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50 YEARS OF THROWRUG!
(okay, more like six. Sheesh!)

Abnormal Admiration
Doctoring Dolls
Train Trauma
At long last! The March issue you've all been waiting for. (You'd better have been waiting. Don't make us come over there.) This time, we tried to go easy on you. No stories about illegal narcotics, no stories about god or AIDS or the JWE. (Okay, we did let a grisly story about railroad crossing deaths slip through the cracks.)

Our cover story is a big, happy profile of a local 'zine publisher.

You may be wondering why you never see this man's face in our pages.

"Karlos the Jackal," as our colorful source prefers to be called, doesn't want to draw attention to himself. He doesn't want to see you come into the video store where he works, point, and shout, "Hey! You're that 'zine guy! I saw you in Klipsun! "Zines are so cool, man!" That's not what Throwrug, or most 'zines, are about.

Jesse Hamilton's story points out that Karl & co. don't print Throwrug for us, they print it for themselves. We hope Karl will be happy with the story, but we doubt that will happen. After all, we're spotlighting a figure in the community who would rather remain in shadow. But don't fret, Karl. Our bulb is only 3,400 copies bright.

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The sun was setting on an unusually dry, calm April afternoon in the small mill town of Washougal, located near Vancouver, Wash. A large group of neighborhood kids were busy seizing the remainder of the day.

Children of all ages gathered to play on the paved, patched clearing, where the neighborhood street meets the forest. In-line skaters, bicyclists, basketball players, big-wheel riders and skateboarders were playfully entertaining themselves when they heard the buzzing sound of an engine in the wooded hills nearby. Curiosity halted their play, and they soon gathered near the edge of the trees to see what they were hearing.

They followed the sound until a floating parachuter appeared above the tall fir tree tops. The group's quiet curiosity boiled into hysteria when the parachuter began to spiral 100 feet above them.

Seemingly caught in a fluke wind, the parachuter descended toward the earth, then bobbed back up and performed a series of mid-air turns. The parachuter circled and descended toward the group again. This time they got a clear look at the engine and the round, caged fan strapped to the parachuter's back. The parachuter throttled the engine and propeller, then leveled off about 50 feet above the neighborhood street. The parachuter motored his craft above the street, and the group chased it on foot and aboard various forms of motorless ground transportation.

"It was kind of a little game," Scott Farrell, the parachuter, said. The kids chased him for blocks as he flew over the neighborhood. "They were all screaming at the top of their lungs ... goin' bonkers."

Farrell wasn't a parachuter performing a stunt jump. He was the pilot of a powered paraglider, or "sky bike." The sky bike got its nickname from the throttle and kill switch assembly, which looks like a bicycle hand-brake.

Farrell, who started sky biking in March 1996, hadn't seen or heard of an aircraft like the powered paraglider until a man, now commonly referred to as "Fan Man," landed in the boxing ring of an outdoor, televised heavy-weight boxing championship.

Images of Fan Man tangling his maneuverable, parachute-like sky bike in the ropes within punching distance of Evander Holyfield and Riddick Bowe amazed Farrell. He took a keen interest in the fanatic's fan-powered paraglider. "When I found one in an ad in an aviation magazine, I had to call," Farrell said. "I'm what you call a paraglider enthusiast now."

The motorless paraglider was first developed by hang gliders in Europe during the late '80s. Hang glider pilots were frustrated by the few launch sites accessible to their cumbersome hang gliders. "(Pilots) were tired of packing up their shit," Farrell said. Hang glider aircraft have solid and expansive frames. "A paraglider is more versatile. It folds down into a backpack."

Motorless paragliding blossomed into powered paragliding in 1990.

"Basically some dude strapped a motor and propeller to his back," Farrell said. "Now we have the sky bike."

Adding the motor doesn't prevent versatility. The optional 80-pound motor and propeller can fit in the back seat of Farrell's Honda. The round, metal cage, which protects the propeller, comes apart and transports easily.
Farrell always had dreams of flying. His dreams to soar above the clouds became reality when he chose flight school instead of a four-year college. He completed a two-year commercial flight program at Big Ben Flight School in Moses Lake, located in eastern Washington, and earned his associate’s degree. He flew many types of aircraft and eventually discovered paragliding.

"It's quiet freedom," Farrell said. He prefers a harness to a cockpit. "You don't have to talk into towers."

Would-be paraglider pilots are required to complete a seven-day pilot training program before they are allowed to go home with a sky bike.

In the training program, students are taught the basics of flying, how to work a motorless paraglider, and then how to fly a sky bike. Farrell learned how to fly the sky bike from Don Reinhard, owner of Personal Flight in Kent, Wash, and one of the few distributors of sky bike gear.

The sensation of piloting a paraglider is not easily captured with words, Farrell said. "It's a rush. The freedom to go anywhere, above everyone and everything."

Part of the freedom is that pilots are not dependent on the same wind conditions as motorless aircraft, such as hang gliders and paragliders. Pilots can turn off the motor and glide like motorless aircraft in heated, thermal wind (rising air from the ground). The independence gives pilots the ability to experience nature more fully.

"A red-tail hawk was across from me once in a thermal," Farrell said. "The hawk was circling with me."

Besides the motor, what makes the sky bike so distinctive is its "wing." The wing is made of parachute material, but its shape and function differ from the parachute. Parachutes trap air in cells and only slow a person's descent, while trapped air in a paraglider helps it to glide.

The concave paraglider wing is rectangular with rounded corners and has two layers. The wing traps air between its layers inside a series of pockets or cells. The cells inflate the wing and use ram air pressure to provide lift. A paraglider's wing has open-ended cells on its front edge. When the cells pocket the air, the paraglider glides.

The pilot is strapped into a harness that hangs from the wing with lines similar to a parachute. The pilot turns the sky bike by pulling one of two handles with lines attached to either side of the wing. A tug on the right handle deflates, or stalls, the right side of the wing and turns the paraglider right. A tug on the left handle turns the paraglider left. Pulling both handles at the same time stalls the paraglider for a landing.

Paraglider pilots can take off from level ground when strapped with the motor and caged propeller. It takes about 20 feet of open space to launch a sky bike. "They're so versatile, you can go anywhere with them and take off from just about anywhere," Farrell said.

Experienced pilots can fly as high as 16,500 feet and as low as they dare. The motored paraglider can reach speeds of 25 mph on a calm day and can be flown year round, but strong winds and heavy precipitation aren’t fun or safe to fly in.
Because the sport is so new, Farrell said, only a few Americans own sky bikes. Only 40 dealers currently exist worldwide, and the cost is expensive. Farrell's sky bike cost him around $8,000.

One drawback to the newness of the sport is that the sight of a sky bike can cause a commotion. People honk, give thumbs-up and wave if they see Farrell floating in his sky bike near the highway. "I could probably cause a car wreck." Farrell said.

He did cause a stir while flying above Camas and Washougal, Camas' closest neighbor.

It was a clear, warm June day at James River Corporation, a paper mill in Camas. Farrell's work day ended at five that afternoon at the mill, and he planned to take his sky bike up to his family's Christmas tree farm in Washougal.

Co-workers had endured Farrell's sky bike stories since he bought it that winter. His sky bike was in his Honda and giddy co-workers demanded a fly-by. He decided to fly near the mill since several co-workers couldn't leave because their shifts didn't end until later that evening.

Farrell was eager to show off his toy. He launched his sky bike from a soccer field about a mile up the Washougal River. It took him about 10 minutes to assemble the paraglider and launch from the field. He flew along the river's bank and flew close to eye level as people watched from their homes, which were built on the river's steep, wooded edge. He maneuvered a few tricks as he traveled over the narrow river and its steep, wooded banks lined with houses.

"People in the houses didn't know it was motorized—they were wondering what I was," Farrell said. "They must have thought I was a parachuter in distress."

Co-workers who were expecting his stunt were gathered near the side of the mill adjacent to the river to wave and shout as Farrell flew by. He circled and swayed above the group like a puppet, and passed the massive mill buildings, which acted as his backdrop. Co-workers' hollers were interpreted as cries of terror by mill authorities.

James River's security and rescue teams prepared their stretchers and their staff to retrieve the broken parts of a parachuter off course and apparently in distress. "When I landed," Farrell said, "I realized I had the whole city of Camas after me."

He was greeted by a friendly Washougal police officer and the superintendent of schools (who had received calls from people who had watched Farrell launch) when he landed in the soccer field. The officer informed Farrell the Camas Police Department was also after the pilot because several concerned citizens had phoned 911 from their riverfront homes. The officer let him off with a verbal warning.

"I was breaking the law ... ooh yeah," Farrell pronounced emphatically. He was lucky, and erased the mill as a destination from his flight book.

Federal Aviation rules are vague for small aircraft like the sky bike. The rules ban small aircraft from flying in congested flight paths, especially around the airport. Farrell said the rules also apply to densely populated areas like downtown Camas and the paper mill.

"That day I caused a lot of commotion," Farrell admitted.

"Maybe they thought you might fall and break your hips," Heidi Hanseler, who sat next to Farrell, scolded.

Hanseler, Farrell's fiancee, works as a flight attendant for Horizon Air.

Her sarcastic remark did have a twist ...

On Aug. 3, Farrell crashed his sky bike while Hanseler and friend Dave Perrault could only watch. "I knew it wasn't good when I heard him hit," Perrault said. It was a still, humid summer day in Washougal.

