KLIPSUN

A WEEKEND WITH WESTERN’S ICEMEN

• PRECISION PERCUSSIONISTS STRIKE BACK

• KKK ALIVE AS AN UNDERCURRENT

Road Hockey...

april 1984
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Visiting nurse Joyce Torpe, R.N., was one of the many people who helped provide comfort to Billy Ayers and make possible his wish to die at home.

**COMING HOME:**
Hospice helps terminally ill patients fulfill their final wish

by Carolyn Casey

The family nervously gathered in the living room and waited in silence for his words.

"I may as well tell you the way the doctor told me." He paused. "He said, 'Well, you've got cancer, so you'd better get home and get your life in order.'"

Their initial reactions varied from tears to anger and denial. But one thing was certain: Billy Ayers' wish to die at home would be met.

Billy and his wife Vera caught the flu at Christmas, but he couldn't get well. The doctors thought he had emphysema, but a biopsy revealed terminal lung cancer. It was advanced beyond treatment.

At 66 years old, Billy was told he had six months to live.

"There were never any doubts about taking him home," Vera said. "It would have seemed criminal to leave him in a hospital. They couldn't possibly give him the care we could at home."

The decision to help Billy die at home was made out of love and meant a commitment to what in the end was nearly constant care and lots of hard work. He lived a year and a half after his diagnosis and his widow Vera recalls the time as one that strengthened the entire family.

"I used to ask my son-in-law how we'd get through another day and he'd say 'just get through this one and we'll draw strength for the next
Whole year and a half... we would have missed out on a... you really have to have the man... for everyone. Patients are demanding more... and of their rights. They want some control over their bodies. At home, even though the patient is dying, he feels as if he has control over what remains of his life," said Dr. Ian Thompson, radiation oncologist and volunteer medical director for the Hospice of Whatcom County.

The Hospice has been helping patients and their families cope with the decision to take someone home to die since it served its first family in 1981. The opening followed nearly two years in the planning. The term "hospice" is derived from a medieval word referring to a place of shelter for weary or ill travelers on their way to the crusades. Now "hospice" has come to mean the concept of organized care to lessen a patient's discomfort and help the family cope with the physical and mental needs of having a terminally ill person at home. This is done through a network of doctors, visiting nurses, social workers and volunteers.

"When you bring someone home, you really have to have the manpower to pull it off," volunteer Carolyn Friedman said.

The Ayers discovered this as the entire family joined together to support Billy in his last months. They joined Hospice and found support meant both emotional and physical help. Hospice volunteers visited their home, sometimes providing physical assistance with Billy's care and other times just sitting and talking with him. Vera said it helped make his dying at home easier for everyone.

"If we didn't take Grampa home, we would have missed out on a whole year and a half. He still had so much to give during that time," said Lisa Ganje, his granddaughter.

Western student, Ganje, 20, was living with her grandparents when Billy's cancer was discovered. At the time, she was in high school and considered Billy her "second father."

"It was so hard to accept that he was dying and I couldn't until he was really sick," Ganje said as her eyes grew moist remembering those times nearly two years ago. "It was so hard...I still cry whenever I think about him. When he was sick, I used to go in his room and cry and cry."

Ganje's family grew worried about her denial and, with her permission, arranged to have a Hospice volunteer of about the same age talk to her. Ganje and the volunteer spent an afternoon at a park and Ganje was told of the woman's refusal to accept a relative's death, and how she lost an opportunity to say goodbye because of it. Ganje said after that day she knew she had to force herself to accept her grandfather's inevitable death.

The special volunteer for Ganje is an example of the different services Hospice offers, said Kathy Bennett, director of development for Visiting Nurse Home Health Care — the parent organization of Hospice.

"Hospice care is uniquely developed for each family," she said. This year in Whatcom County an estimated 175 people will die of cancer. Of these, approximately 90 could benefit from the services of Hospice according to a recently conducted survey. Last year the program served 48 families and anticipates an increase since it is gaining visibility and more people are choosing to die at home.

"Hospice is a return to the old values of caring for people," Bennett said. "Volunteers symbolize what we no longer have from the 1800s. It's the person coming from next door to help. They're a way the whole community can say 'we're here to make sure your needs get met.'"

The volunteers are a central part of Hospice. Last year their combined hours totaled 3,300. Currently, Hospice has 34 volunteers from all ages and backgrounds. Volunteers must complete a 25-hour training program that teaches basic care and communication skills. The main volunteer for each family is expected to continue visiting them after the patient's death. The volunteer attends the funeral, visits and calls the family for the first 13 months following the death. When joining the program, a volunteer must make a commitment to work a minimum of four hours a week for six months.

"While volunteers do a variety of things, you shouldn't downplay the simple things they do, like holding someone's hand when he is fright-
Volunteers, nurses and social workers gather to discuss the care of patients every other week in "team meetings." At this meeting Marie Mitchell-Crane reassures a volunteer who sat with a patient while she died, saying, "It was a beautiful gift to be holding her hand while she died." Elois Bernardy (far right), another volunteer, looks on in silence.

Friedman said she has tried to teach her children about the naturalness of death so they won't see it as a horrible, dark skeleton. Since so few people witness death these days, most are afraid of it, she said. "You need to raise children to see death as part of the life cycle," she said. "Life is like a flower that unfolds and is beautiful. Then, one by one, the petals fall off."

"It's important to teach kids this. After so much TV, death to them means getting shot with your clothes on and dying in the street." Friedman has been a volunteer for about a year and plans to continue helping families deal with death and making a dying person's final days as rewarding as possible. "It's time to bring our sick people home and care for them in the family. But you can't do it unless you have the resources and support," she said.

Dr. Thompson, who is a cancer specialist, was one of the founding people in Hospice. He meets every two weeks at the team meeting with Hospice workers to review treatment and answer questions. He also teaches volunteers about the stages of cancer and care of the patient.

Education of both the volunteers and the families helps make death a much less frightening process, he said. Often education about cancer and its progression gives families the willingness to accept the responsibility of taking a patient home.

"It's really scary to be around a dying person, if they (the family members) aren't educated," he said. "It's important for everyone involved to understand what is happening. It makes death less scary."

Dr. Thompson's attitude toward
his job is positive, especially as he sees the cure-rates for cancer growing each year. Now, 50 percent of patients will die of their cancer, he said. Only 10 years ago, the death-rate was 66 percent and 25 years ago it was 75 percent. These figures do not include the highly curable skin cancer.

People who work with him describe him as “bubbly,” “caring,” “sensitive” and always “full of energy.” It would be hard to imagine a patient who didn’t feel better after talking with this boyish-looking doctor who describes the effects of painkillers as “they make you feel really goofy.”

“I rarely find my work draining, even when a patient is dying,” he said. “Although I am saddened, I still feel good — as though I helped with their quality of life. The only time I get really depressed is when I know I can help a patient and they refuse help.”

Dr. Thompson’s face became quite serious as he examined the x-rays on the wall behind him. Initially distracted by explaining the wonders of science’s new picture-taking machine, the CAT scan, he had separated himself from the person in the pictures of a woman with very advanced cancer in her kidneys. Suddenly, in the midst of his explanation about the machines, he stopped and the sensitivity he is so well known for came forth.

“I really hope this radiation therapy works...She’s such an awfully nice lady,” he said wistfully, as his past chatter turned into silence.

The family and the patient feel an overwhelming mix of emotions as they watch cancer take hold. Many say the experience helps the family grow closer together and appreciate the final days. Often family members re-examine their goals, focusing on more immediate needs.

The Ayers family made a special attempt to spend time together in the last year-and-a-half of Billy’s life. One-and-a-half weeks after his cancer was diagnosed, the Ayers and several of their children were in Hawaii, in a rapidly-planned trip that brought them closer together.

For his final Thanksgiving, all the children, grandchildren and any other relatives who could make it, packed up their belongings and rented a group of condominiums on the Oregon Coast. It was during the last few months that he was able to walk any distance and Vera said the vacation left them all with pleasant memories of a special closeness in his final months.

“We weren’t a family that said we loved each other. But we all learned from Grampa and now I never talk to any of my children or grandchildren without telling them I love them,” Vera said.

“One daughter was in the room with him and said ‘Dad I love you,’ and he chuckled and said ‘Well, you’ve always known that I loved you’,” Vera said.

“That’s something we all learned and I wish more people would realize it because it’s sad if you end up missing the chance to say it. You can’t ignore these things.’

One woman who recently died of cancer kept a journal of her six-year battle with cancer. In it, she wrote, “When you are told you have cancer, you are either possessed with fear or it becomes an awakening.”

It seems that for Billy, dying was an awakening and an appreciation of his family. One afternoon he began calling his family into his room, individually, to say goodbye. He had a special message for each of them. He refused medication until he had seen all of his children and grandchildren. For his first and closest grandchild, Lisa, what he said calmed her.

“He told me it was OK, that I shouldn’t be upset...and he also said some other stuff,” she said, as once again tears filled her eyes as she remembered that final message.

“He knew exactly the last time he would be lucid enough to talk and then he talked to everybody,” Ganje said.

He met with his family on Thursday and by the following Tuesday, after two days in a coma, Billy Ayers was dead.

“It’s the only way to go,” Vera said. “Bring them home and let them live out the rest of their lives where they belong. When it’s all over, you’re still going to have a good feeling about it all because you’ll know you did what you should have done and what you cared enough to do.”

Billy Ayers and his wife Vera discovered how special their family was when all the children and grandchildren came home to help with Billy’s final days alive.
It was 1:30 a.m. and Mark Costello was asleep aboard the fishing boat Louis G. in the Gulf of Alaska, when it rolled belly up, knocking him and the rest of the crew from their bunks.

Mark hurriedly grabbed and donned a survival suit, and emerging from the craft underwater, swam his way to the surface.

Two minutes later, the boat vanished, leaving its crew to the mercy of an unfriendly ocean. The night was dark, chill and stormy with 60-knot winds blowing up 10-foot swells. Mark clung doggedly to an overturned skiff for the next two hours, waiting and thinking, hoping and praying for rescue.

For eight years before that summer of 1981, he had alternated between commercial fishing and studying architecture. On the side, he had been baking cookies for his friends and for the boat crews with which he worked.

"I used to bake 10 dozen cookies — put five dozen in storage and we'd eat the rest," Mark said of his shipboard pastime. The storage supply kept the crew in cookies during their 18-hour long fishing spurts.

Of his shipyard hobby, he said, "That was the first time I'd ever thought — jokingly — about opening a cookie shop."

Mark had grown up loving cookie-making. An elderly neighbor, Mrs. Brown, encouraged him, allowing him to use her kitchen for baking.

"I learned cookie baking from her and chess from her husband. And my mom baked wonderful cookies and let us experiment a lot. You grow up like that and keep interests," Mark said.

He earned a bachelor's degree in architecture from the University of Oregon in 1980, and accepted a job with a Bellingham firm, Zervas-Taysi Associates.

He and his wife, Stephanie, returned to Bellingham, their hometown, worried about employment. Even before his graduation, they had talked over what else they might do if the declining economy left Mark without work.

Stephanie liked the idea of a cookie restaurant as much as did her husband. She wanted something more personal and creative than her job at Sears, and had become as enthusiastic as Mark about cookie-making. When they moved to the city, they scouted around for a likely spot to set up shop.

They found a small nook for rent on Cornwall Avenue and poured their modest funds and bounding enthusiasm into developing the city's first restaurant catering to cookie connoisseurs.

While living in Eugene, they had carefully observed and analyzed another highly successful cookie restaurant called "The Cookie Monster," so they loosely modeled their restaurant along its line.

"We knew we could develop a fine coffee shop/cookie shop that would survive in downtown Bellingham. When you start something new, you have to present it in a new fashion," Mark said. "We decided to serve quality cookies with classical music — something new and different."

