"Klipsun" is a Lummi Indian word meaning "beautiful sunset."

Sound waves, magnetic tape, and the creative process. Page 15.

Next issue coming your way late May.

Cover photo: "Untitled" by James Ryder. For more adventures in the stroboscopic dimension, see page 19.

Back cover photo by John Klicker.
CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR. Ruth Weiner takes on the Department of Energy with one hand, and battles nuclear hysteria with the other. By Diane Dietz

ANIMAL RIGHTS & WRONGS

Has man's use of animals for food and clothing, and drug and chemical testing, become abusive? A local animal-rights group thinks so. By Lynn Hersman

CRISIS LINE

A late-night wait for a phone call has never been so mysterious. Crisis Line volunteers answer the unexpected.
By Laura Boynton

MAKING TRACKS. Technicians and musicians meet and make beautiful music together in the Fairhaven recording studio. By Jeff Braimes

ACTS OF LIGHT. Photographs can explore a dimension denied to simple human sight.
By James Ryder

KIDS' CLUB

Nothing chuck pus about the Whatcom County Boys' and Girls' Club; strictly moss pus with plenty of studs. No ickts.
By Sandy Neil

FOOD PATHOLOGY. America's on-going love affair with "thin" drives some young women to abuse their bodies as they pursue a mental and physical ideal.
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MODERN MINSTRELS. Brad Darley and Jennifer McIntire help people say it with entertainment telegrams.
By Leanna Bradshaw
CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR

Fear.
Lies.
Ignorance.
Ruth Weiner battles them all

By DIANE DIETZ
RUTH WEINER seems irresistibly drawn to nuclear politics. The Huxley professor has again entered the fray, opposing the Department of Energy's (DOE) selection of the Hanford nuclear reservation as a possible, or even probable, burial site for high-level radioactive waste.

Lecturing, giving expert testimony, remaining relentlessly available to the press, and even debating former governor Dixy Lee Ray, Weiner energetically protests the proposed site at Hanford, and is sharply critical of the DOE's methods in its selection.

Her political involvement has earned her the tag 'outspoken environmentalist,' but her doctorate in physical chemistry from Johns Hopkins University would seem to qualify her to dispute the safety of a Hanford repository intended to isolate nuclear wastes for thousands of years.

Sitting one Saturday in the 8 a.m. sun streaking across her dining room table, she explained, "The industry has Ph.D.s, so why shouldn't the Sierra Club?"

As outspoken as she is against DOE actions, she equally abhors the "nuclear hysteria" that was the aftermath of the accident at Three Mile Island.

She prefaced her attack on the DOE's environmental assessment at an Olympia hearing in March by saying: "All of the hindsight about nuclear power development and desires for an end to the nuclear arms race are not going to result in the disappearance of this radioactive waste material; we cannot wish it away."

The proposed repository will contain commercially spent nuclear fuel and other radioactive wastes in a complex of tunnels occupying roughly 2,000 acres.

"If you perceive injustice, you don't sit around and be quiet about it. It's incumbent on people to take part in their government."
geology, such salt and granite, were selected after extensive national surveying.

When the DOE approached Hanford, it was more like “Let’s start digging around and slap together something that looks like a nuclear repository,” Weiner said.

In her 10-minute testimony before the DOE, Weiner took only one full breath. Emphasizing her points by shoving the air with the back of her hand, near microphone level, she accused the DOE of being biased, secretive in its proceedings, and of omitting crucial information in the sites initial environmental assessment.

She seems unsurprised by the rather clandestine selection. She said it’s the same old story of the nuclear establishment.

Her first experience was in 1959 when she was a “little graduate student” at Johns Hopkins. She went to a lecture by Edward Teller, the “father of the atomic bomb.” It was during the period when people were afraid of the dangers of strontium 90 in milk. Teller told the students it was “silly” to worry about the contamination unless bone chips somehow got in the milk.

“I said to myself, ‘now look, Edward Teller knows better than that, even I know better than that.’”

Later, when she was an assistant chemistry teacher at Johns Hopkins, she said she can remember thinking, “There must be a reason for the untruths in the industry.”

In the early days of nuclear power, it was assumed that anyone asking questions was “anti-nuke,” or worse, “unamerican,” even such questions as. “What are you going to do with the wastes?”

“You use to take your life in your hands anytime you criticized anything the government was doing with nukes,” she said.

