Cover: Photographer Roy Shapley captures punk legend Joey Ramone of the Ramones.

Page Two: Photo editor Richard Botz catches jazz guitarist Al Di Meola's act.

Back Cover: Botz photographs a clamdigger at sunset.

Photo Credits: Richard Botz, pages 2, 4, 8, 32; Nori Shirouzu, pages 21, 29; Jenny L. Blecha, page 11; Roy Shapley, page 1.
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Punk is junk

by Mike Stoddard

It's a chilly Friday evening in Vancouver's Gastown district. A blanket of fog from the nearby Fraser River clings low to the cobblestone streets and wraps itself around the base of lamp posts.

An old steam clock signals the hour and bellows out a giant plume of fog into the salty night air. Traffic is sparse.

A day of rain has left the streets littered with dozens of dirty black puddles that reflect the flashing neon signs of Hasting Street, changing the color of the street from red to green to yellow, like the dance floor of a local disco.

A small crowd of punk rockers mills around outside the Smiling Buddha Cabaret. An assorted lot, at the height of fashion in dog collars and razor cut hair, they are restrained by the bouncer. Arriving at nine, they have found the club full and must wait for tables before their evening's fun can begin.

"Let us in. We're the fleas," cries a voice from the crowd. "Let the fleas in." The crowd breaks into laughter, but still the cabaret's heavy wooden doors remain shut.

To escape the crowds and the wait, 20-year-old Dennin Lasser has been inside since the cabaret opened at 7 p.m. A solitary figure, he sits at a small corner table near the dance floor smoking a Player and drinking a Canadian.

An army trench coat is buttoned up to his neck with the collar turned up. His silvery bedroom slippers jut from under the table. His short black hair has been cut to stand up in the front like fur on a cat's back. A small crimson scar cuts horizontally across his left cheek.

"It's all like a little game, eh," says Dennin as he smashes the butt of his cigarette into a Buddha-shaped ashtray on the table. "We all try to dress to turn heads. It's like, wow, look at that outrageous threader. I wonder where they got 'em, eh?"

Except for his silver space booties, Dennin ranks in the more conservatively dressed coterie of the Smiling Buddha's patronage. Directly across the table from Dennin is a couple with orange streaks through their hair — the perfect complement to the leopard skin jumpsuits and white ballerina slippers laced to their ankles.

The waitress, circling for another round of drinks, is dressed entirely in leather — white leather boots, brown leather pants and, the pièce de résistance, a black leather motorcycle jacket complete with metal studs along every seam.

"The band is just about to start," the waitress says as she reaches Dennin's table. "Same thing?"

"Yeah, hey what's your name, phantom?" The waitress turns and leaves as Dennin breaks into laughter. "She likes me, she just can't tease when she's on duty. I got such a damn baby face, eh?"

"See this one," Dennin says as he turns to reveal the two-inch scar across his cheek. "I scratched this one with a paper clip so I could get into bars when I was only 17."

The waitress returns with drinks. Dennin tosses a five dollar bill on the table and tells her to keep the change. Smiling, she leaves for another table.

"See, I told you she liked me," Dennin chuckles as he sucks the head of foam off his new glass of beer.

The money Dennin uses to entertain himself he has earned this summer at one of Vancouver's fish canneries. Ten-hour days cleaning fish haven't left Dennin with any nice things to say about his work. But it has left him with enough money to get through until April.
spring, when he can find an odd job until the cannery opens again.

For now, Dennin is on a vacation. His money is plentiful enough to afford giving tips to waitresses and to buy a few rounds for his friends, most of whom also work at the cannery in the summer.

The final light check for the band is ended, and the musicians are ready to start. Anxious to dance, some of the audience yells “Mind Tones,” the band’s name.

The lead singer and guitar player steps up to the microphone and signals to the rest of the band. He begins to babble into the mike; the amplifiers are turned up full; a strobe light throbs and the Smiling Buddha is shaking with the roar of the music.

“Not too bad, eh,” Dennin yells from across the table. “They fucking sound all right.”

Dennin soon joins the mob on the dance floor. He quickly pushes his way into the center of the crowd where the slamming and shoving is the roughest.

Returning at the end of the set, beads of sweat roll down his face. He mumbles that the dancing is good tonight. As soon as he gets a little rest he will go out there again.

The waitress returns in a few minutes, and, after a short conversation with her, Dennin takes a long cool drink from the beer she has brought him. He wipes his forehead with the wet bottle and sets it back down on the table.

The dance floor is packed with punks. They bounce around like 40 pogo sticks, colliding with one another as they land. A slide projector throws war scenes, geometric shapes and punk art on the wall behind the dance floor. But none of the dancers notices. They concentrate on dancing and not getting knocked to the floor by the others.

It’s not customary for punks to dance with anyone but themselves. It’s not, however, uncommon to see groups of three dance together. The object is simply to move to the music.

**Punk Definitions**

Sparked by Punk Rock’s growing popularity in modern music and fashion, and by the prospects of turning a few fast bucks, Klipsun recently has researched the origins of this peculiar genre.

In a series of articles — all of which were too obscene to publish — Klipsun has traced the **rags to riches** story of the punk culture from its sleazy birth on London’s southside to its even more sleazy retirement two blocks away.

The following are excerpts from those articles:

**A SAFETY PIN THROUGH THE NOSE** - This colorful punk tradition actually was the result of a tragic accident that happened to Sid Vicious, former bass player of the British Sex Pistols. Sid, an incurable leper, was on his way to an album signing party when his nose suddenly fell off. Horror-struck, Mr. Vicious had no recourse but to pick up the offending appendage and safety-pin it back to his face. The addition not only worked like a charm, but also worked as charm, delighting fashion experts throughout Europe.

**SLAM DANCING** - This popular punk pastime also was the result of an unfortunate accident. It seems that in the early days of Punk Rock, most concerts were held in ordinary movie theaters. During one such concert in 1977, by the Blind Mice Eaters, a fire broke out backstage.

The confused audience, not knowing if the fire was real or just part of the light show, quickly panicked. In a mass frenzy, 400 concert-goers chose the exact same moment to rush into the aisles. As patrons violently bounced off each other like hot molecules, slam dancing was born.

The fire was quickly extinguished and the survivors carried on the tradition.

**HAIR DYEING** — This faddish punk craze is the result of a simple misinterpretation. If the song “Butcher Babies,” by the Plasmatics, is played backward at 78 rpm instead of forward at 33 1/3 rpm, the roar of the chainsaw sounds very much like, “Make spaghetti, screw off and die.”

Punk rockers took the latter part to mean, “Screw off and dye your hair,” which many of them did.

**WEARING STUDDED DOG COLLARS** — This custom actually was copied from the late Sixties rock custom of wearing flea collars. The assumption was made, however, that the parasites attracted to a punk’s body are much larger than fleas. Therefore, something more intimidating must be worn by punks to escape attacks from these pests.

—Mike Stoddard
My last final ended at three o’clock on Friday afternoon, and fifteen minutes later I was heading down Interstate 5 in my 1969 Chevy. Mick Jagger crooned “Satisfaction” from my speakers as the urge for a home-cooked meal set in.

I motored home for spring break to take it easy for awhile. I hadn’t seen my parents all winter quarter; in fact, I hadn’t even talked with them. Eagerness to talk to Mom and Dad grew inside me, as did the desire for that old “it’s good to be home” feeling.

I turned onto my street nearly an hour and a half later. The fading sunlight glinted off the sprawling form of my parents’ house. When I had left in January, the house was painted a simple white with blue trim. But now . . .

It was pink. Not a plain, understated shade, but a glaring, hot pink, trimmed in a horrifying aquamarine.

I suddenly heard a strangled gagging sound; it took a moment for me to realize it was coming from me, and not the Chevy’s carbon-choked engine.

I walked on shaking legs to the front door. Breathing deep, I stepped inside and saw Mother.

I screamed.

“God Almighty! What kind of pills does Dr. Flomberger have you on now? It’s not your thyroid again, is it?”

“Never been better,” Mom exclaimed, jumping and spinning in a circle on her spiked heels. “Hey, have you listened to the new Dead Kennedys’ album? It’s a bender. I’ll slap it on.” She went off in search of the stereo, and in a few minutes the house was filled with some awful sound.

Then Dad’s car pulled into the driveway. Maybe he can explain what’s going on, I thought wildly. There was still time to get Mom to the hospital.

At last Mom said solemnly, ‘we’re hip,’ and licked her orange-painted lips.

what’s going on. I thought wildly. There was still time to get Mom to the hospital.

In walked Dad — I guess. His hair was curled. A huge beer belly hung out from beneath his “Primo” T-shirt and over the beltline of his faded Levis. A half-empty six-pack of Olympia dangled from his right hand, and a tiny diamond earring hung from his left lobe.

“Hey, bro, whaddaya know?” he bellowed, stomach wobbling obscenely as he moved toward me. I jumped back, afraid he might trip and squash me.

