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MAIL

Editor, Klipsun:

I'm writing this in response to your article in Klipsun, “Notes on the New Celibacy” (March, 1970). You're wrong, wrong, or perhaps you just didn't take the time to find someone who is practicing it. Your story was not a bad one, it simply didn't cover the whole. Everyone you know has sex. How wonderful for them. However, not everybody has sex. In my case, and in the case of several friends, it is different.

We are all college students, women or 23 or older. We all made this decision independently and at different times, finding out about each other by accident over a couple of drinks, which probably led us to consider the facts. None of us are virgins, we have all had a fair amount of sexual experience in the past.

In my case, I did not sit down one day and decide to become celibate. I suddenly noticed that I had been celibate for some time—a year or more—and decided to keep it up. One person I know did make that conscious decision to abstain from sexual relations for a period of five years. He decided to do this because he wished to know women as friends, rather than as lovers or potential lovers. In my case (I am a woman) I simply decided that the attitude I was beginning to run into more and more frequently (“Well, if you’re not a virgin, why should I go with you? What reason do you have not told me you were wrong and I wanted out of the marriage and left?”)

I have been celibate for a little over a year now, and I have concentrated on getting to know people with people of both sexes (both ages) (talking about that) rather than wondering where my next date comes from. It is amazing how close you can get to someone without sex; the hugs, kisses, melodies, etc. are all important, but you can have sex without it being sexual play. I have enjoyed this for these years.

My mind is a bit more together, my head a bit more clear. I feel better. I have no intention of remaining celibate for the rest of my life but I could understand a person who chose to do so. I don't know how many people on this campus are into this “new celibacy” (like you, I wouldn’t have thought it was that new a concept). I know I don’t talk about it much— it doesn’t usually come up in casual conversation. But I do know that I find it easier to live without sex than I did at one point when I was apparently living without friendship. Think about it.

And next time, if you're really confused about where to start on a topic, you could do worse than to check a dictionary to find out exactly what you will be talking about. Celibacy is not as rare as you apparently think.

Name withheld

Klipsun, please publish more articles on this subject. All should include the writer's name, address, and telephone number for verification purposes.
A Mailin' Grace
Universal Life Church—diploma mill or divine inspiration? Article by Lori Johnson.

Rock On
Klipsun takes a closer look at rock 'n' roll 'round here.

Working Graveyard
In between the dark and the light, the city might be sleeping but some Bellingham residents are not. Article by Gregg Olsen.

Station Break
Campus TV broadcasts its grievances. Article by Janet Hevly.

In The Family
Incest is a national family tragedy. Steve Claiborne examines the problem at the local level.

Credits
Back Cover — David Rushing
"Mud Shark" © Frank Zappa
Tan Lines

Don Briggs expects the tan lines to form all the way around the block once his new business, Northern Sun's Quick Tan, catches on with Bellingham residents.

He's not unreasonable in his hopes. Tanning parlors are without a doubt the latest rage among the beautiful (and the would-be beautiful) people of America. Everyone seems to want a tan and people like Briggs can give them one for a price.

Briggs' ultraviolet idea light bulb flashed when he read about similar tanning operations featured in magazines and newspapers last fall.

"When I first heard about them, I thought it would be a great way to get a tan all over. I just never seemed to have the guts to lay around Teddy Bear Cove," he said.

Although Briggs acknowledges that the tanning parlor craze has indeed been under attack from dermatologists, he maintains his operation is a very safe one. He said all customers are required to pass through a screening process that determines whether a person will be adversely affected by stays in the silver-like, tube-lined booths.

"We determine a person's skin type, ask if they use any drugs and if they plan on tanning in the nude," he said, adding that all factors are examined before a person sets a naked foot in one of the four booths found in his business on Chestnut street.

"Some people view these places as a last chance to get a tan when they were never able to get one before. We weed out those who might be harmed by the brief exposures," Briggs said.

Stepping into a booth, cotton balls in place over the eyes, is not unlike preparing to beam off the Starship Enterprise—as space age as one can get in Bellingham. Briggs instructs patrons to rotate slowly every 10 seconds, for an even tan.

Sixty seconds later, one emerges from the cool box feeling as though nothing has happened. "People shouldn't expect a dark tan after the first visit. It takes time to build one up," he said.

Although Quick Tan makes no guarantees about the darkness of the tan, Briggs said that after 20 visits and $35, most look as though they'd stepped off the beach in Hawaii.

Casey and Hisss Fans

Casey is not slimy.

That is the first lesson Lois Garlick hopes to teach the elementary students who come to visit her 6-foot-6-inch, 6-pound gopher snake.

Garlick, the lab technician in Haggard Hall's science center, has been Casey's adopted parent for eight years. Western purchased the snake to aid the Science Education program here, which teaches students to teach science.

Garlick speaks affectionately about Casey's skin, which is neither slimy or scaly, and his diet, which includes chicks, mice and small moles.

How did Garlick, who appears to be somebody's grandmother, acquire a fondness for large gopher snakes? "Well," she begins slowly and unassuming, "I'm not afraid of snakes."

She majored in biology, worked as a lab technician at the University of Washington and lived on a farm. "So I've had an opportunity to know a few snakes," she added.

Part of the Science Education program includes membership in the Casey Club, and visiting children from Vancouver, Blaine and local grade schools take home a membership certificate complete with the Casey creed:

"Snakes are not slimy."

Barbara Waits
Election Collections

Sure, we can put a man on the moon. But ask our leaders for a Jimmy Carter floppy hat, or a Ronnie balloon, or at least a Kennedy straw skimmer, and they’ll treat you like a Harold Stassen supporter.

Campaign paraphernalia—those souvenirs such as combs, photo buttons, hats and spoons that were doled out like handshakes in past election years—are as rare as Jerry Brown delegates.

Blame it on the 1974 campaign-spending law which limited the amount of money presidential candidates could spend because taxpayers were now footing the bill. In past elections, local campaign headquarters were like candy stores for collectors. In the ’60s, for instance, Nixonites supplied straw boaters, hats, balloons, paper dresses and jewelry.

Smokers in the ’50s, unaware it was a matter of life and breath, could choose between packages of Eisenhower or Stevenson cigarettes. Before that, Harry Truman was “giving ’em hell” and distributing three million comic book biographies simultaneously.

This year’s candidates offer only bland choices of bumper stickers, photo-less buttons and campaign literature.

“Most of their advertising money goes into the media, like for television,” Joe Hayes said by phone from his Huntsville, Ala., home. Hayes is secretary treasurer of the American Political Items Collectors Organization.

The hobby group, which has more than 2,000 members, is interested in the collection and preservation of political Americana. It has mail auctions, newsletters and a national biennial convention in which memorabilia dating back to Andrew Jackson’s campaigns are paraded or swapped.

“You don’t see the 3-D items anymore, like hats, mechanical pencils, combs and jewelry,” Hayes said. “There’s not so much of the bumper stickers, probably because people aren’t putting them on their cars,” he said, adding that more buttons are available now because of the hobby collectors.

The buttons and bumper stickers in Seattle are free, according to the Carter, Kennedy and Reagan campaign workers, with buttons being the big movers.

The current Carter-Mondale button, a white on green combination with the candidates’ pictures superimposed, is not exactly the Hope Diamond of election collecting.

Nothing yet to match the 1968 mudslinger: “Nixon plus Spiro equals Zero,” or the 1940 button assessing Wendell Wilkie’s bid to stop Roosevelt from a third term: “Better a Third Termer Than a Third Rater.”

Bumper stickers collided in the 1964 election when Republicans interpreted the “LBJ” sticker to mean “Light Bulb Johnson—Turn Him Out in November.” Democrats retaliated by warning motorists that Goldwater’s formula, “AUH2O,” really meant “Fool’s Gold.”

Mammoth Task

Don Easterbrook is discovering it’s a mammoth task to restore a mammoth’s tusk.

The Western geology professor, with the aid of several graduate students, has been working since October to refurbish a woolly mammoth tusk excavated from a Skagit River bank near Concrete, Wash.

Easterbrook said the eight-foot tusk, frail and with the “consistency of oatmeal,” had to be wrapped in Plaster of Paris supported by wood splints to make it sturdy enough to move following excavation. Even with the precautions, the tusk broke into three pieces, he said. The matching tusk had weathered away and only one-third remained, he said.

The tusk is presently undergoing an involved fiberglass treatment in the Environmental Science building to reinforce it, Easterbrook said.

Easterbrook, whose interest is glacial geology, guesses the age of the tusk to be “18,000 to 20,000 years.” The tusk will be carbon-dated by Isotopes, Inc. of New Jersey to determine its exact age.
Space problems often force the exclusion of what the writer deems as vital information. It’s something reporters for magazines and newspapers have to accept.