Conditions made it difficult to keep the paraglider wing inflated. Farrell had leveled off his altitude and drifted over Perrault and Hanseler low to the ground and at a slow speed. He made a hard, sharp left turn after he passed them.

"I got cocky," he recounted.

After he stalled the left side too hard, the paraglider sent him plummeting downward with little time to recover.

"Wait...this isn't supposed to happen," Farrell thought as he watched the stalled left side tangle in the lines.

His first inclination was to recover by powering the propeller to gain speed. He hoped to refill the deflated cells. But the pocket-like cells would not inflate.

Instead, the extra thrust sent him swinging in a twisted semicircle.

Triggering the safety chute was futile from such a low altitude. He did not recover control of his sky bike. The propeller drove him hard into the hay field below.

Farrell fell about 25 feet, landed on his feet when he hit the ground, then slammed face first from the momentum of the landing. The impact broke both of his hips, tore ligaments in his right knee and scattered his damaged body with dark bruises. Hanseler called 911 on her cellular phone and ambulances quickly arrived at the hay field on the family's tree farm where he crashed. The deflated paraglider wing was strewn in front of him in a tangled clump of rope and fabric.

He spent six weeks in a body cast and recuperated after continuous physical therapy sessions.

But Farrell is not afraid to get back on his sky bike. He said he was dreaming of the day when he could take to the skies again.

"I'm young ... I want to live," he said.
I am convinced more than half of Western's population was born wearing skis. Thus, I am a member of a very tiny, very persecuted minority group in Bellingham. I am one of the few people in this area who did not start skiing before I could walk. As a matter of fact, I managed to make it 21 years before I set foot in skis.

Regardless of their reasons, people who don't ski can count on being harassed by skiers. Freshman Cassie Dretsch good-naturedly describes a scenario that is an everyday occurrence for non-skiers November through March. A group invites her to go skiing, she admits she isn't a skier, and they react with predictable disbelief. She jokingly portrays their astonished reprimands in a feigned male voice. "No way! You don't ski?"

Every non-skier has been tortured by their skier friends at some time or another; I am no exception. Tired of all the comments and gasps of astonishment, I decided to take matters into my own hands and see what's so great about this sport. In the name of all non-skiers, I set out to see for myself why broke college students and many other people spend so much money for a day of freezing, waiting and falling.

7:30 a.m., Monroe, WA

It's a cold, clear morning when I board the steamy ski bus full of sleepy junior high students and a few adults. Dressed in four layers of clothing and a knitted hat, I can barely bend my legs to sit down. For the next half-hour, the only sounds are muffled snoring and whispered gossip as the bus winds its way toward Stevens Pass. I am nervous, but not afraid of the challenge that lies ahead.

When the bus finally reaches the tiny town of Goldbar, people start to perk up. The rustle becomes a dull roar as we grind to a halt and chain up. The bus pulls into a snowy parking lot and a mass exodus occurs as kids fall over each other trying to exit. Eyes watering, I hurry through "diesel zone" as quickly as possible, holding my breath in line of buses.

It's a busy Saturday and the area outside the lodge is teeming with snowboarders and skiers of all ages and abilities. Even the smallest details reveal the experts, I notice self-consciously, watching them casually click into their streamlined skis. The jovial mood of the people milling around reflects good humor and anticipation. Unfortunately, this is not the mood inside the lodge.

9:00 a.m., Rental Hell

After waiting in line twice at the wrong place, I finally find the biggest line of all under a huge ski rental sign. There is a family of four ahead of me and their 4-year-old is not too excited about skiing. Her sister beans her over the head and they begin to brawl in front of me. Sweating, I fill out forms promising not to sue if I fall and break my legs using their equipment and mark the 'never ever' box, indicating my level of experience.

I plan to take the 9:30 a.m. beginner lesson, then spend the rest of the day practicing. At 9:15 a.m.
I am still without skis, so I ask a harried employee where I should report for class. Finally make it to the front of the line and give them my $40, which will buy me a lesson, rental skis and a lift ticket. The cashier assures me I will have no problem making the class. Making progress, a teenage rental guy hands me the most uncomfortable boots I will ever wear. Shoving my feet in, I start to ask him if they are supposed to cut off my circulation, when we are interrupted by another employee. He just wants to let me know that I have been bumped to the 11:15 a.m. class, where I can pick up my lift ticket. My skiing time has just been cut in half, and I realize that I won't be receiving a "slow line" discount. I guess if you want to ski before lunch, you'd better be there early.

11:10 a.m., The 'Never Ever' Class

After killing time in the already crowded cafeteria, I find my way down to the purple banners advertising Stevens Pass Ski School. Looking around, the only people on skis are a group of adolescent boys. "That can't be my class," I reassure myself. They come tumbling down the hill and ask me if I am the instructor. This should have been my first clue, but nothing could have prepared me for the ensuing chaos. More adults and children gather around me, and soon we are joined by three instructors.

"This is Mr. Ski," the 27-year-old announces happily. The only time I've ever seen anyone fall off was when they told the beginner hill. It is a minefield of novices falling on top of one another and out-of-control rookies zooming around them. I wonder what I am doing at the top of this mountain.

The Boy Scouts take off, skis pointed straight down the hill, leaving the rest of us to fend for ourselves. It's the Big Time now, and we are on our own. I take a deep breath, carefully position my skis, and in a technically perfect pizza wedge, begin a "controlled slide" down the slope. Part way down Mitch decides the class must learn how to turn on skis. We practice dodging 8-year-old snowboarders and manage to maneuver down the mountain without any casualties.

As the first snow-covered beginners near the bottom, I notice too late that Daisy is getting steeper. Upon realizing this, I slide downward on my back and end up in an unrepresentable flat spin. Fortunately, I land in a snow bank, suffering only snow up the back of my shirt. As the 6-year-old professional racers shower me with snow, I wonder why this is such a great sport. Forty bucks for snow up my shirt.

3:00 p.m., Goodbye Boy Scouts

A hazard to myself and others, I make two more runs—or tumbles—down the mountain. Boy Scout Darren Bowden, 11, tells me he has fallen "about a thousand times," and somehow I feel better. But the lesson is coming to an end, and the Boy Scouts and I must part ways.

We were not the only ones to fall today. Class members Dave Lerner and his son Ifyan describe Iran's sudden spill in front of the chair lift. The 6-year-old's eyes grow large as he recounts how the chair lift hit him and had to be stopped. They both retain a good attitude despite the hardships of the afternoon. "We've been practicing hard and having fun," says Dave. "For my first time skiing, I was good," Ryan adds modestly.

"I like a little bit of chaos," says Mitch, summing up the day. "I love that sort of enthusiasm. That's pure enthusiasm for the sport," he says, speaking of the Scouts. "The key is fun and everyone working together."

For a moment I think that it might be worth it, especially when I take my feet out of those horrible boots and give back the skis. But like a beginner aimed down the fall line, that feeling soon disappears. Several experienced skiers did warn me that the first day is always the hardest, and now I believe it.

I return to the now noisy bus, ready to listen to the harrowing adventures of others and share my own. I am sore and exhausted, but satisfied that I survived the day despite temperature and expense. I am no longer an official novice when I sign up for ski lessons, but I am still in the 'never ever' category in one respect—I will 'never ever' understand why skiing is such a big deal.
She nervously brushes her hair away from her face. Her eyes shift and it is obvious at this point that Carol—almost three years since it all occurred—is still shaken.

Her voice quivers, “See, we had a mutual friend ... she would tell me things like ... he told me he saw your bra strap today and it really turned him on ... he told me he had a daydream about throwing you up against the wall and raping you.”

“I knew she had a crush on him so I thought maybe she’s jealous or something.” Carol’s gaze and voice are steady, “In retrospect, I think what she was saying was true. I didn’t believe her at first ... I believe her now.”

Carol is recounting the early warning signs that a friend would later become her stalker.

Carol and Peter* went to high school together. They were both on the newspaper staff and spent a lot of time together. “My junior year, I knew he had a crush on me because it was pretty obvious.”

Carol says she never encouraged Peter’s crush and thought it had eventually died out because Peter always had other girlfriends. Therefore, throughout high school, they maintained a normal friendship.

Their common academic interests and their mutual hope of attending Western led them to talk often. As friends, they would even take in the occasional movie together.

After high school graduation, Carol started dating Keith* seriously but maintained her friendship with Peter. “I thought he had gotten over his crush, because he was dating girls in the summer, and he would tell me about the dates he had. So I really thought that he thought we were just friends.”

Carol and Peter both started Western in the fall of ’93. “When we got up to school, Keith and I started getting serious about each other ... I still thought things were pretty normal because ... (Peter) knew Keith and I were dating. He knew that Keith and I talked to each other every Saturday.”

While she maintained a long-distance relationship with Keith, Carol and Peter talked frequently and had mutual friends. Everything seemed fine, until a roommate leaked personal information to Peter.

* Names have been changed to protect anonymity of sources.
† Illustration is a dramatization of a stalker and does not represent any person or actual event.
"Valentine's Day (1994) was the first time Keith and I had sex. Peter found out, and he went nuts. He wrote me a Valentine's letter telling me how I was the only one, how he wanted to be my first, he would take what he wanted if I didn't give it to him, and that he loved me and didn't want to live without me."

After receiving the letter, Carol was confused. "I thought, 'where did this come from?' I thought he got over his crush two years ago. I thought his reaction was really strange."

Rather than avoid him, she felt sorry for him. "He's not the kind that makes friends easily and I didn't want to leave him in a lurch, I guess. I didn't want to leave him without any friends."