“Jesus!” I dashed out the door. But on the way to my car, I saw the name on the mailbox, and it stopped me cold. Slowly I walked back into the house.

They were still there. Looking at Dad’s enormous paunch I asked, “What happened, Dad? You used to work out and stay in shape.”

“Still do,” he replied with a grin, hoisting his beer like a set of barbells. “Lift ’em all the time,” he chortled, and Mom screeched along (maybe it was the Dead Kennedys in the background).

Had I studied too hard winter quarter or were my parents really the King and Queen of Sleaze?

“What has gotten into you two?”

They stopped laughing and looked seriously at me. At last Mom said solemnly, “We’re hip,” and licked her orange-painted lips. Then she turned and walked into the kitchen.

I stared dumbly at her.

“It’s like this, son,” Dad explained, leaning forward so his gut hung like a grotesque pendulum. “We’re not the only ones — a lot of people our age are discovering youth again. Why, just look at Abdullah down the street.”

“He?”

“Abdullah. Well, you remember old Sid Goldstein. He went Muslim last month.” And with that Dad sat down in a chair and popped the top off another Oly. “Just love those Artesians,” he said.

Mom returned from the kitchen. “Come on, scumbags, dinner’s ready,” she said. “Tonight we’re having Polynesian-style TV dinners.”

“Outrageous!” Dad shouted, leaping from his seat. “Better than any of those college girls’ cooking, right, kid?” He winked lecherously, picked his nose and waddled to the table.

But I wasn’t listening to what he said. I was already thinking about enrolling for summer quarter.

April/7
LORDS OF DISCIPLINE
By Pat Conroy
498 pp. Boston
Bantam, $3.75

Will McLean is a wise-cracking, rebellious senior cadet at the Carolina Military Institute, who is constantly at odds with the hierarchical system of the college. His rebelliousness eventually leads him and his friends into a desperate struggle with a secret, sadistic organization of cadets that for years has served to weed out "undesirables" from the institution.

Pat Conroy's new novel, The Lords of Discipline, is full of bitter humor and tragedy set against the grim backdrop of a Southern military school in the mid-1960s. It also serves as a comment on such institutions and the way they "make men."

Although the world of the Carolina Military Institute is filled with stereotyped characters, Conroy overcomes the familiarity of his cast through the flow and authenticity of his story.

McLean's roommates are two brawny, slow-thinking Italian-Americans from the North and an effeminate Southern aristocrat. McLean himself comes from a poor Georgia family. All have survived the horrors of their freshman year and have emerged as strongly bonded friends. Yet, all bear signs of the cruelty inflicted upon them.

Conroy goes beyond shallow stereotype to draw complexities from within his characters. McLean's aristocratic roommate does not look at him as socially inferior. On the contrary, they become best friends. While McLean hates the mindless brutality of the college, he cannot separate his devotion to the Institute from his dis- taste for it.

An incident that occurs after the cadets learn the college president's son has been killed in Vietnam is an illustration. All the boys march to the president's home and show their support by chanting a war slogan. Afterward, McLean says: "The Institute had affected me in strange ways, I knew, but I was not prepared for proof of its authority. I had participated in the chant. I had screamed it out with the others. My voice and the voice of the barracks had merged as one. They were the same thing. It was the first time I knew it for certain."

Still, McLean cannot bring himself to condone the sickening terrorist tactics employed by a secret group called "The Ten," who take it upon themselves to purge the Institute of unacceptable cadets. And it is the conflict between McLean (along with his friends) and The Ten that forms the heart of the story.

Both of Conroy's previous books have been made into films: The Water is Wide (released as "Conrack"), and The Great Santini. The Lords of Discipline could well follow in their footsteps.

—Seth Preston
In keeping with the "give 'em what they want" philosophy of American entertainment, Robert Stone's new novel, *A Flag for Sunrise*, has all the necessary ingredients. This literary package has enough sex, violence, political intrigue, danger, action and excitement to whet the appetite of even the most jaded TV viewer. At the same time Stone has been able to include throughout the book enough valuable social comment to have raised it onto most lists of critical acclaim for 1981.

The setting of the story, "Tecan," a small Central American country on the verge of revolution, offers Stone, with its overtones of modern-day reality, an opportunity to comment on American intervention in third-world countries.

Using a diverse cast of characters to represent American interests and philosophies, Stone weaves a complicated tapestry of involvement in the third-world. Included are Father Egan, a half-dead missionary living out the last of his dreams within a bottle, aided by Justin Feeney, a nun who has lost her faith; Pablo Tabor, a Coast Guard deserter with an illegitimate Latin background, looking to make a quick buck; and Frank Holliwell, a seedy anthropology professor disillusioned by his previous experiences in Vietnam, drawn as if by fate to deliver a lecture in a neighboring country.

Contacted by the CIA prior to leaving for his lecture, Holliwell is asked if he will do them a favor. The CIA agents want him to go to Tecan and take a look at a few things for the purpose of being "seen there." As it turns out, however, Holliwell is an unlikely CIA informant.

Getting drunk before his address to the Autonomous University of Compostela, he finds his prepared speech unwanted because it is in Spanish. Unable to make instant translation because of his condition he launches into an impromptu monologue that quickly becomes a shambling, displaying his deep disillusionment and presenting an early, memorable moment in the story:

*"In my country we have a saying — Mickey Mouse will see you dead." There was silence.

"There isn't really such a saying," Holliwell admitted. "My countrymen present can reassure you as to that. I made it to demonstrate, to dramatize the seriousness with which American..."

Our popular culture is machine-made and it's for sale to anyone who can raise the cash and the requisite number of semi-literate consumers . . ."

He stopped again, dry throated, to watch the brisk traffic toward the door.

Reviewing afterward the mess he had made, Holliwell proclaimed: "The thing to do with embarrassment, is to work it all the way to humiliation." Stone gives us within this statement the dual image of Holliwell as a man and also as a shadow representing the view of some toward America's position in the third-world.

Stone is also the author of *A Hall of Mirrors*, which won the Faulkner Award for a first novel in 1967, and *Dog Soldiers*, which received the National Book Award in 1975.

—Marc Heberden
Devastating Decision, Necessary Choice

by Jenny L. Blecha

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Abortion is a controversial issue. Some of this article's sources chose not to be identified.)

Perched on the arm of her overstuffed couch, "Marsha," 32, stared retrospectively out her living room window. Fourteen years ago, as a freshman at the University of Washington, Marsha was pregnant. She made a decision to have an abortion. But 14 years ago, abortion was illegal.

Marsha ignored her pregnancy for several weeks. "My naivete was tremendous," she said. Her coarse, black hair flowed down her back, reflecting the day's waning light. "I didn't know what my options were."

Sick and desperate, she finally sought help from a woman who had had an abortion. Two days later, friends put her in the back seat of their car, like a small child, and drove her to a naturopathic clinic in Tukwila.

Two men clad in white coats met her at the door. Alone and frightened, she was led into a small room and placed on a metal table. Her feet were strapped into stirrups; her legs were spread and held down. The abortion proceeded.

"I was in extreme pain and screamed for an anesthetic," Marsha said, her gray-brown eyes filling with tears. But her cries and pleas were ignored. "Someone put their hand over my mouth and held my nose shut. They told me I was to stop my yelling because someone outside would hear me."

"He told me to get dressed and get out," Marsha said, "and handed me a bunch of Darvon."

"I walked out and I didn't remember recognizing myself anymore," she said. "I felt very old, very used and very damaged. I felt like my life was over." She returned to her vacant dorm, alone. It was quiet and dark and late.

Marsha's illegal abortion cost $500, but more than that, it nearly cost her her life.

An abscess, off the right side of her uterus, developed and ruptured several weeks after the abortion. Hospitalized for three or four days, she was told she had about a 50 percent chance of living, she said.

Although Marsha recovered physically, she said, "It's difficult to gauge the long-range emotional scarring. It took a long time before I felt comfortable coming into sexual contact with men."

Marsha is only one of more than 30 million American women now living who have had illegal abortions. In the 1960s an estimated 1 million American women a year were getting illegal abortions. But in 1973 the right to choose an abortion when needed was recognized by the U.S. Supreme Court when it ruled that all women have the right to a safe, legal abortion.

Penny Henderson, 27, was among the more than 1.1 million American women who had a legal abortion in 1976.

Five-feet-eight-inches tall, Penny was energetic, unmarried, embarking on a career, and pregnant. "I was definitely not ready to have a child," she said, shaking her brown, curly hair. "So I made the decision to have an abortion and chose a clinic in Seattle."

Although the atmosphere of the clinic was somewhat impersonal,
Penny said, the abortion was fine. “It was not painful at all.”

Penny said the waiting room of the clinic was packed with women of varying ages — 15- and 16-year-olds, as well as women over 35. “And, even though we were all there for the same reason, no one was talking.

“Nobody likes abortion. Nobody thinks it’s fun or easy,” Penny said. “But if abortion had been illegal, I would have found another way to get rid of it. I think it’s a good option and I think it’s necessary.”