Weiner still expresses a wry humor in the ironies, the stupidity she sees on all sides of nuclear politics. Relaxing in faded jeans and blue nikes, the 49-year-old mother of four said if the early concerns had been taken seriously “we would have smaller, fewer better-sited nuclear plants, instead of these huge capital debts everybody’s saddled with.”

Early government oversight of the developing nuclear industry was minimal. The Atomic Energy Commission, set up by congress in 1954, was organized as both judge and advocate. Weiner said it was mostly the later. It wasn’t until 1974 that Congress established an independent regulatory commission.

Because of the lack of scrutiny, industry representatives traveled around telling the public nuclear wastes could be boiled down to the size of a shirt button. Weiner said “that is a blatant deception... (the industry) spent years and years throwing that kind of junk to the public.” People had nowhere to turn for better information, she said.

“People need a certain kind of knowledge, and there’s nowhere to get it...if you want detailed, honest explanations out of the industry, where are you going to go?”

This was Weiner’s niche in nuclear politics. She would help citizen’s groups “frame questions in a way that catches attention of licensing agencies,” of proposed power plants. Even then, it wasn’t guaranteed public concerns would be heard. In 1968, she and the group she was speaking for were asked to leave a hearing of the Atomic Safety and Licensing Board, which was considering the Fort St. Vain, Colo., plant.

That same year, some people came to her because a nuclear bomb would be detonated underground near their homes to liberate natural gas. They didn’t know the effects; they just knew “a bomb would be set off underground—that’s enough to scare anybody.”

Information was still hard to come by from the “Atomic Energy Commission, or any of its descendents...we had to blast our way into the NRC.” Worse, industry spokesmen were “still singing the same old song—no one ever died over nuclear energy.” And that’s the unfortunate political history of the nuclear establishment in the U.S."

Weiner’s role as public advocate was not without cost. She said her critique of the nuclear energy industry has earned her no brownie points in academic spheres.

In fact, her job has been threatened a few times. First, when she was working on the Colorado Clean Air Act in 1970, she was followed by detectives. When she’d ride her bicycle home from the campus she’d notice a car following close behind her. In the spirit of any great detective novel, she developed two techniques for losing it. Either she would slow way down so the traffic would force the car ahead, or she’d pedal up a one-way street the wrong way for a few blocks.

Then, she said, her school allowed her work phone to be tapped. “I hope they got some charge out of hearing me talk to my babysitter,” she said with a laugh.

Later, in 1974, Weiner was hired as dean of Huxley. Within two years she helped Skagitians Concerned about Nuclear Power stop the placement of a power plant yards from the Skagit River, Weiner said the president of Puget Power and Light, the company attempting to build the plants, put pressure on University President Paul Olson to remove her from her deanship, but because she was tenured she could not be fired. “I’m the classic academic freedoms
"If everyone was educated in science there would be no need for someone like me. My job is in the classroom—...that I’m so in demand is an adverse comment on the state of public knowledge."

case," she said.

Later, she said, the president of Puget Power wrote her a letter. It said “I met you and you’re really not as bad as I thought you were.”

Even now, she said, she is blacklisted for certain Nuclear Regulatory Commission consulting jobs.

Weiner’s role, however, has had some rewards. “I can’t deny that it’s fun being on T.V....It’s interesting to try and change people’s perspectives.”

Also, she said she feels a deeper obligation. Her family fled Austria in WWII. Her immediate family was safe, but like most refugees of that period, she has no extended family left.

As an Austrian and a refugee, she approacher her tasks with a cultural background that says “If you perceive injustice, you don’t sit around and be quiet about it. It’s incumbent on people to take part in their government.

“It sounds bombastic to say you speak the truth in public, but when you see falsehoods perpetrated, you’ve got to stop it—you see a basic need to do it.”

Besides, added her 23-year-old daughter, reading the comics nearby, “It guarantees you lots of mail and phone calls.”

When Three Mile Island nearly melted, Weiner was down inside the Grand Canyon. When she came back, a friend said, “Ruth, you should have been here, you could have been on T.V. 24 hours a day.”

A friend who was a candidate for political office said enviously, “you get more press than anybody running.”

Weiner, however, said public education on nuclear policy should begin sooner. “Education is not T.V., workshops, or even the public forum. It’s done in the classroom.”

Even someone with just a basic undergraduate science education would see the flaw in the Hanford site, she said. “They don’t need me to explain it to them; the problem is we don’t have good basic education.

“If everyone was educated in science there would be no need for someone like me. My job is in the classroom...that I’m so in demand is an adverse comment on the state of public knowledge.”
ANIMAL RIGHTS & Wrongs

Where to draw the line?