Carol's eyes gleam with tears, and she stares at the floor. The color drains out of her cheeks as she recalls her first confrontation with Peter.

One evening, she went with some friends to Peter's dorm room to watch television. After she arrived, Peter asked to speak to her alone. Carol thought this was an opportunity to discuss the situation, but she never had the opportunity. Rather, "I basically sat there for an hour and a half while he ranted and raved."

He alternated between anger and sadness, often crying as he persisted that he wanted to be her first. Carol just sat and stared at him, stunned, not knowing what to say.

"That was the last time I ever went to his room because I kind of understood that this couldn't be solved by talking to him. I just figured I'd have to stay away from him for awhile," Carol says.

Eventually, things seemed to cool down, so when Peter called and asked her to go to pizza with him on a Saturday, she agreed. "From what I understood, he just wanted to talk about classes and stuff, and it wasn't supposed to be about us and the fact there wasn't an 'us'. But he kept talking about us. He kept talking and talking and talking."

That night after Carol got home from the restaurant, she decided to cut all ties with Peter.

"I decided, 'Don't call him anymore, don't talk to him anymore.'"

The next morning, Peter called up and wanted to come over to borrow two laundry tokens. He knew Carol's roommate went home every weekend and wouldn't be home until late that evening, and she'd be all alone. Carol put him off, telling him she was busy and he should come over later when her roommate was there. He agreed. But he showed up 10 minutes later.

"He was really agitated and he kept saying, 'why don't you want to talk to me? Why don't you want me to come over?" Carol asked him to leave and he eventually did, but later that evening, he started calling Carol to find out if her roommate was home. He called persistently for hours so Carol started to screen her calls.

When her roommate finally came home, she tried to rationalize with him, but he could only scream the same questions, "Why doesn't she want to see me? Why won't she talk to me?"

Carol's roommate could no longer talk to him and hung up. He then began to call continually, and although the girls let their answering machine screen the calls, he continued to call every three minutes from 7 p.m. to midnight.

The following day, Carol and her roommate "were so scared... we stayed in our room with the blinds closed and the door locked. We did not go anywhere for anything, we skipped classes... if someone knocked on the door, we wouldn't answer... we screened our phone calls."

She told her resident advisor what was going on and then contacted University Police. Her mom also called the University Police, and a school counselor. Soon after, Carol received a "No Contact Order" through the campus discipline system, which meant Peter could not approach her or he would be expelled from school. He also had to go to anger management classes and sexual harassment counseling.
Carol's story is not unusual. Stalking is a scary word with frightening implications, and the act itself is probably more common than you may think. Bring up the subject on any college campus, and you are bound to encounter someone who has had an experience or know someone who has had experience with the subject.

No federal law or definition even exists for stalking. Fortunately, Washington state not only recognizes stalking as a component of sexual harassment, but also as a separate entity. The state’s definition of stalking was established in 1996 and is so new it hasn’t even been printed yet.

Western has also made strides recently by recognizing stalking. The university specifically defines stalking in the Student Rights and Responsibilities Code, or Conduct Code. Stalking is listed in the Code under the heading Violence and Harassment and is defined as, “intentionally and repeatedly following or contacting another person in a manner that intimidates, harasses or places another in fear for their personal safety or for their property.” This definition was part of the latest revision to Western’s code and was adopted in June 1996.

“We really worked to get this code as forward thinking as possible,” says University Judicial Officer Connie Copeland. Anne Marie Theiler, a counselor at Western, has counseled a few people who have been victims of stalking. Their experiences range from just feeling discomfort to experiencing real physical danger.

Theiler separates stalking into three categories. The first is the invasion of privacy. This includes instances of someone going through another’s mail, conducting repeated phone calls, continually interrogating and pushing for information, tapping into and listening to another’s voice mail, and reading another’s e-mail.

The second category is watching or monitoring. This includes following someone, showing up in unusual places, and spying.

The third category is threats. This can include direct threats such as, “I’m going to hurt you,” manipulative threats such as, “I’ll commit suicide,” or implied threats, such as body language and leering.

Psychology professor Barbara Collamer admits not a lot is known about stalking; however, the recognition of stalking increases the awareness of how common it really is.

“I think it is fairly prevalent. I think there is a lot more of it than people tend to identify officially. I’ve actually had students come to me and say they are dropping out of school because they are being stalked. …These women are terrified and they can no longer finish their school work, so they pack up and go home,” Collamer says.

“I know that there are quite a few cases that occur that are not reported [at Western] and we know about them because they are talked about informally … my students write about it in case studies when they are talking about power issues or sexual assault or domestic violence,” Collamer indicates. “They’ll start writing the things down that happened to them that document the fact that it happened, and these are not official cases. I see a lot of that,” Collamer says.

On an average, Collamer gets 600 psychology students per year in her classes, and she estimates at least 10 percent have written about experiences that include date rape, domestic violence and stalking.

“There is a big disparity between numbers reported and numbers experienced. One of the things that women say is ‘I did something to bring this on’ and ‘I’m partly to blame’ …They often believe that it is something they allowed to happen,” Collamer says.

Collamer’s number is inconsistent with the number reported to Copeland. Copeland only deals with three to six cases per year, which range from consultation to formal action.

“I think that people don’t think of the Conduct Code first. The cases I get are usually referred to me by the University Police and the counseling center … I don’t think many people even think to take action. They think they can handle it themselves because, I think, often they think they brought it on themselves” Copeland says.

Unfortunately, many people don’t recognize the indications of a potential stalker. “A stalker can look normal on the outside, but he sure isn’t normal on the inside,” Carol says about her experiences with Peter.

Stalking may be a behavior encouraged by Western culture. According to Theiler, stalking has been romanticized. She gives an example of the inaccessible female and the male who pursues her until he wins her love.

“If you look at movies and books, what is really happening there is that we’re romanticizing this idea of a woman that is constantly saying, ‘No. I’m not interested,’ and the male that pursues and pursues and pursues, until he finally wins her. Basically he is harassing her and he is stalking her, but we kind of romanticize that in our culture … I think what can happen then is that men think that it is part of their role to pursue women. And if you have someone that is a little bit unbalanced
then they could take that to an extreme ... they think ‘no’ doesn’t mean ‘no’ ... it means aloof,” states Theiler.

“Men will have been socialized by a system that promotes dominance and a certain amount of aggression,” Collamer asserts.

But men are not the only candidates for stalking. Women can also become stalkers, though it is not as common.

“We don’t feel that power need. They’re not socialized to need that control. Women manipulate in different ways besides using fear,” Collamer indicates.

There doesn’t seem to be a common characteristic in those targeted by stalkers.

“A lot of (victims) say that they view themselves as strong, independent individuals and they got into this in a gradual way. Typically, it just started out with him saying ‘Where did you go and what were you wearing?’ and she might say ‘Well, why is that important to you?’ and he might say ‘Because I really care about you. I really love you.’ ... It starts out gradual, where he is just intensely interested in what you’re doing, and then it just builds up to the point where other people are telling you there is something wrong with your relationship. A lot of times the women are so much a part of it that they don’t see it right away. It is such a gradual process of manipulation and control,” Collamer says.

“The other part of socialization is that women feel they really need to be polite and they need to smooth things over,” Theiler says. “Victims rationalize and say ‘I don’t want to hurt him,’ and although they are very fearful, they decide not to assert themselves.”

Students who believe they may be the target of a stalker have alternatives.

Copeland is available if students just want to talk and explore their options. She makes sure victims have emotional support and that they take steps to be safe; she offers strategies for ending a relationship well. One thing she will not do is take any action without the consent of the student unless danger is present. If a student would like to take action, Copeland will review the case, investigate and determine the appropriate sanctions.

A stalking victim can also go to the counseling center for help and advice. The counseling center offers individual support and will help identify resources such as a support group for the victim.

“The stalker or abuser’s goal is to isolate someone and make them feel helpless. People who feel they are being abused or stalked can fight that by not allowing the abuser to have control, and by reaching out for help,” Theiler says.

Although the University Police can only respond to incidents that take place at Western, they are ready to provide support and help. If contacted by a stalking victim, they will get a complete report of all incidents and information and provide all the information available on support groups and resources on campus. If enough evidence is available, they help the victim get a “No Contact Order” or a restraining order. They also notify other community members of the problem. Campus police’s first priority is to take care of the victim. Their second priority is to take action against the stalker.

It is important for victims to seek help. “People who are stalked often experience hypervigilance, where they are always on edge. They often experience anxiety and are always keyed up. They are afraid of being alone and have difficulty sleeping. They may experience nightmares. They often change their lives to avoid this one person,” Theiler explains.

“For the first few weeks, I didn’t want to go anywhere alone,” Carol recalls, eyes wide. “I was really scared to go anywhere alone. I kept thinking, ‘Why him? Why did he have to do this? Why can’t he be normal?’ ”

With help, victims can become survivors and life can go on. “Western responded right away and gave me a lot of support. I was glad,” Carol remembers.

Carol is engaged and soon to be married to Keith. She no longer fears Peter.

She brushes her hair behind her ear once more and summarizes, “You can’t go through something like this and not change ... I think I’m a lot smarter now. I’m more assertive with myself. I think I just realize I don’t have to take shit from no one.”
Johnathan Vann crosses paths with the other victims of railroad deaths.

I was driving my Dad's worn-out maroon Pontiac station wagon, nicknamed "the beast," down a hill a few miles from my house on a bright, summer afternoon. I had the radio blasting, trying to look as cool as possible in this disgusting piece of American machinery.

