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Dear Editor...

A Trip Back to the Front

by Marla McCallister

The decade of the 1970's was an intense time of political and social change. The deep divisions caused by the Vietnam war, the tragic killing of four Kent State students during a demonstration, and the shock of Watergate shook up the way people viewed life in America.

While institutions and thought patterns were being shaken to their foundations, many people writing letters to the editor of the Western Front were apparently more impressed by other things.

Recently I spent time browsing through old Fronts from years gone by. I randomly picked two issues per quarter for each year from 1970 on, and found an average of three per issue. Some issues contained no letters, and one had a total of 11. In my perusal, subjective as it is, I expected to find letters dealing with the hot issues of the day. Instead, I found writers more concerned about less pressing topics.

People wrote about almost anything, from complaints about a lack of heat in Higginson, to the need for blood for the blood bank and money for the Humane Society. Some were concerned with the moral conduct of other students and pleaded for people to stop shoplifting and drawing on pictures of AS candidates.

For some, the letters to the editor section seemed to be a forum for critiquing Front reporters. Most often their letters fired shots at reporters who had done what they thought was a shoddy job on a story, but occasionally someone would sing the praises of a reporter whose review espoused the same opinions as those of the letter writer.

"'For Handel is, I now see, the biggest simple pendulum on campus'."

Others seemed to feel they could vent their frustrations with Western's outdoor art through letters, and as a result I found more letters on art than on any other subject.

Among the best of the letters dealing with art was one by a prof in the Physics/Astronomy department who saw the art as a way of presenting physics to the world. He wrote: "'For Handel' is, I now see, the biggest simple pendulum on campus. Not only should our Physics 101 students have fun measuring its period but our majors can joyfully calculate the stresses and strains of its girders."

Yet another art critic wrote to complain about "the squatty piece of rock on the other side of Wilson Library" (The Man Who Used to Hunt Cougars for Bounty), and "the nut looking for a screw in Red Square" (Sky-Viewing Sculpture).

In the midst of letters dealing with fairly typical topics I also ran across a few that were a little more on the bizarre side.

One letter warned readers about Bellingham's hitchhiking ordinance. "A local chick known to some as Annie Fanny received a ticket from Officer Groves for giving a student a ride. After a lecture and the ticket, Annie said to the officer: 'I'd rather be humane than obey a law like that.'"

Still another writer was concerned over the problem of dogs in campus buildings. "The next time you feel sorry for some cold poor dog who wants to enter 'The Wonderful World of Western'... THINK FLEAS."

"The next time you feel sorry for some cold poor dog who wants to enter "The Wonderful World of Western"... THINK FLEAS."
Some feminists are ready to fight, and the writings on the walls say the battle is joined.

by Gregg Olsen

The rote speech on sexism concluded, the feminist sat smugly in her office and commented: "You know, the reason you might be having difficulty in getting information is because you are a man. A man couldn't possibly understand what these women are saying."

"That's sexist," the reporter tells her. "You are assuming that my sex automatically excludes me from understanding."

Startled, she couldn't muster an answer.

A couple of days later...

Telephoning a women's organization the reporter introduces himself and gives his pitch: "I'm doing an article for the Klipsun on feminist graffiti . . ."

The woman at the other end of the line interrupts and says, "Yes, I know who you are. We discussed you at our last meeting. We decided we really couldn't help you."

Interesting.

The graffiti (or vandalism, depending upon your personal political persuasion) is new to docile Bellingham. One can hardly pass through a day now, however, without seeing the message--stop rape. Those angry words of a group of feminist have appeared scrawled in spray

WA&W member Brooke Masley protests against pornography at Rawls, an area general store.
paint on such diverse places as private homes, stores, stop signs and even an electronics firm.

Some of the slogans used by those involved in the militant anti-rape campaign include:

"Disarm your attacker—crush him like a cracker."

"Since . . . January 21, 1979, there has been well over $2,000 worth of property damage that can be attributed to feminist vandals."

"Power to the witches and the woman (sic) in me."

"Patriarchial culture creates killers, rapists, and stranglers."

"Stop Rape."

Bellingham Police Detective Willis Ziebell said that since the first instance of anti-rape spray painting, January 21, 1979, there has been well over $2,000 worth of property damage that can be attributed to feminist vandals. Ziebell said such damage is a result of women "just asserting themselves. Rape isn't nice and they've got a right to be mad about it."

Although Bellingham locals might be dismayed or even outraged over the occurrence of the graffiti, Ziebell said the problem here is much more mild than what other cities are experiencing.

A former office holder of the San Francisco chapter of the National Organization for Women (NOW), Val Westen, said that area has been bombarded with graffiti and vandalism for the past 18 months. "Mostly we see billboards promoting women's lingerie defaced with 'this is offensive to women'," she said. A Seattle billboard advertising Sidney Sheldon's Hollywood high gloss film, "Bloodline," was the target of feminist vandals earlier this year.

Ziebell made it clear that part of the reason for the emergence of the militant messages is the failure of the legal system in handling rape cases fairly. Yet, he also argued that the courts have also made strides in correcting the legal problems. As an example, Ziebell cited the fact that courts can no longer review a woman's past sexual history in a rape trial.

To many feminists that citation is ludicrous.

Brooke Masley of Western's Women's Center and a member of Bellingham's chapter of Women Against Violence Against Women (WAVAW), said the recent upsurge in feminist activism has resulted because women feel they can no longer rely on the courts for justice.

"Our legal system doesn't deal with the rape problem adequately at all," she said.

The director of Western's Women's Studies program, Kathryn Anderson, said the graffiti is happening because "people feel there are no other recourses left. It is used to show others that rape and violence against women are real problems and are not handled effectively in our courts."

One woman who found a justified recourse in spray painting anti-rape slogans was Bellingham resident Madeline Nelson, 23.

The clearest picture of how law enforcement officials and some feminists diverge on the subject can be determined from Nelson's case. According to the affidavit for probable cause filed in Whatcom County Superior Court, in Dragnet jargon, her case began this way:

"On June 16 at 11:26 p.m. an officer was dispatched to 24th and Valley Parkway concerning an individual spray painting a stop sign. There was no one there so he proceeded to 22nd and Valley Parkway and observed a female individual next to a stop sign with both arms raised over her head and with a spray paint can in one of her hands."

