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Can We Live
Until We Learn?
THE COW

There's a white cow standing upon the hill,
surely the whitest cow I shall ever see.
As usual with cows she is eating grass.
Nothing strange about that, except that the light,
the white light of the sun increases her white
until she seems like a moon reflecting the sun,
a cow-shaped moon newly materialized
to dazzle upon the rise of a grassy hill.
Perhaps she is the cow that jumped over the moon,
but how much grass can she nonchalantly bite
with that white light breaking upon her body?
O, now she raises her head and, striking a pose,
commands the field with a curve of her delicate
tail. And so I see that she has become a goddess
exacting and appreciating the homage
owed to a white spirit by darker creatures.

Those dull cows browsing in brown below her,
mere cows, I see that they cannot comprehend
how their appearance enhances the white goddess.
And yet their heads are lowered in due respect.
She is their deity as she is mine,
although I see her only from my distance.
I see her only through my grimy window.
Suppose I left my papers and left my desk,
walked through the garden, crossed the old stone wall,
slogged through the swamp at the bottom of the hill,
then with lowered eyes I could approach that whiteness.
Would I be touched to some extent by the sunlight,
and would my eyes be blinded with revelation?
Or would I find the cowdung beneath my feet,
and would she and I eat grass for the rest of our lives?

from A Close Sky Over Killaspuglonane
Dolman Press
© 1975 by Knute Skinner
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Art and Artist
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Editor's Note

The Boeing 727's engines whined like great vacuum cleaners as the last two passengers boarded Western Flight 722, departing Sea-Tac for Houston with a stop-off in Las Vegas. One was a long-legged blonde in designer jeans; the other, a pock-faced army private.

Only two seats remained empty: 12B and 14E. Belted into 14F, reading Flaubert's Three Tales, I eyed the blonde and then glanced at the empty seat next to me. She sat in 12B. I got the army private.

He scooted past a chubby school marm with a copy of The Source attached to her face; he unbuttoned his stiff army dress coat and sat. I shifted closer to the window, attempting to regain some of the violated space. I set Flaubert on one knee, straightened my tweed jacket and watched Seattle disappear below cottony cumulus clouds. The private sat rigidly in his chair, his eyes on a brunette beehive hairdo in front of him. He ran his green dress cap through his fingers like an old woman rubbing the blessings out of a rosary.

When the 'Fasten Seatbelts' sign blinked off, the private put his head in his hands.

"Are you all right? Should I call a stewardess?" I asked, thinking he was airsick.

"No, man, I'm just resting. That's all. I flown all the way from Copen-

dagen today. Nine hours in the air," he said. His nameplate read "Huerta."

"Ah, Copenhagen," I thought, returning to the window. "Beautiful Danish girls in frilly dresses and cold, clear glasses of beer." The clouds became the Alps; the plane, a tram car suspended by unseen wires.

"You going to Houston?" Huerta asked.

"No ... getting off in Vegas to visit my folks for the holidays," I said, returning to 35,000 feet.

He was silent. It was, I guessed, my turn to speak. I would rather have talked to the woman with the Michener novel than with some barely-literate army boy; but she was engrossed in her reading and it would be too rude to speak across him.

"So, where are you from?" I asked. "San Diego."

Silence.

"That's nice," I thought. "You're a real talkative one, aren't you." Then I spoke. "So, why are you going to Houston?"

"Cause I got 10 days before I go back there . . . " The private turned toward the aisle, then set his head in his hands.

"Come on, it'll be all right," I said, knowing it probably would not.

"I'm just tired, man," he said. "Just tired."

Only the rattle of the snack cart broke the silence.

"I hear the living conditions are pretty bad over there."

"You been over there?"

"Uh, no, I haven't, but . . ."

"You been in the army?"

"No, but like I say, I saw this program on '60 Minutes' and read a Time article on it and I guess the conditions are really terrible."

Huerta looked at me. I turned toward the window.

"Yeah," he said, straightening momentarily, "they are really terrible."

More silence.

"I read somewhere that some of the troops are living in barns and shacks."

He was silent for a moment. Then he spoke, his voice quivering.

"I'm lucky. I'm in a better place than that . . . It's just hell . . ."

Private Huerta is one of thousands of American military personnel stationed in Western Europe. Though his lot is better than some, his existence is well below the poverty level. Recent reports indicate that the vast majority of American troops stationed in Europe exist below the basic level of subsistence. Many are poorly educated. Nearly all do not speak the native language. Most are viewed as intruders who serve no other purpose than to burden society.

If we must station American troops where they are not wanted, then it is our responsibility to care for them, to educate them, to make certain they are viewed as allies and not the enemy.

If we are not willing to care for our troops, then perhaps it is time we reevaluated our role in those countries and took them out of Western Europeans' backyards and brought them home, where they can suffer for all to see.

* * *

We began our descent into Vegas. I looked at him closely for the first time in nearly two hours. His eyes were wet and red from lack of sleep. I doubted if he was yet 21.

The captain's nasal voice blurted final landing instructions like an irritable telephone operator. Huerta tightened his seatbelt.

"God, I don't want to go back there," he cried. Then he leaned back and closed his eyes. He turned slightly in my direction with his eyes closed.

"It's Hell over there, man. You know?"

I could do nothing to console him but lie.

"Yeah, man, I know."

When the plane came to a stop, I grabbed Flaubert and my black briefcase and stood to scoot to the center aisle. His eyes were still closed.

"Good luck," I said, tapping him on the shoulder.

"Yeah, sure, man."

—John L. Smith
They marched in Bonn, masses of them. They advocated a nuclear-free zone in Scandinavia. They beleaguered the governments of the Low Countries, causing an electoral upset in Holland.

It is the European realization, perceived by a broad-based and diversified coalition, that the nuclear trigger is now in their own backyard.

And what has begun and spread in Europe over the past two years, now has a voice in the United States. Whether the neutron bomb announcement, or the scheduled 1983 deployment of the Pershing II and cruise middle-range missiles, or the rhetoric of the Carter and Reagan administrations is the root cause for the European outburst, is irrelevant.

What matters is the outrage engendered by a nuclear strategy that would reduce European nations to smoking rubble should the Russian bear or the American eagle get itchy.

Experts are divided on whether the European protests are truly grassroots or merely leftist-dominated. They agree that the overseas movement and its resurgent American counterpart are separate and distinct approaches to nuclear disarmament.

“Europe and Central Europe are extremely sensitive to whatever tack our government takes,” said Western Washington University history professor Harry Ritter. “They will suffer for what we do.

“Europeans know a lot more about our military and policy positions than Americans,” he continued. “If you go to Europe and travel in Europe, you are aware of the fact the Soviet Union is right there over the border.”

David Ziegler, a nuclear expert and political scientist at Western, said he recognized a similar pattern from the European protests of 20 years ago.

