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Charity Proctor
Western Washington University

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Letter from the editor

So, how about that cover shot?
As soon as we saw Matt's picture, we knew it had to go on the cover. That's the nature of journalism: the most compelling shot often gets the most prominent display.

In running this picture on the cover, Klipsun neither condones nor condemns the use of LSD. "No Longer a Sixties Drug?" is not intended to promote drug use, but rather to tell a story about Western students and their views on the drug.

And how about them nudists?
Nicci, in search of the naked truth, decided to pursue this story. "Great!" we thought. "A few tasteful pictures will illustrate that well."

It didn't turn out to be so simple. Steve and Adam took a variety of shots, and there were equally varied opinions on what should run. We asked ourselves: How much nudity is too much? Is it right to publish nude photos of a child ... if that child is a nudist?

The editors discussed it, both among ourselves and with the staff. A few people, including J, our design assistant, had strong reservations about running the photos, especially the ones showing the child. They thought it might get an unfavorable reaction. We considered all views.

We decided to run the photos because we think they tastefully and accurately illustrate the story. Nicci found nothing perverse, illegal or obscene going on at Fraternity Snoqualmie. The members are just like you and me ... without tan lines.

Charity Proctor

Cover photograph by Matt Hulbert.
Back cover photograph by Steve Dunkelberger.

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Using No More than Their Noses and a Badge, All They Need are

Just the Tracks, Ma'am

Law Enforcement's Canine Cohorts

By Russ Kasselman
Photographs by
Steve Dunkelberger

A man dressed in jeans and a T-shirt jogs across a field of tall grass. He stops, turns 90 degrees and then runs hard toward the busy road nearby.

A police car pulls up.

"Where did you see him last?" the policeman asks.

"He was sitting on that bulldozer over there ... then when he saw me, he jumped off and ran into the field," an officer who was chasing the man says. "Then he ran toward the road, and I lost him."

Jason Monson parks his car and gets out. He grabs a harness from the seat beside him and opens the back door of the unmarked police car. Major, a 15-month-old dark brown German shepherd jumps out of the car, eagerly awaiting the chase.

Monson straps the harness on Major.
and attaches a 20-foot leash. Monson allows Major to sniff the seat of the bulldozer and then makes a sweeping motion in front of Major’s nose. This is the command to track, which is usually used to find a person who has run off from the scene of an accident or crime.

Major begins to sweep back and forth in a semi-circle in front of his handler. Suddenly he darts forward. Monson plays out the leash, keeping a tight rein on Major so he will not bound after suspects, or “quarries,” as the handlers call them, and bite them unnecessarily. He reaches a well-traveled sidewalk and searches for the right scent. He tracks along the sidewalk for about 30 feet and then raises his head.

“He’s got him on air now,” the first officer says, meaning the quarry is close enough to the dog that he can detect his scent in the air.

Major strains against the leash, his quarry spotted in a small grove of trees. Major barks and strains against the leash. Monson lets the line slack, and Major darts into a tree and comes out dragging the quarry by his arm.

As this is only a training exercise, the quarry wears an arm guard and wrestles with Major for it. The quarry finally gives up and lets Major win the struggle and have the arm guard as his prize.

The Bellingham Police Department was training two new canine teams for police work. For 11 weeks, eight hours a day, the dogs and the handlers train, learning how to track quarry and other tasks necessary to canine police work.

“Your scent is like a fingerprint,” said Bob Vander Yacht, master trainer for the Bellingham Police. “Your body smells different than anyone else’s. No one eats the same things all the time or bathes the same way. This gives them a distinctive scent.”

The canines get the hint of the suspect’s scent from the last place the person was seen, such as the bulldozer in this exercise.

“The dogs get the idea they are supposed to find the person who was sitting in that seat,” Vander Yacht said. “Scents collect in certain areas better than others — on soft ground, against the side of a building, wherever there is a barrier to hold the scent.”

Tracking is the activity the dogs are most frequently called to do, so the teams spend a lot of time searching for volunteers to pose as quarry.

“We’re four weeks into the training, and we’re not where I’d hoped we’d be, but you have to teach the dogs to be successful,” Vander Yacht said.

The teams also work on obedience, area searches, building searches and man work, which includes the dogs’ biting and holding a quarry, and not biting or releasing a bite when instructed to do so.

Obedience work is repetitious and sometimes boring, Vander Yacht said, but it is probably the most important aspect of the training.

“What we’re doing now is socializing them to a particular environment,” Vander Yacht said. “If they are comfortable with the situations here, then they will not be uncomfortable with obstacles in a real environment.”

At the obstacle course, Shan Hanon gives the command “sitz,” and Wodan rests on his haunches. Hanon awaits a command from Vander Yacht and absentely scratches Wodan behind the ears.

Wodan is a tan-color, very lean Dutch Malinois. His thin tail and protruding ribs are reminiscent of a greyhound, but his head is larger with square, powerful jaws.

Vander Yacht yells “forward,” and Hanon gives the command “heel.” Hanon begins a fast military-style march forward with Wodan following obediently. Vander Yacht barks “right turn,” and Hanon does a quick 90-degree turn while pulling the chain to direct Wodan to the right. After a number
of these turns the team is instructed to halt.

“If we can make it fun, the dogs happily do the tasks, and it’s no big deal to them,” Vander Yacht said. “We try to keep it regimented for 10 minutes or so and then allow the dogs to have a little fun.”

The obstacle course is used to simulate real-world obstacles a canine team might run into while chasing a quarry, Vander Yacht said. There are fences, old car tires, stairs, a teeter-totter, and a structure set up to simulate a window.

“We try to simulate the real world because that’s where we’re going to end up,” he said.

The most important part of the obedience training is consistency. The more times a dog does a task, the easier the task becomes, and the faster the dog obeys.

“If we are consistent and give him a little tug every time we want him to come, then when we call him and don’t tug, he will come because of rote memory,” Vander Yacht said.

The obedience training is mostly for the safety of the dogs and the public.

“If a dog sees someone jogging down the road and takes off after him thinking it is a suspect, the officer has to have enough control over the dog to make it stop,” Vander Yacht said. “Also, if the dog is tracking someone and is in the middle of the road and we need him to lie down, the dog has to do it right away because it might save his life.”

At times, the dogs are not into the work they are doing and would rather play all day instead, Hanon said.

“Sometimes it gets really frustrating,” he said. “You have a goal and the dog doesn’t want to do it. The standing rule is ‘If the dog does not want to do it, then take a little walk away before you get angry.’”

“You have to find the trigger points that make the dogs want to obey,” Vander Yacht said. “Trying to get them to obey with lots of punishment is something I don’t like to do. You have to use a little bit of doggie psychology to get them to work with you.”

The officers are responsible for the dogs 24 hours a day. They are expected to fit them into their family life. The handler and the dog develop a trusting relationship, which is sometimes evidenced by the dog leaning on the handler’s leg or responding quickly and correctly to all his commands, Vander Yacht said.

Searching for evidence is a job both Major and Wodan enjoy. It is a highly successful exercise in training, and is good for the dogs and the handlers.

“They (the dogs) both get real excited to search for evidence,” Vander Yacht said. “I think they like the nose work best.”

The night before this kind of exercise, the officers hide pieces of evidence in an area the dogs are not familiar with. They limit the area because the evidence can be almost 24 hours old.

“That’s a long stretch of time for something to sit outside,” Vander Yacht said. “It begins to lose its scent the longer it sits outside.”

Hanon harnesses Wodan, attaches the 20-foot leash and gets an outline of the area from Monson, who hid the evidence and would be the officer at the scene in the real world.

Hanon checks the wind so he will not contaminate the area with his own scent before the dog gets a chance to search.

Wodan veers back and forth, nose to the ground, trying to get a feel for the scent he is looking for. He checks bushes and shrubs and dirt piles. He darts back to a bush he passed up before and roots around until he comes up with a dirty white shin guard. They walk around the outside of the perimeter again and start over. Hanon knows there are three items of evidence, and he is determined to find them all.

On the third sweep, Wodan picks up pieces of trash in his mouth and discards them as the wrong scent.

“There is a nasal gland in the dogs mouth,” Vander Yacht said. “They can actually smell by taste.”

Wodan finally comes up with an old wallet and another item. Hanon is relieved and gives his dog a good petting and congratulations.

“I’m having trouble reading my dog,” Hanon said. “I need to learn his mannerisms and characteristics when he is searching. Sometimes the dog doesn’t do exactly what you think he should be doing, so you have to learn to trust your dog, trust your dog, trust your dog. There are times when he is right and I am wrong.”

After Major has had his turn and come up with a leather purse, a rubber mallet and the other shin guard, they play for a while, tugging and pulling.

“We use lots of play time to keep up their drive and break the monotony,” Vander Yacht said.

“It’s frustrating at times, but the progress I’ve seen in myself and in the dog makes me very excited,” Monson said.

The dogs also do a lot of public relations work for the police, Vander Yacht said.

“They are fun, and people are intrigued by them,” Vander Yacht said. “It’s really positive feedback for the dogs too.”

The teams do anywhere from 25-30 shows a year, and during their training period they do shows as practice.

“The kids like the shows and we can socialize the dogs to crowds,” Vander Yacht said. “We want the dogs to be able to walk around the kids without creating havoc.”

After 400 hours of training the teams are ready for police work. These dogs are trained to find you if you run from the law, so don’t even think about it!

“Sometimes the dog doesn’t do exactly what you think he should be doing, so you have to learn to trust your dog, trust your dog, trust your dog. There are times when he is right and I am wrong.”

— Shan Hannon
By Stephen Duncan

Students should be unsatisfied with going up and down the five floors of Wilson Library only to scrape up a 17-year-old book on the CIA as their best source for a political science paper. They shouldn’t have to to settle for a C+ grade because they used this out-of-date publication. They ought to reconsider where the research begins. In Wilson Library and Miller Hall, many alternative sources are available for students through little-used avenues.

Dal Symes, humanities librarian and head of the reference department, says students limit the scope of information available to them if they see the materials contained in Wilson as their only sources.