Given the opportunity to include that “extra information,” Walbeck filed this report on Randy Bachman, Rock Star: (see page 14).

“Bachman, blonde, blue-eyed and minus 75 extra pounds since last summer, is surprisingly trusting with strangers. He spoke candidly about personal and painful memories without hesitation and the expected rock ego was non-existent. When Bachman talked of his religion or his family or his music, he was animated, chewing gum and easily hopping from one subject to the next. He spoke bitterly about what he called ‘big money people’ in the rock press and how they almost destroyed Bachman’s credibility with the fans because he had a “clean” image.

Why did he talk to us?
He said he had a fondness for campus newspapers and radio stations, which are ‘more interested in the truth.’
One hour passed, then another with studio engineers standing by patiently while Bachman talked. At the close, we were given free roam of the estate and mansion and with a handshake and a smile he said, ‘Call me if you have any problems.’ ”

A friend of Johnson’s who is a ULC minister tipped her about the existence of the mail-order church that she wrote about (see page 7).

“She sent me a few pages of literature she had from the church and told me what she knew about it. Searching through the Reader’s Guide turned up nothing; the Index to the New York Times pointed to articles about the Hardenburgh case, Hensley’s presidential aspirations and some biographical information on Hensley.”

One afternoon Johnson said she called Modesto, Calif., information and got the number for the church headquarters.

“A call there put me in touch with Lida Hensley, Kirby’s wife. I verified the information I’d collected, and she enthusiastically told me her husband was in Washington, D.C., on church business and told me about a world convention they were planning for the middle of March.”

Johnson said she was convinced she was onto a “big scam” until the conversation with Lida Hensley.

“That made me consider some people took the church seriously. I’m sure the Hensleys take it seriously, as a source of income and a thorn in the sides of government and judicial systems. They win court cases based on loopholes in tax laws by using the Constitutional freedom of religion clause as a defense,” she said.

While preparing to write his article on incest (see page 24), Claiborne said he “encountered two distinctly opinions on whether or not I should even attempt to deal with the topic of incest.”

He recalled that psychiatrist Nate Kronenberg told him, “You won’t be able to do it justice. Incest is too personal and journalists shouldn’t deal with it.”

Claiborne added, “I was still receiving some flack for asking so many ‘sensitive questions.’ Why did I care anyway? Finally I found someone with a firm conviction the story should be written. He was a volunteer at the Child Protective Services. He said our society needs to deal with reality. Many people are being scarred by incest and for their sakes it is time to bring it out in the open. We shouldn’t hide from it or pretend it isn’t there.”
The Mail-Order Messiah: Pay Now, Pray Later

Join the Universal Life Church and be the first ordained guru on your block.

By Lori Johnson

You can become a minister, regardless of religious beliefs, for $4. Before you laugh, think about it. Perform weddings, funerals, baptisms. Ordain your friends. Avoid the draft. Forget the IRS.

But will it really, really work? In some cases, yes. In others, it's debatable.

The Universal Life Church of Modesto, Calif., will ordain anyone without regard to religious beliefs, race, nationality, sex or age. You don't even have to go to California to have it done. You send them $4, they send you ministerial credentials. Or better yet, find a ULC minister and be ordained free.

To protect its tax-exempt status, the ULC cannot charge a price for anything, but instead asks for "donations" and "offerings" for a variety of items.

A certificate of sainthood is available for a minimum offering of $10. Described in ULC literature as a beautiful blue, gold and black certificate it has two purposes, "reward for those doing good" and "contributing at least a $10 offering to help the ULC promote brotherhood and heaven on earth." The sainthood degree is advertised as a great gift for a friend or loved one.

Correspondence courses are offered for degrees ranging from Doctor of Metaphysics (MsD) for $10 to Doctor of Religious Science (DRS) for $35 to PhD in Religion, accredited by the International Accrediting Association, for $100.

Cassette tapes entitled "Developing Your Personality," and "Communicating With the Subconscious," or "Sex-Love-Marriage-Divorce" are $10.

A Bible verse of your choice, sealed on your own "Bible Rock," which "can be used as a paperweight,"
conversation piece or as inspiration," is $9.95.

Other items include: a wedding kit with ceremonies and poems to assist ministers in performing, with confidence, all types of weddings, minimum offering $15; a baptism certificate, "very nice," minimum offering $4; special titles including Deacon, Bishop, Cardinal, Friar, Guru, Lama, Brahman and Universal Religious Philosopher, minimum offering $10 each; and finally, church charter and tax information necessary for any minister desiring to start a church and "something every devoted minister should have," $50 donation.

ULC was founded in 1962 by Kirby J. Hensley, who started the church to "promote freedom of religion," his wife Lida said recently in a telephone interview.

"He couldn't see people havin' to go to a church and worshippin' accordin' to someone else's idea of religion," she said. "He called that bein' a hypocrite."

Lida Hensley was friendly and cooperative, answering all questions in her southern drawl. Explaining the organizational structure of the church, she said, "This
(Modesto) is I guess what you'd call the hub, the center. We have charters all over."

When asked how many members the ULC currently has, she replied, "We don't keep a count of membership." She estimated 100,000 Washington residents belong to the church and claimed world membership is 15 million people from every country except the Soviet Union. Her husband told The New York Times in 1969 he had ordained 250,000 ministers. ULC literature claimed membership exceeding 7 million in 1977 and projected 20 million members by the early '80s.

In November 1969, a five-day ULC convention in Modesto attracted about 65 people, The Times reported. During this meeting, Hensley stated his belief in reincarnation and offered a definition of heaven and hell. "Haven (sic) is when you have what you want and hell is when you don't," The Times reported he said.

Also speaking at the event was Reverend Star, who advocated a strict nut and fruit diet because of the violence involved in pulling a carrot from the ground. Hensley was quoted as saying, "I got more ideas than a dog's got fleas."

Hensley, now 67, was born in Low Gap, N.C., and has lived in California for 46 years. (His official biography, "The Modesto Messiah," is available for a $1.95 donation.) He admitted his "ministerial diploma mill 'may be something of a con game,' " The Times reported in May of 1977. That article described Hensley "waving a wad of bills scooped up from a large paper carton filled with money taken from the morning mail" and saying, "Just because I don't read or write doesn't mean that I'm some ignoramus. When you got this green stuff, you don't need no schooling."

ULC ministers are authorized by the church to perform the same services as a minister from any church, including weddings. Only one state, Virginia, has challenged the legality of the marriages and subsequently banned ULC ministers from performing them, Lida Hensley said.

"We have never contested this decision," she said. Stating that the marriages are legal in every other state, she added, "The minister must register in some states, like Oregon."

In March of 1974 the ULC was granted tax-exempt status with the IRS after an eight-year court battle. In 1976, 211 of 226 residents of Hardenburgh, N.Y., became ULC ministers in a mass ordination. Their property has been off the tax rolls since 1977, with appeals still pending in court, Lida Hensley said.

According to a series of Times articles, the Hardenburgh residents were trying to bring attention to what they deemed unfair tax exemptions. Ulster County, N.Y., where Hardenburgh is located, is comprised of 54,000 acres, more than 6,700 acres of which is tax exempt. The untaxed land is owned by Zen Buddhists, Nassau County Boy Scouts, The Catskill Center for Conservation and Development and Tibetan monks. These exemptions place a tax burden on Hardenburgh residents, in some cases totaling one-half to two-thirds of individual incomes. Prior to becoming ordained, residents had attempted to alter the tax distribution by petitioning the New York governor for tax amendments and by meeting with lawyers for the State Board of Equalization and Assessment, with no results.

Dick Kirpes, supervisor of exempt property section of the State Attorney General's Office in Washington was contacted by phone to find out if any ULC minister has been granted property-exempt status in this state. He confirmed that property exemption claims from ULC affiliates have been filed here.

"We've had claims, very unusual claims," Kirpes said. "I'm not really sure we've exempted any of them."

Every application is investigated to establish if the property is used for religious worship, he said.

"If we find a sanctuary or some type of religious structure, no problem," Kirpes said. "We don't challenge anyone's belief." Rather the challenge is directed at the church facility itself. "When investigating these claims, we'd go out and we'd find a family home," Kirpes said, and that wouldn't qualify for exemption.

During the '60s, Hensley visited college campuses performing mass ordinations for draft-aged youth so they could receive deferments. Hensley has said the Selective Service System occasionally grants his ministers draft deferments if they organize and run actual churches.