A Bellingham gynecologist and obstetrician said he also feels abortions are necessary.

“I do them as a physician,” he said. “But I don’t like to do them as a method of birth control. I think it is better to prevent pregnancy than to do an abortion.”

He performs 20 to 30 abortions a year, and said he thinks abortion should remain legal.

“If the right to make that choice becomes illegal, he said, “rich people will still get abortions and poor people will not. For example, abortion is still illegal in some parts of Alaska and those with money just fly to Seattle.”

The right to choose that option, however, is being threatened by a group of people whose ultimate goal is to amend the U.S. Constitution, stripping all women of their right to an abortion, according to National Abortion Rights Action League’s pamphlets.

Marsha said she feels unresolved anger at what was done to her and is fearful of it becoming that way again for women. And, although she too believes that abortion is not the best method of birth control, she does believe in the right of choice, she said.

“Abortion should be left as an option to men and women who find themselves in a position where they are unable to make the decision of bringing another child into the world,” Marsha said. “The evils of abortions being abused as a method of birth control are less than the horrors perpetrated on women — and men — by making it illegal.”
A Matter of Freedom

by Jenny L. Blecha
and Tom Stone

The 1973 Supreme Court abortion ruling left us all free to make our own decisions, according to our own beliefs. This includes deciding to have a baby when we think it is the right time and deciding not to when we think it is the wrong time.

Abortion, however, is no longer an issue that affects only a few. It has become the focal point of a struggle to determine the fate of many of our basic rights and liberties.

The anti-abortion cult, in their fight to legislate their own private morality and to deny us our basic freedoms, has introduced in Congress in the last year legislation banning abortion outright, and re-defining “life” in a way that would make abortions equal to murder.

Last March the Supreme Court rejected the right of a dependent minor to her privacy by requiring the notification of the girl’s parents by her doctor before the abortion was performed.

In June these extremists intimidated Congress into cutting off Medicaid funding of abortions for women in cases of rape and incest, forcing women to carry to term a child who might represent shame and repulsion, if they cannot afford the operation. Medicaid funds for abortions for poor women previously had been cut off, leaving thousands of poverty-stricken women to bear the burden of enforced pregnancy, or to resort to dangerous, often deadly, back-alley or self-induced abortions.

Clearly, the lines are being drawn for a major confrontation.

The outcome of a Constitutional Convention called by these zealots would have devastating consequences for every citizen — consequences that go far beyond abortion.

Holding the view that abortion is murder, supporting their argument with the grisly details of unborn babies being cut to pieces by the surgeon’s scalpel, they would impose their own morality and their own religious principles on the people of this country, destroying our individual liberty and replacing it with their own narrow religious belief.

Interestingly, more than 50 religious organizations support a woman’s right to choose abortion according to her conscience and religious/moral beliefs, according to a National Abortion Rights Action League pamphlet. Twenty-eight major religious organizations have formed the Religious Coalition for Abortion Rights.

But, even if such limited moral views do become law, justice never has been done by passing legislation to control morality because it can be enforced only on the poor. A person who can afford the trip simply can go to another country to have an abortion. The only ones affected by such laws will be the economically disadvantaged.

Further, restricting access to abortion services will result in increased infant mortality, increased deaths and complications from illegal abortions, increased numbers of newborns abandoned for adoption and higher rates of illegitimate births.

No one chooses abortion casually. No one chooses it at all for any reason but one; at that point, for that woman, if Congress takes such a personal decision out of the hands of those who must live with the consequences, and forces them to comply to moral principles with which they may not agree, it will be undermining the moral structure and dignity of all of us as human beings.

If Congress takes such a personal decision out of the hands of those who must live with the consequences, and forces them to comply to moral principles with which they may not agree, it will be undermining the moral structure and dignity of all of us as human beings. The only alternative is worse — raising a child that is unwanted by themselves and by government structure in the process of shedding its social-welfare responsibilities.

If Congress takes such a personal decision out of the hands of those who must live with the consequences, and forces them to comply to moral principles with which they may not agree, it will be undermining the moral structure and dignity of all of us as human beings. It will be denying her the basic human rights on which our country was founded.

Our government is not just supposed to keep hands off those rights and that freedom, it is supposed to guarantee it.

So let’s accept the Supreme Court abortion ruling. Let’s take the time, money and passion that have been spent on this issue since 1973 and start putting them to better use. Let’s concentrate on making abortion less necessary, instead of less accessible.
A Question of Murder

by Susan Parrish
and Mike Stoddard

Abortion is wrong and it's time we stopped pretending it isn't. While we argue whether it's a child or a fetus, or who should fund abortions, 1.5 million unborn children are killed in the United States every year. The real issue is not who will fund abortions or what we will call the unborn, but that the fetus is a living human being, and to take its life is murder.

To build the strongest pro-life case possible, we must first scientifically establish when life begins. This is possible through the vast amount of knowledge recently acquired in the fields of genetics, embryology and fetal development.

"Citing the criteria of modern molecular biology, all life, including human life, begins at the moment of conception," said Professor Hymie Gordon, chairman of the Medical Genetics Department of the Mayo Clinic in Minnesota.

This recent opinion is shared by numerous other doctors and scientists, including Jerome Lejeune, genetics professor at Rene DesCartes University in Paris, and Dr. C. Everett Koop, U.S. Surgeon General.

As the medical community increasingly supports the pro-life position, pro-abortionists increasingly choose to ignore the growing scientific evidence that life begins at conception.

This stance has angered Walker Percy, M.D., who scoffs at the recent pro-abortion view that the beginning of life is an individual moral question.

"The onset of individual life is not a dogma of the church but a fact of science," Percy said in a June 1981 issue of Newsweek.

One of the common arguments presented by pro-abortion advocates is that no one has the right to legislate what a woman can do with her own body. This reasoning is pitiful. Laws forbidding self-mutilation and suicide clearly establish that a woman does not have the right to do anything she wants with her body.

Similar laws against rape and murder also regulate how a woman's body can and cannot be treated. Banning abortion does not create a new body of law, but merely extends existing laws to protect the life of the unborn child.

Clearly a woman has the right and ability to determine whether or not she will conceive children, but once she has become pregnant it is no longer a question of her body alone. The life of a separate human individual is present, who is distinct and separate from the mother.

Another common pro-abortion argument is that abortions will happen whether they are legal or not. Again, this reasoning will not stand. People commit murder, rape and robbery, which also are illegal, but who would advocate repealing these laws? Laws alone never totally stop crime, but does that mean we should simply condone the crime of abortion because we cannot stop it? Pro-abortionists would have us think so.

A third argument is that safe, legal abortions are preferable to illegal "back alley" abortions. Because abortion takes the life of a human being, a "preferable" abortion is non-existent. Furthermore, the facts have never supported the argument that legalizing abortion will stop dangerous back alley abortions. A 1973 study by two Mayo Clinic doctors revealed that when permissive abortion laws were passed in eight European countries, the number of illegal abortions stayed about the same. In two other countries, the number of illegal abortions actually increased.

Whether legal or illegal, abortion is not safe. A study by the American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology reported that more women die from abortions than from childbirth.

And the dangers of "safe" abortions are not limited to fatal cases. Among the common short-term complications are infection, hemorrhage, perforation of the uterus and laceration of the cervix.

A 1970 Japanese study by Y. Hayasaka concluded that 9.7 percent of the women who have had multiple abortions were sterile after three years. In view of these facts, not only back alley abortions, but also those performed in the doctor's office are dangerous.

A fourth argument raised by pro-abortionists is that abortion is better than having an unwanted child, which could likely become an abused child. In a 1973 study by the Department of Pediatrics Medical Center of the Uni-
versity of Southern California, in 674 cases of battered or abused children, 90 percent were the result of planned pregnancies. Thus, child abuse is a social problem that can’t be solved by a philosophy of abortion.

Following are descriptions of three common abortion methods.

In the first common abortion method, dilation and curettage, the walls of the uterus are scraped with a sharp knife, and the unborn child is cut into pieces. The operating nurse must re-assemble the parts to make sure the uterus is empty or infection will occur.

In suction curettage, a vacuum tube is inserted into the uterus, and the unborn child is torn into pieces and sucked into a jar.

Saline injection is used after the sixteenth week of the pregnancy. The amniotic fluid is replaced by a toxic salt solution that burns off the unborn child’s outer layers of skin. As the unborn child swallows the solution, he convulses, goes into a coma and dies an hour or two later. Labor begins 24 to 28 hours later.

All three of these methods take the life of a unique unborn child who has a beating heart, a nervous system, fingernails, eyelashes and even his own individual fingerprints.

And so whether you refer to abortion as killing or induced death is largely a question of semantics. The effect on the unborn child is the same.

Is abortion wrong? You be the judge.

**Facts, Figures & Facilities**

*by Don Kirkpatrick*

The U.S. Supreme Court’s liberal 1973 decision brought abortion out of back rooms. But many women do not know where to turn when they are pregnant and don’t want to be.