“It’s not communist-dominated, but it isn’t 100 percent innocent either,” he said. “It really started in 1974 with (then Secretary of Defense James) Schlesinger’s scenario for a limited nuclear exchange and has escalated since Reagan’s election.”

Western professor Paul Roley, whose field is Soviet history, takes more of a hardline approach to recent events.

“I don’t think there is any doubt the Soviets have launched a peace offensive,” he said. “It doesn’t mean all or most are working at the request of the Soviets, but the Soviets are knee-deep in it. There are a lot of honest, idealistic people out there on their own, and the Soviets are encouraging them in every way.”

Where Roley views this as disastrous, others see it as a chance for rapprochement with the Russians and warming of the Cold War.

Dr. Judy Lifton, a Bellevue psychiatrist and president of the Washington chapter of the Union of Concerned Scientists and Physicians for Social Responsibility, travelled throughout Europe last fall under the sponsorship of the American Friends Service Committee. What she found encouraged her.

“In Europe, the commitment is total. They have a very clear memory of the right of 40 years ago,” Lifton said. “It’s a movement for survival, a populist movement with workers, unions, the military. It’s not political.”

The coalition is leftist-organized, “with major left-wing, non-aligned elements,” Lifton admitted, pointing out the broader political spectrum evident in European culture.

Ziegler said one consequence of the movement could be a new-isolationist backlash with a possible reduction in NATO (read American) influence on the continent.

“It (protest) can effect change. Goodness yes, absolutely,” Ziegler said. “It could lead to some kind of disarmament in Europe. People are beginning to say, gee, resurrect the Mansfield Amendment — get the American troops out of Europe.”

The morality of the nuclear build-up has triggered a strong response from religious leaders, especially Roman Catholics, he said.

Sister Mary Grondan, current chairperson of the Peace and Disarmament Task Force of the Archdiocese of Seattle, echoed Ziegler’s sentiments. A member of the order that recently refused a Department of
Defense directive to prepare hospitals for a nuclear emergency, Grondan said the old theory of a "just war" is now moribund.

"There is a new awakening within the church of war as a distinct moral issue," Grondan said. "The nuclear war (scare) has brought it to the fore. We are seriously questioning the information given to us over the years (about the necessity for nuclear buildup)."

The task force, formed four years ago out of a concern for nuclear destruction, schedules education programs, study and prayer groups throughout the archdiocese as well as linking occasionally with similar anti-nuclear organizations to effect disarmament.

The American movement has spread from the advocacy wing of the Catholic Church to coalitions among educators, physicians and scientists with national and local chapters. The focus appears to be educational rather than partisan, although some organizations advocate a more militant stance.

Ground Zero, with headquarters in Washington, D.C., and headed by Roger Molander, a former high-level staffer on the National Security Council, has raised $150,000 in grant money "to get the American people to face the issue and understand the nuclear arguments." So says Vera Steiner, national organizational coordinator. Steiner further said the group will not take a position on the morality of nuclear weaponry, but instead will act as an informational society.

"People are not well educated on this issue. The technical jargon is not understood," Steiner went on. To that end, Ground Zero will publish a book, Nuclear War — What's In It For You?, which Steiner said would explain nuclear issues in "easy to understand" prose.

Ground Zero, endorsed by 27 national organizations such as the National Council of Churches and the American Association of University Women, plans a task force week April 18 to 25 whereby local and regional groups will set up debates and symposiums.

"We would like a range of perspectives, not just one point of view," Steiner said.

As the rallying cry sounds, new "peace" organizations appear daily. Some are recycled relics from the 50s and 60s; others are brand new to the game of speaking out.

Jesse Chiang, a Seattle Pacific University political scientist, is a founding member of the Union of Concerned Educators. Along with 23 other founders spread throughout universities and high schools locally, the union has strong ties with Lifton's more-established group and now is organizing a speaker's bureau and defining its goals.

Chiang's concern is educating "to prevent a nuclear war. We must teach the people about the present danger" and how to prevent nuclear war.

Concerned Educators advocates a four-part plan starting with a nuclear freeze, then disarmament, followed by a diminution of nuclear weapons and finally abolition altogether. To finance the union, membership fees at $10 apiece are available and, according to Chiang, the response has been overwhelming.

The diversity of the European and American movements and the size of their constituents is encouraging, and depressing. Is it a matter of realists vs. idealists? Or are the lines that clearly delineated? How to meld the unilateral position taken by some European groups with the bilateral elements elsewhere? What of the fear that possible secret negotiations will be rendered moot by massive demonstrations and public pressure? Is Roley right when he accuses idealists of playing into Soviet hands? Is the final morality to survive at any cost?

"I think popular demonstrations of this massive size to influence those in power, but (in the end) are inclined to be counterproductive," said David Clarke, political theorist at Western. "Pacifists are part of the old model, the old syndrome.

"I look for a move away from war. The old lines of cleavage don't work anymore," Clarke continued. "I'm looking for quite different things emerging in the world."

But just when Clarke got wound up on his Utopian ideal, he conceded the danger inherent in relying on the power brokers.

"Policymakers are suicidal in the end. They are wedded to the old establishment, the one that nails the colors to the mast and goes down with the ship.

"But," he continued quickly, "if the grassroots movement is big enough, they'll have to pay attention. "It could just be a new ball game now."
Nightmare: ERASERHEAD

by Judy Redenbaugh

"This is really strange, let me tell you," said a voice in the audience as the screen showed a man with an electro-shock hairdo, his body twisted and a strange organic blob rising from his tongue.

The man is Henry Spencer (John Nance), the main character in David Lynch's film "Eraserhead."

The evening began normally enough. The theater was your average theater. The audience, comprised mostly of students, appeared like your average moviegoers. But in the first 30 seconds the audience learned this was one film that hardly could be called average.

Spencer is a meek fellow. His pudgy face expresses a kind of helpless anxiety — the kind of man who wears skinny neckties and frumpy suits with pockets stuffed with pens and pencils. Apparently on a permanent vacation from his factory printing job, he spends his days wandering through deserted alleys and industrial areas. His time home is squandered by staring intently at the inhabited radiator or tending a pile of dirt on his bureau.

At one point Henry is invited to the home of his paranoid girlfriend Mary X (Charlotte Stewart), where he is convinced to marry her for the sake of their premature "baby." The baby scenes bring mutterings and lots of uncomfortable laughter from the grim-humored audience. The baby resembles a grotesque, premature monster with reptilian head and triangular body swathed in adhesive bandages.

"Stick with me. I'll take you to all the classics."

The baby gets sick and develops ulcerated sores on its face. "Oh, I can't take this, this is getting bad," moans one viewer. "This is getting out of hand," says another.

Out of hand, well maybe. Out of head — yes. Henry loses his in one of the surrealist dream sequences that punctuate this strange tale. This particular sequence involves a business deal where Henry's unattached head is used to make eraser-topped pencils.