"Historically, ministers and ministerial students are deferred from conscription without having to obtain conscientious objector status," John Judge, field worker for the Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors (CCCO), said during a recent telephone interview. The CCCO offices in Philadelphia and San Francisco have been counseling men for more than 30 years about CO status.

Judge recalled instances during the Vietnam draft when ULC ministers were deferred by draft boards.

"People did get deferments initially because the boards didn't expect people to lie about being ministers," Judge said. "It wasn't so much deception as being low-key," he added.

Judge said that when draft boards realized ULC ministers had mail-order certification, they applied stricter criteria to those cases.

The draft board has standards by geography, including working in a ministerial capacity for a certain number of hours weekly, having church officers, performing ministerial duties such as
marriages and working at a church structure, Judge said.

It didn’t occur to draft boards to investigate validity of ministerial status claims, he said. If a ULC minister did happen to meet the draft board standards, Judge said, he would be deferred.

When asked if he thought the draft boards would be prepared to investigate ULC ministers if the draft is reinstated, Judge laughed and said, “No.” The new group of board members, he said, may not be familiar with the ULC and grant deferment for its ministers without checking on them. “People shouldn’t hang their hats on it,” he added.

Hensley has run for President of the United States twice, in 1964 and 1968. In 1964, it was reported Hensley was running for the Universal Party on a platform including “cancellation of local, state and federal taxes” and “the issue of monies by the Congress for all public expense.” He had his name on only the California ballot and received 19 votes.

In October 1968, Hensley was the only Presidential candidate who admitted he could not read or write. His platform this time included “civil treatment for beings from other worlds who may visit this planet.” Hensley was quoted as saying, “We do b’lieve h’a’evah that this party will elect a man by 19 and 80 if we just keep a-goin’ and don’t git radical.”

“I think he ran three times,” Lida Hensley said. “One time for the Universal Party and twice for the People’s Peace and Prosperity Party.”

‘Til Death Do Us Part

Kate Stone from Bellevue has been a ULC minister since 1969. “At that time you had to get a referral from another minister,” Stone said.

The credentials are legal, enabling the minister to perform the same services a minister of any church does, including wedding ceremonies, funerals and baptisms. Stone said.

Stone officiated at two weddings and she and her husband Mike were married by a ULC minister. “It was 1974 when I performed my first wedding,” Stone said. “I remember because there was an article in the P-I (Seattle Post-Intelligencer) that same day saying it was legal. The bride’s mother, who didn’t want them married, had seen the article and came to the ceremony to try to stop it.”

The wedding was small and informal, Stone said, with nine people sitting around someone’s living room, drinking, smoking pot and conversing.

“Finally the bride stood up and said, ‘Let’s get married,’ so I read a few things from the Bible and The Prophet, and it was done,” she said.

Her second experience wasn’t quite as casual. “They told me it would be no big deal,” Kate said. “I got there and they were setting up folding chairs in rows. Pink and blue crepe paper streamers were everywhere. Real tacky.

“I wasn’t even really sure what I was going to do. I had some idea, but suddenly I was on stage facing 100 people,” she said. “Luckily I’d been on stage before, tap dancing.”

The ULC doesn’t set any guidelines for its ministers and everyone who joins the church has ministerial status. It claims to be the only church in the world with no traditional religious doctrine.

“All that was told to me is that you can preach what you want,” Stone said. “At the beginning, I had a sense of responsibility. I thought maybe I should be philosophical and deep instead of sarcastic and funny,” she laughed, “but it passed.

“No,” she said as she stopped smiling, “I want the two people involved in the marriage to take it seriously.” Stone says she makes a point to read passages from the Bible and will incorporate original material into the ceremony.

Stone’s favorite wedding was her own. Two years ago she and Mike got the name of a ULC minister from the Snohomish County Court House, climbed into their favorite vehicle, a hearse, and drove to his house in Bothell. The minister added a personal touch to the ceremony with his attire.

“He came out of the bedroom with what looked like a helmet covered with bird feathers sticking out all over,” Stone said. “He was playing some sort of Indian percussion instrument and dancing around. Someone suggested we stand over by the hearse. He was real excited about that as a backdrop,” Stone said. “He kept asking us if we wanted to start it, or even get in it to do the wedding.”

When asked about Hensley, Stone said, “I’ve heard he’s a stubby, bald-headed man. I don’t think he’s an out-and-out crook, like some people do. His whole attitude seems to be if the government is going to give tax breaks to Billy Graham and the Mormons, then why not let everyone else get in on it, too.”

—L.J.
It was a hot, muggy day in June 1972, as I stood outside the Seattle Center Coliseum waiting to see the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band—the Rolling Stones.

I had been in line for six hours with a horde of 14,000 social misfits, most of whom were blitzed on Bali Hai, Bacardi 151, pot, pills or a combination of all four. And these people didn't smell good, either. Worse yet, I had also failed in my first and last attempt at scalping tickets. I had a spare ticket I had bought for $6 and I figured it easily would fetch me at least $25 due to the simple law of supply and demand. I ended up selling it for $5 and a hit of acid to a hippie who resembled Groucho Marx in avocado colored silk pants and a pearl white cowboy hat.

Even then I got duped: There was no dope in the thumbnail-sized piece of tin foil Groucho's look-alike said contained the drug.

So, after losing money, getting gyped, standing next to sweat hogs and drinking cheap wine, I was frustrated, angry and totally fked up. I was ready for rock 'n' roll.

Mick and the boys didn't disappoint me or anyone else. Keith Richards, with his hair styled similar to the crop on a barnyard rooster, staggered around the stage taking frequent swipes at his guitar. He obviously was even more blasted than most of the audience.

Jagger pranced, danced, howled and scolded nonstop for the entire 90-minute set. And at the finale of "Street Fighting Man," he showered the first few rows of fans pinched close to the stage with rose petals, making us all realize that even in the midst of our frustrations we still could find a few moments of peace—through rock 'n' roll.

And that's why rock is the best music. It incorporates the four elements that all people (whether they are willing to admit it or not) fall prey to: sex, violence, drugs and money. Rock isn't pretty. It isn't meant to be. It's about winning and losing girls, riches—anything. It's about frustration. It's about mischief. It's about fighting. It's about using too much dope. It's about love. It's the best music because it makes people stomp their feet, stomp their hands, stomp wind-shields—stomp everything.

It's not disgustingly tame like other music, especially jazz. There's no one a true rock fan despises more than a jazz lover. Jazz fans have no balls. Ever go to a party where jazz is played? Hell, it's like walking into a morgue. Everyone sits around f mellowing out, man. Jazz is for psychology majors who think they know more than they really do simply because they read a rack of books on irrelevant topics.

Granted, not all rock music is good, much of it is horrible. A few examples: The Knack (too cute); Van Halen (too ugly and too loud); Boston (too stilted); The B-52s (too weird); and the "new" Bob Dylan (too mixed up). But the old guards: the Stones, the Who, Led Zeppelin, the Grateful Dead, Van Morrison and others keep cranking out the only music worth drinking to. And the so-called "newcomers" like Tom Petty, the Cars and George Thorogood are welcome evidence that the best music is not dying but thriving.

For those who claim rock has no "substance," they should listen to Neil Young's "Rust Never Sleeps," or Jackson Browne's "The Pretender," or "Quadrophenia" by the Who. If those albums don't convince them rock has "substance," well, they're shitheads.

Rock also allows one's imagination to run wild. No rock fan can ever say he hasn't pictured himself on stage in front of thousands of adoring fans, or riding around in limos snorting a few lines of the world's best cocaine, or flying to the Bahamas whenever he wanted to simply because he had the time and money to do so. For those of us who will never get the chance, rock still enables us to experience, if only for a few moments, total freedom. A good Stones' tune, like say, "Jumpin Jack Flash," lets the rock devotee say "fuck you" to the world with all its rules, regulations and other assorted bullshit. Rock 'n' roll cuts through all the red tape. Maybe that's what America needs: a president weaned on the Stones.

The fact is rock 'n' roll is the best music. It will surely outlive all the other forms, especially jazz. It's like Neil Young says: "Rock 'n' roll can never die."

Anyone who disputes that statement can go to hell. After all, rock is arrogance, too.

Stew Valandra
Living on the Edge

In the beginning, there were the Beatles. And at the Edgewater Inn, there was much rejoicing.

"Now we're gonna do a little dancing — a little dancing to a thing called the Mud Shark."

"Let me tell you the story about the Mud Shark. Bring the band on down behind me, boys..."

"Mud-Sh-Sh-Sharrrrrrk...

"There's a motel in Seattle, Washington called the Edgewater Inn."