My journey was suddenly interrupted when I saw a flood of red brake lights staring back at me. I frantically slammed on the brakes, but it was too late. I skidded to a stop and bumped a beige car in front of me. Next thing I know, a bang came from the back of the car. I had also been rear-ended.

I got out and surveyed the car for damage when I suddenly noticed I was parked on the railroad tracks. I looked around and saw no train coming, so I turned my attention back to the accident.

A few seconds later, the lights and gates came to life. I quickly forgot about the accident and focused in on moving my car. I jumped in and turned the key, but nothing happened because the engine was flooded. I tried it again but now with the accompaniment of a prayer. The engine remained silent. I needed a new plan because the train was now visible and barrelling down the tracks.

I jumped back into the car and shifted it into neutral. I ran to the back of the car and started pushing. The car slowly rolled off the tracks and onto a gravel spot off to the right. I was out of danger, and a few minutes later the train flew past me.

As the 20-foot high engine and countless cars rolled past, I couldn't help but wonder what the driver of that train thought about when he saw me stuck out in the middle of the tracks. The only thing the engineer could do was watch my attempt to get out of the way and hope I made it in time.

Fred Fund, a Burlington Northern locomotive engineer, has had many of the same close calls but hasn't been in any accidents.

"I've come so close that I don't think you could get a piece of paper between us," he said.

Fund remembers one incident in particular when a truck apparently didn't see or hear the train. He said he was blowing the whistle frantically trying to warn this guy and was about to apply the emergency brakes when the truck driver finally realized what was happening.

"The truck driver stomped on his brakes and we barely missed him," Fund said. "Even if I had made an emergency application of the brakes, there was no way in the world we would've stopped before we hit him."

Jim Winters, a conductor at Lake Whatcom Railway, said that in this age of automobiles, the public just doesn't know much about trains.

"The only thing that stops a train is the friction between the wheel and rail. You have two pieces of smooth steel, and a train is not going to stop on a dime like a car does," Winters said. "It takes a mile or more for the average 12 to 20 million pound train to make a emergency stop," Bob Boston, state coordinator for Operation Lifesaver, said.

Operation Lifesaver is an organization that tours schools, clubs, and police organizations to try to educate the public about the dangers of the railroad. They work with the Federal Railroad Administration on a public

Photos by Justin Coyne

issues
The reality of the situation in this country is that nearly every 90 minutes, someone is hit by a train.

In the United States in 1995, 579 people were killed and 1,894 injured in 4,416 highway rail crossing collisions. In Washington, 23 serious injuries and 21 fatalities in 90 railroad collisions occurred last year,” Boston said.

Four of those fatalities were from highway crossing accidents where people didn’t pay attention to the active warning signs. The remaining 17 were pedestrians run over by trains while playing on the tracks on private property, Boston said.

Boston has seen the aftermaths of these accidents firsthand. He said that they’re pretty gruesome, and investigators have a tough time identifying the bodies.

Boston remembered one particular disturbing incident when a suicide victim got out of his car and stood on the tracks. Investigators picked up his remains a half-mile down the track, he said.

Boston said that it’s the drivers of the trains who have the toughest time dealing with the trauma and often take time off to seek counseling.

"It’s traumatic because the last thing they remember is locking eyes with the individual before the accident," Boston said.

"I pray that it will never happen to me, but I’m afraid that the law of averages will catch up to me," Fund said.

"Every time you see someone in a crossing or someone walking down the tracks, that thought comes into your mind. What if I kill this guy? And what’s really scary is seeing a gasoline truck or school bus in one of those crossings," Fund said.

The railroad companies have acknowledged that it’s a problem for the workers. They realize it’s a traumatic experience, so they have people in place to help someone through the ordeal, he said.

Fund said added assistance is available through the employee assistance program for Burlington Northern. Debra Wright, program spokesperson, said that it’s a confidential resource where employees can go for personal problems.

"The job for the employee assistance program is to assess what the problem is and to find resources for the employee to get help," Wright said.

Gus Melonas, a spokesperson for Burlington Northern, said accidents are obviously tough on victims’ families, but also on the train drivers. Each situation is different, but help is available, he said.

"Safety is a big priority, and we have an aggressive safety campaign," Melonas said.

"But what people need to realize is a train can’t stop and swerve."

Melonas said drivers and pedestrians need to be educated and be careful of trains because everybody loses in this situation.

“When it comes to a tie, the train will always win," Fund said.
They'd say he was quiet, mostly kept to himself and had a polite disposition. He didn't seem like the kind of person that would do that.

But he is that kind of person. Karl publishes a 'zine.

Not all publications are created equal—some are created with nothing more than a copy machine and a will. They're called 'zines, an abbreviation of "fanzine." A wave of these alternative, usually narrowly focused magazines swept over America with the coming of the personal computer. A few have washed up on the shores of Bellingham's cultural scene. "Karlos the Jackal" is the creator of *Throwrug*, one such publication.

As long as respected community members have published mainstream newspapers, the dregs and downtrodden of society have countered with something smaller, cheaper and more controversial. Many 'zine editors will say they are continuing in this long tradition of social activism seen in the first black-owned newspaper in 1827, *Freedoms Journal*, and '60s underground papers like Los Angeles' *Free Press* and Berkeley's *Barb*. Karl will tell you he puts out *Throwrug* for one reason—ego. Karl is the editor of a 'zine because he likes seeing his work in print. Three or four times a year he gathers some of his friends' writing and various hilarity and jams it together with his own work into a little 50-page 'zine, using know-how gained from a graphic design degree and seven years at Western. The finished product is sent to Costco in Seattle where he gets it copied 1,000 times. *Throwrug* is then left in heaps at Cellophane Square and The Newstand to be picked up for free by malcontents and/or people who can't afford the *Little Nickel Want Ad*.

Karl is the word "contradiction" personified. He dresses like he's interviewing for a roadie position with The Sex Pistols, but he's as mild-mannered as an accountant on Novocain. He's pierced one of his ears a total of 16 times, but he doesn't drink or smoke. He always carries a briefcase, but fills it with objects foreign to briefcases in business circles. He makes little money as a part-time clerk at a video store, but he shells out up to $200 for an issue of *Throwrug*.

An ego can be expensive.

Karl's $200 doesn't come close to covering the entire $800 cost of one issue. The remaining sum trickles in through the age-old tradition of advertising sales. He doesn't go out of his way to get them, but some bands and independent record labels go out of their way to advertise in 'zines. They generally hope to reach their market through alternative press. Karl doesn't really care why they give him money. He's just glad they do.

Many 'zine publishers balk at the very idea of advertising. Advocates of ad-free 'zines believe ads would spoil and adulterate the publisher's freedom and anonymity, pressuring him or her to make content choices to please advertisers. This form of publication has traditionally been known for reveling in its cheap manufacture, but Karl's costs are real. He doesn't think the ads influence him enough to matter, although he does admit he is more apt to review a CD...
Throwrug is Bellingham's longest-running 'zine. Jesse Hamilton shakes it out and finds "Karlos the Jackal" within the pages.

Photos by Tim Klein
from a label that advertises in Throwrug. It makes little difference in his eyes, though, since a group of writers does the reviews.

"If Epitaph buys an ad ... I might be more inclined to listen to that," he admitted. "But if Scott and Mike and Chris all hate it, that's what's going in." Throwrug's review style, called Review Jam, is a bit unusual:

**SWEET SOUVENIR** Schizophrenic

**Ben:** This reminds me of the Afghan Wigs, and I hate the Afghan Wigs. Fuckin' aholes.

**MiKeK:** I think it's swell. Actually, I'm lying. I don't think it's swell at all, I think I'm bored with it already. It's more college grunge shit. Cool.

**SLEEPY LA BEEF** I'LL NEVER LAY MY GUITAR DOWN Rounder

**Ben:** Ooo. This has some sort of Elvis Schmaltz thing going on. Is this rockabilly?

**Karl:** This is rockabilly-country-samp.

**Grouchy Chris:** I bet this guy has a picture of Elvis painted on black velvet hanging in his living room. This is the kind of music you should play on your truck stereo when you're cruising the mobile home park for big-haired chicks.

Karl isn't the only 'zine editor in Bellingham, but he's been doing it the longest. Six years is practically an eternity by "industry" standards. Flipping through Factsheet Fbe, a national journal dedicated to reviewing 'zines, exposes the short-lived nature of these publications. Most 'zines don't get past a third issue before folding. But for every one that goes under, two more seem to emerge from the depths of social discontent in suburban America. Bellingham has a few such enterprises.

The Continental is editor Shawn Berry's platform for sharing his musical tastes with 200 readers three times per year. It has an unusual status among local alternative press because it's the only 'zine for sale on the shelves of The Newstand on Magnolia Street. Berry isn't riding a wave of fiscal prominence to the bank, however. He only sells about 13 copies per issue.

"Just seeing it down at The Newstand for sale ... that's pretty cool for me."

The Continental's creator wouldn't have thrown his hat into the publishing ring at all without the inspiration of Throwrug.

"It was actually Karl's magazine that pretty much got me into the whole thing," Berry said. "It was pretty much the first 'zine I had ever seen ... I think he has a lot of readers that look forward to each issue ... His has been around longer than anyone else's."

Berry doesn't believe Bellingham's few alternative publications matter much to the community, though.

"I don't think the 'zines make much of an impact here."

