



11-1979

Monthly Planet, 1979, November

Brian Blix
Western Washington University

Huxley College of the Environment, Western Washington University

Follow this and additional works at: <https://cedar.wvu.edu/planet>



Part of the [Environmental Sciences Commons](#), [Higher Education Commons](#), and the [Journalism Studies Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Blix, Brian and Huxley College of the Environment, Western Washington University, "Monthly Planet, 1979, November" (1979). *The Planet*. 130.
<https://cedar.wvu.edu/planet/130>

This Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Western Student Publications at Western CEDAR. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Planet by an authorized administrator of Western CEDAR. For more information, please contact westerncedar@wwu.edu.

GF
1
P4



The MONTHLY PLANET

volume IX the first "by people who have little to say" november 1979

Shadows on Teddy Bear

Gene Myers

Teddy Bear Cove is a saltwater beach

I lie on a blessed beach freely reaping the sun's gifts. As accompaniment to the solar symphony playing on my back, flute and guitar music echo from the base of a small cliff: orchestration for the spontaneous choreography of three young children intent on discovering tidepool wonders.

with two sandy sunbathing areas isolated by a rocky point of madrona and fir trees. This point shelters the beach from prevailing winds, and has tidepools and sculptured rocks for diving into the deep clear water.

An idyllic atmosphere pervades this small beach: never an unfriendly exchange, always an open sharing and respect.

Teddy Bear Cove is only two and a half miles from central Bellingham and secluded from the hustle of highways. This and much more is what would be needed to replace Teddy Bear Cove.

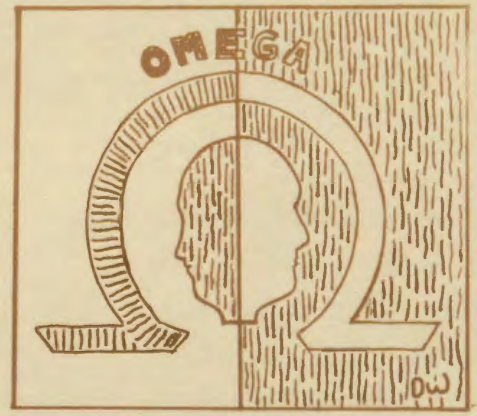
The sun stroked firmly, unrelentingly. I gave in to the superior force and suddenly my textbook dropped down flat on the sand. I dozed.

Unfortunately, all such substitutes are privately owned and are inaccessible to the public, which has used Teddy Bear Cove for many years. It was with much

I woke to find my paradise disturbed: a cool, creeping shadow had engulfed me. No problem-just move over into the sun. Even if it were to go down altogether, I knew it would return. My paradise would be intact. Or would it?

alarm that a group organized last spring when it heard that Teddy Bear Cove was up for sale.

Less regular than the sun, but able to place a permanent shadow over this paradise are the fluctuations of the Whatcom County real estate market. Teddy Bear Cove is for sale.



Omega

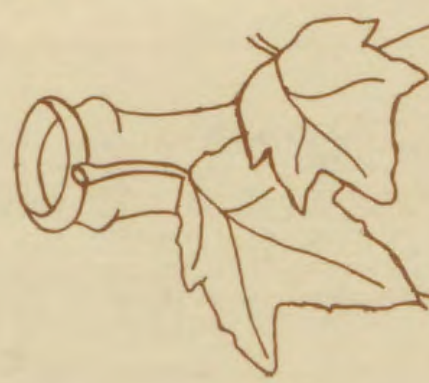
Mark Canright

The beat of Queen shakes the closed door of an Omega dormitory room. A subtle note on the door warns of "harmonious" beings inside. The smell of stale beer rises from the hallway rug.

This sort of environment is home for 3600 Western students. It probably affects the way they think and act.

-to page 3-

-to page 5-



INSIDE:

- Flesh and Bones
- Shadows over Teddy Bear
- Rainbow Vision in Carver Gym
- Wild and Woolly Speak
- Searching for My Space
- Omega Mom
- Outback

DW



Making a Dent

Steven Kovsky

Whenever we are confronted with a problem that looks like it could be effectively side-stepped without any immediate peril to life or limb, there is a temptation to cop-out.

There are many standard reasons for coping-out that are in common use. The one which we are going to examine is extremely pertinent to environmental issues. It is the ever popular "What can one person do about it?"