He worked weekends and after work in the evenings, readying the rustic interior, while Stephanie perfected recipes for baking large quantities of cookies.

Recipes are not doubled when amounts are increased; rather, the quantities of various ingredients increase according to the prescribed formulas, Mark said.

Stephanie threw away many rejects in the process of discovering the right combination of ingredients. Peanut butter cookies were especially difficult and took a couple months to develop because of their tendency to spread out. Many of the cookies went to friends, a practice which made the Costellos highly popular for a time.
passion for cookies has led to the city's first cookie restaurant.

Cookie Cafe: Successful business

photos by Curt Pavola

But some days, he said, they tested so many variations that they were too tired to distribute their results.

When Stephanie developed a promising cookie, she would place a plate of them on the counter for customers to judge.

The Cookie Cafe, as they named their restaurant, opened for business on Dec. 10, 1980, with three basics: chocolate chip, oatmeal-raisin and the since-perfected peanut butter cookie. A freshly ground and brewed coffee also was served.

With no extra money to advertise, the pair instead threw open the doors and windows whenever possible. “The smell sells,” Mark claimed with a buoyant grin.

By 1981, the little coffee shop was pulling in enough customers by the nose to be considered a financial success.

It could not yet support the Costellos when Mark was laid off his architectural job in March, however. Work, as they had feared, still was too slow.

Mark decided to go fishing — “just one more summer,” he said. This could have been a fatal decision, but a nearby fisherman noticed a radar blip disappear from his screen and hurried to the scene, rescuing the entire crew of the Louis G.

For Mark, the hours spent adrift in the frigid Alaskan waters were a crossroads in his life.

“A lot goes through your mind; it was a point of decision-making,” he said. “No more fishing.”

Mark resolved to give his time to the Cookie Cafe. Stephanie had operated it mostly on her own, leaving little time for the activities she enjoyed — working in fabric, weaving and dog and horse training.

They operated the business jointly until December when an opportunity to work for another local architect drew Mark away once more, leaving the burgeoning cookie trade in Stephanie’s hands.

After 10 months, however, his architectural work ground to a halt again. This time, he decided to stay completely out of architecture for a while.

Mark started handling the business, with Stephanie coming into the restaurant only in the late afternoons to bake a new item — cinnamon rolls.

Other cookies had been developed in the meantime. The “menu” now included snickerdoodles, molasses crinkles, fudgy chocolate chip cookies and four special cookies baked once a week. Stephanie’s talents also had produced a gooey cream cheese brownie, shortbread and a bran muffin that tasted like their homemade counterparts.

Business thrived. New customers swelled the ranks of a stable of regulars — all hooked on the wheel-sized goodies and the superb coffee.

“It’s a very fun business — this store is just a lot of fun! We have a large range of customers, from the youngest whose first words were “Cookie Cafe,” to Grandma, who wants to see if the cookies we make are as good as hers.”

The Cafe’s clientele mostly is middle-aged and serves a lot of business people, Mark explained.

In his office-cum-hallway at the cafe, he pointed to a three-year financial growth chart. Only a few minor downturns mar the otherwise bold, steady climb of red ink peaking yearly with the big shopping months of August and December.

Business always slows after these months, he noted.

The one major downturn occurred in the summer and fall of 1982, when the downtown area received a facelift, and sidewalks in front of the cafe were torn out, making a trip to the cafe difficult.

Currently, the business is thriving again and sells about 750 to 1,000 cookies each day, including wholesale orders. Chocolate chip outsells all other kinds by three to one.
Customer Stan Wallace munches a cookie while reading the paper. The Cookie Cafe sells from 750 to 1,000 cookies a day, chocolate chip outselling all others.

The secret? "Quality," Mark said.

"We keep a real close eye on the cookies to make sure that quality is kept to the tee. We keep fresh and high quality ingredients. I think with baking, especially this type when you're making one item over and over again, presentation is important. We try to make sure they look as good as they taste and vice versa — and I think ours look good and taste good."

The coffee also is one of the best available — Starbucks' Yukon blend — and coffee sales have boosted business.

Mark expressed disdain for those fine restaurants which serve less than the best brew.

"You go into a fine restaurant and pay $15 for a meal and get a restaurant-quality coffee — it's bad business," he said. "We also serve milk, but we don't serve pop, because that isn't a cookie thing."

The Costello Cookie philosophy has a couple more "don'ts"; customers don't smoke in their restaurant and employees don't munch cookies — well, not often, anyway.

Mark said the practice is discouraged because cookies are fattening, and he thinks it is unpleasant to see someone obese or unhealthy serving food such as cookies.

Incongruous as it may seem, he is concerned about health and is himself weight-conscious.

He participates in an aerobics class and encourages his employees to exercise as well, offering to pay half of their YMCA membership dues and arranging work schedules that allow time off for exercise programs.

"We have a lot of runners and aerobics people — a lot of healthy people who burn it (calories) off — hangin' around here or dropping by after a workout. Presenting a healthy atmosphere is part of our philosophy."

He is amused when, from time to time, a customer requests sugarless cookies. "We don't even pretend to try to serve those!"

Relaxing in his red "Cookie Cafe" T-shirt in late January, Mark surveyed the small restaurant and said off-handedly, "Someday, I'll have to give you my 'Cookies are the Median of Peace' philosophy."

He said that people in every country on earth love cookies, and this universal appeal can be used to solve the world's problems.

"You get (Chernenko) and Reagan together with a plate of cookies between them and tell them that if they don't solve the problems, no more cookies."

The Costellos work to keep the atmosphere relaxed and the small site was chosen and has been kept with customers in mind.

"When you think of a room that's small — a 12- to 14-foot square like this," Mark said, "it's an easy conversation area." Customers may sit alone or visit in an area that size.

The owners try to hire employees who enjoy talking to people, as well, he said, and they actively encourage them to listen to customers. "People come in with a frown on their face, but few leave with a frown," Mark said.

But as with anything done on a daily basis, he said he sometimes feels the strain. "You get burned out at times and you handle that by taking a day off or doing something that doesn't reflect on the customers. You have to keep your feelings into it (the cafe) because it's such a friendly place — it seems like it's different here."

Stephanie added: "I've classified the store as like having a child — it's like a 24-hour job. It's not like you can lock the doors and forget about it — it's a full-time responsibility, but an enjoyable one."

They plan to expand next year with an additional restaurant on High Street, near Western's campus. "Stephanie's Cafe," as it will be called, will open as soon as zoning and legal technicalities for the proposed site are solved.

"We're pushing hard to get things sorted out and get it open by fall quarter, 1984. That will give us a nine-month stretch to get established," Mark said.

For the Costellos, cookies have become a way of life, and what began as a small boy's amusement promises to become a big business.

Several inquiries have come from businessmen interested in opening restaurants using Costello recipes.

"I'd only be willing to do that if it didn't jeopardize my product," he allowed. "I also can't expect every store to be like this one — somebody called it an 'institution' the other day. If I know they're going to be different, I can prepare."
Laura Esparza and Stephani Lourie, founders of SisterStage: presenting feminism in a tangible form.

SISTERSTAGE
Women's Roles Under The Spotlight

by Caron Monks

feminism. n. 1. A doctrine that advocates or demands for women the same rights granted men, as in political or economic status. 2. The movement in support of such a doctrine.

This definition might be the way many people understand feminism. To feminists, the explanation involves much more. Stephani Lourie and Laura Esparza, self-acclaimed feminists, are introducing feminism to Bellingham in a tangible form — theater. They began a feminist theater, SisterStage, last fall at Western.

Lourie, 19, is a Fairhaven student who began her background in theater at age nine, when she performed at the Alley Theater in Houston, Texas. She attended acting school in Houston, then performed in university theater throughout junior high and high school. Lourie acted with the Houston Shakespearean Festival and after graduation, traveled with a professional tour through Maine. Last summer she worked at a feminist theater in Minneapolis called "At the Foot of the Mountain."

Esparza, 26, earned her degree in community arts development at Fairhaven, and also has experience in technical lighting. She has worked on the sets of many plays performed through Fairhaven.

Lourie and Esparza worked together at a KUGS women's radio collective and setting theater lighting for productions at Western. Esparza planned the lighting for a one-woman show Lourie performed in December, 1982. Lourie returned the favor by publicizing a piece Esparza directed last spring, "A Portrait of Sylvia Plath."

When Lourie returned to Bellingham from Minneapolis, Esparza immediately telephoned her to ask for the name of the feminist theater they were going to start. Within a week, the project was rolling, Lourie said.

Esparza directs the plays and sets lighting. Lourie is production manager, and a performer in SisterStage. The theater is funded by the Associated Students' Women's Center, where Lourie is a staff member.

The first play they produced, in January, was Wendy Wasserstin's "Uncommon Women and Others." In this play, five women reminisce about their experiences together at Mt. Holyoke College in Massachusetts. They discover the strongest, most reliable relationships they had were with women.

The play has a double edge to it, and a touch of irony, Lourie said. The director's note in the play's program expresses Esparza's thoughts about "Uncommon Women and Others."

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"Uncommon Women" was a term used at Mt. Holyoke to describe the 'ideal' woman, conceived by a mostly male faculty at the college. This new breed of 'liberated' woman was typified by a well-groomed business suit, a briefcase, a career in business or the professions, never marrying or having children but well-versed in the social graces. It is ironic that the ideal was modeled so closely after society's expectations of men.

"When feminism was equated with having a professional career exclusive to marriage and family, those who did not distinguish themselves as 'uncommon' saw themselves as failures. It served to divide the women who had made the 'appropriate' choices from those who found the lack of choice overwhelming."

In May, "Voices," their second production, written by Susan Griffin, is a performance by five women who deliver simultaneous monologues. It incorporates four artforms — dance, drama, poetry and visual art.

Klipsun interviewed these two women to uncover the basis for the theater, and what Esparza and Lourie are trying to accomplish with SisterStage.

KLIPSUN: Why create a feminist theater?

LOURIE: Plays don't speak to my life. They don't offer many roles I feel are substantial in plays — that transcend typical stereotypes of women, which are not very favorable. They don't focus on women's lives, give women credit. Theater seems to me an effective tool for people. "Uncommon Women" was entertaining, but I think it was also educational.

I don't see theater or culture in general valuing women's lives and their experiences and (then) saying it's a different experience. It is different, it's valuable, and it's worth looking at.

ESPARZA: There's really a vacuum in the theater world for theater of this sort. I had one after another frustrating experience working on plays. No matter what sort of role I was in as actress or as lighting technician. I felt degraded by the material. The women are characterized as virgins or mothers, good or evil. An example is Gilbert and Sullivan plays. I worked on a lot of them. They do a lot for Fairhaven theater.

KLIPSUN: What did you think belittled women in these plays?

ESPARZA: Very few roles for women in Gilbert and Sullivan and Shakespeare. Second, most of the roles are very stereotypical or some sort of archetype. Most of those plays center on some sort of male activity that is exclusive of women. This perpetuates a lot of values, prejudices and injustices that have been perpetuated through history. They don't exhibit a real social consciousness.

Until the last 20 years, there have been very few women in theater who were writing, or women doing feminist theater. So there hasn't been a true representation of the female perspective in theater. Women have their own culture. Women behave differently when they're among women. There are games they play. One is 'You're my best friend, but when I get a call from my boyfriend, you are no longer.' There is also a special bonding. In one scene from the play, a character says 'I can't wait until the relationship is over to tell my best friend what it was like.' Women trust each other more with personal, private information.

KLIPSUN: Do you think people have a fear of feminism?

LOURIE: Oh, definitely. It's really prevalent, because there are a lot of associations with feminism that are false. One of them is lesbianism — that to be a feminist means you have to be a lesbian. And homophobia, the fear of homosexuals. People are afraid that to identify with feminism is to identify with lesbianism. People think the two terms are synonymous. Feminism challenges old values. People are afraid of feminism because they also think women hate men. That they are challenging men, and therefore they hate men, and that's not true. That it's a denial of femininity — a denial of the importance of men. Feminism, which says women are good, gets interpreted as saying men are bad. It is wrongly accused of being anti-male, rather than something that is simply promoting women.