By LYNN HERSMAN
PEOPLE HAVE USED ANIMALS for food and clothing seemingly forever. But is it ethical to use animals in experiments said to result in greater health and wealth for man? Research into the dosage limits and possible extreme side-effects of drugs and cosmetics is deemed needless and cruel by many. They say results are inconclusive or could be reached through alternate means. Both sides ask, "Is the pain worth the gain?"

Each year in the United States 100 million animals are used for research, according to figures compiled by the Progressive Animal Welfare Society of Lynnwood (PAWS), an animal rights group. These figures break down to include: 200,000 rats, 500,000 dogs, 1,724,000 birds and mice, 45 million rats and mice, and 200,000 cats, with over 500,000 dogs being use for food and clothing seemingly forever. But is it ethical to use animals in experiments said to result in greater health and wealth for man? Research into the dosage limits and possible extreme side-effects of drugs and cosmetics is deemed needless and cruel by many. They say results are inconclusive or could be reached through alternate means. Both sides ask, "Is the pain worth the gain?"

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Game, and pesticide and pharmaceutical companies.

Kendall is now working with Thompson and Crystal Driver, Huxley staff member, to find a granular form of pesticide using colors and shapes that would be unappealing to birds that might otherwise think it is food.

Kendall said thousands of research dollars are given to the department to assist with the equipment, salaries and operation of the lab. This also allows students to participate in research, he said.

“We associate the costs with our instructional program, we don't associate the costs with research costs. It's part of the class program,” Thompson said, referring to the cost of the psychology department's experiments. The primate lab in Miller Hall was also set up with research funds that continue to pay for a caretaker and food for the animals.

“The cost of the facilities per faculty investigator is the same as the costs to labs in speech or biology,” Kelly said, punctuating his sentences with "hmm? He estimates those costs at between $30,000 and $40,000 dollars a year.

Because the researchers receive federal money, they must adhere to federal guidelines. The Animal Welfare Act of 1966 insures animals intended for research are provided humane care and treatment, adequate housing, and cleanliness. The Department of Agriculture enforces these requirements.

Also, scant animal protection legislation now is on the books. A bill dealing specifically with animal research was introduced in the Senate by Bob Dole of Kansas last year. Another bill was also introduced in the House of Representatives by George Brown of California.

Neither of these bills made it out of the committee before the end of the session, but they could be reintroduced in the current session, according to Sarah Lee, press secretary for Al Swift of Washington. Al Swift has been very supportive of animal rights legislation, Verdier said.

When bills are presented in Congress ARC members begin letter writing campaigns. A successful outcry was marshaled by groups nationwide to protest the defense department's wound studies. The department decided to study the effects of gunshot wounds by shooting animals; public outcry put an end to the project.

April 24 marks World Laboratory Animal Day and the group will rally at the Federal Building in downtown Bellingham.

“We pass out leaflets and take a petition around,” Verdier said. Encouraging a severe cutback on the number of lab animals used is the purpose. National rallies are held at selected research centers worldwide. In 1983 the group attended a national rally at the University of California at Davis. Personalities such as Bob Barker and Loretta Swit spoke at the eight-hour gathering.

“They put a fence around the research area (with) guards, because they were afraid we were going to steal the animals, Verdier recalled.

At Davis and other labs, selected diseases are also studied using animals. In quest of cancer cures, animals are implanted with human tumors to prolong the life of the tumor, so it can be studied and its susceptibility to attack determined. Animal research also is done in identifying cancer causes.

“There are two methods for determining the cause: animal models and human models,” Thompson said, his speech soft but his eyes intense. “Human models are retrospective, they are looked at after they have already developed cancer. The animal models are prospective, they are used to test chemicals to see if they cause cancer.”

Human cancer patients are subject to too many variables to make reliable research subjects.

“Everything done has a benefit and a risk or side effect,” Dr. Thompson said. Treatment research experiments are carried out in two phases. In the first phases the new treatment drug is given to mice to find out if it works at all and if it is safe.

In the second phase terminally ill people with no hope of recovery are studied with the drug. These people have “no risk but a great benefit if the drug is successful,” Thompson observed.

Dosages are standardized with the aid of animal unit tests in which animals are given the amount of medicine necessary to produce convulsions in four hours. Based on these quantity findings, the correct human dosage is calculated.

Dr. Thompson said these tests must be valid or they wouldn't be worth doing because they are very expensive.
Whether or not such animal research is ethical is an individual judgment and judgments differ from person to person.