"Mud-Sh-Sh-Sharrrrrrk."

The hotel was just two years old when the Beatles spent the night during their Seattle stopover in 1964. That night, for better or worse, branded the Edgewater Inn. It would no longer merely be an enjoyable facility with a splendid Puget Sound view. It was where "they" stayed. And in the rock music world, if it had been good enough for "them," it would be just fine for the others.

"The Edgewater Inn is built out on a pier, so that means when you look out your window... you don't see any dirt. It's got a bay... or something in your backyard. "Mud-Sh-Sh-Sharrrrrrk..."

"And to make it even more interesting... in the lobby of the aforementioned motel... there's a bait and tackle shop."

"Mud-Sh-Sh-Sharrrrrrk."

It was a bizarre, chaotic time and one that Edgewater employees Myra Looper and Virginia Long remember vividly.

A fence had been constructed around the perimeter of the hotel to control the masses of Beatle-crazed maniacs. Employees had to receive clearance via a walkie-talkie to get through the fence and into the hotel. Lending to the confusion was the presence of hundreds of security guards and media representatives. It was a spontaneous "event"—a Mardi Gras, Second Coming and moon landing rolled into one. And all happening around the Edgewater Inn.

The employees achieved celebrity status in the eyes of the crowd as people who had been in the same building with "them." Looper recalls people in the crowd straining to touch her and other employees as they left the hotel for home.

"Let me touch you, let me touch you! They'd shout," Looper said. "I don't think there will be anything like those four. There was nothing like those Beatles."

"Where the residents can go down and whenever they want to... rent a fishing pole and some preserved minnows..."

"Mud-Sh-Sh-Sharrrrrrk..."

"They schlep back up to their rooms, open the window, stick their little pole outside..."

"Mud-Sh-Sh-Sharrrrrrk..."

The Beatles physically left the Edgewater after one night but remain in spirit. For days after their departure, girls would stream into the Edgewater. They wanted to be in the same hall, walk on the same ground, breathe the same air that "they" had.

Looper, currently executive housekeeper at the hotel, remembers finding girls down on their knees in the hallways outside the Beatles' rooms. They were picking up pieces of lint, perhaps hoping that one had been stepped on by John, Paul, George or Ringo.

Chief Operator Long recalled one girl sneaking into the hotel disguised as a nun. She remembers others swimming from a boat or the shore in attempts to invade the hotel from the water.

Front Office Manager Sandy Makratzakis said a quick-thinking Seattle entrepreneur purchased the rug from the Beatles room, cut it into one-inch squares and sold each portion for $1. Yeah, Yeah, Yeah.

"And within a few minutes actually catch a fish of some sort that they can bring into their motel rooms..."

"Mud-Sh-Sh-Sharrrrrrk..."

"And do whatever they want with it, you know what I mean?"

"Mud-Sh-Sh-Sharrrrrrk..."

So it began with the Beatles. In the months to follow the Dave Clark Five and the Liverpool Five would seek refuge in the Edgewater during their Seattle stops.

The trend had begun. Over the years The Who, The Rolling Stones, Jethro Tull, David Bowie, Led Zeppelin, Grateful Dead and any band worth its laser show and pre-amps would crash at the Edgewater during a Seattle visit.

Edgewater Director of Sales Cheri O'Neal said that "every band has stayed here at one time or another," and the hotel welcomes them.

O'Neal said most band members are well-behaved and polite if not a bit eccentric. There is occasional tossing of furniture into the bay, all-night parties, in-room BB-gun target practice, impromptu concerts, sewing fish into pillows, diving from hotel windows and O'Neal's favorite an announcement by singer David Gates at a Seattle concert of an upcoming toga party (following his show) at the Edgewater when none was planned.

"It's an interesting place to work," she said.

Dave Miltenberger
Fear and Loathing at the Open Mike

"I got the music in me."
—Kiki Dee
"Yes, I said. Isn't it pretty to think so?"
—Jake, in "The Sun Also Rises"

I was so stupid scared in the first place that it was like (the only good example that comes to mind) the three-day-long speed binga a very close friend of mine, who will remain unnamed, went on before he started ripping small things out of walls.

Telephones, for instance. He got to three telephones before another real close friend of mine could get to him and hold him down long enough to dump about two quarts of Wild Turkey down his throat.

Wild Turkey, for heaven's sake, and Pete's served only beer and wine and they served sake, and Pete's served only sake, and Pete's served only sake. Just swell. Just enough to dump about two quarts of Wild Turkey down his throat.

I told him to note the fact he wasn't helping my nerves any and I sincerely hoped the beer would make me sick so I could puke on him. After all, it was his idea.

The announcer called up the second guy, a lanky wrangler about 6-foot 7-inches named "Waddy Bobby Long-legs." Waddy Bobby picked up a metal-faced dobro guitar tuned to an open chord for the blues and just started belting it out. From where I was sitting it looked like he could've wrapped his fingers around the fretboard about five times and still played.

He was good. Real good.

"This guy is good. Cleaver," I said.
"I know," Cleaver said.

"Then why isn't anybody listening," I said. It was true. Nobody was paying a bit of attention. Not even us.

"These people are rude," I said. "I'm leaving." I was walking fast when my feet hit the floor. I was just about out the door when Cleaver grabbed my arm.

"You're not doing this to me," Cleaver said.
"Wanna bet?"

"What about your guitar?" Cleaver said, the evil money smile on his thin lips. "What about it?"
"If you leave I'm going to get up on stage and sell it when they call your name."

He meant it, too. I told the wretch OK, I'd stay and play, really planning to grab my Epiphone and split.

When I reached the stage to grab my guitar, the announcer called my name. My friends (friends, they called themselves) started to clap and holler. I was a mess. I couldn't back out, so I blanked out instead.

I'll tell you what, though. I was definitely the only dilettante dumb enough to play my own stuff—rock 'n' roll that had been compared to Elvis Costello and the USC marching band and AM radio static. I planned to play the electric stuff with just my guitar and voice minus bass, lead guitar or even a stoned drummer to pound some rough double-time. And it was my first time in front of an audience. I was a rock 'n' roll virgin.

I was on my fourth beer when the first player hit the stage. I was scheduled to go up third. People—people who called themselves friends, no less—kept trying to talk to me.

"What?" I would ask, and hear a blur. "What?"

Another blur. After three or four blurs of speech they would give up.

The first guy was weird. He kept playing these dumb love songs that just reminded me of the pink underbelly of a pig, and the little lovey-dovey kept drooling out his bimpy little mouth like so much regurgitated Malto Meal.

It made me feel a lot better. I could even start to talk, a little bit, to my devil-faced money-hungry friend Cleaver, who kept calling himself my "manager" and telling all his friends he was going to make a million when I hit it big. People are lizards.

"Get me a beer, Cleaver," I said. "It was a real effort. When he got back, I asked him what he thought of the squinty-eyed jerk on stage. "Smeagla," he said.

I nodded and suppressed a giggle. The guy was on about his fourth song, and it is a certified fact that if the audience had not had each other to talk to we would've all gone nuts. He didn't even seem to care that no one gave a spit wad in Spain for his face or his music. Gee, it made me feel good.

I was actually starting to like the guy, just for his special spineless guts, about the time he was wrapping it up and the beer began to tickle my medulla oblongata.

"Gimme another beer, Cleaver," I said. I thought I said it nicely, but I guess not.
"When you lose, little creep," he said.

I did, and when I got back

All I remember is looking at this one kind of cute girl two or three times, and hopping off the stage when I was done. I was sweaty and shaky and pissed. Some guy in a Hawaiian shirt said thanks for letting him play the drums with me.

"That was great," Cleaver said. "You really sounded mean up there."

I wanted to smack him. "Did anybody listen?" I said.
"No," he said. "They never do."

Rudy Guly

APRIL 13
On a quiet country road in Whatcom County, a mansion looms up suddenly in the windshield. Framed by weedy pastures and roadside ditches, it is huge, magnificent and vastly out of place.

It is the home of Randy Bachman, rock star. At least, it used to be.

The 36-year-old Canadian-born artist, formerly of The Guess Who, Bachman-Turner Overdrive and now with Ironhorse, moved his family from Canada four years ago to live the good country life in his wife's homeland.

It was not to be.

Nearly a year ago, Lorraine Bachman and their children traded the fairyland world of swimming pool, backyard treehouses, antique stained-glass windows and lots of country space for the ordinary life in a nearby farming community.

Bachman admitted the isolation of the estate coupled with the touring demands of his career as a rock performer contributed to their separation.

He followed his family out of the mansion, setting up house two blocks away from Lorraine and the children.