“The library isn’t really confined by the walls of the building,” Symes says. “We are talking about a library without walls, because suddenly we can see what is in at the University of California or University of Illinois.” Symes says the reference department serves as a gateway to information. Three of the gates he suggests are the Encyclopedia of Associations, the National Faculty Directory and InfoTrac.

The 1993 four-volume Encyclopedia of Associations gives listings of 22,472 national associations. For instance, if students wanted to gather information on Guatemala, they could contact the Committee in Solidarity with the People of Guatemala.

The thick blue-gray book gives the committee address, 494 Broadway, New York, NY 10012; the phone number, (212) 219-2704; the year founded, 1979; and the total number of group members, 50.

The citation also gives a brief description of the group’s goals, as well as listing association publications, meeting schedules, convention information and affiliations with other groups. Some listings name group leaders.

“If students are looking for the most recent information ... they may want to talk to the people who are on the cutting edges of the issue,” Symes says.

The 1988 National Faculty Directory four-volume set allows students to get in touch with professors from all around the country. For example, business students could contact Charles Gendusa of Delgado College for information on how to start a small business in New Orleans, LA. The book gives the address of his college: 615 City Park Ave., New Orleans, La. 70119.

“If you’re interested in a particular topic, go to a faculty member,” Symes says. “They are researchers as much as teachers, and they know who the authorities in the field are.”

Both publications are in the reference area of the library. Symes says roughly five to 10 students use these sources daily. However, the library has several InfoTrac terminals located on every floor of Wilson Library. Students often use the system in the search for periodicals, but Symes feels they don’t take full advantage of them.

InfoTrac enables students to search indexes of newspapers and business, government and academic publications. The library has set up InfoTrac terminals throughout the building that deal with specific subject areas such as psychology, education, science and medicine.

“What I like about (InfoTrac) is it’s very easy to find stuff,” Symes says.

Students simply type in the title of the subject they are researching and InfoTrac will search for the subject. If the term is not listed as a subject, it will be used as a key word to find related material.

“The system is trying to think how people think and how they would approach it,” Symes says.

InfoTrac indicates whether the library carries the publications and their location in the building. For periodicals not carried at Western, the library has a network system set up with institutions in Washington, Idaho, Oregon and Alaska. Networking schools send articles through the mail or by courier to the requesting library for students to pick up. Students may have to pay copying fees, but Symes says the costs are usually minimal.

Western sits between two of the best libraries in the west: the University of British Columbia and the University of Washington. Western’s library started the network system so students could take advantage of that fact.

Some information isn’t actually accessed in the library itself. But that doesn’t mean it isn’t available.

Lisa Brown, a systems analyst programmer in Miller Hall, says one can access all kinds of information from Internet. The system links many national and regional computer networks together. In Miller Hall’s computer center, students can use Internet to search databases of universities, the armed forces, NASA and other institutions. However, the information students can obtain is limited to sources institutions provide. Simply type in the subject title and the searching programs, Gopher and WIAS, will scan for resources from sites that connect to Internet.

The Network News program gives students a chance to access discussion groups. In a discussion group, individuals interested in specific subject areas can start a dialogue through the system.

“I would suggest discussion groups because that way students can talk to people who have an interest in their subject,” Brown says. “That is where students can find some of the best resources ... and the latest data.”

Brown says if students are running close to a deadline, they should go to other sources. Those who want an article seen on Internet can have it sent to them. They just need to type their address into the system and it will come in the mail.

She advises people to set aside time for help from staff members in Miller Hall or to read the instructional pamphlets put out by the center to learn how to use the Internet programs.

Although Symes says students should utilize these alternative sources, he urges the use of the card catalogs as well.

“I think they are just one more source,” Symes says. “I wouldn’t suggest using one over the other because it depends on the students’ needs.”

With Western’s resource systems, students can compile unlimited amounts of information by phone or mail, without worrying about running up and down countless flights of stairs.
Life with Lusiphur: Drew Hayes and his “Poison Elves”

By Bill Urlevich
Photographs by Adam Leask and Steve Dunkelberger

It was Nov. 28, 1513.
Lusiphur was three days into the Salanlach Wood when he was jumped by bandits. Their number was four, and they fell from the trees with knives in hand. The elf’s hearing, more acute than that of a human, saved him at the last second. Drawing his sword and gutting knife, Lusiphur engaged the first closest to him, ducking the bandit’s hissing blade and answering with his own, severing the cutthroat’s hand.

A second meant to run him through from the rear, and the elf, sweeping his blade into a whirling arc to stave off the other two, brought it point-first and back close to his side, punching the sword into the thief’s ribcage, tearing through muscle, bone, lung and heart.

Lusiphur then dove for the trees, crashing through bushes and branches at breakneck speed, in an attempt to elude his enemies. He fell headfirst down the embankment, rolling and tumbling and cursing through his muddy ride, his last rotation bringing him on his ankle at a bad angle and snapping various bones therein.

White hot pain flared up his leg and he cursed again. He believed he’d escaped the thieves, but now had the problem of injury... possibly passing out... victim to exposure.

It was as if he crawled forever through mire and slime, when upon reaching a small clearing he stood shakily, supporting himself on a low-hanging tree branch, staring at what was seemingly a mirage.

The house was small and unlit, but obviously lived in. A house could mean help. A house could mean friendly society. A house could mean salvation in this nightmare. If he could only reach it before shock took him under.

Welcome to the land of Amrahly’nn, where sword, sorcery and death walk hand-in-hand. Your tour guide through this realm of fantasy is the elfin Lusiphur Amerellis Malache. This is the world of “Poison Elves,” a fantasy comic book from the mind of Drew Hayes.

Except for a couple of skateboarders smoking in the corner, the outside patio of Tony’s Coffees and Teas is relatively quiet.
Hayes shifts in his seat and sips his coffee.

"Lusiphur was a character that I generated for a role playing game when I was 15," says Hayes, creator, writer and illustrator of the independent comic “Poison Elves.”

"I didn’t want to do a comic about my role-playing game character," says Hayes. "I took his basic look and attitude and went from there. When you play a character, they are somewhat significant, but when you write a comic book about them, they practically have to become another person. You have to know their past; you have to know all this shit to make them believable."

Hayes, who stands at 6 feet 3 inches tall, looks intimidating, but is actually quite soft-spoken. He is dressed in black from head to toe: black headband, black knee-high motorcycle boots, black tank top and black sunglasses. His long black hair flows into his black leather jacket, on which his favorite comic book character "Cerebus the Aardvark" is painted on the sleeve. The names of the punk rock groups G.B.H. and The Cramps also decorate the jacket, rounding out the motley piece of clothing.

Hayes began drawing as soon as he could pick up a pencil and figure out which end made marks on paper. He drew scary monsters and dinosaurs at an age when other kids are usually petrified of things of this nature.

"When I was about five, I got this book called 'How To Draw Monsters,'" says Hayes. "I still remember a lot of things that book had to say. There are a lot of techniques I’m still using from it."

Hayes took drawing in high school but admits he flunked most of the time because he never did what the teachers wanted. He basically took the classes to use the art supplies.

However, Hayes did enroll in an outdoor drawing class at Fairhaven College. He lasted half a semester before the instructor and he got to a point where the two could not breathe in the same room.

Hayes laughs as he recalls a pivotal incident that happened in the class.

"The instructor said she wanted us to go out and draw our own impression of a tree and bring it back Thursday. So I go out and sit down in front of a Douglas Fir for two hours and draw it perfectly. I come back to class on Thursday, and there are people bringing in chalk smeared down the sketch pad and she is giving them As. I come in, she looks at mine and gives me a C.

"I’m like 'What the hell are you giving me a C for? It’s the best tree I have ever drawn!' She says to me, 'I told you to draw your impression of a tree.' I’m like, ‘Well, I interpret reality, so therefore I saw the tree. I didn’t have a Jimi Hendrix experience; I drew the fucking tree.’ So, we get into an argument and … she said I might as well leave, so I left."

Hayes is no stranger to controversy, especially considering the ordeal surrounding the former title of his comic book. Originally called "I,LUSIPHUR" Hayes changed the name because it affected sales of the comic.

All artwork copyright Drew Hayes
"I didn’t want to do a comic about my role-playing game character. I took his basic look and attitude and went from there. When you play a character, they are somewhat significant, but when you write a comic book about them, they practically have to become another person. You have to know their past; you have to know all this shit to make them believable.”

According to Hayes, there were no religious themes attached to the original title, just the name of the main character itself. By changing the name from “I.LUSIPHUR” to “Poison Elves,” sales went up by 300 copies.

Currently, “Poison Elves” is being distributed in America, Canada, Australia, Europe, New Zealand, the Phillipines and Puerto Rico.

Hayes uses five different distributors (including Diamond and Capitol, two of the biggest in the United States) to circulate his creation.

He admits the distributors don’t tell him anything — and when they do help him out they will charge him for it, which is really painful to an independent publisher.

“Any promotion, any full-page ad that you see in a distributor’s catalog is put in by the person whose comic book is being spotlighted,” says Hayes. “They put out the money for the ad.

“Now, when you are trying to pay rent, you can’t go out and spend $500 just to get the distributors to mail out flyers of your comic book to the people.”

Through “Poison Elves,” Hayes says he tries to reflect some of his own thinking encompassing the cause and effect of emotions. He adds that the character of Lusiphur is quite a bit like his alter ego.

“It’s like if somebody is bothering me, I’m not going to blow their head off or anything like that. There’s room for a certain amount of fiction. It’s not even at the point where if we were in some wild west society that I would be doing these things.

“Through Lusiphur, I try to show how it would affect me if I were in his situation. A lot of it is how things affect him and what he thinks. It is safe to say that I would do the same things he is doing if I were in his shoes.”

One of the themes Hayes tries to show through the comic book is the distinction between men and women.

“Often times it seems that a woman will say one thing and a man will interpret it a different way ... which is why women tend to think men are stupid — because they interpret things in their own way.

