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Jill Carnell
Western Washington University

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It's amazing, I think, that Klipsun ever gets produced. Seven editors, 10 stories, 16 days, three computers, a slide scanner and a lot of coffee; when separated they are just random elements, but put together they somehow make 32 beautiful pages. At least we think they're beautiful.

Two issues just haven't been enough for me. Forget graduation; I'd like to stay and work for Klipsun forever. But since I can't, I'm happily passing the torch to the winter quarter editor, Jana Alexander.

Jana, a natural copy editor, clever writer and conscientious journalist, has ambitious plans for the March and April issues of Klipsun. We've redefined the roles of Story Editor, Layout Coordinator and Art Director for winter quarter and are even considering producing only a single 64-page issue each quarter to replace the two 32-page issues we produce now.

Winter quarter brings even more changes: for the first time since March of 1996, there will be no Coyne—I don't really mean Collin or Justin—on Klipsun's staff. Through never-ending creativity and unbelievable dedication, Collin and Justin were largely responsible for the dramatic changes that were made to Klipsun in the past year-and-a-half. Their contribution to the editorial staff has been immeasurable. They're both leaving us in order to find time to do other things like graduate and find a job with a believable paycheck. Those traitors.

It isn't easy to give up being editor of Klipsun. The opportunities available to the Klipsun staff are unfathomable. Just think: 32 pages of space, no advertising, technological and artistic resources and training available for the plucking, and a class of more than 20 writers creating a plethora of articles to choose from. No professional magazine offers writers or editors this kind of freedom or range of expression.

Find us on-line at www.wwu.edu/~klipsun, e-mail us at klipsun@cc.wwu.edu or call us at 650-3737. We are your magazine. We'd like to know who you are.

Jill Carnell, editor
Dimension & Perspective

Positive Identification Victoria Strait talks to a group of women desperately seeking individuality in the midst of commonality.

Portrait

NYDJ He's Vinnie. New York Vinnie. And, as Brian Kingsberry finds out, he don't take crap from nobody.

Rec

Wings And A Prayer Flight instructors risk their lives just to teach. Tom Degan takes to the sky for a quick lesson in fright.

The Tenderloin Shuffle Shuffleboard is only a game—unless there's meat on the line. Jake Henifin slides pucks for a T-bone.

Exposition

Artistic License One man's Monet is another man's roadkill. Christopher Mattson takes his object for a test drive and picks up some interesting theories on art.

Ways & Means

Frequency Modulators FCC regulations make it nearly impossible—and very expensive—for small radio stations to stay in business. Jeremy Reed talks to some of the little guys who've decided to speak freely regardless of restrictions.

Instrumental Vision Alex McLean sheds his punk-rawk tastes for tunes and takes a lesson in listening from violinist Richard Marshall.

Buffet

Waiting Fables AnnMarie Coe tells tales from the other side of the table.

Borderline Bowl-o-rama Amy King laces up her bowling shoes and takes a roll at the last truly Canadian sport.

Splitting Hairs Urinalysis drug tests are only effective for a matter of days after drug use—but residue left in your hair can haunt you for years to come. Lucy Kiem Kee puts the hair follicle drug test under a microscope.

On Death Road Cathy Duren scrapes dead animals for a living and doesn't mind it a bit. Julia Paige Groce finds out just how well she knows her road.
At first glance, the scene looks typical. Outside, the glaring neon lights resemble signs found in towns everywhere. Inside, the worn half-red and half-blue shoes also provide a reminiscent stench. This place offers shelter from the rain, and it also marks their specific destination. More importantly, however, this place houses one of Canada's best kept entertainment secrets: five-pin bowling.

Annually, more than 1 million Canadians try their hand at five-pin bowling, and more than 600,000 test their skills in leagues, said Terry Burns, avid five-pin bowler.

Burns, who has been five-pin bowling for more than 20 years, also coaches Youth Bowling Council teens and competes regularly in five-pin tournaments throughout Canada.

Burns describes himself as a "fanatical five-pin bowler," and says that five-pin is the most popular form of bowling in Canada.

"All other sports have become international in nature," Burns said. "Yet five-pin remains the only truly Canadian sport being played in every province and territory of Canada." Novice Americans may consider the radical differences between five-pin and 10-pin bowling something to be experienced first-hand.

It was a Friday or Saturday night. The kind of night where it seems the entire restaurant is packed tighter than a subway station. From the families to the crazies, they were all crammed at the tables," explained Wendy Griesmann, a 35-year-old Black Angus worker.

Wedged at a booth in Griesmann's section sat three "biker-type people"—two men and a woman. Griesmann smiled politely as she approached the table, and said, "Hi. Can I get you something to drink or something?"

Instead of requesting a margarita or even a cup of coffee, one of the guys said, "Yeah, how about some pussy? You got any pussy for my friend here? Him and his wife just broke up, and he really needs some pussy."

"My jaw just dropped open," Griesmann said, "And I looked at him for a minute because I couldn't really believe that he had said that. I said, 'Look sir, I will serve you and everything, but I would appreciate it if you wouldn't talk to me like that!'"

In an uproar, the manager wanted to throw the trio out for using cheap vulgarity with his employee.

"But inside I was actually kind of laughing because it was kind of funny," Griesmann admitted. "I would have laughed but I didn't even know these people."
Bowl-o-rama

Unlike 10-pin where the pins are tightly crowded together, the pins are separated by gaps a hair larger than the five-inch ball diameter. Positioned in a perfect migration-pattern "V," the pins form a point facing the bowler. The gaps are just wide enough that a ball thrown at that annoyingly perfect angle can skip directly between two.

And in five-pin, striking the center pin head-on does not guarantee the domino effect that arises in 10-pin. Consequently, a ball striking a pin directly may only cause that single pin to tumble.

What facilitates this frustrating effect is not so much the wide spacing of the pins as it is the size of the ball. Unlike 10-pin balls, these balls weigh on average three pounds, eight ounces and lack holes. Instead of using the index and ring fingers to throw the ball, the five-pin bowler cradles the cantaloupe-sized ball in the palm of the hand.

Complex scoring adds another unique feature to five-pin bowling. Unlike 10-pin where each pin is worth one point, pins in five-pin hold different values. Not only are the pins valued individually, the bowler gets to throw the ball three times per frame. Despite what 10-pin bowlers might think, that doesn't make it any easier. Reaching a perfect game of 450 in five-pin requires both skill and luck.

"A perfect game in five-pin is very rare," said Ken Hayden, president of the Bowling Proprietor's Association of Canada.

In fact, it took 12 years after five-pin's creation for the first perfect game to be bowled.

Still, five-pin skepticism is very common, especially among Americans, Hayden said. "They say, 'Don't you have any real bowling?' And I reply, 'This is real bowling. What are you talking about?'"

It's surprising that this unique form of entertainment is such a well-hidden secret. Perhaps that's its draw.

"You can get 10-pin anywhere in the world," Hayden said. "You have to come to Canada to get this."

—Amy King

"It was my night off," recalled Black Angus General Manager Mike Scheid. "And there was a couple off to the side of the bar having cocktails.

A man wrapped in military fatigues approached the couple and made a comment to them that Scheid wasn't able to hear. Angered by his comment, the gentleman who was with the lady pushed the fatigued man down the stairs.

"He pushed the guy so hard that when he fell down these three steps, he hit his head on this rod-iron railing so hard it made a tone," Scheid said.

Scheid went to his side to check for blood. "Are you OK?" he asked.

"Where's my cheese?" replied the dizzy, rubber-headed guy.

"Pardon me?"

"Where's my cheese?" she repeated.

"At that point I see about a three-pound ball of cheese rolling on the floor. It had fallen out of the guy's jacket pocket. You could see bite marks in the cheese where he had gnawed on it."

The guy swiped up his cheese and charged after the man who had pushed him. Scheid took the cheese, then, bearing the guy up by the seat of his pants and the back of his shirt, heaved him head-first through the front doors.

"This guy lands like a cat. He lands on his feet," Scheid said.

And then, he charges and gets me up against the wall."

"And there was a couple off to the side of the bar. I approached the table, took their orders, and remained pleasant throughout our meal.

