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Klipsun is a Lummi Indian word meaning “beautiful sunset.”

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NATIVE AMERICAN STUDENTS:

"There will come a time when we will take refuge in the mountains to escape the burning fires on the plains and there we will plan our return to that charred ground."

—sign on NASU door

Last fall quarter, enrollment dropped by 10 percent at Western because of tightened admission standards intended to alleviate possible overcrowding due to faculty and funding reductions. But a relatively greater decline has gone seemingly unnoticed here. Fall quarter, 30 percent fewer Native American undergraduates registered than the year before. The number fell from 84 in the fall of 1981 to 59 in 1982. This decline follows a national trend among Native American college students.

Of course, some of the reasons that affect all students affect Native Americans as well: lack of federal assistance and grants; increased costs; raised admission standards and lack of summer employment. Last year, for instance, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, a state agency which provides money for Native Americans, had a drastic reduction of federal allocations coupled with a greater demand for financial aid.

A typical dilemma for many students indeed.

The significance of the drop lies in the fact that the number of Native Americans at Western for the past decade has averaged more than 75 undergraduates a year. There have been drops in the past, but none to this extent.

Janice Smith, director of Western's Native American Students Union (NASU), fears the sudden decline may indeed be a signal that the mounting cuts and reductions to Native American support programs have finally taken their toll. Somewhat like a leaky boat that has slowly filled with water, reaches its capacity and suddenly sinks out of sight.

"I'm frightened of what will happen next," Smith, a Lummi Indian, said. "We don't have much left to take away."

There was a time

The College of Ethnic Studies, founded in 1969, was reduced to a mere program in 1978. It especially catered to Native American needs between the year of its founding and 1971, when two Native American professors taught Native American-issue-oriented classes.

Only one full-time Native American remained on staff until its closure. The program offers three classes now, though none deal with Native American issues or history.

Its purpose was to provide an
alternate program with which minorities could identify in the university system. It was the only college in the nation offering this type of program, Jesse Hiroaka, its dean from 1972-78, said. Hiroaka is now in the foreign languages department and ethnic studies program.

In 1978, he recommended closing the college because he could see no way it could survive financially.

The NASU was formed in conjunction with the College of Ethnic Studies. Slowly, it has been moved out of campus visibility to a 10-by-10 office on the second floor of the Viking Union.

The NASU is a support organization designed to assist Native American students and promote their activities on campus. Cultural awareness seems to be the main thrust of the organization. Their doors are open to anyone who cares to get involved; being a Native American is not a prerequisite.

Smith and the members fear that the next move for them will be out of existence, with no office from which to coordinate their efforts.

The Associated Students (AS) Hand-in-Hand program, started in 1963, saw its last days at Western in the spring of 1979. The program sent students, most of whom received class credit, to various local tribes to tutor students having trouble with schoolwork. It created a constant communication between the tribes and Western.

Jim Schuster, associate director of the Viking Union, said that in 1977 when transportation became too costly for the AS, a reorganization occurred in an attempt to save the program. It was decided to locate in the Bellingham School District. The idea was to set up a model tutoring operation in one location that could eventually spread into the community.

This, he says, never happened for lack of a full-time coordinator to get the program rolling again. The intended coordinator mysteriously left in the middle of the summer when he was supposedly organizing it for the fall of 1978. With the lack of a director and direction, tribal and student interest quickly declined, snuffing out the program for good. There simply wasn’t enough money to do otherwise.

The Center of Indian Education, formed in 1977 by Susan Hayes of Western’s psychology department, survived until the spring of 1981. Its demise occurred when its major source of funding, the State Office of Indian Education, suffered severe funding cuts in 1980 and could no longer support the program.

The program sent students interested in teaching Native Americans to the local reservations to develop teaching and counseling skills.

"Without the program," Hayes laments, "Western’s visibility has been severely decreased in the Indian community. Anyone (there) with the idea of attending college here has little support."

All of these programs were forms of outreach promoting higher education among Native Americans. In essence, they promoted the character of Western as a liberal arts school that caters to diverse needs.

More outreach, a possibility?

Luis Ramirez, Western’s minority affairs director, said there should be more of a direct outreach to the non-traditional areas where Native Americans reside. Most Native Americans recruited to come here are from urban areas and may have several generations separating them from reservation life.

"Eastern (Washington University in Cheney), for instance, has an extremely effective program with its local tribes," Ramirez said.

According to the December 1982 issue of The Chronicle of Higher Education, Eastern has one of the highest Native American student ratios in the state at 2.4 percent. The statistics, collected from fall 1980, peg Western at 0.9 percent, with only private institutions showing significantly lower ratios. Last fall’s decline dropped the ratio to 0.7 percent.

This present lack of outreach, Ramirez said, is due primarily to financial reasons.

"There is a lack of real institutional commitment,” he said. "Though I have praise and respect for our admissions staff, they have limited resources and time. Naturally, they will go where the most potential students are. It makes sense that they go to those areas instead of the reservation where they will only attract maybe two or three students at a time."

Ramirez has done much of the non-traditional recruiting himself, bringing potential Native American students from reservations, such as Shelton, to expose them to the benefits Western has to offer.

"By doing so," he said, "the tribe hears about it and they’re aware of us—it makes the connection."

In his eyes, this connection seems to be what Western is lacking. He became fully aware of this when he first became director in 1979. He drove to the Lummi reservation.

"When I first met with them, the initial response was ‘So this is our yearly visit from Western.’ There is definitely a lack of mutual understanding even now. Without mutual understanding it makes it extremely difficult for Native Americans to overcome the cultural differences they face here."

Beyond financial need

The question on the minds of Smith and NASU members is what is left at Western that involves and interests Native Americans.

At this time, only three classes, two in anthropology and one in the history department, deal with Native American issues. Western employs three Native Americans: one in the history department is the only one on faculty.

Both Ramirez and Smith say that Native Americans, especially those coming from reservations, need role models to identify with at college. They need to see someone who has come from a similar background and is succeeding either as
an instructor or student. This identification, she says, has to start early in the students' schooling and needs to be reinforced along the way.

An education major, Smith worked at the Lummi Education Center last year. She says approximately 40 students completed their high school degrees, yet not one attends Western now.

One member of the NASU, Debbie Juarez, who will graduate this spring from Fairhaven and proceed to law school, says if she had to do it all over again, she'd probably go to the University of Washington or The Evergreen State College, where there is more active support for Native Americans.

"I've recommended those schools to my younger sister. I told her it's just not worth the hassles here, especially when some other schools offer more diversity," she said. "I'm satisfied with Western academically, especially what Fairhaven has done for me, but the lack of support and programs that interest Native Americans present an enormous obstacle."

Both Juarez and Smith agree that the future for Native Americans at Western is questionable. Much of this uncertainty they attribute to the complexity of the issues. Both the university and the tribal systems must reach agreements at some point, yet before they do, both must overcome the difference of cultures, attitudes, needs and lifestyles that separate them.