"I live as close as I can get," he said.

Married for 14 years, Bachman said he hopes for a reconciliation. The separation has been painful and Bachman relies on his strong Mormon beliefs to pull him through.

"I hope when the Lord's will is done, it will be my will," he said wistfully.

Maybe these circumstances wouldn't be so unusual if Bachman had lived the rock lifestyle. He didn't. Devoted to his family, shunning drugs and drink, Bachman just wanted to make rock 'n' roll music.

As a kid growing up in Winnipeg in the '50s, Bachman tuned in nightly to American music stations, some as far away as Oklahoma. This was his introduction to rock 'n' roll.

Bachman is self-taught on the guitar. He visited Lenny Breau, a protege of Chet Atkins, and learned the fingering and phrasing.

"I used to play hooky in the afternoons and watch Breau play," Bachman said. He referred to them as "silent lessons" because Breau never would talk to him.

"But I took notes, and in one year I mastered the Chet Atkins style of playing," Bachman said.

Bachman laughed, remembering his teen-age years in Winnipeg when he took his guitar in a gunny sack to rock or country concerts ("I couldn't afford a case").

watched the musicians perform, then ran to the bathroom between sets to work on his fingering.

"I even used binoculars," he added.

Bachman's first success in the rock world was with the band The Guess Who ("American Woman"), but he left in 1970 and by 1973 Bachman-Turner Overdrive was his rock 'n' roll haven.

BTO was successful with such songs as "Takin' Care of Business" and "You Ain't Seen Nothing Yet," but Bachman left the group in 1977.

"The challenge was gone," Bachman said. He added that the other members of BTO are sitting up in Canada not doing much of anything except collecting royalties.

Bachman is more excited about Ironhorse, his new group with its second album on the market. "Everything is Gray" is about cross-over music, pollution, the "grayness" of the '70s.

Bachman said all of his bands have drawn on the basics of rock and are close musically.

"The icing is changed but the cake is the same," is how he puts it.

Mike Betelli, program director of KISM-FM in Bellingham, said Bachman "has been pretty much out of sight" musically of late.

"Some of their music is brilliant, kind of classic rock music," Betelli said. "We play 'Blue Collar' and some other Bachman tunes as golden oldies."

In late February, Bachman got an offer to re-form BTO and tour Detroit and Chicago, cities where the group first hit it big. "Not a chance," was his reply.

He said he once hoped the Beatles would reunite, but now understood their reluctance to perform again as a group.

"I see how it would bore Paul McCartney" to do it again, Bachman said, adding that he felt the same way, "but on a much smaller scale, of course."

Bachman said his music is sort of commercial rock, "not selling out, but something that sells."
Bachman: Slow Lane

"I'm too normal to do anything drastic musically; just a Midwest boy from the homogenized city of Winnipeg," Bachman said. "I don't think I'm a genius like Jimi Hendrix was."

With 20 million records sold, success has been good to Randy Bachman, but he credits his religion for keeping his head on straight.

"Success gives you self-confidence and financial security," he said, "but personally, it really screws up most people I know. "My religion is an anchor," he said. "It's being humble and following a set of rules and guides that you believe come from the Lord."

The life of a rock musician is frenzied, especially on concert tours.

"It really gets crazy on the road," Bachman said. "It's very confusing being No. 1 with people always grabbing at you. And then they go away and you're all alone in a hotel room."

Last summer was an exception, when Ironhorse opened for the Beach Boys on a national tour.

"It took me back to the music I grew up with, like "California Girls," Bachman said, adding it was "quite a thrill" to play a few sets with the band and write some songs with Carl Wilson.

Brian Wilson, at one time the creative force of the band, toured with the group and Bachman said the other Beach Boys encouraged and promoted his work on stage.

"Let's hear it for Brian, they would say," Bachman explained, adding that he saw a "lot of love" that summer.

No one seems to know exactly why Wilson and whatever combination of drugs and alcohol he reportedly consumed affected him so adversely and not others. Bachman shook his head sadly at the mention of drugs and would say no more about him.

Six months ago, a Bachman dream came true with the completion of his 24-track recording studio, Legend, affectionately known as The Barn. A two-level structure in a wooded setting some distance from the mansion, The Barn is a professional set-up that Bachman hopes will attract recording artists.

When giving directions to his obscure rural address, Bachman tells expected visitors, "if you drive down the road and miss it, you're Ray Charles."

Old nemesis Burton Cummings showed up to lay down some tracks. (The two patched up a seven-year "misunderstanding" in 1976.) Of his former colleague and song collaborator on The Guess Who, Bachman said, "He is triple platinum in Canada; a giant star."

When Bachman hears his old songs, he enjoys them but the emotion is gone.

"It's not me anymore," he said. "The personal feeling is for the newest thing I've done."

One of Bachman's most recent releases, the solo album "Survivor," recorded after his break from BTO, was one of those "personal things." Although not a commercial success, Bachman said the critics liked the album.

"Yes, I was disappointed," he admitted. "I needed to get it done; to get it off my chest."

More than 60 gold and platinum records are displayed on the walls of Bachman's trophy room in the mansion.

"It was a thrill to get the first one," he said, "but now they don't mean anything. I'm going to take them all down and put 'em in a closet."

What do old rockers do?

"They become producers," Bachman said, laughing.

More and more, Bachman can be found behind the control panel in The Barn instead of in front of the mike.

"I'm slowly giving up singing," Bachman said. "My voice only fits certain tunes. I can scream and yell and talk-sing," he said, but added that it can bore the listener after awhile.

Bachman said he feels at home either in Canada or the United States.

"For me, there is no boundary (between the countries), especially in music and entertainment," he said.

On reflection, Bachman admitted that, at one time, he needed the adulation and applause that goes with rock stardom.

"I fed on it," he said, "but it's not necessary any more. I need the companionship of my children more than millions of people."

Nancy Walbeck | Gregg Olsen

APRIL 15
Making Tracks Up North

The rather drab, unspectacular-looking building sitting on a not-so-fashionable section of Vancouver, B.C.'s West Seventh Avenue undergoes a drastic transformation once you step inside the main entrance. The dull concrete is replaced by rough-hewn cedar walls and an array of plants. A record-shaped plaque from Olivia Newton-John with the inscription "nice making music with you" greets the visitor.

This is The Little Mountain Sound Company, a studio originally built by Griffiths-Gibson Productions in the early 1970s to record advertising jingles. Two years ago, however, LMS underwent major changes that have made it one of Canada's top recording studios.

Since that time, LMS has recorded the likes of Olivia Newton-John, Prism, Trooper, the Moody Blues and yes, even the Bay City Rollers. And according to general manager Bob Brooks, the company has only begun its assault toward becoming a major force in the North American recording industry.

Sitting in his expensively furnished office with gold and platinum records decorating its walls, Brooks said before LMS becomes competitive in the world market it must be on top of what Brooks called "Vancouver's very active music scene."

Already the home for successful rockers such as Trooper, Chilliwaack, Prism, Jerry Doucette, BTO and trying not to offend Seattlesites, Heart, (the group launched its career and recorded its first two albums there) Vancouver currently is home to more than 25 New Wave groups.

The Payolas, the Bonus Boys, the Subhumans, the Pulse, the Cover Boys and DOA are just a few of the local New Wave bands plying their trade in Vancouver—and quite successfully, thank you.

In fact, Vancouver Sun rock critic Vaughn Palmer said that Vancouver is one of the most active New Wave cities in North America.

"New Wave bands playing Vancouver consistently draw better than almost anywhere in America," Palmer said.

Brooks said LMS is currently involved with 22 of the local New Wave bands adding that it provides studio time for these groups at "ridiculous rates," about $200 a night compared to the normal $140-per-hour rate.

The idea behind the support of these bands, Brooks said, is to allow them "to record a side (single) or two," which Brooks can then present to record companies to get the band a contract. This process has resulted in several Vancouver bands landing contracts with major record companies, such as the Payolas, which Brooks recently signed with A&M records.

A band is under no obligation to continue recording at his studio after they get a recording contract.

"We don't like to give bullets to the enemy (rival studios)," Brooks said, "but we have no fear we will get a good piece of the action. As the Eagles say, in the long run we'll benefit by it."

Some of the Vancouver groups are beginning to receive airplay in the United States and he said he hoped this will encourage U.S. groups to take a look at LMS.

The four-studio complex, including two 24-track studios, is comparable to the top six or seven Los Angeles studios, Brooks said. LMS's 12,000 square-foot facility is worth more than $2.5 million and employs 27 staff members including six senior engineers, he said.

