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Klipsun Magazine

Feminism
Why We Attach Labels
On the cool spring afternoon when my editorial staff and I sat down to choose from the stories submitted for this issue, we couldn’t help but notice the unusual amount of articles focusing on women. Granted, most of our writers were female, but I was worried we might be deemed radical journalists who were using the magazine to promote a personal agenda.

Some editors were overjoyed with the idea. “What’s wrong with having one issue of Klipsun take a feminist slant? It’s about time!” Others were not so enthusiastic. They envisioned the magazine becoming one of alternative media’s men-bashers, intent on slamming the male of the species into the ground.

The room was growing warmer. While tiny leaves danced in the breeze outside, the windows of my managing editor’s living room became steamy with a slew of concerned comments and tempers held (somewhat) in check.

We wrestled our options for a full three hours, finally settling into agreement. While we didn’t want to bombard readers with too much of one topic, we realized this wasn’t any different from other important issues we’ve addressed in the past — Generation X, AIDS, prejudice. In addition, we felt these women-oriented issues were important to both males and females alike.

You, the readers, have many different backgrounds, lives and goals. But you all share an interest in the world around you. As long as that interest remains strong, Klipsun will continue to make today’s hard-hitting stories a regular part of its focus. Please keep in touch by writing letters and calling — we appreciate the feedback.

Thanks for reading,
Mara Applebaum
in this issue

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THE FEMALE ORGASM
The truth about every woman’s “little death”
by Kristine Whipple

cover illustration: Warren Dykeman
"Education alone doesn't cut it. Education needs to be combined with more action and involvement." Jeanette Russell, coordinator of the Western Endangered Species Alliance (WESA) and an active member in Western's Environmental Center, speaks with a sense of urgency in her voice. This is her passion, and she walks her talk every Wednesday night when she gathers with 12 to 15 others to write letters to Congress urging it to protect the Endangered Species Act, which is up for re-authorization in Congress this June.

"Congress is trying to weaken the act by cutting off the funding," Russell says. "We want to keep what we have now."

The letters are generally one page long, and all are individually written by those who come to the meetings.

Early in one meeting, member Sean Cosgrove gives a grim "Legislative Update" on the Endangered Species Act debate going on in Congress.

"We're losing," he says, without even a hint of surprise in his voice.

After introductions and several attempts to get members to commit to staffing the information table the group has in Vendor's Row, Russell says it's time to write letters. Newcomers look around the room, waiting for a cue from veteran letter writers. Blank pages stare up from the desktops.

The room becomes quieter as people begin to write. Eyes begin to alternate between the floor and the ceiling, looking for inspiration. "Sir Mr. Clinton," McKinnon says lightheartedly, somewhat to herself, as if she isn't serious about writing him.

But she is serious. She believes the president is the only one who can veto the bills that weaken protection for endangered species.

Cosgrove writes quickly, finishing his letter in 10 minutes. He's a veteran letter-writing activist who keeps writing even though the results sometimes aren't favorable to environmental concerns.

"I don't expect to win every environmental battle," he says. But Cosgrove still believes it's important to write, that it's part of the democratic process.

Cosgrove's enthusiasm is shared with the rest of the group, and it's their shared ideal that keeps them going. Even if the group doesn't succeed, Russell thinks getting involved helps people understand the political process and learn about social responsibility.

"You feel like you're making a difference," Russell says, when she can help prevent harmful legislation by facilitating groups such as the WESA. "I feel empowered because they (anti-environmentalists) don't have the grass roots on their side. They have the power, but we have truth and justice — you need both to win."

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**MEN'S UNDERWEAR GETS STUFFED (LITERALLY)**

Okay, let's be brief about this, as brief as possible. Someone, somewhere, likely drinking very heavily, decided if women could have the Wonderbra, then men should get some padding too. The result? The Super Shaper Brief for men, the newest in underwear fashion, with padding in the rear ... and in the front.

This is an exact quote from the press release by Rush Industries, Inc., the company that markets the well-padded brief: "This innovative garment is designed with special pads to discreetly 'build-up' the bottom and has center-stitched seams for 'eye-popping' cleavage along with a bottom band that lifts and thrusts to achieve perfectly proportioned buttocks."

It doesn't end there. These undies also come with a snap-in, fly-front *endowment* pad, "especially contoured to show off one's manhood in the most exciting detail."

And to think this is meant in all seriousness, reflected in the very serious $24.95 (plus $4 shipping and handling) price tag. The endowment pad only costs $5 more. Excuse me while I fall out of my chair laughing.

The press release gives non-cosmetic uses for this product, but I think it was only an afterthought.

"Realistically, who would wear these as a "comfortable 'seat'" for cycling? What happens when you get off your bike and your butt is dented in?"

Enough said. Except that the same company also markets Pad-A-Panty for women. Now that's one-stop shopping.
Clever Marketing Ploy of the Month: Perfume boasts big reactions

Don't smell now, but the people sitting next to you may be feeling more romantic and more alluring than usual, especially if they’re wearing Realm perfume, the latest attempt at mixing science with cosmetics to produce big bucks based on ... not much. Apparently, all it takes these days to get perfume makers to try something new is a moth and a piece of cardboard.

Realm uses synthetic human pheromones to give its special perfume, for women and men, an odor edge. Pheromones are naturally produced, airborne substances common to all mammals. In humans, they are detected in the nasal passage and travel directly to the hypothalamus, the part of the brain responsible for the fight-or-flight response, hunger and the sex drive.

The effects of pheromones are apparent when tested on moths. The science magazine Omni reported a male moth actually will try to mate with a piece of cardboard that has female-moth pheromones on it.

Of course, humans are a little different from moths, and as Omni says, human pheromones “are much more complex and even today are only dimly understood.”

But hey, that doesn’t stop Realm advertisements from boasting that “some experience enhanced feelings of serenity and ease, comfort with themselves and openness ... They also describe feeling more romantic, more attractive and happier. They experience a sense of empowerment.” Wow, pretty persuasive stuff. Who needs counseling when there’s Realm perfume?

Realm Women smells like most perfumes: fruity and flowery. Realm Men smells musky, like your average cologne. (I didn’t notice the “traditional, quietly bright scent” described in the ad, but maybe I was smelling the wrong way.) They both smell good, so I put some Realm Women on as I read more about how “men and women can find an atmosphere in which total communication can flourish ... a closeness like never before.” I wasn’t getting any reaction from my fianceé, so I thought it might help if I smeared some Realm Men on him. All he did was grimace and sigh, a helpless victim of science. Then we waited. Nothing happened.

But I was expecting so much. I wanted to feel more romantic and attractive; I wanted to feel empowered. Of course, no company offering a 30-day-satisfaction-guaranteed-or-your-money-back promise would be foolish enough not to cover its butt. I guess I missed this part: “You might not notice anything remarkable at first, but soon you may perceive something positively different about yourself.” Exactly how long do I have to wait? And just to be sure no one gets the wrong idea, Realm says, “Human pheromones don’t arouse sexual desire, nor do they heighten sexual pleasure.” But what about feeling a closeness like never before? Oh well, it was worth a try.

Realm isn’t sold in Washington, but it is available by mail: $60 for 50 milliliters or $16 for five milliliters. Keep in mind, though, if you’re discouraged the first time you dab a little Realm on your neck and candles don’t flicker on as your dream lover appears from the shadows, maybe you need to keep buying more. As they say, in time you “may” notice something different. Then again, you may not.

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SEATTLE FILM FESTIVAL: LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

This year’s Seattle International Film Festival has promised more than 200 movies from around the world, including another thrilling and chilling Midnite Madness series and even a home-grown film, the black-and-white “Apart from Hugh” by Bellingham filmmaker Jon FitzGerald.

The festival began on May 18 and runs through June 11. This year’s film roster includes foreign Academy-Award submissions, long-lost classics, a collection of restored films and a showcase for Northwest films.

FitzGerald’s film premiered May 20 in the Northwest Showcase, a category of the festival reserved for Northwest filmmakers. “Apart from Hugh” is the story of a young man’s struggle to decide if he wants to stay with his older, more experienced lover or break off and discover the world by himself. FitzGerald was thrilled to have his first film picked for the festival, especially since he wasn’t planning to apply.

“I thought we would have a pretty slim chance of getting in,” FitzGerald said.

“Apart From Hugh” was filmed in Bellingham with local actors David Merwin, Jennifer Reed and Steve Arnold. Fitzgerald said he employed many “brainwashing techniques” to convince people to act in the film for free.

“Nobody knew how much work it was going to be,” he said. But, FitzGerald adds quickly, “To this day, no one would trade it for anything.”