Ramirez remains optimistic, saying that Native Americans can get the quality education they're after here, regardless of where they come from. "We're still trying; we certainly are not going to give up."

The fact remains that Western is located in an area rich with Native American culture and history. Yet a hard look at Western's campus for signs that might reflect this—perhaps a totem pole, a permanent display of local Native American artwork or a general requirement class dedicated to local Native American history and culture—make those concerned with the possibility of a continuing enrollment decline wonder: ■

BY JACKLEEN ASMUSSEN

Certain sins, when committed on an irregular basis, can be justified to maintain mental health. Eating dessert is one of them.

Indulgent, fattening, unnecessary and sometimes expensive—that is the reality of desserts. But it is also what qualifies them as a major pleasure.

To undertake dessert transgression, it is important to make a conscious choice when facing your particular nemesis. Don't merely give in to subtle after-dinner pressure by your waitperson; make a date and share some bliss with a partner-in-crime. Or take yourself out for no-holds-barred gluttony.

The following desserts were tested at random, rated purely on personal preference and are not necessarily the best the restaurant has to offer. All desserts listed were made by the restaurant that serves them. Here are some desserts that only a martyr could pass up:

Casa Rosa, 1223 Commercial St., Carrot Cake, $2. If you
can catch the carrot cake at Casa Rosa; consider yourself blessed. The moist two-layer cake wears a wrap of cream cheese frosting just thick enough to complement rather than detract from the dark, spiced interior. Although the cake is dense, it is neither heavy nor overly sweet. Speckled with brown spices, it almost shines with gold and orange carrot shreds. Carrot cake is made sporadically at the restaurant, so call ahead for this one.

Just Desserts, Bay Street Village, Blueberry Cream Pie $0.95. If you order the pie and coffee special, you can choose from eight cream pies or six fruit pies for $1.15. The blueberry cream pie is a piece of pie in skyscraper configuration—almost two and one-half inches of custard, berries and whipped cream. The crust is slim and lined with blueberries. The rest of the pie is piled high with generous portions of creamy custard and whipped cream. You can hardly get a better buy for your money and the coffee is great.

The Fairhaven Restaurant, 1114 Harris St., Filbert Roll $2.95. Although this restaurant is infamous for several other desserts, the Filbert Roll is an innovative and "local" dessert. Light, barely brown filbert cake is wrapped with sweet Whatcom County whipped cream flavored with Frangelica (filbert liqueur). The cake is a bare backdrop for the flecks of filbert bits (grown in Whatcom County) and the serving is generous, sprinkled with powdered sugar.

Oasis Restaurant, 1140 N. State St., Lemon Cheesecake, $1.50. Although the cheesecake at Oasis has some stiff competition—almost every restaurant offers its own special cheesecake—this lemon cheesecake won forks down. The slices that wait humbly in the glass case next to the cash register are made with a simple graham cracker crust and are slightly sweet and very creamy. Covered with a thin layer of sour cream, the cheesecake tastes of fresh lemon, tangy and tart, with bits of lemon last crumb and it may be difficult to resist a second piece.

M'sieurs Restaurant, 130 E. Champion St., Chocolate Mousse, $1.75. Ah, dessert elegance. For this dessert, it is important to attempt a semblance of dignity and eat slowly. The mousse arrives at the table in a beveled glass on a doily-lined plate. The rich chocolate is just a hint sweeter than semi-sweet and slightly darker than milk chocolate. Laced with Grand Marnier, the smooth melt-in-your-mouth mousse is covered with just-whisked cream. It is impossible not to tip your cup and scrape the bottom in a most inelegant fashion. It is truly rapture.

The Upper Crust, 1322 Commercial St., Pecan Pie, $1.75. "I make the best pecan pie of anyone I know," the middle-aged woman sitting alone with her pie front and center, said. "But this is better."

Indeed, better buttery pecan pie would be difficult to find (although the portion of pecan shell in the pie wasn’t hard to locate). This pie has a flaky but sturdy crust which holds up the sumptuous contents, a rich buttery filling and, sweet pecans. The filling is not stiff but seems to lean toward your fork before you cut into it. Whipped cream can be ordered separately for an additional 20 cents.

So, it is not a question of whether or not to indulge. Just in what fashion. Remember that life is unpredictable, so eat dessert first.
It all began as a lark.  
A Friday night excursion into the dark and rainy western reach of the county. Flooded annually by the winter's unending rain, the Nooksack River once again threatened to seep onto the marshy fields bordering Slater Road, which cuts a flat path into Lummi Indian Reservation.

There are no signs to tell you when you have reached the reservation. Certainly none that say "Welcome to Lummi, the All-American Indian Reservation," such as grace the borders of Bellingham. But, the houses thin out and many become smaller, older and wearier.

Tonight, on a squalling evening about 130 years after the first white man ever looked upon Bellingham Bay, the Lummi Indian Tribe has extended the invitation to participate in "Reno Nights," the game of blackjack being offered to those adults willing to lay down the minimum bet, ranging from $1 to $5. They are trying to raise enough money to replace a federal funding cutback from $100,000 a year to $1,600 a year.

As I continue down Slater Road with my companions, Chris and Buzz, we take a random turn, leaving the lighted road behind us. As we twist around one dark curve after another, apprehension fills my mind.

Suddenly we are among rundown houses and squalid shacks. Marietta, founded in 1879 when a man by the name of McDonough established a store there, the one-road town lined on either side by cars still appears to boast only one business.

As often as the Nooksack swells with January's rain, Marietta receives a yearly bath. As we approach the end of the two-minute town, our car rushes into a six-inch pond covering the roadway.

Our drive continues until we reach a group of low, well-lit buildings. Deciding that this is either "the place," or the place to ask for directions we stop.

A sign on the door reads "Lummi Indian Youth Groups." Opening the door, we are greeted by the stares of about six nicely dressed teenagers standing outside the double doors of what appears to be a dance.

We ask where the casino is located. ("Down the road, watch for the signs..."). As we drive away a few heads move to the windows to check us out.

As we near the Lummi Neighborhood Facility, more cars appear on the road and soon the large building is within sight.

Since the black-topped parking lot is full, a blue-uniformed policeman waves us toward a half-full gravel section pocked with deepening mud puddles. Numerous Canadian plates speck the lot.

Fears become forgotten as we enter the building, once a gymnasium and now a red-carpeted gambling room filled with black-vested, bow-tied dealers presiding over crowded blackjack tables.

The dealers, most of whom are Lummi Indians, have been training for about two months and the cards pass quickly to the table from their hands. But when cards are fumbled or dollars are exchanged for chips, a requisite call is given for "floor." Once heard, obviously important individuals (you can tell they are important by their serious scowls) hurry across the pit to approve the transaction.

About seven or eight of these...
tanned Vegas-types circulate in the pit between the blackjack tables. One of them looks like an over-weight Jackie Gleason. I later learn the tans actually come from the sunshine of Tampa, Fla., and the men are from the consulting firm, Pan-American Management Company.