Brooks said he is preparing a "promotional package to whomp the L.A. market," to encourage groups to take advantage of the 30 percent saving LMS can offer over L.A. studios, because of the exchange rate and certain tax advantages.

The average studio budget for an album, Brooks said, is $50,000 to $70,000. He estimated that the studio work is just 10 percent of the success quotient that goes toward making a hit album, the remaining ingredients being the songs, the act, the management and the distribution.

The popular opinion that studios make hits is a myth, "studios are just facilities," Brooks said. "They don't make hits, people do."

Brad Ziemer
Off the Record

A recent survey of local record shops indicated that what may be number one according to Billboard or Cashbox magazines is not No. 1 here.

The No. 1 rock group in Bellingham, according to sales at four of the five shops surveyed, is "Pink Floyd." Shops surveyed included Bellingham Sound Center, Budget Tapes and Records, Cellophane Square, Mother's Record Shed, and Zephyr Records. Cellophane Square, in keeping with its principle of "quality" music, rated "The Residents" as their top-selling group.

David Nelson, spokesman for Cellophane Square, admitted the store's employees let their personal taste influence the store's stock. "We try to re-introduce people to good music," Nelson said. "There are some high school kids who walk in here and have never heard of the Doors. We try to get people to buy the best quality," he said.

New Wave music seems to be very popular in Bellingham right now. "The Police" and "Talking Heads" were rated as the most popular new groups. Pat Benatar was named as the hottest female singer in both new and general female performer categories, although Rick Takashima at Bellingham Sound Center said they sell more Nicolette Larson albums. Cellophane Square named Patti Smith as their top-selling female performer and Lydia Lunch as the successful new female performer.

Bellingham's favorite male performers is Tom Petty according to local record sellers, although Budget Records sells more Dan Fogelberg albums and Cellophane Square more of Brian Eno. The newest successful male singer right now is Steve Forbert, although Cellophane Square says it's Snakefinger.

Those performers who did quite well here last year, but have recently flopped, include Fleetwood Mac, Bob Dylan, Rod Stewart and the Bee Gees.

"Actually, the biggest flops are anything disco," Takashima said. "Disco died."

The groups that have survived in Bellingham over the years include The Who, The Rolling Stones and Pink Floyd. "Pink Floyd's 'Dark Side of the Moon' album has sold more than anything else," Takashima said.

The most expensive records in Bellingham are old Beatles albums. Cellophane Square has a copy of The Beatles Yesterday and Today album for $80 and Bellingham Sound Center a Beatles collection of albums for $180.

Other expensive albums in town include classical boxed sets and Keith Jarrett's Sunbear Concert set which Budget Records sells for $75.

"We sell a lot of everything," the Budget Records' salesperson said. "We sell a lot of jazz, New Wave, rock. Three or four years ago, country rock was really popular. You really can't say Bellingham likes one kind of music," he added.

Patrice Gibble

Accredited Sound

If you've ever wondered what makes a tweeter chirp and a woofer growl, Physics 201, the Science of High Fidelity, could be just the class for you.

The three-year-old class is oriented toward the study of stereo systems for the non-physics major, said course planner Max Knittel. The three-credit class is offered quarterly.

The class is intended as a general introduction to basic physics as seen through the workings of a typical stereo system, Knittel, of Western's physics and astronomy department, said.

The course begins with an introduction to the principles of sound and the use of sound-testing devices, Knittel said. Once the properties are learned, they are applied to the basic components of a stereo system—turntables, amplifiers, tuners, speakers, cassette tape decks and equalizers.

"It's a beginning-level type of course," Knittel said. "The class is intended to make students better consumers and listeners."

About 35 students enroll each quarter, he said. Very little math is required, Knittel said, perhaps explaining the course's popularity.

The course emphasis is on practical experience, Knittel said, teaching ideas students can use in the future.

Knittel said students completing the class will understand the basic principles of standard stereo and will know what to look for when comparing different systems.

Richard Atneosen, who alternates with Knittel as course instructor, said the class is fun to teach because students genuinely want to be in it.

"It's really a very enjoyable way to teach physics," he said.

dave miltenberger

1 Apr 17
Backstage Blues

It's glamorous, it's exciting—it's working backstage with famous rock musicians. Fantasize all you want, but it's not what you think.

Hard work, long hours and putting up with super egos is most of the job. The next day, if you're lucky, you might get an autograph or a T-shirt scammed off a friendly roadie.

Tim Weisberg's road crew let it be known that Weisberg usually sought a female companion at every city of his tour.

"He picked up a cute little thing at Washington State (University) and didn't show up until just before sound check," one of them grumbled.

After the concert, Weisberg cast a lustful eye on my friend Kathy, who works backstage at Bellingham shows. Having made his choice for the evening, he asked her to join him for a "little party" in his Leopold Hotel room.

Not considering herself a groupie, Kathy told him she'd have to work late cleaning up after the concert and didn't think he would want to wait that long.

"Well, that's a nice way of saying no," he replied.

But when she drove the band back to the hotel, Weisberg again asked her to join him. A gleam came to her eyes, "Well," she hesitated, "I'll be done in about an hour—sure, why not?"

But what Weisberg didn't know was that she decided to invite the crew members and friends back to the "little party."

"They all gathered around me in a half-circle and we couldn't stop laughing," she recalled. "I knocked on the door and I heard a shuffle and a 'just a minute.'"

When Weisberg opened the door and saw all the people he was furious. "What the hell is going on here?" he asked.

"You said you were having a party," Kathy replied coyly, "so I invited some of my friends."

"You can come in," he said, pointing at her, "but the rest will have to find some place else to party."

Miffed by the tantrum, Kathy told him she wanted to go with the crew. Weisberg shut the door and the crew members howled at the sight of the star being turned down.

Recently he came back to town to play a concert at the Mount Baker Theater. I didn't even think he would remember me, much less my name, but when I walked in to set up dinner, he surprised me.

"Didn't you fix dinner for me last time I was here?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, stunned. "Yeah," he replied, scanning his memory, "and isn't your name—no, don't tell me— isn't your name Glenda?"

I was shocked, but flattered. "Yeah, and yours is—uh, umm—yours is—Arlo?" I asked.

Glenda Carino.

Rock Gypsies

Can I have an autograph—
can I sit on your lap—
Are you really into witchcraft like they say—
Can I follow you home?
Can I use your telephone?
Can I crash here for just a few days.

—Leon Russell

Some of them stand at the backstage door waiting for just a glimpse of their idol. Some slyly join stage crews to be able to work hand in hand with those close to the stars. Maybe a road manager will befriend them, maybe they'll get an autograph, maybe they'll share a bed, usually they leave with a T-shirt, a little disappointed but brimming with stories of the almost adventures they shared with a rock star.

They're called groupies; those gutsy nymphs who thrive on the coattails of famous people. Gutsy because rock musicians are a hardened lot and groupies who follow them must be of a special caliber.

Glenda Carino
Night Watch

By Gregg Olsen

It is night.
The streets and buildings of Bellingham seem empty, save for a few drunks scrambling for that last libation. Though the scene is a quiet one, its appearance is deceptive. Inside buildings across town, while other locals sleep, Bellingham's night people are busy at work.

Alone with the constant drone of a rotating hotdog machine, a greasy-haired man waits for customers at the all-night grocery store where he works.

A waitress stuffs tip money into her skirt pocket and sleepily engages in small talk with a regular.

A pretty blond nurse goes on duty expecting more of the same: a deluge of injured drunks.

These people are some of Bellingham's night people. People who, for one reason or another, have opted for jobs on the night shift and the subculture that can accom-
You can sit here and realize that it’s 3:50 in the morning and nobody is alive in the city except you.

pany it.

Boyd Johnstone looks warily at a couple of grubby teenagers as they pull into the parking lot of the Super 24. Johnstone grins and says: “A lot of kids come in here at night and try to talk us into selling them booze. Some offer as much as $20 for half a rack.”

False alarm. The would-be rowdies weren’t after beer. They came for pinball.

Johnstone, who has been working nights since December, says he “meets as many people at night as workers do during day shifts.”

A good portion of the people that stagger into the Super 24 are in search of a drink as they head home from a tavern. After 2:30 a.m. or so, Johnstone says “people slack off and you just get drifters coming through who want to booze it up at home.”

He watches the pinball wizards as they make their exit. Confident that they didn’t rip off any Cheetos or something, he continues.

Johnstone says the night shift is appealing to the independent type like himself. “I don’t have the hassles of a manager always looking in. I’m my own boss.”

His statement typifies the attitude of many night people. They really don’t like the boss breathing down their necks from 9 to 5.