Although the film has little dialogue, it is not quiet. The sound effects are grating; the audience's ears are assaulted by deafening roars, hisses and metallic clangs.

The climactic ending of this bizarre movie occurs when Henry attempts to finish off the premature infant. It was a moving scene — so much so that a couple in the audience headed right for the theater exit.

7 February
KNUTE'S PLACE

Skinner paints poetry through Irish eyes

by Laura Staldevant and John J. Smith
In the misty Irish countryside, a white, stone cottage stands nestled amongst rolling green hills. During the summer vegetables abundantly grow in the garden and cows graze on the grassy hill beyond.

On the horizon the ocean sparkles in the sunlight, the waves crash upon the rugged coastline. Alongside the house an old three-walled fuel shed has been converted into a study. A fourth wall has been added with a window overlooking the countryside.

Inside the study, poet and English professor Knute Skinner sat silently at a table built of chip board and pop bottle crates. He spends many hours contemplating Ireland and its people, and creates poems from his observations.

"The first day in my cottage, Easter of 1964, I was awoken by a small child knocking at my door telling me I was wanted on the hill. So I went up the hill to find my neighbor, whom I had not met, trying to deliver his cow’s calf. He had a rope tied to the calf’s hooves and was trying to pull it from the cow. So he pulled and I pulled and we got the calf out," Skinner said.

Such experiences are the things poems are made of, and Skinner has had many since he began his serious writing career in the early 1950s.

His nest in Killaspuglonane is his writing refuge, he spends most of the year teaching poetry, creative writing and other English courses to Western students.

"The university is a number of things to Skinner, 52. Far beyond being a place to earn a living, Skinner said Western is a comfortable, congenial atmosphere for poets. Western poets are free to think and write, when time permits.

"During the year we go without a number of things to have time off in the summer. I do most of my writing when I can find the time," he said.

So, when time permits, Knute Skinner escapes to another, infinitely more ordinary nook than his Ireland isle. It is an upstairs bedroom in Bellingham with two desks and a table.

"Writing is a personal and lonely occupation. Often you find yourself sitting in a blank room. While a poet is writing a poem he usually is very happy. But the lag between poems may cause a poet to become panicky. Many poets feel at loose ends if they don’t have a poem in process.

"If I don’t have a good excuse for not writing it is very uncomfortable. Once I start a poem, I know it will get finished. It is no great deal if it takes a while because I enjoy the process of working with it."

Skinner published his first poem, "Underground Notes," in January of 1956. Though he has published five collections of poetry and has placed his work in more than 200 journals, small magazines and anthologies, his first placement remains the most exciting moment.

"It felt great!" he said, recalling the words of a fellow poet who told him he merely had dropped a grain of sand on the beach. He has sprinkled his poetic sand from Ireland to Australia, London to Portland.

As poetry in general has moved from the confines of meter and rhyme, so has Skinner’s work.

"I haven’t written a sonnet since I was 30," he said. "I still write in meter occasionally. I have no idea what the exact style will be when I start the poem. It develops."

Skinner said he writes what is called organic poetry. "I believe very much in organic poetry. It is the theory whereby form and content... all elements... are interwoven and can’t be separated."

According to the organic style, one cannot sit with a specific form set in his/her mind. "You can’t just say, ‘I think I’ll write a sonnet.’"

As poetic styles have changed, so has the public’s view of the muse. They no longer are the rare creatures they once were, Skinner said. Much of the public is indifferent to poets. No longer mystical men and women, poets are seen just like others with special skills.

Ordinary or not, few humans have made art out of something as insipid as blackheads. Yet, Skinner’s poem, “Blackheads,” does just that.

Writing is a personal and lonely occupation. Often you find yourself sitting in a blank room.

in his life can be isolated, he said it came with the compilation and publication of his second collection of poetry, A Close Sky Over Killaspuglonane. The book, printed in Dublin in 1968 and again by Burton International in 1975, is filled with freely-wrought portraits of Irish countrymen and countryside.

"My second book was a turning point. It signaled for me a change in style, a development. My poetry moved toward people and landscapes, though not exclusively," said Skinner, who currently has two more collections submitted for publication.

A Close Sky dealt with the "immediate present." Skinner said, explaining that he drew on readily available images and settings for his poetry instead of dealing with "topic-oriented" themes as his first collection, Stranger With A Watch (Quil Press, 1965), did.

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Now in after play
I press my fingers against
these blemishes on your warm and beautiful back
— these little, worm-like fatty masses in your follicles —
where I have just held your flesh
in the grip of passion.

What are they made of? They leap forth, the black tips followed
by the sinuous tails like miniature streams of toothpaste
but a sickly white.

Can dirt be so white? Are they made of soap? Who would dare
analyze them for taste?
Though I have run my tongue
lovingly over your body,
I would lack such courage.

Some are so deep they take
seconds to empty, if
indeed they do empty.
Has no one squeezed them before me?
Were they there all the time.
gathering, deepening.
waiting for the touch of my fingers,  
secret imperfections  
kept virginal for a lover?

from In Dinosaur Country  
Pierian Press  
© 1969

One of a collection entitled In Dinosaur Country, copyright 1969, the poem elevates the process of popping a lover's skin abrasion to the level of post-intercourse preening. The poem describes the pimple and the popping process while raising natural questions that might arise when contemplating such a thing.

"Blackheads" easily might be Skinner's favorite poem, he said, adding that another choice, a piece taken from A Close Sky called "The Cow," also is special.

"I have a number of poems about life in Ireland. I have favorites of different kinds. 'The Cow' is a kind of pastoral poem," he said. "My favorites change a little depending on what day you ask me."

Poetry generally becomes better as the language and subject become more intense. Concurrently, many poets write about what they feel deeply about.

"Often-times you'll see recurring themes in a poet's work... something that haunts him. In my first three books I wrote many poems about aging and death. I no longer have a fear of death, so I don't write about it." His fourth book was The Sorcerers: A Laotion Tale, published in 1972.

He no longer fears death, and his poetry seems dedicated to life and the living. Hearing of the Hard Times, published in 1981 by Northwoods Press, is filled with more impressions that the Irish people and countryside make on a man, especially a man like Knute Skinner.

By Jenny L. Blecha

Rows of unpainted, wooden bookshelves dissect the store and cover the white walls from floor to ceiling. Down one neon-lit aisle a dark-haired, young man crouched on threadbare, moss-green carpeting, methodically searching for a rare or special used book.

Through the din of opera music, he directed occasional queries to the front of the store where Richard Mezoff, owner of R. A. Mezoff, Bookseller, sat wedged behind his small, anachronistic desk.

Surrounded by rumpled, brown paper bags, piles of magazines and stacks of books, Mezoff said he was born in the wrong century.