“It goes both ways,” says Hayes. “You know, how guys think women are schizo and neither is really true. They just interpret things differently and that’s one thing I do try to show. Writing that from a male perspective is kind of hard to do.”

Most of Hayes’ time is devoted to “Poison Elves” and raising his 11-month-old...
daughter, Mary. Hayes, who has been married to his wife Sarah since February of last year, adds that balancing fatherhood and the persona of Lusiphur can be difficult sometimes.

"Sarah takes more care of Mary than I do, to give me more time to work. So it makes things a little easier," says Hayes. "If Mary is being good then it's easy. If she is being hard to deal with, it's a little hard to slip into the character."

Hayes says he goofs off a lot and that is part of the problem of being your own boss.

"All of my time is devoted to drawing, one way or another. Sometimes it's a strain and there is a lot of pressure on it. But it's basically doing what I've always wanted to do, and not a lot of people have an opportunity to do that."
How many times have you sat at home watching yet another pointless sitcom or drama on television and said to yourself, "Hell, I can do better than that!"? Well then, why don't you?

Bellingham's own TCI Cablevision, located at 111 Horton Road, is currently offering classes to train those interested in taking advantage of the video age by getting involved in public, educational or government access and local origination.

After attending class, students become certified and are then eligible to check out TCI's equipment at leisure. TCI's daily program time for local origination (which can involve sponsors and be profit driven) and community access programs is from 8 a.m. to 6 p.m. and can be seen locally on Channel 10.

Jayne Partridge, TCI's operations manager, said enrollment in the courses has been increasing.

"'Wayne's World' has a lot to do with the explosion of people coming in here," said Partridge, a graduate of Western's broadcast department.

These classes are free and offer great opportunities for students or other citizens who sit near the bottom of the financial food chain to voice their opinions or create original entertainment for free. Partridge said she encourages everyone who has the time to take advantage of this specialized training.

"The thing that's so interesting for me is to see how (people's) ideas of what it takes to put a video together really change as soon as they learn what it takes to do that," Partridge said. "I think a lot of people have some ideas that they can move a wand or something and TV appears. It's really an intensive art."

TCI offers the kind of personal training necessary to properly teach the techniques and artistry of video production. Class sizes average 10 people, but after the first week students meet in smaller break-out sessions.

"One thing we're proud of here is that we don't just tell people, 'Well, here's how you turn it on,'" Partridge said. "We try to give them some instruction on how to make something worthwhile."

The classes are broken down by levels of technique. Students must attend every class to be certified.

"We try to teach the whole spectrum," Partridge said. "The first level would be basically how to turn the (camera) on and operate it safely so you don't break the community's equipment. The next level would be how to operate it with a little finesse. The third level would be the studio level."

But one must be able to do more than just point and shoot to create a work of art, or even a tolerable program. Many people don't realize there is a true craft to video production.

"It takes years to be a good videographer," Partridge said. "I don't think you ever get to a point and say, 'Oh, I'm a good videographer.' I bet even if you asked Steven Spielberg if he was good he would say, 'Well, I could be better.'"

Despite Partridge's emphasis on being able to commit the time necessary to evolve as a videographer, she said it is not a discriminating craft. She has faith that everyone has the potential to master the basic skills and create quality programming.

"Video equipment is just like oil paints," Partridge said. "It's just technical. I think some people are intimidated by it."

Even those who have never been in the same room with a camera can be confident they have the capacity to learn the technical side of the craft. Each camera has two components. The first, called the VTR, is box-shaped (like a small VCR) and houses the cassette that is to be recorded on. A cord links this piece with the actual camera unit.

"Some of these people haven't got even a clue what a camera looks like," Partridge said. "One woman came in, pointed to the VTR and said, 'Is that the camera?' And we teach them how to actually go out and make video."

Partridge said all one has to do to make video is hold the camera. She's seen people with total hearing loss, emotional problems and slight retardation all master the basic skills.

"We're here to work with people," she said. "We've taught all sorts of different levels. I think this community really has a lot of people that are very, very talented. The arts are alive and well in
Whatcom County. I would really like to see more of those people learning how to use this tool (video) and taking that art form out into the public.”

People’s intentions don’t always have to be artistic. They can be very diverse. One batch of students included an image consultant, a comedian, church group members, a woman producing kids’ shows and an archaeologist. Partridge is confident that no matter what your interest or concentration, you can harness the power of video and apply it to any field.

“I encourage people from all departments to come here,” Partridge said. “Just because you’re into chemistry doesn’t mean you can’t use this powerful tool.”

Along with academic interests, video can also be used to pursue more political avenues. One example is a program produced by the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). As long as the message is in accordance with Partridge’s concept of decent programming, it will find its way onto the air.

“TV is a very powerful tool,” Partridge said. “I see my job as basically trying to figure out what the community figures as indecent or decent. I won’t censor stuff. That’s not my job.”

However, there are some members of the community that will take action against the station in response to the programming. In one situation, a father called the police on TCI when he caught his teenage children watching one of NORML’s programs.

“Boy, he went through the roof,” Partridge said. “Personally, I don’t agree with legalizing marijuana, but my opinion doesn’t really matter. I’m not calling content here. I’m calling how to make it technically correct. So when the police came I was able to say to them, ‘If you don’t like it, come on, I’ll teach you how to make your own videos and counter that programming.’ That’s what I’m here for.”

Part of her position’s responsibility requires Partridge to determine where one’s right to voice an opinion ends and indecency begins.

“My concern is, I’ve got kids watching this channel,” Partridge said. “Don’t we have a commitment to this community to help raise our kids in a decent fashion? If they were your kids, would you want them to see this? In a way, I see us all responsible for all these children that are out there.”

Ideally, Partridge would like to see programming on network and community stations that is more responsible about what it may or may not be teaching our youth.

“A lot of people are very critical of television, and they should be. I think it could be used better,” Partridge said. “If I put a camera in the kids’ hands and teach them how to use it, they’re now controlling the medium, rather than the medium controlling them.”

Partridge said that once people, especially children, have a working knowledge about television’s production, they become more discriminating viewers and can watch programs with a critical eye.

“Instead of just spoon-feeding kids television, I think they need to get in control of it and understand it better,” Partridge said. “I think public access is a good way to start.”

Partridge also said she would like to see people with a more liberal education and an understanding of social issues grab hold of the video reins, in addition to those who get involved purely for the technical aspects.

“Public access is not going away,” Partridge said. “It’s just going to get bigger and better and it’s going to get out to more people. You can make an impact by using it.”

Some programs on Channel 10 that have made an impact in the past include “Montage” and “Generation Landslide.” Since these were local origination programs that were intended to bring in revenue to the producers or be sold at a later date, TCI had to charge them for the air time. These shows were eventually cancelled, due in part to lack of funding from sponsors. Partridge said that a consistent lineup of quality programs would result in greater numbers of community sponsors.

“If there was, let’s say, four hours of programming going on back-to-back nightly, sponsors would start supporting them,” Partridge said. “If some of these programs could have all come up at the same time, then all sorts of sponsors would have jumped on board and they would have made enough money to cover their time, production and post-production.”

Partridge said many people don’t realize how huge a project video can be. Much of a program’s production occurs when the camera isn’t rolling. Partridge said post-production, the “piecing together” of a program after all the footage has been filmed, is the most consuming process in terms of time and money. She added that pre-planning — knowing exactly what needs to be done before doing it — is the key to good video.

Even Wayne and Garth probably have an idea of the design of each show before they shout action in Wayne’s parents’ basement. And whether your intent is to entertain, educate or enrage your viewers, Partridge urges you to exercise your right to voice your opinion on televised air waves through public access programming.

“Because it really is a community station,” Partridge said. “It’s not my station; it’s your station.”

KLIPSUN MAGAZINE SEPTEMBER 1993
The driver veers off the main road, winding up the sharply peaking mountain. The gravel path opens to a clearing that houses an electronic gate. A bearded man approaches. He wears a gold watch, a wide-brimmed Australian hat and gold-rimmed glasses. A salmon-colored towel drapes over his shoulder — otherwise he is naked. With a cheerful greeting, the man fiddles with the control panel and the gate opens. The car kicks up dirt as it comes to rest in the makeshift lot.

Welcome to Fraternity (FS) Snoqualmie, a private nudist club in Issaquah.

"I don’t care what people do in their trailers or in their own homes, but they’re not going to do it on the sunny lawn where families can see it," said Karlen’s father Chuck, also an FS member.

Convincing others that they didn’t choose to be nude for sexual reasons is the hardest hurdle for nudists to overcome.

"One thing people really have misconceptions about is that they associate nudity with sex, and it’s not that way at all," Karlen said.

"I think the overall person who accepts their own sexuality, their own nudity, their own being, are going to be a whole helluva lot healthier in the lifestyle of marriage and interacting with others," said Larry, an FS member. "I think it gives you personal freedom you can’t get otherwise."

Nudists say hanging out in the buff makes them more in tune with their bodies, minds and nature as well. "You take it off, and you shed the world and the problems from your body."

"You immediately think that anything that has to do with nudity is nasty, and I thought there was nastiness going on here," Stacie said.

That was not what she found. Instead, she found a warm atmosphere among its members.

The private parks are for socializing like any other club. Nudestock, Bare-Buns Fun

After a day of swimming, hiking and sunbathing, FS members relax in the hot tub.
Run, Halloween parties, Christmas parties, Cinco De Mayo festivities, nude swims and potlucks blanket their calendar.

People don’t get activities like these at nude beaches. The difference between a nude beach and a park is something the public is not aware of. People must be members to get into clubs. Anyone, however, can go to a nude beach.

Officially registered nude parks have screening processes that weed out sexual deviants and others who could create problems. People seeking memberships are required to fill out a criminal history request form from the Washington State Patrol before they become members. This record search yields any prior child or adult abuse acts.

In the past 15 years, FS has had only two incidents of misconduct. One involved a man who enjoyed “tonguing” fruit and syrup off his partner.