It takes a “special kind of person” to adjust to a night job, according to Burlington-Northern telegrapher Tom Mattson.

What kind of person? Oh, as Mattson will tell you, a person like himself. Independence and being not too prone to attacks of loneliness are major characteristics necessary to endure graveyard, he says.

Once a person takes a night job, however, Mattson says, “They become acclimatized to being night owls. They catch sleep when they can.”

For Mattson, adjusting to an upside-down schedule was “no problem.” He says he learned right away that those on graveyard should expect their “social life to go down to a minimum.”

It’s 2:45 a.m.

The people in the restaurant booth have just spilled coffee (strong, black—no cream or sugar). A girl with cheesecake-encrusted braces urges her companion to “be cool. I hope it didn’t burn you too much, Walter.”

Wendy Runkel, 20, waitress at the Ranch House Restaurant, enters and mops up scalded Walter. It’s all in a night’s work.

Runkel says she enjoys working graveyard—she wouldn’t do it if she didn’t.

“I like the people that come in at night. They’re easy to talk to,” she says.

Some, however, are apparently too easy to talk to. It’s not uncommon for an intoxicated customer to pull the old “Hey, baby, let’s go to my place” line.

Doesn’t even phase Runkel anymore, she says, as long as they are drunk.

“It makes me a little uncomfortable when a businessman says the same thing during the day,” she says.

Howard Allen, 22, the restaurant’s assistant manager and self professed “night person,” says the night shift can be especially frustrating.

“There are times when I see some people here that are so weird I want to scream.” He motions toward a man at the counter absent-mindedly filling his coffee cup with a shower of sugar.

In Allen’s words, the man was a “loser, a real space cadet.”

According to Allen, one can meet losers on both sides of the counter during the night.

“A lot of losers work graveyard,” he says. “You know, the type who only live for the weekend.”

Allen gets up from his break and adds, as an afterthought, that working nights poses no difficulty on his social life. “You just work around it.”

Runkel looks up from her coffee cup and smiles. “What social life?”

The clock’s hands have fidgeted around to 3:15.

The lobby of the Leopold Inn is empty—not much for night clerk, Lee Franta, to do. That’s part of the problem with his night job.

The hardest part of his shift is dealing with the boredom, he says.

“You can sit here and realize that it’s 3:50 in the morning and there is nobody alive in the city except you,” Franta says.

Even the Muzak gets to him after being subjected to a version of “Windmills of Your Mind” for the umpteenth time. He shakes his head and says: “It gets to the point where you just shut it off and suffer in silence.”

The 20-year-old Western student only works nights on a part-time basis and says he sees advantages to that kind of an arrangement. Going to work at 11 p.m. and getting off at 7 a.m. leaves him with “extra hours to get as much done as possible.”

Nurse Barb Pearson doesn’t beat around the bush. She says quite honestly and succinctly—“I hate working nights.”

But she realizes it’s only temporary until a day shift spot opens up at St. Luke’s Hospital.

Pearson says she found it difficult to sleep during the day. The nurse, however, remedied the situation by purchasing dark brown window shades for her bedroom.

“Once you get used to a rearranged life style and night job—it’s like any other,” Pearson says while taking a break from the Emergency Room.

Her attitude, she says, has helped her weather the rigors of working graveyard.

“If I had a bad attitude, I’d go crazy,” she explains.

Pearson, like a lot of other night people, enjoys the autonomy of her shift.

The night draws on.

The streets are empty and buildings remain quiet, except for a few. The night people toil on, waiting for the dawn and a good day’s sleep.
Western View: Changing Channels

By Janet Hevly

"Stand by to roll tapes."
"Stand by on the set."
"Roll tapes."

Western View is a student produced weekly televised news program, offering "real world" experience for technology, broadcast and journalism majors. Aired on Channel 10, the 20-minute show has local news and "P.M. Northwest" styled feature stories.

Broadcast and journalism students develop and report their own stories and act as anchorman for the show. Technology students are the film crew, working in the field with the reporters and in the studio during the taping sessions.

"Take One."

As a class, Western View provides "hands-on" experience for students interested in television. For the first quarter student, however, it's a "sink or swim" situation because of the division of instruction.

Three department advisers concurrently run the show: Al Smith, from Ed Media Services, Alden Smith of the speech department and R.E. "Ted" Stannard, head of the journalism department. Each of these men contributes his knowledge and advice in the areas of technology, broadcast writing and news gathering, respectively.

Recently Stannard proposed a change in the format of Western View, in which one person would have the instructor's responsibilities for all three departments. Stannard recommended that Al Smith take over this position. Smith has 19 years' experience working for KING-TV as an engineer and producer-director for news broadcasts. He is also responsible for the television facilities, a part of Wilson Library's Education Media Services.

Alden Smith is against Stannard's proposal.

"I think the class is good the way it is and I don't want to see any major changes," he said.

Smith said the problem with Stannard's proposal is that students won't consult the faculty outside of the class if that faculty doesn't have an active role in production.

"I still want to be an active part of it," Smith said. "I don't think any one person in the real world would be able to touch on all aspects of what would be required of Al Smith's pro-
posed position."

Al Smith disagreed.

"I'm in favor of the proposal, but I'd still want input from the speech and journalism departments in the critique sessions and for student consultation," he added.

Smith's experience at KING-TV was concerned with technical aspects of the production and he stressed the need for the prerequisites before students enroll in Western View.

No prerequisites are required for tech students, but speech and journalism students must have mass media communication, introduction to broadcasting, broadcast communications, one class in TV production and newswriting.

"I've put together thousands of newscasts from stories already written, but I have no journalism or broadcast writing background," Al Smith said.

For some odd reason, the broadcast writing class is not required. How are the students expected to know how to write for television?

Carolyn Dale, journalism instructor and former adviser for Western View during winter and spring quarters last year, said students had a lack of broadcast writing experience. She said students were required to fit their newstories into a one to one-and-a-half minute time slot and some students were cutting out major points of their stories to do so.

"They didn't seem to understand that it was still important to have the basics of a newstory—the who, what, where, why and when," Dale said.

"Some students gave the excuse that they wanted to be anchormen anyway and wouldn't have to worry about writing."

Broadcast writing is only offered once a year. Winter quarter the class was taught by Adelle Munger from KVOS-TV.

"This is the first time broadcast writing has been taught by someone in the business," Tom Haberstroh, student news director, said.

"She's a good teacher and I'm really learning."

Jan King, a fourth quarter Western View student, agreed and added, "I wish they could get someone like her, who's actively involved in television, to critique our shows. As it stands now, experience is the best teacher."

The students and faculty advisers are now voicing grievances and discussing changes in the course. New reporters will be given more advice and will have a chance to go out with an experienced reporter before doing their first story. The advisers will be more available and more specific in critique sessions. And the critique sessions will include guest speakers from the professional ranks.

"Five Second Cue For Taping Session Tape."

On Wednesday afternoons, Western View students put their week's efforts together and tape the show. The broadcast journalists are the anchormen and get the experience of being "on camera." Ron Wieland, formerly student news director, suggested a weekly "Consumer Corner," which Cathy Tyron, a first quarter student, took responsibility for.

"I wasn't the best," Tyron said.

"It was a good experience for me to feel the constant pressure," Tyron said. "The hardest part was to stay on top of things."

Haberstroh said, "It's like a little black cloud that follows you around. When you've finished one story, there's always another one to think about."

Each reporter is responsible for filling out an edit sheet, along with their story, telling the film editors what
part of their videotape they want to use in the show.

A "cut-away" is used to break up the monotony of a videotape. For example, if an interview was being taped of Western's baseball coach, instead of showing the coach the whole time, the cameraman would shoot the team during practice. These shots are then spliced in by the editors as indicated by the reporters on their edit sheets.

Tech students have a variety of jobs in the studio. Two cameramen are needed to film the anchormen and two floor directors give the anchormen cues and assist the cameramen when needed.

In the control room, one tech student runs the audio control board and is responsible for the sound that goes on the air. Another student runs the camera control board and regulates the quality of the picture that goes out on the air by varying the light intensity.

A videotape equipment technician is responsible for the "roll-in" tapes which are the videotapes that accompany the reporters' stories. This person makes sure everything is cued and ready to roll.

Al Smith is the producer-director who coordinates the show and gives everyone their cues and directions. He is assisted by a technical director who pushes buttons to set everything in motion.

"Stand by to cue Carrie."
"Cue Carrie."

Western View started out to be an Ed Media production suggested by Al Smith. It was a special problems tech class using volunteers for reporters and anchormen, who wanted the experience.