Two hundred ninety-six abortions were reported in Whatcom County in 1979, according to a Department of Social and Health Services (DSHS) study. Twelve abortions were performed per 1,000 women aged 15 to 44, ranking Whatcom County 32nd among Washington’s 39 counties.

Prices for abortions range from nothing to nearly $1,000. Mount Baker Planned Parenthood, 500 Grand Ave., may pay for the abortion with state funds if a woman can’t afford the operation.

“Even if we know they have more money, we can’t ask them” for proof of their financial need, laments Linda McCarthy, an administrative assistant.

Bellingham Family Practice performs the least expensive pregnancy terminations in town, $175 for a procedure that takes about 40 minutes.

The Northwest Women’s Clinic charges $566 and uses a general anesthesia, a combination of intravenous medications and gas.

Abortions conducted at St. Luke’s Hospital must be arranged through a private physician. The average hospital fee is $375, but doctors’ and anesthesiologists’ charges are extra.

Robert Olson, a local doctor of obstetrics and gynecology, charges $350, for example. Several doctors in the city perform abortions, McCarthy said.

The DSHS study reported in 96.5 percent of all 1979 Washington abortions, a suction method, also called vacuum aspiration, was used.

Before leaving the hospital or clinic, the woman is given medication and instructions for aftercare.

The suction method is effective only to about the 12th week. Beginning around the 15th or 16th week, premature labor is induced by removing the amniotic fluid that surrounds the fetus and injecting a salt and water solution. The saline solution forces the fetus to be expelled in a birth-like process four to 48 hours later.

Complications were reported in 6.6 abortions per 1,000 statewide in 1979, increasing sharply after the first 12 weeks, according to the DSHS study.

Most of Washington’s abortion statute, passed in a 1970 referendum, has since been found unconstitutional in U.S. and state Supreme Court decisions.

The laws that require parental or spousal consent still are on the books but can’t be enforced. Another lame duck law required women to live in Washington for 90 days before they were eligible for an abortion.

In light of subsequent court rulings, the state must permit all abortions performed within the first six months of pregnancy but still is allowed to regulate the setting in which second trimester (fourth to sixth months) procedures are performed.

Consultation with a doctor is the only requirement for a woman seeking an abortion through the first 12 weeks of pregnancy.

Abortions can be performed after 24 weeks only when the life of the mother is in danger. A physician who conducts an abortion after 24 weeks is guilty of a gross misdemeanor.

In 1981, the Legislature passed an amendment that gives a fetus born alive in an abortion the same rights as a prematurely born infant.

The laws still are changing.
An open-ended federal abortion law that fosters bureaucratic red tape and incites pro-choice and anti-abortion factions to clash in hospital political arenas is forcing some British Columbia women to flee to Washington state for abortions.

In 1980, 798 Canadian women had abortions in Washington. This total almost doubles the 1979 figure, which revealed that 424 Canadian women had abortions in Washington state.

"Women are going to the states because they don't want anyone to know. There are no records kept that would tie in back in Canada. Most of these women feel humiliation by the process," said one doctor, who wished to remain unidentified for fear hospital privileges might be revoked.

The process the doctor referred to was started in 1969 when the federal abortion law was changed. The Criminal Code of Canada was amended to allow abortions in cases where a woman's life or health is deemed to be threatened by the continuation of her pregnancy.

Legal abortions are ratified by a therapeutic abortion committee and must be performed in approved hospitals, only on women who are referred by the hospital's medical staff.

Health is the key word in any judgments and health may be interpreted to mean physical, mental or emotional health.

"The law is very open and the physicians can make decisions on the issue as they see fit," Margaret Woodward, administrator of Surrey Memorial Hospital, said. "How can the hospital board make a decision over that of a qualified physician?"

But that is precisely what is happening at Surrey Memorial where anti-abortionists occupy six out of 10 seats on the hospital board.

"Many of the people on the committee probably believe that one abortion is too many, but there is also a whole spectrum of beliefs on the board."

Under the terms of Canadian law, only a hospital's therapeutic abortion committee can be ratified by the hospital board, Woodward said. All the other hospital committees are appointed or voted on by the doctors.

The anti-abortionists on the Surrey Memorial Hospital board have abolished the therapeutic abortion committee twice. As a result, no abortions have been performed at Surrey Memorial since last June.

A government mediator has been assigned to the Surrey controversy because it's the most extreme case in the battle between pro-life and pro-choice. This crisis has brewed for more than four years. Recently, anti-abortion forces have influenced hospital boards in Richmond and Langley.

The anti-abortionists appear at the general meetings when the voting occurs. "They literally bus them in for the sole purpose of banning abortions," the doctor said.

"Many of these people don't think women have any mentality. You know, the kind that think the woman should remain in the home. Many of these people are also against the use of the IUD and the pill," the doctor added.

"I have been in medicine long enough to know what refusing abortions can do." Without a therapeutic abortion committee, the doctor refers patients to the Vancouver General Hospital for abortions.

The patient must see a staff doctor at VGH, who then must agree that there are grounds for an abortion. The doctor then makes an application on behalf of the patient to the hospital. The patient is screened by the hospital's therapeutic abortion committee and the abortion is approved or rejected. This process may take up to two weeks to complete, but usually takes three to four days.

The controversy in Surrey is extreme. In 1980, B.C. had a rate of 38.6 abortions for every 100 live births. Whether legal or not, it appears British Columbia women will continue having abortions. And, because of recent legislation, they will keep crossing the border to get them.

April/15
With the slavering behemoth of Reaganomics waiting in the backyard, economic woes are forcing some Western students to call home for money more often. Others face a thriftier spring and uncertainty for next year, while some are scraping up pennies trying to survive until graduation and dreaming of the job to come.

Like those of many Western students, Anne Hite's parents have paid the bills during her five years at Western. The 22-year-old geophysics major from Spokane, who will graduate this spring, hesitated when asked how the economy is affecting her and the people around her.

"It doesn't affect me that much," she said, after studying the fabric of her blue ski coat and sweatpants for several seconds. But you do notice it "when you have to call home for money every month. Books have gone up and up in the last year-and-a-half." Anne explained a paperback text for one of her science classes sold for $30 this year.

"It's not just school either," she added. "It's living."

Anne said she does not think financially independent students or others whose parents support them are having a hard time coping with inflation. But others do not have it so good, she said.

"I think if you are on financial aid it is affecting you a lot more," Anne said. "A friend of mine was really strapped last year. But it's not just the money."

"We've just got to bear through this thing. The whole country, not just the universities. It's a natural swing of the economy."

students who are feeling this inflation. My grandma lives back East. The factories back there are having layoffs."

Overall, Anne said she does not think students are having a harder time coping than the rest of the country.

"We've just got to bear through this thing," she concluded. "The whole country, not just the universities. It's a natural swing of the economy."

Bob Novy, a 21-year-old technology major from Concrete, still will be at Western after Anne graduates. The 6-3 high school basketball star will graduate next spring, five years after he started college.

"I think I'm doing pretty much what I wanted to do," Bob said, stroking his Viking Crew sweatshirt. "It seems that I start off with what I consider enough and I always end up short. This year it's easier to be short" of money.

Bob estimated he pays for about two-thirds the cost of his education. "It's all from summer jobs." His parents help with the rest.

"I really don't notice a lot of people complaining about (inflation)," he said. "I'd say I am right there with them, financially."
But next year could bring changes for Bob. "Where I'm working, they're cutting back too," he said. But if his job is still there this summer and tuition does not go up again, "I think I'd get by pretty easy.

And if the job disappears? "I'd have to cut some of the fun things I've been doing and probably borrow a little more from my parents, if they can afford it. For sure I would look for a part-time job."

Bob said he thinks students are being hit harder by inflation than the rest of the country, but not hard enough to cause major problems. "I think they're able to cope with it," he said.

Senior journalism student Lloyd Pritchett is another who is trying to cope with inflation. The 32-year-old Navy veteran is completing his final year of college on the G-I Bill. He went back to school after several years of unsteady jobs and unemployment, but it is getting harder and harder for Lloyd to survive on his benefits.

"Inflation has gone up five times faster than the benefits I have," he said. His green fatigue jacket and faded blue jeans, the uniform of many older students, have replaced the bell-bottoms and white hats he wore while in the service. Since he went back to school, Lloyd said veteran's benefits have gone up only once.

"In that time, we got one 10 percent increase, period," he said, lighting up a Marlboro. "There was a time when I used to live on that easily. Now it is next to impossible.

"Last month, I ran out of money a week before my next check came. I had to scrape the pennies out of my drawer so I could go buy a can of soup."

Lloyd added he does get some help from his parents and sister. And despite his problems, he believes other students have it worse than he does. "Here at Western, I've seen a lot of students that are just scrounging," he said. "I know some students that are trying to get by on $150 to $200 a month. I don't know how they do it.

"I think the economy hits the student a lot harder than a person that still has a job. A least a person that works still gets some raises. And most college students aren't getting any raises; in fact, they are getting cut back."