One man, before seeing 'Uncommon Women' asked me if it was angry at men. I said 'No, I think that's a misinterpretation of feminism. This play promotes women, shows struggles women go through, and the importance of women bonding.' And he went to the play and he loved it. Valuing women doesn't mean devaluing men. It is taking some of that focus. Women are trained to focus on men. We're saying 'No, hey, women are here too, we're important, let's take care of ourselves also.' She laughed. 'That doesn't mean castigation for all brothers and dads.'

ESPARZA: One of the other reasons why feminism is frightening to a lot of people is they think if you are a feminist, you want to be like a man. You want to take a stereotypic male role by putting on a business suit, or dressing like a man, or climbing the corporate ladder, or adapting mannerisms that are like men.

KLIPSUN: Don't you want that power?

LOURIE: Yes, I want power. Everyone wants power: but you can have power that's oppressive and exploitive, and I think that's different.

ESPARZA: One of the biggest challenges for women today is to learn what the nature of their power is, as women. Not to adapt the way that men have power, but to find their own power in being women.

LOURIE: When we talk about power, men have power over women. We aren't saying we want the power instead of men. We want equal power. There's an imbalance of power, and we want to balance it. Everyone wants power: power over their own bodies. That's why we fight for comparable worth, equal wages. Everyone wants power in relationships. That's why we try to transcend sexual politics and oppressive things that happen in relationships. Everyone wants power in the street at night. That's why we try to abolish rape. All those things — abortion, rape, economics, sexual politics — are feminist issues that feminists deal with. We don't want to rape men, have more money than men, and don't want men not to get vasectomies. It doesn't mean we're trying to take things away from men, although they have to give up some power to bring us
Lourie and Esparza discuss stage lighting in the Fairhaven auditorium.

up to an equal level.

KLIPSUN: What if a man wanted a part in a play?

LOURIE: Well, if we had a part in a play for a man, we'd let him audition. But we probably wouldn't cast him in a woman's role (she laughs). If we find a play we like (we like the structure, what it says), and men aren't the focus, I'd use it. I wouldn't use a play where the main character is a man. The idea is that the focus isn't on men.

ESPARZA: Not only that, but women don't often have the experience of working in a group constituted entirely of women. That's a rare experience.

LOURIE: Women weren't always encouraged to create art in general. So not only are we setting the stage for women creating art, we're setting the stage for women to create art with women.

ESPARZA: Our experience with "Uncommon Women" really enlightened my whole perspective on why we did this. The most valuable part of creating the play was the evening of the cast party.

Here were 15 women of various ages, who had been working together and working really hard on this production. We had a discussion for two to three hours that covered everything from masturbation to lesbianism to their first experience seeing a man's cock. It was a wonderful discussion, and something that, I think, some of those women had never participated in. Or before this, felt they could trust women enough to discuss these things with them. This was valuable — that women learned how to communicate with other women, that they could trust them.

KLIPSUN: Doesn't every acting troupe achieve that closeness?

ESPARZA: You get that closeness, but it was a much richer experience. Because what's valued in this society for women is their closeness to men, and not their closeness to women.

KLIPSUN: What triggered the knowledge that women need to do this?

LOURIE: My upbringing in a political family. Growing up working the civil rights movements. I licked a lot of envelopes, went to a lot of marches with my Dad when I was five, six, seven. He was a leader in the civil rights movements. I grew up as political consciousness being a part of my existence. Feminism became a part of that.

ESPARZA: I guess my consciousness was first pricked when I was taking a general electrician's course at the Bellingham Voc-Tech three or four years ago. I was trying to get experience with becoming a lighting master electrician for use in theater.

KLIPSUN: Do you think you are helping to change people's mode of thinking?

LOURIE: I don't know that it's necessarily that people pay their $2, see a play and say 'Wow, I value women.' The same goes for the actresses. Everyone has changed but in different ways. In some ways people are re-evaluating or have experienced this, and won't quite understand what it did for them for another five or six months.

ESPARZA: Two things I learned through this. One of the things I noticed about working with women in a group is how unaccustomed they were to giving another woman power, how some of the women were reluctant to be responsible to other women because they were women. That disrespect and sexism we often attribute to men, also, in many cases, applies to women. We get the same messages about how we treat each other, about what the value of women is.

Lourie and Esparza said they have dedicated at least two years to SisterStage. They plan to produce a play this spring, and then will focus on next year.
The evolution argument

After 125 years, the debate over Darwinism continues

by Carol Hierck

This year marks the 125th anniversary of the publication of Charles Darwin's *The Origin of Species*, which describes development of species through the evolutionary theory of natural selection. Upon its initial publication, the book created a wide and profound sensation, for it was viewed as conflicting with the prevailing interpretation of the Scriptures.

Although the debate faded for a while, it recently has re-emerged, with creationists leaning away from the Bible toward a more scientific explanation, and evolutionists no longer slavishly devoted to Darwin's theory.

Creationism is the theory of direct creation of man as opposed to his development through evolution. Followers, currently termed scientific creationists, believe that neither their theory, nor the theory of evolution can be completely proven, but think certain scientific evidence supports creationism rather than evolution.

Evolution simply means change over time. All things are said to be related through a common ancestry, and higher forms of life are believed to have evolved from, and by modification of, simpler forms. Evolutionists argue that if creationism is adopted, research in biology will come to an impasse, as creationism cannot be proven false.

Dr. Earl Holinquist is Canada's National Director for Creation Science, and has been involved with creation science for 15 years. "Evolution is not based on fact, but on evidence thought to be true, such as the fossil record," Holinquist said.

Scientific creationists maintain the fossil record fails to confirm any one kind of organism in a transition to another organism. Instead, they say, the fossil record shows systematic gaps between various kinds of organisms.

"Evolutionists once thought the fossil record would show links, but they've been mistaken," Holinquist said. "The missing links are always there. There are no transitional intermediate forms, but big gaps from one body to the next."

"It has been recognized by all authorities that these forms are absent. Are we going to say it looks like they may exist in spite of all authorities recognizing that they don't?"

This lack of evidence for proposed gradual change supports the creationist view that each form of life always was singular, within genetic limits: that birds were always birds, dogs always dogs and human beings always human.
Scientific creationists also cite the second law of thermodynamics, which they say indicates everything is going downward and into disorder, rather than upward into complexity.

Finally, scientific creationists maintain the laws of probability indicate anything beyond one in 10 to the 50th power is beyond anything that will happen. The chance of anything as complicated as the human body occurring is in the hundreds and thousands of powers.

"All possibility of forming proteins and deoxyribonucleic acid (D.N.A.) are way in the hundreds and thousands of powers, and hence beyond anything that can happen in reality," Holinquist said. "Evolutionists have been covering up a lot of things," he added.

Evolutionists assert they are not concealing anything, and that the fossil record actually is in favor of evolution.

Wayne Goodey, a University of British Columbia zoology graduate student, and president of CAUSE (Citizens Against the Undermining of Scientific Education), said, "The further back you look in the fossil record, the less like modern forms animals are, thus indicating forms of life progressing upward.

"All living things today belong to a hierarchy of similarities. The pattern based on physical appearance, biochemistry, etc., taken together, suggest ascent from a common ancestor."

In response to the creationist argument that there are gaps in the fossil record, Goodey replied: "Certainly there are gaps, but the theory of punctuated equilibrium, which basically states that rapid changes in smaller organisms may have been missed by the fossil record, is a mechanism explaining those gaps. We have to remember that the fossil record is a blunt, not a precise record."

Goodey said the creationist argument regarding the second law of thermodynamics is a misconception, and a common oversimplification. "Free energy is always decreasing. No doubt, if talking about the origin of life, such a law does become important. However, it only applies to equilibrium systems, and life, by definition, is a non-equilibrium system.

"In an equilibrium system, as entropy (the energy not available for conversion into mechanical work) increases, the energy available to do work decreases. But, living systems are definitely not at equilibrium. They are open to energy coming in from outside," he explained. "Theirs is a mistaken argument."

"We have to remember that the fossil record is a blunt, not a precise, record."

—Wayne Goodey, president of CAUSE

You can't use a simplistic account to explain what is going on."

As for the laws of probability, "The evidence is impressive-sounding. If you know nothing of scientific methods," Goodey said. "But, they base their arguments on an erroneous assumption.

"Events are not independent. Once you have something together, other things can be added to it. Once things get underway, it's much easier to imagine them continuing."

"They assume the origin of life occurred in a volume of fluid the size of a test tube. In early life, extensive shallow seas were available for this to happen. If you break that water down into test tubes, you get an enormous number of test tube volumes."

But Goodey contended all of these arguments are beside the point, and that the philosophy of the scientific method is the important argument in the creation versus evolution controversy.

"Our main argument against creationism is that if creationism is adopted, research in biology will come to a standstill, because you can't find out anything new with creationism," Goodey said. "Creationism cannot even in principle be falsified, and falsifiability is one of the basic keys to science."

"Evidence could potentially exist to falsify evolution. If you have a dog with feathers instead of fur, that could cast doubt on evolution. You could say that the dog could not have evolved through the evolutionary process. With creationism, there isn't any potentially falsifiable information. If you have a dog with feathers instead of fur, you would say, 'Oh, the Creator made it that way,'" he detailed.

"In order to be creationist, you have to claim God created earth. You have to accept that into your heart. Creationism is based on tenets whose underlying structure is religious dogma."

"Hence, creationism can explain everything but in so doing, explains nothing. You can't learn unless you have areas of uncertainty, new things to test and alter. Evolution can't explain everything, but this indicates it is an active, questioning science. Creationism cannot be labeled a science," he said.

Evolutionists also have attacked the methods of creationists. They maintain creationist research consists mainly of scanning scientific literature for cases they think present problems for evolution. Evolutionists argue this is not the way to study science.

"There's nothing wrong with referring to evolution literature, but creationists look through it for a quote or one sentence that points to a problem. Often, it's taken totally out of context. It's what we term intellectual dishonesty."

Scientific creationists assert they don't need the Bible as the basis for their theory, and continue to argue purely on scientific grounds.

"We don't need to talk about the age of the Earth, the Garden of Eden, the worldwide flood, or any of those things," Holinquist said. "Scientific creationism is based on science. We compare scientific creation with scientific evolution, two entirely scientific theories based on scientific evidence."

In response to the evolutionist...
argument that creationism cannot be falsified and hence nothing new can be discovered. Holinquist said, "I don't know that that's true. We change our ideas as new evidence comes out, just as evolutionists have done with the punctuated equilibrium theory. "We've actually found out more about everything with scientific creationism, such as the gaps in the fossil record."

Holinquist believes Goodey was mistaken when he said no areas of uncertainty exist in creation science. "One area of uncertainty is the stars," he said. "If you go back as far as the universe, there existed distances in time we're not sure of, that we've got to research and test." He said it is important scientific creationists scan evolutionist literature, "because it is through scanning the literature that we have found everything isn't above board, that there exists deceiving and deceitfulness in the literature.

"The whole fossil record was a matter of deceit until recently. Evolutionists now admit fossil types appear suddenly, abruptly. It was a trade secret of paleontologists which they didn't divulge to the public until recently when they came up with punctuated equilibrium," he added.

Holinquist described the punctuated equilibrium theory as "just another way of covering up the gaps, just another way of trying to explain away the gaps that exist."

He said scanning evolutionist literature is not creationists' only form of research, and that they are developing their own laboratory to continue researching the theories. In answering the argument that creationism cannot be labeled a science, Holinquist said, "Neither can evolution. Both are philosophical concepts, not true sciences in the sense of the dictionary, but are sciences in that they provide general knowledge in a detailed sense. But they're not true sciences."