Eventually, a cocktail waitress takes our order for drinks. Just when you begin to wonder if you are ever going to see her again, she arrives with a plastic cup filled, in this case, with vodka and orange juice. These slide down easily—despite a strong measure of vodka. After two of them I am ready to try my luck against the dealer.

I promptly lose $6.

"The only way you're going to get even is if you stand in front of the propellers of the airplane that brings you here," a leather-jacketed man advises me as he slaps down a Canadian $100 bill. "Change it." he barks. Later, he walks off with $300.

Suddenly, it is one in the morning. Chris has won $15; Buzz has lost $10. We head toward the car. The smell of cigarette smoke clings to our clothes.

From here, the story proceeds quickly.

The next afternoon, Saturday, Chris and I decide to return to the reservation. Feeling deviant but tempted, we are soon driving down Slater Road but are forced to take a detour due to flooding.

The casino is crowded. We take a place next to a Canadian, who introduces us to his companion, "the lady I sleep with."

Our dealer, a white man, obnoxiously drops hints for tips. Despite this, luck is with me and I win $40. Chris loses $8.

After three quick hours, we leave.

Saturday evening we decide to go to a movie. I call the theaters from a phone booth, placing my wallet on the handy metal tray so thoughtfully provided by those people who are always hounding me to "reach out and touch someone." Although we return within 15 minutes, my wallet and $80 is gone. I can't help feeling my loss is pre-ordained. Everything I have ever heard about karma comes rushing back to me.

As I dwell upon my loss, Chris suggests we go back to Lummi and "win it all back."

"We haven't learned our lesson yet," he says. "We have to lose."

The "facility" has a full house. It's tough to get a seat at a table, but corresponding to my mood (bad), I am pushy and soon take a place. The spirit of fun has vanished with my $80 and I anxiously watch the cards, hoping for the elusive blackjack.

It is after midnight when we leave, exhausted and minus $40. The woman next to me—also a loser—sighs. "Oh well," she says. "It's for a good cause."

Not all fun and games

The Lummi Indian Tribe has begun sponsoring "Reno Nights" in order to replace a large federal funding cutback. Each week's proceeds will go toward a particular tribal program.

"This whole program is to recover lost program money that benefit our young people, the elderly and others," Tribal Council spokesman William E. Jones said.

Although the legalities of the situation are complex and often vague, tribal ordinances authorizing both bingo and blackjack are on the books.

Under federal law, Indian tribes have the ability to regulate gaming activities on their reservations. However, only bona fide tribal charitable programs are permitted to sponsor the gambling activity.

No gambling with machines, such as roulette or slot machines, is allowed.

The tribe does not have to apply for a permit from the U.S. attorney's office, tribal attorney Harry Johnson said. Nor does that office have to agree to ask a federal District Court in Seattle to issue a declaratory judgment on whether the state has the authority to regulate tribal games, tribal attorney Harry Johnson said. As Klipsun goes to press, the outcome of the suit is unresolved. —Ed.
IN THE BOTTLE'S SHADOW

children of alcoholics

BY KATHY MATHISEN

These three Western students had a good relationship with one parent. They are each trying to heal from wounds inflicted by the other parent, the one with two personalities: sober and drunk. (The students requested that their identity not be revealed.)

Tom sits in a position that is neither relaxed nor rigid. He seems accustomed to being slightly tense, as though he would be uncomfortable any other way. His hands wait patiently in his lap for instructions to gesture. Nothing about him is impulsive. His words are thought out before they are uttered. His voice is well controlled.

He left home six years ago to come to Western. He graduated with a major in history and returned to prepare for law school. He is 23.

"I learned how to cope with stress real well," he says casually. "I bottle it up. I'm very introspective and I think that's coping. I've taught myself how to do that, I've had to."

He says he taught himself "by dealing with my father."

"My father is an alcoholic," he states. "One of his most favorite things to do when he was drinking was to pick a fight with me. He would try to put me through a guilt trip; why I didn't love him, what he wasn't doing for me, what more could he do for me, how my mom always protected me.

"He never abused any one of us physically. Verbally and mentally, yes, but physically, never."

Even though Tom no longer lives with his father, the lessons remain. The pain of discarded hopes for change remain. Memories of embarrassment and hatred for a man he would have otherwise always loved remain. Memories he tries to forget he remembers anyway.

"Those are just the bad memories. Some of them are real embarrassing and some of them nobody..."
I wouldn't feel comfortable talking about 'em. Some of the wounds are real deep."

He says some wounds have healed since he left home.

"Last Christmas I got off the plane and looked up and saw my father and sister and brother-in-law waiting for me. I realized that I loved my father. For many, many years I have not loved my father. I've hated him. Over the last four years I have been able to tolerate him. When he's drinking, I still don't like him, but I do love him. I've come that far, but only since I haven't lived at home."

"I believe my father is schizophrenic when he drinks...two completely different people. My father's very, very likable when he's sober. I enjoy sitting and talking with him. I enjoy his company and being around him when he's sober. But when he's drinking, it's a complete change. My dad's just nasty."

"He gets up at six o'clock in the morning. By nine or ten he's had his first drink, by noon he's drunk.

He sighs as he remembers his hopes that his father would change, as he often promised. He realized at 15 that his dad would never change. That same year his parents separated, and Tom was glad.

"When he came back three months later, I was resentful, bitter, hateful. I felt she was foolish (for reconciling). I still think she was foolish. She loved him. She thought that he had changed. We thought that he had changed. No. Let's put it this way. I hoped he had changed.

"Within the space of two or three months we were back to the same thing we were before."

During high school he found solitude, comfort, support and friends at church.

"I never felt comfortable bringing my friends home. I still don't. When he's been drinking, he can do and say things that are extremely embarrassing. I always felt my father's actions were reflecting on me."

Tom says that he never felt pressure in high school to drink. The first party he attended that had alcohol was New Year's Eve in his senior year. That was the first time he got drunk. The next fall, when he came to Western, he partied regularly.

"There was a party every weekend, booze was plentiful, booze was cheap. And I partied along with the best of them. It got worse. Not the frequency, but the type of drinking. I would have blackouts and pass out. There would be many, many things I wouldn't remember."

Tom and a friend, whose father was an alcoholic, would monitor each other's drinking. He says it helped keep their drinking from getting out of hand. But last September alcohol poisoned him.

"I drank too much too fast, and my system overloaded. I became psychotic. I've been drunk a couple times since then. If I ever thought it could happen again, or that I was getting too drunk. I'd set the drink down and in my life I would never touch another drop."

Tom says he watches his drinking closely and is aware that children of alcoholics are prone to alcoholism. Children with one alcoholic parent have a 50 percent..."
higher chance of becoming alcoholics than children of non-alcoholics. When both parents are alcoholics, the figure jumps to 70 percent. Most children promise themselves that they won't become alcoholics, but have to be wary. Many have heard their parents repeatedly deny having any problems with drinking.