"It's not that we don't care about people," Verdier said. "But, animals can't speak for themselves; they can't say, 'I'm hurting.'"

"I don't think animal experiments are very nice," Dr. Thompson said, "but I have a basic trust in medical science." He called it a philosophical question of whether or not animals have souls. "In the past it was okay to experiment on animals because they weren't believed to have souls," he said.

Kelly finds people usually draw the line on research at their favorite animals.

"The starting place," Lucy said, "is to determine what is necessary. Some people would abolish all animal experiments and some would say all are necessary. The answer must be in the middle of those views.

Alternatives to animal research can be found, claims David Smyth, author of Alternatives To Animal Experiments. These alternatives include computers, models, tissue cultures, lower level organism, or man himself. Researchers, however, feel these alternatives are not yet efficient. Alternatives do feature the advantage of being less expensive than maintaining a group of animals. But Thompson's studies of fear in animals could not be carried out on human subjects. "If I were to grab you and drag you into a room, strap you in a chair and hold a gun to your head I would get a reaction of real fear. I would also lose my job, and probably be arrested," he explained.

And the problem with studying cell tissue separate from the animal is that the sample won't react as the animal would. In the quail study, the birds' behavior can provide the clue to harmful compounds.

"If the toxin manifests itself in animals not recognizing the food they should eat. That would never be the case if we just studied a cell," Kendall said.

Thompson said alternatives depend on the question being researched. When studying genetics, just genetic material can be studied. But for a computer model, the answers being sought must be known beforehand or the computer cannot be adequately programmed; but if the experiment's results could be known at the beginning, conducting a study would serve little point—as Thompson observed.

For Kelly, the definition of research decides: "Humans are tested all the time. We don't justify the content of every exam given to students." Research didn't stop as soon as aspirin was discovered; as a result, even more powerful pain relievers are available now. He doesn't see science giving up experiments.

"You're not going to put science in a box and nail the lid on. I wouldn't want to live without the benefits animal research has given us," he concluded.

Animals are also very much a part of daily life if their use for food and clothing is considered. In the case of food and fashion, the ARC has made strides through boycotts.

"When we picket the Northwest fur shop, he (the owner) gets very upset," Verdier said. "One time he came out yelling and screaming wanting to know if any of us were wearing leather shoes; fortunately none of us were.

"We're going to be judged by everything else we do, like if we wear leather shoes. People have to find fault with us like somehow that will make everything else we do meaningless," Verdier said.

The group also boycotted Burger King for its veal sandwiches. The objection to veal stems from the way it is raised. The calves are taken from their mothers early and put into stalls in which they are isolated and immobilized. The calves are restrained so they won't develop muscles and toughen their meat. After nationwide boycotting by a number of animal rights groups, Burger King announced it would drop the veal sandwich.

"The majority of our members are not vegetarians, but that's not important. People develop differently; some won't wear animal products, and some won't eat animal products. That issue has caused a lot of infighting in some animal groups. We don't care; if someone is willing to stand out in the rain to picket and hand out leaflets, we're glad to have them there," Verdier said.

The latest project the group is involved in is a nationwide picket of McDonalds, urging the fastfood giant to include a non-meat item on its menu. Verdier sums up her aspirations for animal rights in this way:

"You hope for victory and if you can't, you settle for what you can do."
By LAURA BOYNTON

A.M. THE RINGING OF A PHONE cuts through the heavy, early morning quiet. Before the second ring, the volunteer is there, phone to ear.

"Crisis Line. Can I help you?"

"Yeah..." a blurred voice answers. "Uh, I got a problem..."

"Yes, well, why don't you tell me what it is," the volunteer calmly interjects. At 2 a.m. it could be anything: suicide; marital dispute; rape; or someone depressed, needing to talk.

"Uh... could you give me a phone number for an all-night taxi service... gotta get home."

Ah, an easy one. The volunteer recites the numbers, hangs up the phone, and crawls back into bed to try again for some sleep. The next call could be more serious, or perhaps the rest of the night will pass in silence. Either way, the volunteer is prepared.

Sure, the first couple of night shifts were nerve-wracking—lying on the bed, guzzling coffee, afraid of falling asleep and missing the ring of the phone. But now she is able to sleep; sleep knowing she will awaken if the phone rings, wake up knowing she can probably help with any problems presented to her.