"I seem to like older things better than new," he said, his clear, brown eyes reflecting the neon glare. "Especially books."

The 35-year-old Mezoff, with his rusty-red, receding hair that hangs in wiry clumps below his ears and coarse, shaggy beard, has sold used and rare books in Bellingham for the past two-and-a-half years.

Having hit an "academic disgruntlement" after six years of teaching sociology in White Rock, B.C., Mezoff said he wanted to try to find a way to make a living that was part of his life.

"I've spent at least one-third of my life in bookstores," he smiled, interlocking his ringed fingers and placing his hands behind his head. "So books became my life."

Dedicated to his trade, the soft-spoken bookseller peruses newspapers, garage sales, flea markets, estate sales and book auctions locating the "good stuff." And the towering shelves filled with everything from Mad

'A town of 40-50,000 people with a university should be able to support four or five used bookstores,' he said, casually resting his hiking boots on one knee and leaning back in his shabby, green-upholstered chair. 'But it doesn't — Bellingham does not support me.'

magazines to classical literature to technical books on myriad topics attest to his patience and success. Although Mezoff sells mostly classical literature and historical books, he said customer preference is cyclical. "We do have runs. Movies and television spur a lot of interest on one subject or another. For
example, I don’t have a book left in the store on Russian history because of the popularity of the film 'Reds.'"

Only 30 percent of Mezoff’s customers, however, are from Bellingham. The other two-thirds come from Seattle and Vancouver. Consequently, Mezoff said, he does almost no local advertising.

“A town of 40-50,000 people with a university should be able to support four or five used bookstores,” he said, casually resting his hiking boots on one knee and leaning back in his shabby, green-upholstered chair. “But it doesn’t — Bellingham does not support me.”

Mezoff said most of his customers are people who can least afford the purchase of a book. “People with good incomes only find their way down here when they want to sell something.”

Although Mezoff does receive some business from university students searching for cheap texts, he said it is not as much as he would like. “My biggest disappointment, however, is lack of faculty customers.”

Surrounded by rumpled, brown paper bags, piles of magazines and stacks of books, Mezoff said he was born in the wrong century.

he said, shrugging his shoulders for lack of an explanation.

In general, used-book dealers do very well, Mezoff said. But the retail aspect of his business to the public
Dedicated to his trade, the soft-spoken bookseller peruses newspapers, garage sales, flea markets, estate sales and book auctions locating the 'good stuff.'

Mezoff, who has a passion for travel, said, "A lot of my business may eventually be geared towards mail-order, allowing me more free time."

And where does R. A. Mezoff go to buy a book, adding to his home library of approximately 2,000 books? "I don't buy a lot of new books," he said. "But when I do, I scatter my trade around Bellingham as a goodwill thing. And, if I can't find it anywhere in town, I go to the University of Washington Bookstore in Seattle."

Mezoff said he wouldn't mind selling books for "a good long time. I enjoy being around books."

Empty handed, silently moving toward the exit of the Bay Street Village Store, the dark-haired young man exchanged a sagacious smile with Mezoff. "I'll be back," he whispered.

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**Bookstores in Bellingham**

- **Aardvark Books & Records**
  1222 N. State
  "...large paperback selection of classical lit./science fiction."

- **Akasha Metaphysical Center & Book Store**
  1300 Bay
  "...classes, readings, records, incense, posters and books."

- **Fairhaven Books**
  1215 Cornwall
  "...large selection of general and children's books."

- **The Book Works**
  120 N. Commercial
  "...used/rare books specializing in Northwest American Indians and military history and techniques."

- **R. A. Mezoff, Bookseller**
  1302 Bay
  "...used and rare books and collectors' comics."

- **The Paperback Place**
  511 Wilson
  "...over 15,000 titles of used paperbacks."

- **Bristol Antiques**
  310 W. Holly
  "...cheapest paperbacks in town...over 650 titles of new books about antiques and collectibles."

- **King Arthur's Book Shoppe**
  2336 James
  "...new and used comic books, science fiction and fantasies."

- **Northern Lights Bookstore**
  112 Grand
  "...going out of business — inventory sell off month of February."

- **Quest Book Store**
  115 Unity
  "...church-related books, cards and posters."

- **Village Books**
  1206 11th
  "...little bit of everything."
In his first novel, *Easy Travel to Other Planets*, Ted Mooney presents a remarkably clear, distinct reflection of friends, relatives and lovers and their intertwined lives.

Also, the author includes the character "Peter," a dolphin, and raises the mammal to a virtuous position. From an omniscient, third-person viewpoint, Mooney introduces the reader to Peter's complex thought patterns.

At the center of *Easy Travel* is Melissa, a 29-year-old marine biologist who conducts communication experiments on Peter. In a flooded Virgin Islands house, she teaches him to speak some English and to identify certain objects in the course of the three-week project.

She soon finds out Peter does not consider saying "onetwothreefour-fivesixseventeen" and being given a bucket of fresh fish the core of a meaningful relationship. He seduces her and they make love in the shallow waters of the training pool. Mooney writes in straightforward language that would do a steamy southern plantation novel proud.

Unsure if she is really in love with Peter, Melissa returns to her human companions in New York City.

The human characters are defined through anecdotes, believable dialogue and descriptions of appearances and actions. Some of the minor characters are stereotyped: Diego, the Cuban with a mercurial temper, and Knolly, the Reggae-loving native caretaker, complete with dreadlocks and plenty of "dems" and "dats."

For the most part, the characters come across as real people. They don't always say the right things or say what they really think.

The cast includes: Jeffrey, a promising architect who switches to teaching fifth-graders and still isn't happy; Nicole, who is pregnant again after having had five abortions; Kirk, Jeffrey's twin brother, a photojournalist who blows his big break; and Nona, Melissa's mother, who is dying of cancer and cannot bring herself to tell her new suitor.

They all have one thing in common: they seem to be awed by the lack of control they have over their own lives. Even if their own lives were manageable, they still are faced with an international crisis in Antarctica that could result in World War Three. Confusing? Try reading the book.

Mooney does make a number of keen observations, sometimes through his characters and sometimes, disturbingly, as the intruding writer.

When it is suggested to Nona that she take a vacation to get her mind off her illness, she replies, "I don't want my mind taken off it. Children have their minds taken off things."

Despite its easy reading style, the novel is bound to lose the inattentive reader as Mooney jumps from past to present, from place to place while adding a few seemingly unrelated sequences. Yet, it appears the author is justified in his schizophrenia; he merely appears to be charting the characters' thoughts and actions as they struggle to save their lives and relationships.

Some of the characters' lives reach momentary stability, but Peter the dolphin's final scene with Melissa leaves the reader gasping for air.

—Don Kirkpatrick

13 February
All the dogs in Oxford
look like they're going somewhere.
In America
they just lie around or bite you.
But take that pug.
He trots right along; doesn't
bat an eye. Further, he
keeps on his side. Or that
west highlands terrier. Remember
when we ran in shorts
down Little Clarendon?
It didn't care.
"It had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on."
That's it!