"When she saw the officer she brought both arms down to her side and held the spray can behind her. The officer took the spray can and a stencil fell from the stop sign, sticky with white paint on it. The woman had paint on her hands, too."

"'Rape' had been partially stenciled on the stop sign."

Nelson was charged with a felony, malicious mischief in the third degree. She pleaded guilty before her September trial and was ordered to make restitution for the few dozen stop signs the police said matched her stencil.

In an article in the "Northwest Passage," women charged that Nelson was railroaded with an unfair charge because she was an active, militant woman.

Whatcom County deputy prosecutor Charles Tull said that their accusations are nonsense.

"Nelson was not railroaded. She damaged stop signs in excess..."
of $1,500 and pleaded guilty to a misdemeanor. We gave her a big break."

Tull paused and added, "We were looking for justice; not hammering her."

Tull noted that much of the concern in Nelson's case was the danger motorists might encounter with her altered stop signs. "Some drivers might only pay attention to the 'Rape' part of the message and forget to stop. I've heard of stranger things happening," he said.

Masley said she believes that "regular graffiti isn't as hassled by the police because the anti-rape messages are being done by revolutionary women."

Since their actions are illegal, feminists would not readily admit that they either participated or knew who was involved in the dissemination of the anti-rape graffiti. One feminist who desired to remain anonymous painted a general picture of the women involved.

"The group is predominately lesbians that are also involved in other organized women's groups in Bellingham. It is not a bunch of unorganized women who call each other up and say: 'Hey, let's go out Saturday night and spray paint some buildings'."

The woman continued, saying that the message the women are purveying is directed toward women, not men. "They are only concerned with enlightening all women about women's concerns like rape."

"The feminist community in Bellingham is a very close, tightly knit organization of many different groups in which protection of one another is the mandate."

A few feminists ventured some comments on the actions of the militant women.

Pam Estes, a staff member of the Domestic Violence Center (a division of Whatcom County Crisis Center) said she is "edging" the women on.

"I can't be a part of them or their activities because of my job," she said. "It wouldn't look good for the center if I got caught." Estes said she would not say if she would or would not be a part of their activities if her job circumstances were different.

Associate Director of Rape Relief, Pat Cowen, said she had no idea who the people participating in the anti-rape campaign are. "But I wouldn't snitch on them even if I did know."

Cowen continued, "Obviously it was Madeline Nelson that was doing the stop signs. I'm not sure that WAVAW even knows who they are."

Cowen's mention of WAVAW was not unusual. Western student and former director of the Women's Center, Patti Philips, said that since the formation of the local chapter of WAVAW and the first act of anti-rape vandalism occurred around the same time, people make a connection between the two.

"People also assume WAVAW's guilt because of the strong stance they have taken on violence against women, such as picketing movies or Rawl's," she said.

The feminist community in Bellingham is a very close, tightly knit organization of many different groups in which protection of one another is the mandate.

As one woman said, "You just don't let secrets out." The women have sealed their lips and will not say who is involved in the illegal tactics. Philips said things might
be different if Madeline Nelson hadn't been prosecuted.

"Women might be more willing to talk if she hadn't gone to jail. We now know that the chance of going to jail is high."

Of the dozen or so women contacted only one said she knew who the vandals were. "The feminists that say they have no idea who are doing it are lying. We know who they are," she said. Where Ziebell puts the number of women involved at six, the feminist community more accurately assesses the number at three.

Women in the community seem to be divided on whether the graffiti is actually helping or hindering the cause.

Joan Kutz of Western's Women's Center said she feels "good" when she sees the graffiti. "It shows me that there are women that are concerned," she said. Kutz expressed some skepticism about the effectiveness of the medium. "Things don't seem to be getting any better, though."

The people who pay attention to the slogans are women who are already aware and dealing with the rape situation, Kutz said.

Anderson is also glad to see the graffiti. "It is a constant reminder that rape is violence against women and that we live in a society that perpetuates and condones violence against women."

The women on the radical periphery tend to believe that the property damage is a justified means of expressing their feelings about violence and rape. Conversely, but not surprisingly, the establishment sees the proliferation of anti-rape messages as a destructive reaction to the problem.

The president of the Seattle chapter of NOW, Patria Robinson Martin, called the content of some of the messages, especially those calling for castration, as "violence against men and we do not condone it."

According to another woman, much of the motivation in the more violent graffiti is the result of a personal vendetta against specific men believed to be rapists.

Philips disagreed with Martin that the graffiti can be accurately deemed as violence against men. "Women don't deal with physical violence the way men do. Women work things out in a collective process, not in the domineering, violent manner of institutions, corporations and men."
The fact that Martin was not even aware of the vandalism in Bellingham might be a good indicator of how the women's movement is shifting. NOW is about as radical as the Daughters of the American Revolution. Today a lot of feminists believe it is going to take a militant mode to change some of the stereotypes, prejudices and problems that confront women in our society.

Westen quoted her "old sociology professor" when she summed up why women are reacting so strongly to rape and violence. "No significant social change has occurred in an organized society without some form of violence, be it to people or property."

Detective Ziebell said he believes the "radical" groups are hurting the cause through the use of unacceptable means of assimilating information. "The women should realize that there are more acceptable ways for them to get their message across," he said.

It should be acknowledged that the actions of the vandals might be seen much differently in a more liberal community than Bellingham and Whatcom County. Here, some women contend the locals see only the act of property damage and not the message. "Let's face it," one feminist said, "Bellingham is predominately white middle class people concerned mostly about their jobs, that's it."

Another reason many citizens are outraged by the graffiti is due to its recent appearance. The area has been relatively free of any activity save for a few anti-nuclear power marches. Clearly, one woman said, Bellingham citizens should be aware that the graffiti is a relatively tame activity. "In other cities, women have mobilized to a much greater degree. In San Francisco there are workshops on illegal tactics available for women to use in anti-rape campaigning."

Anderson pointed out that British suffragettes used arson as a persuasive technique. By today's standards what they did and what they were fighting for seems justified, she said. "In a few years, people might think the same of these feminists," she said.