The other involved a man who sneaked onto the park and spied on people while they relaxed on the sunning lawn. These are the exception at nudist parks, not the rule; the parks tend to be largely family-oriented.

“I’ve been to a lot of different nudist parks, and they’re all the same” Larry said. “They’re almost unequivocally family-oriented.”

These precautions don’t apply to nude beaches, which people most often associate with nudists.

“You go to a nude beach, and you don’t know who the hell you’re going to meet up with,” Larry said. “They’re not screened, anybody can walk on the place, you don’t know what’s going to happen or who’s going to be there.”

Visitors to nudist parks must either present their park membership card or their American Sunbathing Association card to gain admittance.

At a nudist park, where newcomers are screened, members feel an element of security.

“It’s really comfortable up there. If you’re a single woman, you don’t have to worry about being hit on,” Karlen said.

Over the years, Chuck and Larry have developed a sixth sense for detecting inappropriate applicants even before they’ve been screened by the state patrol. For example, Larry remembers one couple who was given a tour of the facilities. Everything was going well when out of nowhere the woman informed him that she had just doused. That’s when the red flag shot up, warning that they wouldn’t fit in at the park.

It’s this stereotype that inflames critics. Such critics were instrumental in closing down Whatcom County’s nude beach, Teddy Bear Cove, last December. Those found on the beach bare-ass are subject to a $125 fine. Government attempts of “nudist interruptus” have centered on closing Rooster Rock in Oregon and Wreck Beach in British Columbia, two regional clothing-optional beaches. Both efforts failed.

“Anytime the government tries to shut down nudist facilities, we get uptight because they’re trying to control our rights as human beings,” Stacie said.

Unlike those who frequent nude beaches, members of nudist clubs can circumvent the persecution of rigid moralized critics and the defilement of criminals.

“This (being a member) gave me a legal outlet that was basically security from jail, harassment and sexual innuendo.” Larry said.

Next to the security the parks provide, people long for the “homey” atmosphere of the clubs. At beaches people can choose whether or not to be clothed, but at the parks everyone is at ease with the other members and usually disrobe. The familiarity of the faces breeds contentment.

“I feel less self-conscious here than going to a clothing beach because there you’ve got all these wonderful, young, perfect bodies in bikinis, and I certainly don’t look good like that, but up here it’s no big deal,” FS member Yvonne said.

Nudists encourage everyone to try going to a nude park at least once. One might not be comfortable walking around nude on a public street, but a nudist club is a different story.

“If you’re up there (at a nude park) and you’re wearing clothes, you stick out like a sore thumb,” Karlen said. “You’ll feel more uncomfortable wearing your clothes than if you undress.”

Nudists come from all walks of life, all age ranges, and all different religious, political and social backgrounds. For example, the president of FS is a minister.

“When you’re naked everybody is equal,” Chuck said.

After a day of basking under the glowing shafts of sunlight, the nudists slide back into their clothes and ride the rocky, winding road home, where they are defined by words like blue-collar and white-collar. But the club is always there waiting for them, like a best friend who doesn’t care about shape, religion, sexual orientation or status. Once the clothes come off, no one can tell the difference.
Experience a character compiles the more powerful it becomes by gaining experience, usually by killing monsters or foes. Step aside, Dungeons and Dragons. **MUD** is the computer answer to role-playing games.

With a computer and a modem it's possible to fight monsters and go on quests without ever moving away from the computer screen. But on a MUD, the other players may live in Pennsylvania, Sweden, Ohio or South Africa.

The characters created for the game are given names such as Apollo, Emerald, Fire or Doofus. They can look around, examine things, get things, give things, wield weapons and kill monsters or other characters.

These high-tech role-playing games allow the characters to express emotion; they cry, pout, smile, wave, frown, glare and sigh. A wide variety of commands allows characters to form relationships with one another. With the command "french," one character can give another a "long passionate kiss that seems to last forever." It is also possible to hug, fondle and have sex with another character.

The challenge of the game is to build up the character by gaining experience, usually by killing monsters or other characters, or by going on quests. The more experience a character compiles the more powerful it becomes. A very powerful character eventually can become a **WIZARD** and use computer codes to add environments like a stretch of snowy Siberia, a new building on a street or a dangerous wolf-filled forest to the game.

**MUDs** are part of **INTERNET**. For a fee, it is possible to get access to Internet through a modem. Western students can open accounts on Western's computer system, Henson, and gain access to Internet free of charge. All one has to do to open an account is fill out a form in Bond Hall's computer lab.

In 24 to 48 hours the account is ready to be accessed through the computers in the Bond, Miller and Arntzen Hall computer labs. An instructional flier is available at each of the labs explaining how to use the account.

To get to a **MUD**, type the command "telnet" followed by a **MUD** address, which may typically look like this: Funmud.city.univ.edu. To obtain an address, ask someone in the computer lab or try typing the command "ps- au." This command shows what all the Henson users are doing at the moment.

It is very likely that one of them is on a MUD.

Once in the MUD, the first step is to create a character. Although each MUD is different, they all generally follow the same criteria to create characters. Attributes such as strength, intelligence, charisma, constitution and dexterity are selected as well as race and gender. The character is given a name and description for other players to read when they "look" at the character. For example, if you type "look Emerald" you may read: "The woman before you stands about 5 feet 8 inches tall. Her eyes look like the gem she is named for. Her ebony hair falls to her slender waist. Emerald wears leather armor and wields a short sword."

Now it's time to play.

A good way for **NEWBIES** to begin is to type "help." Instructions for first-time players will appear. Look for maps and type "get map" and "read map" to find the way to important places such as the armory, weapons shop or pub. Descriptions of the surrounding area will also appear.

For example, the screen may read: "a tall grassy meadow. A narrow path runs north and south. To the east is a castle, to the west a dark, foreboding forest. A small sword lies here." Move by typing out directions N, S, E or W. To pick up the sword type "get sword."

**NEWBIES** be warned! These games are addictive.

When asked how much time he spends playing **MUDs**, Chris Gunther, a computer science major at Western said, "I'm embarrassed to say."

One year of a character's **MUD**life is equal to 24 hours **RL** time. Gunther said he has a character that is 5 years old, which means he spent five days in front of a computer playing the character. That seems minute however, when Gunther explains that one of his friends has a character who is 300 years old!

It's typical for a **MUDer** to spend up to

**MUDs**- Multiple-User Domains, Dialogues or Dungeons. Interactive role-playing games played on computer. Each game varies in complexity and quality in accordance with the type of programming language used in its creation.

**WIZARDS**- characters which have gained so much experience they are considered to have "won" the game. These characters can continue to play by traveling with lesser characters on quests and expeditions. Some Wizards have the ability to program new elements into the game.

**INTERNET**- a vast international computer network in which thousands of systems and computers are linked together. **MUDs** are played through Internet.

**NEWBIES**- **MUD**slang for new and inexperienced characters and players.

**RL**- Real Life. Used to distinguish real events from **MUD**events. Similar terms include OOC (out of character), and IC (in character). One year of a character's life is equal to 24 hours **RL** time.
five hours a day MUDing, which can lead to academic downfall.

"One of my friends went to Wazzu and MUDing is pretty much why he had to drop out," Gunther said. "Mostly, I just don't sleep at night."

Computer science major Jim LaBreck said, "I spent an entire quarter coding for the game, quit going to classes and did not withdraw. End result? A 0.00 grade point for the quarter."

LaBreck's longest stretch on a MUD was a 65-hour coding session.

Several varieties of MUDs are available. Some are quest-oriented, while in others characters have to hack and slash their way to the top. In a game called Genocide, the object is to kill all the other characters. The last one standing gains all the experience. This type of game has prompted some to call MUDs MULTI-USER DEMENTIA.

A kind of morality prevails on some MUDs. The gods may frown on killing newbies or PCs in certain areas. Characters may group together for quests or hunting or form an alliance against a thief. A lucky newbie may be given gifts or taken on a tour by a more powerful character.

If a character is mortally wounded and about to die, another character will usually come to the rescue if asked for help.

Aside from stress relief and the challenge of the kill, one of the motivations for MUDing is to meet people. Some varieties of MUDs emphasize the social aspects of the game. Characters spend less time killing and get involved in elaborate plots centering around vampires, the mafia or an epic battle between good and evil.

Olli Voima is a computer science major and MUDer from Finland.

"The most important thing to me in MUDing is meeting people. The actual playing is secondary," Voima said.

Heikki Toivonen, also a computer science major and MUDer from Finland, said she likes meeting people on the MUD because they can begin by talking in character and then switch to RL conversations.

Toivonen has made friends in Chile and Turkey, but the MUD has also helped her meet people at the university she attends in Jyvaskyla, Finland.

Once, while on the MUD, a friend asked where she was from.

"I said, 'Jyvaskyla,' and he gasped and replied that he was there too. I looked to the left, checked the screen of the guy next to me and noticed he was that game persona. So we became friends in real life too!"

Talking to people without knowing their real racial, cultural and sexual background on the MUD can create some interesting and educational situations.

Toivonen recalled a time when some characters were in the middle of a FLAME WAR involving racism and refugees.

"Then suddenly one player said he was black and a refugee," she said.

One of Toivonen's male friends once helped a woman character who had just lost her boyfriend.

"But later when they got to know each other well, that 'girl' confessed that he was in fact a man and a gay. My friend said she had enormous prejudices about gays but now, as he had one as a friend, he had to check his views," Toivonen said.

Most MUDers usually play primarily at one place with one character.

Henrik Johnson a computer science major from Sweden said, "It's very hard to have a good character at many places since it requires loads of time."

"Once you have made friends in one game it's more fun to play with them," Toivonen said.

Part of the fun of MUDing is developing a character.

"Your identity can be anything you choose, and you get the added bonus of setting your own description or attributes," LaBreck said. "You don't have to settle for what genetics gave you."

Gunther said characters can be player-killers, romantics or party fiends.

"The character grows a personality," he said.

The characters can have casual relationships, MUDSEX and get married. "I wonder how addictive they will be," Toivonen said.

Gunther said characters can be player-killers, romantics or party fiends.