Who invested dogs like these
with such a sense of purpose?

You've almost forgotten the pleasure
of carrying ammonia guns
in the blue backpack in Denver,
whistles in your bra in Boston,
and rocks in Ithaca
in your red jacket pockets.

Here, if in the morning you say
"beat it!" on your painful way to Bodley
you'd be talking to yourself.

—M. Deborah Larsen
World Copyright, The Poetry Society, London
December 1980
FARMER'S DAUGHTER

There's always unseasonable weather.
Remember the flood that killed father:
when the water went down the chickens
lay muddy and drowned. Oh we watch
the weather here on earth; we don't forget
the winter days when girls wear cotton dresses,
the Aprils when the bushes sag with snow.
We were cutting the apple trees back
when he said, "look, it's snowing;"
but I'd seen a winter of snow
and knew that more were coming.
Still, what do we know of a season?
Only father could say
when the rain would stop at the mountain
or ruin the hay. I'd try to watch
the hawks or lick a finger,
and the crops were still a failure;
there was frost all over the valley,
south as far as Twin Falls.
He kissed me when shadows were long
on the path to the orchard; he promised
to meet me again when the apples were in;
now when the wind parts the curtains,
now in the city when the cat won't come,
I sleep with only one eye shut,
keeping a weather eye out.

AN EASTER CARD FOR TENNESSEE

I have a peacock named Pierre
Whose feathers alter light and air.
Green is one color that they hum,
And there is cotton on his bum.

He wears his being with the ease
Of antique ballads, bloom and breeze
And puts a blessing on the dim,
Shadowy grass which honors him.

Pierre is such that when his feet
Tamper with seeds he likes to eat
The amber on his nether wings
Fidgets until the purple sings.

It does so out of simple grace
Because his plumage knows its place
And treats him with substantial care.
Also, he feeds its changing there.

Why he is mine and I am his
Is something like a sloe gin fizz.
It goes beyond the spoken word
So that the heart contains the bird

In rainbows bending everywhere.
And I become his passing fair
Companion bodying the air
Around my peacock called Pierre.

—from The Ventriloquist
by Robert Huff

© 1981 by Annie Dillard

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Dealing with mentally unstable transients at Western

by Ben Verkerk

TRESPASS WARNING
I am a university police officer and an authorized agent of Western Washington University. I am giving you notice that you are not licensed or privileged to remain on WWU property. Every person knowing that he is not licensed to remain, who defies an order to leave, will be arrested for criminal trespass.

On April 19, 1980, Michael Redmon, a transient staying on campus, murdered SAGA coffee shop manager Robert Schlewitz.

During his trial he was diagnosed as psychotic, schizophrenic and manic-depressive and was committed indefinitely to Western State Hospital in Steilacoom, Wash.

Lt. Chuck Page, of Western Washington University's public safety department, said eight of approximately 10 transients on campus from time to time are mentally unstable and could "go off the deep end" at any time.

"The potential (for violence) is there," he said. One of the eight mentally unstable transients is suspected of arson in Olympia, he said.

Page added that some of the transients take medication to control their mental illnesses and can become dangerous if they stop taking it.

Michael Redmon took medication but had stopped taking it at the time he killed Schlewitz, he said.

Most campus transients create few problems or disturbances, however, "There are some strange persons walking around, no doubt about it," he said. "But we've talked to them and they're not dangerous."

Page explained that the university's transient population is comprised mostly of former Western students and of persons who were turned back when trying to cross the border into Canada and Alaska. Students often house them temporarily, he said.

They become "hanger-ons" and that is when they
Eight of the approximately 10 transients on campus from time to time are mentally unstable and could 'go off the deep end' at any time.

Person for a long time to a person yelling profanity in the lounge, he said.

VU officials try dealing with such persons themselves before calling in campus security, he said. Sometimes they can calm the person and refer him to an agency, such as the Whatcom Counseling and Psychiatric Clinic, that can provide help.

Page said campus police officers also have referred mentally unstable transients to halfway houses or to the Whatcom Crisis Center for help, and even have given them rides there.

The Department of Public Safety “keeps tabs” on campus transients, he said. “A lot of times when we get a complaint (about a person behaving strangely or bothering others) we know who it is by the description we get of him.”

Page explained that if the department believes a transient is a nuisance or a danger, a campus police officer will read him the trespass warning. The officer then tells the transient he must leave Western or be arrested for criminal trespass. A Field Interrogation Card filled out at the time of the interview provides a record of it. If the transient stays or returns to Western, he can be arrested.

Page said arresting the mentally unstable transient for trespassing sometimes is the best way of ensuring he will receive help for his illness.

Campus police can ask the county prosecutor to recommend counseling and medication, if needed, for the transient at the Mental Health Unit in St. Luke’s General Hospital, he said.

The only other condition by which campus police can take into custody a mentally unstable transient is if he has demonstrated he is a danger to himself or others, he said.

For example, he told of a young woman, “a real space case,” he tried to talk with as she walked down High Street. Suddenly she bolted out into the street, hitting the side of a maintenance truck. Uninjured, she was taken into custody for her own protection, he said.

Dealing with mentally unstable transients can be dangerous. Some have fought with police officers when being arrested, Page said, while others have carried weapons. Campus police apprehended one man after he threw a brick through the bookstore window. He was armed with a large industrial staple with the prongs protruding from his fist. But Page said such cases are rare, stressing most of the transients are not violent.

After taking into custody a mentally unstable transient, who has endangered his life or the lives of others, he is taken to St. Luke’s to be examined. If he refuses voluntary treatment, he can be legally detained until his condition can be evaluated by an involuntary commitment officer at the Mental Health Unit.

The involuntary commitment officer decides whether the transient is “in violation of the Mental Health Act” and should be committed for observation and treatment. Whatcom County Designated Mental Health Professional Al Needler said.

Needler explained that a person violates the Mental Health Act — and therefore breaks the law — if he is dangerous to himself, dangerous to others or “gravely disabled.” A person is gravely disabled if, as a result of his mental disorder, he cannot care for himself or demonstrates severe deterioration in his behavior, he said.

The involuntary commitment officer evaluates the transient, which includes advising him of his legal rights and observing his mood, appearance and behavior. If any of the criteria for being in violation of the Mental Health Act apply to the transient he can be involuntarily committed to the hospital for treatment for a maximum of 72 hours, Needler said.

During his stay the transient will receive counseling, physical care, planning and medication if he needs it.

If the transient needs further treatment, either as an inpatient or an outpatient, the involuntary commitment officer must prove in court that he still is a danger to himself, to others or is gravely disabled, Needler said.

If, after the evaluation, the officer believes the transient is not in violation of the Mental Health Act, he said, he must be released.