Children want to love their parents, but drinking parents make that difficult. Sometimes they are abusive. Sometimes they embarrass the child in front of his or her peers, neighbors and even strangers. Sometimes they don't keep their promises and can make special outings intolerable. Sometimes the child doesn't know how to respond to the parent. The child feels anger, hatred and guilt.

Diane, 18, is in her fourth month away from home. She speaks quietly from atop her desk in her dorm room. Her feet rest lightly on the opened bottom drawer. She admits that she is slightly nervous talking about her mother.

When Diane was in the third grade, her mother began to drink. But like many children of alcoholics, she would not acknowledge her mother's drinking problem. She finally admitted her mother was an alcoholic eight or nine years later.

"I felt it was my fault. I didn't want to tell anybody. I didn't want (them) to put the blame on me."

Realizing she did nothing to make her mother alcoholic has reduced her guilt feelings, she says, but she still must deal with her mother.

"She's like two personalities. When she doesn't drink, she's this really nice lady who I get along with really fine and we're really close. But when she drinks, she's like somebody I don't want to be around. I don't want to be like her."

She quickly affirms her love for her mother when sober, but gives a prolonged pause when considering whether she loves her mother when she has been drinking.

"No. It's a different person. It's still my mom, but it's a different person."

Healing a child's wounded affections takes time.

Olivia is in her last year at Western and her second year away from home. Her apartment is airy and very neat. Her brown curls, posture and composure all exude tidiness. She seems relaxed as she sits in a circular-based bamboo chair. Her voice is strong but soft.

Her father became an alcoholic before she was born. She remembers many times when he was sober, but they were unpredictable.

"The bouts were never too long. We always knew once he was on one, that he was going back off it. It was just a matter of time."

"I just lived with it. Little things, like a birthday or Christmas or going to the fair or even on vacation, you don't know whether he's going to be drunk or sober. You don't know exactly what the situation is going to yield because you don't know how dad's going to be."

"At times it was really scary because he would come in really drunk and argue with my mother. She would be really mad at him. I woke up in the morning and wouldn't know whether or not he would still be living there. When you get to a certain age, you know that he's not going to leave, he's just drunk and it's going to be over in the morning. There'll be tension, but basically things are going to stay about the same."

"He wasn't a real mean person when he was drunk. He just didn't logically think things out. He would accuse my mother of things she had obviously never done. It's hard to explain. He wasn't a physically scary person. I think it was all mental."

She learned to deal with her father by blocking him out and building a protective wall around her.

"I just shut him out, just forgot about him. I just would ignore him. I think that's carried over in my life. I think in relationships with other people, I tend to construct a wall, really watching them before I'll let 'em any closer to me and making sure I really can trust a person. They have to show me over a period of time that they're not going to turn around and shut me out or hurt me or not listen to me before I can really accept them."

"It's kind of hard to determine what has and hasn't carried over because you can think it hasn't but just not be aware of it. I think I've learned not to shut problems out now. I had a tendency to procrastinate, not want to deal with something."

She attributes her ability to work out her problems now to her mother and grandmother.

Even though her father displayed two personalities, drunk and sober, she was able to garner enough from his sober times for her to feel she had an adequate father figure.

"You learn to make the time enough. I always wished that he would be different."

"When I came here I realized how happy I was to be up here. I didn't have to deal with it. But at the same time I felt a little bit guilty because my little brother (13) was still there."

"It's not my responsibility to drag everybody out of that. I can try to talk to them when they want somebody to talk to, but it's not my decision. You have a vested interest in them because they're your family, but I think you have to realize that there's only a certain amount you can do, even though you may want to do more."

March 1983, Klipsun 13
MARKETING MALE BEAUTY

He is a gorgeous, hunky man, his six-foot frame a well-proportioned array of muscle and sleek, taut skin glistening with sweat as he grinds through an erotic dance. Every woman in the audience wants him, but only one is brave enough to plunk down a five-spot, a silent request for a table dance.

Is he for sale, a sex object open to exploitation by our society's modern women?

BY LESLIE NICHOLS

PLEASURE OR PROFIT?

BY LESLIE NICHOLS

PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVE JACK
If he is, he is not alone.

The selling of men's bodies, in the flesh, on film or paper, is big business. A tour of most any bookstore reveals a selection of materials directed toward the adventurous female population. Among the visual treats for women are the "Hunk-A-Month," "Buns 1983" and "Collegegate Men" calendars.

Although the calendar producers may be interested in providing their customers with some relatively harmless fun as well as making a profit, others have only the latter objective in mind: turning a buck.

"What the pornography industry, or sexual erotica business, is concerned about is that they only have 50 percent of the (potential) market," said Western's sociology chairman, Eldon Mahoney, who teaches a class in the sociology of sexual behavior.

As an example of the industry's efforts to capture the remaining 50 percent of the market, Mahoney pointed to "new wave" pornography in the form of full-length films produced by women for women, films appealing to the female erotic interest.

"This could be just a little spurt of a fad, like the hula hoop, or it could be just a crack in the door in which women could become potential consumers of the sexual erotica business, whether live (such as strippers) or otherwise," he said.

Clearly, the pornography industry could not profit from a female clientele unless the social climate dictated acceptance of the erotic materials.

Of interest to many women is the phenomenon of male strip shows. Why the great attraction?

Mahoney attributes the popularity of such establishments as Papa Bear's in Seattle to the fact that "you'll be left alone. It's all women."

He equated the shows for women with the traditional "boys' night out" for men.

"...It's another thing to do except to go to Broadway, for example, and be hassled by 15 guys trying to put the make on you," Mahoney said.

Hayden Mees of the psychology department, who teaches psychology of human sexuality and sex roles, said he thinks women may find stripping acts "boring."

"Once they've done it (seen a male stripper), probably 95 percent won't do it again," he said, and estimated that its popularity will wane within five years.

If the appeal of stripping is destined to fade, will "macho" contests serve as suitable replacements? Women around the country, and the world, can drool over beefy men in the Mr. America and Mr. Universe contests. Even Western has its own version, the first Mr. Western pageant, which occurred last November.

Kelly Oosterveen, resident aide at Higginson Hall, said residents of the all-women dorm came up with the idea of a contest, mainly for entertainment purposes.

Another motive was profit. Oosterveen said, although the dorm netted only about $300 after covering its expenses, such as Viking Union space rental and security personnel.

Each dorm had a mini-contest that produced two contestants for the Mr. Western pageant.

Watched by several hundred women and five judges, including dorm resident aides, directors and Dean of Students Tim Douglas, the men scored points in sportswear, evening wear, swimwear and talent competitions.

Were the macho men exploited by the throngs of women who paid $1 each to check out the scenery at the contest and the following dance?

Oosterveen, laughing, said: "No."

"The guys sucked it in," she said. "They were hams all the way. They loved to perform and loved having the girls scream at their bodies."

What did "the guys" think?

"They said they had a blast," Oosterveen replied.

Blond-haired, blue-eyed Scott Bailey, winner of the Mr. Western title, said being in the contest "was one of the biggest rushes I've ever had." But Bailey said he was shocked to hear the women in the audience "hooting and hollering," and said he felt like responding, "You people are animals."