Aral Griffen, the editor of Face, tends to disagree. She knows firsthand that her published words are often important to her readers. Her readers include approximately 200 people who ask for copies or have bought subscriptions.

"I really like the interaction of it," Griffen said. "I really, really enjoy getting people's feedback. I like finding people that are thinking about the same things I'm thinking about."

The things Griffen is thinking about range from political art to feminism. She's also been known to copy pages from her personal journal straight into Face.

"I guess I would call it a personal 'zine, though it's more political than most personal 'zines."

She doesn't mind that Face isn't distributed as widely as others.

"The women I know that do 'zines really don't push them as much as the men." She attributes this tendency to the more personal nature of many female-produced 'zines.

Griffen finds it amusing that her 'zine gets only positive, seemingly timid reviews from Throwrug. She claims it might

"Karlos the Jackal" created the comic strip "Toby, The Grunge Boy," then lost the original. He continues to run the same frame in Throwrug, changing the wording and an occasional appendage.
stem from the fact that she has known Karl since they both attended Mount Baker High School.

"I think Karl's 'zine has gotten much better as he covers less music," Griffen said. "I don't really give a shit about most music 'zines."

*Throwrug* started out as an all-music publication—mostly reviews and interviews. Karl got tired of the same old stories after about 10 issues.

"At a certain point, band interviews got more boring to read," he complained. "Reviews always bore me." Karl pointed out that reviewers always seem to look for things in new music that they've seen before—ignoring innovation. Now, Karl chooses to publish articles appealing to a wider audience. Features like "Who can beat up whom?", "All night Leong," "They want our water!: a report from the invasion front," "The Vivatarian," "Tony goes camping" and "Why I hate *Throwrug*" make up most of the recent issues. Karl has an affinity for trying new things. One example: issue 10.

Issue 10 was *Throwrug*'s "horrible newsprint experiment" in which Karl hoped to expand the 'zine's potential by converting it to tabloid-size newsprint. He didn't like it.

"It felt too disposable," he explained, stroking his facial hair, the style common to 19th-century intellectuals. "It just seemed less friendly, too." He said it was the kind of publication one would check for club listings and quickly recycle. He went back to his convenient, more compact digest-sized 'zine. He likes to think they're easier to carry to the bathroom and into bed—things Karl likes about a publication.

Five issues after the newsprint experiment, Karl is still going. He continues to whine at his contributors on a regular basis until they produce something or they don't. But it's a tight group of friends, and they can't avoid him for long.

This cast of characters isn't extensive. The disconcerting thing: Karl actually refers to them by their published nicknames in conversation. The list includes major players MiKeK (exciting rock journalist), Scott McKinnon and Grouchy Chris; and regulars like Julie McGalliard, Tony "The Donut" Gale and Ben Bittner. Their articles basically amount to episodes of humor in their daily existence.

Like 'zines across the nation, *Throwrug* is not concerned about using responsible, ethical pieces of journalism. They're just looking for a few laughs.

None of the "staff" has journalism degrees or are versed in the laws of libel. While this might be a legally dangerous situation for a publication with a large, mainstream circulation, *Throwrug*'s readers aren't likely to be the suing type. So, Karl's friends keep writing what's on their minds—regardless of what that may be, or when it was supposed to be turned in.

"I don't really have any deadline ... everyone I know is a procrastinator." And because everyone working on *Throwrug* is a friend, the equation is obvious. But that's not Karl's only problem.

Some of Karl's friends are moving away to Seattle and beyond. The tight-knit group that has often lived together is slowly splitting apart; his long-time companions and the core of *Throwrug* may not be around for long. This worries Karl, but he still expects to publish *Throwrug* indefinitely. Seattle is not in his future.

"I don't like Seattle," he said. "I don't like big cities." So Bellingham is where he'll stay.

Griffen, for one, is glad he's around. She respects what he's doing.

"I would like him to keep doing (Throwrug)," she said. "He's filling a niche in the community. He's doing something no one else is doing around here. I think it would definitely be a loss to the community if he stopped."

There's little need for concern. At least for now, he'll keep using his graphic design talents for *Throwrug*. He said it's not really self-sacrificing, though.

"It's easier to do it than not at this point."

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Jerry Weatherhogg discovers the people who mend memories and the big dollars behind their business

Photos by Christopher Luczyk

From the outside, the ordinary, light beige house on the corner of 14th Street and Harris Avenue appeared remarkably plain. A handful of recently trimmed bushes was wrapped around the simple house, with a short concrete path leading to its screen door. A garden plot that hadn't seen the blade of a plow for some time rested in the lawn. The window shades were pulled down tightly and restricted the view inside.

Only a small business sign that rested alongside three aging Raggedy Ann and Andy dolls on the windowsill provided a clue of what wonders worked inside. The sign read: "The Gingerbread House. Doll Hospital, Museum-Quality Restoration, Dolls Bought and Sold."

With a knock of the door and a ring of the bell, Dorothea Kochajda, a pleasant, aging woman with long graying hair, glasses and an infectious smile, revealed the little dollhouse inside.

The interior was unlike any other conventional dollshop, because it wasn't meant for shoppers. It belonged more as a playpen for an extremely spoiled child, or, in this case, the playground for the lost child hiding in all doll enthusiasts' hearts.

Dolls, dolls, dolls were everywhere. Big dolls, little dolls, boy dolls, girl dolls. Dolls with no heads, heads with no bodies. Beautiful porcelain dolls that looked like they belonged in a museum. Aging, cracked dolls that were missing various appendages.

Boxes were stacked high upon each other on a side table, filled with doll accessories like miniature shoes, socks, underwear, taffetas and flowers. A few antique dresses, to be used later as dress material for a future doll, hung from a makeshift clothes rack in the corner.

A tidy bookcase, filled with titles like "Contemporary Doll Collector," "20th Century Dolls," and "More 20th Century Dolls," was nearly hidden by a large worktable. Almost a dozen small equipment carousels, each filled with various painting brushes, files, sandpapers and other sculpting tools, towered from its tabletop. Beside a large china cabinet stocked with even more dolls, a curious cat behind a closed door tried to scratch his way into the dusty-smelling room.

Next to the entrance were three vintage Elvis dolls, still waiting in their boxes. Kochajda's collection consisted of a Teen Idol Elvis, Jailhouse Rock Elvis and a '68 Special Elvis, complete with a black leather outfit, flaring sideburns and wedding ring. The Elvies' (or Elvi?) Star Trek buddies, Captain Jean-Luc Picard and Commander Benjamin Sisko, stood with them in their own original boxes.

A compact wooden display shelf hung on a side wall, housing about two dozen tiny porcelain dolls, bears and babies the size of Christmas ornaments. Directly next to it was a sign that read in large calligraphy letters, "Stray children will be sold to Gypsies."

"This is where I find my creativity," Kochajda said.
The Gingerbread House is where Kochajda has pursued her childhood obsession for the last 10 years. What started out as a small hobby, collecting and repairing her own dolls, soon grew proportionately. After attending a few doll restoration seminars and practicing for long, long hours, she was competent enough to restore other people's dolls.

Through pure word of mouth—she doesn't advertise and her phone number is unlisted—her little cornerstore has grown substantially. People have driven all the way from Seattle to have their precious commodities restored by Kochajda.

"I didn't expect this to grow like it did," she said modestly.

Doll collecting has become big business. An estimated three million Americans collect dolls, supplementing a $1.4 billion dollar market. A Unity Marketing survey revealed that half of all doll collectors have more than 100 dolls in their collection, spending on average $250 to $1,000 per year on their hobby.

Collector's Edition dolls have also become the rage with collectors. Hollywood designer Bob Mackie's special edition Barbies, initially $125, are now valued at more than $1,000. The first Bloomingdale's Barbies, priced at $60, have already doubled in value since their 1994 introduction.

The giant toy store FAO Schwartz couldn't even get its own Barbie creation onto its shelves. All 10,000 of their "Jeweled Splendor" Barbies, decked out in lush black velvet gowns, were sold out at $250, each through mail order. They're now each worth $600, according to Marl Davidson, owner of Marl & Barbie, a Florida doll dealership.

Collectors aren't limited to the Barbie market. On August 19, 1994, the inaugural GI Joe International Collectors convention began, and more than 200 of the army action figures were auctioned. A rare 1964 cast-mold GI Joe, kept in its original container and signed by the doll's designers, was priced at more than $2,000. Other "Yo Joes!" were several hundred dollars each.

Barbara Campbell, editor of Contemporary Doll Collector magazine, warned against people starting their own collections merely for the investment value.

"People have been ripped off with the promise that what they are buying will appreciate," Campbell said. With the
"It's thrilling. I get people that come in here and see their dolls and start crying."

— Dorothea Kochajda

advent of mail-order and television home shopping, many dolls are simply not as valuable.

Kochajda also has owned several valuable dolls among her vast collection. Her prized possession is a 1970 mint-condition porcelain Horsman Baby Dimples doll, which she estimated is worth $600.

"You can spend a lot of money in dolls," Kochajda said. "Porcelain dolls today can run about $400.

"But I didn't do this for the investment," Kochajda said. "It's an art form."

The real value, Kochajda said, is seeing customer's reactions when they receive their restored dolls. Most of Kochajda's clientele give her dolls they played with when they were children, that have been stashed away in an attic for some time.

"It's thrilling. I get people that come in here and see their dolls and start crying," Kochajda said. "They don't know what to expect when they see them, and it's surprising."