Lloyd said it does not bother him to see other students who obviously have no money problems. "I look forward to some day being able to wear designer jeans myself," he said. "I don't feel jealous or anything. I'm glad somebody doesn't have to suffer."

The clothes and a better place to live will come with a job after graduation, Lloyd explained.

Bob and Lloyd agreed the biggest losers in the educational system may be those students who do not have to work to pay their way.

"I don't think they are as prepared as everyone else when they get out on their own," Bob said. "If they do . . ."

"I just wonder if those people will be able to work through four years of school," Lloyd said. "That's their own disadvantage."

And behind the door, the behemoth waits.

April/17
“Joe,” 19, is a former Western student. He also is homosexual.

A year-and-a-half ago, he contracted anal warts, a sexually transmitted disease (STD) common among gays, from someone he did not know and would not hear from again.

Joe said he had not yet “come out” (accepted his homosexuality) and was paranoid about being found out because of the disease. Being gay is something you can hide, but an STD cannot be hidden, he said. Sooner or later it must be treated.

After 15 months of treatment, including regular trips to a Seattle doctor, the warts finally were cured; the pain, discomfort, inconvenience, expense and emotional upset finally were over.

Venereal diseases always have been a social problem, for heterosexuals and homosexuals alike, but researchers have found they are more prevalent in the gay community. A study of homosexuals published in 1978 by the Institute for Sex Research, for example, discovered that two-thirds of the males had had a venereal disease at one time or another.

In Seattle, about 80 percent of reported syphilis cases and about 50 percent of reported gonorrhea cases occur in gay males, Wayne Hutchison, a health adviser at the Harborview VD clinic, said. Of the approximately 120 cases the clinic deals with each day, about 45 occur in homosexual and bisexual people, he estimated.

The problem of the prevalence of STDs, such as gonorrhea, syphilis and hepatitis, among homosexuals is compounded by the recent discovery that other diseases are sexually transmitted by gay men. They include intestinal infections such as amebiasis and a lethal form of cancer called Kaposi’s sarcoma, Hutchison said.

While the problem seems to be increasing for gay men, STD remains virtually nonexistent among lesbians. Hutchison and Dr. Phillip Jones, district health officer at the Bellingham and Whatcom County Health Department, said very few lesbians come to the clinics with an STD.

“When you talk about STD in the gay community you’re really talking about gay men,” Dr. Terence Gayle, staff physician at the Seattle Gay
Clinic, said. Heterosexual women have a greater risk of getting VD than do lesbians, he added.

Jones said lesbians have a low incidence of VD because their sex acts are not as infectious as those of gay men. "Oral sex with a vagina (among lesbians exclusively) doesn't lead to VD," he said.

The penis, however, can transmit or receive germs and diseases effectively, Gayle said, adding that when men have sex with each other, the chances of catching an STD are twice as great.

Gayle said being male is one of three factors that increase a person's risk of getting an STD. The gay male has three sites for lesions — the throat, the anus and the penis — because he practices oral sex, anal sex or both.

Anonymity is another factor, he said. Intolerance of homosexuals by society forces many gays to have sex anonymously. If they catch VD from someone they do not know, it is almost impossible for health officials to find the transmitter of the disease and to treat him, he continued.

The third factor is that most STDs are asymptomatic at one time or another, Gayle said. "Gay men can harbor gonorrhea or syphilis rectally and not know it," he said. "Then they can transmit it unknowingly during anal sex."

Joe said his partner did not know he had venereal warts, and the person he got them from did not tell him. Joe also said that at the time he caught the disease he did not know 50 percent of his partners the first time he had sex with them.

The factor of anonymity can apply to heterosexuals as well, Gayle said. The incidence of STD is increasing among heterosexual couples who have frequent outside sexual contacts, he said.

"It's a myth that gays get VD just because they're gay," he said, pointing out that the incidence of STD among gay couples who have no outside sex contacts is no higher than it is among married heterosexuals.

The STD most common among heterosexuals, gonorrhea, also is the most common one among gays, he said. Second is non-gonococcal urethritis, which is similar to gonorrhea but must be treated with a different drug.

Next probably is hepatitis B, he continued, which is so common in gay men that gays were chosen for the vaccine trials completed last year. Recognized as an STD only 5 to 10 years ago, it is thought to be transmitted through the blood or by anal sex, he said.

The disease has two forms, Gayle said: an acute form and a chronic active form, which lasts for more than a year and can kill an infected person by destroying his liver.

Another kind of hepatitis, A, is less common but can be transmitted when anal sex is followed by oral sex.

Venereal warts is the next most common STD in gays, he said. Caused by a virus, the warts appear on the penis or by the anus, where they often are mistaken for hemorrhoids. If the warts are present in the anal canal they must be removed surgically.

Joe said he did not tell the first two doctors he saw that he was gay, and they diagnosed the warts as hemorrhoids. Finally he went to a doctor in Seattle to have the warts removed surgically.

Syphilis, which can be harbored unknowingly for years, is the next most common STD in gay men, Gayle said. It begins as a painless sore at the anatomical location of infection and eventually can kill a person if he is not treated.

Becoming increasingly common is a group of tropical intestinal diseases usually found in people who have consumed contaminated food or water. Amebiasis, giardiasis, salmonella and shigella all can be transmitted if anal sex and oral sex are combined.

Less common but still prevalent among gays is herpes, Gayle said. The disease, caused by a virus, has no cure and recurrent infections are common.

Homosexuals with an STD can experience fear, guilt or other emotional upset.

Homosexuals with an STD can experience fear, guilt or other emotional upset. Gayle said society's repressive mentality toward homosexuality causes some gays to believe they received a disease as a punishment for being gay.

He said young gays, teenagers especially, tend to get an STD for the first time when they are coming out and are terrified at being found out.

"Not only do they have VD, but there's the stigma of being gay," he explained.

Gayle said many heterosexual physicians do not know how to diagnose or treat STD in gay people and that some gays are more comfortable with gay health workers.

In addition, some gays can be confused or fearful about obtaining treatment when they contract an STD for the first time, Gayle said, and this prevents them from seeking treatment as early as they should.

He said, however, that gays generally are more aware of STD than are heterosexuals because of its prevalence among gay people. "When you're coming out you're usually told (by friends) what to do about it and what to watch out for," Scott Lennon, coordinator of Western's Union of Sexual Minorities, said.

Homosexuals can minimize their chances of contracting an STD first by practicing good hygiene, Gayle said. Also, they should exchange names and phone numbers with their partners.

If they think they have a disease they should stop having sex until they can be checked, either at a VD clinic or by a doctor, he continued. Gays who are sexually promiscuous should have a VD check-up at least every three months, he added.

Some STDs, such as gonorrhea and syphilis, can be contracted repeatedly, he said, and a person's chances of catching a disease again are good if they maintain frequent, anonymous sexual contacts.

Joe said he has fewer anonymous contacts since his disease. But, because of his lifestyle, chances are that Joe and other gay men will experience, perhaps more than once, STDs many heterosexuals have never even heard of.
HERPES

by Laurie Sturdevant

Herpes is a contagious venereal disease that has mystified researchers for centuries. Those afflicted with it must live every day knowing that the disease is incurable.

Research has been dedicated to the cause and cure of herpes in the past few years but evidence shows that progress has been slow.

"I don't think there will be a cure for herpes for a very long time," Dr. Phillip H. Jones of the Bellingham-Whatcom County District Department of Public Health said.

The herpes virus may remain dormant in the sensory nerves just outside the spinal canal. After a primary infection, the virus can reactivate or "flare-up."

Approximately 50 to 55 percent of herpes victims will have recurrences, Jones said. Researchers are uncertain what causes these, but many patients relate them to periods of emotional or physical strain.

Some articles in newspapers and magazines have led to misconceptions about the treatment of herpes.

Many of the articles, Jones said, dealt with herpes encephalitis (inflammation of the brain). According to the March 4, 1982, issue of Rolling Stone, herpes encephalitis can be treated with an antiviral drug, intravenous vidarbine, in its early stages.

Herpes encephalitis is low in incidence but can occur "when dormant oral herpes inexplicably migrate to the brain instead of back to the surface of the face."

Jones said people with deficient immune mechanisms who come in contact with herpes, are prime candidates for herpes encephalitis, such as newborn infants or a person with leukemia. "But this is very rare," he added.

If herpes encephalitis is not diagnosed before the patient loses consciousness, the result usually is permanent brain damage or death.

A 1977 Science News article reported the first effective treatment of
herpes encephalitis — the drug adenine arabinoside (ara-A). It was found to dramatically reduce both death and neurological damage among herpes encephalitis victims.

Herpes infections are caused by the herpes simplex virus of which there are two types. Facial, labial or oral herpes (usually in the form of cold sores or fever blisters) generally are associated with HSV type-1.

Besides being a cosmetic nuisance, labial herpes carries no severe symptoms. To prevent recurrences, Jones said, screen ointments have been found to be effective by blocking ultra-violet light from the lips.