Martin had never heard of the anti-rape workshops and was unable to deny or affirm their existence. A spokesperson for the "Berkeley Barb," a Bay Area alternative newspaper, said that if any "workshops are held around here they aren't official. The feminists around here don't like us very much anyway. They always trash our mailboxes."

Another tactic used by feminists in Bellingham last spring was publishing posters naming sexual offenders. The title: "Watch out for these men." It detailed the sexual crimes of 28 men.

It was suspected that the names of the men were taken from files housed at the Rape Relief office downtown. An in-house investigation was conducted, Rape Relief Director Cowen said, and showed the files were not breached. The names were probably obtained from newspaper accounts or court records, Cowen said.

Whether or not the spray paint and the posters signal a tougher, more assertive feminist-macho shouldn't be the foremost point. The women involved are angry, fed up and ready to fight. An uphill battle, indeed. The reluctance of the women to use more acceptable means of persuasion might be their downfall, especially in this community.

Since many of the militant women are lesbians, Westen said they often elect not to get their messages across in more acceptable manners in this male-oriented society.

Philips said lesbians are the women in society who must depend solely on themselves. "They know they'll never have a man support them in the traditional ways." So, they band together and protect one another from a society that can't clearly understand how they feel.

The biggest part of the society that can't understand, the feminists almost unanimously agree, are the men. How can men learn to understand if the women don't help them? The question is sad, Westen said, and her answer was painful.

"Generally, as a rule men cannot ever understand what rape and violence against women are really about. It hurts me to say that but it is true," she said.

Borrowing the words of protest singer/composer Malvina Reynolds, Anderson sang this verse:

"It isn't nice to go to prison
It isn't nice to go to jail
There are nicer ways to do it
But the nicer ways always fail."
Drifter's Paradise

For more and more young travelers spending time on a kibbutz is becoming an enjoyable way of postponing the inevitable trip home.

by Brad Ziemer

The bus stopped, the driver yelled “Urim,” and Ron and I grabbed our packs and very carefully maneuvered our way down the aisle past several young soldiers with large intimidating machine guns dangling from their shoulders.

We stepped out into the warm sunshine as an Israeli fighter jet screamed by above us. This was Kibbutz Urim, located a few miles south of the ancient city of Beersheba, Israel, and it was to be our home for the next two months.

When we took our first look at Urim there was no real reaction be either of us. We knew little about kibbutzim (communal farms) and our decision to serve as volunteers had been made quickly and not under the most civilized circumstances.

“We had planned to head to Spain, but one night, after several liters of potent German beer, we met a group of Australians...”

We had just arrived at the famous Oktoberfest in Munich in our rusty, old, but dependable 1967 Volkswagen van after driving over much of Europe. We had planned to head to Spain, but one night, after several liters of potent German beer, we met a group of Australians — who are difficult not to meet at any drinking festival — who had spent time as volunteers on a kibbutz. After more beer and pretzels and listening to lines like “go there mates, you won’t regret it,” we had been convinced to sell our van and go to Israel.

Two days after posting a “for sale” sign on the back window of the van we concluded what we like to call a successful business venture. We sold it for $200 more than what we had paid for it, to two Australians.

We felt fortunate. The van had recently been making some mysterious sounds and was beginning to exhibit an unhealthy appetite for oil. Feeling a bit guilty, but a whole lot richer, we left for Israel to experience socialism in action.

We were led to our living quarters by Miriam, a 20-year-old who had been born at Urim and had just returned from a stint in the Israeli army. Her job was to serve as a liaison — some of the members preferred to call it babysitter — for Urim’s 48 volunteers who represented 12 countries. Some were Jewish but most were not.

Most of the volunteers could best be described as drifters, not unlike Ron and myself, who had decided to take a year off school and see and do as much as we could.

Most had stumbled into the kibbutz way of life as we had, meeting people along the way who had served as volunteers. The majority of the volunteers had been on the road for many months, and for a few it was a matter of years.

For many volunteers, coming to the kibbutz was a way of postponing the inevitable trip home. Although no money was earned for our work — except a $20 per month stipend — neither was any spent.

Thus the kibbutz was what one volunteer called a “drifters paradise.” A volunteer could make his stay as long or as short as he liked. Some of Urim’s volunteers had been there for more than a year.

The volunteers stayed in small, plain rooms — much like university dorms — which in the past had served as homes for the members’ children who, upon reaching their teens, generally lived apart from
their parents. The members, however, had modern homes, much like townhouses which have become popular in this country.

I shared a room with Richard, a 1960's holdout from California, and Jim, a New Zealander who had taken to selling hashish as a way to finance his way home.

Although there were very few prohibitions at Urim, the use of drugs was one of them, and sometime later Jim was caught and politely asked to leave.

"I shared a room with Richard, a 1960s holdout from California, and Jim, a New Zealander who had taken to selling hashish . . ."

Ron and I were assigned to work in the mata — the fruit orchard — and at 5:30 the next morning I heard my first alarm clock ring in many months. Quickly throwing on my work clothes, which consisted of old Israeli army gear, I made my way out into the chilly pre-dawn morning. After a quick cup of coffee the volunteers struggled into an open trailer and were pulled by tractor to the grapefruit field where for eight hours we pruned trees.

Like many volunteers at first we found it difficult to understand the concept of working without pay. However, receiving food, shelter, clothing and amenities soon made it clear that we did not need to make money for our labor.

Sabras, as native born Israelis are called, composed more than half of Urim's 200 members. The rest were mainly Bulgarians, who started Urim in 1946, and Canadians and Americans, who came in the early 1950's. All members were Jewish except for one American couple.

We worked a six day week, having Saturday as a day off for the Sabbath. Meals were served in the newly built dining hall and were self-serve except for Friday evening's Sabbath dinner.

The day of rest began with the end of work on Friday instead of at sundown as orthodox custom dictated. Orthodoxy, in fact, appeared to carry little weight at Urim. The kibbutz had no synagogue, rabbi, or formal services, and no rigid diet restrictions.

The workday ended at about 2 p.m., leaving much time for us to make use of Urim's fine recreational facilities. Volunteers had full access to the swimming pool, sports field and basketball and tennis courts.