Women came to see handsome men and apparently got what they
wanted. Bailey said several contestants removed almost all of their clothing for the talent portion of the program.

The 21-year-old junior played the guitar and sang "Vibrating Double Bed" for his talent offering.

In the bathing suit competition, while some paraded about in rather skimpy attire, Bailey said he felt "really nervous" when he had to disrobe, even if it was just to reveal the jogging shorts he was sporting underneath.

Any traces of exploitation? Perhaps.

"It didn’t take that feeling of nervousness to empathize with women in contests," he said quietly, adding he already is aware of the embarrassment women in occupations such as waitressing must endure.

He termed the contest "eye-

opening for macho guys who don’t know what it’s like to be a waitress and have your butt slapped."

While contest promoters, participants and audience members may have been looking for a bit of "beefcake" fun, four Western women who designed and produced "The 1983 Western Campus Men" calendar claim that wasn’t their intent.

"We never even thought of exploiting men," said Carla Kotzerke, art major and roommate of the other three women.

The calendar was a project conceptualized for use in some of the women’s art portfolios, roommate Jeri Fujikawa said.

Fujikawa and Kotzerke, along with Gillian Bauer and Diane Qually, said selecting the models was relatively simple. After spotting potential models for the calendar and obtaining their addresses, the women employed more direct methods:

"We knocked on guys’ doors and just went and checked them out," a smiling Bauer said.

Of the 14 men featured on the calendar, the women previously knew only two of them, and found a few others in Red Square.

Did the men react as offended "sex objects"?

Hardly.

Reactions ranged from laughter to embarrassment. Often the first question was, "What do we have to wear?"

Fujikawa said the women’s idea was to portray "how guys look on campus," and told the models to wear whatever they found most comfortable. Most wore plenty, with the exception of one bare-chested young man.

Exploitation? Nay. If other men feel "used" as objects of female entertainment, on the pages or off, they may be a breed separate from Western’s cuties.

True, the selling of men’s bodies for the purpose of pure entertainment is, and may continue to be, big business. But as long as the men up for display don’t mind getting the attention, women ought to have the option of giving it to them, and with gusto.
Campus operator, Thurza Dee Gamble: the person behind the voice.

switch with the times

BY PEGGY McMANUS

"Western, may I help you?" The speaker pauses to hear the caller's request. "The number is 3183, sir. Shall I ring for you?"

Upon seeing Western's switchboard operator at work, one might be a bit surprised. Whatever happened to the nasal-voiced, gossiping operators of yesteryear? Why isn't she busy plugging and unplugging wires into the switchboard? Hey, where are the wires?
In answering these questions, operators of the technological era might be tempted to join together in quoting the Virginia Slims cigarette ad in saying, "We've come a long way, baby."

Thurza Dee Gamble is Western's campus operator. In between the flashing green lights, pleasant buzzing noises and "Western, may I help you?" she manages to tell how she deals with the hundreds of requests she receives between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. each day, and how the system operates.

Gamble can place calls anywhere in the continental United States. Outside of that, she must use the Pacific Telephone lines.

The campus switchboard operator offers several services. An information line, student, faculty and department information, emergency information, directory assistance and even a system called TTY, which makes it possible for deaf students to use the operator's services. TTY is listed in the phone book under TTY Information and quite often people will look past the TTY and call, thinking it is a general information line. It is not.

The system works by placing the telephone receiver on top of the TTY machine when it rings. Gamble types on the machine's keyboard, W-E-S-T-E-R-N, and punches in all the buttons and through the endless directories. It's like spelling. That takes time. Not much; some might think; but as the seconds tick away while she punches in all the various ways to spell a name, more and more little green lights begin to flash.

"I've made doctor appointments, restaurant and hotel reservations, lots of things," she said.

As another green light begins to flash on the keyboard she adds, "It must be marvelous for deaf people to be able to finally communicate with the world." Pushing on the flashing button, Gamble directs her attention to the caller, "Western, may I help you?"

For the next ten minutes Gamble is too busy answering calls to talk. Her fingers quickly do the walking over the buttons and through the endless directories. It's like watching a tennis match; you can't follow all the moves without getting dizzy.

Gamble has been a campus operator at Western for eight years. When she began, two part-time and three full-time operators worked—and the switchboard was open from 7 a.m. until midnight. Budget cuts dropped the hours from 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., and all but Gamble were let go.

When people call and ask for a number, Gamble must punch the requested person's name into the computer. If it is not listed, the caller might ask her to try a different spelling. That takes time. Not much, some might think, but as the seconds tick away while she punches in all the various ways to spell a name, more and more little green lights begin to flash.

"People need good service," Gamble said, "and I want to be polite, but things get so backed up, I feel as bad as they (the callers) do."

Sometimes when she gets backed up on her calls, it makes people nervous. When she finally is able to answer their calls, they ask, "Are you all right?" or "I thought you died!"

Generally, the people that call for assistance are very nice, Gamble said. "Of course, you always have that person who isn't. But I think you find that anywhere you go in the world."

She tries to be as friendly and as helpful as possible. But sometimes her voice box plays tricks on her.

"You think you're sending out a positive, happy tone, and then you hear the person on the other end of the line say 'My goodness, she's grouchy.'"

In the switchboard business, you get to know a lot of voices. "It's nice when you get the chance to put a person with the voice."

One of the most difficult aspects of the campus operator's job is she must know everything that is going on in the departments. Gamble finds reading all of the publications put out by Western helps her keep on top of all of the changes that take place.

Suddenly it's 2 p.m., Gamble's lunch hour. As she dons her coat and ties a multi-colored scarf over her gray curls, she greets Elaine Berg, who fills in for her from 2 to 3 p.m., but otherwise handles the billing aspect of the office.

"Back in the 1960s when I first started working here at Western," Berg began, "we used the manual board system. We could have as many as 22 calls going at one time. But with the newer Centrex system, we can only handle one call at a time.

"The manual board system is the one they always show in the old movies," Berg explained. "Calls were plugged in with wire and all the dialing and ringing was done by hand."

Berg says that the Centrex system, which Western has been using for approximately 12 years, is faster and more efficient than the cord board, but not as personal nor as much fun.

When emergency calls come in, the operator immediately transfers them to Security.

The scariest call that Berg received while operating the switchboard was back in the '60s, when the switchboard was located in Old Main. An anonymous caller informed her that there were four bombs planted in Old Main and that she had six minutes to get everyone out.

Fortunately, it turned out to be a prank.

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Fortunately, it turned out to be a prank.

"Actually, we don't get many prank calls," Berg said. "Though once time we did have a breather. He called in the evenings, but we just laughed at him and eventually he got bored and quit calling us."

Once again the light flashes green, and the buzzing begins. Berg talks into the tiny microphone attached at her ear and then turns back to me.