"Is everything perfect for you two over here?" I asked as I advanced on the eating couple.

"You know, you kind of remind me of Jenny McCarthy," the man said as the girl nodded in agreement. "Do you know where Jenny McCarthy got her debut?"

"No, I said. 'The show, 'Singled Out,' maybe?'

Laughing, they explained that McCarthy had gotten her debut posing for Playboy.

"You should pose for Playboy," the girl said, supported by her boyfriend's nod.

I was hardly flattered by the strange couple's comments. What kind of people tell a complete stranger they should pose for Playboy Magazine?

Later, as I was plowing down the aisle past their table cradling a stack of dirty dishes, the young man said, "Come back when you have a minute. We have a personal question to ask you."

A few minutes later I was standing before the 'odd couple,' frustrated and tired. The two gave me a scenario of a couple bringing another woman into bed with them and asked my opinion.

"Would you be jealous if he had actual sexual intercourse with the other girl?"

This guy spoke as plainly as if he were asking for a cup of coffee. I surveyed the area, waiting for the 'Candid Camera' crew to come out of hiding, but there were no lights, camera or action, just a couple in all seriousness anticipating my answer.

I referred back to the original motivation of the server: how can I tell this couple they are complete freaks and still get a decent tip?

I told them that if they should decide they might want to include a third party in their sex life, they should have a deep discussion before they actually invited the person.

I left, hoping and praying that the 'deep discussion' might happen at home and not in my station.

—AnnMarie Coe
The WWU Office of the Registrar reported 144 Sarahs and 67 Saras on campus in 1997.

Victoria Strait speaks with a few of the individuals who've banded together to beat the burden of a shared identity.

Forming a club to celebrate individuality might sound a little like having sex to create virginity, but some people at Western are doing it. Forming a club, that is.

Laughing dispels the silence of a nearly deserted Viking Union as four women bring the club to life late on a rainy October afternoon. They are here because they share something in common, yet their mission is to battle commonality. Their weapon is humor.

The four women—all Sarahs—listen to another Sarah—McLachlan—croon from the boom box in the corner of the room. The first meeting of Hey, Sara(h)! is under way.

Like Marys, Bobs and Susans before them, the Sarahs face an abundance of themselves. Hearing "It got really weird," Sarahs Powell, Steves and Jeffers conspire.

She produces a sheet of paper and reads aloud, "Two-syllable girl's name of Hebrew origin ... means, dot, dot, a princess." She tosses her blond ponytail as she punctuates the last words.

Hey, Sara(h)! is the brainchild of Steves, whose lively eyes and bouncing curls reflect her high energy. She is a junior communications major, Associated Students Vice President of Academic Affairs and a person who once felt her identity drowning in a sea of Sarahs.

"In the 8th grade I actually had kind of a situation—you could call it an identity crisis," Steves confesses.

"For about a month I changed my name several times," she says. "I still liked the name Sarah, but I just felt like I had no individuality. ... I started changing the spelling on my papers to Cera, Serah, Sarah. It got really weird."

The episode ended after Steves' parents went to a conference with her teacher who showed them their daughter's papers. On one the teacher had written: "To Sarah, or whatever your name is... ."

Is having a common name really a threat to one's identity?

"When someone calls your name, there is a physiological response that occurs," says Dr. George Cvetkovich, professor of social psychology at Western. "When you realize it's not you they're referring to, it may have an effect on your identity—if it occurs frequently enough."

But Cvetkovich and his colleague Dr. Davis Hayden agree that having a multitudinous moniker should not pose a serious problem.

"It would be a rare case where it would lead to a mental disorder or depression," Hayden says.

Steves is definitely not that rare case. "I think just the Sara(h) club idea rolling around in my head has changed the way I look at it. ... I look at it like, yea, we've got three Sarahs on our floor! We're dominating the world!" she says.

That conclusion is based on experience: Steves maintains contact with 25 Sarahs. Her best friend and many classmates in high school were Sarahs. As a college freshman she lived on a floor with four
in defense of individuality as we know it.

Sarahs—including her roommate. Last year she was one of five Sarahs on the 30-member Residence Hall Association. Later she learned a male in the association has Serra for a middle name. He became a charter member of Hey, Sara(h).

Steves says she threw the idea of the club around as a joke at first, then people started showing interest, so she submitted an application last spring to the Associated Students Activities Council.

"The council laughed and chuckled, and they approved it. So we got recognized," Steves says.

The club can help Sarahs not to be clumped together, she says, by "changing the way people view Sarahship. ... I'm not like your sister, or I'm not like your best friend. I'm me!"

Why the apparent abundance of you-know-whos? In Steves' case, blame the mailperson.

"I wasn't named for about a week," Steves says. "That was back then. Beverly, and Andrienne are sexy, Zelda is in the days when the moms stayed in the hospital for a long time. ..."

"My mom loved it because it's out of the Bible, and my dad loved it because it sounded very individual," Steves says.

Sarah Jeffers says her mom chose the name because she didn't hear it very often. The four Sarahs say that happened often in 1976 and 1977, which apparently created a Sarah Boom that is now college-aged. The boom continues: According to a sampling of Social Security card applications, Sarah was the most popular name for baby girls in the first eight months of 1997.

"One of the interesting phenomena is that generations of parents tend to pick a very limited set of names," Cvetkovich says. "When these women were born was a period of greater popularity in biblical types of names."

In Social Psychology, a 1984 book he co-authored, Cvetkovich discusses common shared meanings of labels for categorizing people.

"Certainly," he writes, "(names) are one label that serves only to differentiate one person from another—rather like identification numbers. Wrong!"

Social Psychology says people get "vibrations ... from common first names. Martha is unexciting; Candy, Beverly, and Andrienne are sexy; Zaida is aggressive; and Humphrey is sedentary."

The book doesn't talk about the vibes Sarah elicits, but, "A Sarah," Cvetkovich says, "is not a Bambi."

On the agenda for the first Hey, Sara(h)! meeting is creation of a mission statement. Everyone agrees it should not limit club membership to Sarahs and Saras.

"Johns could join. They need asylum, too," Jones says. And Ryans, Jennifers and Jeremys, the others say. "Anyone seeking asylum in the midst of commonality," Morningstar suggests.

"Wow!" says a Sarah. "I like it!" says another.

The phrase evolves into a tentative mission statement: To provide asylum for anyone seeking individuality in the midst of commonality.

A few days later, Steves presented the mission statement to the activities council and requested up to $50 annual funding the council provides for many clubs to help with expenses. The council denied the funding for Hey, Sara(h)!

Steves vows that will not stop the club. "I'm not discouraged by that, whatsoever," she says. "We shall triumph!"
He talks fast, talks trash and don't take crap from nobody. He's KJR's NY Vinnie. Brian Kingsberry talks with this king of sports talk-radio.

Poised behind the microphone, he has complete control. Just a flick of his finger and the caller is instantly transformed back into just another everyday Joe on the streets with an opinion to share. The DJ is the true expert on sports. He and his co-workers make up the dream team of sports talk-radio at KJR AM 950.

Remembered only by their catchy nicknames and deep, throaty golden voices, this dream team dominates the radio airwaves with reckless abandon. "Mitch in the Morning," "Mr. Trivia," "Softy," "The Groz" and "The Gasman" are aliases for DJs who can offer callers the answers to their deepest sports-related questions. Unaware of what their next call or comment brings, they relentlessly forge onward covering each and every sports-related topic of the day.

Armed with a clever answer to nearly any question, these DJs openly tell it how it is and how they think it should be. Not afraid of bad-mouthing coaches, owners and players, they speak their minds, refusing to back down from anyone.

One of the leaders of this sports talk dream team is a heavy-set, balding man with nearly enough swagger in his walk to match the enormous conviction in his talk.

Vocals first, he enters the room. His voice seems to possess the ability to both roar and boom unstoppable. With an accent reminiscent of a crabby New York cab driver, this guy is obviously fired up about something.

Once within your sights, the stout, undaunting figure instantly becomes the ultimate facilitator of conversation. He's flashy, opinionated and easily one
of sports talk-radio's finest. His name is Vinnie, New York Vinnie, and he don't take crap from nobody.