Evenings were often spent in the moadon — the coffeehouse — drinking tea and eating biscuits, hunched over a chess board, listening to the "Voice of Peace," a radio station on a boat broadcasting from somewhere in the Mediterranean.

The time passed quickly at Urim. Volunteers were allowed four or five days off each month which were used to travel. Israel is a small country and much could be seen in a short time. For example, Jerusalem was as close to Urim as Vancouver, B.C. is to Bellingham, while a trip to Tel Aviv would be similar to a drive down I-5 to Seattle.

The fact that Israel is surrounded by enemies was not forgotten on the kibbutz. Along with the tall palm trees, several air raid shelters dotted Urim's landscape. Israeli jets on training flights were constantly in the air creating explosions that only the volunteers seemed to notice. The members, I was told, long ago became accustomed to such noises and were no longer bothered by it.

"War is a way of life for us," one member said, echoing a theme I had heard many Israelis speak on.

"We either fight or we don't survive. It's as simple as that."

Just before I left the kibbutz for home, Egypt's President Sadat caught the world by surprise when he made his historic first visit to Israel. Urim, as well as the rest of the country, came to a virtual standstill the day Sadat set foot upon Israeli soil.

The whole kibbutz — members and volunteers alike — watched Sadat's speech on television in Urim's movie theater, and when Sadat, with such conviction, said, "let there be no more wars," several members wept.

"History is being made," one older member shouted. "Peace is at hand," yelled another. A few days later, however, people began to realize that Sadat's peace mission was only a small step toward a total peace for Israel. But the kibbutzniks were optimistic about the future, about the prospects for no more wars.

Sadat's visit served as an exciting climax for my stay at Urim. I spent the last couple of days saying many goodbyes, and wandering about Urim, trying to grasp just what it was about this type of life that made it so appealing.

The answers were not and are not clear. Sociologists and other experts have said the kibbutz is an outstanding example of non-failure. While other commune type experiments seem to inevitably end in failure, the kibbutz thus far has stood the test of time. But these experts also have difficulty explaining why the kibbutzim have prospered.

Perhaps a statement on a scroll given to volunteers when they leave comes closest to defining the special ingredients of the kibbutz. It reads: "Thank you for having worked and shared with us our kibbutz way of life based on brotherhood and peace — Shalom."
Gallery
The Bright Side Is Recovery

by John Greeley

Few people entering the one-story stucco building at 1603 E. Illinois St. notice the small wall plaque above the doorway. For most, it is lost in the blur of faces and emotions which comprise an alcoholic’s world—in chronic cases, one that has excluded friends and even close family members. But if the Olympic Treatment Center’s outlook could be summed up in so few words, this sign tells its approach to the disease. It reads, “The bright side of alcoholism is recovery.”

Dealing with the nation’s number one drug problem might leave some people bitter, but the OTC staff maintains a positive attitude in both its daily routine and formal programming. Patient’s somber faces seen wandering the Center’s brightly-colored hallways are contrasted with the uninhibited laughter and good humor of the people that work here.

Over one-half of the Center’s staff share an advantage in confronting the alcoholic experience. In addition to personal background, counselors and social workers at Olympic have been educated in alcoholism classes at Whatcom Community College and universities around the state.

Administrator Bud Atkins, who has been in charge at the Center for six months, didn’t hesitate to include his personal bouts with alcoholism in discussing his treatment program. With meticulous attention to detail and a slight twinkle in his eye, he explained that Olympic’s main goal is to help the alcoholic recover mentally and physically. “We treat alcoholics with dignity rather than scorn,” he said. “We are only concerned with the disease and not the moral issue of drinking.”

At a cost of $2,240 for the 28 day intensive in-patient program, an alcoholic has to make a considerable commitment to recovery before he even arrives at the center. When the alcoholic has no family or job to support himself, group insurance policies often cover the costs and public assistance is available from the State Department of Social and Health Services.

Olympic’s program is structured around the three elements of the disease of alcoholism: physical, emotional and spiritual break-downs. Mass doses of vitamins, mostly vitamin B, exercise at local spas and a high protein diet are included in physical therapy efforts.

“Once the alcoholic starts to feel better,” Atkins said, “we educate them on the actual effects of the drug alcohol on the brain, liver and nervous system.”

Connie Goodfellow, a calm and reserved recovered alcoholic who serves as the Center’s program director, said that the residue of alcohol can stay in the body from 5 weeks to 3 months after extended abuse. As the depressing effects of alcohol are removed from the system, patients go through “180 degree turnarounds in their emotions,” she said. These ups and downs can be severe in the first days of treatment but are part of alcoholics’ need to take “an inventory of themselves and rid their bodies of the bondage of alcohol,” according to Atkins.

The central nervous system tends to go crazy after a patient has “dried out,” often leading to paranoia and a loss of a sense of personal worth. The Center holds group meetings and one-to-one counseling sessions to help relieve these pressures.

Detoxification facilities, recently removed from St. Luke’s Hospital, offer short term treatment to alcoholics trying to quit drinking on their own. Six out of the Center’s total 27 beds are reserved for this service and patients are usually released after 6 or 7 days.

“What is commonly considered a suicide in the case of an alcoholic is often the result of attempts to flee hallucinations that include the stereotyped monsters and bats coming out of the walls,” Ruth Greene, Olympic social worker, said.

Between eruptions of loud and cackling laughter, Ruth recalled some of her drinking experiences before she quit 7 years ago.
Instead of the skid row bum image that comes to most people's minds when they think of alcoholics, she said that a more common case is the middle class drinker who takes in just as much booze as his bum counterpart but maintains a level of alcohol in his system that makes him appear normal.

Spiritual therapy is worked on by the whole Olympic staff. Using the Alcoholics Anonymous conception of "God as you understand him," the Center does not preach any formal religion.

Greene is hopeful that the OTC program will help the alcoholic to better tolerate differences between people, encourage honesty in sharing feelings and promote acceptance of "human frailty" in the face of drug addiction.

"We use reality to confront the alcoholic's excuses for drinking and to bring him out of his own world," she said.