The news media and the educational establishment prevent scientific creationists from being accepted, he said. "We've had a problem to get it popularized by them, although an ABC news national Gallup poll indicated 86 percent of North Americans have accepted creationism. They've been brought up on evolution, and don't want to change now. They don't want to lose face. They don't want to accept creation. We may have to come up with a new name like the 'science of origins,'" Holinquist said.

Scientific creationists spread their viewpoints through debates with evolutionists, and through distribution of "Acts in Facts," a pamphlet describing current research and latest developments.

The creation movement also is fighting to have creationism adopted in schools, and is awaiting an upcoming trial in Louisiana which may bring the debate to a peak.

In 1981, Arkansas became the first state to enact a law requiring public schools to teach creationism along with evolution. But, before the law went into effect, a federal court declared it unconstitutional. The court ruled that creationism was a religious, rather than scientific explanation. Therefore, the court held that the law violated the separation of church and state guaranteed by the First Amendment.

In British Columbia, two school districts have adopted creationism in the schools along with evolution, Holinquist said.

"All we want is to get both sides told in the schools," he said.

As president of CAUSE, Goodey strives to impede the entry of creationism as a scientific theory into science classrooms. "We're not against religion. We're simply concerned that the best science instruction be available," he explained.

CAUSE members also maintain evolution isn't being taught as well as it could be: Uncertainties and new discoveries aren't being discussed.

"Once something is being taught, it's hard to get it changed," Goodey said, "and textbooks tend to be out of date because it takes so long to get new ideas into print."

Finally, CAUSE argues that religion shouldn't be entirely banned from schools, but taught in social studies and guidance courses, where children can be exposed to the beliefs of others. "We ought to be looking critically at religion in schools," Goodey said.

The group has distributed 2,000 pamphlets stating their position, and nine issues of a quarterly newsletter discussing recent developments, items of interest and creationist ideas. They also have gathered 3,000 names on a petition protesting the adoption of creationism into science classes, stated their position on radio talk shows and addressed various groups.

In his rebuttal to Holinquist's statement that Gallup polls show that public opinion supports creationism, Goodey said, "Whether public opinion supports it or not is so immaterial, it's ridiculous. Eighty-six percent of the people could read their horoscope daily, but that doesn't mean we should adopt astrology in schools.

"You cannot base science policy on public opinion. The decision has to be made by scientists. We don't want to deny that public opinion is important, but we have to make sure these things are decided by people officially trained in the area, rather than by a show of hands," he said.

He doesn't think the debate will ever come to an end, "because people who are supporting creationism will not listen to reason. You can't argue with them on a rational basis. They're not willing to entertain the possibility that they may be wrong.

"People who support creation science are not willing to let the debate die because they have their own ideas they must uphold, which are of an entirely religious basis. I don't think there's any way you can tell people their religion is wrong," he added.

Holinquist said an end to the controversy will depend on upcoming events. "The Louisiana trial will be an important event in that it may be pivotal in putting an end to the controversy, if it is decided that creationism will be taught in the schools."
A man, wearing a red beret, sits on an ice chest in the cold spring wind and watches people pass. He is wearing two sweaters and thick, wool, olive-colored German army pants. A graying mustache and soft facial wrinkles show he is middle-aged. The man is waiting for students to stop and buy some of his international food. This winter week, he has for sale a sample of India's food, including lentil curry, golden rice pilaf and Duntjabi, a sweet carrot dessert.

For five hours a day, four days a week, Bob Eastman is a Western vendor who sells food on a wooden table at the Viking Union Plaza. What began last October as a one-week venture selling German sausages has flourished into a one-table international restaurant. Variety quickly became the theme of his enterprise. "I had the feeling when I started that this might evolve into something, but I wasn't sure what it'd be," Eastman said.

He decided to try preparing the foods of different countries. He sought a challenge and wanted his potential customers to have the chance to experience a bit of different cultures. "Food has infinite possibilities with all the world's cultures. It's actually a huge artistic field."

The Pennsylvania native speaks from experience. Eastman has worked in positions ranging from waiter to manager in a dozen restaurants but never actually has cooked. He migrated into vending after being laid off from a restaurant manager's job in Bellingham.

Western's vendors' area, the only public market in Bellingham, has given Eastman the chance to find his own way out of unemployment. Being able to sell goods and food at a public market is a way for unemployed people like himself to start a business, Eastman said. One doesn't have "to make a large investment or deal with lots of red tape. It's a great way to test a business idea against an actual market."

While selling international foods in Western's vendor area, Eastman has had the chance to practice a hobby of his — people watching. When the vendor isn't selling his foreign cuisine, he's observing the steady stream of pedestrian traffic that walks by. "It's interesting, like attending a parade or fashion show."

On this February day, a student, strolling by the weathered picnic tables filled with the wares of vendors, stops. A rectangle of propped-up white cardboard with "Foods of India" written in green felt pen has caught his attention. Eastman's makeshift menu lists numerous dishes available and describes each. The east Indian mulligatawny soup is the first item on the list.

Each morning when Eastman arrives on campus, everything he needs to arrange his outdoor restaurant is piled on a handcart. He manages to pack all his needs into two cardboard boxes and a wooden crate. These contents, plus the ice chest and a portable propane stove, are his capital investments.

Eastman is limited in his offerings since he has to serve food outside. What he sells must be able to last, without spoiling. All items must be edible at the current air temperature, as well.

Eastman uses sausage as a base since it is popular in many countries, especially European. A sausage sandwich and soup became his first steady items. Now, if one craves a three- or four-course meal, it's available.

Since his initial German menu, Eastman has peddled the foods of Poland, Austria, Italy ("my most popular food"), India, France and Africa ("it's kind of absurd doing the foods of Africa; I could do a whole menu on each country of Africa"). He said he doesn't plan ever to serve the same menu twice.

His new ideas are to feature regional North American foods and other international foods.

Eastman also hopes that his food might teach his customers better appreciation of other cultures. "Perhaps, by trying some new food, my customers might have a little more respect for different people.
Planning new menus every two weeks often turns Eastman into a detective as he searches for recipes. He uses his own cookbooks, the resources of the public library and looks “everywhere to get all the recipes I can get my hands on.” He tries to use only authentic recipes, but sometimes has to settle for only a similar formula, or merge parts of several into one dish.

Surprisingly, finding the ingredients for international food isn’t impossible, Eastman said. He generally finds everything he needs, often in more than one place in Bellingham.

Locating specific spices can be another story. Each menu has its own requirements. The rule of “I can’t serve it if I can’t find it” occasionally has limited Eastman’s offerings.

Once he devises a menu, Eastman cooks it for the first time the night before he serves it to the public at Western. “I don’t have time to pre-test anything. I’ll cook it all up for the first time on Sunday night. I never really know what’s going to come out of the pot,” he said. While experience has made him a better judge of cooking, Eastman still finds the risk of the first time “a little exciting; it’s what entrepreneurship is all about.”

Watching people’s reactions to his food is part of the reason Eastman enjoys being a vendor, particularly when he is offering untested foods. “Some people like to tell me what they think of my products,” Eastman said, while others silently keep returning. “Seeing people enjoy my food is an intangible part of the business that I like.” Bellingham Herald food critic John Doerper called Eastman’s cuisine “well worth a hike up college hill.”

Steam rises from a white pot filled with water and swirling red, oblong sausages. Next to the pot is a silvery-colored kettle filled with orange-yellow mulligatawny soup. Both pans are being heated by a portable propane stove. In front of the stove are plastic containers filled with yellow and green foods, known as curry, bread, cheesesticks and other Indian foods. The hungry student eyes each item with a quizzical look.

Being a vendor at Western is not a pathway to riches, but “a way to make a living.” Eastman does have another part-time job, but figures he earns minimum wage selling his international food. “It’s the best minimum wage job I’ve ever had. I’m getting paid to learn on my own.”

Each day that Eastman is a vendor, he hauls his international food offerings to and from the Viking Union Plaza on a handcart. Eastman has not volunteered to pay Western’s vendor registration fee of $2 a day, or $15 a month, nor has he been forced to. The vendors largely have ignored the fee, which also isn’t enforced by the A.S. “It’s a tax that has no benefit. It doesn’t guarantee anything; including a vendor’s table,” he said.

Each vendor has to reserve his or her table by early each morning, claiming it on a first come, first serve basis. When Eastman first became a vendor, he had to be on campus by 7 a.m. to secure a table.

Vending is most popular for the Christmas sales in November and December, with people “coming out of the woodwork to sell things.” Vending is like “working in a carnival — you’re all selling stuff to those passing by.” Instead of being competitive, vendors are more of a fraternity.

The real competition to each vendor stems not from each other, but from SAGA. While Eastman admitted that he and the pizza vendor do compete for the lunchtime crowd, they probably aren’t direct competitors.

“If somebody wants pizza, I don’t have anything that’ll stop them from buying pizza. But, if somebody doesn’t want pizza, there’s nothing the pizza vendor can do.”

Eastman is not sure how long he will be a vendor. He said he could “leave tomorrow” if the right job comes up. But when he talks about the many kinds of food and recipes he would like to sell, he sounds like he has found his “right job.”

The student says he’ll have an East Indian sausage sandwich. The vendor reaches for a roll, slices it in half, tucks some spinach between the halves and uses a pair of tongs to grab a sausage. He asks the student: “What sauce would you like on the sandwich?” The student answers with: “What do you recommend?” The vendor suggests the yellow curry sauce and the student nods. The student places a dollar bill and two quarters into a white ceramic container and is handed the sausage sandwich wrapped in a napkin. The student walks away, looks at the sandwich and bites into it.
Goalie Blair Panzer is one of the first to arrive for the journey to Kamloops. Later that night, below, Todd Thachuck races a Cariboo opponent for the puck.

North to the Cariboo, where long hours on buses and icy revenge are just part of the game

Road Hockey

by Gordon Weeks, photos by Blair Kooistra

Aldergrove, British Columbia — Inside the Aldergrove Arena, girls aged eight to ten were spending their Saturday morning playing junior league hockey; outside, the Viking icemen of Western Washington University were arriving in small groups, and lifting their equipment into the baggage compartment of the Trailways bus. Some of the players were facing the six-hour trip east with a first cup of coffee, but most with a second stab at sleep. All were marveling that the vehicle that had cost the team $1,000 for rental was, in the words of goalie Barry Screifels, "not a no-class operation."

"This is the first time we've all been together on the road, ever," he said. "Usually, if we play in Spokane, the coach will just announce the time and the place and say, 'See you in Spokane.'"

The prospect of the two-day road trip to and from snow-encrusted Kamloops, a mill town of 50,000 that resembles an earthy Yakima, has the Vikings recalling previous trips — Los Angeles, where the players were told by a Sunset Strip cop that half of the girls they had picked up were boys; Tucson, Arizona, where the team's all-time leading scorer, Dave Higgins, had acquired the nickname "The Tazmanian Devil" for "going on a tear. (We went out partying one night in a rent-a-car, and he went crazy," remembers teammate Ilro Salminien. "He tore the back seat out of the car and threw it out the window. He finished the night by peeing into a night photo drop.")

The players also were recalling their last showdown with their upcoming opponents, the Cariboo College Chiefs, a seasoning opening 4-4 tie. It had been a physical match that left quite an impression, and many indentations, on both teams. Three months later, the 7-1-2 Vikes, holders of first place in the Pacific Collegiate Hockey League, are anx-
Road Hockey...

ious to retain their position into the playoffs by defeating their strongest opponent.

Playing cards, sleeping, and taking pokes at such passing towns as snowy Spuzzum and Spence's Bridge helps the 25 passengers whistle away the six-hour trip east to Kamloops. Changing the Trailways sign from "Chartered" to "Reno" seemed to let the patrons of Mr. Mike's in Cache Creek know that hockey was on the road again.