The "one person" is us and the "it" is any problem large enough to make us feel too small to handle it. The real crux of the matter is that all environmental problems facing us today fall into this last category:

Actually, what can one of us do to combat and abolish overpopulation, world hunger of land erosion? Any degree of realism points to the fact that one person can have very little impact in any medium other than his own tiny sphere of influence, i.e., his family, his friends, or his dog.

For this reason an individual has great difficulty in perceiving his own small actions as having any real consequence on a scale as vast as the world - and, to a large degree, they don't matter. In a presidential election, what impact will our vote have on the outcome? None. Why should we bother to cast our vote amongst the billions of other votes that have already decided the issue?

There is a statue of a man which stands in Saint Peter's Basilica in Rome. Thousands of pilgrims come to the Vatican every year to attend Mass and catch a glimpse of the Pope peeking out his win-

p.2

-to page 6-

EDITORIAL

Flesh and Bones

The environmental newsletter called the Hurley Humus has decomposed into The Monthly Planet. What can we hope to grow in it?

Consider the Planet fertile ground for fantasy seeds and mad seeds and labelled seeds, and organic seeds with no packages to tell what they are or exactly how to grow them. Put down the biggest and smallest questions you have yet to ask.

Put down the truest you know. Take a fearful step if needed.

Connected circles make up our environment. We are surrounded by plants and animals, mountains and sea. We are surrounded by beliefs and ideas. We live most of our lives in buildings. We are

to be free and wise enough to grow ideas that would move us to clean air, apt architecture, healthy friendships. We are to cultivate our environment.

Put your person into these pages as contributor and reader. Give us words and pictures that show flesh and blood on the bare bones of fact; that show humor in drama, connection in chaos...

Be part of this Planet. We have only one strict rule by which we are bound. We cannot plant stories, opinions articles, satire, poems, photographs, drawings and unpackaged seeds that are not submitted!

Brian Blix

CREDITS

Becky Anderson:typing/Katy Beck:typing/Brian Blix:editor,layout/Mike Buckman: business manager,layout/Mark Canfield:opinion editor/Diane Collins:calligraphy/Terry Downs:typing/Linda Ecklund:layout/Steve Edland:typing/Cary Floyd:layout/Terese Garcia:layout/Bill Halstead:technical advisor,layout/Jenny Hebdon :art/Janice Kisch:art/Steve Kovsky:proofreading/Al Miller:proofreading/Amy Pujanuski: typing/Elaine Symanski:typing/Susan Turnblom:assistant editor,layout/Debbie Weatherly:art/Karen Welton:art /Christy Dunkle:art.

*The Monthly Planet is funded by the Associated Students as the magazine of the Environmental Center, ESC 535, phone 3974.



from page 1

Teddy Bear Cove

Research disclosed that protective covenants prohibit subdivision and other actions on the 12.5 acre parcel, and this information helped halt the sale. Over the summer an appraisal of the property revealed that the site is marginally suitable for building and poses serious percolation problems.

Preserving Teddy Bear Cove is a tricky proposition. One suggested tactic is purchase by the Associated Students.

The beach has long been used by students, is easily accessible from campus, and is well within the students' buying power. Its purchase by the Associated Students will preserve the very best of vanishing green space along Chuckanut Bay.

A possible political problem is the fact that Teddy Bear Cove is often used in an unclothed manner. While the congenial atmosphere and unique experience

at the beach may depend on this fact, the ultimate question is whether or not the beach and forested hillside will be closed off for private use.

Western students will be asked what they think about using their money to buy Teddy Bear Cove, and about how this should be done. The potential and problems of this purchase deserves thought. There will be talks and a ballot referendum to inform the student body. Keep your ears open for more information on this issue, and most of all, go and see Teddy Bear Cove yourself.