"Tommy" calls up. He's making spaghetti and talking sports. "You put some sausage in that sauce?" Vinnie asks. "You gotta put some sausage in the sauce to do it up right."

Tommy is a Huskies fan and is talking about his team's chances in the Apple Cup. By the end of the conversation, Vinnie has effectively fixed Tommy's spaghetti sauce inadequacy and set him straight on the Huskies' Apple Cup chances. All in a day's work for Vinnie.

His fast-talking, opinion-oriented approach to sports talk-radio has made him among the best at what he does. His likes include the simple things: natural grass, Griffey's home run trot, Grant Hill, Kevin Calabro, Pullman on a Saturday afternoon, "Take Me Out To The Ball Game" and the Internet. What "he don't like" are: spoiled athletes, bad referees and umps, Albert Belle, $6 beer and the Macarena. According to Vinnie, these are the facts, and they are undisputed.

He is exactly what he stands for and nothing more. He's a TNT, dynamite, pre-packaged opinion just waiting to explode. His 'in-your-face' attitude isn't new—he's always been like this.

"I'm getting paid to do what the teachers in school told me I would never amount to anything doing, which is just being a cut up and a class clown," Vinnie said. "If I could throw spit balls, it would be perfect."

On the air, his enthusiasm is infectious. He relates to the people because he's one of them. He feels their same concerns and frustrations. This past year, when the Mariners were threatening to leave town, he was one of the first people to rally behind his team and the concerns of his listeners. His successful stadium crusade became one of the crowning moments of his career.

"The greatest moment on the air here was last year, a couple of days before Christmas, when we were able to play a part in keeping the Mariners here. While I was on the air, they made the announcement that the team was gonna stay, and some school teacher called up from some school and had his entire class sing "Take Me Out To The Ball game" over the phone while on the air. I had to go to a break. I think about it now and I get choked up. It was just cool."

He knew he was affecting people by playing a part in the community.
Everything he did around the whole baseball and football stadium thing had paid off. This was the greatest payoff. He knew he had made a difference. He became, believe it or not, speechless.

Possessing the uncanny ability to move, motivate and entertain people all in a single conversation, Vinnie takes pride in rallying the community around important issues.

"I enjoy being a person that instigates the conversation," Vinnie insisted. "Most people have to tell me to shut up. I'm in the perfect job, really."

Born and raised in New York City, Vinnie lived only blocks away from Shea Stadium. But ballplayers weren't his only childhood role models.

"Superman was my childhood idol growing up because he could bend steel with his bare hands, he was able to leap tall buildings in a single bound, and you could always look up in the sky and there would be Superman," Vinnie said, looking hopefully up at the ceiling as if waiting for Superman to arrive.

"I can remember my mom whacking me on the butt for taking all my T-shirts and putting S's on them and taking all her towels and putting S's on them and dying them red.

Vinnie was an avid athlete growing up, playing baseball and football until his senior year of high school when he got into a motorcycle accident.

"By the time I healed up, sports had passed me by; it was all over, a promising career cut short by a motorcycle accident," he joked.

After attending NYU and the University of San Francisco, majoring in dramatic arts, Vinnie developed his love of the microphone while hosting a Top-20 alternative music countdown.

Vinnie realized early on that if he wanted to be in radio, his best option would be to talk about sports. Choosing sports-talk as his motivation, Vinnie cherishes the freedom that is not given in music.

"It was at KUSF where I decided that this is what I wanted to do instead of selling insurance or something like that," he said.

Known as a personality on the air, Vinnie is proud of the New York persona he has developed at the station.

"I think people like the attitude. I think that a lot of people listen, and they wish that they could say some of the things that I say. Being from New York gives you a certain license here. It gives you a certain ability to say things in a distinct, different, wise-ass kinda way that people wouldn't accept if I was just Seattle Vinnie."

Whether talking about stadiums or salaries, Vinnie loves to hear that his message is getting across to the people, and people love sharing their stories with Vinnie. Teachers, coaches, bankers and even cab drivers share stories with him every day.

"When Kendall Gill was here, he went through his whole depression episode. I take people who talk about mental health very seriously. I don't think that people should say they have a disease—and depression is a disease—unless they have the disease. I went on the air one night, and I was just railing on Kendall Gill. A couple months after that some cab driver came up to me and told me he had to tell me this great story. He says he had me on one night and he had Kendall Gill and Sam Cassell in the back of the cab and (Gill) heard me. (The cab driver) said (Gill) was so pissed off that he was cursing me out. I felt good. I knew that I hit my mark. Although I never heard from him, I knew that what I was saying got to where it was supposed to go. It was really a personal message to him. These guys say they never listen, but they all listen.

"Sports talk-radio affords you the opportunity to be like it was in the old days of radio, where the person behind the mic was part of the community and was also part of everything that was going on," Vinnie said.

"Where you could make people think about things. You're not gonna make people think about much when you tell them it's 7:42 and 55 degrees out; they're only gonna think about what frickin' coat they should wear."

"Now very content in his job, Vinnie loves what he does and looks forward to the future.

"I'm definitely having fun, this is a fun business ... I'm a big fan of what I do. I like what I do. I like talking with people. I like visiting with people everyday, so it's fun ... They haven't fired me yet."
Hair analysis not only detects if drugs of abuse have been used, it also provides information on the quantity and historic pattern of individual drug use. This information is not available from any other drug screening procedure.

"Because the hair is nourished by the bloodstream, any drug residue is immediately trapped in the hair follicle and remains there as it grows. Hence we are able, through the use of an inch and a half of hair, to look at a person's 'history' for a three month period as compared to only two or three days for urinalysis," said Ray Kubacki, president and CEO of Psychemedics Corporation, the largest company currently marketing hair follicle drug testing.

More and more organizations are choosing to use hair analysis over urinalysis because far fewer hair samples are needed to provide a profile of drug abuse. Because it's virtually evasion-proof, no sample substitutions are available as there are with urinalysis. Hair analysis is more sensitive for rapidly excreted drugs such as opiates and cocaine. It can also indicate the level and frequency of drug use over known periods. The samples are easier to take, with no special equipment, no refrigeration and very easy transportation to the laboratory.

About 50 hairs, the width of a pencil point, are cut from the inch-and-a-half closest to the scalp (representing the most recent three months of growth) and then are shipped to a laboratory.

"Once we get the hair in the lab, it gets logged in," Kubacki explained. "We then wash the hair to get rid of any external contaminants. Then the hair is liquefied, a process we hold a patent on. Then we put the hair through a chemical screen to get rid of all the absolute negatives. For all the positives, we do a second confirmation test using gas chromatography/mass spectrometry, the GC/MS. Basically once you liquify the hair, it's the same as urinalysis."

The hair is tested for five drugs: cocaine, marijuana, methamphetamine, opiates and PCP, Kubacki said, "and we hold a patented test for marijuana."

"Over 1,000 corporations nationwide use our services, including the largest corporation and the largest police force," Kubacki said. Among these corporations are Harrah's Casino, Blockbuster Video, The Discovery Zone and Ross Dress for Less.

"Hair analysis is an advantage over urinalysis for several reasons," explained Robert Torres, Human Resources Representative at Harrah's Casino. "First, it offers a wider window of detection. Hair analysis provides us with a 90-day his-
The idea of flying has always fascinated me. As a child, I decided I wanted to learn how to fly. Watching "Top Gun" and reading books like "Flight of the Intruder" helped perpetuate my dreams. I knew that becoming a fighter pilot would never happen, but the thought of flying a small Cessna was just as appealing.

My sophomore year of college I decided to look into how much it would cost and what was required. Looking through the phone book, I found an ad for Pegasus Air in Bremerton, Wash., and thought it looked good.

As I walked into the Pegasus Air office, I met Dave Marsh, a flight instructor. He was eager to teach me how to fly, and said that I
would stay attached during flight. He then pulled the door open, and I realized how small the plane really was. A VW Bug had more space—not to mention a bigger engine.

In my excitement, I did not realize that I would be flying, but as I squeezed into the cockpit, the fact started to dawn on me.