"The character grows a personality," he said.

The characters can have casual relationships, MUDSEX and get married. Of course male players can play female characters and vice versa. Gunther said he once married another character on the MUD but made sure the player was an RL female and not interested in a real-life relationship.

"A lot of people out there are looking, actually, for love," Gunther said.

Toivonen said she knows people who have married first on the MUD and then married in RL too.

"Voima met his girlfriend over the MUD and said it worked out well."

"The only problem is the seven-hour time difference, and that has totally screwed up my internal clock," Voima said. "I've been being up at night and sleeping to noon."

He plans to visit his girlfriend here this summer.

In "Frequently Asked Questions about MUDing," Jennifer Smith writes, "The jury is still out on whether MUDing is just a game or an extension of real life with game-like qualities."

One new development is making 3-D MUDS using datagloves and glasses.

"I wonder how addictive they will be," Toivonen said.
MUDs can be run from any site with a powerful enough computer system, usually academic or commercial. It takes four to five gods to keep the MUD going and to add new environments. Two years ago there were MUDs being run by Western students. VALKYRIE PRIME, AFTER HOURS and END OF THE LINE (EOTL) were the best known.

Unfortunately, there are drawbacks to running MUDs. They can slow down the system while taking up a lot of memory, and they make it easier for computer hackers to break into a computer system. These are some of the reasons why MUDs are no longer allowed to be run from Western.

Because Western has a limited number of modem access lines to the system from off campus there is some question about whether Western students will be allowed to use Western's system to MUD at all. Those wanting to use the system for academic purposes can be frustrated to find the access lines blocked by MUDers for hours at a time. The computer science department added 16 additional lines, but as MUDing becomes more and more popular, the addition will likely be a temporary solution.

Iain Davidson, who helped run Valkyrie Prime and After Hours at Western, said one benefit of MUDing is it gets people interested in computer programming.

Davidson said each room in the MUD is built with about six commands. The room and the objects in it have descriptions and specific situations can be created. For example, if a character carrying more than x amount of pounds walks into a room they will fall through a trap door.

LaBreck said CODING is the reason he spent so much time on the MUDs.

"What better place for my work to get immediate recognition than in a creation where it's used over and over again, praised and criticized by the users," LaBreck said.

"There's no limit to what I can do by using my imagination and my coding skills, unlike what would typically take place were I to use my coding skills for employment."

One of the places Davidson coded for a MUD was an Infinite Well, a circular staircase, with a bottomless pit in the middle. As the characters travel down the staircase, they encounter monsters which become increasingly difficult to defeat. The staircase was designed without handrails, so careless characters can slip and fall into the pit.

Davidson said the number of MUDs has tripled in the past two years because the information and files needed to run MUDs are readily available. Any student can start a MUD, Davidson said.

An unofficial list claims there are about 150 MUDs currently running on Internet.

One of the most popular MUDs played at Western is NannyMud, which comes from Sweden.

Each MUD usually has up to 200 players, with 10 to 20 playing at once. When EOTL was at its height, up to 40 or 50 played at one time, Davidson said.

MUDs bring people together, Davidson said. "Hopefully, not too many people get sucked into it in such a way it's hard to distinguish between real life and their game persona," Davidson said.

If you are beginning to think you are Apollo, Emerald, Fire or Doofus, maybe you should try to tear yourself away from the computer screen. If you can. X
A TV screen flickered on and a camera panned the room. Fuzzy little faces peered out from behind steel bars. Tucker and Champ, two male macaque monkeys, were huddled together on the upper rungs of their prison. Suddenly, as if they sensed they were being watched, the small, brown, short-tailed creatures came alive.

Tucker began to somersault repeatedly while Champ chewed on one of his toys. The primates then raced furiously around the cage, stopping briefly to huddle together for a quick rest.

The two were entertaining to watch, as monkeys usually are, but my time with them wasn't exactly a field trip. This was not Woodland Park Zoo. It was only a view through a TV monitor into the small lab in the basement of Western's Miller Hall, where seven primates and other animals are kept as research subjects.

I was greeted gruffly by psychology professor Dr. Merle Prim. He made it clear that I was taking unnecessary time away from his busy day, but reluctantly he set up the monitor. Sitting alone, watching the monkeys, I had a sense that the psych teaching assistants and Prim, who had been hanging around, thought I was crazy for wanting a peek into the lab. Didn't I trust them? Maybe conducted in Miller Hall for more than 20 years, yet few people know what goes on in that basement. I'm still not sure myself.

Numerous articles have been written about the experimentation at Western. Because of the secrecy of the research, some reporters have set out to uncover deep, dark secrets about animal-butcher ing psychology professors and their students congregating on dark, stormy nights in the bowels of Miller. None were successful. I didn't uncover such a story either. After reading this article, it may be clear why.

As one steps into the basement, a pungent, zoo-like odor immediately permeates the senses. The dark, dank conditions are depressing. The halls are quiet, even between classes. Footsteps can be heard on the floor above. One can't help but wonder why, of all places, the animals are tucked away in this
The lab door in Miller Hall.

remote section of Western?

"The reason you need (to keep the monkeys in the basement) is for the health of the animals. The fact that they're kept down there is that's the only place available, I think, that you can keep sanitary," said Dr. Loren Webb from Western's speech and audiology department.

It couldn't possibly do any harm to pet a monkey or a bunny in the lab. Why bother with a lunky, inefficient, hard-to-set-up monitor?

"Well, there's a good reason for it. It isn't just a matter of a decision to make things difficult," said psychology professor Richard Thompson. "Monkeys are very susceptible to human disease, so we don't want people wandering through the lab causing sickness to the animals. In addition, the monkeys can carry diseases which humans are susceptible to."

In order to ensure safety, inspectors must don a mask and present proof of inoculations from a number of communicable diseases before entering the research facilities.

"There are no big secrets or anything," Webb said. "There's nothing to be secret about."

This was intriguing. If there are no big secrets then why can't people go into the lab and watch the monkeys swing in their cages?

"It’s not a zoo, it’s a research lab," Thompson said. "Research laboratories aren’t a place for idle curiosity."

I'm curious. Someone must know what's going on down there. Apparently, this knowledge is left to the Animal Care and Use Committee (ACUC). Western formed the committee several years ago to monitor and develop policies for the care and use of animals in research.

The committee consists of faculty members, a local citizen representative not affiliated with Western, a veterinarian and the dean of the graduate school of research.

Whenever a student or a professor — usually from the psychology department, although other departments have been involved in the past — proposes research, the committee meets to peruse the project.

"First we appoint a subcommittee to evaluate the research," ACUC Chair Webb said. "Then the evaluation is forwarded to the veterinarian, who makes certain there are no procedures in the protocol that would be deleterious to the animals."

Proposals are also sent through the Bureau for Faculty Research where they are looked over by Geri Walker, who helps coordinate the activities of the ACUC.

Prim, who has been conducting experiments on macaque and rhesus monkeys since 1969 and is the only professor currently involved with primate research, seems to have virtual autonomy as to the well-being of the animals. The secrecy of the whole situation naturally invokes curiosity into how accountable he really is.

Years ago, members of an animal rights club at Western wanted to check up on Prim and went on a letter writing campaign to force him to reveal his findings in research. Not much information was turned up on Prim, although it was discovered that he had published only two or three articles about his research. The club wondered if this was enough data to justify 20 years of research.

Prim, who no longer grants interviews and was unavailable for comment, doesn't feel he has to justify anything to anybody, as his quote years ago in The Western Front illustrates:

"The problem is (animal rights groups) believe I do certain things," he said. "They have no data. Because I don't answer, they think I'm hiding something. They forget about free speech. I don't have to answer them if I don't feel I have to."

Apparently, though, Prim was just as interested in what the animal rights group was doing as they were in what he was doing.

Current Animal Rights Club Coordinator Betsy Lee recalled an incident that occurred a couple years ago where Prim sent one of his students to pose as someone interested in joining the club. Lee said the informer would attend meetings and then head back to Dr. Prim and leak news of what was being said by the club about him.

It seems Prim monitored the Animal Rights Club, but who monitors Prim? The only organizations he has to answer to are the ACUC and the United States Department of Agriculture (USDA),
which sends an inspector to the lab several times a year to check that the animals are treated humanely. No forward warning is ever given as to the time of these inspections so the lab must always be kept up.

"We just had the federal inspector in here, as a matter of fact, and I accompanied him in his inspection," Webb said. "He was very impressed with the care of the animals and that the concern of the campus has provided proper care for these animals.

"The inspector said, 'You guys do a better job than most in terms of providing for the psychological welfare of the animals by providing play cages and toys for them to play with' ... It's kind of cute in that respect."

Even with all the checks in place at the university, some people can't accept what they can't see. So, in response to an animal rights group on campus years ago, the ACUC set up a monitor where a video camera was installed in the lab and the animals could be viewed on a screen from an adjacent room.

Apart from staging their 75-hour vigil in front of Miller Hall in 1987 to protest for animal rights, and the aforementioned letter writing campaign, the animal rights club on campus has been relatively quiet. However, because the topic of animal rights is so emotional, there is a general reluctance among researchers to let down their guard.

Tim Lucy, who spent five years on the ACUC and is a former assistant director at the Whatcom County Humane Society, said Prim and other researchers have a right to protect the animals from outside groups. There are animal rights groups blowing up labs around the country, and there's a certain paranoia that these groups can sometimes do harm to research and animals.

"(Research) institutions in this country have an obligation to the welfare of these animals," Lucy said. "I think the secretiveness may conjure up images that could be worse than reality."

There are two sides to every story, but researchers in animal experimentation often feel many animal rights activists are also extremists who don't even consider another point of view.

"When I was the (psychology) department chair, I spent some time interacting with people who were animal rights people," Thompson said. "It's really very frustrating because they certainly have their minds made up about things. In some cases, the animal rights people seem to be focused primarily on stopping the research of animals period."

You can't always tell where your research is going to lead you. You can't say, 'I'm only going to do research that will lead to major breakthroughs.' Nobel prizes are not won that way.