Three years ago it became a class, listed under speech, journalism and technology, although it was still actually a part of Wilson Library.

This caused a funding problem. Western View is far down the scale in allocation of funds and, until a last-minute rescue last month, no money was available to run the program.

Last January Larry Richardson, head of the speech department, approached the Dean of Arts and Sciences, Jim Davis, with a funding request.

"Davis told me that a budget proposal was required for any allocation of funds. Alden Smith was informed of this, and the faculty advisers and Weiland drew up a budget proposal for $700, Richard-

son said. However, Davis didn't receive the proposal until six weeks later, at which time his money had been committed to other sources, he said.

In response, Davis said, "I'll start the funding on July 1, but I don't have the money at this time."

Weiland said the proposed $700 was to update their tapes, which are presently less than broadcast quality. "These tapes have been used since 1973," he said. Quality improvement of the equipment would make a world of difference in the show's presentation.

"I feel like I've been banging my head against a brick wall," Weiland added. "The administration is not willing to give."

Weiland has recently seen his efforts rewarded. Stannard posed Western View's financial situation to the Departmentally Related Activities Committee and received a one-time grant of $1,500 to be available immediately.

This money will be used to update the quality of the show, which may appear "a bit Mickey Mouse" to some people. But, as Al Smith said, Western View's value lies in the "real world" experience it provides.

"And Fade."
Diane has never been on a date which didn’t include sexual intercourse. She says it’s the only way she knows how to relate to men. She doesn’t have any close girlfriends. Spending most of her time in a drunken stupor, she walks the streets of Bellingham or sits alone in her room. She is usually alone. She feels something is wrong with her and until now has kept a traumatic personal secret to herself.

The 16-year-old Bellingham High School student is the victim of sexual abuse. Her step-father has forced her to have sex with him since she was 7 years old.

As the details of Diane’s experience (not her real name) were sorted out, it was found that many of the facts pertaining to her problem paralleled other incest cases.

“One out of every three children in Bellingham will be sexually abused before they are 18 years old,” Elaine Kheriaty, a Child Protective Services volunteer, said in a recent interview. This is at par with the national average.

“The situation is intensified by the non-existence of a program in Whatcom County to directly deal
with the problem,” she continued.

Kheriaty defines sexual abuse as fondling the child or having the child fondle the adult, exhibition and intercourse. Of these, fondling is the most frequent abuse.

In three-quarters of the cases reported, either a father or stepfather is the abuser.

Those most commonly abused are daughters between the ages of five and nine. Kheriaty said she has heard of one instance where the child was six months old.

“In such cases, we have found that the abuser is usually someone who needs to prove his power over another human. Sometimes he is so weak that the only person he thinks vulnerable enough for him to display it to is an infant,” Kheriaty said.

The sexual abuse of children is an act to humiliate someone else, not for sexual gratification as is commonly perceived by the public, she said.

Kheriaty then added, “The abuse usually isn’t in a fit of rage or a moment of wild sexual need, but instead it is something that develops over many years of increasing regularity and degree of abuse.”

When asked why she continuously referred to “he” when she spoke of the abuser, Kheriaty simply answered that 99 percent of all known abusers have been male.

Last year, 100,000 American children were listed on official records as being sexually abused. But many sources claim this is misleading and a more realistic number would include an additional 250,000 children. Nate Kronenberg, a Bellingham psychiatrist, agreed, saying that because of the unbroken taboo towards incest, those who know of the problem (the victims or their mothers) are too ashamed or scared to reveal anything.

Sexual abuse of children usually follows similar patterns.

The abuse usually starts at a young age with fondling. The child normally doesn’t know that it is wrong. When, and if, the child does begin to complain that he doesn’t like it any more, the abuser will either bribe or threaten the child with...

"We have found that the abuser is usually someone who needs to prove his power over another human..."

"If you do this for me, I'll let you have a new doll," or "Don't tell anyone or it will make mommy cry," and even, "Don't tell anyone or I will kill you."

Out of fear and confusion the child will usually keep it quiet. The incest will continue until the child breaks down or a concerned neighbor or friend notices a marked change in the child’s normal behavior. A concerned housewife living next door to Diane, after noticing her constantly sullen behavior, talked with her and finally the Child Protective Services.

Those children who aren’t helped and keep the problem quiet tend to blame themselves and wonder...” Why me? Why has daddy picked me?”

This attitude subsequently is reinforced at school as none of their playmates talk about it, intensifying feelings of guilt.

“By the time the other girls are talking about holding hands with certain boys, the sexually abused girl has probably had full intercourse with her father many times,” Kheriaty said.

Kronenberg said that recent studies determined 75 percent of America’s prostitutes had been sexually abused while they were children.

Other results of sexual abuse of children include increased troubles in school, such as not paying attention in class, dressing seductively, lost moral principles and use of drugs and drinking as outlets for their inner frustrations. These outcomes tend to alienate those afflicted.

These alienate the abused victim from society, aggravating the problem, Kheriaty said.

Kronenberg said, “We have been working with brush fires. That is, we have only dealt with a few big, sensational cases not the whole problem.” A group of concerned citizens in Bellingham are working to change this (see related article, page 27).

Sandra Butler, author of “The Trauma of Incest,” wrote when the victim expresses her pain through drug abuse, alcohol dependency or prostitution, society concludes that she must be held at least partially responsible for her situation.

Too often, Butler adds, society acts only after a young person’s hopelessness, rage and loss of self esteem have led her to behave in ways which offend. She concludes by saying that general public ignorance of their plight is common.

Mothers and other close relatives tend to suffer as indirect victims of this abuse. They are caught in the middle with a tough decision: Do they kick the abuser (usually the husband and sole financial supporter) out of the house or do they try to forget and cover up the problem?

In the past, they have usually opted for the second alternative, which only intensifies the mother’s guilt. She feels she should have known the problem existed earlier so she could have stopped it. She may also feel sexually inadequate and experience jealousy toward the daughter.

Sexual abuse of children is the most common form of child abuse...
but the one heard about least, Kronenberg said. To a large extent, the community remains oblivious to the "nuts and bolts" of the problem, he continued.

"Its effects, both immediate and long-range, obvious and subtle, are misunderstood," Kheriaty said. "If people really knew what was happening next door, down the street or in their own homes, they probably would be shocked," she added.

Research indicates most people who mistreat their children were abused themselves. If the cycle is not broken, those currently abused might become child abusers, or foster a family environment that makes some kind of abuse possible.

"It is time to get it out in the open and stop the cycle," Kheriaty said.

She said a typical response to the problem is disbelief, amazement or shock. The only way to stop the abuse, she said, is to educate the public about the problem.

Diane was lucky. Someone reported her to the authorities and she presently is being counseled in an attempt to rid her of the emotional scars. Her step-father, in order to avoid criminal charges, volunteered to be counseled. It is hoped that someday Diane's family may be reunited, but it will take time and effort for the pain to subside. Not enough is known yet about the rehabilitation process to predict the chances of recovery, but those involved with Diane's case are optimistic.

One volunteer summed up her feelings this way, "I just pray that the agony causing havoc in her life isn't the same for anyone else, but I know it is. Thousands of innocent victims are in the same pain right now. Something needs to be done." •

Local Group Deals
With Sexual Abuse

An average of four cases of incest per year were reported in Bellingham prior to the formation of Community Organization to deal with Sexual Abuse of Children (COSAC) in December, 1978. Since then, the number of reports has risen to 10 per month.

COSAC works to educate the public and help victims and families of incest to adjust to their predicament. The increase in reported cases follows a pattern in other communities where the press, concerned citizens and victims have joined forces to publicize the issue.

A state law passed in 1971 made failure to report a case of suspected neglect or abuse a misdemeanor. In Whatcom County, suspected cases should be reported to the Child Protection Service or the State Department of Social and Health Services.

COSAC was patterned after the "Families Reunited" program in Tacoma. In 1976, when Families Reunited was created, six cases of sexual abuse were reported. In 1979 the total was 300.

The Tacoma News Tribune ran a series of articles dealing with the program and the "horror stories" of sexual abuse which prompted Shirley Winsley (state representative from Tacoma) to ask a legislative committee to toughen state laws against such abuse. Currently, the law states if the child is raped by a neighbor it would be statutory rape punishable by up to 20 years in prison. If the father was guilty of the same crime, it would be in violation of the incest law which carries a maximum five-year penalty.

Winsley said, "My conclusion after reading the articles is that it appears that some abuses would not exist if the county prosecutor's office and other governmental agencies exercised their authority to prevent it.

"However, the problem may lie not with the enforcement, but with the legal tools they have available to them," she added.

—S.C.