"Am I going to be flying?" I questioned.

"You bet," he said tritely. "You're the pilot. I'm just instructing."
I thought that driver's training instructors were risk-takers, but now I knew who the biggest daredevils were.

Marsh handed me a headset, which were giant earphones with a mic on a boom positioned in front of my mouth. He explained that the headset would protect my ears and allow him to communicate with me.

He then made sure my seat belt was fastened and went over a checklist with me before firing up the engine. After taxiing to the runway and preparing to take off, he turned the controls over to me.

"Give it full power, and keep us in the middle of the runway. When we hit about 55 knots pull back on the yoke."

Brian Landburg, head flight instructor at Pegasus Air, has been a flight instructor for almost three years. Wearing khaki pants and a collared shirt, Landburg looks like he should still be in college. He's small and somewhat soft-spoken, but becomes animated when talking about his passion-flying.

"Pretty much nobody can learn how to fly," Landburg said. "It's just like teaching someone how to drive a car, but you are at 4,000 feet."

Landburg, a graduate of Central Washington University, said learning to fly was something that he always wanted to do. Central's flight program started him off.

Brent Love, who is also a flight instructor at Pegasus Air, has been instructing for three years. Love, unlike Landburg, got started flying in Alaska. He did not go to college to learn to fly.

"I was working in Alaska during the summer, and I made some good money. I then had the means to get started in the industry," Love said.

The requirements to become a flight instructor are a private pilot's license, commercial pilot's license, instrument license and certified flight instructor (CFI) license.

Instructors most frequently teach students who are trying to get their private pilot's license.

The minimum requirements include the following: the completion of a ground school class, passage of a written exam, 20 hours of dual flight time and 20 hours of solo flight time, which must include 10 hours of cross-country flight and passage of a flight test and oral examination. This process usually takes about a year, but can vary depending on the student.

The costs can be prohibitive. Flight time will cost anywhere from $40 to $75 an hour for use of the plane and $20 to $40 an hour for instruction. Ground school costs $100 to $500. The test costs are also expensive: the written portion costs $60 and flight portion $175.

The flight test is similar to a driving test. An examiner rides along in the plane as the student demonstrates different maneuvers. The maneuvers are designed to test both skill and safety of a pilot.

Landburg, who usually works six days a week, spends a lot of time in the air. On sunny days, he can average six hours a day flying. To him, the job can be both fun and tedious.

Love and Landburg enjoy what they do. This is why they continue to teach instead of taking jobs flying cargo.

They would like to get jobs with the airlines. However, before a pilot can qualify as an airline transportation pilot (ATP) they must have 1,500 hours of flight time. Landburg said flight instructing is a great way to build up that time.

Flight instructing does have benefits besides building hours. Landburg and Love enjoy working with people and helping them progress. Just carting cargo around would not be exciting.

"By teaching someone else, it helps your flying twofold," Landburg said. "You learn from other people as much as you teach them."

"I'm definitely not doing it for the money because there isn't any," Love said. "Hopefully someday the hard work will pay off."

Instructing does have its risks. Landburg and Love both vividly remember times when students have scared them.

One day Landburg was teaching stall awareness to a student. A stall is when the air flow is disrupted around the wing and usually occurs..."
when a plane is going slow and/or is at a high angle of attack. When a stall occurs the pilot is supposed to give full power and pitch down to gain speed. If the pilot does not pitch down, a spin can result, which is more dangerous than a stall.

"I had a student recover from a stall who was not pitching down, so we semi-entered a spin," Landburg said. "So then next time we went through a stall series and he stalls it, he pushes it over vertical—straight down—to recover from the stall and proceed to pull out at very high speed. That was very interesting, I envisioned the tail ripping off, but I forced him to pull out slowly, of the dive."

One other experience that stuck out in Landburg's mind was a day when a student, on final approach, almost stalled the plane. Final approach and takeoff are two of the most dangerous times during a flight. A stall could result in a crash because there is no altitude with which to recover. Love has also had close calls on final.

"One time, down in Oregon, going into the Oregon coast on a really nasty day with a student, we got some wind-shear on final approach," Love said. "I ended up taking control of the airplane, but we still smacked the ground really hard."

After a short flight, I had flying straight and level—down. As we returned to the airport, I began to think about landing. Marsh was calmly helping me through the pre-landing checklist. Marsh had his hands close to the controls on his side, and was reassuring me that if I got in trouble he would take over.

As we came to the end of the runway, Marsh pulled the power back to idle and told me to slowly pull back on the yoke. The wheels hit the

runway, and we bounced up in the air only to return to earth seconds later. Marsh looked at me and said, "well done." As he taxied the plane back to park, I wiped the sweat from my forehead, thinking 'that wasn't so hard.'

As I walked into Pegasus Air and prepared to pay for my first flight, I began to think I could do this. I knew at that point I was hooked and would have to sign up to get my pilots license.
A blue combine rests silently in gently arcing furrows. Near a curved brim, a Phillips 66 Petroleum logo embroidered on a blue cap sits above round-framed spectacles reflecting 22 feet of maple. Wrinkled hands span the edge of the rail and grasp the silvery puck. With deft precision, Phil strokes the side of the table while he focuses on a point just beyond the object puck at the other end of the board. For this shot, he gently casts his puck down the evenly waxed surface. He backs away, oblivious to the surrounding bedlam, as steel smacks steel. Its rap plunks clear and familiar in his ears as he readjusts his blue cap. He doesn't hear the portly birthday boy in the overfilled purple shirt exclaim, "Eastern liberals … Pinkos," nor does he try to pull meaning from the babbling of dozens of mouths moving at once. Calmly, he reaches into the gutter and picks up another puck.
Phil is honing his table-shuffleboard game for the meat shoot. As I size him up and begin thinking this will be nothing like shooting turkeys in a barrel, the bartender plucks my attention.

"See that guy behind you?" she asks motioning to an indifferent man in a denim jacket. "That's Steve. He's the owner, and he just bought a round for the house. So here ya go." Steve owns the Corner Tavern in Bow, Wash.

She punctuates the offer by plunking down a "wooden nickel." I inspect the wooden chip and its one-schooner value. I thank Steve, but he doesn't seem to notice.

I compete for the bartender's attention with patrons on modest stools rising from spent piles of pull-tabs.

"How much is it going to cost me to take your meat?" I ask.

"Three to four bucks for the shoot, depending on how much the meat costs." Either she misses the double-entendre, or my wit is common.

"Friday night is for fun," the bartender assures me between pulling pale beers into handled mason jars. "No one cares who they get as a partner.

"No one cares who they get as a partner." Obviously, she doesn't identify with meat as I do. Puttin' meat on the line has nothin' to do with fun. I wouldn't want some half-cocked, over-aged, college kid with a notebook and the need for a haircut messin' up my game, no sir.

Cheryl Goodman, the bartender, chucks a pack of matches at me and tells me it is true what they say about the chicken. Initially I am dumbfounded—until I read the matchbook cover:

"If you ever had a better piece of chicken than you get in this joint you gotta be a rooster."

After I mull over the implications of a cock and pullet, an amiable shuffleboard shark ambles over and we start talking puck. Russ Miller tells me how the seeds of shuffleboard germinated in Britain and the fledgling New World. Apparently, lawyers and politicians slid heavy coins down long tables to see who would pay for the thick ales they were drinking. This was known as lagging a groat.

"Whichever groat got nearest to the end of the table without falling off prevailed." Time has refined shuffleboard to a more exacting game of skill and finesse. Today, American tables are between 20 and 24 feet of varnished maple 28 inches wide and three-inches thick surrounded by a gutter. The table is waxed to a gloss and peppered with tiny, round, wax particles after each game so the pucks, or weights, slide with very little friction.

Points are scored by lagging your puck nearest the far end of the table without making it fall off the board. You alternate turns with your opponent from the same side, while either trying to place one or more of your four pucks beyond your adversary's, or knocking their pucks off the board. Only the pucks beyond your opponent's furthest puck scores, so only one person scores points on each turn.