The Olympic Center started its program two years ago, when Maxine Quimby and her husband bought the Somerset Manor nursing home and turned it over to the treatment of alcoholism. Funding originally came from their personal savings. Although Whatcom County was contracted in February of this year to fund a percentage of Detox's costs, Atkins said that this part of the center is still at a financial loss. Patient fees are used to pay the 20 full-time workers along with building maintenance expenses, while the 24 hour medical service at the center is paid for separately by patients.

Recent efforts to provide separate alcoholism services have resulted from years of misdiagnosis of the disease by regular hospitals and clinics. Because the later stages of addiction often resemble epilepsy or other psychological disorders, alcoholics have been passed from one doctor to another without any success. According to figures from the Washington State Council on Alcoholism, the disease ranks second in the number of cases in the U.S., but next to last in monetary support per victim.

"The Olympic Treatment Center offers a protected environment where alcoholics can look at their problems from a distance and re-evaluate how they fit into society," Atkins said.

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**Can't Smell 'em, You Can't Tell 'em**

One of the OTC's primary foes in returning the alcoholic to normal life is the misconceptions that people have about the disease or drinking in general. Following are some of the more typical mistaken ideas about alcohol and the OTC's answer to them:

"I couldn't be an alcoholic because I only drink beer." — it doesn't matter what form it takes, it's alcohol that causes the problems. As far as the OTC is concerned, one beer equals one 4 oz. glass of wine equals 1 oz. of straight alcohol.

"People with alcoholism can't be treated and can never recover." — This idea stems from the belief that somehow a person chooses to drink too much. The fact is that the alcoholic starts out as a normal social drinker and progresses through a definite number of stages in becoming physically addicted. Sick people don't become alcoholics, alcoholics become sick people.

"I can tell an alcoholic just by looking at them." — Ruth Greene answers this one with a joke that circulates among women alcoholics, "If you can't smell 'em, you can't tell 'em." The serious facts are that an alcoholic can go from 2 to 35 years in progressing through the stages of alcoholism addiction and not be detected by physical appearance until he enters the last stages of addiction, nearing death.
"I Want To Be Mr. Olympia"

by Steve Valandra

The room is decorated with an array of weight lifting apparatus. In the far right corner rests a stand that holds a steel bar with weights on either end. In the left hand corner is a rack of dumbbells, ranging from five to fifty pounds in size. In the center sits a $2,500 Universal machine that allows no less than ten muscle straining exercises. One of the room’s four walls is dominated by a 10-foot long by 5-foot high mirror. This is probably the most important piece of equipment for Mark Abbott, a 22-year-old apprentice auto mechanic, for it allows him to reflect on his development.

For more than two years this has been a second home for Abbott, who has toiled in pursuit of his dream — or, rather, his obsession. “I want to go as far as my body will take me,” says the Ferndale native, “I want to be Mr. Olympia.”

His desire is lightly stated. He covets the “Olympia” crown, the summit of the body building world. The seed for his goal was planted a decade ago, when he viewed a “Mr. Universe” contest on television. It wasn’t until two years ago, though, that his desire took root. He became inspired by reading “Pumping Iron,” a sort of body building bible written by six-time “Olympia” Arnold Schwarzenegger, whom Abbott idolizes. A poster of the “champ” is draped in his locker.

“I admire how he has sculpted his body, how he endured the pain and discipline,” Abbott gushes. “He conquered everything he wanted to.”

Abbott then joined a Bellingham athletic club and began a serious program to sculpt his own body into that of a competitive iron pumper. Presently, he works out a minimum of two hours daily, four days a week, performing a plethora of monotonous body building rituals. His routines have changed often in the last two years; at times he worked out six days weekly, then five, until he arrived at his current regimen of pain.

“I want to go as far as my body will take me. I want to be Mr. Olympia.”

The process is slow. Abbott does not yet resemble the v-shaped, sometimes grotesquely muscled bodies of such stars as Bill Pearl, Serge Nubert or Schwarzenegger. He himself will tell you that he is “naturally weak” and “overweight” at 165 pounds, which are firmly packed on his 5-foot, 10-inch frame. His 15½ inch biceps (“17 with a good pump”) are small compared to the gargantuan 22-inch bulges of Schwarzenegger. His 23-inch thighs are no match for the 36-inch monsters of Lou “The Incredible Hulk” Ferrigno. And his almost pearl-white skin bears no resemblance to the sun-bronzed exteriors of the professionals.

But Abbott knows his weaknesses, and is determined to
correct them. "This coming year should be my best year for improvement," he says. "I've told my body to improve or else. I'm willing to do the work and bear the pain. I go beyond muscle pain now. I go to the point of joint pain. When my shoulder starts hurting at the joint, then I quit."

By body building standards, Abbott's physique has garnered substantial gains in the last two years. His biceps measured just 13 inches and his thighs a paltry 20 before he began pumping iron. And his endurance for the rigors of the sport was almost nil at the beginning. Even the recognized stars took as long as a decade to develop their much-admired, award-winning musculatures.

The odds stacked against Abbott ever becoming "Mr. Olympia" are astronomical. There are millions of men in gymnasiums, basements and garages across the world, who also torture their bodies in the hopes of acquiring the "ultimate" title. And unlike the man who becomes a major league baseball player or a professional football hero, of which dozens exist, there is only one "Olympia."

But Abbott is a bit cocky about achieving his goals. Already he is forecasting that he will cop the regional titles of "Mr. Washington" and "Mr. Northwest" within two years, and in another five to seven, he says he could do some "real damage" such as winning a major title like "Mr. West Coast" or "Mr. Universe." The latter is a step below the "Olympia" crown. "I'm 100% positive I'll win," he says. "But I'm down to earth about it. I know it'll take some time."

"I admire how he has sculpted his body, how he endured the pain and the discipline."

If he sounds a bit obstinate, it's only because he is. "You have to be if you want to be superior," he says. "There's a point in time when you have to put all your energies into it. If someone really wants something, he has got to go for it."

Body builders have long been criticized for their fanatical devotion to the sport. They often have been labeled as the prime examples of narcissism, who enjoy nothing more than flexing their muscles to anyone who cares—or does not care—to watch. A trace of that rings true with Abbott. Says he: "I want to be so big that when I walk down the streets of Bellingham, people will step aside."

Sometimes he is a bit effusive about his ambitions, but for the most part he quietly is going about getting what he wants. Body building is a sport where one competes perhaps more against himself than others, and that leaves no one to blame for failure.