For the remainder of the festival, publicist Kathleen McInnis recommends stopping in for the Friday or Saturday midnight shows, which are generally “high-adrenaline” films; last year, audiences thrilled over “Chopper Chicks in Zombie Town.”

“They’re very odd, very off-beat films. You need to be a more advanced cinephile — it’s everything you can imagine in the extreme,” McInnis said.

Tickets cost $7 at the door. Passes for more than one movie can be bought at a discount. For information on show dates and times, call the Seattle International Film Festival information line at (206) 325-6828. For on-line updates and information check film.com on the WorldWide Web: http://www.film.com/film/
I have always enjoyed lunches with my best friend. At times it seemed she was the only one who understood or at least didn't openly criticize my opinions. We seemed to view the world in the same light — most of the time. As we discussed the important issues in our lives, somehow I knew we would get to the one topic on which we could not agree: feminism. For nearly a year, these lunches would bring about discussions of equality in the workplace, shared responsibility in parenting and other equality issues.

Patty Fakkema sat across from me in a stylish black blazer, with French manicured nails and perfectly applied make-up that seemed to make her blue eyes jump out at me. The conversation took a familiar turn. Patty, although she frequently expressed feminist views, could not bring herself to “admit” she was a feminist. “The word feminist just brings up such negative connotations for me. I’m not a feminist; I don’t go around male-bashing, but I do believe women should get equal pay for equal work,” she would predictably say each time this topic came up.

I’m not exactly sure why, but I often find myself in the position of trying to defend or define my feminist stance. It seems as though once the word “feminist” crosses my lips, I am assigned views and opinions I never professed to have. I frequently ask myself, “Why does the topic of feminism arouse such negative connotations for so many people? How can speak-
ing out for equality be viewed so negatively?"

I began to search for answers to these questions by speaking with students and faculty members. At first I had some difficulty breaking down such a broad concept into simplistic terms. I began to feel like a character from a Dr. Seuss book, "Are you a feminist? What does the word mean to you?"

My quest led me to Dr. Kathryn Anderson, director of women studies at Fairhaven College. This seemed like the most logical place to start. Anderson was happy to try and help me understand the complexity of the issue.

She turned her office chair around to face me. Her shoulder-length brownish hair was neatly brushed back from her face and her smile seemed warm and caring. She appeared comfortable answering my questions; after all, she has been studying these issues for years. "I would consider myself more of a historian," she began, "but the truth is... gender equality is still a very radical proposal." She offered a brief historical overview, pointing out that the fight for equal rights has been a step-by-step process since before the early 19th century.

From women's suffrage to reproductive choice, women's organizations have fought long, hard battles. Most notably, the National Organization for Women (NOW) has been at the forefront of many controversial issues. Other organizations have also joined the fight such as the Women's Action Coalition (WAC), Women's Freedom Network, Independent Women's Forum (IWF) and the list goes on. Books on feminism line libraries and bookstore shelves. The pages recall history, activism and the "backlash." They remind some that it is a continuous fight and bring the satisfaction to others that women have made great strides. Feminism has seen an active life in the media as well, with many high and low points. "Negative associations are a predictable response to any social movement," Anderson said. As with most movements, the boldest ideas and bravest actions leave the biggest impressions. Most of the articles and studies I've read suggest that this may be the reason many young women are hesitant to label themselves as feminists.

Most female students I spoke with thought feminism could be seen on a continuum. General ideas such as equal pay for equal work and equal distribution of household duties may fall on one end; calls for civil disobedience and total restructuring of the social, political and economic systems would fall on the other end. The militant, male-bashing feminists have their place on the continuum as well. However, as Anderson stated, "Assigning these views and stereotypes to feminists and women studies is a way of dismissing the issue with-out even getting down to the argument — the meat of the issues."

I believe in equality of the sexes. I am not afraid to openly express these beliefs. Therefore, I consider myself to be a feminist. By the same token I would consider anyone who believes in social, political and economic equality of the sexes to be a feminist. Contrary to popular belief, not all feminists are bitter, male-bashing females. Feminists are a diverse group coming from many cultural backgrounds. There are some men who support the feminist movement as well.

Dr. Robert Bode, a professor in the communications department, openly talks about feminist issues in his communication classes. He asserts that from a communication standpoint, feminism and equal rights should afford an equal opportunity for expression. Leaning back in his chair, he gave the topic some serious thought, then chose his words carefully. "A feminist man can do what a feminist woman does," Bode said, "which is promote the cause of feminism. Not only by paying equally, but in our hiring, promoting and discursive practices." In fact, Bode was involved in a legal battle that ultimately led a major bank to change its pay codification system. "Women were training men who were earning more than they were," Bode said. "The bank not only had to change its code system but had to pay $7 million in back pay."

Lisa Matye, a Western graduate student, considers herself to be a feminist. "That doesn't mean I'm against men. I like men," she continues with a grin, "It's just that I don't think there's anything that I want to do that I can't do because I'm female. I think I work harder to prove myself because I think it's harder for a woman to earn respect."

Frustrating as it sometimes may be, I am not afraid to defend my position as a feminist. I do not consider speaking out for equality in my own sphere of influence to be extreme. I have a voice, and I choose to use it to help fight the backlash — one encounter at a time. As Anderson said in her office, "it is better to deal with the consequences of exacting change than the consequences of inequality.

Several months later Patty and I met for coffee. As we were catching up on the latest in each other's lives, she was anxious to share some experiences she had. On two separate occasions, she was out with a male friend of hers. She paid the bill when it came, but the change was given to her friend. On both occasions, she made the comment, "Guess it is still a man's world."

She relayed this story at work one day, only to have one of her male co-workers retort, "What are you a feminist or something?" She looked at me with her beaming blue eyes and said, "I was so proud of myself. You know what I told him? 'As a matter of fact, I am!'"
polite conversation.
pretty confusing.
palatable choice.
painfully cautious.
please constrain.

Political correctness is much like an episode of Scooby Doo. You remember the basic plot: a big scary monster runs around, arms outstretched, groaning and forcing the gang to split up and investigate (yeah, we know what Fred and Daphne were investigating). In the end, Shaggy pulls off the "monster's" costume and, gasp! it's Mr. Smith, the diminutive bespectacled museum curator, who shakes his fist and says, "You pesky kids! I would have gotten away with it too!"

Mr. Smith, you see, was trying to scare the young detec-
I think it’s really easy and popular to say that I don’t believe in labels... It’s not an attractive thing to me, but since most of us are part of a large group of people that makes up the whole of humanity, we do tend to label each other as different,” Nichols said. The Dan Savage poster with the “Hey Faggot!” slogan stares out past his desk and over his shoulder.

“I got blasted,” Eaton said with a short laugh. Nothing was done on an official level, but the issue got people talking.

Nichols helped create the poster in question, and he did what he thought was right. “I put a lot of thought into those posters,” he said. His concern brought him to ask Savage himself about it.

“Dan Savage is an important person, but ‘Hey Faggot!’ is a more important person,” Nichols said as he identified the difference in Dan Savage and his character — the dolled-up man in drag, who is identified in public by the label “Hey Faggot!” “Those two words are more famous than the words ‘Dan Savage,’” and were important to portraying Savage in the appropriate way, Nichols said.

As Nichols said, labeling is not a particularly popular concept these days. Everybody does it, but who wants to admit to it? Also, there is no common consensus as to what people should be called. Gender, race, etc. — they don’t agree.

“All we can do is ask the people we know,” Nichols said. He didn’t have any problem labeling himself. “I think of myself as a politically liberal, active, sensitive person,” he said with a bit of a laugh.

correct (ke-rekt) 1. To remove the errors or mistakes from. 2. To admonish or punish in order to improve. 3. Conforming to standards; proper. [<Lat. corrigere].
In defense of labeling, Savage wrote the following in his column "Savage Love" in The Stranger: “Most people are heterosexual; if gays and lesbians do not self-identify as gay and lesbian, we are, by default, identified as straight — because, perhaps rightly, heterosexuality is assumed.”

Paul Berman, editor of Debating PC, argued that identification by labeling only contributes to a Eurocentric patriarchal society.

“By teaching everyone to appreciate the culture of all groups in equal measure and by discouraging the use of certain common phrases that convey racial and gender hierarchies, in short, by altering the literature and the language, we will bring to an end the domination of this one small group.”

This small sampling of conflicts illustrates a larger problem. Often, dueling sensitivities divide the very groups that are trying to do away with separatism. This goes back to the traditional political correctness debate.