"A puck hanging off the end of the board, aptly termed a "hanger," is worth four points, six inches from the end is three, a foot from the end is two and pretty much the rest of the table is worth one point."

"A perfect score is 16 points and is unheard of." Russ has been playing for 35 years and has scored a nine in Las Vegas, and he bore witness to an 11.

In doubles, partners play from opposite ends of the table and compete against the player on the shared side.

"Which side of the table do you want?" my partner Phil asks.

I tell him I've never before shot on this table. "Uh, oh," he chides. "We have problems."

Phil sends me down by a lonely popcorn machine at the other end of the table with a shooter named Mike. He likes to snatch handfuls of the greasy corn, hardly dribbling any while he feeds them into his mouth.

"You don't ride that rail, Phil," blurts Mike with unrestrained joy after Phil's puck hangs precariously on the rail like a car on two wheels before it topples over disastrously into the gutter.
Phil shot first, so Marv gets the last puck, called the "hammer" because of its potential to nail Phil's last shot off the board. Steel clunks steel as Marv's silver hammer knocks ours from the board. The puck "sticks" and stays on the board near the end of the table, giving those cheating sons-of-guns two points.

The scoring side must then go first. This gives the hammer—a distinct advantage—to the other side. Mike shoots. The puck silently slides down the open board, it slows and stops. The shallow, conservative shot settles at one point.

Lacking finesse but not effort, my shot misses pathetically.

With popcorn working in his jaws, Mike sends the puck down slow and lays up a block. I carefully line up on Mike's leading puck and go for a two-fer. I am unable to hit either puck and turn from the board in shame.

"You're missin' closer," encourages Phil from underneath his blue Phillips Petroleum cap.

After a couple more shots, the puck is slippery in my sweaty hand. I try to appear composed, but that twenty-some feet of maple 28 inches wide has been drawn out to hundreds of feet and not much wider than the three-inch diameter of my puck. For the love of meat, I swallow my fear and slide the puck back and forth. Feeling it, I am on. I release the puck, and I hear flute music as my puck careens into the first of all those previous misses and miraculously cleans the board.

Curious about the wild play on the table, I ask Phil if he has ever played on a perfect board.

"The only perfect board," the sage in suspenders says, "is the board you are playin' on and the board you are winnin' on."

Perfect tables got boring, he continues, and the game almost died. Different places began tweaking the boards to give them character and variety.

It is a back-and-forth, two-point game. Marv and Phil play tough, as do Mike and I with my lucky shots, but in the end, Marv and Mike take the yo-yo game and the dogs walk.

Stuck in the loser bracket, Phil and I have to step up and pull it together to realize our dreams of clutching the coveted cutlets. This is our last chance. I tell myself I will not let Phil down.

"No came, as my Mexicans friends say, no came," Phil says with a chuckle. "Chris blistered you, but Russ, he had some shots."

"Sorry, Phil."

I lose the coin toss to Chris. He chooses to go second in order to wield the dreaded hammer. We both play tough, giving up no points.

Between shots, Russ laments the days when the Northwest league had 22 teams and three divisions, and Bellingham was one of the biggest shuffleboard games in the Northwest.

"They would come down (from Bellingham) and challenge Skagit, and we would take busloads up there," he says, seemingly re-living years of memories in a split-second.

"Saul Lipkin was real proud of the Northwest for that," he says quietly before becoming animated with stories about Lipkin.

Lipkin took tables to U.S. military installations all over the world during World War II. Russ talks about the most difficult placement of a table aboard a submarine. It had to be taken through the torpedo port.

Phil also pulls off a tight squeeze, sliding his weight great's knees by Russ' puck, to sit comfortably behind it.

"It's kinda sad, we're down to seven (teams) and we're fightin' to keep it going," Russ says distantly.

"Younger people need to get involved," Chris says, matter-of-factly. "Russ got me out once, and now I'm hooked."

"Anyone who plays it, and knows what it's about, is going to like it," concurs Sheri Miller, Russ' daughter and Chris' girlfriend.

"We're all connected. That's what's good about it," continues Russ.

"It's like one big family," offers Phil.

Throughout all this yakkin', Chris and Russ dash our hopes of raising the meat chalice to victory—15-3.

"No came, as my Mexicans friends say, no came," Phil says with a chuckle. "Chris blistered you, but Russ, he had some shots."

"Sorry, Phil."

I let him down. If I had a tail, it would be between my legs.

"That's all right, you shot well," Phil says supportively. "It was an educational experience."

"Yeah, they schooled us alright," I say with chin aquiver. "A lesson was handed down."

Russ and Chris eventually win the race for a sack of meat.

"Even a blind Squirrel finds an acorn once in awhile," the gentlemen champion Russ says after he and Chris dig themselves out of a 9-0 ass-whuppin'.

"Now that I have shot the meat shoot," confides Chris, "I understand how to think."
Armed with a box, a quest and a theory, a man and his Barbie set out to find the meaning of art. Christopher Mattson imitates life.

During a November plunge into the deep philosophic realm of subjective reasoning, I searched for truth. Somehow, somewhere, within the surrounding area of Western, was an answer. The object you now see was my catalyst. The presentation of this object brought forth instant curiosity and comments. While listening and analyzing each individual, I sifted through their comments for truth. I was in search of an answer to a question we’ve been taught not to ask. A question we’re afraid of. A question that leads to more questions: What is art?

Similar to that of Fox Mulder on ‘The X-Files,’ my dilemma was created by and consisted of lies covering more lies. I believe that most information regarding art has been tainted. Art has been an over-postulated uncertainty since its introduction into our vocabulary. Looking back at my journey, I see that my results are inexplicable. What I’m about to share may be shocking, it may scare you. It might cause you to think so strenuously that you go out, buy a 9 mm., and shot yourself to relieve the pain. The truth, though, must be shared.

Friday, Nov. 7, my search began. Carrying this object around campus in a cardboard box originally designed for hauling Monarch Coffee Liqueur, I begged for responses. I was even told by Brian Jones, after I received information from him at the Engineering Technology Building, that the box appeared to be housing “puppies or something.” Apparently my jacket covering the box led him to believe this. This made me wonder whether a box containing puppies could be considered art.

Earlier in the day, outside the Fine Arts Building, as a light rain fell, I had spoken with Quinn Sharpe while he enjoyed a cigarette. When asked if he considered the object art, he said, “Anything is art.” These words bounced around in my head. Eventually, when Jones told me about his puppy presumption, it clicked. Either these people didn’t know what they were talking about, or my search for the truth was a well-thought-out conspiracy from the beginning. If a conspiracy, then the truth about art has been tainted by an uncertainty that has spread across modern society like the plague. Lies covering the truth. Lies protecting more lies. I was left wondering who else knew about this cover-up. My current questions were left unanswered. What is art? And why am I receiving conflicting information?
The first stage of my search was miserable. I was left with little hope. In a lounge at the Performing Arts Center, I asked Alycia Delmore, Josh Goldy and Karen Mahbub about their relationship with art. Delmore said, “Art and I have been dating for a while.”

“Strictly platonic,” Goldy said. “Art is my great uncle,” Mahbub added.

To add to my frustration, outside the Fine Arts Building I met Kevin Conrad, “I like to sit in art museums and drool!”

Later, inside Arntzen Hall, I approached Miriam Marquez and received her thoughts. Her relationship with art was ‘none.’ Then, at Carver Gymnasium, I met Andy Yim and Ed Anderson. Anderson was working the swing shift.

“It’s okay. I’ve seen some weird stuff. Over at Fairhaven they had some body ... And you know what that net reminds me of?” Yim and I stood there waiting and waiting, as if he was going to tell us some newfound Greek play.

“That net you gotta climb up in the (military) service. You gotta do it in the police academy as well. There’s a lot more than you think to being a cop,” Anderson said. Yim then asked Anderson if he had ever been in the military or worked as a police officer. Anderson returned with, “No, but I saw it on the movie ‘Police Academy!’”

Yim and I didn’t know how to respond.

My initial findings left me in a haze of confusion. However, I knew my respondents were more valuable than I first believed. While looking over the information a second time, I came across recurring responses that I had failed to notice.