**"How cometh thou
in this pickle?"**

Shakespeare The Tempest V-1

p.3

Rainbow Vision in Carver Gym

Dennis Dechaine

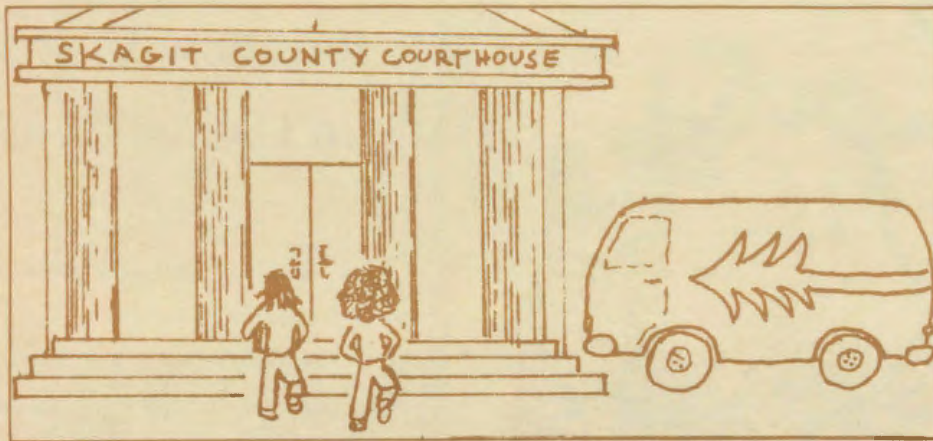
In an attempt of find relaxation in a physical exercise, I decided to visit the Carver Gymnasium swimming pool last week. Being fond of aquatic frolics, I had a difficult time suppressing my eagerness while changing. I ran through the shower into the swimming area to discover a mass of bodies waiting for a turn at the water.

I took my place in line, and when my turn came up, I feverishly swam in a sea of bodies for as long as I could. Three hundred yards and 20 pokes later, I climbed out of the pool and headed for the showers to rid myself of the chlorine smell.

I rubbed and scrubbed with all my strength, but to no avail. The chlorine odor was stronger than I was. The rainbow vision that I got from swimming with open eyes lingered long after I'd rinsed my eyes.

Not long after I left the pool, my eyes began watering profusely, my body's reaction to prevent them from drying out. When I reached home, my landlady glared at me, and with a shocked look in her eye she proclaimed, "My, it looks like your skin is dry today"! Not only was it dry, but my whole body was flaking away. My eyes were so painful. I had to keep them closed, which is not exactly conducive to studying. Needless to say, I went to bed early that night.

I felt semi-recovered the next morning, but, unfortunately, I had sworn off the swimming in an effort to maintain my health.



Wild and Wooly speak

Brad Carlquist

Last week Wooly and I found ourselves waiting at the Skagit County Court Courthouse. We came to testify before the Washington State Ecological Commission.

Why would two busy students travel to the Mt. Vernon Courthouse to testify amidst microphones, tape recorders, bureaucrats, and polished industry spokesmen? What obstacles would oppose us?

On the afternoon of the hearing, Wild (that's me) called up Wooly and asked him to help defend the Wildland country, whence we both sprang. This was our last chance to oppose the recommendation of 0.00 additional acres of Wilderness by both Dixy and her Department of Ecology.

With little time to prepare flowery speeches or dramatic presentations, we grabbed a RARE II Environmental Statement maps of the areas, and my backcountry logs. We left Bellingham promptly.

On the road to Mt. Vernon, we met our first obstacle. We realized as it grew dark that our "freedom mobile" had only parking lights! We checked switches wires, lights, and fuses, but still no lights. Were our plans and our hopes to be extinguished? We refused to lose sight of our initial goal.

We found an empathetic mechanic who dropped everything to jerry-rig our headlights. Sometimes you realize you have friends out there and maybe it's not so crazy to think you can influence attitudes and policies...

We arrived at the Courthouse; the hearing had begun. We discovered that 35 persons had signed up to testify and our opportunity to speak wouldn't come until much later in the evening. The prospect of voluminous testimony and the late hour almost convinced us to leave. However, our keen social responsibility to ourselves and to future generations, combined with thoughts of majestic forests left us no choice. We would stay and present our views on the zero wilderness plan.

A cafe a couple blocks away offered space, light, warm coffee, and time to organize an intelligent review of our information. In an hour and a half we soon discovered that formality was the ever present rule at the hearing. Commission members sat behind long and formidable tables. We noticed both a tape recorder and a shorthand person present to accurately record the contents of the hearing.

-to page 7-

p.4

Searching for

Amy Pujanauski

I came to Washington via the North-coast Hiawatha between Madison, Wisconsin and Seattle. This city, so nice they built it twice, was my positive introduction to the fabled Northwest, land of eco-awareness and magic mushrooms.

Built into hills and waterfront, it is unlike anything in my native Midwest, part of that vast "East" between the Cascades and the Atlantic.

I was anxious to settle into Bellingham and begin Huxley College where, in six weeks, I would learn to be a keen environmentalist amidst the evergreen forests.

First day in B'ham: rent search but lunch first. It was a warm June Friday when we unloaded in front of Carolyn's, and we were immediately assaulted by a smell worse than institution food combined with McDonald's.

Downhill we saw the notorious plume and my informed friend said, "papermill," Bellingham's number one stinker. I said, "It's only for two months. We probably won't suffer anything permanent." This was the first crack in my perfect summer model.