Genital herpes infections most often are caused by HSV type-2.

Genital herpes possesses serious symptoms, especially during the primary infection. These may include: aches and pains, swollen lymph nodes, burning and itching of herpes lesions and extreme discomfort in urinating.

It is always evident if the male has a herpes infection, but often the female's herpes lesions will go undetected because they can spread upward into the vagina.

Herpes is contagious only when the lesions are present on either sex partner, Jones said.

If people with herpes touch an open lesion, then touch another part of their body, the herpes can spread.

Herpes keratitis or ocular herpes, according to Rolling Stone, may occur when the type-1 (sometimes type-2) virus comes into contact with the cornea. (An example would be someone with a cold sore spitting saliva onto their contact lens.) “It is the largest cause of infectious blindness in the country. But if diagnosed early ocular herpes can be controlled (not cured) by two antiviral agents, vidarbine and idoxuridine.” (Both treatments have been found ineffective in treating genital herpes.)

Rolling Stone mentioned several promising drugs now being tested. A fore-runner worth mentioning is the drug 2-Deoxy-D-Glucose (2-DG). “2-DG’s best shot seems to be among first-time sufferers. It does not destroy latent herpes cells.” But in the Journal of the American Medical Association, virologist Herbert A. Blough and gynecologist Robert Giuntoli, reported that fully 90 percent of the women in their recurrent case sample “had a notable improvement manifested by no or less frequent recurrences, fewer lesions or shortened duration of symptoms.”

Medical studies also have shown a high correlation between women with genital herpes and cervical cancer.

Although herpes is a long way from being cured, researchers will continue their quest for a miracle drug that will kill the persistent herpes simplex virus.

Until then, herpes victims will have to live with the cold, hard truth that herpes is an incurable disease.

“Don’t think there will be a cure for herpes for a very long time.”

—Dr. Phillip H. Jones

April/21
TROUT FISHING
IN ELLENSBURG
A SAVAGE JOURNEY
INTO THE HEART OF
AMERICAN THEATRE

INTRODUCTION

arson is so terribly competent. It's amazing he drives so horrendously. Tires squeal, the linkage slams every time he shifts. We do four wheel drifts in the parking lot. Carson says it's the car.

Carson's not his real name. I'm changing them all to protect me. I'm going to a play-reviewing contest in a car full of theater people, part of a massive college theater conference in Ellensburg. It promises to be a cultured experience.

PREFACE

Last night I rewrote two scenes from "Urban Renewal," which premieres the day I get back. It's something I have struggled over for months, trying to determine what I want to say. I've had two hours of sleep so Carson's driving seems more like an amorphous nightmare than something to worry about.

PROLOGUE

Ellensburg looks like a glacier just ran it over. People have run back and put in streets and buildings gone old before their times.

Wallard and Bettina, acting students, are in the car with Carson and me. Bettina talks a lot. Wallard looks like a snake just bit him and the poison is setting in. Carson's driving is getting to him.

TUESDAY

The actors are competing for the Irene Ryan Award, a cash grant given for excellence in acting by bequest of the woman who played Granny on "The Beverly Hillbillies." Making amends, I suppose.

Forty-three pairs of actors are here. They perform, one after another, each doing a monologue and a scene with one other person. I take notes.

Death. Forty-three monologues and half are about death. They're all basically the same. The actor pauses, hangs his head, gasps dramatically and says, "Billy didn't understand about the neutron warhead," etc.

Nearly half of the scenes involve someone's death, too. It's a cheery night.

Why so much death talk? It is a sort of common experience; we all die sooner or later, or sooner. But it's not the kind of thing one comes back from, sees a play and says "oh, yeah, I've done that before." Had America been a Hindu nation we might have had some very interesting drama.

Scan the crowd. An Olivier? A Hepburn? Maybe the next Robert Blake? What are all these people going to do with degrees in theater? No harm in trying but we've all got to eat. He sings, he acts, he dances, but can he do a tune-up?

Some of the contestants are good, a few are stunning and many are trout on stage. Ten go on to the finals tomorrow afternoon. It's supposed to be winnowing but in some cases it's triage.

WEDNESDAY

"The director or the playwright or the actor doesn't try to be bad," one of the judges is saying at the first play reviewing seminar. I have my doubts.

The first play is a Vietnam thing, "Enemies," by a student playwright from Portland State. She has written a play for
a Vietnam vet rather than about him and tomorrow morning at the open critique she'll cry in the corner when they rip it to tiny, tiny bits.

Wallard, who is bisexual, and Bettina, who can't find anyone up to her standards, have an ongoing discussion about sex.

W: "There's a lot of gays here."
B: "Really?"
W: "I'm surprised at the number of earrings I saw." He points out an actor.
W: "He's gay." Very short hair, European.
B: "How can you tell?"
W: "Why would anyone wear a headband without any hair?"

THURSDAY
Wrote my first review last night. It sucks.
It's cold outside like coke on ice, and I don't mean soda. My ears get brittle.
We are sharing this convention with every fisheries management agent who ever lived. Wonder what the penalty for raping a trout is?
Nighttime. "The Elephant Man." Two good actors and more trout. I refer to them in my review more gently, however, as cardboard stiffs. It is amazing anything could be this bad.

FRIDAY
I am hiding in anonymity in the cafeteria avoiding the open critique of "The Elephant Man." I couldn't stand to sit with Alfred and Molly, the two fellow contestants I have fallen in with. Alfred is enigmatic, gentle, pleasant to be around. Molly will die if she loses.
They might be better; they scare me. I think about winning a lot. Last night I told Wallard and Bettina I wouldn't win. But I still think about it, envision receiving the award, the head rush of success and stumbling up the stairs, palms sweaty, shaking.
I've read the other reviews. The jury is stacked. Three theater people and a retired yokel from the local rag. Naturally, I won't win.

Death. Forty-three monologues and half are about death. They're all basically the same. The actor pauses, hangs his head, gasps dramatically and says, 'Billy didn't understand about the neutron warhead,' etc.

Too caustic. The judges, "adjudicators" they're called here, won't see things like I do. We're supposed to write as though for the morning paper, when

profusely. Much better than last year, they say, but... They're doing mine.
The newspaperman is incredibly stodgy and slow. Big on Strunk and White, the world's greatest unusable grammar book. My ideas are not fully developed. Well, kids, neither is my brain.

We move from judge to judge. One's insulted. No, they're all insulted. Didn't care much for cardboard stiffs. Frankly, neither do I.
"Well, it was sort of ghastly, but you can't say that."
They can't abide metaphor. I knew I wouldn't win.
Oh, well, it's only $100. Maybe I should have been kinder. Wish I could leave after tonight. Go home, relax, maybe vacuum the rug. Thicken, skin, thicken! Our aging Jimmy Olson is giving spelling lessons. They're all bothered by my sarcasm. But I touched a responsive chord!

SATURDAY
A cafeteria. Lunch. Old women have replaced the fish managers. I have no idea why they're here. DAR? DAS? (Daughters of the American Stage) They don't look like they'd know much about fish. Don't have to review anything tonight. I was nice to "Feasting With Panthers." 

April/23
don’t think I’ve been that nice since I was born. Last night Molly said only so many negative adjectives exist in the English language. Balder-spit! It’s a veritable horror chamber of fun. The coffee here is awful. Trout in the kitchen, too?

APPENDIX

I lost.
Alfred won.
Better than if Molly won.

EPILOGUE

“You worry me sometimes,” Wallard says. The beer at least is cold and not Olympia. Wallard sees my depression. I don’t mind losing to Alfred, but I do mind losing.

Carson says the reviewer has to make suggestions about how flaws could be erased in the production. He agrees “The Elephant Man” was ghastly.

Theater was too sacred to the adjudicators, and too much of a target for me. No one tries to be bad, but you don’t pay someone for building you half a house.

CONCLUSION

Carson doesn’t drive any better on the way home.

Fortunately, the last production, “Bent,” was good. You get tired of trashing everything. I do, anyway.

I don’t know where all the actors will work. Wallard will get work, because he’s good. Bettina also is an education major. She’ll teach, though maybe in Alaska. She doesn’t know this yet. She said she couldn’t find any interesting men in the department. I told her she’d grow up to be Miss Bett, the ancient and revered high school drama prof who growls around in her dotage and over whom lots of young acting students will get watery-eyed. She laughed, a little.

Theater is never sacred. When it works it’s exhilarating. This week my play will bomb, mildly, twice, before miraculously resurrecting itself on the third night.

But then the audience was mostly theater people.

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CADILLAC

by John L. Smith

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The old Cadillac was almost always a joy to ride in. It was an oxidized gray, and the fenders and doors were puffy. The wide whitewall tires gave the old girl a circus wagon touch that livened the drab exterior. Grandmother’s Cadillac had a dent in the left rear fender from an accident in the Market Basket parking lot. The wrinkle pushed the adjacent door off
kilter just enough to prevent its being opened.