As a child, she always had a doll in her hand. She has several framed black-and-white pictures of her childhood days, which show her walking her doll carriage through the streets of New York and cuddling her precious baby tenderly. But, as with most kids, her interest in dolls faded as she grew older.

Kochajda re-ignited her childhood interest when a beautiful powder-white christening dress was passed down to her as a family heirloom. She decided the best way to model the dress was to make a baby doll to display it, and went to a collector's workshop to study the process. After several more doll seminars, she was hooked.

Kochajda now has been in business for more than 10 years, and still carries the same enthusiasm for dolls as she did when she was a child.

Mary Kelloniemi, owner of Kello's, a Ferndale dollshop, fol-
allowed the same path as Kochajda. Last February in Portland, Ore., she enrolled in a two-week course in doll restoration. After spending a year on the course’s waiting list, Kelloniemi finally grabbed one of four openings in a class taught by Joanne Morgan, a renowned restorer of dolls.

For 14 straight working 10 to 12 per day, Morgan’s four students learned about “the lost art” of doll restoration.

Tuition cost: $2,200.

“It’s a very valuable art,” Kelloniemi said.

The restoration process is also very time-consuming, with tremendous research and materials involved. “No hobby covers such a large ground—making clothes, fixing composition,” Kochajda said. “They [the dolls] are all different.”

Depending on the damage, dolls can take from several hours to several months to restore. Broken porcelain, cracked composition (a type of skin material used for dolls), missing limbs, pulled-out hair and gouged eyes are a sample of the injuries that need to be rehabilitated.

Kochajda said she restores about a couple dolls a week, although on occasion, some dolls take several weeks to mend. She once spent nine weeks restoring a single doll.

Her current project, a tiny, palm-sized French porcelain doll, was just underway. After evaluating the damage, she took the doll apart into its individual limbs, in preparation for filling cracks and chips in the porcelain. This was just the first step in a long, delicate process.

To restore cracked or peeling composition, the damaged skin has to be scraped down to its wooden or papier-mâché core. The wood is then sanded down to a silky, smooth texture. Afterward, 20 to 30 coats of primer are airbrushed to the wood, each coat followed by a thorough sandpaper job.

Five to six coats of flesh-colored paint are then applied, followed by even more sandpaper to “get all the nicks and impurities out; just as smooth as can be,” Kelloniemi said. By the time of the final coat, “it should be glass-smooth.”

Missing fingers and toes are replaced by hand-made replicas. Each finger has to be made individually from a thick clay-like putty, and the tiny pieces are sanded down in the same process used with the skin. Sculpting tools are then used to create fingernails and knuckles. One finger usually takes up to three hours to finish.

appendages are then glued back sanded smooth.

Damaged hair is shaved off and replaced by a mohair (goat hair) or human hair wig. These wigs, which cost $36 to $70, are also glued on.

Baby dolls, however, usually have their hair painted. Precise aim and a careful touch are necessary skills when airbrushing the dolls. Paint is used not only for the hair, but also the eyebrows, eyelashes, blush tone and lip color is correct.

In order to make a doll look as original as possible, intense study is required to ensure that each eyelash, eyebrow, blush tone and lip color is correct.

“I have to research almost every doll I restore,” Kochajda said. “In this business, I get a lot of superb dolls in my hands. I get to research them and learn.”

Pen marks and dirty spots are also common doll injuries, especially if kids have gotten their hands on them. Kochajda’s secret ballpoint pen mark remover: Oxy 10 acne medicine.

“It’s the best stuff for it,” she said. “Probably the benzoyl peroxide in it.”

Contrary to her counterpart, Kelloniemi doesn’t develop a strong emotional bond to her dolls. While Kochajda keeps most of the dolls she restored for herself, Kelloniemi is interested in its resale value.

“Every doll is my favorite until I finish the next one,” Kelloniemi said.

For sale among Kelloniemi’s collection is one of the first dolls she ever restored. She bought an original 1930 Happy Baby doll from Morgan’s class for $35 and spent most of the two weeks learning and working on it. Now, she is selling the 18-inch, brown-haired composition doll for $365.

She is also working on a 6-inch tall Little Patsy doll. The original owner found the old doll in her attic, damaged through age, but didn’t want to spend the money to restore it. Instead, the owner sold it to Kelloniemi for $10.

Kelloniemi expects to spend a good eight to 10 hours working on the doll’s paint and making new clothes for it. She plans to eventually sell it for $125, a good price considering that in mint condition and in its original box, the doll is worth $200.

Kochajda and Kelloniemi have different rate systems for their restoration services. Kochajda charges a straight $10 per hour for all of her work, plus additional charges for any extra material involved—like clothes or a new wig. Kelloniemi, on the other hand, bases her rates on the type of work involved.

Kelloniemi said that anyone can get involved in doll collection. “I get all kinds of people coming in here, young and old,” she said.

Men make up a minority of doll collectors. A New York Times article in 1995 revealed that males represent 10 percent of all collectors.

For Kochajda, collecting dolls is a gateway to her childhood years. When she was a child, she couldn’t collect all the dolls she wanted because of money restraints. Now, she’s living in a child’s paradise, surrounded by a vast array of dolls, and she’s never been happier.

“It’s never too late to have a happy childhood,” she said. “If you couldn’t afford it when you’re a kid, you can do it now. I think all collectors are kids at heart.”
Exploring the Land Down Under

Christine Troyke gets an up-close look at Australian culture, history and beer

Photos by Christine Troyke

Over the winter break I had the unique opportunity of traveling around Australia, the smallest continent in the world. My dad, my friend Christina Nicolaïdis and I explored Sydney for four days and then met up with the rest of my family in Adelaide, located on the southern coast. After a few days in Adelaide, we headed into the Outback of Southern Australia and the Northern Territory. Following that was a weekend on the far northern coast of Queensland, along the Great Barrier Reef.

But no matter where we went, I kept thinking that it was truly the Australians that made each place so memorable.

December 20, 1996—Sydney

“Aaaarhhh! You bitch! You stole my $300 that I worked for all day and I’m going to rip your hair out!” screamed the redhead in the baby blue halter dress.

“Get away from me, you slut!” shrieked the brunette in the black leather thong.

Thus, I was introduced to Sydney, Australia and two very vocal prostitutes. At the time I was in a phone booth cradling the oversized, cabby-yellow receiver between my ear and shoulder, attempting to assure my mother of my safety in a foreign country.

Apparently, the hotel I stayed at with my dad and Christina wasn’t located in the best part of town. It was, in fact, in the middle of the red-light district. The walk to the subway was something of an adventure. You never knew if you were going to see two men in slinky, skin-tight neon dresses and army boots or a backpacking Swedish couple.

The hotel itself, however, was quite beautiful; two old Victorian homes connected by a glass atrium furnished with eight small, circular tables of wrought iron and delicate-cushioned chairs. The sole reminder of the impending Christmas season were colored lights strung up between the silk palm trees on either side of the terra cotta fountain.

We had just arrived in Sydney after a 14-hour flight that crossed the international date line, preceded by a six-hour layover at the San Francisco airport. In an attempt to avoid the inevitable jet lag we decided to walk around the city before dinner. Sydney was one of the most stunningly beautiful cities I had ever seen. Seattleites will be
relieved to know it possessed the one true mark of civilization—espresso.

The weather was, as they say on Australian newscasts, “quite nice.” Apparently that is the equivalent of 75 degrees and sunny. Since we came from 12 degrees and snowy, a cold beer beckoned. The discovery of a newly reopened pub, the Ox on the Rocks, was good fortune itself. In the process of drinking ourselves into a stupor in a pleasant if not misguided notion of sampling all the local beers, we conducted a conversation (I think) with the bartender, James. Dressed in the standard white-collared shirt, James was the first native I spoke with and if every Australian guy looked like him... well, I sure as hell wasn’t going back to the States. Cliché, I know, but he was tall, dark and handsome. He ran a tanned hand through his short, dark, Caesar-cut hair and gave us the lowdown on a country and a city we knew little about.

First and foremost, Australians do not drink Fosters. They export it so they don’t have to drink it. Also, they are under the impression that Bud Light is good beer. Christina and I tried to explain microbrews, but our state of intoxication may have inhibited that description. And yes, it’s true—Australians think we sound funny. Based on an impression of an American accent from one of the owners of the Ox, I can only assume our accent resembled that of a dying cat with nasal congestion. Interesting, if not terribly flattering.

December 21, 1996—Sydney

I am always amazed at what a small world this can be. Tonight we went to dinner at the Baywater Brasserie, a restaurant near our hotel. There was a strip club next door. (We didn’t stop in after dinner.) As the savory scent of sizzling seafood wafted over our table, our waiter at the Brasserie, Chris, sauntered over. His tanned face stood out against the white linen dress shirt that was buttoned all the way to the top, and as with all our previous waiters, I expected him to be thinking, “Oh great, more tourists.”

I was surprised when he took out a pad of paper from the front of the half-apron tied snugly at his waist and said, in a distinctly American accent, “What can I get for you folks tonight?” With a grin at our surprise, he asked where we were from—Seattle. He then proudly told us he was from Mill Creek. Yeah, the Mill Creek just north of Seattle. A very nice guy who was, “keeping my American accent, no matter what.”

December 25, 1996—Adelaide

For a country with virtually no ozone layer left over the southern half of the continent, I was confused by the fact that the only sunscreen sold was SPF 15+. An English biologist told me that the government forbids the manufacturers to advertise anything higher than a 15. So they get around that by making what amounts to SPF 25 or 30 and calling it 15+. I still don’t know why they do this—maybe they want to deny the necessity of such a high level of protection. Too bad I learned that after I found out what a lobster in a pot of boiling water must feel like. I spent Christmas on a white, sandy beach, cooking the backs of my legs to well-done, while frothy azure ocean waves slowly lapped at the shore.