Although officials try to offer the transient “some sort of service” through other agencies, he may not take advantage of it. “Some go back to the street,” Needler said.

Some also return to Western.

—A heavy-set woman in her late 50s who pesters students to buy her dinner at SAGA and then offends them with her gross eating habits.

—A man who claims to be involved with the CIA and exclaims, “God, I just got zapped by a vertol,” when people pass him on the sidewalk.

—A young man who writes love letters and notes to women living in dorms.

Some Western students, faculty and staff members have encountered people on campus like those listed above. They are mentally unstable transients who behave strangely but hurt or endanger no one. Usually
Your part-time job as a checker at Kmart doesn’t pay much, but you have saved enough throughout the winter to finally be able to afford one legitimately classy meal at an expensive restaurant. Mother has washed and pressed your polyester leisure suit and you’re “looking good” as you glance in the rearview mirror on your way over to Betty Sue’s place. She’ll be real impressed. Sure.

Most of your anxieties have been solved with a couple of feet of dental floss and a few stinging splashes of Hai Karate. Born and raised in the “eat it or wear it” school of dining etiquette, you have evolved into someone who eats mostly with the proper utensils but still has one major failing — ordering wine correctly.

According to Playboy’s Book of Wines, prior knowledge of the time-honored ritual could save you from quiet embarrassment, and mastery undoubtedly will score you big points. If not with your date, then at least with the waiter.

The first thing to keep in mind about testing the wine is that you’re not approving character, but quality.

The waiter brings the wine to your table he will display the bottle so you may examine the label. You’ll want to insure that you are being served the wine you ordered and that the vintage is correct.

After you have checked to see that everything is in order, tell the waiter he may open the bottle. As he does this watch him to see if the neck and cork contain cellar deposits or other matter. If it does, make a mental note. The presence of this matter does not necessarily mean something is wrong with the wine, as even a moldy cork top is common with wines a few years old. In fact, it might just indicate that care was taken in the storage of the wine.

Once the waiter has uncorked the bottle he will feel the cork for dryness and sniff the cork for mustiness or odor of acetic acid. All are indications that the wine has been spoiled by air seepage. If the waiter believes this is the case he most likely will bring you another bottle at once.

If the waiter is satisfied that the cork is good he will hand it to you or set it next to you on the table. You now have the option of examining the cork yourself, but this practice is widely regarded as improper. You should assume the waiter has made the correct judgement and tell him to pour.

The waiter should then pour about one ounce of wine into your glass. First check for color and clarity. In other words, is a rose pink or dark red? Does the wine reflect light well or is it clouded by sediment?

Next, swirl the wine around in the glass for a moment and sniff it. A wine that has soured will smell like vinegar or worse.

You may even choose to taste the wine, but once again this is rarely done unless you want to confirm that your nose has discovered a defect.

If you don’t detect any problems because of oxidation, acescance or lack of clarity, tell the waiter he may serve the wine. If you detect a flaw, don’t hesitate rejecting the bottle and ask the waiter for a different vintage or another wine.

It’s far more embarrassing to approve a bad wine that to reject a questionable one. Besides, Betty Sue will be impressed.

Sure.
Abiding In The Shadow

by Susan Parrish
The wall clock struck one. Gertie rocked slowly in her rocking chair, stopping now and then to point to one of the numerous photographs around the room and to tell a story about the subjects in the particular photo.

“Faith always said, ‘Mother, when you can’t take care of yourself anymore, I want you to live with me.’”

Gertie stopped rocking and folded her 82-year-old hands neatly in her lap. She is a widow and lives alone.

“I’m so lonely! My life hasn’t been very happy,” she said, fingering the cloth of her blue housedress.

Gertie was born in 1899 in a small New England town. Because her mother died when Gertie was 16, she lived with an aunt until she quit high school and moved in with her sister to work in a Seattle confectionery.

When she was 20, Gertie married Joe Stone. Six years later, they moved to Bellingham, where she has lived for the past 56 years. Gertie said their three children were baptized in a local church and raised with strong Christian beliefs.

Now the “kids,” Tom, 59, Faith, 56, and Harriet, 52, are scattered from Auburn, Wash, to Arizona to New York, so Gertie rarely sees them or her five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, she said.

Her husband, Joe, retired in 1957. He often worked nights, and Gertie, who was

Gertie’s strong Christian background does not prevent her from reading her horoscope.

Gertie said, “I believe a little bit in astrology, but I didn’t when I was young.”

She said for years she has studied horoscopes to see which men make the best husbands.

“To me, Sagittarius boys and Leo boys make the best husbands. They’re very

thoughtful. Joe wasn’t a Leo or a Sagittarius,” she said.

She stroked her silvery hair with her hand and continued, “If I were young, I’d go all around the world to find a Leo or a Sagittarius man.”

...and sit near her mother.

Gertie’s daughter, Faith, has spoken to her rarely since 1973, when they had an argument that Gertie said was caused by demons.

afraid of being alone, stayed up to wait for Joe to come home from work.

She still is afraid of being alone.

“One night, a man came pounding at my door at 2 a.m.,” she said. She dared not go to the door, but stayed in her bedroom and cried and prayed Psalm 91.

“That’s the Psalm of protection... He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will abide in the shadow of the Almighty...” Gertie recited the verses, the words coming so fast they were hardly recognizable.

She stroked her silvery hair with her hand and continued, ‘If I were young, I’d go all around the world to find a Leo or a Sagittarius man.’

...for their father’s funeral.

But Faith, who Gertie had not seen since their argument in 1973, came to the funeral, although she refused to speak to or sit near her mother.

Gertie ran her finger along the armrest of her rocking chair. Tears ran down her pink cheeks. She sobbed openly.

“I pray every night that my Faith will come back. Faith wrote the other day and asked if she could have my rocking chair.”

...and asked if she could have my rocking chair.

“I don’t remember exactly what I said to Faith because I was out of my head. But Joe said he heard me tell her, ‘I don’t want you ever to come home again.’ And I heard Faith wail over the phone, ‘Oh, Mother!’ Then I hung up. Joe and I both cried.”

Then Joe became very ill with Parkinson’s disease. Gertie cared for him, but her two daughters wanted to put him into a rest home.

“He would get out of bed in the middle of the night and fall on the floor,” she said. “I couldn’t lift him myself, so I’d put a pillow under his head and cover him with a blanket. In the morning, a neighbor would come and move Joe.

“I was ready to take Joe to a rest home because he would get better care there. But when I told him, he cried and said, ‘Mama, I want you to take care of me. No one will take better care of me than you.’

So I promised him he would never go to a rest home.”

Joe died three years ago.

Gertie said she was heartbroken when two of her three children did not turn up

‘I pray every night that my Faith will come back. Faith wrote the other day and asked if she could have my rocking chair.’
Searching for new challenges, the kind of challenges he had pursued all his life, Thomas Tomio Minato resurrected some Japanese university education from years past and taught himself to read and write Chinese poetry.