We explained to some friendly Bellinghamsters during lunch we were three women and one 85-pound black dog looking for a nice cheap apartment and decent jobs while attending summer school.

They smiled knowingly and said, "Good luck."

Forty city miles later, our driver wasn't smiling anymore. For two more days we searched the expensive student ghetto, touring sagging structures with rainbow interiors, worse than anything I'd seen in the East.

-to p.5-

. . . My Space

We got lucky with a house in Fairhaven--away from traffic and Georgia Pacific, and close to the bay, Chuckanut and the Co-op. We'd found the ideal neighborhood. Only Thriftway, a surreal space-age supermarket, intrudes upon Fairhaven's small town atmosphere.

Unskilled except as a student and waitress, I suffered the two worst jobs of my life this summer in B'ham. I waitressed, cooked, cleaned and washed dishes at a greasy spoon. On July 6, tuition due date, I got my first and last check which barely covered fees.

I had looked forward to biking in Bellingham. I was in no shape for the uphill struggle and thought only of the downhill ecstasy. Twenty-first Street loomed like a mountain.

I'd been biking for just a couple days when my first new "friend" and I took the shortest route to Lake Padden--straight up. I began to doubt my future as a cyclist.

I thought I'd escaped the bureaucratic struggle by coming to Western. Registration was supposed to be easy. But not so for me. I'd been misclassified as a transfer student (they wanted me for keeps) and hadn't prepaid.

I'd had visions of small classes and intimate discussions. Welcome to Geology 211--straight lecture, 50 people, one million years a day and two computer exams. The lab saved the course.

Pollution with Ruth Weiner was more informal but contributed to my environmental depression. Where might I find a comfortable niche on campus? Alas!

The Environmental Studies Center! It

-to page 6-



Omega

from page 1

Ten residents of Omega dormitory, an upperclass dorm, recently described the good and bad aspects of the dorm environment.

"I live here so I don't have to wash dishes," said Jeff Vickers. Tim Spear said, "I'm so impressed with living here that I'm signing up for an R.A. position next quarter. We've got a good group of people here. I don't know anyone who wants to move."

Ex-Omega resident Frank VanHaren said, "Around here beer drinking comes first, academics second, and going to church third."

There were contrasting views on the amount of privacy in Omega. Four of the residents said, "It's easy to leave and go someplace else if you want more privacy."

One woman said, "There's a small town atmosphere here, lots of rumors and gossip."

Jeff Vickers said, "If it wasn't for my single room, I would have cut out of here last Christmas."

Another resident said, "I know most of the people on my floor, but many people know only a few neighbors."

One woman said she knew only a few neighbors. Her other neighbors don't like her because she tells them they make

Omega Mom

Susan Turnblom

Dorm life is a unique experience. Dormitories now called residence halls on most campuses) are an isolated and artificial environment.

This environment is designed to be a community within a community, and often this limits a student's contact with other people to fellow students. Most people will not spend the rest of their lives living in this situation, and many are thankful that this is so.

Some students, however, like living in residence halls, and apparently enough Western students do to warrant three dorms reserved for upperclassmen and older students. Edens, Ridgeway Omega and Sigma are all special in this respect.

To live in Omega one must be a junior or 21 years old. "Why would anybody want to live in a dorm after they are 18 years old?" one might wonder.

"Because it is convenient," says Shelly Michels, who is a senior and Head Resident at Omega. "Laundry is right downstairs and only costs ten cents a machine. Food is prepared by somebody else and there are no dishes to clean-up."

Apparently more upperclassmen have

-to page 8-



Making a Dent

from page 2

dow. They also come to see the magnificent artworks which are displayed there.

If you were to take a tour of the Vatican, the tourguide would no doubt point out this particular statue. As you shuffled by it in a haze of snapping shutters and popping flashbulbs, you might notice that the great marble man has no toes. His feet simply slope down and blend into the pedestal.

This is not due to an oversight by the long-dead sculptor. It is the result of an infinite number of Catholics, many of whom travel great distances to come to Rome and kiss the feet of the famous statue.

One must admit that even if someone had very chapped lips, it would take many lifetimes for one individual to kiss a marble toe down to nothing. But when one person's actions are compounded with the identical actions of a great number of others, as in the case of the election, great deeds can be accomplished.

Consider the boycott, one of the most effective tools for environmental coercion. If tomorrow I decided to boycott ITT and its subsidiaries until they stopped making Twinkies, which are ruining the teeth and eating habits of our youth,

Searching for . . . continued

from page 5

is an environmentally unsound, concrete geometric monster with its exposed respiratory system, unused, like a dissected cat. And, try opening up a window!