Scott's Motor Inn is one of those two-story, unassuming abodes that calls to the budgeted traveler; a place that proudly proclaims such luxurious features as color TV and free ice. But the team, owning a reputation for being booked into substandard structures, quickly noted that while the place wasn't fancy, it was at least clean, a comparative Sheraton to their last lodging, the Olive Manor in Anaheim.

"It was the fastest checkout in history," exclaimed Rich Utendale, the coach's son. "I went into the bathroom to take a shower and there was this big cockroach climbing down the wall. It took us ten minutes to get out."

After Kamloops had been scouted for post-game drinking holes and hockey sticks, most of the team packed into one of the hotel rooms to catch the "Hockey Night in Canada" game pitting the Buffalo Sabres against the Montreal Canadiens. Where to acquire beer before the liquor stores close is the big question; but it's getting late and no one's moving. Someone noted that the team has a half-hour before their bus leaves for the arena.

"It's going to be tough if we lose tonight."

"Why?"

"Because if they win, they'll be partying tonight!"

Coach Utendale's warning that Cariboo College had improved since the last meeting proved correct, as the fiery Chiefs blazed their first goal 21 seconds into the game, the first of 61 shots they fired at Western's much-over-worked goalie Blair Panzer. By the end of the first period, the Vikes were irritated at having constantly to chase their quick opponents around the ice, but thanks to two goals by Paul Hough and the many rejections by Panzer, the score was tied 3-3.

"Hey, how about settling down out there!" Utendale urged his frazzled team. "Think about what went on out there that first quarter. Don't try to play their game; slow it down!"

But again the Vikes were stung by the speed of the Chiefs ("They came out of there like space shuttles — a thousand miles an hour," Utendale later exclaimed). Controlling the puck, and sending scores of second and third efforts Panzer's way, the Chiefs ripped three goals, to Western's one, in the second period.

The final period was highlighted by the wicked hits, and the more wicked body checks that would mark play the rest of the weekend. But much to the delight of the 75 spectators, it was the Chiefs who withstood, and inflicted, most of the damage, scoring four goals in one incredible two-minute barrage.

It appeared that the Chiefs, conditioned by the greater amount of rink practice time their large budget allowed, had out-intensified the self-supporting Vikings.

Bud Screifels, father of Western goalie Barry and a former referee, blamed the officials for letting the physical game get out of hand in the 11-6 loss. "When I see that kind of shit going on, I wish I was 19 or 20 again so I could get out there on that ice. It was the worst officiating I've ever seen."

Utendale believed the three 20-minute periods were just too much for Western ("We ran out of gas"), while defenseman Jim Stenga thought the mid-day meal was a determining factor. "Mr. Mike slowed us down."

Finding a place for 14 hockey players to eat, and more importantly, to drink, on a...
Saturday night in "Camel-Poops" isn't as easy as it sounds. One player spotted a shadowy figure in a liquor store and screamed for the bus to stop, but it became apparent it was only someone stocking the shelves. All the establishments in the depressed mill town seemed either to be closed, "country," required a cover charge or didn't serve liquor. A disco appeared promising, but the patrons less so; many of the players were taken aback by girls with green hair and mohawks.

The team finally settled for an Italian restaurant, where they ate pizza, sipped beer and discussed their defeat. Jeff Anderson, who had been cut in the leg and sent to the hospital for eight stitches, caught up with his teammates later that night. After he told his taxi driver that his brother was a mass murderer, the nervous driver called for another cab to follow him and his suspicious passenger. If only the rest of the night had been so promising...

"Kamloops probably has two sets of thoughts right now," Utendale said prior to Sunday's 11 a.m. showdown. 'First, the game was tougher than the score indicated—we were only down by one goal only with ten minutes left. The other part is their attitude that, 'We got 11 goals last night, it'll be a cake walk.' And that's the attitude we want from them. After a couple of hits, they'll forget last night's score.'

The Chiefs appeared to remember all too well the previous night's scoring pattern, ripping two goals within the first two minutes. But Western, following the game plan to let their opponents know that they were around and challenge the puck and the puck carrier, hammered the Chiefs, as well as score a couple of goals of their own. Cariboo led 3-2 at the end of the first period.

Hough, Friday's Most Valuable Player because of his level-headed play, was given the go-ahead to shoot whenever he had position, but proceeded to acquire an elbowing penalty less than two minutes into the period. With
Right, Stung by Cariboo’s speed, Jim Stenga and Tom Schuett listen to Coach Utendale’s admonition to “settle down.” Below, As Western dropped further behind, the game grew more physical, Ken Kennedy and a Cariboo opponent raising sticks in a game of “dare ya.” Bottom, The silent locker room said it all after Saturday’s 11-6 loss.

Western temporarily playing short-handed, the Chiefs score their fourth goal, adding another a minute later. But the Vikes press again, and the second period ended with the score Cariboo 6, Western 5, the same spread the teams had faced shortly into the final period 14 hours earlier.

The Saturday morning crowd, predominantly female, and sensing either another late game blowout by the home team or a surprise win by the Yanks, were letting all present know how they felt about the rough action on the ice (“Watch the stickin’, turkey!” “Dump that sucker out of there!” “Knock him down; give him another one!”). And it was the “Yanks” (14 of the 18 Vikes are Canadian-born) that found the holes, tying the score three minutes into the period, and taking the lead a minute later. But Cariboo again evened the score with 14:24 left in the game.

Where they had lost their intensity and faltered Friday, the Vikes refueled and sailed Saturday, pinning their Cariboo opponents and stopping them from executing their rocket pace. With 1:38 left in the match, Western forward Todd Thatshek nailed the game-winner from 20 feet scoring again less than a minute later. By then, there was nothing left for the stunned Chiefs to do but absorb the 9-7 defeat, and in the case of one frustrated Chief-taU, charge the referees with the intent to do bodily harm.

A beaming Utendale’s first words in the locker room were, “And they practice six hours a week!”

“What a waste of money!” Salminen exclaimed.

The team broke up.

The victory party began in the parking lot. Utendale had set the limit of beer on the bus at two each, and the first players aboard quickly located the cases of Old Style. With The Stone’s Some Girls blasting over the bus speakers, the players aimed their jokes at their previously-cocky opponents, and their congratulations at themselves — the first toast was “to the comeback team.”

“God, I like to win,” grinned Rich Utendale. “It would have been a bad...
An eruption from the bench, led by coach John Utendale, greets Todd Thachuck's winning goal with 1:38 left. The win made the long trip back easier for Ken Kennedy, BELOW, who read, then slept, the evening trip home.

trip back if we didn’t — a long trip.”

The come-from-behind victory, the disappointment in the Kamloops nightlife and the upcoming six-hour ride back to Aldergrove definitely had put the team in the mood to party. Three of the players managed to stretch the alcohol limit by buying three cases of beer in Cache Creek and bringing one aboard the bus, but once it was consumed and the whiskey being passed in the back was gone, the players began making noise for the two cases stashed with the gear in the side of the bus. Utendale, sensing a six-hour drink-a-thon, decided to address the team on the issue over the bus intercom.

“I know you’re out there on the ice for me rather than yourself, and I appreciate that! (Hoots) And, as a reward, I’ll let you represent Western Washington University on the ice again! (More hoots) You must remember that you are representing Western, and that also means on the highways and byways of central B.C."

"Your nose is growing!"

“If Western really wanted us, they’d pay for us!”

The coach’s temperance talk failed to dampen the party spirit of the ice men, and soon the players in the back of the bus were clanging beer bottles together in protest. No response from upfront. One of the fathers was sent up front as a delegate on behalf of the thirsty victors. No luck. Plans for a player to have an epileptic seizure in front of the bus driver, which would allow others to rush for the beer in the baggage compartment of the stopped bus, were quickly quashed. Even a rousing (and conveniently rendered) rendition of It’s a Mistake fails to persuade the party poopers.

Holding the coach hostage in the bus’s tiny bathroom and negotiating beer for his release seemed like a last resort. It seemed like the thing to do on the road.
In 1866, in Pulaski, Tenn., a group of young men formed a "social club" to fraternize. Using uncanny rituals and donning strange uniforms, the members discovered that their cult-like antics and hooded white robes had a sobering effect on superstitious former slaves.

The club expanded into an organization whose purpose was curbing the activities of recently emancipated blacks. Its common goal was to provide protection for whites, oppose Reconstruction measures (1865-76) of the United States Congress and overthrow local Reconstruction governments. The members called themselves the Ku Klux Klan.

The "original" Klan's period of greatest activity was from 1868 to 1870. During this time, nearly all Southern whites took part, in some way, within the Klan movement. Eventually, congress and adverse public opinion suppressed their activities. The Klan reduced to near oblivion, only to be rejuvenated in the early 1900s, when it enjoyed its largest membership.

The Klan was national in scope and had a membership of nearly four million in 1926. In the largest turnout of its kind, 40,000 Klansmen marched through the streets of the nation's capitol on August 8, 1925. The early 1930s showed a membership of only about 30,000, and by 1952, an estimated 20,000 Klan members were believed to exist.

Currently, about 1,500 are believed to belong to affiliates of the Klan, but because of the secretive nature of the Klan, an accurate count is difficult.

In November 1982, a meager 24 members of the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan rallied at a secluded field not far from the Capitol in Washington, D.C. The robed and hooded (sans masks) men were surrounded by almost 300 police officers, and were observed by 140
reporters and photographers. Only miles away, more than 1,800 anti-Klan demonstrators marched in downtown Washington and Silver Spring. The protesters trekked from the nation's capitol to the Ellipse. There, speakers claimed that the Reagan administration has created a "climate of hate and fear conducive to a resurgence of the Klan."

In 1980, the Klan endorsed Reagan for president in its newspaper. They wrote that the Reagan platform read "just like a Klansman."

"Nothing is a more vicious symbol of the worst the United States has to offer than the KKK," Delegate Walter E. Fauntroy (D-D.C.) said to the anti-Klan demonstrators.

At the secluded field, Imperial Wizard Bill Wilkinson spoke to the robed men. The Klan, he said, "is trying to protect a way of life.

"I believe," Wilkinson proclaimed, "that God commands us to segregate the races and keep them apart. We don't hate other races...We are just following God's commands."

Not only does the Klan oppose desegregation, they are against the ERA movement, gun control, the 55 mile-per-hour limit, IRS crackdowns on private schools, forced busing and affirmative action.

Nancy Uding, Western student and Bellingham anti-Klan group member, said she thinks the Klan is growing together and growing. "People are reacting to the more liberal thinking," she explained. "Things like affirmative action will spur people on to join such hate groups."

Although anti-Klan claims seem to indicate a possible resurgence of the Klan, bigotry in the United States is significantly declining. A Harris study of attitudes in 1963 and 1978, as well as Gallup poll information, showed that negative attitudes toward blacks have decreased.

Gallup polls also showed that in 1958, 42 percent of those polled would vote for a "well-qualified" black as president. This figure rose to 81 percent in 1978.

"People are reacting to the more liberal thinking. Things like affirmative action will spur people on to join such hate groups."

—Nancy Uding, Bellingham anti-Klan member

Opposition to blacks moving into a predominantly white neighborhood dropped to 39 from 62 percent. The belief that blacks were trying to move ahead too fast also decreased — to 37 from 71 percent.

Philip Perimutter reviewed trends that supported these statistics in a March 5, 1981 Christian Science Monitor article, "The Decline of Bigotry in the United States."

Perimutter, executive director of the Jewish Community Council of Metropolitan Boston, said a sign of progress in intergroup relations is the "continuing decrease and inability of extremist groups to muster any significant popular or political support..." The Ku Klux Klan was one of his examples of an extremist group.

The Klan continues to muster, however.

In mid-July, 1980, Klansmen lined the streets at an intersection in an Alabama town, carrying yellow plastic buckets. They formed a "Klan roadblock" to solicit contributions for the organization. A Nashville Tennessean reporter, Jerry Thompson, participated in this activity while posing as a member.