—Richard Thompson

You can't always tell where your research is going to lead you. You can't always tell where your research is going to lead you. You can't say, 'I'm only going to do research that will lead to major breakthroughs.' Nobel prizes are not won that way.

—Richard Thompson

The arguments continue. The research has to have value. Unnecessary cruelty would not be tolerated by anyone.

"Every effort is made to not cause the animals pain," Webb said. "If there's an experiment, for instance, where there's surgery on the animals, they're always anesthetized. And the research must be viewed and justified as to its value."

Years ago, Thompson conducted some research of his own at Western. He was eliciting a fear response in chickens; investigating their chemical transmitter systems. He experienced few ethical qualms.

"Whenever I do an experiment I have to ask myself whether the experiment is going (to help) in terms of gaining knowledge that will help me understand things better than I have before.

"I guess in some cases in the past I've said, 'Nah, this is a waste of time.' But you can't always tell where your research is going to lead you. You can't say, 'I'm only going to do research that will lead to major breakthroughs.' Nobel prizes are not won that way."

Anti-research groups argue that when research is funded by a taxpayer's money, the public has a right to know the nature of the experiments. However, this is an issue Prim has been dodging for years.

The monkeys are obtained, in part, through the University of Washington and Washington State University, but funding comes out of Prim's own pocket as well as from several anonymous donors in the community.

Researchers are a minority and are constantly defending themselves and their work. For them it's a living. Can we not trust them to do their job?

"There's a certain feeling by those of us who are on the ACUC that we understand how somebody might be curious, but we tell them this is not a zoo," Thompson said. "We can describe what's going on or, in some cases, sometimes set up a monitor for that. But then they say, 'Well, we want to see that everything's going on properly.' Well that's an insult.

"We're charged with that responsibility by the university, and the university has the faith that we'll carry that responsibility. We have that credibility and we take our job very seriously. So when people say, 'We don't trust you,' that makes people angry."

Animal research at Western. The saga continues...
Reach Out leaders pray for the group's safety.

By Scott Tompkins
Photographs by Adam Leask

"Back paddle, back paddle!" yells the guide as the raft shoots toward the rock wall. "Dig in hard, back paddle!"

The teens, ranging from ages 12 to 15, strain at the paddles, pulling the boat away from the fast-approaching rock wall.

The boat clears the rock by two feet.

"Thank you," the guide responds, giving the command to stop paddling.

The teens are from an Issaquah Baptist Church youth group. They are being guided down the Wenatchee River for their first-ever white-water experience by Reach Out Expeditions.

Reach Out is an Anacortes-based Christian group providing professional guide service to youth organizations from around the country. Reach Out uses the wilderness experience to teach interdependence skills and self confidence, and share the Christian faith with young adults.

Guiding the raft is Reach Out volunteer Ray Southard.

Southard is starting his second year with Reach Out. He wears a red rain hat and red life vest. On the vest he proudly displays a red, white and blue Swift Water Rescue patch, which he said took two seasons of training to obtain.

"I love the fact that we can share the gospel with kids in this way," Southard said. "The tougher the kids, the better."

He said he likes the challenge of getting the kids to stretch.

"He's the toughest kid at school, but out here he's a wimp," Southard said of some of the teens. "At this age they really are not willing to hear anything about God. With this experience you can really reach them."

Southard said he has deep personal reasons for wanting to reach teens. He said he was out of his home at age 14, escaping an alcoholic stepfather.

Eventually, after a period of living just about anywhere he wanted to, he moved in with his biological father. After high school he joined the Army, where he got involved in kick boxing.

"It is a shame, but kick boxing has a lot of back-room gambling and shady characters, along with a lot of drugs," Southard said.

He married after leaving the Army, but said he had trouble kicking the drug habit.

"I didn't think it was possible to quit the drugs," Southard said. "I see so many kids today doing the same thing that it just breaks my heart."

Southard said the drugs eventually consumed his marriage and business. He has been clean now for three and a half years.

"At one time someone set me down and talked to me about opening my eyes," he said. "Now I want to share that with others."

On this morning, the raft guides start the day by talking about how they will run the river. They sit in a loose circle and discuss the water level.

Paul Spense, director of rafting for Reach Out, said the
Ray Southard briefs youth group members on safety techniques, in case of an accident.

River is up to 5,500 cubic feet today, which is lower than average but higher than it has been all spring. This means some rocks that were exposed last week will be underwater this week, and could cause hazards.

The guides then discuss the dynamics of the group. Spense relates information about the kids’ backgrounds and ages to the guides. This group is made up of teens ranging from 12 to 17 years old. They talk about how to run the river conservatively in light of the age group.

When they are finished talking, they bow their heads in prayer. The prayers of each member echo their desire to reach out to the kids they will work with that day. They also ask God for safety and protection on the river.

A yellow school bus pulls up, and the kids hit with a sudden wave of noise and excitement. The wet suits, neoprene booties, paddles and life vests are all laid out for them, and the guides help them don the gear. The accompanying adults are just as excited and need just as much help getting their gear on.

Spense stands atop the boat trailer and gathers all the crews around. He welcomes them and starts in with his safety talk. Many times he emphasizes a point with his hands or by pulling his paddle through the air to simulate a stroke.

He tells them he does not want to scare them, but knowing the basic safety rules are important. He demonstrates what to do if someone were to fall overboard, and how to hold the rescue rope over the shoulder, putting feet downstream to be able to push off rocks and not hit them head first. Most importantly, he tells them not to lose the paddle.

“Why do I want to pull someone back into the boat without their paddle?” Spense jokingly asks the attentive group. “They are no help to me to move the boat.”

Southard’s boat this particular day contains five teens. Twelve-year-old Laurie is the smallest in the group. One might wonder if she fell overboard whether the raging river would tear her fragile body to pieces. She seems to have no such fear and bounces on the pontoon of the boat, giggling with her friend Heather. The paddles Laurie and Heather hold are almost twice as tall as the two girls.

Barret and Kyle, both 15 years old, sit in the front of the raft. Barret looks a little nervous. He wears his hair in a ponytail at the top of his head, much like the cartoon character Bam Bam does in the “Flintstones.” He has small earrings in both ears and long sideburns. Anna, 15, finishes off the teen crew.

“I really have to be selective in how I share (my) story to the kids,” Southard said. “The past that I have is fairly shocking and some of these kids don’t need that.”

Southard is assisted by fellow guide Brian Hansen. The two take turns steering the boat and giving commands on different sets of rapids. Hansen is new and is getting some of his first training with kids in the boat.

Southard runs his crew through the drills of maneuvering the boat. His past military experience shows in his high-pitched barked orders.

“Right turn! Right turn!” he yells. “All back! All back! Thank you.”

He instructs the paddlers on their boat cheer, a “one, two, three, Hunh!” from the chest that echoes across the river and can easily be heard by the other boats.

The boats stay in a predetermined formation for safety reasons. At times, Southard guides his boat into the lead to run the rapids.

Southard, like all of the Reach Out volunteer staff, went through an extensive application, interview and training process before being allowed to guide youths on the river.

An important part of the guide’s job is spending time getting to know the teens. The guides ask probing questions and draw parallels between the wilderness experience and everyday life.

“We relate the river to our spiritual lives,” Spense said. “They remember this because they are in their risk zone. If you drove down to Portland today you wouldn’t remember the trip, but if you got into an
your eyes closed, to relate to them what it is main current into a giant eddy, circling each one point on the river, the rafts pull off the like to go through life in total darkness," "It was hard to keep your eyes shut."

A few peek, not able to resist the temptation to look ... to break away from the fear which the noise brings.

After the raft rocks through the rapid Southard goes around the boat and asks the teens to describe how it felt to have their eyes closed.

“You could hear the water getting louder and louder,” Laurie answered. “I was getting really scared. It was hard to keep your eyes shut.”

“I try to use the situation, like keeping your eyes closed, to relate to them what it is like to go through life in total darkness,” Southard said.

He tells the young rafters that having God in their lives means they never have to go through the tough times in life alone.

“A lot of times you have to feel out the group,” Southard said. “It’s hard to know when to interject and not to interject and when to just let them have fun.”

The guides use the time between runs at the rapids to talk more with the youths. At one point on the river, the raft’s pull off the main current into a giant eddy, circling each other in the whirlpool of water.

Southard asks the teens to share something about themselves with the group. Hansen starts the discussion off by telling the teens that he works at a bank during the week and loves to raft on the weekends and share how important his faith is to him with others.

Barret is a guitar player and likes the theater. He said he wants to get into a band. Kyle likes marksmanship. Laurie and Heather are best friends from school. Anna said she hates school.

“You see a couple of kids like Anna who say they hate school and you want to spend more time with them and help them,” Southard expresses. “One day on the river doesn’t give you that time.”

Reach Out offers a lot more than just rafting. The Rock and Roll program offers a full weekend of activities and more quality time with the youths.

The program starts on Friday night with get-to-know-you games. The groups spend the night in cabins at a camp near Leavenworth. Saturday is spent learning rock climbing.

The rock climbing offers more extensive opportunities for the guides to talk to the teens and draw them out. Sunday is spent rafting.

Southard said it is important to let the kids have fun.

“If you can do that with the kids, they can see that church is not rigid and stiff but a joy,” Southard said. “It’s just great to see them laughing and having a good time. The personal growth you get from that is immeasurable.”

Southard said the major draw for the volunteers is the fellowship of the other guides and the ability to share Christ in the wilderness.

“We send out missionaries all over the world, but at times there needs to be an emphasis right here on our own teens.”

-Jim Belanger

“We send out missionaries all over the world, but at times there needs to be an emphasis right here on our own teens.”

-Jim Belanger

The full-time staff members of Reach Out programs are drug rehabilitation groups, inner-city teen groups and church youth groups. The staff members are trained just as much in counseling as they are in the nuances of rock climbing and white-water rafting.

Reach Out is a division of Youth Dynamics, a Christian ministry organization. The full-time staff members of Reach Out are considered home missionaries and raise their salaries and support from itineration (raising regular donations).