Haggard Hall is another structure I question. When I make it through the Darth Vader doors, up three flights past the

continued

the chances are that ITT would not detect even a minor depression in their sales average.

Yet if ten or fifteen thousand people with similar views all compounded and multiplied my action with their own, perhaps the point would be taken to some degree. There is hope in this.

We must realize that this kind of cooperation is the only way to make our actions effective and important on an international level. There is nothing wrong with the one-man boycott or the one-man conservation program as long as we believe that we've making a difference. If we believe that what we are doing matters, then it does.

The world is so big and we as individuals are so tiny, yet history proves that working together can accomplish wonderful things. It is important that we understand that each of us can make important contributions to those wonderful things, and though they could all be accomplished without us, they are accomplished all the better with us. If we have a concept of our worth then we can feel secure about the dent that we are making as individuals in society.

dead heads, I steamed in a lecture vault for an hour.

July was a most wonderful month, warm and dry, and school not too restrictive. Lake Padden became my favorite vacation spot during the six-week summer session.

One hot Sunday, panting all the way, I made it up to Pine and Cedar Lakes. I frequently biked out Chukanut and to Frangrance Lake, usually wondering why I was planning an August departure.

-to page 7-

Name Poll

Mark Canright

"The Monthly Planet reminds me of Superman," said a Western student after voting for the name in a campus poll.

The Planet polled 125 students to find a magazine name which would appeal to all Western students. The names voted on were, Ecotone, The Environmentalist, Ecoviews, The Green Fuse, and The Monthly Planet.

Non-Huxley students' favorite choice was The Monthly Planet with 36 votes. Their second choice was The Environmentalist with 13 votes.

Huxley student's favorite choice was Ecoviews with 14 votes. The Environmentalist took second place with 13 votes. Twelve Huxley students recommended names they invented.

The Planet will take a opinion poll on some relevant topic every month. Your suggestions for the poll of the month are welcome. Give them to the folks at the Environmental Center, room 535 in the Environmental Studies Building.

Searching for . . . continued

Magazine 2a: a place to store ammunition.

from page 6

I took my first trip into the Cascades and came out making plans for fall quarter at Western. I liked Luxley and the mountains had convinced me, but I was planning to winter in the Midwest.

I became familiar with Bellingham. I was bounced from a bar for the first time. I learned it doesn't always rain in the Northwest and I learned to keep this a secret.

I saw the evidences and contrasts of growth! Condominiums on stilts, built into hills newly planted with trees, trailer courts and new expensive homes with landscaped yards. I was impressed by all the roses and vegetable gardens.

School was out and I had to find work in August. No one was hiring unskilled labor in the middle of a slow

summer except Peter Pan, the second of my two most forgettable employments. Everyone said it would be "good experience."

The initial cannery shock wore off and I discovered most employees were fellow students, many Huxleyites included. Cannery work is a moral dilemma and mass murder for \$5.40 an hour.

My "full time job" amounted to 12 days out of the whole month, but enabled me to travel and pay fall rent.

I took a weekend jaunt on the North Cascades highway to eastern Washington with fellow cannery workers and Huxley students.

We were too late to pick pears and too early for apples, so we hiked 3500 feet up to Lake Ethel instead. During those three days I fell in love and forgot all my reasons for leaving in December if fall quarter worked out.

School started too soon. I'd just adjusted to my new home in Fairhaven when I was struck down by another unsuccessful registration day. Besides a "health check," a necessary class had been closed since preregistration and possibly wouldn't be offered.

I began doubting my future at Western but I was declared publicly healthy and the class opened. All this to walk about nationally acclaimed "outdoor art."

In my classes I'm learning about people's influence on their environment. If we can change it so, why not the buzzing lights in Wilson? Or cover the Environmental Studies Center with cedar planks?

By the way, I've found my space and I'm not telling!

Outback

Dennis Dechaine

Have you wondered about the rustic cabins tucked behind Fairhaven? I checked them out the other day.

I arrived at "Outback" to be greeted by a healthy looking lady clad in bulky wool clothing. Outback students aren't primarily interested in esthetics. They like their surroundings to be functional.

From the rainwater refrigerator down to the compost toilet these folks not only talk about ecological awareness but live it. Time is spent raising organic gardens, plus goats, chickens, and even earthworms.