Thompson later described his discoveries in an article, "Inside The Klan." He said he was surprised to find "as many as half the people passing stopped to give money and accept literature."

The cars and trucks, driven by whites, included Fords, Chevys and Toyotas, he said, and some Cadillacs and Lincolns.

The blacks who drove through the roadblock made those near the area aware of their opposition. Often, they shouted from their car windows.

"On one occasion, a pastry truck, driven by a white man with a black helper on the passenger side, stopped at my post. The white driver was obviously going to drop a donation in my bucket. After dropping two one-dollar bills in the bucket, the driver asked me for some Klan literature."

"During that whole episode I'm sure I was more uncomfortable than (the car's passenger). He just sat stone-faced, staring straight ahead, never changing his expression. I've often envied his self-control just as I've often wondered if the contempt I'm sure he felt at that moment was more for me and my white-robed colleagues, or more for the man he had to work with every day."

In addition to participating in the roadblock, Thompson, during his 16-month charade, attended Klan meetings and campaigned for Grand Wizard Don Black, for Birmingham mayor. Black lost the race to Dr. Richard Arrington, a well-liked black member of the Birmingham City Council.

From those months, Thompson concluded that the Klan suffers from "vast disorganization." He was told of many meetings that eventually were cancelled.

Black visited Bellingham with four other Klan members in mid-July 1982, as part of a three-and-a-half week organizational trip through the Northwest. Black's trip included a meeting with a few Klan members in this area.

Black's image is that of an average conservative; the Klan recently has tried to appear clean cut before the public. New leaders in the Klan, said anti-Klansperson Uding, are young and college educated. They wear...
Black, and fellow Klansman Ray Leahart, from New Orleans, displayed the Klan's dichotomy of personalities during an interview with a Bellingham Herald reporter.

While Black used calculated words, Leahart revealed a side of the Klan that has reinforced the image of Klansmen as illiterates. Spitting accusations and referring to blacks as 'niggers,' Leahart blamed crime in the South on blacks, and equated race mixing to 'throwing ducks in a chicken yard.'

Black, however, uses the term 'nigger' regularly during both private conversations and Klan meetings, Thompson reported.

But, "the KKK has just as much right to protect white rights as does the NAACP (National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) to protect black rights, I suppose," Uding said.

The Klan will linger where racial tensions exist. Western history professor Roland De Lorme said.

In the presence of the Klan, opposing sentiments will surface, giving rise to anti-Klan groups.

Uding said that currently about five people from the Bellingham group keep in touch. The members exchange information, mostly through reading materials. The group originated about a year-and-a-half ago when a leader in the anti-Klan group came through Bellingham and was publicized in the local media.

Uding said enthusiasm in the anti-Klan group has been difficult to generate for two reasons.

"When we start to get really organized on a project, people start to get scared. I don't want to wake up some morning to find a cross burned on my front lawn."

She said that many people who would be interested in the anti-Klan group are involved in other political activities. Uding gave the example of Central America and CISPES.

"The KKK is made up of a forgotten group of people. We need to find a way to fulfill the needs of people who have the necessity to be recognized. These people seek security in the KKK."

—Roland De Lorme

Although a Seattle anti-Klan organization also exists, it hasn't been very prominent. Uding said. Klan activities in Seattle were becoming more frequent, spurring the group's formation. "There were reports of cross burnings and harassment of minorities — mostly black," she added.

Historically, the Klan has been an aggressive group. They've enjoyed popularity during times of civil unrest — times of frustration.

Civil unrest often is caused by a conflict between the business class and the white working class in the business arena. Just as a parent displaces anger on a helpless child, the working class becomes frustrated with its plight, cannot attack the group directly responsible for the problem and thus seeks an outlet for their anger.

In his book, Toward a Theory of Minority-Group Relations, Hubert Blalock stated that the white working class turns to the minority group and "that aggression toward a minority group reaps very little punishment."

If a vulnerable "little old lady" were attacked, society at large would be repulsed by such an act. But an attack on a minority can be rationalized as completely legitimate, Blalock said.

"The KKK has just as much right to protect white rights as does the NAACP to protect black rights, I suppose."

—Nancy Uding, Bellingham anti-Klan member

The Klan's attire guarantees a hidden identity. Anonymity also increases aggression, as proven in experiments with electrical shock and individual identity. In a 1969 experiment, Philip Zimbardo showed that making students feel anonymous significantly increased their aggressiveness. The duration of shock given to fellow students was twice as long with students who believed their identity was unknown, than with those who felt their identity was exposed.

John Richardson of the sociology department mentioned a weakness in the Klan's aggression, though. He said it creates a false illusion of solidarity. "It strengthens them," he said.

"A lynching is a symbolic effort to maintain stability."

"The KKK is made up of a forgotten group of people, " De Lorme said. "We need to find a way to fulfill the needs of people who have the necessity to be recognized. These people seek security in the KKK. The Klan is a form of social and political quackery."

De Lorme used the analogy of a person seeking medical help to support his argument. He said if the person's needs are not met by a medical institution — one accepted by the populus — that person will seek a different type of help — a quack.

What type of person might feel neglected and join the Klan? Richardson said that a Klan member doesn't necessarily fall into a particular personality type; (the Klan member) is one who is in a vulnerable position.

"They are the white farmer, the small-business man who stands to lose his status. The politicians don't speak directly to these people. Politicians speak to big business, the unions."

"These are people who feel ignored by society," De Lorme said. But these people can feel like "somebody" by belonging to a group.

His voice lowered as he explained. "The Klan is mystical — the hoods, the rituals. They deal with intimidation; (the members) feel important."
Kelly Berry cradles his $3,000 drum-set-in-a-box, Applied Science’s central computer.

by Laurie Jervis

One-two, one-two-three. One-two, one-two-three. One-two, one-two-one-one-one. One-two, one-two-two...the electrifying sound of amplified drum beats perforates the smoky, warm air inside the tavern. The beats follow no pattern, but spill randomly, and echo off the brick wall behind a tall stack of speakers.

The sound ceases for a few seconds, then throbs again, making the plaster walls vibrate.

The 25 or so happy hour patrons in Buck’s this Friday evening stare curiously at the tavern’s stage, and exclaim among themselves about the powerful drum beats shaking the walls. The band, set to play in four hours, is in the midst of a sound check, testing the volume of the instruments.

The unnaturally rapid rhythm of the pulse of drums continues to fill the high-ceilinged room. At the rear of the stage sits a drum set, minus the drummer. Instead, the percussion sounds radiate from a flat computer atop a small stand next to the drum set.

Accompanied by six other computerized instruments, this digital drum computer is the driving force behind Bellingham’s “electro-dance” band, Applied Science. As its name implies, this four-member band manipulates science to its best advantage by turning it into sound.

The four musicians are Bob Ridgley, Don Kenoyer, Andy Sodt and Kelly Berry, all past or present Western students. Through the music department’s lab and recording studio, Ridgley and Kenoyer learned to play the synthesizer. “It was there that I got into electronic dance music,” Kenoyer said. The computerized instrument since has “opened the doors and pulled me right in,” Ridgley agreed.

“We can go from having an orchestral string sound, to bass. It’s fun — and really drastic,” Kenoyer, 25, explained.

Berry’s Oberheim DMX digital drum computer is programmed with the synthesizers, but he also
Don Kenoyer, taking a break from setting up the band's equipment. "We spend more time moving the stuff than we do playing it."

Here the focus of lights and shadows, the band's drum computer is programmed to "play" various percussion sounds by its operator, Kelly Berry.

can play it, "adding to the basic beat outlined by the machine." His live drumming "puts things (sounds) into the P.A. (public address) system as he plays, but "the computer is its own entity."

While a regular computer stores numbers, Berry's stores notes, which are locked into an integrated circuit as digital codes. The percussion notes originated in a studio, where the specific drum was tuned, recorded and engineered to result in the perfect sound.

The drummer from the jazz band Weather Report is programmed into Applied Science's drum computer on a digital chip. It's like he's playing with us all the time," Ridgley said with a smile.

Berry manipulates the pre-recorded percussion sounds on stage, producing unnaturally fast kick drumming, high- and low-tuned tom-toms, or nearly any blend of drum sounds. Referring to his seemingly automated role as an operator, Berry explained: "It's easier than it looks, but harder, too."

Although not programming live when Applied Science performs, he has to "play along with someone else — the computer's playing the back beat."

"Drummers often feel they are the base of things. Here, you are playing along with a computer." Berry retains the upper hand, however: "(The computer) isn't going to speed up or slow down unless you tell it to."

Using the instrument's dials and switches, the 21-year-old Berry programs sequences of music to obtain various drum patterns, fills within the song, or a flourish of electronic sound at its completion.

"There's never been an instrument like the synthesizer; it can be molded around the musician," Ridgley said.

The band's electronic equipment emits a cool background hum even when resting idle. Red lights on the top of each synthesizer gleam silently, like eyes.

The four rehearse in Sodt's basement, which is chilly and small, as are most basements. Unlike other basements, however, this one houses most of Applied Science's instruments when the musicians aren't performing or in the studio.

Tonight, Applied Science is rehearsing for its performance at Buck's later in the week. Sodt and Kenoyer face each other over their synthesizers, which nearly bump in the corner of the 20-by-15 foot room. The two synchronize their easy dancing to the music, grinning with the moment.

Ridgley, Sodt and Kenoyer each operate two synthesizers, with Sodt on the Pro One. The three each play
Inserting some natural sound into the band's electronic melodies, Andy Sodt warms up his saxophone while his synthesizer waits, keyboard humming.

a conventional instrument as well: Ridgley a trumpet, Sodt a saxophone and Kenoyer the band's bass guitar, which is used on just two of Applied Science's approximately 40 selections. "A bass does a lot, and we like to add it," Kenoyer explained.

The guitar provoked a response from an observer at the band's performance at Buck's in February: As Kenoyer hoisted the guitar around his neck, and the band readied for a song, an incredulous female voice from the tavern's shadows exclaimed "Someone's gonna play the guitar!" Kenoyer and his companions just smiled, and launched into the song.

On the whole, Applied Science's computerized melodies have been warmly received by listeners in Bellingham and the Northwest. "In Bellingham, people are open, they've let us grow. There's a pretty healthy music scene here," Ridgley noted.

The band has faced some criticism, though. "We have had problems with people not relating to Applied Science," Berry said. Kenoyer agreed, citing the band's volume: "People think we're either too loud, or too quiet...sometimes, they're never happy," he grinned, shrugging.

At Buck's, the response of several listeners was positive, however. "They're good — really deliberate...they get into their music. The lead singer (in this case Ridgley) is fun to watch; he puts a lot into the band," ventured one patron. "It's almost better to watch them, like a concert, than to dance," he added. On this particular song, Ridgley, whose age he "won't tell," sang in an exaggerated-deep voice, shaking his fist and grimacing with the lyrics.

An older listener was more skeptical: "They ain't rhythm and blues." Berry said he absorbs all comments about the band's style of music, but wants to "prove that what we're doing is all right — it's different."

Sodt, 23, Kenoyer and Ridgley write Applied Science's songs; Berry hasn't — "yet," he said. Ridgley explained: "One of us will have an idea, and then bring it to the other guys. With the three of us writing, we have a variety; the music isn't stale." Their prodigious production of music is "only fair to the audience," he said. "A song is influenced by each one of us, so it comes out 'Applied Science' in the end."

The four brought to the name Applied Science several combined years of experience with various other Northwest bands. Sodt worked with Rocky Vasilino, Berry played with Bellingham's Barking Guitars and Kenoyer with Stick Fig...
ures, two bands who since have dissolved.

Ridgley and Kenoyer were introduced at a concert in 1982 and "just started talking," discovering their common interest in synthesized music, Ridgley said. They formed a two-man group, calling themselves the "New Electrodes."