Sharing the gospel through the wilderness experience is not what one traditionally envisions when thinking about missionaries.

“This is one of the little niches we have,” Spense said. “We’re not rafting just for recreation; it is a tool for Christ.”

Spense said rafting is a real financial boost for Reach Out. It is used to subsidize the other trips, such as backpacking and rock climbing, during which they get to spend more quality time with the kids. Reach Out also offers bicycling and sailing programs.

Southard guides his boat through “Snowblind,” the last big rapid. Everyone screams as the boat goes vertical. Southard’s voice can be heard barking orders to the paddlers over the noise of the rapid.

“Dig it! Paddle hard!” he yells.

The front of the boat dives over the rapid and a wave of cold water splashes across everyone in the boat. Safely through the last rapid, the boats head for shore and the trip is quickly over.

The teens are a bundle of excitement as they struggle to strip off their wetsuits and head for their bus.

“It was very fun,” Anna said. “Something I won’t forget.”

“I thought it was great,” said Terrie Holmes, Youth Pastor for Issaquah Baptist Church. “A lot of the kids that go on a trip like this would not otherwise come into the church setting. It is a great outreach.”

“I needed to be involved in a healthy atmosphere around other Christians,” Southard said. “Reach Out is where I turned. You’re not only giving, but receiving.”

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A tab of LSD (lysergic acid diethylamide) can look deceptively innocent. No larger than one square centimeter, this drug-laced paper is often decorated with cartoon pictures, such as a tie-dyed Mickey Mouse or Mikhail Gorbachev in shades. It looks more like a wayward piece of confetti than a powerful hallucinogen.

On first sight, the inexperienced LSD dropper is likely to ask, "How in the hell is that little thing going to get me high?" But soon they learn to appreciate the time-worn cliche "big things come in small packages." The tab can be laden with up to 100 micrograms of the drug. A microgram is one millionth of a gram. LSD has been shown to affect the brain at 30 micrograms. The user places the tab under the tongue for up to ten minutes and then either swallows it or spits it out. Depending on the potency of the acid, it can take up to an hour to feel its effects.

"We have a saying, kind of like a toast that we use when we drop... 'See you on the other side,'" said Curt, a 22-year-old Western student. "You know you are powerless against what lies ahead, yet you are not afraid. Eager would be a better word."

He said the feeling of coming on to LSD is not incremental, such as the drink-by-drink intoxication of alcohol, but sudden and overwhelming.

"There is just a point at which you realize, 'Hey, wow! I'm high.' You get chills up and down your spine and an infectious sense of well-being ... light bulbs luminesce in your mind like when you actually understand your first algebraic axiom," Curt said.

The LSD high is commonly described in terms of heightened emotions and a mixture of perceptions. Users can feel joy one moment and despair the next. Sometimes the perceptions of the physical world become strangely distorted and the user becomes disoriented.

"I remember this one time when I was at a party and I was really high on this really potent stuff," Curt said. "I was looking at this pool table, and the angles and lines of the table began to get really weird. They began to blend like I was in some kind of surrealistic painting. I was only about two blocks from my house, but I didn't feel like I was capable of finding my way home."

After the initial stage of being high, the intensity begins to plateau and one becomes more introspective. The emphasis of the high becomes less physical and more mental.

"As you plateau... you hope you never lose that lucidity which, for the moment, sets you apart and allows you to rise above yourself," Curt said.

The legacy of LSD is firmly entrenched in the lore of the '60s. Political radicals like Timothy Leary and Abbie Hoffman urged their generation to "tune in, turn on and drop out." The impetus for LSD use was as a vehicle for mind expansion, a way to leapfrog the crumbling conventions of their parent's generation. What may surprise many people is that LSD has become the drug of choice for a substantial number of Western students in 1993.

Ken is a 27-year-old Western graduate student who has taken LSD. He says that his attitudes toward the drug have changed since he first tried it when he was 18.

"One thing I've definitely noticed is that the earlier stages were much more of a physical experimentation," he said. "It wasn't any kind of mind expansion. It was like, 'Wow, look at that. Colors! I'm seeing colors. I'm seeing things!'"
The effects of LSD on the human brain are linked to the hormone serotonin, which plays a large role in regulating mood, perception, sleep and appetite. LSD enters the brain and interferes with the filtering process of the serotonin in the brain’s neurotransmitters. The result is that perceptions are intensified as the brain filters out less input that is usually screened by normal brain processes.

Curt believes some of the same cultural pressures that transformed America in the ’60s are manifesting in current society.

“I think we’re headed for another period of time where drug use is going to be more commonly accepted,” he said. “We’ve just been through a conservative time in the ’80s (which was) a reflection of good economic times. People are always willing to be more conservative in their views when they’re comfortable. When things start becoming uncomfortable — socially, economically and culturally — people become less secure in their dogmatism and the paradigms that they have about the world, and there is a shake-up involved.”

Curt said he has seen a wide spectrum of Western students who have taken LSD. He differentiates between two types of users. One type of student takes the drug solely to get high, as other students drink just to get drunk.

“When they come on, they want to get wild,” Curt said. “That’s the whole reason they’ve taken it.”

The other type tends to use the drug in the more traditional ’60s fashion: as an unconventional way to gain insight into the world and themselves.

Curt feels those who use LSD solely as another ingredient in their Friday evening chemical stew miss out on the potentially enlightening benefits of the drug.

“I don’t take it for that reason. My point with every LSD trip is that I always want to walk away with something from it, something that I’ve learned. And I always do.

“A lot of times its self-actualization stuff,” Curt said. “You get to the point in the evening when you’re alone and you start analyzing your own life. One thing LSD allows you to do really well is look at yourself objectively. It takes away the fear of really putting yourself under the microscope.”

A groundswell of media attention focusing on the resurgence of LSD use in the last few years can be seen in prominent publications such as Newsweek, The New York Times and The Washington Post. Several recent articles describe the spawning of a new LSD drug culture among young Americans.

A 1992 Drug Enforcement Agency handbook cites a Health Department survey stating that 8.7 percent of all high school seniors have tried LSD. The DEA handbook also states that four out of every five emergency room cases involving LSD “bad trip” symptoms were of people under age 30. Signs of a “bad trip” can be paranoia, frightening hallucinations and a fear that the trip will never end.

According to other media sources, LSD never really went away, but was overshadowed by the prominence of cocaine and crack stories during the 1980s. This faction thinks the facts about the frequency of LSD use haven’t been accurately documented. An article in the Feb. 2, 1992 issue of The New Republic reported that “LSD is back” articles can be found in major newspapers almost every year between 1976 and 1992.

Ken doesn’t feel that LSD use has changed much in the many years he’s been at Western.

“I don’t see an upswing in usage. I know that I take it much less and so do most of the people that I know,” Ken said. “In order for me to take it, I have to have the next day off (to recuperate). With the busy schedules that people have these days, that’s rarely an option.”

“I know that I take it much less and so do most of the people that I know. In order for me to take it, I have to have the next day off (to recuperate).” — Ken

Curt has a different perspective of the prevalence of LSD on Western’s campus.

“If it is not a resurgence of the drug, then it is probably a stronger level of acceptability,” Curt said. “A lot of us had parents that did LSD and that kind of stuff.

“It’s like there is this big retro thing going on. I mean, you have a big environmental push nationwide. Bill Clinton is in office. Al Gore’s in office, and these guys are products of the ’60s ... and LSD is the epitome of the ’60s drug. We’re seeing all these baby boomers coming to power, and a lot of their agendas that were important to them back then are resurfacing again now, but at a more widespread and national level.”

Both Curt and Ken agree that there are major misconceptions about the drug, which they claim are partly fueled by the media and by the number of contradictory studies done on LSD.

“I don’t think I’ve ever had a bad acid trip,” Ken said. “I don’t think LSD is dangerous. I think studies have been done in the past by people with a predetermined agenda who say that LSD causes chromosomal damage — and that’s what they find. Then other people say LSD does not cause chromosomal damage and then they prove their point. So who knows? And who cares?!”

“One of the problems society has with acid is there is just massive misconception about the drug,” Curt said. “A non-user will ask, ‘How did you know that you’re not going to jump off a building or just freak out?’ And I say to them, ‘You’re thinking of PCP. You’re talking angel dust. LSD is way different.’”

“It’s like this old guy I know who drinks a lot,” Curt said. “He was telling me about how he knew two people back (in the ’60s) who jumped off buildings and I thought, ‘Yeah, sure, you just keep drinking those beers and get back on your motorcycle.’ That’s crazier than anything I’ve ever done on LSD.”
Chinatown: a world inside a city

By Steve Dunkelberger and Adam Leask

Welcome to what early Chinese immigrants called Salt Water City, better known as Chinatown, Vancouver, British Columbia.

These immigrants left their homes and loved ones in the province of Guang Dong more than a century ago. Leaving a land shattered by revolution, they sought a new life. The blare of the railroad whistle called to them.

Railroad companies claimed workers could earn enough money to send some home to their families, yet save enough to eventually retire in China, so thousands of Chinese immigrants came. Over 90 percent of them were male.

Immigrant labor was given only the most dangerous and trying work on the Canadian Pacific (CP) Railway, much like their counterparts in the United States.

Arriving in the Port of Vancouver as little more than indentured servants, they found a hostile world. Some of the Chinese workers learned the contracts they held were all but worthless. After the CP Railway was finished, the railroad companies reneged on their deal and the Chinese-Canadians were stranded thousands of miles from home with no more than blisters and poverty to show for their labor.

One immigrant wrote in his diary:

"I have always wanted to go to Saltwater City, but instead it is hell. I was detained in prison as tears rolled down my cheeks. My wife is at home, longing for my letter. Who can foretell when I will be able to return home. I mourn until the early dawn, but who will console me?"

Racism drove these "heathen chinee" or "yellow peril," as they were called, into a ghetto district of Vancouver that is now the site of Pender Street — the center of Chinatown.