Outback students want to start solar and wind-powered projects soon. Knowledge is shared through small but informative seminars. Interested students are invited to visit the rustic cabins in the wooded area behind Fairhaven.

Wild and Wool y Speak More

from page 4

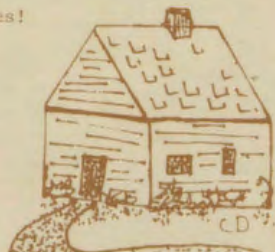
The speakers were presenting polished arguments which were supported by graphs and figures. As the PR man from Scott Paper gave his testimony in support of the 0.00 wilderness recommendation, I could not help but reflect on how different our viewpoints were from one another.

The industry spokesman finished speaking and I heard my name being called. I walked briskly to the podium. "I'm strongly in favor of the Rare II lands in Washington being designated wilderness for the following reasons.

"Wilderness management gives society longterm options with economic and aesthetic values..." I concluded with personal reflections based on experience

in the field as a backcountry ranger and naturalist.

Returning to my seat, I felt relieved. I felt good. I had been able to express my views and feelings based on knowledge and experience gathered over the years. Our effect on the impact of the final decision on Washington's Roadless Areas cannot be proven. We felt we had been effective in presenting our views to the Commission. We learned about the functions of government, special interests, and most importantly, about ourselves!



Omega Mom cont

from page 5

opted for convenience this year than in previous years. Shelly said, "This year there are so many returning upperclassmen that freshman enrollment has gone down. For the first three weeks of school new students were sitting on suitcases with nowhere to go."

Other advantages to dorm living, Shelly added, are the good social life and friends. "Friendships usually do last, and people like that in a dorm," she said.

Activities like dorm dinners, hiking trips and road rallies are organized by residence hall staff. Shelly said, "When upperclassmen come back (to the dorms) it's by choice. There is probably more interest in dorm activities in an upperclass dorm than in underclass dorms."

What about disadvantages of living in a dorm? To an extent there is no privacy, and no control over neighbors, Shelly says.

Rules and guidelines are set up to help students get along with each other. This year the rules are being more strongly enforced than in the past, because of some problems encountered last year.

Some residents complain about these rules and say "no way, I want my freedom," says Shelly.

Shelly thinks many students might come to college and dorms looking for freedom, but "A dorm is a community, not a utopia." She added that students may hear that it's "party city" on campus, but they may not realize that there still are rules to live with and abide by."

Most of the rules are courtesy rules dealing with noise, quiet hours and par-

ties, Shelly said, and she does not think they are unreasonable.

Though there are guidelines and rules to help make dorm living more agreeable for everybody, difficulties still arise.

"People can always escape back to the staff when they have problems. Off campus it's not possible to do this," Shelly said.

Getting along in a dorm might be facilitated by a third party (the staff), and in some respects might be an easy way to circumvent problems. However, the sheer numbers of people thrown together in a

Omega continued

from page 5

too much noise.

Three other residents said they knew most of the people on their floor. They said that having many friends was a prime attraction to dorm living.

Residents also had conflicting opinions on the "partying" that goes on in Omega. One resident said, "I like the partying atmosphere in the dorm. Jeff Vickers, "It's an upper class dorm but to me it's still has a freshmen atmosphere."

VanHaren said, "When people put loud music on they open their door to let you hear their 'fine' selection and powerful wattage."

Seven of the people interviewed said they felt no peer pressure from other residents. One resident said unwelcome visitors that won't leave are a constant nuisance. "There's a lot of 'leeches' and insecure people here," he said.

dorm may make it difficult to get cooperation among residents.

These experiences are designed to do this, but whether or not they actually do is difficult to determine. What may not be so difficult to determine is how the dorms affect the rest of the campus.

Shelly warned the residents of Omega not to put their speakers out their windows to blast out the classes in Arntzen Hall. It remains to be seen if Led Zepelin will once again bounce off the Environmental Studies building and float over the playing fields come spring.

The extent to which dorm rules are followed varies. One resident who would not give her name said male and female residents often sleep together in spite of the rules against it.

Three residents said dorm rules make dorm living similar to living at home. Four other residents said they feel more freedom living in the dorm than they had at home.

The resident aides in Omega received mixed reviews.

Tim Spear said, "We have excellent aids who really care about people. They bring the whole crowd together."

Another resident called the activities organized by the R.A.'s "childish."

The residents complained about the cafeteria food. "Tastes like dog food," said one resident.

Residents' opinions of the dorm environment seem to vary widely. Despite the unpleasant aspects of dorm living, dorm space is in great demand at Western.