such a place have been designed and constructed in a matter of months?

I made the mistake of asking a member how and why he chose to be a part of an alternative life style. I was quickly informed that no one chose to be in the group, it just happened! Well, happening or not, it’s new for them; it’s an alternate way.
that our approach to work is certainly not Calvinistic. Those who are well read in Marxist philosophy, particularly early Marx, may find similarities there in what we are doing. How do we relate this rather progressive and radical idea to kids? Kids, by and large, have more politically very conservative values. Our peer group (aged 21-30) may appear to have politically radical values, but the ability of our peer group to live these values and to implement genuine change through work is very limited. It is, perhaps, for this reason that “Collective” as a living idea and a realistic alternative in the United States is all but dead. Kids, on the other hand, are much more flexible in terms of their ability to adjust both mentally and physically. Kids have a lot of energy: they can either expend that energy running from cops or expend that energy building and learning skills.

This brings us to the classic cop-out most commonly used to justify the failure of liberal educators when confronted with the inability of radical teaching approaches to communicate alternative values and the implementation of an alternative life-style. The classic rationale is, “Children are individuals, entitled to the same rights as anyone else; and the fact that they can’t realize radical values is simply the result of the fact that they are doing their own thing and no failure on our part. We have no right to interfere.” This is pure bullshit. With regard to the rights of kids as individuals to “do their own thing,” the choices legally and technically are ours and not theirs to make. This practical reality may come as quite a shock to old school liberals, but it is, nonetheless, the truth. Until age 18, someone, somewhere, holds ownership papers on these kids; and we do not absolve ourselves from that responsibility by refusing to recognize that this is so. It makes little difference whether or not we see this as desirable; this is how things are.

We feel a tremendous amount of responsibility for youngsters in the Karum School. We feel the responsibility to teach them and to help them go through their growth changes. Youngsters have a lot of energy. In most cases they require only a little positive direction to pick things up. The youngsters in the Karum School learn quickly and work hard. The only security provision that we have is trust. We have no locked doors; we have no restraints; we have no physical restraints normally associated with facilities that work with juvenile delinquents or kids in trouble. We maintain a non-intoxicant environment which makes it nice and legal and gives us a lot of integrity when we talk to kids.

Work as love, made visible, is realized in the Karum School by allowing youngsters the opportunity to experience the philosophy of work by following the examples lived by the staff. This provides youngsters in the school with the unique opportunity to participate and get involved in a genuine working collective. Thus, youngsters learn by experience a highly desirable way to spend time working cooperatively with one another and with us. They learn to do jobs by listening to the information provided and following the example of those who know how to perform the jobs. Our integrity as people and as staff members is always on the line. Honesty by example — do as we do. Youngsters internalize values when they experience them and see other people experiencing them — people enjoying one another, people building together from values that facilitate this process. A kid, like anyone else, wants to feel good, feel close and feel good about what he/she is doing. This applies even to kids who the courts have decided are delinquents. Kids at the Karum School have been overheard to say, “I feel good and enjoy myself in spite of myself.”

REASONS WHY

1. I would like to stay with the Karum Group. Why: Because I see my self one or two years from now being emancipated, and to do that I feel I need to learn a whole lot more about me self and other important things about life. And I want to start taking life more serious than I have been. And I feel that the people here can help me. Also I would like to prove to me self and to others my abilities and that I can make it.

I am tired of the life I’ve been leading. I feel that it is about time that I get my shit together and grow up and take better care of myself.

2. I really don’t want to be locked up but if I can’t be where I feel I can make it I would take my chances on the streets.

15 Year Old Karum Member

LETTER TO A PROBATION OFFICER

Dear P.O.,

I thank you for giving me a chance with my life. I have wanted to change for a long time but no one ever gave me a chance until now. I have had a great time here with people I can trust and are willing to help me. I am still fucked up but getting better.

I am learning about my self and other things that are important in my life. I am in class now and I like my schedule. I feel I am willing to learn something for my self.

Thank You.

15 Year Old Karum Member
KLIPSUN GALLERY

Deborah Mithog-Kjeldsen
FRIDAY CREEK KILN
by
Gerry Wolfe
Laura Bremner