The 82-year-old Thomas sat in a black leatherette lounge chair in the den of his Burnaby, British Columbia, home. In a photo on one wall, pro golfers Jerry Pate and Tom Watson stand beside Minato, a small man with neatly combed silver hair.

His brownish face, though lined and weathered, maintains a certain tautness around the jaw and cheekbones like that of the younger man in the 1927 wedding portrait. Brown eyes flash through the lenses of his gold-framed, metal glasses as he told his story.

Growing up in a small coastal town south of Osaka, Japan, Thomas developed a passion for sports as a schoolboy.

“I did everything: baseball, tennis, gymnastics, judo, sumo (wrestling), cliff diving and long-distance swimming,” he said, crinkling his brow while recollecting memories. “When I swam, I would swim for up to 25 to 30 miles. I did just about everything, but I got my certificate in judo.”

He earned a first-degree blackbelt at 17 and his success became almost a lifelong fascination. Because of his natural ability at judo, he came to
love the sport. It fueled his competitive spirit.

"I am a small man," he said, laughing, "and I like to beat somebody."

In Japan at the time, fighters were not segregated into weight classes and at 120 pounds, he often had to fight bigger and stronger opponents. "In the old days I went against 200-pounders. If you were fast, you used their strength against them," he said, growing more animated with each word.

From 1917 to 1919, Thomas's interests took him to three universities, including Kyoto University as a pre-med student and Ritsuimeikan and Chuo universities, where he studied math, English and commerce. After two-and-a-half years, however, his education was interrupted by compulsory military service.

Emerging as a corporal, he dashed his chances for further promotion by "monkeying around." He laughed, relating a funny story.

"Corporal Minatogawa, take five soldiers to spy on the other army," he said, gruffly mimicking his captain. "I take five soldiers, but I don't know directions. Even now, south, east, west, my directions aren't very good." What was supposed to be a two-day mission ended up lasting four days.

"I should have been an officer but I didn't like me." He grimaced when asked about the trauma of the war. "I was so upset that I took up painting. I am self-taught. I studied very hard," he said. "I studied very hard," he said, emphasizing "studied." He'd had some training in calligraphy, and began painting a Japanese style called Sumie. Each Sumie is distinguished by the seal the artist carves, inks and presses in the corner of the drawing. The small intricate pattern carved on the wooden stamp is an artistic achievement in itself.

Walking to the living room, he pointed to a work of Sumie that is just one of the many paintings that adorn the walls. His drawing depicts a white stork, resting in a pond with one leg delicately lifted out of the water. An orange stamp, surrounded with black Japanese letters, is inked in two of the corners.

Smokey-gray mountains loom large in the background, their great bulk split by a winding river valley.

On every wall, oils, inks and watercolors depict people, animals, scenes and fishing boats.

"Scenery very good," he said, "but horses and people not very good."

"I didn't listen to the officer's orders and I didn't go to the lectures. They don't like me."

After his stint in the army, Thomas worked as a bookkeeper and was sent to Vernon, B.C., to reorganize business operations. There he met his future wife and, wishing to remain in Canada, he quit his job.

"I like the scenery, I like the countryside and I love doing my own business."

Thomas began teaching judo at the Vancouver Judo Club. At the same time he juggled a number of businesses including a grocery store, an import/export business and an appliance store. Business failed during the Depression and after war was declared on Japan, the Minato family was forced to endure a government-sponsored evacuation to Lillooet, B.C.

Seeking a life free from war-time oppression, the Minatos moved to Vernon, B.C., in 1943. Starting from scratch once again, Thomas opened a grocery store, which he operated until 1961. In his spare moments he taught judo at the Vernon Judo Club and single-handedly increased the number of students from five to more than 60.

He returned to Vancouver in 1965 and began teaching women self-defense. He taught for five more years and received numerous commendations from the judo association.

Moving forward from his black belt, he proudly displayed a bronze plaque that read: To T. Minato for Outstanding Support of Judo, B.C. Judo Association 1978.

In 1970, at the age of 71, he topped off his career in judo with the award of black belt, second degree.

That same year, arthritis forced Thomas to give up active participation in judo. Stripped of his beloved judo by arthritis-wrecked hands, he was advised by his doctor to take up golf instead.

As a golf club senior, he said, "I am the smallest and second oldest and I am the only Japanese." He won the 1980 Burnaby Senior Golf Memorial trophy. Last year he missed winning it by one stroke.

In 1972 he immersed himself in art after the loss of his eldest and favorite daughter to cancer. The death of his child left Thomas with one son and one daughter. But the trauma of the event helped create a cathartic outlet for his pain.

Showing no aptitude for art before this time, Thomas said, "I was so upset that I took up painting. I am self-taught. I studied very hard," he said, emphasizing "studied." He'd had some training in calligraphy, and...
and express the composer's feelings
and at the same time strengthen the
body and heart.

From this interest and from uni-
versity study of Chinese literature,
Thomas has gone on to translate
Chinese poetry. Every month he
composes a poem and places it in the
bulletin of the Japanese Canadian
Citizens Association.

"I write poems Chinese style," he
said, laughing and mimicking the

Every month he composes
a poem and places it in the
bulletin of the Japanese
Canadian Citizens Association.

sing-song tonal qualities of Chinese
speech.

Thomas also studies Japanese poe-
try through correspondence. He
translated a birthday poem sent by
his instructor: "I am sending best
wishes for your birthday. You are
interested in poetry, Shigin and put-
ing all your heart into it. You have
so many hobbies; that is the secret to
your good health. I pray that you will
live to be 100."

The poet has honored Thomas
Tomio Minato by precisely summar-
ing his life.

R.S.V.P.: Responding to a Need

by Heidi Fedore

On the corner of State and Holly, outside a stark
cement office, bold red letters decorate the top of the
windows. RSVP.

Curiosity may drive passers-by to sneak a peak through
the vanilla-colored blinds, but few clues can be gathered
from the workers' activities.

RSVP stands for Retired Senior Volunteer Program,
which was implemented under a federal law for the aged.

Many services for the community are running smoothly
because of the added assistance of talented senior citizens.

Spokesman for the police department, Sergeant Lee
Fullner, said that the police department has become
dependent on the senior citizens for their participation in
the Vacation House Check program, which has saved
approximately 18 police work-hours a week.

"At first," Fullner explained, "RSVP was helping
officers with the house check detail. They have taken over
the program completely and are doing a better, more
efficient job."

The Vacation House Check program is one where
volunteers keep records of home owners who are out of
town and make routine checks of the unattended homes.

In 1980, volunteers donated 2,606 hours — 1.3 full-
time officers — to the program. RSVP not only saved the
city a lot of money, it also has contributed to the safety
and comfort of the citizens of Bellingham.