"That was the new president," she says with a smile, "he has such a soft Texas twang."
COPING WITH COLLEGE
Counseling Center offers aid

BY DANA GRANT
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVE JACK

Counselor Candy Wiggum said, "I think that it is important for people to look inside themselves and determine what they want. A lot of it is learning to balance life."
The center operates with a staff of nine. Office furnishings are sparse with neutral colors predominating and a soft carpet covers the floor. Scattered about are plants and contemporary pieces of furniture. The atmosphere is tranquil and inviting.

Candice "Candy" Wiggum, assistant to the director, is proud of the facility. "It is a marvelous opportunity for the students. The center can help so much at this time of life," she said. "College offers so many decisions and changes."

Wiggum said that it will probably be the only time students can get aid at this price. Funding for the center is covered by student fees and the state. There is no direct charge to the individual.

Wiggum, 36, has been at the center for 11 years. This is her first year as an administrator. Even with new responsibilities, she still counsels part-time.

In her new role she has a greater amount of contact with the other counselors. "I really like being able to see more of the staff, it helps me in my job," she said.

Wiggum possesses an assertive, vivacious and friendly attitude. At times this attitude envelopes the entire room. Constantly she emphasizes what she means by using her hands, body and face.

"I think that it is important for people to look inside themselves and determine what they want," she said. "A lot of it is learning to balance life."

Adjacent to the center is an occupational library containing literature about all areas of employment and careers. "It is an excellent resource, anyone can use it," she said.

The center revolves around students' needs, helping them adjust to life. In addition to individual service, the center offers group seminars ranging from combating math anxiety to relaxation techniques.

The entire staff decides which programs to offer by considering community expectations and staff expertise.

Patricia Marek, 35, has been on Western's counseling staff for two years. Her areas of expertise include eating disorders and women's problems.

After obtaining her doctorate in clinical psychology in 1975, Marek worked and danced with the Sidewalk Dance Workshop in Knoxville, Tenn. Dance is still part of her life.

"When I'm stressed I will dance, both modern and ballet. It really helps. I also find relaxation with my friends," Marek said.

Before she started her job at Western, Marek counseled two years in different centers. Her job here has developed into a very satisfying experience.

"When I take the information that has been given and start making inferences, and then ask another question, it is quite satisfying. I have to put the clues in place," she said. "I zero in on how my client operates in the world. But I must stress that it is a cooperative effort. We work together."

"I've always liked being around people. I was curious about people's behavior and motivation. That
led me to study psychology and the social sciences.

"I see my role here as an educator. teaching others skills that help them deal with life," she said. She speaks precisely, every syllable carefully enunciated.

"I think that if there wasn't a center there would be a lot more suicides and dropouts," she said.

Most students can cope with college. It is when something personal gets in the way that a crisis evolves. Marek said it is at these crisis points that the center is of most help.

She speaks with sincerity, a calm inflection in her voice.

Some people have a negative attitude about counselors and what they do. Many think it is a waste and that nobody has all of the answers.

Marek is quick to agree. She said that nobody is perfect and there are many times when she doesn't have the answer. Once again she mentions the fact that what she does is a cooperative effort with the client.

She said that at crisis times in her own life she has used therapy.

"I don't think any of us like to see weaknesses. We don't want others to know. People need to look at the center as a place where you can go and learn about problems and living. We need to remember that everybody has problems. There is nothing wrong with that," she said.

When is it okay to come to the center? How bad does one have to be?

Wiggum answers this question. Her response is immediate and biting, barely bridging the gap between assertiveness and offensiveness.

"If someone is in doubt of whether to come, they should come! Sometimes it only takes one session. Maybe it will take more. It just depends," she said.

Adamantly she stresses the confidentiality of the center. Students don't need to worry, it won't come back to them in the future, Wiggum said.

Marek measures the success of counseling by setting goals with clients and helping them reach those goals.

"When finished, we look and see if the goals have been met. You can tell if a person's anxiety has been lessened."

Stopping, she catches her breath. Her eyes glance down into the Miller Hall courtyard. The smile reveals commitment.

Success and failure are key elements in a counselor's job.

Some clients leave before they are ready. Sometimes they just don't come back. Many never even make it to the center.

A few have tragic futures.

Others depart with a new grasp on life, a better sense of direction, values and motivation.

An appetite for life regained

Smiling and laughing, her face exudes a defiant confidence, bold control. It is hard to imagine that only a few months earlier she was starving herself to death, victim of the eating disorder known as anorexia nervosa.

Mary (not her real name), 19, got control of her problem before it destroyed her life. She found help at Western's Counseling Center.

"I couldn't admit that I had a problem," she said. Friends were constantly pressuring her to eat more. Everyone was watching her at meals. Life became a game of unkind attention and mistrust. She was an oddity. Mary had lost over 45 pounds at this point.

"It just didn't seem that I was too skinny," she recalls. A strange ten-seness invades her movements. The articulate voice wavers.

"It was the pressure. The pressure of others that finally made me go to the center. People were worried about me," she said. After the first two visits she realized that maybe she had made the correct choice.

"I got over that hesitant feeling. You don't feel like you're going to a counselor. You just go and talk," she said. "After you start getting well you don't care. I didn't care what others thought because I was doing it for me."

She exhales slowly after this outburst. Relaxation possesses her body. The tension is gone.

At the center she found someone that would listen without judging.

"It feels good to talk about your problems. You know that your counselor isn't going to run around talking to others," Mary said.

In the fourth week of consultations Mary was officially diagnosed as anorexic.

Mary said that her first real step forward was accepting that she had a problem. With acceptance and understanding came a desire to get healthy.

"I even wanted to eat in some ways," she remembers.

Before going to the center Mary said she was constantly tense and anxious. Often she felt lost and confused.

"I really relate better to others now. I have more fun," she said. "It was a positive experience for me."

She explains that this is the ninth week she has been seeing a counselor.

Often Mary and her counselor have explored why she originally wanted to be skinny. Goals were established for eating. Other goals were developed dealing with what Mary wanted out of life.

Some of the early goals were very hard to achieve.

"I couldn't eat for a while. But it really hit me that I had to. I wanted to live," she said.

Mary had never been to a counselor before. She now thinks that it is a viable alternative. If people have a problem they need to face it, she said.

End of story? Mary's body clearly communicates that she has something else to say. She is stiff, her back rigid. The bold smile fades. There is a frailty and weakness that earlier was hidden. She speaks hesitantly.

"I wouldn't say that I'm over it yet. Not totally," she assumes an indifferent glance at the wall. "I'm slowly getting over it. I still feel tied to the scale, counting calories and all of that."

An appetite for life regained

March 1983, Klipsun 21
In a slow-moving tributary of the Skagit River a dead salmon pokes headfirst along the shore. Not far away, 60 feet up in a cottonwood tree, an eagle keeps watch.

Sitting motionless, the eagle takes in the panoramic view: the grey ribbon of current, the steep blue incline of the Cascades and the highway that parallels the river in both directions.

Bobbing like dead wood, the salmon enters the Skagit. Upon seeing it, the eagle lifts into the air, black wings gliding toward the river.

The dead salmon beaches, and the eagle lights beside it, chasing off a seagull who must wait its turn to feed.