The inside was '40s luxurious: sofa cushion seats, a cigarette lighter and an AM radio. The seats were threadbare and I constantly picked at them. The radio had not played tunes since Glen Miller went to war. A yellowed plastic Virgin Mary was crudely Scotch-taped to the dash.

That April afternoon was cool, and the minty smell of elm and cottonwood scented the air. The Cadillac slowly chugged up Constitution, across the Boulder Highway and into the Market Basket parking lot. Maggie and Marie fidgeted in the dusty back seat while I rode like a midget prince next to grandmother. She wore a flowering spring dress and red shoes. She held a Salem in her red lips. Hair wavy, freshly permed, she was my first love.

While I contemplated the chalky bird dung dried on the windshield, grandmother shut off the Cadillac. It exhaled like a dying elephant.

"Stay inside, children," she said. "I must go and get some medicine. I'll be back soon."

"Grandma, can I come with you?" I asked.

"I'll be only a moment. Now girls, don't harass your brother," grandmother said, waving a painted fingernail like a wand at the girls chattering in the back seat.

The girls giggled. I watched her walk into the store; her flowered dress ruffled at the fringes. Marie reached over the seat with monkey fingers and pulled my hair.

"Quit!"

A moment later she did it again. When Maggie tried, I retreated to the floorboard.

"Quit! I'll tell grandma!"

"I'll tell grandma," Maggie whined.

"I'll tell grandma," Marie repeated.

They laughed.

"I'll bet you don't know what I stared at the paper sack, then at grandmother's aging face. While coasting to a stop the bag shifted and I saw the cap of the bottle.

grandma is getting in the store," Marie said.

"I do too."

"I'll bet you don't," Maggie said.

"I do too. She is getting her medicine."

"Medicine," Marie said, turning to her sister.

"Medicine," Maggie said.

They laughed.

"It's not medicine," Marie said.

"It's vodka."

"Vodka," Maggie said.

"That's her medicine. She said that's her medicine. That's just her medicine."

"It is not. Vodka isn't medicine,"

Maggie said.

"It's booze," Marie said.

"Yeah, booze."

"It's not either."

I was silent. My mind began to heat. My face was hot and my eyes were wet.

"Go ahead and look when she gets back," Marie said. "You'll see."

"It's medicine," I said. "I know it is. I don't have to look."

"You're chicken to look," Maggie said.

I said nothing. The inside of the car had become too warm and musty. I rolled down the window and breathed deep. My face began to cool.

"Here comes grandma now," Marie said. The girls giggled and sat straight in their seats. When she opened the door, they were silent. I stared at the brown paper sack sitting on the seat between grandmother and me.

The Cadillac slowly lumbered out of the parking lot and down Constitution. The cool afternoon air filled the car with fresh smells. I stared at the paper sack, then at grandmother's aging face. While coasting to a stop the bag shifted and I saw the cap of the bottle. When we started once more I folded the bag at the end and pushed it into the crotch of the seat to keep it from shifting again. I looked at my grandmother, at her impressive features and at her lovely spring dress. Then I turned toward the open window and tried to cool my face in the afternoon breeze.
It seemed the vague breeze off the lake should have softened the woman's strident voice. Her timbre was anxiety. No balm of nature could soothe her.

She sat on the edge of the park bench five yards down from me and across the sidewalk. Pretty hands punched emphasis to her words.

The kid, obviously her son by a family nose, slouched on his tailbone, legs shot out in front of him. Arms crossed, he stared out across Lake Coeur d'Alene in silent imperviousness.

The woman leaned toward him, placing a hand on his leg in an attempt to make a physical connection to his attention.

"You're not even listening to me. We're talking about your life. Goddamnit! You're just like your father."

Ignoring her hand and tone the kid replied in a flat voice with the kind of logic that has irked parents for all mankind.

"We're not talking about my life. You're talking about my life. I am not just like my father. I am just like me. And I'm wondering if this is the kind of conversation that made him leave."

Pretty potent stuff from an 18-year-oldish type. I recalled my own trials and was rooting for the kid no matter what the issue. I glanced around to see if anyone else was on to the scene.
On my side of the walk, five yards beyond the mother and son, an old man was sitting on a bench, leaning on a bamboo cane and chewing up a cigar. An ancient hearing aid probably was keeping him from catching the drama. I wondered if he'd had a similar tempest in his years.

Most of the stridency had left the woman's voice. A wheedling note had replaced it. The tone was the kind that prefaces a last ditch plea for "common sense."

"David, if you don't go to college in the fall I'm afraid you'll never go. Your father took off when he was your age and it was seven years before he got back to night school. I don't want to think of you wasting all that time."

I could see the motherhood and martyrdom speech forming in her mouth.

Ignoring her hand and tone the kid replied in a flat voice with the kind of logic that has irked parents for all mantine.

The kid's flat tone cut her off. Right on, I shouted from my woefully distant adolescence.

"Mom, I appreciate all you've been through bringing up two kids alone. Believe me.

"But dad didn't waste seven years. He joined the Navy. Got to go to Japan that way. He also married you and had Ginny and me. That's not a waste to me.

"I think you resent him after all these years and that's too bad. But I love him and think his life is great."

She twisted away from the boy and stared hard at the far shore, her back rigid against rejection. There was but one remaining gambit. Tears blossomed quietly on her cheeks. Her small rib cage shook. She spoke through muffled sobs.

"I guess I don't know when to let go. You're a man now and have to pick your own way, but I worry about you so much. I'll be so lonely without you around."

The words were for any son/lover/father who insists on leaving the feminine sphere of influence. Untold men, responding with tenderness, have seen their plans scuttled with this simple ploy. The inexperienced kid went for it.

He leaned forward and draped a gangling, protective arm around her quaking shoulders.

"I love you and will miss you too, mom. Ginny will be here and I'll come back for school. I promise. It's just that I need to go on my own for awhile."

I glanced at the old man to see if he was tuned in. He frowned toward the weeping woman and her son. The old man didn't approve of a kid that would make his mother cry.

He heaved himself up on the cane and shuffled toward the pair. He was going to castigate the kid. Stopping in front of them he smacked the kid's tennis shoe with his cane and spoke in a voice that was a powerful surprise of gruffness from his frail-looking frame.

"Son, it's a damn shame to see a mother cry. I've got a lot of sympathy for her. But by the time you're old enough to have any regrets she'll be dead. You go and do what you want, boy."

... But by the time you're old enough to have regrets she'll be dead. You go and do what you want, boy."

The woman's downcast eyes snapped up to the old man in surprise. The kid grinned real big.

April/27
In the cellar of his Whatcom County home, Al Stratton walks between rows of home-bottled wines, then selects two bottles and, rubbing off the dust, he carries them upstairs to his living room. He sets four small glasses on the table and pours slowly from each bottle.

As the deep-red rose settles in the glasses, he turns and prepares to make a point.

"Do you have much experience with wines?" he asks. "It's complicated."

He certainly should know. Mr. Stratton has been making wine for many years as a hobby, and recently, he has gone into the wine-making business. His corporation, the Mount Baker Vineyard, now has 20 acres of wine grapes in the ground, and a winery, the first in Whatcom County, is being build near Nugent's Corner, on the Mount Baker Highway. At a time when many small businessmen, particularly local farmers, are struggling to hang on, he has big plans.

Mr. Stratton is a retired surgeon who grew up in Everson, where his father ran the local cannery. He always has gardened as a hobby, and about six years ago, he volunteered to make wine for the Washington State University Experimental Station in Mount Vernon. He soon realized the climate in Northwest Washington could produce very competitive wines.

Whatcom County, he explains, is in the same latitudes as the premium wine areas of northern France and Germany, the Rhine and Champaign regions, and has a solar heat unit (a method of measuring seasonal sunlight) of about 2,000. This compares favorably with Germany where it is about 1,800 units and France, with 2,300.

"We're in between the best and the minimum needed," he continues. "Less intense heat, but a longer growing season."

Besides Mr. Stratton, the corporation includes his son, Charles, and Deming horticulturist Jim Hildt. When completed, the winery will have a capacity of 20,000 gallons, which will produce 150,000 bottles a season.

"We're going for premium wine, but we will make some jug wines, and also some local fruit wine," he says.

The winery will include a tasting room for retail sales, and they hope to market most of their wines right at the winery, with the balance going to local retailers.

Mr. Stratton estimates that, excluding the cost of the land, it will end up costing them about $250,000 getting the fields and winery ready for production. He says by doing the work themselves, they will keep costs far below what they could be otherwise.

"If I had to hire, I'd go broke paying labor," he explains. "If I had to borrow, I'd go broke paying interest. It's not an easy thing to get started in."

One of the problems in getting started is that it takes at least four years to get the vines to their full bearing age, he says. Another problem is the time, after harvest, that is needed to age the wine properly. This varies with the type of grape, with white grapes requiring less than the smaller red ones.

"The nice thing about whites is, you can market quickly," he says, "but with reds you can get a horrible inventory tied up."