**TRADITIONAL DEBATE**

Dinesh D’Souza, known for being a “conservative firebrand” from his activist student days at Dartmouth College, can be found in most commercial publications which denote a debate about PC. He also has several books out on the subject, such as his 1991 best-seller “Illiberal Education.”

In one collection of essays and speeches, called Debating PC, D’Souza argues against PC with this rationale: “The problem is that universities and to some extent society at large are moving away from a fair or neutral set of principles and are engaging in a politics of expediency, of racial preference. I think this is a formula for division, for Balkanization, and ultimately for racial hostility.”

In another collection, Beyond PC, he acknowledges that American schools still offer top-class education, but only in the sciences.

“But liberal arts students,” D’Souza said, “including those attending Ivy League schools, are very likely to be exposed to an attempted brainwashing that deprecates Western learning and exalts a neo-Marxist ideology promoted in the name of multiculturalism.”

John Searle, a philosopher at the University of California at Berkeley who is published 50 pages later in the Debating PC collection, sees less of a conspiracy in the Universities.

“I cannot recall a time when American Education was not in a ‘crisis.’ We have lived through Sputnik (when we were ‘falling behind the Russians’), through the era of ‘Johnny can’t read,’ and through the upheavals of the sixties. Now a good many are telling us that the university is going to hell in several different directions at once.”

Conspiracy theorists, who are often tricky to explain to a rational person, and those opposing them, who really don't seem to care if they are taken seriously, hand-in-hand make up the whole of the pro/con debate. For those unknowledgeable about PC ideas, these really don't offer much more than a hazy cloud of confusion.

**HELPFUL VISUALIZATION**

If all of language was placed on an over-simplified linear chart, it would consist of three distinct groups. To the left (separate from all political connotations) lies all that is obviously insensitive, including racist, sexist and homophobic speech. To the right sits sensitivity. Here you find words carefully selected to avoid offense.

Stuck in the middle like the second child, the poor monkey, and the mystery goo between the two delicious cookie halves of a NutterButter, is that gray area where confusion and arguments take root.

Until this area is brought into the open and defined, PC will remain in its monster disguise, keeping people at bay with the threat of social retribution and stifling the debate essential to a democratic society.

And it'll get away with it, too, unless you pesky kids take the cue from Scooby Doo and investigate the issues underneath.
When local radio stations and newspapers report that heavy winter rains cause the annual closures of Chuckanut Drive, it's hard to find any reason to doubt it. Mud slides, falling rocks and flooding force road crews to display "Road Closed" signs at the north and south gateways of this nature-laden alternative to Interstate 5, and Sunday drivers either have to find another route or something else to do.

Perhaps these drivers could join Terry Mitchell in his search for what he says is the real reason behind the frequent closures of Chuckanut Drive: sasquatches.

Mitchell is a local property manager and inventor of children's toys who considers himself an amateur anthropologist. Mitchell's research has led him to the belief that descendants of the Arowak Indians, slaves brought to the Pacific Northwest by Cortez in 1535, are living a secret life in the Cascade Mountains, all the way from California to British Columbia. Some even make their home in the Mount Baker area, and this particular group spends a lot of time on Chuckanut Mountain.

According to Mitchell's theory, a sasquatch is nothing like the bigfoot legend that circulates throughout the world. "I am not searching for a giant gorilla," Mitchell says matter-of-factly. Like a little boy telling Santa what he wants for Christmas, the enthusiasm in Mitchell's voice increases with each word.

The word sasquatch, he says, is derived from an old Lummi term —
“saquee.” Saquee meant slave, and Mitchell draws a connection between this word and the Arowak slaves.

“These (sasquatches) are very tall, six-and-a-half to seven feet tall, and they wear bear-skin clothing,” Mitchell explains.

The clothing they wear is what sparked the rumor of large, hairy creatures, he says.

The clan living near Mount Baker is responsible for the closure of Chuckanut Drive, Mitchell says. “Every January, on the night of the full moon, the tides (in Bellingham Bay) are lowest and the shellfish numbers are highest. Every year, this is the night the road gets blocked off.

“They (the sasquatches) shove boulders in the road to block the drive. Then, they go catch their fish,” he says.

Despite Mitchell’s whole-hearted belief in the sasquatches, he hasn’t been able to convince Western’s anthropology department to even look into his theory. Anthropology professor Sarah Campbell keeps a file on Mitchell, but only because she doesn’t know what else to do with the documents he has given her, she says.

“I’ve been out there (to Chuckanut Drive) when there have been cave-ins and it looks natural. A road engineer would say it happens everywhere. You can see the road has natural slides ... (the sasquatches) couldn’t collect enough clams once a year to last through the winter,” she says.

When Kevin Bynum, a Fairhaven College student studying anthropology and philosophy, first heard Mitchell’s claims, he toyed with the possibility that the story could be true.

“It seemed intriguing at first, but after I talked to Dr. Campbell I decided (the sasquatch story) would make a great movie,” Bynum says. “It would take a real stretch of the of the imagination, but it was exciting to listen to and it would be neat if it was true.”

Their doubts, however, don’t stop Mitchell from continuing his search. “My goal is to be the first to contact (the sasquatches),” he says.

Mitchell stumbled into searching for sasquatches in the mid-70s after putting together a CBS documentary on the Loch Ness monster. The documentary, sponsored by U.S. Steel, was so popular CBS asked him to do a show on sasquatches.

Mitchell’s search led him to Whatcom County, but he didn’t find the information CBS was looking for. In 1979, Mitchell returned to Bellingham and revived his search. “At first I thought I was looking for bigfoot,” he says.

After studying the history of the area, however, Mitchell changed his mind.

“I got to the paragraph on the slaves (in a history book), and it hit me right there,” Mitchell says, bringing his fist to his heart.

Mitchell bases his historical analysis primarily on two books: “Prescott’s Conquest of Mexico” and “True History of the Conquest of Mexico” by Bernal Diaz Del Castille. Both books describe the travels of Cortez and, according to Mitchell, verify the fact that the Arowaks accompanied Cortez when he set sail from Mexico in search of a northwest passage to Europe.

The purpose of Cortez’s venture was to take the treasure, he had won when he conquered Mexico City, to Spain. He planned to make the trip in two legs, stopping in what today is Bellingham before heading north. Cortez was unable to continue, however, because he received word that the king was getting impatient, wondering what was taking him so long to get to Spain. So he hid the treasure and returned to Mexico. From there, he was sent to Spain to explain to the king where the treasure was, but by the time he was able to see the king, Cortez died.

Mitchell says Cortez died without telling anyone where he had buried the treasure. And, since he was never able to return to the Pacific Northwest to retrieve the treasure or the slaves, the Arowak tribe still remains. “This leaves us with the interesting possibility that the slaves are still here,” Mitchell says.

Mitchell’s collection of sasquatch paraphernalia is evidence of how hard the historical tidbit hit him. What can be in an office is only the beginning. An otherwise plain-looking coffee table is the resting place for three objects which, to the average person, aren’t anything other than rocks. But Mitchell sees much more in these objects. The first, a smooth, oval rock similar to marbles. Beside the marble-clone game is a rock a couple inches smaller, but again, Mitchell says he is positive it was once a milling stone belonging to the sasquatches.

The last object on his table is a cobbled stone. “See how it’s designed to fit a hand,” Mitchell says, also pointing out what he believes are human sweat stains, proof that the stone was used by creative, intelligent human beings.

Mitchell makes his home in a second story apartment of an office building beside Belle Bridal on Holly Street. The apartment doubles as his office, the place he displays the many toys he has invented. His office, cluttered with wall decor, would not be complete without the television. He has it tuned to QVC, patiently awaiting the day his latest invention, the “rocket ball,” will be advertised on the shop-at-home network.

Mitchell says he is not out to convince anyone he is right. “I don’t expect you to believe me. The fact of the matter is, the community is ignoring my evidence,” he says.
A small black dot hidden behind some bushes and a fallen tree is the startled face of a sasquatch, Mitchell says. Though the dot could be almost anything, Mitchell says a color analysis of the photograph would prove it was a sasquatch who ran to hide when he discovered he was being trailed. "If you enlarge the picture, you can see that nowhere else (in the photo) does the color match up," he says.

After hearing Mitchell's sasquatch story, his friend Dan Girod decided to join him on his explorations of Chuckanut Mountain. Though Girod says he is not 100 percent convinced Mitchell's theory is completely accurate, he does believe sasquatches are alive and well. "I've done a lot of hiking and I've seen a lot of strange things. There's no way Terry could've set things up," he says.

Mitchell also believes the patterns of sticks in the woods indicate the presence of sasquatches. He has discovered numerous sticks designed in the shape of an "A," which he says stands for Arowak. "If you're an Arowak, it's like reading a street sign," Mitchell says.