Mid-January is the peak time for viewing the Skagit River's bald eagles—one of the two largest bald eagle populations in the United States.

Protected by an almost 1,500-acre preserve, the Skagit eagles can be watched easily from designated lookouts just off Highway 20, between Rockport and Marblemount.

Early one morning I traveled the 60 or so miles from Bellingham to the bald eagle preserve. Equipped with binoculars, camera, warm clothes and a thermos of hot tea, I hoped for more than a hurried glimpse of the Skagit's shy raptors.

Several months ago, in mid-October, the bald eagles began arriving at their winter home on the Skagit. Apparently, no one knows for sure if these particular eagles migrate from Canada or Washington's coast. One thing is certain, though: their arrival almost invariably coincides with the spawning runs of chum salmon.

For the eagles and the Skagit River Valley, salmon plays an important ecological role. Five different species of salmon return to the Skagit to spawn. Eventually, their large carcasses wash up along the shores and gravel bars, returning nutrients to the soil and providing a major source of food for the eagles. One eagle may consume several salmon a day.

At 1,000 feet overhead, four bald eagles weave through the grey clouds. They move hypnotically, braiding the air with graceful arcs, buoyed on seven-foot wings by mountain updrafts. Every so often, a high-pitched whistle rides down on the wind.

Binoculars or a spotting scope is a must for eagle watching. Without one, the eagles size up like pepper specks.

Two of the eagles are "immatures," easily recognized by their uniform chocolate-brown color. Neither their tails or their heads show the prominent white feathers that characterize adults. Typically, it isn't until the fifth or sixth year
that an eagle reaches maturity and develops its adult plumage. After this time, the adult eagles find a lifelong mate.

At the Washington Eddy lookout, one mile east of Rockport, several large elliptical gravel bars split the Skagit into a series of braid-like channels. During the peak of the chum run, these gravel bars are laden with spawned-out salmon. Some of the bars are covered with stripling black cottonwoods and red alder.

Taller stands of alder and cottonwood flank the shores of the river. But the eagles perch mostly in the cottonwoods, preferring their sturdy branches to the spindly alders. In this one area I count 50 eagles.

One might gather, from seeing this large number of eagles, that these mighty denizens of the air are far from becoming an endangered species. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Once numbering in the thousands, today fewer than 1,100 breeding eagle pairs are in the lower 48 states. In 43 of the states, eagles are so few in number that they may not be able to maintain a stable population.

The reasons for the eagles’ decline are varied. In some areas of the United States pesticides may have reduced the number of eagle hatchlings by as much as 96 percent.

In other areas, the shooting and poisoning of eagles are a serious threat. Although the penalty for killing an eagle is a fine up to $5,000 and/or up to one year in prison, shooting kills more bald eagles than any other cause.

Michael Laurie, a researcher who volunteers to conduct eagle surveys on the Skagit River for the United States Forest Service, says, “Salmon habitat destruction from poor logging practices is a potential threat to Washington’s eagles.”

Laurie explains that clear-cutting timber too close to rivers can increase the amount of silt which enters them. Too much silt can smother salmon eggs.

Clear-cutting can also affect the nesting sites of eagles. Typically, bald eagles nest in tall trees on partially cleared land where they can see for a long distance. They lay their eggs in the same nest every year. If a nesting tree is cut, an eagle pair may simply stop nesting.

Laurie says the best thing an eagle watcher can do for the Skagit eagles is not to disturb them when they're feeding. He says feeding time varies, but it is usually after 10 a.m.

A short distance away, on a gravel bar, an adult eagle uses its beak to tear the pale grey flesh of a salmon carcass. Holding the salmon tightly under his talons, the bird rips a chunk of flesh loose, swallowing it whole with several jerking motions of its head and neck.

Further out in the river, two grey and yellow rafts bob through the current. On command, fluorescent yellow paddles protrude and spike at the water’s surface like the legs of a strange, cumbersome insect. The rafts steer clear of the feeding eagle, passing instead by a gravel bar closer to the opposite shore. From that vicinity, two eagles lift into the air, one still clasping a remnant of something in its beak. They disappear into a stand of cottonwoods.

In spite of pressures, the Skagit eagles have many allies. For example, the Nature Conservancy, a private, non-profit conservation group, purchases and manages ecologically significant lands such as the Skagit River Bald Eagle Natural Area. One individual, Fred Martin, sold his waterfront acreage for next to nothing to protect the Skagit’s eagles.

Far off on the western horizon a black speck appears. Within minutes a single plane of wings takes shape. Next can be seen a moon-white head and tail, carrying the rose-orange glow of sunset.

Briefly, the eagle glides overhead, its black wing feathers held out like fingers in a dark glove.

Then it coasts away, deeper up the wooded valley, shrinking, first into wing lines, and finally into an inconspicuous black point.

There is still magic on the Skagit.

To view the Skagit eagles, drive south 21 miles on Interstate-5, then take the Cook Road exit. Drive east 5 miles to Sedro Woolley where Cook Road joins with Highway 20. Just north of Concrete, between Rockport and Marblemount, you will see the eagles perching and feeding along the river. The eagles winter on the Skagit from November to mid-March. Two viewing sites, accessible by car, are located directly off the highway.

Bald eagles can be easily distressed by human activity. Watch them from a distance of 200 yards or more using a spotting scope or binoculars. Stay quiet and minimize your movement.
as he wearing a personal stereo? He wore a wide-brimmed cowboy hat (to protect his earphones from the light drizzle?) and continued to look unwavering, straight ahead. As we neared I detected the tiny, blue, cookie-shaped speaker pressing against each ear. I wanted to stop him, but up close he seemed involved, distant, somewhere else. To interrupt him might have been rude, like waking someone from a dream...

I often look with envy at those who own personal stereos, the pocket-sized music machines that sound as good and loud as the home hi-fi. You can choose your favorite music if you own the cassette player. The headphones isolate your ears from everyday noise, leaving you in a stereo world. Listening to Bob Marley, as an aural experience, is a total Bob Marley experience.

They are portable, so you can tune in (or tune out, depending on your viewpoint) on a bus, skateboard, bicycle or skis. You can study with your favorite music, wait in line to register with your favorite music, or wear them everywhere, being constantly in a personal stereo world.

By now, if you haven't bought a personal stereo, commonly called Walkman, you've encountered someone who has. Everyone seems to have opinions about the Walkman. Though the opinions vary, it is clear that some people have felt envy and others frustration; some find Walkmans an indelible pleasure, while others wouldn't listen to them.

One criticism seems obvious: Walkmans tune out essential as well as background noise and distract us from our surroundings. My friend Eric, who is 20, was nearly run over twice while riding his
bicycle around Bellingham. He admits he never heard the approaching vehicles because he was tuned into rock. Another friend, Casey, 22, was almost wiped out by a fire engine while riding his motorcycle: "I didn't quite realize I wasn't alert. I was getting into the music. You know how music does that?"

Walkman's impact on us, culturally, is debatable, but the effect seems to hinge on where and when we use it.