Playing primarily at art openings and festivals, the two focused on "ambient sound sculpture," and worked together for three to four months before meeting Sodt, who was playing at M6, a cooperative music organization above the Hideaway on Cornwall Avenue.

At the time, Sodt was sitting in with Radio Free Lynden, a band in which his brother was a keyboardist. He combined talents with Ridgley and Kenoyer in March 1983, and the three began using the name Applied Science.

Before joining the band, Berry, already an audio engineer, had worked sound for Applied Science and also was a drummer. He had a "good grasp of our sound," Ridgley said. Berry made the group a four-some when he began playing with the others last May.

"Now, we're all together, and enjoying it more," Ridgley said. None of the four is the band's leader, but rather, an "equal partner" in a cooperative, Berry explained.

The band sometimes uses a video — for the added effect of dancing movement — with their performances. Berry said Applied Science also has made a demo tape of their music, and will employ it in future endeavors, possibly creating a 45-rpm or extended-play single.

Touring now hinges on their studio work, Berry said. The band records in a studio in Concrete, often working long hours during the week. Sodt and Berry are both full-time students, and all have other jobs along with their commitment to the band.

At Buck's Tavern in February, the creators of Applied Science reveled in the dynamic crowd's attention, and danced along with their electronic tonality. As the precise rhythm reverberated off the walls and the ceiling, the four glowed, flushed with the music's intensity.

As they opened the evening's first set with a pounding instrumental selection, Sodt led with his saxophone, while Ridgley concentrated on his two synthesizers' keyboards and various knobs and switches. With both hands operating his synthesizer, Kenoyer scanned the room's gyrating dancers with a happy grin on his face, while Berry, sporting mirrored glasses and a monitoring headphone set, shimmered to the accents of his drum computer.

Prior to the Buck's performance, Berry had mentioned the band's desire to succeed with their music without selling out. "We won't," he stated. "We want to survive in society doing what we like best. If we can possibly get away with being just musicians for a while...."

"Ready? One, two, three, four." Applied Science commences a number while running a final check on their equipment before a CISPEs benefit dance at the Viking Union Lounge in January.
On a dead-end street in a suburban sub-division crouch the long, narrow warehouses of a mini-storage complex. Deep in building "A," the all-woman rock quintet, The M.O.'s, rehearses in a dark, littered space, surrounded by the sound-dampening egg crates and carpeting they've tacked to the walls. Through the shriek and wail of U2's "Sunday, Bloody Sunday," the steady boom and crash of Heidi M. Hawkins' drumming fills...
The room is large and bright, a rehearsal space in Western's music department. The 12 O'Clock Jazz Band is rehearsing, the brass and woodwinds on the right; the piano, bass, guitar and drum rhythm section on the left. The conductor runs the horns repeatedly through a passage of "Blue Daniel," working on the shaping of phrases.

Finally, he signals the rhythm section to join in and for the players to perform the whole piece. He lifts and then drops his hands, and the band is off. The woodwinds are now buoyed by a storm, the piano, guitar and bass pulsing; the storm is driven in turn by the thundering drums of John Guilfoil.

The warm and smoky bar's patrons focus on the floodlit little stage at one end. Richie Cole's jazz quartet cooks there, with Cole himself, on saxophone, backed by piano, stand-up bass and drums. The appreciative audience follows the sinuous music as the musicians play with, against and around each other, giving a whirlwind lesson in jazz artistry.

Western senior Jay Weaver, on the drums, has never played, or even rehearsed, with the band before. He had received a call on this Sunday evening to replace the regular drummer, who wasn't going to make it to the show. The crowd might never have known, cheering his solo spots and applauding his workmanship right along with the others.

"They told me, 'Just play and have a good time,'" the soft-spoken Weaver recalled. "I'd heard most of the tunes, but I've never had an experience like it: they were very good musicians.

"It's not necessary to have a lot of rehearsal, if it's jazz music you're playing, to fit in. There's kind of a language in jazz. If the players don't sound forced, and are relaxed and having a good time, it shows."

The evening at Buck's tavern included some ballads plus Latin and blues tunes along with the fast jazz. Weaver's tenure as a music major prepared him for all this and more, as did his extensive experience.

The rollicking John Guilfoil, too, has broad training and experience: a sophomore music major, he has worked with two traveling club bands, done shows with Johnny Mathis and Liberace, and played with the Seattle Youth Symphony for five years.

"It beats working for a living!" he laughed, explaining, "I think I'm good enough to make a living at it — I have been making a living at it for a good five years."

Heidi M. Hawkins has been playing the drums for nine years, and although she isn't a music major at Western, "I come from a very musical family: it was always a question of which instrument I would choose, not whether. I decided when I was eight I wanted to play the drums; I started when I was 11 and got my first kit when I was 13." She still uses the same kit, now with an estimated $1,000 invested in upkeep and additions.

At first, she had plenty of trouble just being a girl who played drums. "Carrying my drum on the school bus — I could barely lift it!"

Aside from this, her early development was similar to Weaver's and Guilfoil's: taking up the snare drum with the school band in sixth or seventh grade; playing through junior and senior high school in the marching and stage bands; receiving two or three years of private lessons; making the rounds of basement jams; and perhaps being in a combo or two.

"I had my own band in junior high," she remembered. "a girl bass player and two guy guitarists. We were supposed to play in a talent show, but the guitarists backed out after three rehearsals.

"I was in two other bands in high school, and both of them lasted three rehearsals. No one wanted to commit, but I thought, 'Well, I want to put some time into this; I want to get good at it.'"

—Heidi M. Hawkins,
The M.O.'s
Private lessons were both a help and a hindrance. The instruction book Hawkins used was copyrighted in the 1920s, and she had to learn and practice, endlessly, the basic drum beats.

"It was boring, and I hated it," she declared. Eventually, she began making up her own beats and practicing those. "The instructor taught me the basics, and I picked up the rest from other drummers and records."

"I think I'm still developing my own style. I was playing Keith Moon (the late rock drummer of the Who) for so long. And I had one good drum book that taught me to play fills (extra drum beats thrown in for accent or interest) the way I do fills."

And if at first people are resistant or patronizing, "after they hear me, they take me seriously." Even in the early days, "people were very supportive."

Academically, Hawkins is an uncommitted sophomore, considering an English major, though she doesn't rule out taking music theory this fall.

Inside Western's music department, the percussion program "is fairly well-equipped," Wayne Gorder, band instructor, said. The two basic concentrations are a performance degree and an education degree. All percussionists learn to play mallet, keyboard, metal, drum, and Latin instruments; most have drum kit experience, too.

The typical four to six students majoring in percussion enroll in the same core as other majors, studying musical theory and history, performing in large ensembles, and taking lessons on their applied instrument.

"Most teachers want their students to graduate able to play anything — to get work," Gorder observed. "Percussionists are very flexible people."

Western's only percussion instructor this year is Mike Clark, the percussionist with Seattle's Fifth Avenue Theater. He drives up to campus once a week for a day of lessons, concentrating on the finer points of percussion.

"In professional orchestras, the easy part is getting the note in the right place," Clark asserted. "If you play a note you didn't like, how do you make it better? That's the hard part: how you fix the stuff."

The other night, "I played a couple of notes I didn't like — be damned if I could figure out how to fix it. Sometimes you just can't figure it out. I finally did, but it took me two days."

"Notes on a page is not music; it's what you say with those. You can take liberties with volume, how fast you play something — nuances, let's put it that way. My teacher used to say, 'What are you trying to say with this?'"

And in performing, "there's generally a lot of running around in the percussion section. Sometimes there's a lot of stuff to get to. Last night I read off three extra parts; that means they should have hired two extra guys. Well, they're not gonna do that, so they hire one guy and say 'Figure out how to do it.'"

"It has to be rehearsed to the point where you don't really have to think, you just move. They'll have one guy playing drum set, xylophone, vibes, bells, chimes, two tympani, triangle, tambourine, assorted whistles, whips — the list goes on. You have to find a place to put all the equipment where you can get to it and see the music at the same time."

In applying his training and experience, Clark said "I try to play what I hear going on around me whenever I play a job." For a swing jazz concert, for instance, "I try to fit the mold of what's going on. Try to create the character that possibly Gene Krupa would, or Buddy Rich. You have to get yourself in that frame of mind, to some extent. Same thing with an orchestra."

The ideals of a kid who wants to play drums for the Police, and the world of the working percussionist, bear little resemblance to one another.

"It's too bad the young people are so concerned with
rock and roll, and haven't opened up their minds to try playing some other stuff." Clark lamented. "They're losing out on it, they really are, by sitting around and going boom, boop, boom, boop. That's great, do that too, but try to expand your mind some."

As for the drum set's role in jazz or other music, Weaver and Guilfoil also have some pertinent thoughts.

Guilfoil: "The drummer is trying to shade or color the music, depending on what that music is. I like what Count Basie said: 'You may think you're the boss, but if the drummer isn't there, or the drummer doesn't feel good, nothing will happen.'"

Weaver said, "A rhythm section — drums, bass, piano and guitar — works as a unit. The drummer is concerned only with the form of the music. He's not following the chords, he's just making it feel good. He's at the core; it's pretty important to have a solid, good drummer in the band — a drummer who's a good musician."

Weaver came to Western as a music major with six years of playing with school bands to his credit. After a time, however, "I laid out for a while, tired of being a music major. I switched to liberal studies because it's a little broader."

"I still pay the bills by playing in a commercial band — we do show standards and rock stuff mostly in private clubs."

"It's not too challenging, I guess," he laughed, "but it's really a pleasure and good experience." A thought occurred to him, and he added, "It's a real pleasure to play with people like Richie Cole — a little more of a challenge."

"At one point, I thought to play music for my living. Now I'm more acquainted with things the way they really are, and I saw perhaps I wasn't cut out for that. It's a more realistic perspective, I guess."

Guilfoil's perspective started in St. Louis, where "they wouldn't let you play drums 'til sixth grade." He was sort of assigned the trombone, due to his relatively long reach, in fourth grade. He switched when he could, influenced by Gene Krupa, Ringo Starr and two neighborhood friends with drums.

"I got a paper route in sixth grade — my mom said, 'You buy your own drums!' I saved and bought a set of Ludwigs, used — the ones I use now for stage band. I've had others."

In the Northwest, Guilfoil played for the otherwise all-black funk Pacific Spray Horns, and worked a monster double-bass, eight-tom kit for the 'Tim Leese Band."

When the Leese band liquidated and splintered into the Young Professionals, Guilfoil became disenchanted with the tunes being written and left, breaking for Western.

Hawkins' most successful stint has been her year with The M.O.'s, although once she also was unofficially linked to Bundle of Hiss. Her nine years of experience compares favorably to the two and three years of her compatriots, making the drummer the senior musician in this band.

The other group members leave her to fit a drum part into the music they make. "I know I overplay, but if I see a hole in the music, I'll be the first to jump in there and fill the space."

As Weaver put it, "Lots of people think of the drummer as a time keeper, and that's definitely part of it." But also, the rhythm section sets up figures for the rest, and "when you play with a soloist, you have to give him room, follow him, propel him on, build whatever he's trying to do, keep feeding him ideas."

A talented player will build a distinctive style. Just as people who listen to guitar music can distinguish players by their differing styles, a person with drum awareness can match players' names to passages of their works.

"The drummer is trying to shade or color the music."
— John Guilfoil, student
mance, legal problems, arguments, loss of friends and alibies for drinking. The problems usually surface during the alcohol evaluation, which offenders are court-ordered to complete.

Jack, now in treatment at Human Services, paid $75 for his evaluation, $300 for a lawyer, $500 for court costs and probation, and still must pay $1,150 for a 16-week treatment program and $360 for a four-week aftercare program.

"Drinking, among younger people, used to be a more accepted behavior," said James Wright, director of Bellingham's Community Alcohol Center. "If the driver wasn't trying to be smart with the police, he would get away with a warning. But the laws have become a lot tighter since."