Vandalism brought a need for watchpersons at the City
Transit Building (bus station), so RSVP installed "hosts"
there. While watching the City Transit property, the
volunteers answer riders' questions and assist in many
ways.

Volunteer Francis Bates devotes hours coordinating
bus station watchpersons. Ruth Ecklund, director of
RSVP for five years, said she no longer concerns herself
with the responsibility of City Transit volunteers because
of Bates's help.

Other seniors contribute their time and talents, also.

John Warden donates 10 hours each week to music
students at Shuksan Middle School.

"I can do a little bit of everything, but not a lot of one
thing," Warden said. "If the students are really talented, I
advise them to seek private lessons."

RSVP works with youngsters outside of school as well
as inside. A recent service called the Community Grand-
parent Program provides extra grandparents for children
from one-parent families.

The six-month program serves as an opportunity to
expose the child to another adult.

Warden and his wife, Helen, are foster grandparents.
They spend about four hours a week with their foster
grandchildren.

Volunteers throughout Bellingham contribute talents
from Internal Revenue advice to musical instrument
instruction. The volunteers can be recognized by the
Transit and Police uniforms. These people are recognized
by the community for their gift of time and talent.

Many community services are touched by RSVP's
generosity. Even the curious passers-by can take advan-
tage of the services with the help of senior volunteers.

24 Klipsun
Downtown Seattle
Ten questions for the Sonics’ Fred Brown

Seattle SuperSonics guard Freddie Brown has been a fixture around the National Basketball Association for a long time. Brown has been converting his high-arcing jump shot for the past 11 seasons, all in a Seattle uniform.

A graduate of the University of Iowa in 1971, “Downtown” is Seattle’s fourth leading scorer this season, averaging more than 11 points per game. His 91 percent free-throw average is among the best in the NBA.

The 33-year-old captain of the Sonics took time after a recent victory over the Dallas Mavericks to talk to Klipsun editor John L. Smith about the season, his career and his plans after retiring.

1. Klipsun: After 11 years in the league, basketball has to be a job for you. But does the game still hold the excitement for you that it did when you were a rookie?
Brown: I still have the excitement, and it is my job. Whenever I lose the excitement or I feel that I’m lacking in one area or another, then it’s time for me to hang it up.

2. Klipsun: Coach Lenny Wilkens might easily be compared to the director of a Broadway play, with the Sonics players as actors. (Brown laughs.) Do you consider yourself an entertainer?
Brown: Oh yes. Oh definitely. You know, most guys have to realize this is entertainment. You have to entertain night in and night out. It’s a stage. We’re on stage and we’re out there performing. Some nights we do good, some nights we don’t. Basically yes, we are performers.

3. Klipsun: Fred Brown’s role in this play, then, is that of sixth man. You appear to have made the adjustment from starter to reserve well.
Brown: It’s a role I have undertaken, and I play to it. You know, I play to that, and I make adjustments when they occur. And when it comes time for me to start, I start. And I make the adjustment there. It’s just that I’m very flexible with what I do, and I keep an open mind about it and try to work within the framework — the realm of what we’re trying to do collectively as a team.

4. Klipsun: In a league filled with big egos, the Seattle club seems surprisingly level-headed. Is this, perhaps, because of the maturity people such as Fred Brown and coach Wilkens bring?
Brown: You’ve got to have some mature ballplayers on your side, and Lenny has that now. But any team needs a good coordinator, and Lenny does all the coordinating. He needs some people to lead, and I am one of them. So are Jack (Sikma) and Gus (Williams), because we know exactly what he wants. We took care of it that way.

5. Klipsun: What is your role as captain of the Sonics, other than meeting with the officials before the game?
Brown: I’m like the father image for a lot of the guys. They come to me and want to know what do they do with this particular play; what do they do as far as guarding a certain ballplayer on the opponent’s team; what happens in the city; what do I do as far as talking to the management. Just what do I do in general. I’m the answer figure for them, so I try to steer them in the right direction. I try to project an image to them that... “Hey, you know, whatever happens, you know, it isn’t all that bad or you wouldn’t be here in the first place.”

6. Klipsun: Was there a point early in your career that you realized you would play in the NBA a long time?
Brown: No. My energies weren’t focused on the NBA. I was focused on getting an education and leading a full life.

7. Klipsun: You have a lucrative con-
tract with the Soncis, but no one can play professional basketball forever. What are your plans after retiring? **Brown:** I have a couple of things planned. A couple of business ventures with friends and, I work for an investment company, and write a small article for a paper in the inner city. I shouldn’t say small. I write a column. I work for a travel agent here, and I have other business ventures. I haven’t made up my mind exactly what I really want to do. I’m just trying to keep the doors open and venture off into any number of things. And whatever I feel comfortable with at the end of my career, that’s probably what I’ll end up doing.

**Klipsun:** You are definitely a communicator on the court. Do you have any plans to coach after retirement? **Brown:** Well, I don’t really know if I want to get into coaching. I’ll weigh that over the next couple of years or so. There’s a possibility that I could do that, but I’ll just have to weigh that situation.

**Klipsun:** You have won many awards in your professional career. Where do accolades rank on your list of priorities? **Brown:** Not very high (laughs). You know, when I was younger, it was the top thing, but I sort of grew out of that. Everybody wants all the trophies, all the watches, all the rings and all that. You want that, but those things are immaterial. Accomplishments and everything, what your peers feel about you and how you feel about yourself, are the most important things; and that’s the only thing that I need. I don’t need the other things anymore. They were material things that weren’t really anything.

**Klipsun:** How do the Sonics catch the Los Angeles Lakers? **Brown:** How do we catch them? We’re not out to catch the Lakers. We’re out to win all the games we can win and play as fine as we can. Everything else will take care of itself. We’re not out to catch the Lakers; we’re not out to catch Portland, Phoenix or anybody. We have to play well, and if we play well, we will have good fortune.

**ART AND ARTIST**

The Frog

I see no color variations only of the fundamental dark and know this to be true

That is the royalty in me crowned heir in this inflatable squat you read and dream of

Bite pocked my body seems food I am in multiple eloquence of surprise the becoming that cannot if there is reason be

I am a slayer of dragonflies my tongue my weapon stillness my condition Waiting

brings them usually at evening on the tray of sun leaving sun behind and calling back

Indigestible those wings unsating I taste repeatedly my meals go always in my patience hungry

And thus do I kissed once on this green edge inherit kingdoms

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"... We have to learn to think in a new way. We have to learn to ask ourselves, not what steps can be taken to give military to whatever group we prefer, for there no longer are such steps; the question we have to ask ourselves is: What steps can be taken to prevent a military contest of which the issue must be disastrous to all parties." Albert Einstein. Bertrand Russell et. al. from a declaration opposing nuclear war — 1955.