Inside his art studio on Waldron Island, Paul Glenn of Fairhaven College listens to Oregon, Bob Marley and Weather Report.

"Sometimes when I'm carrying out an idea in my artwork I use a Walkman. It takes a lot of energy and the Walkman gives me energy. "I don't use it when I'm searching for something special or deeply creative. I don't want Bob Marley intruding," Glenn said.

Glenn estimates he spends 5 percent of his time listening to music. But when he's on Waldron he's tuned in to his Walkman while walking in the woods and meditating on the island shoreline.

"Walkman gives me a different sense of where I'm at, transforming my sense of place," he said.

Ron Shaeffer, of Western's psychology department, shares his Walkman with his 14-year-old son and 9-year-old daughter. Their adaptation of the Walkman contrasts with his. Shaeffer reserves much of his Walkman listening for when he is relaxed, lying on his bed. "I listen to music being fully into it. I'm often not in the room," he said.

His son plays video games, and is getting skilled at Centipede, with the aid of his Walkman listening for when he is relaxed, lying on his bed. "I listen to music being fully into it. I'm often not in the room," he said.

Some people have often felt tuned out by Walkman users. Spontaneous interactions are more difficult. Moreover, the Walkman user misses out on everyday noise. One normally hears the drone of buses, the clanging of Georgia-Pacific, to be sure, but one also hears the laughter of children, the tender sound of a light rain, the rustle of leaves and the wind tickling the trees. Does this missed experience matter?

Glenn considers the question in terms of individual responsibility: the Walkman user, like the artist, is confronted by "overwhelming impetus of sounds and ideas." He must select what to hear.
Stan Hodson writes verse. He doesn't call himself a poet. "You let other people call you a poet," he laughs. "William Stafford has a line about that."

A lot of people have been calling Hodson a poet since his enrollment at Western, where he is working on his master's degree in creative writing. He has recently been appointed to the staff of The Bellingham Review, a local literary publication. One of its editors, Western professor and poet Knute Skinner, praises Hodson's combination of seriousness and humor.

"Stan's poetry has a sense of fun and of the excitement of discovery. He seems to be continually delighted in what he's discovering."

Robert Huff, also a Western English professor and poet, added his comments as Hodson's graduate adviser:

"Like Wallace Stevens, Hodson can be delightfully wacky and philosophical about the things of this world."

This bookjacket-type of description doesn't quite jibe with the first impression that Stan Hodson makes. He is tall and casually dressed, and his conversation is animated. His voice is quiet, even and precise. Hodson tends to use his hands while he talks. His attention to the details that stand out in his poetry are also clear in his conversation.

In an interview in his home, Hodson talked about how and why he came to Western.

"Bellingham is a hard town to break into, and at the time (1981) I was working in the sheet metal trade. My wife, Vicki, was thinking about taking a reading degree at Western, and I started to look into Western's programs too.

"That summer I went to Port Townsend to visit my wife's parents. Centrum (an arts exposition) was on at the time, and I saw William Stafford's name on a poster. I read his book 'The Rescued Deer.' It seemed important, and it felt both good and serious."

That influenced his decision to return to school to study writing. He admits that getting a degree in writing poetry may seem a bit abstract.

"That's like attempting to get a degree in jazz," he says. But Hodson had a solid foundation for his theoretical work, having gotten his undergraduate degree in anthropology at Cornell in 1968. He also took a degree in philosophy in 1979 at the University of Washington.

He started reading seriously in the eighth grade, and remembers his mother's copy of Whitman with the word "pisant" underlined.

"She wrote 'Goodness!' in the
He laughed, delighted at her shocked reaction to the earthy language. In fact, he often seems delighted at the things he sees.

Hodson's poetry is accessible. He describes scenes and moments that may be familiar to all of his readers: a wild summer storm during his childhood in Michigan, a stone on a windowsill, a wedding, a boat. What attracts the reader is that Hodson shows the objects through his own, original perceptions. The boat is identified as an aircraft carrier off Vietnam, the fire becomes a carefully choreographed event, and the summer storm turns into an exploration of the laws of nature:

One summer in Flint, Michigan, the air threw refrigerators up there with the birds...

The actual storm did wilder things than that, too—driving a piece of straw through a telephone pole by the force of the wind, he says, intrigued by the familiar world turned into something extraordinary.

"Familiarity is a profound mood," he explains. "When I was a teenager I saw poems as puzzles; you read it and then you solved it!" Hodson wants a closer relationship to his readers than that, however. He strives to write poems that can be read once and enjoyed.

"It's not good manners somehow to confuse a reader," he said. "Poems should grip the first time... I know what it means to be too hung up on expression at the expense of intelligibility.

"Poetry is original. It springs from you. That always feels good. I prefer to call it verse. Verse means to turn around and come back... it has a unity and purity of motif.

"I'm interested in the moment when you become something else, for example: you look out the dining room window. It's quiet. You look at the plum tree. Then you wonder does the plum tree know about time, or youth?" He smiles. "You could put it on a Hallmark card. But we do a lot of this, like looking at the birds on the lawn while you're talking to a friend. You glance over, and suddenly you're down there, on the lawn, for a moment, thinking about the birds."

"Beside Ourselves with Calm" is the title of Hodson's master's thesis. The title is a good indicator of the kind of poetic mood that Hodson creates. Generously sociable, yet rigorously disciplined, his poetry is distinguished by a kind of lucid depth.

To one who reads his poems, or hears him at a reading on campus or at Tony's, a coffee house in Fairhaven, it should come as no surprise that Stan Hodson's poems seem familiar. They were written to be read.

\[\text{Stan Hodson and Thor-eau the cat relax at home.}\]

\[\text{CALLING}\]

\[\text{for Fairhaven, Washington, 1982}\]

The old guy in black wingtips and string tie idle on the drugstore bench tells me the buses don't run Sundays. I say, Yes, just resting. That's all it takes and he's off and running down, calling out to Harris Street loping from cross street to cross street down to the bay. He's right about the faded town, where it stood. In the sepia prints in the ma-and-pa drugstore a foreign city clutters windows three and four wooden stories in the air: Queequeg's brother strides the boardwalk, Sam Clemens hacks out a by-line...

Nowadays that drugstore is the best place to buy condoms, from a wooden cabinet, many times enamelled pale blue. The young clerks prefer that you help yourself, that you step round behind the counter, make your choice, and pay without a word. They make change demurely, blind to the sporting houses on the walls behind them.

But it makes me shake my head just to walk Harris Street in Fairhaven, to look up into the air rinsed casually by fluent birds flying through the ghost chandeliers, through the floors where Harris Street once walked up the air to its own rinsing nakedness, the urgency of the day large in the heart...

The city's vision shakes the old man's head—Fair Haven is how he says the name. And the broad noon-day, self-absorbed bent of his time stands there, still. From when the sea was the treacherous freeway. Fairhaven, I call the place, because a name will be a name. The city gone and its man on the bench—brown memory in time become a calling.