The 1983 Washington State law, which calls for a stiff fine and an evaluation of the offender's drinking behavior also demands that a driver's license be revoked for ninety days.

"If you make the alcoholic responsible for his own behavior, he will see, sooner or later, that there is something wrong in his life," Lawrence said.

Although DWI offenses were down 30 percent in 1983 as a result of the stricter laws and an extensive media campaign, Lawrence said he doesn't think the problem has been solved. "The fact that there are fewer alcoholics that drive while intoxicated doesn't mean there are fewer alcoholics."

A look at the ages and backgrounds of Lawrence's clients proves that alcoholism doesn't discriminate. With the Community Alcohol Center, and Aashiem, two other Bellingham agencies authorized to furnish alcohol evaluations, Lawrence has all sorts of people come into his office at 1200 DuPont Street — lawyers, businessmen, construction workers, factory employees and administrators. Beginning April 2, Human Services will start a youth program for clients between the ages 10 and 17.

Eighty-five to 90 percent of the clients that come to Human Services, the Community Alcohol Center, or Pat Aashiem's office are referred by the court; they have committed offenses while intoxicated. The other clients that visit the center for assessment or treatment come through special programs such as intervention training or an employees' assistance program.

Since one of the characteristics of an alcoholic is denial of the disease, often a friend or a relative is the first to seek help. The Community Alcohol Center teaches these people how to persuade the patient to seek treatment.

"Getting a DWI is only one neon sign on someone's path, saying that alcohol has an impact on their life."

— Charlie Lawrence, alcohol counselor

Wright worked two years to introduce the idea to the county government, and now it has gained the support of the State Bureau of Alcohol and Substance abuse and attracted the interest from other counties in the state. Whatcom county is the first to make the separation and provide an impartial assessment of the offender's drinking behavior.

After the patient has made the decision or has been ordered to seek professional counsel, the next stop is the evaluation. In an interview, which lasts an hour-and-a-half, a certified counselor determines whether the client has a need for further treatment.

"At first they are frightened," Lawrence said, since "they don't know what to expect. Most clients will be angry and have a resentment against the treatment."

Jack said he was scared to express his feelings when he went in for his evaluation, "I was also afraid to find out if I really was an alcoholic."

Most clients find the assessment procedure traumatic. The first step into the counselor's office is, to most, a real confrontation.

"During the conversation I try to create a caring and compassionate atmosphere," Lawrence said. "I try to show empathy and understanding with their distress."

The reservation his clients have during their evaluation session gradually is replaced by compliance as they accept their problem and show a commitment to control their disease.

"Recovery is different for an alcoholic," said Joan Reiter, treatment director at Human Services. "It takes a major structural change in life style and in a life time to maintain consistent sobriety."

"It is a disease for which there is no physical cure," she said. "Although there are helpful tools, such as Antabuse (which, combined with alcohol, makes patients nauseated), it still takes an inner commitment to stop drinking and cure the disease."

Lawrence said the most rewarding side of counseling is a client's growth and increasing use of his or
her human potential without alcohol.

Sometimes it takes extraordinary circumstances to make someone recognize that potential. Before joining Human Services, Lawrence worked for the Northwest Outward Bound School based in Portland, Ore. He took his students, all recovering alcoholics, into the Northwest wilderness. The challenge of the outdoor life was a successful way to treat the effects of their alcohol dependency.

"The adventure taught them how to become problem solvers, and relate their increasing abilities to overcome problems in their own struggle to get away from drinking," Lawrence said.

Once, on a three-day rock climbing trip at Deception Pass, Lawrence's students were practicing repelling going down the face of a mountain with ropes as the only security. A woman in her thirties was frightened by the exercise, and refused to complete the descent along a 100-foot cliff. The other climbers were supportive and after deliberating, the woman decided to go down the ropes.

"It was marvelous to see how she related the experience to the difficulty of remaining sober," Lawrence said. "All of a sudden she realized that she could overcome her biggest problem — staying away from alcohol."

All clients who reach the three alcohol centers through the courts, including those who do not exhibit symptoms of alcoholism, are required to attend Alcohol Information School (AIS). For three weeks, each participate in weekly three-hour sessions.

After AIS, alcoholics may need further alcohol treatment. If a client has entered the "crucial" phase of the disease, and displays symptoms such as aggressiveness, self-pity, unreasonable resentment or neglect of proper nutrition, he or she needs "intensive outpatient treatment" for five weeks, and "aftercare," which lasts up to two years.

During the first hour of the five-day a week class at Human Services, Lawrence or one of the three other counselors lectures on "denial," "communication," "trust," or any of the 25 topics the client may have to confront within the struggle against drinking habits. Classes take place from 5:15 to 8:30 p.m. so that AIS will not interfere with a client's workday.

During the second hour, the instructor leads the students in activities relating to each topic. While discussing "trust," a counselor will have clients experience it by forcing each to rely on the others for safety. For instance, one might be asked to climb on top of a table with the other students gathered around, and then asked to fall from the table while trusting the others to catch him or her.

The third hour of the class involves group discussion in which the counselor acts as a moderator.

"Those games really bring out the issues. The students experience fear, control, support and trust," Lawrence said. "The activity is important for the client to make the connection to recovery from alcoholism."

Jack is in his third week of "intensive outpatient treatment." Although he finds it "tough to afford," the treatment has helped him a lot.

"I was at the point where I was no longer controllable during social events," he said. "In a way I am glad that I was caught. Otherwise I wouldn't have known where to stop. Before I went in for that evaluation I thought that I could never be one of those alcoholics."

Jack said he may never drink again, but feels confident that if he did, he could control his drinking. "Seventy-five percent of my friends are worse off than I am," he said. "I don't really think I have that much of a problem."

Lawrence thinks Jack's comment is a classic denial of his condition. "That is a typical characteristic of a recovering alcoholic. Before they show complete acceptance of their disease," he said.

But even when they decide not to drink again, abstinence leaves a gap in their leisure time. For most, the void is difficult to fill, and for some, means the road back to the bottle.

Dave, (not his real name) who is 59 years old, lost his driver's license, on which he had depended for social contact during the past 40 years.

"If I am gonna have these headaches and bad dreams that I never had before, it ain't gonna work, is it?" he asked. "I don't do a damn thing — just sit and watch the tube. Nothing is happening."

Jack has a different approach. "I thought I used to be active," he said. "But now I do a lot more sports like basketball, softball and swimming."

Chronic patients are accommodated at Bellingham's Olympic Center. They exhibit fears, tremors, obsessive drinking, or prolonged intoxications. For 28 days they reside at the center and receive intensive "inpatient treatment." Since alcoholism is a progressive disease, and leads to more serious deterioration over a period of time, the recovered alcoholic never can be a "social drinker" (two or three drinks per occasion). If alcoholics value the merits of the treatment, they must never drink again.

"A lot of people will try to stop drinking by themselves but they usually fail," Lawrence said. "People have long thought it was a matter of willpower. But the need to drink is a physical dependency. It takes help and counseling to reestablish the areas of their life that were affected by the impact of the disease. People need to be aware that alcohol can change them physically, and they have no control of the effects of the intoxicant on their system."
Chuckanut Drive. The mere mention of this road brings to mind various images—a sunny afternoon's drive across Whatcom County, lured by the promise of the road's famous scenery. Or, a red-orange sunset from one of the enchanting viewpoints overlooking Puget Sound. Also attractive are the glamorous houses perched precariously along the cliffs, or nestled among the trees.

Whatever their memory, most residents of this county have traveled along this scenic drive. But Chuckanut Drive is more than meets the eye. Around its curves and past its beaches, this road contains a history still important to the Bellingham area.

Robert B. Thomas, in his book, *Chuckanut Chronicles*, described the history of the winding road. The drive originated around 1860 in the form of various bicycle trails and footpaths traveling south from Fairhaven along the Chuckanut mountainside, Thomas wrote.

He noted that the origin of the Indian name Chuckanut is unclear; it comes from either the Lummi, Samish or Nooksack tribes. A possible translation of the name is "a small bay lying adjacent to a large bay, with a steep hill or a mountain rising from its shores."

Early in the life of the road, drivers had to cope with more than the naturally sharp curves and steep hills. Common then, and still occasional today, were mudslides from the hillsides above the road. Travelers often had to delay their journey until the tide receded and freed the road in places where it dipped close to the shore, Thomas wrote.

The number of settlers arriving in the area demanded that Skagit County Commissioners build a better road for increased mobility to and from neighboring towns and
into Bellingham. In 1907, inmates from the county jail were temporarily housed in Oyster Creek Bay, and began laying down what became Chuckanut Drive — part of Highway 99, stretching from Canada to Mexico.

The construction of the Drive was overseen by B.W. Huntoon, a cannery man from the Pacific Fisheries in Fairhaven, local historian Galen Biery said. Biery, who knew Huntoon personally, said that although several men helped build Chuckanut Drive, it was Huntoon who designed and laid down the highway. "(In all fairness), Chuckanut Drive should have been Huntoon Drive," Biery said.

Huntoon also designed other frequently traveled county roads, such as the Mt. Baker Highway, which ends at the ski lodge, and the original road curving up Sehome Hill.

"I remember how mad he was when he noticed (years after construction) that the trees had grown up over the view at Inspiration Point," Biery explained. "He liked trees, but he thought they should be in their place."

In the early part of this century, the Drive was home for several money-making schemes. In 1925, two brothers opened a brick plant in what now is Teddy Bear Cove. The brothers, who knew nothing about the brick-making business, attempted vainly for months to create useable bricks. Eventually they gave up and closed their business, leaving behind brick remnants that Chuckanut residents later salvaged and used in their homes for chimneys and fireplaces.

A more successful Chuckanut venture was prohibition era moonshining, when stills could be discovered at nearly every stream and spring. One extensive smuggling ring used high-powered boats to smuggle the liquor to the buyers.

The Chuckanut Drive of today serves a more placid function. As one of the major scenic roads on the West Coast, it is frequented mostly by tourists, said Stan Goslyn of the Whatcom County Transportation Office.

Among the Drive's attractions are Teddy Bear Cove, Larabee State Park and several turn-out viewpoints. These vistas, barely more than wide spaces along the narrow, twisting road, offer Chuckanut travelers splendid panoramas of Puget Sound, various islands and stunning sunsets.

What originally was a small gravel road offering travelers a 40-minute trip by horse and carriage now is a winding asphalt highway bearing vehicles from Bellingham to the valley south of Chuckanut Mountain in less than 15 minutes.

During the years the road has needed more than the average amount of maintenance and repair work as it is plagued with mud slides and asphalt that cracks and slips away. As a state highway, Chuckanut needed almost constant repair to keep it in good driving condition.

Today, classified as a scenic road, the road is maintained by construction crews who don't feel the same urgency. Goslyn explained that although the Drive has mud slides yearly, road work to clear it hasn't been a preferred expense in the county's budget.

"We spend more to clean up litter, keep the rest areas serviced and remove graffiti (along Chuckanut) than on most roads," he said.

Permanent destruction of the road through the wrath of nature is unlikely, Goslyn noted. "The road has been there for 100 years, and it hasn't slid into the bay yet. I don't see why it should now."

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Early travelers often had to delay their journey until the tide receded and freed the road in places where it dipped close to the shore.

Weaving along the steep hillsides of the Chuckanut Mountains, Chuckanut Drive originally was part of Highway 99, a small gravel road built in 1907.
Klipsun is a Lummi Indian word meaning "beautiful sunset."

Remember when...?
"I went to Teddy Bear Cove once. I was so embarrassed, me and my friend left after about a half an hour."
"I used to go to Teddy Bear Cove — I saw one of my profs there, and he asked me out."
"When I was in high school, I used to go up to those little turnoffs with guys and make out — you're not going to use my name, are you?"