But Campbell sees no connection between the sticks and the Arowaks. "You're in the woods. There's billions of sticks. To me that's just coincidence," she says.

"Symbols can be interpreted in many ways," she says.

Campbell says it is easy to discount Mitchell's ideas because they are not based on anthropological guidelines for examining discoveries. She says it is best to seek a separate explanation for each piece before making connections between several pieces of evidence. "One definite piece of evidence would be better than (several pieces of) controversial evidence," she says.

But to Mitchell, his evidence is definite. The problem, he says, is anthropologists and historians don't take him seriously. "They think I'm a wacko running around a mountain," he says.

One possible reason to doubt Mitchell's claims is the thought of an entire culture hiding out in the Cascade Mountains, virtually unnoticed (with the exception of an occasional bigfoot sighting) for more than 400 years. Campbell says, historically, groups hiding out in mountains do not make their way into heavily-populated areas, as Mitchell suggests the sasquatches do.

Stories of sasquatches remind Campbell of her days as an anthropology infant. As an undergraduate at Indiana University she believed in the idea of "bigfoot," but the more she learned about anthropology, the more she realized such stories were unfounded. "There are similar sightings and findings all over," she says. "Many groups have stories about primates living in the woods."

Campbell says many of the items Mitchell has collected don't represent a lost culture, they just show the natural weathering process that occurs in nature. Mitchell, however, believes it is easy to identify the difference between windfall and damage done by human hands. "I'm happy to submit my evidence to scientific scrutiny," he says.

Mitchell says he has reason to believe the sasquatches know who he is and are aware he is trying to establish proof of their existence. "I always wear the same eagle jacket when I go," he says.

He often leaves items for them to pick up and when he returns, the items are replaced with something new. The sasquatches like spoons of thread and potato chips, he says. On one occasion, Mitchell left a bag of potato chips and when he returned, the bag had been opened and several chips were gone. There is no possibility that hikers or campers could have eaten the chips because they were left in an area which is rarely explored by anyone, he says. Campbell argues that it is more likely that raccoons devoured the chips.

"This (Mitchell's idea) is something that could be factually proven. You could watch and see what opened the bag of chips," she says.

"I get paid to look for archaeological sites, so I have to make professional decisions and also try to protect what is there," she continues.

Campbell says one reason it is so hard to accept anything Mitchell has to say is he tries so hard to find anything that will support his theory. "He's taking something we already have an explanation for and making it a mystery," she says.

But Mitchell believes he has found a missing link that will explain the true history of the Pacific Northwest and unravel the mystery behind Cortez's buried treasure.

"I would love to be the first man to meet (the sasquatches). If they could be befriended, they might know where the treasure is."

Most of Mitchell's evidence lies in his intense study of history and a room he calls the sasquatch lab, where he keeps his collection of photos and additional objects he says are sasquatch tools.

Many of his photos bear a striking resemblance to artifacts and symbols known to be of Arowak origin. One glance might convince even the biggest skeptic that Mitchell may hold the key to a major discovery. One photo shows a rock carving found on the shore of Bellingham Bay. The carving, a cone-shaped figure with a droopy mouth and eyes, is a near-perfect match to a National Geographic photo of Yocahu, chief male god of the Arowaks. Another photograph actually has a sasquatch in it, Mitchell says.

A small black dot hidden behind some bushes and a fallen tree is the startled face of a sasquatch, Mitchell says. Though the dot could be almost anything, Mitchell says a color analysis of the photograph would prove it was a sasquatch who ran to hide when he discovered he was being trailed. "If you enlarge the picture, you can see that nowhere else (in the photo) does the color match up," he says.

After hearing Mitchell's sasquatch story, his friend Dan Girod decided to join him on his explorations of Chuckanut Mountain. Though Girod says he is not 100 percent convinced Mitchell's theory is completely accurate, he does believe sasquatches are alive and well. "I've done a lot of hiking and I've seen a lot of strange things. There's no way Terry could've set things up," he says.

Mitchell also believes the patterns of sticks in the woods indicate the presence of sasquatches. He has discovered numerous sticks designed in the shape of an "A," which he says stands for Arowak. "If you're an Arowak, it's like reading a street sign," Mitchell says.

But Campbell sees no connection between the sticks and the Arowaks. "You're in the woods. There's billions of sticks. To me that's just coincidence," she says.

"Symbols can be interpreted in many ways," she says.

Campbell says it is easy to discount Mitchell's ideas because they are not based on anthropological guidelines for examining discoveries. She says it is best to seek a separate explanation for each piece before making connections between several pieces of evidence. "One definite piece of evidence would be better than (several pieces of) controversial evidence," she says.

But to Mitchell, his evidence is definite. The problem, he says, is anthropologists and historians don't take him seriously. "They think I'm a wacko running around a mountain," he says.

One possible reason to doubt Mitchell's claims is the thought of an entire culture hiding out in the Cascade Mountains, virtually unnoticed (with the exception of an occasional bigfoot sighting) for more than 400 years. Campbell says, historically, groups hiding out in mountains do not make their way into heavily-populated areas, as Mitchell suggests the sasquatches do.

Stories of sasquatches remind Campbell of her days as an anthropology infant. As an undergraduate at Indiana University she believed in the idea of "bigfoot," but the more she learned about anthropology, the more she realized such stories were unfounded. "There are similar sightings and findings all over," she says. "Many groups have stories about primates living in the woods."

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"I would love to be the first man to meet (the sasquatches). If they could be befriended, they might know where the treasure is."
Deep, earthy sage, cedar and frankincense combine in the air with floral and herbal incense to create one massive aroma strong enough to awaken the soul.

Something is mystical and soothing about the steady stream of smoke rising straight up in the air as the glowing end of the stick slowly and silently deteriorates into ashes...

By Susan Eick — Photograph by Nancy Hazzard
A short, energetic woman named Marje leans over the counter, with her hands clasped together, socializing with customers in a rather loud manner. Black hair clings tightly to her small face, and her dark eyes gaze intently around the shop she and her husband, Bob, opened 18 years ago.

"I don't sell any incense I don't personally like," she says. "After Marje and Bob left San Francisco in the early '70s to escape the fast-paced lifestyle, they settled in Bellingham and opened Zephyr Etc., which, when one notices the peace and anti-war patches on the wall, looks as if we have yet to reach 1975."

"I see a trend," Marje says, noticing that young people are coming in to check out the incense more often. Marje thinks these young people like it simply because it smells good.

"I burn incense at home in my fireplace," Marje says. "It does something to your emotions, helps relieve stress. I like to burn it after I drive or watch television.

"Did you know today we have as much stress in one day as my grandmother did in a whole month?"

Perhaps that's why incense has been around for 10,000 years, as Marje says. In Mesopotamia, it was a messenger to bridge the spiritual gap of this world and the world beyond. In ancient Egypt, thousands of tons of aromatic resins were traded and used in rituals.

Far Eastern countries such as Tibet have always traded incense because they have abundant resources not often found in Western countries. Such resources as aromatic spices, herbs, leaves, roots and sap scraped from beneath the bark of cedar trees are combined with crushed gem stones to form a natural, earthy scent. Dipped in rich perfume oils, the pasty substance is rolled onto bamboo slivers. It is then cut, dried and ready to burn.

Today, incense is sold at the Christmas market on the crowded streets of Aachen, Germany. It is used during worship in Catholic churches and Buddhist temples around the world. It is as common as a tea ceremony in Japan; and in Bellingham, many students burn incense to get rid of that odd dorm-room smell, or to relax after another hellacious day of school.

Perhaps students are just discovering that burning incense can help them mentally relax. Then again, maybe they just enjoy the smell.

Junior Bina Barreca doesn't find incense to be a trend, although she and her friends burn it simply because they do like the smell. With her boyish haircut, purple pants and dark, baggy sweater, she has a style all her own.

"The first time I smelled incense was on a rainy day," says the art student, giggling at her own comment.

Riding her bike home to escape the downpour, Barreca passed a shop that emitted a spicy-sweet aroma.

"It smelled so good I had to stop and see what it was," she says. "There was this man selling incense. I asked him what he was burning, and he said it was called 'Rain.'"
Myths & Mag

Dis 'spell' ing the idea that Paganism is for wicked witches and Satan worshipers

By Beverly Crichfield
Photographs by Reneé Yancey
The smell of sweet incense permeated the room, drifting between the various charms and books on magick, spirituality and the Goddess mother.

Watching a curious passerby’s brow wrinkle at the advertisements for Tarot-card readings posted outside the door, Shannon Cooper, pagan priestess, laughed as the woman continued to walk by without stopping.