December 28, 1996—Coober Pedy

Today we traveled to a remote township in the outback of South Australia called Coober Pedy. It looked exactly like the end of the world—a scarred, empty version, totally lacking in water, vegetation and any hint of life. The anthills of earth dotted the landscape and the occasional inoperative mass of...
metal machinery were all that remained from decades of opal mining. The few scrubby plants that had managed to push their way above the red gravel were survivors, nature's most persistent and resilient creations.

Thirty-two kilometers north of Coober Pedy is where "Mad Max, Beyond Thunderdome," "Ground Zero" and "Priscilla, Queen of the Desert" were filmed. (That isn't why we went there.) Australia has 95 percent of the world's supply of commercial opal and the largest percentage of that comes from the 70 opal fields in Coober Pedy. Ninety percent of all opal found is without fiery color and is of no value. The remaining 10 percent is vividly colored and qualifies as precious opal.

Opal was first discovered in Coober Pedy in 1915 and the search for opal brought more than 40 nationalities to a town of 2,500 people.

After World War I, returning soldiers introduced an unusual way of living—homes built virtually underground, dug into the sandstone outcrops that punctuate a landscape as desolate as it is beautiful. The underground homes are the most popular form of residence because the walls maintain a temperature of about 65 degrees, whether it's 120 or 30 degrees outside. They have eliminated the need for air conditioning and heating systems inside their houses.

The desert can be cruel and lonely, but it continues to hold a kind of attraction. Those who choose to live in Coober Pedy have adapted to the extremes of the landscape but usually leave for the summer—December to February—to avoid the most extreme heat, often upwards of 116 degrees. The lucrative business of opal mining and the possibility of finding that ribbon of opal deep within the earth have lured people to the area, much as the prospect of gold created massive migrations all over the world.

About 30 km north of Coober Pedy is the dog fence, the longest fence in the world. The fence is used to keep native dogs, or dingoes, from invading pastoral properties and killing cattle and sheep. It's a wire fence held up by irregularly shaped posts stuck in the ground at haphazard intervals. Even though it stretches out as an endless boundary, it is hardly an impressive sight. The far more impressive sight is left to the imagination, for the flimsy-looking fence has stood for over half a century and reaches across the continent for 5490 km. The fence is only about five feet high because the dingo is the only dog in the world that can't jump.

After touring the town and surrounding area, we went back to our underground hotel, The Desert Cave, and ran into our pilot, Peter, in the bar. "No worries," said the 30-year-old with a dismissive wave that caused his oversized, untucked floral-print shirt to flutter and fold over his loose khaki safari shorts. "Eight hours bottle to throttle." He was taking us to Ayers Rock the next morning.

Peter spent the evening drinking beer and attempting to explain cricket to my two uncles, my dad, my grandpa, Christina and me. He said he never realized how complicated a game it was. I said I never realized how stupid it was.

December 29, 1996—Ayers Rock Resort Area

We landed at Ayers Rock without event and Peter even "buzzed" the rock for us, flying in close to the monument so we could get a better look at it. We were actually about 1000 meters from the rock, but it provided us with a good idea of just how large it was.

Ayers Rock, or "Uluru" in the native tongue, towers 348 meters above its pancake-flat surroundings. At dawn and dusk the sun changes its color from a dull, burnt sienna to a glowing scarlet red.

In the same area as Uluru are the Olgas, or Kata Tjuta, meaning "many heads." A series of smaller, more rounded rocks, Kata Tjuta was no less impressive. A look to the west showed a whole lot of nothing and that is perhaps why these lonely elders are so captivating. Standing in the shadow of Mt. Olga, swatting at what seemed to be the entire world's population...
of flies. I could not help but be overwhelmed by the beauty of the red sandstone jutting out of an ocean of flatness.

December 30, 1996—Ayers Rock

Only five from our group made the arduous climb up Uluru. Four days before we arrived a man had fallen to his death while attempting to climb the rock.

I was one of the ones who went, but I truly wished I hadn't. The entire area is of deep cultural significance to the local Anangu Aborigines and it goes against their beliefs to climb Uluru.

Some events appear to be universal—the Australian Aborigines have suffered a fate similar to the Native Americans of the United States. A rich traditional heritage was dismissed based simply on its difference. The process of white settlement in the Northern Territory, where Uluru is located, was just as violent as it was elsewhere in Australia, with Aboriginal groups vainly trying to resist the takeover of the lands on which they depended for life. By the 20th century, most Aborigines were confined to government reserves or Christian missions. Only a few were able to maintain a traditional way of life in the face of "civilization."

During the 1960s, the Aborigines in the Northern Territory began to demand rights. In 1985 Uluru National Park was finally handed over to its original owners and immediately leased back to the national government for use as a national park.

The Aborigines would prefer it if people didn't climb it at all, but they are also pragmatic and realize that if it was prohibited there would be far fewer visitors to Uluru.

Benefits for allowing tourism on traditional grounds do exist for the Aborigines. Most obviously, there is the financial gain, but there also exists the opportunity to introduce Aboriginal culture and customs to non-Aboriginal peoples to help alleviate the problems caused by ignorance.

However, when I climbed Uluru I felt like every callous white person in America who trampled over sacred Native American sites and dismissed the action in the name of exploration. And to top it all off, after an arduous climb over moon-like terrain and sheer cliffs, the view from the top was not so breathtaking that it outweighed my feelings of guilt.

Many people in the area believe that in the next few years Uluru will be closed permanently to all climbers due to the number of accidents that occur every year and the cultural issues involved.

January 2, 1997—Cairns

The experience of white-water rafting on the Tully River as it coursed through the rainforest was the biggest adrenaline rush. Our guide, Alina, was ... well ... crazy. She took us on a wild ride over 44 class four and five rapids. White-water rapids are classified into six categories; each rapid is given a class based on its level of difficulty and danger. You could swim through a class one and only the most experienced guides even attempt a class six. I screamed and laughed my way through eddies, over waterfalls and past sheer walls of 20-foot rocks that sat in the middle of the river. About the only time I got a chance to look up at the walls of green that rose hundreds of feet out of the water's edge was when we stopped for lunch. Still, it was an opportunity to see nature at its best: the sun shining, a waterfall cascading down over emerald fauna and jagged boulders.

January 6, 1997—flight home, Sydney to San Francisco

Waiting in the Sydney airport to board our flight, a fellow traveler commented on one of our purchases. Christina and I had each bought a souvenir bottle of the Australian Bundaberg Rum at the duty free store. Everyone drinks Bundy and Coke—no one asks for Bacardi except ignorant, uncivilized tourists. As a man shuffled by he glanced down at the bottles gripped in our hands, grinned like a Cheshire cat, nodded to the alcohol and said, "You're going to enjoy that."

Australia often adheres to our preconceived notions of the continent—kangaroos and koalas are everywhere. The stereotypical surfer-dude is not so far from the truth and a more relaxed society you will never find. That's not to say they laze about all day. But they do know when it's time to stop, take a deep breath and swill back a half dozen beers.
Jacob Henifin has raised voices, eyebrows and a few other things on Bellingham's streets. He explains how once the cops learn your name, they never seem to forget your face.

"Drop the gun Mr. Henifin," Officer Gaede said as she and her partner skulked through the overgrown grass at 1002 Indian St.

My friends on the porch froze in red-eyed apprehension. I slowly turned in disbelief to see the final motion of her pistol being pulled from her holster. She held it sternly in her left hand against her thigh. There the muzzle rested safely, menacing the wavering green blades and the sporadic daisies.

"Put it down!" adamantly shouted her partner with flushed face and spittle.

"O.K., Officer," I said, cautiously kneeling to the worn deck, setting down the $42 lever-action Daisy BB rifle. "It is only a BB gun," I added.

Officer Gaede reholstered her pistol as she inspected the offending rifle. Her partner swaggered onto the deck and began peering through the windows into our humble domicile.

"Can I have a look inside?" the inquisitive officer asked my friend, Dylan.

"I don't think so," Dylan said as he slowly got up from his favorite decrepit back-porch couch.

"Excuse me, Officer," nobly offered Dylan to Officer Gaede, "but the gun isn't Jake's."

She looked at Dylan and then back to me and asked, "Did you shoot the gun?"

"Yes," I conceded, "three times against our shack over there." I motioned toward our listing garage that was slowly losing its form to relentless blackberry brambles. She glanced back to see the shed with the newly affixed plywood sheet and aluminum cans.

"Well," she said—in a tone that is usually followed by something you don't want to hear—"we got a call that someone had a window shot out of their car in those apartments there, and I am going to have to cite both of you."

Dylan furrowed his brow while I tried to explain the improbability of breaking anything while shooting at plywood. My plea was answered with a citation: illegal discharge of a firearm. Dylan received its twin. Our mandatory court dates were different, so we made our way downtown separately.
On the fourth floor of Whatcom County District Court, I dealt with the insufferable clerks, who in the days before the remodeling, filled the room with a condescending air that stained the hand-inked cardboard file boxes slumped against the wood-paneled wall. They directed me to the courtroom of the honorable Judge Ross.

While I waited on the pew-like benches with the all-too-familiar tasteless green carpet underfoot, I thought about the first time I met Officer Gaede and was introduced to the wonderful world of the adult criminal system.