Maybe one day he will be "Mr. Olympia." The odds are he won't. But Abbott refuses to let such thoughts intrude his psyche. "There's a lot of good bodies that can't win," he says. "But I don't think I'm one of those."
"I wanna lugged chrome moly, hold the sew-ups"

by John L. Smith

After one has made the economic decision to switch to pedal power, one big question has to be answered: which bike do I choose? With literally hundreds of models to pick from, that question can become difficult to answer.

Glenn’s Complete Bicycle Manual advises knowing the correct size to buy, what purpose the bike will be used for, and how much money the buyer is willing to spend are three basic questions that should be answered before a person begins shopping for a 10-speed.

"10-speed costs range from $90 for a stock department store bike to well over $1000 for a hand-made precision racing cycle."

“For efficiency’s sake, get a bike that fits," says Judie Conklin, part-owner of Kulshan Cycles.

Consumer Report found that the generally correct frame size will measure 9 or 10 inches less than the rider’s inseam. Frame size is measured from the pedal crank axis to the top of the frame seal tube.

The purpose for which the bicycle will be used is also important. “If you’re going to be commuting to and from work daily,” John Hauer, owner of the Fairhaven Bicycle Shop said, “you will need a little higher quality bike than you would if you were only an occasional rider.”

Perhaps the biggest determining factor in bicycle shopping is the amount of money one can afford to spend on a bicycle. It is at this stage that the selection of cycles begins to narrow down swiftly.

10-speed costs range from $90 for a stock department store bike to well over $1,000 for a hand-made precision racing cycle.

“It’s best to stay clear of discount bicycles,” Jack Kimmes, President of the Mt. Baker Bicycle Club, said. On the other hand, Kimmes feels custom bikes should also be out of the question for the majority of riders. “95% of all riders don’t require them [custom bikes] and only 5% want them,” Kimmes said. “For most people, it would be foolish to spend more than $330 for a bicycle.”

Naturally the consumer wants to find the highest quality cycle for the least amount of money. Here are five things to look for in a quality bike:

1. The basic mark of a quality frame, according to all who were interviewed, is the lugged frame. The lugged frame entails the fitting of weld joints into a sleeve, or lug, before final brazing. This makes for a tighter fitting, stronger, and longer lasting frame. Lugged frames are not featured on most bikes priced less than $200.

Frames on the higher priced bicycles are made with lighter tubing. Chrome molybdenum is one such metal found on medium priced ($220-310) bicycles. “Chrome-moly” as it is most often referred to, is lighter than steel and performs just as well.

Reynolds Aluminum 531 is considered by most to be the lightest and strongest frame tubing on the conventional market. 531, however, is found on but few of the middle-range bicycles and then only in the upper end of the price scale.

Frame on lower priced 10-speeds are made from Taiwanese steel which, says Conklin, is far inferior to chrome-moly.

2. “Wheels are the most important part of the bike in terms of efficiency,” Hunter said.

He said the correct tire can mean much less strain on the rider and thus make pedaling easier.

“It is important,” said Kimmes, “to be aware of what surfaces a cycler will be riding on and adjust accordingly. If you often ride on gravel, you might want to go to a wider faced tire than normal.

He said that, for the average
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KLIPSUN

commuter, a 27x1.1/8 to 27x1.1/4 is the proper tire size.

“Sew-up” tires, explained Haurter, are for racing only. Sew-ups are lighter in weight than normal tubed tires and are more complex. They are quite thin tires that are sewn around the inner tube and then glued to the rim of the wheel.

3. Rims are made of two materials: steel and alloy. Steel rims will not bend quite as easily as alloy will but alloy are better, according to Haurter, because they “are lighter and help you stop faster in the rain.” They are also more expensive and are thus found on the better bicycles in the medium price range.

4. 10-speed brakes are divided into two types: side pull and center pull. When center pull brakes are applied, the cable pulls from the center of the braking system. Conversely, side pull brakes pull from the side of the brake set up.

Conklin said that side pull brakes are the lighter of the two types but center pulls are more responsive with heavier loads. All the interviewees agreed that, for the vast majority of riders, center pull brakes are best.

5. Cantilever center pull brakes are superior to normal center pulls, said Haurter, because they are brazed to the frame instead of bolted, as is the case with the other type.

The most complicated components on 10-speed bicycles are the gears and derailleurs. Luckily, “Most stock (non hand-made) bicycles have adequate gears,” Kimmies said.

He explained that the problems that do arise come mainly from an amateur mechanic taking the gear cluster apart and not being able to get it back together again. Derailleurs are almost always made by Sun Tour and are very reliable. They stay in adjustment well and are relatively quiet.

“The more expensive bike you buy,” he said, “the lighter, quieter and more positive derailleurs become.”

A bicycle’s serviceability and warranty are often as important as the model of bike you buy.

“We can’t afford to sell a cheaply made bicycle,” Kimmies said, explaining that because the majority of bicycle shops do the repair work while a bike is under warranty, stores have to sell quality material that, most likely, won’t be back for repairs.

Many companies offer limited lifetime warranties. One example is the Peugeot company. Peugeot’s warranty covers all parts and accessories except tires, tubes, light bulbs and lenses for “...so long as it is owned by the original owner ...”

Jack DeVries, owner of Jack’s Bicycle Center, who has been in the bicycle business for 29 years, named only six companies that sell high quality cycles coast to coast: Centurion, Motobecan, Nishiki, Peugeot, Raleigh and Schwinn.

The importance of serviceability (ease of repair, availability of parts, etc.) becomes clear if, for instance, a rider were to go on even a short tour and have a part malfunction. Now owning a widely distributed bicycle can be a very time consuming mistake on the road. The same holds true if one owns a 10-speed at either end of the price scale.

“That is not to say that there are not many other brands that are of high quality,” DeVries said, “but getting parts can often be quite a task.”

Generally, for buyers with little or no previous experience with bicycles, says Glenn’s Complete Bicycle Manual, stick to brand names.

Consumer Report adds if one is planning on buying a less expensive model bike, they should run the bike across the floor while holding the cycle by the seat. If the bike consistently veers to one side it should be rejected for another model as the bike is showing signs of being out of balance.