“Most people have no clue what Paganism is,” she said, sitting casually back in her chair — a young woman dressed in an ordinary plain purple blouse and looking more like a local college student than a priestess and teacher of Paganism. She glanced down at the pentagram hanging around her neck on a chain and pushed her long brown hair away from her face. “Most people think we worship Satan and sacrifice animals.”

Many of the problems she has encountered dealing with her spirituality have come from conservative Christians.

“I remember once when I was down in Tacoma, I was driving to work and had a pentagram, which is the sign of earthly elements, on the back of my car,” she explained, smiling a little. “I happened to drive by a church where Operation Rescue was protesting against abortion. Some woman who was near the street saw me and started screaming ‘Satan worshiper!’ A whole group of those people came toward my car, waving their signs at me, and when I drove away, a woman in the car behind me actually chased me to work.”

Cooper smirked and then laughed. “We were both speeding, and I was really scared.”

Cooper has been a priestess for four years, teaching people in small groups, called covens, about the history of Paganism and about how to discover their own sense of spirituality. Each teacher, she explained, has his or her own way of teaching, and each coven is very different from another.

Paganism has been the common title given to people, especially indigenous peoples, such as the American Indians, who are not monotheistic, or aren’t Christian, Muslim or Jewish. Most pagans, she said, also believe in some kind of magick, fate or destiny, and follow the earth’s cycles with ceremonies.

“I found out what Paganism was when I was 16,” she said. “I called myself an atheist until I came upon a book called ‘Drawing Down the Moon’ by Margot Adler and found out there was a name for what I believed in.”

After graduating from the University of Puget Sound with a degree in English and an extensive knowledge of many different religions, she began her own coven. Cooper said she thought other Pagans in her community might want to study together. To her surprise, she said, almost 20 people began to meet twice a week on a regular basis.

When she moved to Bellingham, Cooper decided not to join a coven, but instead opened her own book, charm and all-around communication store for pagans called Widdershin’s on Champion Street. Books on spirituality and discovering the Goddess neatly line the shelves to the front of the store, while a bulletin board against the wall advertises various seminars on spirituality given by pagan speakers in the community.

“Paganism is a spirituality, not a religion,” she said. “It’s an individual interpretation of what you believe, but we all have in common reverence for the earth, seeing the spirit, or God or Goddess, in everything around us and celebration for the cycles of the earth and our lives, such as life, death, birth and getting older.”

Pagans tend to celebrate different holidays, which come from ancient practices before Christianity. Most of these holidays are centered around lunar and solar cycles, including the winter and
summer solstices and the equinoxes. Candlemas, February 2, is a
day when pagans renew their vows to themselves for the next year
and bless themselves. Beltane, or May Day, May 1, is a celebra-
tion of sexuality.

Many of these celebrations are practiced in a more orthodox
manner by WICCCANS, or modern witches who sway toward tra-
tional practices revamped from times before Christianity.

"They're the ones you read about who are dancing in the
woods naked," Cooper
said, laughing. "Sexuality
is approached quite differ-
ently in Paganism and by
the WICCCANS."

Pointing to a picture
next to her desk of a
woman sitting on a hilltop
in the night gazing up at
the stars and the moon,
Cooper said she envisions
herself in that picture.

"I've always practiced
magick and always be-
lieved in the Goddess," she
said. "I prayed to the
moon as Goddess. The
whole Goddess concept is
older than Christianity;
and remnants of the God-
dess can be found in the
Virgin Mary."

Sometimes, Cooper
said she meets with mem-
ers of Pentacle (Pagans-
Embrace - Nature -
Thought - Awareness-
Creativity - Love - Enchantment), a pagan group meeting on
Western's campus once a week to discuss Paganism and plan
activities together.

The group met one night in the Viking Addition, in
a room overlooking Bellingham Bay. Seven members sat in
a circle waiting for the last member to arrive.

Theresa Lennon, founder of Pentacle, pointed out that Eliza-
beth Dugue wouldn't be
showing up on time.
"She's on what we call
'pagan time,' which is
about half-an-hour be-
hind everyone else's," she
said, laughing.

As soon as they were
all gathered, they began to listen to Dugue give a talk about the
history and categories of magick.

"Magick is causing a change to occur in accordance with
will," Dugue explained studiously. "Your motive is what makes it
either black or white. Any time you practice magick on someone,
you have to have that person's permission."

Dugue went on to explain different forms of magick, in-
cluding ritualistic magick, which is performing an act of some
kind over and over, for instance, dancing or chanting, in order to
concentrate energy to cause a magick occurrence; talismanic magick,
which is charging a charm with power; and ceremonial magick.

Lennon tried to describe how some kinds of magick are done.
Closing her eyes solemnly and reaching her hands out to Gabriel
Horton, a club member sitting next to her, she began humming
and moving her hands over him. The idea, she said, is to heal
someone by extending your energy into that person's spirit and
body.

"The process of magick is believing before seeing," Lennon
said, her eyes closed and her hands outstretched. "It's kind of
along the lines of biofeedback, if you want to compare it to some-
thing."

For Lennon, picturing positive colors while transferring her
energy to heal is her per-
sonal way to do magick.
Other members practice
magick by having a per-
son clutch a talisman or
charm, which they be-
lieve they have saturated
with positive energy.

Lennon said there is
a bad stigma attached to
magick by many Chris-
tians who believe it is evil
or Satanic.

"It's not like in Hol-
lywood, with bolts of sil-
ver coming out of
people's fingertips," she
explained.

"Pagans consider
prayer a form of magick,
because when you pray,
you are collecting posi-
tive energy and working
it to your will. That's
why Christians get so up-
set, because we use the
term magick to describe
something they define as prayer, and holy."

Lennon and Horton bantered back and forth about differ-
ent practices of magick, and then laughed at the lack of uniform-
ity in their methods.

"Pagans can never really get together in big groups because
we can never totally agree on anything," Horton said, giggling.
"We just tend to do things differently, although there are some
practices of magick that are pretty universal."

One of those prac-
tices, he explained, casu-
ally propping his Con-
verse-clad feet up on the
back of a chair, is cast-
ing a circle.

Most cultures, from Hebrew to American Indian tribes, have
used a kind of circle-casting practice at one time or an-
other, but in different forms, Horton explained.

To cast a circle, a round barrier is either visualized or physi-
ically erected all the way around the individual to form a kind of
protection from negativity or distractions. Then, the four earthly
elements of wind, fire, earth and water are called in the form of
eagle, lion, wolf and dolphin for protection around the circle while
that individual is practicing magick or meditation.

"Magick in a circle might include what I did to overcome
my fears," Lennon said. "I put all my fears down on a really brittle
piece of paper and then burned the paper to let the elements take
my fears away."

When practicing magick, Lennon explained she tries to vi-

The Goddess is the spirit that exists
in everything from the trees to a
person and unites everything on earth.
sualize herself as one with the elements and the Goddess, or the spirituality in everything existing on earth.

Most pagans practice a form of Goddess worship, which can be traced back thousands of years before Christianity in Greek, Roman, Celtic and Egyptian mythologies.

The Goddess, Lennon said quietly, is the spirit that exists in everything from the trees to a person and unites everything on earth. In this way, everything has value because everything is connected. Goddess worship also puts a higher value on women than the monotheistic religions, she said.

"Paganism tends to celebrate the feminine and not repress it, like Christianity has done. This attracts a lot of women, but also men," she said, matter-of-factly.

The influence of the Goddess and feminine-empowerment coming from pagan authors has also been felt within more traditional Christian philosophical spheres, Lennon explained.

Shirley Osterhaus, Catholic campus minister, thumbed through a book in her office at the Shalom Center on Highland Drive. She said she is just one of many women who has found herself re-examining her faith and embracing some of the Goddess concepts.

"I had a very negative experience within the church from being a woman that spurred me to look for alternative ways of believing and a kind of re-affirmation of my faith," Osterhaus said. "I began reading a book comprised of many feminist views on religion, including some pagan authors. Some of the principles, like seeing a spirit in oneself which is connected to the whole, seemed very healthy to me."

Osterhaus said the Goddess concept puts value on women's bodies and tries to get rid of the dualisms of traditional religion, such as women being connected to the body and men being connected to the spirit, which in traditional Catholicism places more value on males than on females.

"The Goddess concept does not contradict my feelings because Jesus clearly said, 'I live within you; you are a temple,' and that's how I interrelate the Goddess tradition in my own religion. The spirit is in everything around me, not over me and dominating."