Everyone had his or her own beliefs regarding their relationship with art. Everyone, in their own way, commented on what they saw. Everyone had something to say, even if it was them telling me that they did not want to say anything at all.

Marquez noticed the “tied-up Barbie.” She went on to say, “It’s obviously trying to send some message.”

Yim noticed “the Barbie’s tied up. There’s a nail sticking through that disk. Looks like Barbie’s gonna die.”

Anderson noticed “the Barbie doll lying down taking a nap ... She’s looking at her beauty.”

Sharpe, the smoker, said, “She’s trapped. It’s disturbing. She lives a dangerous lifestyle. She’s a slut though. She’s looking into hell.”

I was even offered a variety of interesting insights. Delmore said, “If it was presented to me as art, then I would accept it as art. If I saw it on the side of the road, then I would consider it roadkill!”

In response, I asked her, if art is all subjective, then why would someone go about studying it? She answered, “Well, in the case of art history, a lot of times, because they want to know what’s going on in the things they like ... A lot of times it’s just a more fun way to learn history.” She got a chuckle out of her last statement before going on to say, “People take art classes and study art in this department because they want to learn, generally, certain kinds of technical skills required to make the kinds of objects that they want to make and that they personally see as being art.”

Looking for a more specific answer, I asked if she thought art was something that you can learn how to do rather than something you can learn how to define. She said, “I’d say that’s an interesting statement. I wouldn’t want to immediately say yes, but it sounds good to me.”

Outside of Bond Hall, I interviewed Shalon Hurlbert and he said, “My whole family is artistically inclined, except for me. I take to writing.” Becoming aware of Barbie tied up, he went on to say, “I’m all for it. I like it when an archetype gets defaced.”

When I asked if he thought the object was art, he said, “Yes, there’s a certain aspect of putting something on display. It allows it to be called art.”

Outside Miller Hall, Kevin Tomlin provided his own belief. He was hesitant at first as I asked him about his relationship with art.
with art. He said, 'Oh, these are deep questions. Let me think about that.' Eventually Tomlin told me, 'I think your work is a holistic representation of higher education and its effects across genders.'

Another young man then entered the scene and said, 'I like that. I'm seeing something and I don't know if I'm supposed to.' Tomlin added, 'You are. I see it too.' Smiling and shaking his head, the man left.

Justin McKay arrived then and told me, 'Well, I see art as depicting life and since I'm a part of life, art is a part of me.' I was interested by the reply. Wanting more, I asked if he thought my object depicted life and he said, 'Yes, definitely. I see fishing net. I see reproduction, sperm. Barbie is American Culture. I am confused by the disk though.'

Soon, it was time for class. I gathered my belongings into my backpack, picked up my box, and strolled over to College Hall to attend an understanding plays class. I looked for potential respondents along the way. After entering College Hall, I decided on Beth Thomas. She was working at the Western Front reception desk. The previous Friday I had left my box with her during class. Her curious nature invited a mess of possibilities in her head. As soon as I pulled the entire object out of the box her eyes were fixed as she instantaneously said, 'I see spermatic gamma rays. The pain of being a fallen woman. And it's nice to look at.'

At that moment, I thought about Maloney saying, 'It's ugly.' Before I knew it, though, Thomas was telling me, 'Yes, it's art, but anything in life can be art. This conversation is kind of a performance art.'

Searching inside the Humanities Building for an open door and a bored professor, I found J.D. Dolan. He was leaning back in a chair, reading, pausing only to glance up at me and my box when I passed by. Finally, I walked into his office and made my object visible. I asked what he considered to be his relationship with art. He simply said, 'It's what I do.'

Mark Kuntz of the theatre arts department had comments as well. When asked if he believed art was something you learn how to do or something you learn how to define, he said, 'I think I have a great political answer. I don't think it's either one of those and I think it's both of them. I think it's constantly under redefinition because we continue to learn about it. And with it, our relationship with it continues to change, and should.'

Robin Hemley of the English department said, 'I think my relationship is both personal and cultural. I feel a cultural responsibility, and a personal responsibility.' He also did not think that one person could judge someone's art. When asked if he thought my object was art he said, 'Sure, because I guess I don't approach art in terms of reason, but of intuition ... And I think the box, and you carrying it around, is art.'

While presenting the object to my arts inquiry class, which is instructed by Perry Mills of the theatre arts department, I received more information. He said, 'I'm on the wavelength of those people who believe that art is very culturally specific.' During the class discussion on art and my object, Heather Johnson said that both my object and everything was art. I then asked her if she would think the same about my object hanging in a museum as she would in a garbage can. She said, 'Yes. Yes. I would.' She said she wouldn't hang it on her wall though, before going on to say again that 'everything is art.' When I asked if anyone disagreed, Jason Topolski said, 'Everything has artistic qualities.'

I then posed the question of graffiti as art and Topolski said, 'My dad's an art teacher. He teaches high school art. He has a lot of students in the school that he's in. It's not a very good area and stuff, but he has students coming in with folders of tags. You know, like, 'this is what we're doing.' This is gonna be our label.' And these people are trying to present this to my dad and say, 'Well man, what do you think of this?' 'Which one do you think looks better?' And then they're gonna go tag it all over the place.'

Looking back at this statement makes me wonder if graffiti is simply the signature that claims ownership over an area. If so, would that make the area art? And can a signature be considered art?

Once our class exhausted the topic of graffiti, I asked why anyone would learn about art if it was totally subjective. Mills replied, 'If you don't learn about it, then anybody who wants to fulfill human desire of procuring art.'

I then asked him if he believed that not everything is art and that art is not totally subjective. He said, 'No, there is a truth ... You people live in American culture and you're angry about it. You don't like the stuff that is said because it is short-changed and it's a lie. When you see something authentic, (slapping his hands) you get it.' I suppose he was referring to our 'barrage of stones' as he would in a garbage can. He said, 'Yes. Yes. I would.' She said she wouldn't hang it on her wall though, before going on to say again that 'everything is art.' When I asked if anyone disagreed, Jason Topolski said, 'Everything has artistic qualities.'

The more people I talked with, the more I understood beliefs regarding art. However, it may be possible that no one knows the truth about art, but there are a few willing to share their own beliefs. I just hope that what they share is not part of the lie that covers the objective existence of art.
The air is angry and bitter. It bites his skin, even through an inch of thick, bristling fur. The dead chill of night creeps into the small of his neck and shakes his ears with frenzied pain. His young paws are brittle in the cold, but they brace the short hill up with ceaseless vigor. Every hint of the day's warmth has been sucked into the rumbling block of asphalt above.

The rear explodes in bursts of rage as massive trucks and crazed automobiles white by on the baked pavement. Caught in a confusion, his body jumps and spikes with dread. The lights grow brighter. The growl grows louder. He leaps.

has spread wider under the weight of her speeding hatchback. It glows in deep brake-light red.

Every driver notices just a little too late the raccoon, possum or kitty that has fallen victim to 80 mile-per-hour traffic. Motorists cringe in disgust and ache in pity while whizzing past wildlife carcasses sprawled across the freeway. For most, it is a momentary sadness quickly forgotten as the drive wears on. For Cathy Duren, it is an encounter to be dealt with an average of 10 times a week.

Duren is the Maintenance Lead Technician for the Washington State Department of Transportation (WSDOT), Northwest Region and Bellingham. She is in charge of tending to the freeway from Burlington up to Blaine, Grandview Road and Chuckanut Drive. If an animal is hit anywhere along her stretch of roadways, Duren is responsible for getting it picked up and taken care of.

Duren, mother of two and grandmother of five, started out as a rest-area attendant for the WSDOT 10 years ago and later was promoted into maintenance. "We do asphalt work and paving, figure materials and equipment needed on the job, ditching, guard-rail repair, snow and ice, and just being responsible for everything in the field."

It is Duren's responsibility to keep her "section" clear and free from hazards. "Our primary thing is to see no accidents happen," she says. "Safety of the traveling public is our big concern. Animals run out onto roadways for different reasons. We have lots of possums that are killed, and raccoons and beavers and coyotes. It's not just dogs and cats," she points out. "The most common are possums, with raccoons at a close second."