First Offenses

Immediately across the street from Win’s drive-in, under a dribbling February sky, we perpetrated our ill-fated adventure. It was rather exciting, but even more so, foolish. My friend Shawn and I decided to breach the building through the boarded-up front door. The assumption was to be so conspicuous as to be inconspicuous.

Shawn, who distantly resembles Ian Astbury of the Cult, and I spent a rainy afternoon amped on coffee, playing far more chess than sane people should. Our boredom prevailed over judgment as we entertained thoughts of breaking into the Waldron Building in Fairhaven. Rumor has it that one can access the legendary tunnels and passages that wind under our fair city from the basement of the gutted brick behemoth.

We made it past ineffective rusty nails with as much relative ease as would be expected of part-time delinquents. We had screwdrivers, flashlights and even chalk to mark our route through the extensive subterranean labyrinth.

We shuffled around the charred ground level for about three minutes before our endeavor was aborted by the ever-diligent Bellingham Police.

“Bellingham Police!” exclaimed an officer with conviction. “Come out of the building—now!”

“Shit!”

Our frantic eyes darted from each other’s faces. We then hastily scurried through the vacant building. The only apparent way down was through an opening in the floor, which must have been an old stairwell, that dropped nearly ten feet onto concrete and rubble.

“Come out of the building,” the police demanded again. “We are going to send in the dogs.”

Shawn and I quickly came to the wise consensus to surrender ourselves; after all, we hadn’t done anything too terribly wrong.

“All right!” I shamefully replied, “we are comin’ out.”

Some of the officers echoed my acquiescence while preparing one another for our departure. When I peeled back the useless loose plywood the gray light flooded into the bare and dusty room followed by excited demands.

“Show your hands!” nervously directed an officer with his gun drawn and aimed at my face.

After my eyes adjusted to the light, I saw half a dozen police with an equal amount of guns bearing their impassive muzzles.

“It’s all right. We are unarmed,” I explained.

Cold, tight steel shackled my wrists; Miranda rights were read; I was charged with burglary just like on all the cop shows.

While Officer Gaede drove me to the station, I pondered just what could have possibly been stolen from an empty, burnt-out old building. Hell, even the wiring had been removed. The only thing not brick or debris was a pair of massive brass doors and some stored toilets.

Shawn rode downtown with his own cop and patrol car. At the jail, they smudged our fingers over greasy ink and took a couple of mugs. We were held for about four hours until we were released on our own personal recognizance. PR is where one is released without bail on a promise to appear in court on a specific date.

On Target

The consequence of these ill-conceived and compulsive behaviors had me appearing in court more often than I would have desired. Probably the more profound and troublesome outcome of my deficient judgment and bad luck was becoming enrolled in the Targeted Offender Program.

“We call it ‘Operation Scapegoat,’” muses Doug Hyldahl, a Whatcom County public defender. “After so many police contacts, a person becomes enrolled in the program. The police are then encouraged to vigorously pursue said person while trying to get the prosecutor not to cut any deals or to plea bargain...”
...They are going on the assumption that repeat offenders commit most crimes," Hyldahl explained.

So it follows that if these scofflaws are incarcerated, or driven from the community, crime will decrease.

It sounds reasonable to any law-abiding citizen.

But as a former TOP poster boy it reeks of harassment. When the police go out of their way to greet you, or come down on you like hardasses for minor breaches of the law, it makes you feel like a criminal.

When police have this image of you, you tend to live up to that image.

"We want to exact maximum control on serious habitual offenders," said Steve Lance, former patrol officer and crime analysis supervisor.

"If stifled, some individuals will leave the community. These individuals are all well-ingrained in the criminal lifestyle."

The prosecutor takes the accusations and files the most severe charges, "seeking maximum sentence and control," Lance explained.

Granted, shooting a cheap BB gun or breaking into abandoned buildings threatens the fabric of society and endangers order, but constantly being contacted begins to get ridiculous and rather frustrating.

It is hard to respect the law when the law does not respect you and an adversarial relationship forms. I usually want to, and should, mind my own business.

When you have the misfortune of becoming a poster boy, the police become ubiquitous. I speak from experience.

I was driving my car, albeit with a suspended license, up Chestnut Street very conscious of obeying all traffic laws. I saw the cop. My heart dropped. The lights bid me to the side of the street.

"What seems to be the problem, officer?" I inquired respectfully, trying not to betray my guilt.

"Well, Mr. Henifin, (most cops know my name) we stopped you for littering."

"Hmmm, I don't remember throwing anything from the vehicle, are you sure?"

At this point I knew the course of events was going to be unfavorable. The officer claimed a gum wrapper flew from my car. This was false. Less than an hour previously, I had detailed my car and had no gum in my possession.

Another time in my car, I was cruising up High Street, through campus, a few minutes past 9 p.m. The street was closed, but it should not have been. After I was stopped, one officer stealthily crept up to the passenger door while the other asked me to step out of the car. I complied while the officers began to accusingly question me about my photography equipment in the back seat—they wanted to see receipts.

After a 45 minute shakedown I was allowed to leave with my $67 ticket.

This targeting is rather disheartening. I consider myself a good citizen. I've stopped and helped stranded motorists. I've pushed out countless cars stuck in the recent snowfall; I've shoveled the driveways of single mothers and my elderly neighbors. When I see an animal running amok in the streets, I will usually stop to rescue it. Hell, I have even done volunteer work in the community.

Privileges Denied

Last Christmas morning in all the candied excitement, a red cardinal and five small periwinkle finches perched on a festive pine wreath. They seemed to wink from the cover when I opened the card.

Merry Christmas, Jake.
This time it's a ride
by your choice not theirs, have fun!

—Love Jaime, Lynne, Jace, Zack, Jessica

I wasn't sure what to make of the text, but the boys and Jessica wrote out their own names in that endearing handwriting young children scrawl out so carefully. The ride was a four-hour drive with a Bellingham police officer donated by the police department to the Whatcom Children's Museum Auction.

The joy of it all. Miracles do happen.

I called the police station while visions of squad cars rolled through my head. The courteous receptionist transferred me to an officer to whom I gave my name and birthdate in order to expedite my cruise.

Deputy Chief Schenck replaced my jubilance with disappointment. I was denied on the basis of earlier minor lapses of judgment and the subsequent scrapes with the police. I was crushed. Rationally, and with as much charm as I could muster, I tried to explain to Schenck that although in my youth I was a scofflaw, I was not a criminal. I have never assaulted, murdered, or raped anyone. Nor have I stolen anything, embezzled, or kidnapped.

"I am sure you are not a bad person, Mr. Henifin, but I don't know that," Schenck consoled. "Officers don't want a person whose motivations they are unsure of riding along with them."

It was no use. Sometimes officers of the law are not receptive to rational arguments.

Carrying a Torch for Targeted Offenders

An opaque pre-dawn sky blushed as dawn rubbed against her back. Clouds spent their last bit of rain into the speckled gray puddles, as I trekked across town to my car in Fairhaven. The night was dank and still fairly dark. Fishermen drove back and forth over Boulevard at an unsettling rate.

The old, wire-bound straw broom I had been carrying for quite some time suggested the makings of a good torch.
After tearing away the wet outer layers, it lit with ease and burned brilliantly then shortly quelled into a warm glowing mass, much like a bundle of sage.

The presence of a squad car rolling south made me cringe with apprehension, as I thought about all the hassles and unwarranted attention given to me by BPD.

"The old, wire-bound straw broom that I had been carrying for quite some time suggested the makings of a good torch."

That apprehension soon mutated like cancer when a squad car nearly hit me as it cut me off at Easton Street and the second bore down behind me. The gears were still clashing as the aggressive officer behind me jumped from his car.

"Drop the weapon!" he yelled.

I skeptically looked at the dying glow with the sandalwood-scented smoke. "You mean this?"

"Now!" he pressed and began to move dreadfully close. I was not trying to be a disobedient ass, but far too often I have seen police step on constitutional rights and intimidate people.

"No, I am not breaking any laws," I annoyingly responded.

With this the officer layed into my chest with the heels of his hand. I recoiled back into his car while the torch fell to the wet ground.

The cop was spastically jumping up and down on the torch like a child throwing a tantrum. The agitation brought more oxygen to the straw, reigniting the head.

It was a silly spectacle: the cop stomping out the pathetic burnt broom head. As he thrashed about, small burning flecks fluttered up onto his clothes and balding scalp.

"Excuse me officer," I cautiously muttered, "but, ah ... the sparks ... are ..." "Shut-up!" he cut me off.

The orange flecks were now resting on his head and it was only a matter of time before his thin, sprayed hair was going to ignite. Fortunately, for his sake, the other cop was more observant and convinced him to stop.

"You are quite a wise-ass, aren't you?"

He punctuated his question by jabbing fingers into my chest.

"No, but you are out of line," I said, becoming a little fearful and fed up with his intimidation.

"Do you want to take a ride tonight?" he asked spitefully.

"Do you want to leave me alone?" I responded.

"All right, that's it. You are under arrest."

At this point he was pretty much throwing me back against his car.

"Sometimes you run into over-aggressive law enforcement," explained Hyldahl. "You can't expect every cop to be a constitutional scholar."

In complex societies, laws and sanctions are necessary. However, when police authority is focused and concentrated on well-meaning individuals like myself, sentiment can be stirred to perpetuate otherwise good citizens to give up on humanity and become the criminals they are perceived to be.