The Goddess was one aspect that attracted Bonny Gautreaux, 24, to Paganism and away from the traditional and patriarchal Catholicism she was raised with. Gautreaux was able to learn more about the Goddess and meet other pagans at the annual Spring Mysteries festival at Port Flaggler near Port Townsend.

The four-day festival, from April 13-16 entertained nearly 250 people from all over the United States and Canada with similar pagan ideals. Merchants came to sell everything from Renaissance clothing, jewelry and books to swords and artwork. Classes on different pagan aspects, including magick, mythology and spirituality, were offered.

"It was my first festival and the first time I really was able to meet so many people from so many walks of life that think the same way I do," Gautreaux said in a soft, shy voice. "It was a real spiritual awakening for me."

While at the festival, Gautreaux solemnly explained, the initiation she went through — an initiation to her own beliefs and an understanding of her own spirituality.

Gautreaux said her initiation meant shutting out the world around her and letting go of her fears and anger to become complete and feel connected to the rest of life.

"Spring Mysteries is a celebration of Eostar, the spring equinox, and a celebration of Easter," she said. "It's like winter leaving and a new life beginning, and that's how it felt to me, like I was starting over."

Lennon said letting go of negativity and embracing life's energy is a large part of pagan spirituality.

She glanced out the window and down the street and then smiled. "See, I let go of my fear that I wouldn't find an affordable car; but I cast my circle, and what do you know but after a couple months I got one in good shape for $700." She glanced at Horton and laughed. "And people don't think magick works!"
HOPE AND A FIGHTING WILL

By D. Elizabeth Hovde
Photographs by Renée Yancey
Diagnosed with Multiple Sclerosis five years ago, Keith Fakkema has tried bee stings, injections and magnets. Here's one man who refuses to give in to the war against his body.

AS THE SUN SETS, Keith Fakkema enters the comfortable surroundings of his home after a long day's work. He leaves his strong, silver-headed cane by the door and walks freely across the room. "Bouncing," as he calls it, from one nook to the next with his right foot usually dragging behind, he makes a rhythmic sound across the brick tile that covers the floor. The furniture is reliable, always in its proper place, and ready to support him as he walks through the house's natural maze. He stops at regular check-points and waits, regaining strength to go farther.

Fakkema is one of many people battling with Multiple Sclerosis, the young-adult disease that surprises most of its victims between the ages of 25 and 45. Norman Schwamberg, the executive director of the Western Washington Chapter of The National Multiple Sclerosis Society, says 4,200 people in Western Washington alone are registered with the society as having been diagnosed with MS.

MS is a neural disease with an unknown cause, making its cure unknown as well.

Walking with a cane is only one of the things Fakkema uses to combat the debilitating disease that has tried to consume his life since 1990 when he was diagnosed with MS at age 48.

From following a diet that prohibits sugar and is low in fat, to allowing half-a-dozen bees to sting him on his back three times a week, he and his family ignore the neurosurgeon's dismal prophesy.

"He said Keith had non-remitting MS, was wheelchair-bound and would soon be bed-ridden," says Hope, Fakkema's bright-eyed wife.

"Since that neurosurgeon, I don't think I've ever talked to a doctor about what to expect," Fakkema says. "I know all I need to know about it from them. What I don't, I'll learn on my own."

The symptoms started for Fakkema in 1989 when he began getting the MS-typical tingling in the fingers and toes, a loss of balance and abnormal fatigue.

"We used to like to walk a lot. Walks got shorter and shorter," Hope says.

Fakkema realized it was time to go to the doctor after a game of softball with family and friends. "I used to really enjoy the game but hadn't played for a long time. Once I hit the ball, I realized I could not run to first base." This was a harsh realization for the active 6-foot husband and father.

Soon after the softball incident, while eating at a restaurant, a friend told Fakkema he noticed his walk was looking a "bit spastic." His friend made an appointment for Fakkema. From there he was referred to a specialist.
The first neurologist Fakkema saw noticed a pinched nerve in Fakkema's neck and said it was creating the problem. Surgery was scheduled, performed and seemed successful at first. However, six weeks later Fakkema began stumbling and said it was creating the problem. A prickling sensation returned. After a spinal tap and an MRI (a magnetic X-ray) the diagnosis was made.

"I was relieved because I feared that I had something much worse. MS is not a fatal disease, so I was very glad about it." Being able to put a label on the symptoms he had been experiencing was also a great relief to him.

There are many types of MS, some are worse than others. "MS in itself is not considered terminal and the majority of people that have MS are not in a life-threatening situation," Schwamberg says. "Some people die because the disease weakens the immune system, letting something else cause their death. Very few people stricken get to that point."

Hope wasn't as relieved as her husband when she heard his diagnosis. She was angry. She was angry at the doctors for taking so long to diagnose the problem and for not taking Fakkema's symptoms very seriously.

"When we went to the neurologist he would ask Keith, 'How are ya? Anything new? Any problems like this in your family in the past?'" After these simple questions the doctor was ready to send them on their way, so she decided to start asking the questions, Hope says.

**HOPE ASKED WHY A HEALTHY MAN, ALL OF A SUDDEN, WAS UNABLE TO WALK MORE THAN THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE.** This provoked tests that finally gave Fakkema's symptoms a name and the doctor the ability to tell Fakkema to pretty much give up because there was no cure.

After the neurologist created such a bleak picture for the family, she couldn't take it, Hope says.

"I was feeling very scared. I felt like I was losing my whole family." It seemed she was. In 1983 the couple lost their 15-year-old son Carl to a boating accident. Four years later, their only other child, Heather, moved out of the house to go to college. One of her children was dead, the other was no longer in the house and then, a respected doctor was telling her that she was losing her husband.

"It was very frightening. I have finally made peace with God about it," Hope says.

Peace, hope and a fighting will have led the couple to alternative forms of medicine. There is no cure that established medical practice can offer, Fakkema says, but he and Hope have kept their eyes open for anything that may alleviate some of the pain involved in having the disease or slow down the degeneration of his body and motor skills.

Fakkema has a rectangular pill box about the size of a King James Bible, that carries all of his vitamins in its 13 compartments. There are hundreds of pills in it. He takes 51 of them each day. The edges of his placemat are lined with grain-colored pills alongside black ones that resemble jelly beans. Numerous pills accompany every meal: breakfast, lunch and dinner. A bite of food, a pill. Food, food, pill.

The vitamins run the Fakkemas about $200 a month, which isn't pleasant but worth the results, Fakkema says. A nonfat, low-in-sugar diet accompanies the pills. Schwamberg says he is not sure the strict diet and supplement of pills is worth the hassle. He says there is no scientific proof that the diet helps MS sufferers and a good diet should be employed by everyone, not just people with MS.

Wright also suggests Fakkema take the metal fillings out of his mouth and replace them with porcelain. The theory behind the strange-sounding procedure is that the mercury in the filling, a poison that makes up 55 percent of the material, poisons the immune system and disables to some extent the body's ability to fight off MS symptoms.

"I have good days and bad days."
When Fakkema first heard the idea he said, “I thought, that's too expensive and time-consuming. I didn't want to do it.” But the more he and his wife explored the theory and read other papers on it, the more they thought it may be worth their while.

THREE MONTHS AGO
FAKKEMA'S DENTIST FINISHED REPLACING THE LAST METAL FILLING IN HIS MOUTH. Fakkema is now metal-free.

He's not sure there has been any improvement yet, but he says he is optimistic and doesn't expect results to come instantly. “It took five years to get this way. I'm sure it will take more than five weeks to feel better,” Fakkema says.

Like the strict diet, Schwamberg is very doubtful this procedure will do anything for Fakkema either. Schwamberg, along with the National MS Society as a whole, is a firm believer in scientific research and says, “There is no evidence that there are any benefits from doing this.”

Before taking out the fillings, Fakkema tried putting magnets in his shoes, which is supposed to “realign the magnetic field within your body and impact the immune system,” Fakkema said.

They also tried a treatment that attempts to rejuvenate the immune system - a theory created by a doctor in France. A hyperbaric chamber, a steel pod that looks somewhat like a small submarine, is used to increase the pressure around a patient's body. “The pressure increases to a point where you feel you are 40 feet underwater, while breathing through an oxygen mask,” Fakkema says.

The hope is that the oxygen in the chamber will be forced into the patient's tissue. It is a theory used with burn victims and diabetes patients as well. Fakkema did this for six months, receiving the treatment at first every day, then every other day.

“That was one of the more esoteric forms of recovery we’ve tried,” Fakkema says.