Conditions in the ghetto were terrible; overcrowding, unemployment and a longing to be home plagued the residents. They seldom left the district for fear of the white world outside. Yet immigrants still came in droves. Racial animosity grew with every immigrant who walked off the boats.

Even though their unemployment soared to 80 percent, the Chinese were still seen as a burden on the local job market. To answer this "Oriental dilemma," in 1886 the BC government imposed a $50 head tax on every immigrant who entered the port. Chinese kept coming, so the tax was raised to $100, then $500. This didn't stop the wave of immigrants either.

Animosity finally boiled over in 1907, as a riot broke the silence of Chinatown's streets. White citizens marched through Chinatown, smashing every window of every store in the six-block area.

The Chinese immigrants' "days of humiliation" came during the years between 1923 and '47 with the passage of a series of exclusion acts. These acts were so restrictive that only 15 immigrants were allowed into the Province of British Columbia during the 24 years of exclusion.

Being without the right to vote did not stop many residents of Chinatown from enlisting in the military when it was finally opened to them in 1944. Comprising Special Force 136, these Chinese-Canadians disabled traps and spied for Canada behind enemy lines.

By 1947, Chinese-Canadians were allowed to vote; however, it wasn't until 1967 that all Oriental immigration restrictions were lifted.

Now Vancouver's Chinatown is the second largest in North America, and takes full use of Canada's cultural mosaic policies, which allow citizens to be accepted as Canadians without shedding their cultural heritage. It continues to grow with immigrants from many parts of China as well as from Hong Kong and other Asian countries.

As you venture through these everyday images of Chinatown, remember the rich and often tragic history behind the faces.
Vancouver, British Columbia’s Chinatown today is dynamic and diverse. Its open market specializes in fresh seafood. Oddities such as the Geoduck dot various saltwater tanks that line the streets. Open fruit and vegetable stands also abound. It’s not uncommon to walk through one block of Chinatown and have several merchants chant as you walk by their stores, soliciting as you pass. The sidewalks have been refinished to resemble the streets in China, while telephone poles and overhead wiring have been removed. Restaurants range from corner cafes to large banquet halls specializing in Mandarin, Cantonese, Mongolian and Szechuan delicacies. A popular tradition for lunch in these restaurants is dim sum (Cantonese for “finger of the heart”). During this time, carts are rolled around the restaurant full of dumplings stuffed with shrimp, pork, or beef; barbecued pork buns; sticky rice wrapped in leaves; and spicy chicken feet. All patrons have to do is gesture to the food and they are quickly served. One of Chinatown’s most popular features is the Dr. Sun Yat-Sen Classical Garden. Constructed in 1985 by experts from the city of Suzhou, this full-scale classical Ming Dynasty garden is the first of its kind to be built outside of China. Everything from the pebbles in the courtyard to the rafters in the ceiling were brought over from China. No hammers, nails or screws were used in its construction. Chinatown’s daily life ends at 6 p.m. when most of the stores close. For the fresh produce and poultry stores it’s a rush to sell off their daily stock. At the end of the day the workers clean their shops by hosing them down, preparing them for yet another day.
溫拿四虎 放陳友一馬

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Beauty Fights
the Beast

By Mark Scholten
Photographs by Steve
Dunkelberger and Adam Leask

1989 had been such a good year for
Tannia Hecht. There was no reason to believe
1990 would be any different.

Boy, was it.

In 1989 she received nationwide media
attention as a former Sports Illustrated swim­
suit model. 1990 wasn’t quite the same. Trim
and attractive at the age of 44, she was forced
to fight breast cancer.

Hecht originally came to prominence in
1971. As a 22-year-old student at the Univer­
sity of Miami she was selected to be in Sports
Illustrated’s annual swimsuit issue.

"It was kind of fluky," the Colombian­
born Hecht said of her selection, a trace of an
accent still discernable in her voice. "There
was a scout on campus who said, ‘We’re
looking for someone to do some bathing suit
shots.’ I didn’t think he was serious, so I said,
‘Call my agent.’"

He was serious.

"I got the call from my agent," Hecht
recalled. "She said, ‘I hope you’re not busy
next week — you’re going to the Dominican
Republic.’"

Ahh — modeling for Sports Illustrated
in the Dominican Republic. Limousines, ser­
vants, glamour ... right?

Not exactly. "Very hard work," is Hecht’s
summary. "It was up early and in bed early."

And the conditions weren’t exactly those
of a Parisian fashion show. Hecht recalls one
of her shots was "in the middle of some
cows."

Bovine aside, she said it was an enjoy­
able experience.

"We went to a little island and I got to
meet these primitive people and see how they
live. That was neat."

After returning home, Hecht received a
very interesting phone call. Something about
being on the cover of a certain magazine.

"I never really expected to be on the
cover," Hecht admits. "There were a couple
New York fashion models there. When I got
the call about being on the cover I said, ‘Are
you sure?’"

They were sure, and after the magazine
hit the newsstands, Hecht started to be no­
ticed.

"People would recognize me on the street
and talk to me . . . I’d be like, do I know these
people?"

The appearance in Sports Illustrated also
had got her noticed by the big-time modeling
agencies in New York. The job offers came
in, but Hecht broke their hearts. She had a
better offer.

"My husband had proposed, and I
couldn’t pass up the love of my life," Hecht
said.

The Sports Illustrated issue came out in
February 1971. Tannia and her husband Emil
became engaged in March, and were married
in August.

"I had to make a choice," said Hecht.

The married life doesn’t go along with the
modeling life. I knew I wanted to pursue a
more academic career — modeling was just a
sidelight."

Her husband’s medical practice took the
young couple to San Francisco, where Hecht
earned a master’s degree in speech pathology
from San Francisco State University.

The Hechts settled in Emil’s hometown,
someplace called Bellingham, Wash., in 1975.

Their first child, Mia, was born shortly
thereafter. She graduated from Schome High
School in June and is off to the University of
Colorado this fall. The Hechts’ son, Avi, is
entering fifth grade at Lowell Elementary
School.

The magazine profiled all the previous cover
models — including our own gal in
Bellingham.

"That’s when the real recognition came," Hecht
says with a laugh.

She was profiled in the Seattle Post-
Intelligencer, interviewed by John Keister on
Almost Live, and was a guest on Seattle
Today.

Interest in the Sports Illustrated swim­
suit issue was at an all-time high. Hecht
received several letters and autograph re­
quests, and still does to this day.

Alas, 1990 was not to be as joyous as
1989.

While on a trip to Europe, Hecht discov­
ered a lump in her breast. Her immediate
reaction?

"Denial," she said. "I was thinking, 'It’s
just a lump. It will go away.'"

Her mindset was quickly altered upon
returning from Europe. She received word
that a friend going through chemotherapy for
breast cancer was failing. Hecht rushed to her
bedside.

She was holding her friend’s hand when
she died.

"That really made me realize that I had to
do something about my own situation," Hecht
said.

A visit to the doctor resulted.

"The doctor said, ‘It’s not serious —
we’ll watch it,’” Hecht recalled. "I was say­
ing to myself, ‘I don’t want to wait.’ So I
listened to my inner voice.”

She went to Seattle to have more tests
done. First an ultrasound, then a needle bi­
opsy.

"The ultrasound found a cyst. They said
it probably wasn’t cancer," Hecht said.

The biopsy, which consisted of remov­
ing some cells and checking for cancer, proved
inconclusive.

"That’s when Hecht said she started to
‘panic.’"

"That six-week period was more painful

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and agonizing than the rest of the experience. Not knowing was the worst."

But she was still able to make a clear and definite decision.

"When the results came back inconclusive, I just said, 'That's it. I want this (lump) outta here.'"

The removal procedure, called a lumpectomy, was performed in Seattle. The lump was outta there. And it was cancerous.

Hecht suffered through, in her own words, "a lot of agonizing" over what to do next.

"I wanted to be at peace with the decision I made," she said. "And I realized I wasn't going to be at peace if I was always fearing recurrence."

She had three aunts and two cousins who had died as a result of recurrences of breast cancer that hadn't been eliminated right off.

Hecht had a bilateral mastectomy, which is the removal of both breasts. Immediate reconstruction followed as the second part of the procedure.

Problem solved? No. Hecht went through a period of clinical depression shortly thereafter.

"It started during chemotherapy," she said. "Chemotherapy turns off the neurotransmitters to the brain. So there was something physical that caused the depression. It basically knocked me out for a year."

Fortunately, all has gone well in the interim.

"After five years you're considered a 'cure,'" Hecht said in cancer parlance. "I'm at three years and all my signs are good. I consider myself cured."

Hecht has taken to speaking to women's groups about her ordeal and does everything she can to inform the public about breast cancer.

"What's important to me is that women empower themselves and take care of their own bodies," she said. "One out of nine women will get breast cancer in their lifetime. The best cure is early detection and prevention."

Hecht stresses the role the patient can play in the healing process.

"I tell them about the importance of attitude in healing," she said. "How you can coordinate diet, exercise, and lifestyle with the medical care giver to help out in the healing process. It's kind of like meeting them halfway. It's the power of positive thinking in health."

She also offers one-on-one counseling for women with breast cancer. And her reputation precedes her; she has received calls all the way from California from women who have heard of her and want her help.

"I provide a lot of support and help them out. A lot of women don't know what questions to ask their doctors. I help them think about these things," she said. "I tell them how they can deal with those dear to them who have breast cancer. I also say how important it is to build a support group and get counseling for this type of trauma."

The cancer hopefully behind her, Tania Hecht has moved on.

Her newest venture is working with people who have skin problems. She's been certified by the pharmaceutical firm who manufactures the new state-of-the-art skin-care product she works with in her husband's office.

"It's a throwback to my modeling days when I taught skin care," she said. "I'm helping people to enhance their self-image by improving their skin. It's dramatic. I'm really hyped about it."

If you hear the word 'cancer' and picture somebody frail, guess again. Asking Hecht for her list of hobbies dispels that myth.

"Skiing, mountain climbing, hiking, gardening, kayaking..."

Cancer isn't gonna keep this lady down.

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