Because of this, most of their wines will be white, Mr. Stratton says,
made from a Hungarian grape called the "Okanogan Riesling," which originally was brought to Eastern Washington by refugees from Europe, and "Mueller Thurgan," a riesling offspring that is "very popular in Germany."

They plan to harvest next fall, but won't get their first vintage on the market until the following spring. Mr. Stratton thinks demand for his wines will grow about as fast as his ability to bottle.

"We have to build up a reputation," he says. "You have to do something startling to get your name known."

And that brings us back to the wines on the table. Both were made by Mr. Stratton, from the same grape, a pinot noir, but one was grown in Mount Vernon, in a cool, damp climate. The other was grown in the Okanogan Valley, in Eastern Washington, where the climate is hot and dry.

As we sip from the different glasses it is clear what he wants me to understand about wine. The first, the one from the damp climate, is light and sweet, but with only one flavor. The other, from the warmer climate, has a complex flavor made up of several different elements. After taking a drink, its taste lingers in my mouth. This after-taste, Mr. Stratton explains, is called "the finish," and is one mark of a truly good wine.

The second wine is distinctly better than the first, because of the climate in which its grape was grown. It is startling, how much better it is. Mr. Stratton believes Whatcom County, because of its ideal climate, can grow some of the best.
"Jazz is for psychology majors who think they know more than they do simply because they read a rack of books on irrelevant topics." — From "Rock, Rock, Rock," Klipsun, April, 1980, p. 11.

Is jazz misunderstood? What is jazz anyway?

"Ignore them. Jazz IS (period)," Syd Potter, a trumpeter from Colorado says. "If they think 'jazz is for psych. majors,' let them say anything because jazz IS." When Potter talks about his music, his voice gets as severe and keen as his trumpet. "It's sad that some people don't know what to look for in jazz or music itself."

Potter is a first-year music teacher at Western and once trained and later taught at Boston's Berklee College of Music. He worked on a doctoral degree at the University of Northern Colorado.

His professional career as a trumpeter is broad. He has played in the Glen Miller Orchestra and with musicians such as Stevie Wonder, drummer Tony Williams, saxophonist Jackie McLean.

Potter's office has a stereo and more than 150 jazz albums. Some music scores are disorderly placed here and there. It may make him look like a strict jazz fan, but he considers himself a "good music" fan. He does not limit himself to any particular music. He listens to any "good music" as long as he thinks it talks to his insides.

"Jazz is a really emotional and complex music to play. You never play the same tune in the same way. Something always comes out differently," Potter says. "It also requires musicians' all-around musical abilities, but because of that, it becomes such exciting music to listen to."

"Jazz has been misunderstood a great deal. It mainly comes from the lack of exposure."

Potter says that those who think that jazz is too complicated or abstract to listen to may find it hard to determine what to listen for in jazz because it requires a bit more listening in order to appreciate it properly.

"Jazz is improvisation, and that's what makes it unique and what you should look and listen for in jazz."

Potter says the music only exists in now; it is a spontaneous expression and musicians don't know exactly what note they are going to hit at the next moment.

"It all comes out from their improvised creativities."

Jazz is becoming more and more popular on college campuses, he says. First, "More and more colleges are offering jazz programs," he says.

This is the first year that Western offers four official jazz stage bands and 14 combos. Potter conducts a 19-piece big band, called "12 O'clock Band" (named because they meet at noon). He says that he has fine musicians. Last year the band was invited to the all-Northwest MENC (Music Education National Conference) convention held in Portland. The band also travels throughout Washington and British Columbia for jazz festivals and school concerts.

"A lot of concerts have turned out successful," Potter says. "We get good response from students when we perform on campus."

Potter says he sees potential in his musicians. More than half perform locally as well as in Seattle and Vancouver.

Another source is a radio station, he says. There is an increase of jazz format radio stations around Seattle and Vancouver. Among them, 24-hour jazz stations are KJAZ (1540 AM in Bellevue) and CJAZ (92.1 FM in Vancouver).

Harry Boon, CJAZ's program manager, thinks jazz is coming back and especially among the young.

"We get a lot of request calls from people between the ages of 18 and 49 and I think a good percentage of them are students," Boon says.

"Fusion jazz is the young's favorite. I guess it is more acceptable because, in a lot of cases, its sound is close to rock music's."

Fifty percent of the station's entire program is fusion or crossover jazz.

"It's good to see that jazz is coming back," Potter says, "and that people seem to be opening up their minds to any music without prejudice."
Under the Reagan Administration's firm suggestion, Jose Napoleón Duarte's junta government in El Salvador will have a constituent assembly election this spring, supposedly to draft a new constitution in preparation for democratic elections that could occur as soon as 1983.

On July 16, 1981, Assistant Secretary of State Thomas O. Enders said Duarte (and the United States) is "willing to compete with the insurgents at the polls," if the opposition lays down its arms.

As unlikely as either of those events may be, it indicates that a military solution is not the only one considered by the United States.

This is surprising considering how much it means to the current administration to have a military solution, strengthening their policy of deterring perceived Soviet aggression. It has overtones of being based, for once, on a more realistic understanding of that country's situation.

We should understand economically, militarily, and politically why this has come to be.

Economically, it's simple. It comes down to land: who has it and who needs it.

Following the Oct. 15, 1979, ousting of President Carlos Humberto Romero's regime by young Salvadoran army officers, one of the first programs implemented was a crucially needed land reform. Although that junta ultimately failed, massive public reform support convinced incoming leaders to continue.

The Basic Agrarian Reform Law was announced on March 6, 1980, which meant to break up and redistribute the monopolistic holdings of the oligarchy of which six owners had more land than some 133,000 peasant farmers.

The program failed because of improper planning and organization and because the military, which the peasants distrust, did much of the work.

One particularly bitter event for the reformers was the failure of a property freeze provision of the law, intended to keep property holders from selling out and leaving the country. Unfortunately, through corrupt practices, almost $5 billion, or one whole year's GNP, was maneuvered out of El Salvador causing a deeper economic collapse.

The most controversial provision of the law, known as the "Land-to-the-Tiller" phase, gave rental lands away. It was suggested to the reform council by University of Washington professor Roy L. Prosterman, a key consultant to AIFLD (American Institute for Free Labor Development, an organization representing ITT, Exxon, Shell, Anaconda, IBM and about 85 other multinational corporations). This plan originally was implemented in Vietnam for the same purpose: to calm peasant revolt. It failed there as well.

A study by James Stephens of the University of Chicago and Lawrence Simon of Oxfam-America, a non-profit funding organization, concluded that the "Land-to-the-Tiller" provision was little more than a political placebo.

Which brings us to what is supposed to be the real reason we're involved. Consider the State Department's paper entitled: "Communist Interference in El Salvador."

The paper, published in conjunction with the CIA, delineates alleged Soviet, Cuban and Vietnamese backing of the guerrillas. According to the U.S. government line, the Duarte junta has a moderate position besieged on either side by radical rightist and leftist forces.

Such is not the case. Duarte is only what one commentator called: "a figleaf."

Articles in The Nation of December 1980 and in Commonweal of Dec. 18, 1981, by James Petras and Philip Berryman agreed that 80 percent of the violence is being carried out by "radical, right-wing, death-squads," with the tacit approval of the National Guard.

The "death-squads" were charged with last March's murder of Archbishop Oscar Romero who helped publish documents proving the army's implication in executions, torture and terror.

Politically, whatever moderate social force existed in the junta no longer is there. The young officers and reformers have fled the country or resigned. The United States has clung to the reform myth out of political expediency.

Although a highly complicated story, in some respects it's becoming ludicrously easy to figure out — which is why the Reagan Administration is beginning to see a military solution won't work.

If the shaky Duarte government fails, and America is seen giving massive support to the terrorist army, the population could become even more radical than our administration fears.

The administration is trying to find a politically suitable solution. El Salvador has become a losing proposition. According to a report in Commonweal on Dec. 18, 1981, U.S. military-economic aid last year was greater than the actual U.S. dollar investment there.

But these are all details. What it now comes down to is that the position of the U.S. government in El Salvador is a horror and an embarrassment to anyone with a sense of humanity.

No matter what excuse is given, horrible oppression exists there with U.S. backing. If we are going to interfere it should be with the aim or securing peaceful negotiations, enforcing real elections and reinforcing its, until now, only vocal condemnation of the violence.

Politics, to some, is only a game. Luckily for El Salvador the United States has found itself unable to control the "rules." Our leaders are realizing that, unless the politically expedient actions they begin to take resemble things humanitarians have suggested, they will "lose."

The Salvadoran military recently has been given the concession of having increased aid and troops undergo training in the United States in trade for the "elections" this spring.

Although no one should be mislead to think the elections are real, they are an indication that U.S. policy is beginning to have some basis in reality. Except that you keep hearing things like this:

The United States will do "whatever is necessary" to block a leftist victory in El Salvador. — Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig Jr., Feb. 2, 1982.

We shall have to see.

—Marc Heberden

April/31
Klipsun is a Lummi Indian word meaning "Beautiful Sunset."