Then there are the bees, which provide another form of relieving MS symptoms that Fakkema has tried. The patient gets a load of bees in a jar and has someone take them out with tweezers and place them on the patient’s back, allowing the bees to sting. Fakkema did this with the aid of his wife. He received six bee stings two to three times a week. Bee stings were found to be a treatment by accident. MS patients who were accidentally stung reported they were relieved of some of their symptoms afterward.

“A bite of food, a pill. Food, food, pill.”

For victims like Fakkema who are forced to deal with the disease that makes normal activities like walking a chore, the investment in alternative medicine is worth it. Fakkema says the diet alone has given him more strength than he could have ever expected.

Some MS patients will choose more aggressive, alternative methods like Fakkema has, while others wait for a scientific cure the future may or may not hold. Fakkema and his wife say they like having as many options to choose from as possible.

Fakkema says as bizarre as the methods he has tried sound, not a week goes by that someone he knows doesn't send him a note saying, “Try this!” The suggestions range from hypnosis to sacred bird feathers, “whatever that is,” he says.

In the meantime, Fakkema is a busy man with a disease that feeds on fatigue.

“I HATE STAIRS,” Fakkema says; they wear him out the fastest. Hope says, “That's why he has a house full of them!” The couple laugh together.

“I have good days and bad days,” Fakkema says. Fighting with the maddening disease, he wins some battles and loses others, but insists on winning the war.
As one college student prepares to leave Bellingham and Western Washington University, she turns to the community's "local experts" to gain a deeper understanding of the town she calls her second home.
SNAPSHOTS
State Street was once known as Elk Street. As one Bellingham resident puts it, the rationale behind the name change was Elk Street sounded too "hickish."

Bellingham's history is not lost in dusty library books. The past lives on in those who have captured it in their memories.

"Putting pennies on the street car tracks. That was a popular little something to do. I don't know whether I still have some or not, I used to."

Like snapshots in a scrapbook, Bellingham's history is found in the "snapshots" of everyday people.

"The bus depot ... that used to be a railroad depot. And where they used to get the bus, to catch it, was in front of Pay n' Save (now Payless) — that whole block."

Those of us who busy Western with our footsteps for only a few years do have memories of our own. The Mason and Yeager building fires are two events many of us will remember. Brother Tom preaching in Red Square may be another.

"The Ku Klux Klan used to burn crosses on Sehome Hill."

For all our memories of Bellingham, so many more exist outside our knowledge.

The Bamboo Inn has never had cars parked in front of it.

"Bellingham itself was a quiet place, it never did grow. We always said the Chamber of Commerce didn't want to have Bellingham grow. They wanted it to stay as it was and enjoy the life as we had it — calm and serene. That was sort of a laughing stock in those days, nobody really tried to get any business to come here," Carver himself was able to find a job — as a photographer for the Bellingham Herald. His snapshots of Bellingham are very real and on display at the Whatcom Museum of History and Art through July 9. They built the Herald building in '27 or '28. The sign was up there then. In fact, the Bellingham Hotel, which is now Bellingham Tower, had a huge sign on it. They built it in, I think it was the '30s. It just had 'Bellingham,' on a big, big tower on top of the building and it must have been 60 feet high."

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INDUSTRY
"Along the waterfront, there were four, five, six lumber mills. Bloedel Donovan was the largest. It went on for years and years. It had a big smoke stack. It was right down here."

As Carver motions in front of the picture window, nearly straight down the hill from where he sits, his gesture sweeps us into a long-gone Bellingham. The images of this past seem to appear as a sepia-tinted photograph — all of Bellingham-past is laid out before me. "There was another one right down here where Boulevard Park is now," he continues. "Lumber got scarcer and so on."

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Forty years ago I was born here in Bellingham, soon to move but never to forget my first home. Visiting my grandmother over the years, her house only a short distance from the Bamboo Inn, I can say there never really has been a booming business there. (No, I don't know about any drug connections.) Along with the sleepy Chinese restaurant, Bellingham is an interesting town, full of history.

Now that I'm about to leave Bellingham once more, I realize I know little about the town I have always considered my second home. It was time to seek out someone else's memories.

Luckily, colorful stories of the past don't fade as do old photographs, and three long-time Bellingham residents recall for us some of their "snapshots."

BRIGHT LIGHTS, LITTLE CITY
Sitting next to a bay window overlooking its namesake, Jack Carver's legs are stretched out in front of him as he sits in a wing chair that looks almost too small for his frame. "I was born here 77 years ago. Pretty much stayed right here. I've always had a home here ... I lived right down here on Garden Street — 710 Garden." He points through the trees in the direction of his childhood home.
The images of this past seem to appear as a sepia-tinted photograph— all of Bellingham-past is laid out before me.

“They tore down the great big smoke stack, which had a whistle they called 'Big Ole,' which they used every morning, woke everybody up at 7 a.m. and used it again at 8 o’clock when the work started. It was part of Bellingham in those days. Thirties mainly.”

“It was quite a tearful thing for the whole community,” adds Les Lee, 66, about the demise of Big Ole.

FIRE!

In thinking about Bellingham’s history, Lee notes people have a way of marking time by what building burned down. For instance, the new year of 1937.

“The Fairhaven High School burned down on New Year’s Eve at exactly midnight. And I’ve been told by a former teacher, and I believe she knew what she was talking about, that some public-spirited citizens had paid somebody to set fire to the damn thing because it was so old it was unsafe,” starts Lee, his tale unfolding as the sky and wind-tossed Lake Whatcom grow the same color in the fading light.

“I remember seeing the fire, too. I was very young, and as I recall it was New Year’s Eve. We went outside and the sky was all lit up in the south. We were at a party, my father, mother and I, and Dad said, ‘Drive over there and see where it is.’ And there we went: Fairhaven High School was on fire. Every window, every single window had fire in it. You couldn’t hardly move. And I saw it,” he adds for a final touch to his story with the look of a proud 7-year-old on his face.

THE STORY OF A GAS STATION

Kate Lewis, ‘Irish Whiskey Makes Me Frisky’ displayed on the front of her mint-colored T-shirt, came to Bellingham with her husband and five children in 1966. Her white rambler on East Illinois Street is the same one she moved into nearly 30 years ago. It looks just as I remember, from visiting her once with my mother many years ago. So long ago, in fact, I don’t remember when. It is only a couple blocks from the gas station/cafe she and her husband, Ray, owned across the street from what is now The Fair supermarket on Sunset Drive.

“We went in there in 1967 and were out of there in 1971, and they tore down the cafe as soon as we got out of there in September. They built a block house for the attendant to live in. Shortly after that, they tore it down and built the present grocery store. And across the street, there’s still the ARCO station. Across from there, the street that goes to The Fair market was a dirt road, one way, and there was a house behind there.

“We were in there for four years. Things seemed to be doing OK. We did good, and toward the last year it dropped for some reason or another. They offered Ray to renew the lease, and they said they were going to take the cafe out and they were going to build that block house so he could live in it. Ray says, ‘Why should I do that? I have a house to live in two, three blocks from there. I don’t need your house. Besides, you’re taking away business. No, I don’t want your lease.’”

HANGOUTS

“Downtown was the place to go until the mall started, 10 years or so ago,” notes Carver. “Downtown was the only place to go. Southside was just a small suburb over there. Most everybody hung out downtown.

“I remember, going back a while, in our day the Triple X Barrel on the other side of town was about the only thing kids could enjoy. That was in the quiet period of our lives when we were teenagers,” recalls Carver. “Then there was one other hangout downtown. I don’t know what kids do nowadays, but we had this milkshake parlor downtown — Hardwicks — that was popular.”

Lee, recognizing the livelihood of a college town, recalls some of the local watering holes. “There was a place downtown called the B & E’s — it was called The Tavern. It was popular with the college students.

The Coconut Grove on Marine Drive has gone through some name changes, Lee said. “Well a guy named Henry bought it and because of all the fighting that went on it was affectionately known as ‘Henry’s Gym,’ but before that it was called the Cat’s Eye. It had a big electric sign. As I recall, it was neon and the tail used to wag or something,” he describes with a swing of his arm.

My dad remembers the Coconut Grove as well. As I remember the story, he and his friend Don Wenke were having a few drinks when a large, drunk man started bothering them for no reason. Then to the rescue came a Lummi man, “Big Vinnie.”

Vinnie knew Wenke’s brother and took the other man outside, turned him upside-down and beat his head into the pavement.

Another bar from Bellingham’s past, the once-glowing neon sign still part of downtown, is the Flame. With a hint of grandmotherly caution, Lewis adds,
To look at the city and campus now, I can see the shadowy pictures of Bellingham past. Someday our own present at Western will be the past, too.

“Right across the street from the Mason Building is the Flame Tavern. It’s boarded up now. That was a very bad place on Railroad Avenue because the cops would patrol that.”