"Often animals head for the freeway because it's warm," she says with a slow look to the cool linoleum floor. "That asphalt builds up heat in the daytime. They're just going where it's warm."

Migration patterns also contribute to the numbers of vehicle-related animal deaths. "It's kind of a seasonal thing. In the spring you'll see a lot, and in the fall you'll see a lot," she says. "That's when they're moving around, and their families are starting."

"It's usually the young ones that don't make it," Duren quickly coughs out. She is suddenly heavy and, for a moment, falls silent. "I've found whole families sometimes."

Domestic animals are a common sight on Washington's freeways, and can be some of the most difficult collections for Duren. "If I get an animal with a collar on it, I'll usually call the Humane Society," she says. "Sometimes the owners will call in and want to know where I buried them."

"It's kind of a sad thing when they do have a collar on them because you know that it's somebody's pet," she says.

Most animals can be buried near the freeway where they were found. If the ground is overly hard, Duren will take the animal to a softer area or to a "pit site" where maintenance workers keep sand and burn debris, and are usually located a slight distance from the freeway.

"Overall, the sooner you get to any of them, the better," Duren says. "It's much harder when the thing's been lying there for awhile and it's covered in maggots and it's been hot and it smells."

"When that happens, I just don't breathe and I don't look." [Duren] is real valuable around here," says her supervisor Tony Hernandez. "She really knows her stuff."

"It's all about knowing your road," she says. "You've got to know your road."

—Julia Paige Groce
Competition for radio waves has left some without a voice. Jeremy Reed communicates with those who have adapted to deregulation by shirking licensing requirements.

Photos by Justin Coyne
A slight bleating echoes from up the road past the end of a state college. An old truck filled with partying students drives by, its stereo interrupted by several quick honks. Soon a continuous trickle of sound, an auto-made orchestra, begins to fill the night’s air.

Up above, a Radio Shack six-element beam antenna sticks out of a closet-sized, two-person dorm window. Inside an invisible wave begins its pulsating mission, slicing out of the multi-story dorm building down the street, past a few blocks and stopping dead at a low hill on the edge of town: “If you are listening, honk as you go by.”

Across the country, in a city with millions of potential listeners, a white van with dark, flowered curtains—strapped closed—pulls into a lone parking space. The old yellowing pop-top rises and a Yagi directional antenna lifts into place. Inside, the camper’s cabinets open, revealing a small four-channel mixer, its tangle of cables connecting to a six-watt transmitter, mic, continuous-playing tape deck and CD player. An inverter clicks on, and the 12 volts begin to speak, filling an unused portion of San Francisco’s FM band: “…and for the FCC folks out there tonight, we’re at the corner of Valencia and 19th.”

The FCC is out there.

The FCC—the Federal Communications Commission—develops and regulates interstate and international communications by radio, television, wire, satellite and cable. The independent Federal agency’s homepage reads: “The mission of this independent government agency is to encourage competition in all communications markets and to protect the public interest.”

In their process of “encouraging competition,” FCC regulations specify that an FM station will not be licensed unless it operates at sufficient power and antenna height to provide coverage equivalent to 100 watts at 30 meters above average ground.

“This works out to good coverage of about five miles or so,” an anonymous micro-power radio expert said.

According to the FCC homepage, unlicensed operation on the AM and FM radio broadcast bands is permitted for some extremely low-powered devices.

“Unlicensed radio stations operate (legally) under Part 15 of FCC rules. However, most of the Part 15 rules are configured such that you can spit farther than your signal will travel,” said Critter, former micro power broadcaster of the now silent Brockport, New York-area station, “The Voice of the Mighty Micros,” once located at 91.9 MHz.

The FCC considers unauthorized broadcast operation to be a serious matter. Radio station operators who “willfully and knowingly” broadcast without a license may receive criminal penalties, such as fine and/or imprisonment.

National Public Radio was one of the groups that pushed for the FCC to change its regulations to allow station operators with limited funding to operate, said an anonymous micro power radio expert.

“Eliminating the 10-watt stations has allowed NPR affiliates to increase power in many cases by bumping the 10-watt stations off the air. A few of these 10-watt stations still exist, but they are ‘grandfathered.’ In other words, no new 10-watt stations are allowed, although some of the stations allowed under the old rules are permitted to stay on the air.” He also said they “are given secondary status, which means they can be forced off the air to accommodate higher power stations,” said an anonymous expert.

Authorized broadcasting is too expensive for smaller radio station owners, and so are the fines for violation of FCC regulation. So some micro radio operators adapt to the system by broadcasting outside of the law, while at the same time working to change regulation.

A “rule-making petition” is being drawn up by micro power radio operators. It will “petition the FCC to allow legal, licensed low-powered broadcasting” an anonymous operator said.

Until these rules change, the petition makers are leery of being named.

Critter said stations which operate in between allowable FCC parameters are classified as pirate and may face extremely high fines and equipment confiscation. “A
The Telecommunications Act of 1996 allowed for a substantial increase in concentration of ownership of full-powered stations... a single group can own an unlimited number of radio stations nationally, and up to eight in a single large market, such as Seattle-Tacoma near you or Dallas-Ft. Worth, where I live," said the unnamed authority.

"This concentration of ownership is one of the justifications for the existence of micro power radio," an anonymous expert said.

The act is the "first major overhaul of telecommunications law in 62 years. The goal of this new law is to let anyone enter any communication business—to let any communication business compete in any market against any other," the act states.

"The current system allows anyone to broadcast, as long as that anyone is rich," said Aron Tomson, who ran a micro radio station in Johnson, Kansas up until last year, when he moved to Michigan to attend college.

"... there is currently no way for someone who doesn’t have a lot of money to start a station. There's no reason whatsoever why the FCC shouldn't make simple, cheap, easy licensing of low-power radio stations available," Tomson said.

Court battles have been fought to increase availability to the airwaves. In *U.S. v. Stephen Dunifer* the legal issues attached to a Free Radio Berkeley (FRB) micro radio station’s operation without a license were argued.

Dunifer had never attempted to obtain a license, and stated that the FCC does not allow licensing of low-watt radio stations and is therefore denying free speech, court papers say. In Nov. 1993, the FCC issued a "Notice of Apparent Liability" seeking a forfeiture of $20,000.
"The current system allows anyone to broadcast, as long as that anyone is rich."

from Dunifer for broadcasting without a license. This civil disobedience was intended to apply pressure, loosen regulations, and allow low-powered radio to persist. FRB challenged the constitutionality of the fine and have ever since been in the center of the low-watt movement, spreading their message throughout the country.

Other radio pirates also hope an increase in illegal broadcasts will pressure the government to liberalize its laws.

Just recently, Community Power Radio in Berkeley was raided by the FCC and had its equipment seized for the third time in two years. The station, based in the low-income neighborhood of Oak Park, organizes meals for many of its hungry listeners in addition to broadcasting a wide variety of music and public affairs programming.

They will be back on the air, with the help of FRB.

Not only does FRB teach classes on building low-watt equipment, and sell or give away radio transmitters, but they actively fight to change the laws.

FRB first attracted attention of the FCC in 1993, when they first went on the air, offering a diverse mix of music, news and commentary not available on commercial or even public radio stations.

"One of the FCC's requirements, what they've been created by Congress to do, is to 'ensure the greatest possible diversity of voices.' Somehow they figure that a few centrally-owned corporate radio stations with huge transmitters provide more diversity than hundreds of grass-roots stations," Tomson said.

Various how-to guides posted on the Web teach how to start micro power broadcasting. One, titled "An Intro. to Pirate Radio," warns "If you are busted, your equipment will be confiscated, and you might be fined. Also, if you are a hacker, or any type of non-conformist, or someone whom the big-shots think is 'subversive,' expect more severe treatment. So, to keep from getting caught, transmit sporadically, and from a mobile location if possible. Also, never give out any info over the air, which they might be able to track you down with."

Some micro radio stations ignore advice and taunt the FCC: "Sorry you missed us. We're at Mission and 24th tonight."
From time in the Army to a stint on "Northern Exposure," one thing has remained constant in Richard Marshall’s life—his violin.