Those with some cycling experience should want at least a lugged frame, center pull brakes, and alloy rims, for these three qualities are basic when buying superior bicycles.

Finally, there is no replacement for test riding.

“I always try to get the people to test ride them first,” Kimmies said. “They all ride differently.”

More than a Bike

by Theresa St. Hilaire

The dictionary calls a moped a “low, two-wheeled, motor-driven vehicle having two pedals and resembling a bicycle.” The resemblance is at best superficial.

For one thing, it’s pretty easy to start a bicycle. I had some trouble with mopeds. My roommate and I test drove two, a Vespa and a Tomos. Vespas are started by pedaling and the Tomos has an automatic kick-starter.

They tell you that kick starting a moped is similar to braking a bicycle with the pedal. This sounded reasonable, so I did it, confident that the roar (or purr, in this case) of the motor would reward my effort. Nothing. Except a skinned ankle from the left pedal sharply connecting with my in-the-way foot. I tried several times more, carefully keeping my skinned ankle out of the way. Still nothing. I was ready to give up, when my roommate pointed out one of the subtlest differences between bikes and mopeds: mopeds have to be turned on. The next try was much easier.

Pedaling a moped into power is another challenging experience. The pedals do not move very fast, even when pedaling with all your might. I’m proud to say the Vespa
got up to 10 miles per hour from sheer leg power. And stayed there for several minutes, until I was nearly exhausted, and gave up. Things weren’t exactly going right for me that day, because a switch of the motor lever let my roommate start it with a minimum of effort.

Besides the Vespa and Tomos models, Honda, Sachs, Motobecane, Puch and Peugeot all make mopeds. The prices vary from $450 for the skeleton to $700 for the deluxe model. The least expensive model I found, other than the skeleton, sells for $530. The $700 deluxe models carry heavy duty shocks, heavily padded seats, and basically anything that will give the moped a smoother ride.

One feature people find very attractive is the gas mileage of mopeds. The brochures handed out to the customer will tell them that their moped will go 120 to 150 miles per gallon. Consumer’s reports say anywhere from 80 to 120 miles per gallon. It depends on the type of person riding and where they are riding. In other words, a skinny person on a straight road will get better mileage than a heavy person going up hills.

Mopeds have warranties that range from three months to a year. They also have a maintenance plan for owners to follow. After 300 miles the moped is to be brought into the shop for minor adjustments and repairs. However, people do not bring in their mopeds for the 300 mile check up, said Kevin DeVries, an employee of a bicycle shop in Bellingham. DeVries gave a discouraging viewpoint of mopeds. “They break down too easily,” he said.

DeVries explained further that mopeds are only supposed to go 30 miles per hour. Some owners, however, ride them as fast as 40 mph down hills and blow up the engines. The engine is only a two horsepower with a small piston. When the piston is working too hard it will blow up. Teenagers especially will come in wanting the engine replaced on their mopeds resulting from going too fast, DeVries said.

Whatever their minor drawbacks, moped popularity will continue to rise as fast as gas prices. They offer a less strenuous alternative to bicycles—although you’ll probably have to work about twice as long to earn the money to buy one.
A look at Western's least noticed—but biggest and busiest—minority group.

by Fred Obee

They are the ones with the double load. In one hand are textbooks, in the other, the hand of a child.

Students who are also parents are becoming a more frequent sight, not just on Western's campus, but around the nation. Older students are returning to school in greater numbers than ever before, and many times they have the added burden of dependent children.

The problems a student parent faces can be as many and as varied as any individual can differ from the next. But finding time for school and family, providing a decent day care program, making enough money to finance schooling and the high cost of raising a family are some of the most important concerns. Juggling these concerns is often an arduous chore.

A study conducted in 1979 by Marilee Smith Lorenson as part of her Master's degree requirements showed undergraduates with children earned significantly lower grade point averages than undergraduates without children.

"What student parent has the time to organize? Time demands, money demands, child demands, school demands, you name a demand and it is laid on the student parent."

The average GPA of undergraduates without children was 2.88, while the undergraduates with children scored a mean GPA of 2.66.

Lorenson's study also gives us the only estimate available of the number of student parents at Western. Of the 7,263 respondents, 462 did have dependent children.

While 462 doesn't sound like much, it is substantially more than any other minority group at Western, with the exception of 472 Canadian students. Black students number 92, Native
Americans 70, Chicanos 53, Asian students 115, and international students are represented by 80 students.

And while the Associated Students Board provides representation for many student organizations including all of the previously mentioned minorities, no organization of student parents has ever existed, and student parent interests are represented to the board only in a roundabout manner through the cooperative day-care representative.

This is not the fault of the board. Parents on campus simply have never organized.

Larry McMillan, director of the cooperative day-care facilities here, thinks he has an explanation. “What student parent has the time to organize? Time demands, money demands, child demands, school demands, you name a demand and it is laid on the student parent,” McMillan said.

The cooperative day-care center, located in dorms 10 and 11 at Fairhaven College, is licensed for 45 children and McMillan estimates 70 to 80 parents are involved in the program. In addition to day-care, the center provides student support groups and an environment conducive to communication between student parents. The cost can be as low as $150 per quarter or as high as $350, depending on income and the number of people in the student's household. Parents work five hours a week at the Center in addition to the fee.

But if only 80 student parents are involved in the center, what has happened to the other 382 parents polled in Lorenson's report?

“There are many areas this program doesn't touch on,” McMillan said. “To begin with, we only take children two to five years old. Students with children younger than two or older than five have to

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Daddy's Little Help*Q!!%+

7:30 a.m.—Cooing and goosing permeates my foggy consciousness as I realize bliss is ending and another day is beginning. I activate the nerves connected to my eyelids, and slowly the shades go up on another day as a full time student, full time parent.

Understand me now, I'm not asking for sympathy. Being a parent and going to school is a rewarding life full of pleasurable experiences. But the result of bouncing between the two worlds of higher education and infancy is a cerebral ping-pong game full of vicious smashes, treacherous English and devastating backhands.

More than once I have been immersed in a philosophical novel only to have my contemplation interrupted by my toddling son with his book on farm animals. If that doesn't sound rough, just try going from H. G. Wells to “duck goes quack” sometime.