Carver continues, “Life moved along from Battersby Field when we got Civic Field in the ‘60s. Battersby Field was the main hangout for baseball, football in Bellingham. It was located over across what is now Whatcom Middle school, what was Whatcom High School.

“That used to be a mud hole, especially on football days. There was no drainage hardly. We called it Battersby Bog. Western used it to play all its games there.”

Western will be the past, too.

KITCHEN CREW
Western’s food service today may be considered infamous in its own right, but Carver remembers a time when being part of the “kitchen crew” meant good times.

“The kitchen crew at Edens Hall — they had an old jalopy. It had no top on it. The kitchen crew were a bunch of men — students. They would always drive around yellin’, making a lot of racket. They were singled out as one of the groups to be with because they were a step ahead of a lot of Men — well known, well liked by everybody back then ... Very popular, well-known fellow.

Years later, at the Lee’s house just off Chuckanut Drive, I met Big Mac. McDonald was a quite man, probably feeling the cancer he would later succumb to. He was taken with my brother, who had just turned six. Being busy with my friends, I didn’t stick around to get to know him — I didn’t realize what an important man he was.

The stories of Carver, Lee and Lewis are now pictures of Bellingham pasted in a mental scrapbook — additions to my own memories. Their words made places into people, and old maps into buildings. To
Breathe
Breathe
Breathe

Mmmmmmmm.

Breathe
Breathe

The world cracks.
Time stops.
Tingling atoms spiral through the body like a tornado in a vacuum chamber.

Denouement.
Le petit mort.

The little death both men and women yearn to die. For most men, it’s regular and easy. But for women ... it’s a bit more complicated.

“I think the biggest concern for women and orgasms is whether they should fake it or not,” said Dina Slavin with a laugh.

“I wouldn’t fake it. I don’t think it’s honest or respectful toward the person you’re with. But having an orgasm is an issue — especially for women because so many are having difficulties.”

Dina Slavin, a freshman studying psychology, speaks freely about her sexual perceptions. She is sure of herself. She is confident of her sex.
"I have a friend who has never had an orgasm. She had a steady partner, but she doesn't feel comfortable with herself as a sexual being."

— Dina Slavin

"I have a friend who has never had an orgasm. She had a steady partner, but she doesn't feel comfortable with herself as a sexual being."

For a woman, becoming sexually confident can be a process. And becoming orgasmic is not always an automatic part of that process.

Only 29 percent of American women have an orgasm every time they have sex, according to "Sex in America: A Definitive Survey," a study conducted by three social scientists (Robert T. Michael, John H. Gagnon and Edward O. Laumann) that was published last year. The study has been praised for its accurate methodology, which consisted of interviews in 1992 with 3,432 randomly chosen people. According to the study, 42 percent of American women usually had orgasms during sex with their primary partner. Eight percent rarely or never had orgasms.

For men, the study reports 79 percent achieved orgasm every time they had sex with their primary partner. Twenty percent of men usually had an orgasm and 2 percent rarely or never had an orgasm.

Women and men physically experience orgasm in similar ways: increased heart rate and breathing; reddening of the skin — especially on the face and chest — clenching of the fingers and toes, pelvic throbbing and contractions of the muscles around the vagina, anus and prostate at .8-second intervals. Men eventually ejaculate, women sometimes.

"Your eyes roll back and you can feel your hair. When I orgasm it's like I leave my body," described Juanita Juchau, a mother and student at Western.

But most women aren't experiencing an orgasm as regularly as men.

The complexity and sometimes rarity of the female orgasm can be partially explained through its diversity. Women can feel and reach an orgasm in multiple ways, none being more normal, regular or predictable than the other. Women can enjoy two, some argue three pleasure centers: the clitoris, the vagina and the G-spot. Women can also enjoy multiple orgasms. Each woman's preference varies, but each pleasure zone, or combination of, can produce an orgasm of equal intensity.

During the initial years of sexual study, however, women were not measured so equally.

Havelock Ellis and Sigmund Freud were among the first psychologists to open the door for women — suggesting at the turn of the century women might actually enjoy and crave sex. But, while generously welcoming the womanly world into sex and its pleasures, Freud incorrectly described their levels of enjoyment based on his perception of an "immature" and "mature" orgasm. He asserted that the clitoral orgasm was only for little girls and a mature woman would experience vaginal orgasm, the only sound form of orgasm for women.
In-depth sex studies by Masters and Johnson and Alfred Kinsey in the 1940s and '50s, measuring both the physical and psychological aspects of sex and sexual behavior, followed to disprove such preliminary assertions. Kinsey found through laboratory studies that the innermost two-thirds of the vagina are practically numb to the touch, much like other internal organs. It is the outer area that creates the most sensation for most women.

Shere Hite's report, published in 1976, provided the survey information that complimented Kinsey's findings. Her report, summarizing 3,019 responses by women to a circulated questionnaire, found approximately 44 percent of the women surveyed experienced orgasm with clitoral stimulation always or usually during intercourse. The Hite report concluded that "women are tired of the old mechanical pattern of sexual relations, which revolves around male erection, male penetration and male orgasm." These conclusions and numbers helped set the pace in centering the discussion of women's orgasms around the clitoris.

The '80s further complicated the arguments surrounding the location of women's orgasms with the pop-resurrection of a concept put forth in 1950 by the German gynecologist Ernest Grafenberg — the G-spot. He had identified the spot at about 2 inches inside, on the upper side of the vagina wall. If stimulated, some women experience orgasm and secrete a fluid in a process similar to ejaculation. Scientifically, the G-spot remains ambiguous. Survey data points to its existence, though varied in location. The final word on the female hot spot is inconclusive.

Modern researchers claim there is no differentiation between orgasms originating from any or all of the three pleasure zones. The experiential differences remain subjective, determined by a woman's individual sexual character and preferences. And, to an extent, her state of mind.

"Often researchers talk about the differences between men's orgasms and women's orgasms, men's being physical and women's being mental," said Barbara Collamer, psychology professor of Western's "Sex Roles in Society" course.

"But I think it's actually a little bit mental for both ... " she added.

Sex therapists and researchers have helped to dispel the myth of the non-orgasmic women as being insensitive or a victim of an affiliation. The ability to achieve orgasm is in fact one of the most common concerns among women regarding their sexual performance.

For generations, women have been discouraged from enjoying their own sexuality. At the turn of the century, doctors issued anti-arousal prescriptions by advising women against spicy foods, alcohol, coffee, tea, cocoa, horseback and bicycle riding, daydreaming, too much time in the bathroom and sleeping on their backs. The process of surgically removing the clitoris, the clitoridectomy (introduced in England in 1858) was practiced in the United States, though not widely, in the late 1800s. It is still practiced in some Third World countries.

Masturbation, also discouraged for both sexes during this period, carried such warning labels as hysteria, stomach cramps, rash, acne, diabetes and even death.

Modern researchers not only know better, but have dispelled other myths, such as the idea that the vaginal orgasm is universally superior, that female masturbation inhibits sexual response with a partner (when it actually has been proven to increase response), that most women have their first orgasmic experience during intercourse, that sex should always come naturally and that women aren't really satisfied without an orgasm.

But ideological remnants remain in American culture that teach women not to express or explore their sexuality. If they do, they are considered dirty.

"The double standard is not gone," Collamer said. "It's maybe not as strong as it was 30 or 40 years ago. But it's still there. My students call it the stud/slut standard."

For many women, the mental part of their orgasm can be more than just the freedom to express and explore their sexuality; it also includes an extensive element of caring.

"Sometimes women want to have sex just for the emotion," Juchau said.

Juchau is bisexual. Having been with both men and women, she discovered her orgasms with women are the best she's had.

"With women, there's this emotional thing ... It's like a spiritual experience. When making love to a man, I think, 'This person is repressing me,'" she said.

This emotional connection can be important before, during and after sex. Sometimes it can take a long time for a woman's emotional need to be fulfilled. Some researchers believe this is part of the reason women report their sex lives improve later in marriage. The 1994 "Sex in America Study" revealed married women have a significantly higher rate of orgasm than single women.

However, women differ among themselves and some do not ever experience mental or physical challenges in achieving an orgasm. Women who have problems achieving an orgasm may not yet have all the right elements in balance.

"Men are always so put down if a woman doesn't have an orgasm. It's a blow to their manliness," Slavin said. "They should realize it's not entirely their fault."

Whether in long-term relationships or one-night sleepovers, a woman's ability to have an orgasm often begins with an internal resolution and an understanding of her own physical needs, hang-ups and emotional desires.
Klipsun.

Gotta Read.