Alex McLean plays catch-up with Marshall after his 13-year absence from Bellingham.

*Photos by Stuart Martin*

I like annoying music. In some ways I live up to being an open-minded person, but in the realm of music I seem committed to noises that inspire intestinal bleeding in Top-40 types. My limited "tastes" range from grunge to "punk rawk," and this is why I feared the guy with the violin.

He walked into Stuart’s Coffee Shop, like any other caffeine-depleted soul, set down his violin case and talked with friends while I eavesdropped on scattered conversations and sipped my coffee.

It wasn’t long before I heard someone ask him the question I was dreading. The words might be the anthem of my musical apocalypse, and they went something like this: "Richard, will you play something for us?"

As he liberated his instrument from its case, my nearest temptation was to flee from the terrors that would leap from his violin like so many mating felines. I held my ground however because he wasn’t playing anything yet. He was just talking, telling some kind of story—almost like a poem or an old myth of some sort.

As he continued with this story, I became less and less aware of the violin that seemed surgically attached to his left hand. I was lulled into the hypnotizing fog of his words, and my defenses slipped.

Suddenly, before I could react to my "fight or flight" instincts, he was pulling a long, tortured note out of his violin. The sound ricocheted around the room and finally lodged into my spine like
a thrown hatchet. That note, and the thousands that followed it, left me transfixed and pitted my brain of all reason.

I sat and twitched in my studded leather jacket trying to reconcile what had just happened to my myopic view of the musical kingdom. It had just been crushed by this guy with a violin.

I determined that I had to meet this person and know what his story was. I immediately enrolled in the nearest university and registered for a class that actually gives credit for magazine writing. Armed with this well-crafted disguise, I asked Richard Marshall for an interview.

Marshall is a 36-year-old Lummi Indian who grew up on the Lummi Reservation. It was there where he mastered his virtuoso skills with some help from world-class teachers and violin makers in the area. After a 13-year hiatus, Marshall is back in Bellingham to share his music and stories. When I caught up with him, he was performing a duet with a plate of eggs benedict and coffee. I settled for just the stories.

"I had this hope that someday I would be a great violinist," Marshall said. "I noticed at an early age that I was different than other kids in orchestra class because the violin was my way of expressing my feelings. I knew that music wasn't just notes—it was a vehicle to communicate things. I felt that even when I started it in fourth grade."

Marshall still communicates through his violin but to musical neophytes like me, the power of his performances are enhanced by the stories that preclude his songs. His stories seem to cling to the notes that follow and allow the listener to visualize the melody far more than just reading linear notes. His original inspiration to play came from musicians on the reservation.

"There was a group of old-time Lummi fiddlers," Marshall said. "They would meet down by the river and have jam sessions and sometimes my mom would take me to hear them. I just liked the way some of those old guys were playing."

When Roger Alexander, a music teacher who still teaches at Fairhaven Middle School, asked if anyone wanted to play violin, Marshall's hand was the first to grab sky. Marshall persistently scratched away at his violin until he had the opportunity to learn from a master violinist, Arthur Thai, who trained him in the finer points of classical music and its disciplines.

Marshall became fanatical about violin and practiced for hours every day, but he may have burnt himself out in the frenzy. After graduating from high school in 1981, Marshall gave his violin a rest and decided to join the Army, where he eventually served eight years.

The peaceful smile that lights Marshall's visage betrays none of the motivations that put him in the Army. The only thing he regrets about those years of active duty is that he didn't go 'Airborne' or become a Ranger. 'I think if I were to do it over again, if
"It's not the crowds that mean something, it's what comes out of the concert," he said. Still, it is testimony to his unique skills that crowds of slobbering drunks will let the steam settle in their mosh pits to listen to Marshall's music and stories.

Those years in Seattle also gave Marshall a chance to pursue acting, one of the careers he was most attracted to during high school. Marshall's drama teacher discouraged him from his ambitions in acting.

"He told me if I wanted to be a professional actor I had better learn to fall off a horse because he figured that would be the only role I could get as a Native American," Marshall said.

The role he ended up with in his 25 episodes of "Northern Exposure" was largely Marshall playing himself—a coffee drinker who occasionally came out of the background shots to play violin.

During three seasons of work with "Northern Exposure," Marshall got to know Darren E. Burrows, who played the Native American character of 'Ed' on the show. This turned out to be a major turning point in Marshall's musical career. "One day on the set he said 'When are you going to get that recording done?,'" Marshall said. "I told him I didn't have the money and he just wrote a check right there while they were putting make-up on.' Burrows' contribution helped Marshall to produce his first CD, A Little Boat and the Biff Biver.

Since then Marshall has released a second CD of Christmas songs called Tasting the Snow, which is on his Chknt record label. Chknt is short for Chuckanut. "I couldn't afford the vowels," Marshall said to this disbelieving listener. "Really, our banner would have cost too much with them.'

After breakfast Marshall and I pedaled down to Whatcom Creek to watch a couple hundred people yanking gargantuan salmon out of the turbid waters. It was a disturbingly beautiful November day and the fish gleamed like fireworks as they were dragged out of their element. We settled in the shadow of a Lummi totem pole, which was spangled with an unusual proliferation of ladybugs, and I asked Marshall about his goals and future plans.

"In many ways I have already met my ultimate goal," Marshall said. "And that is that people get inspired to do other forms of art from my music. My goal is to get others to play violin, write a poem, or whatever they do, with my music." Marshall encouraged this directly at his sold-out concert on Nov. 15. He invited friends whose poetry or music he enjoyed to share the Allied Arts stage with him during this concert, the first where Marshall was the headline performer. The crowd of about 170 people represented a broad spectrum of the Bellingham community; Old and young, pleasant and scruffy, they were all there listening to the stories that Marshall saved out of his violin. At least one other dirtbag in the audience besides me was wearing leather.

Despite his continuing success, Marshall plans to stick to his street performer roots. Since he has complete control over the production and distribution of his CDs, he gladly takes donations on an "ability to pay" basis and has contempt for how inaccessible most classical violin experiences are for most people. "There's nothing more aggravating to me than to hear that it costs 30 bucks to go see the symphony," Marshall said. "There's enough money out there, you know? I just want to be the people's violinist, the children's violinist, the senior citizens on limited income's violinist. I want to be there for people who don't normally hear violin music."

Marshall gets great satisfaction by knocking the tuxedo mystique of highbrow classical music to its knees in coffee shops and sidewalks. It is because he is accessible that punk rawk spazzmos like me get the chance to hear his poetry-laced composi-
tions. I would not be the first to thank him for the opportunity.

Much of my attraction to his music comes from my interpretation of its latent sadness and gloom. My notes from the concert were riddled with adjectives like brooding, somber and dark. Right next to these I frequently heard something that my untrained ear could only call triumph. I asked Marshall if these sounds mirror some of the events in his life, especially his early years, which were difficult by any definition of the term.

"I do take what has happened in my life and I reflect on it through my music," Marshall said. "And I try to find a meaning to it and make decisions based on that." He denies that there is any single mood or theme in his music, however, saying that much of that depends on his emotions at the time. "The music just 'is,'" he said.

Since the concert was recorded for his next CD, stories and all, other listeners will be able to determine the impact of his music as it crawls through their brains.

On my way home I went into Dust Violins, a shop I had never before noticed or had purposely ignored. I asked if I could play one of these immaculately crafted instruments of mystery and the proprietor offered me a battle scarred old hag that felt light and fragile in my clumsy hands like a recreated bat skeleton. I was instantly impressed by how complete my ability to create annoying noises was. There was not any semblance of music coming out of this tortured instrument and I did the world a favor by putting it down immediately. If anyone is going to create extraterrestrial noises on a violin I think the task is best left to Marshall.

As much as I continue to revere disturbing music I also have gained appreciation for Marshall’s rawness and talent. I’ll just have to hope that my parents don’t find out.
this is the martini man with his big
fat stogie and his martini glass jutting
into the side of his face. he is leveled-
out so far that you can't tell where he
ends and the sky begins, but that's the kind
of thing we're into now so that's what
we're gonna do. goddamn it, that's what
we're gonna do.