And time becomes a most precious commodity. You need time to study, time to go to class, time to work, time to teach, explain, and communicate with your child and wedged in there somewhere, time for yourself.

Should I mention money? The intangible dollar isn't even in the proverbial hand long enough to slip between its fingers.

"Do you want to go to a movie?" I asked.

"I don't know," my wife countered. "A babysitter would cost $5 and the movie would be $7, and you know Benjamin needs a new pair of shoes."

Conversations like that doom me, more often than not, to another exciting weekend of a Reuben sandwich and the late show.

Being a student parent is demanding. And yes, it is true nights at Pete's are sometimes substituted with vigils in a laundromat washing and drying diapers. Rock and roll sometimes gives way to Walt Disney soundtracks and wild parties go down the tubes in favor of one night of peace at home. And sometimes, unwanted help is offered with typ*—#$Sing assi*e**gnments&?..."

But child rearing is also a direct line to a raison d'etre. To be reminded the world can be seen through fresh, unbiased, non-judgmental eyes is, if you will allow me to measurably understate myself, an educational experience.

Choosing between school and being a parent is never easy. If it comes down to studying for an important test or comforting a child who is sick or suffering through the effects of some traumatic event, the test always loses.

After all, a computer print out letter grade, in all its grand importance, hardly carries the weight of an ailing or unhappy child.
make other arrangements. We take children of full time students only, because that has to be our priority. As it is we have a waiting list of 16 people for next quarter. Part-time students must make other arrangements too. We don’t take drop-ins (a child dropped off with no advance notice) either. These are real needs we can’t meet.”

“For the single parent, it is getting up in the morning to take care of the kid, then off to school or work . . . then back to pick up the kid and then . . . make dinner.”

While all student parents face stress and a demanding schedule, the single parent faces the same stress, magnified many times. Several single parents are involved in the day-care program.

“For the single parent, it is getting up in the morning to take care of the kid, then off to school or work, or school plus work, then back to pick up the kid and then back home to make dinner or do laundry or whatever. The single parent never gets a break,” McMillan said.

McMillan said one single parent at the center is a full time student . . . and the mother of triplets.

Jackie Horn is a student, a mother, a home maker, and a worker. “In one day I wear so many hats and step into so many worlds,” Horn said. Alluding to the fact that Western is an overwhelmingly young, childless population, Horn said, “The problem I see most among student parents and older students is the feeling of ‘do I belong here’.”

Connie Copeland, the Coordinator of Developmental Programs, said her office is very concerned with the needs of student parents. Not surprising coming from Connie, a parent herself, as she was a student until last year when she was hired by the university.

Copeland said the university can’t respond immediately to the needs of student parents, such as more day-care facilities, due to a lack of funds. She said she is also frustrated because so few men ever volunteer their services to help set up programs.

She said she is all too familiar with the prevailing attitude on campus that the university is not the place for the antics of small children.

“But it shouldn’t be that way,” Copeland said. “People should get used to having children around.”

If there is a bright spot to all of this, it is Copeland’s enthusiasm for her job. A twinkle comes to her eyes when she envisions a “network of child-care centers” or any number of other student parent programs in the utopian future. Even though most of Copeland’s plans are just dreams at this point, her position and her office are new.

After thinking for a minute, she pointed a pencil at me and said, “Okay, you can quote me on this. As the number of student parents increases, and those students become more vocal, the university will need to become more sensitive to the needs of student parents.”
“Thanks for the Graffiti” appeared in the December issue of Labyrinth, an Associated Students publication of Western’s Women’s Center. Although “stop rape” is certainly a message that needs to be heard, it seems rather surprising that a publication sponsored by the A.S. would condone and encourage illegal activities.

THANKS FOR THE GRAFITI

Thank you to the people working with spray paint and wheat paste who are decorating our city with messages about women power and against abuse of womyn! Rich people have their messages all over town saying “show your stuff,” “turn to god” and “buy a chevy”. The rest of us have to take responsibility for what we want to see in our environment, and my heret is off to the people doing that.

Rape Relief estimates that Whatcom county has 400 rapes each year. Last year only one rapist was convicted. Seeing that the legal system doesn’t halt the violence in women’s lives, feminists are working on it. The approach some are using is to spray paint encouragements to women to fight back against attackers, learn their own strength and know that women should be free to do anything without the provoking fear of rape. A warning went up on a wall with the names of 11 charged rapists, freed by the legal system and on the streets of Bellingham. Collected data from public records, printing skills, and community effort, and wheat paste made possible the announcement of 40 more of these men.

Thanks to this work, women have become more aware of their company, and more empowered to fight off a rapist, leave an abusing husband and say NO if wanted to a boyfriend. One approach some are using is to spray paint encouragements to women to fight back against attackers, learn their own strength and know that women should be free to do anything without the provoking fear of rape.

But what about the property damage? It’s a common question. The sacrifice of a nice white wall is well worth a person’s chance to publicly express herself. This property is much less valuable than a woman’s safety and it’s alteration much more tolerable than her harm.

Abandon the search for a scapegoat organization to blame, and turn angry eyes to a society that allows women to be oppressed and violence against women. Thank you to the courageous people speaking/writing/write pasting for a safe world for womyn.

Violence, it has been said, breeds violence. It is possible that the current trend toward writing on walls is a relatively mild response to the much deeper violence of rape and abuse. Still, it strikes me that the response is somewhat misguided—are the messages, such as “disarm your attacker, crush him like a cracker” something that will breed a sympathy for the cause of women’s rights in the minds of Bellingham citizens?

Many of the messages have been spray-painted on stone and brick buildings, and at least one “stop rape,” on Chestnut and Jersey, is on a private residence. Is this fair to property owners, or even something the feminists involved can rationalize? Doesn’t this come down to punishing people who are innocent, to the tune of hundreds or thousands of dollars? It is rather like little sister picking on the dog after being picked on by big brother, and probably about as effective.

To alienate the public, to inspire antipathy and disrespect, is a serious mistake for any group seeking reform to make. Perhaps responsible revolutionary feminists should give some serious thought to spreading the word in less destructive ways, which oftentimes require more creative and constructive effort.