Working as a crisis-line volunteer may not appeal to everyone. The training is intensive; the job demanding, sometimes stressful. But Crisis Line, a 24-hour help line and a branch of Whatcom County Crisis Services, claims approximately 40 of the over 100 volunteers working for the service. These volunteers turn out for various reasons: Some are students receiving academic credit for the time they put in; some are prospective counselors gaining experience; some are displaced homemakers filling their time; all are there to help whoever needs it.

John Robinson, Crisis Line director, explains what he considers necessary in prospective volunteers: "We look at a person's values and attitudes. People have to be able to realize that there is more than one way to deal with a problem. You have to be careful about pushing your values on someone else."

"Most people who come to us have fairly good communication skills. They have helped friends and have been told they are good listeners. They are people with a lot of given experience and given talent."

The volunteers at Crisis Line range from students looking for practical work experience to adults volunteering on top of a career. Robinson estimates the average age of the volunteer to be around 30. Students make up approximately a third of the volunteer staff. The inherent problem with student...
The mascot does the same.

volunteers, Robinson explains, is the trans-

sience of their lifestyles. They are not famil-

iar with Whatcom County resources and

sometimes have difficulty meeting the

demands Crisis Line imposes on their time.

Crisis Line trains its volunteers over a four-

week period, requesting a six-month com-
mmitment for two three- or four-hour day
shifts or one nine-hour night shift a week.

In one of the three-hour training sessions
a volunteer might learn about suicide, alco-
hol and other drugs, mental disorders, aging
and grieving, domestic violence—or the
focus could be on telephone etiquette.

Training sessions also include role-
playing, where volunteers take the part of
callers with hypothetical tragedies for other
volunteers to deal with.

One of the most important aspects of cri-

sis line counseling is learning to listen and
respond in a way that lets clients know their
problems are understood and sympathized
with.

Time, empathy and a desire to help others
are minimum qualifications for persons ap-
plying for positions as crisis line volunteers.

Huddled over a cup of coffee, amid the
noon rush of lunch-goers in the Viking
Union Coffee Shop, Meryl Birn animatedly
explained her job as a Crisis Line volunteer.
Birn has been a volunteer for the past six
months, and though the job is sometimes
dull, sometimes stressful, "most of the time,"
Birn said, "I'm really glad to be there."

According to Birn, people give two com-
mon reasons why they wanted to be Crisis
Line volunteers:

■ Some people have weathered a crisis
of their own, with help from either Crisis Line
or a similar service, and this is their
reparation.

■ Others had a crisis when no one was
around to help. These people want to make
sure this doesn't happen to anyone else.

Birn, and a few like her, pitch in for the
sheer satisfaction of knowing they are help-
ing someone in need.

"It's something I can do well—listening to
people. And everybody likes to do things
they do well.

"Sometimes I come into work and the guy
on the shift before me just had a bad call, he
says, 'I'm gonna quit.' You feel that way
sometimes. But then, maybe one out of every
three weeks, you get a good call; a feeling
that you helped someone. That's probably
the ultimate satisfaction; that one call where
you know you made a difference.

"We get all kinds of calls. People call for
the weirdest things: 'When's Safeway open?'
'Which bus goes here or there?' People call
because they need money or food or low-
cost counseling. We're a major source of
referrals.

"There is no typical situation; mostly it's
people who have pretty good coping skills,
but it's just been one of those weeks. Their
father left, their daughter had V.D., the son
became a transvestite, mom got cancer, and the dog ran away and they're depressed.

"The ultimate fear," Birn confides, "is picking up the phone and not being able to deal with it. What will I say? I think about that a lot. People who are going to kill themselves develop tunnel vision. They can't see any way out of whatever situation they are in, so I would point out options for them; try and find out if there is someone close they can talk to.

"There are times when it's amazing how little we have to do—just ask questions and listen. 'Uh-huh. What do you think about that?' and the person on the end of the phone babbles on while we listen. I now have to bring my friends' problems and all of Whatcom County's problems into my listening skills," she laughed, gesturing broadly. "My friends tell me their problems and I find myself sitting there saying in my telephone voice, 'uh huh. Can you tell me about that?' Now, I listen to all my friends' (problems) and all of Whatcom County.

Last year alone, Crisis Line received 20,000 calls. 1500 calls, Robinson said, is standard for one month.

"There is no consistent rhyme or reason as to what month is busiest. Sometimes the workers have crises too. The stress of the job, Robinson emphasizes, learn about themselves and their own values. They can have the satisfaction of knowing they have helped fellow persons.

Meryl Birn relates her experiences as a Crisis Line volunteer enthusiastically and plans to remain one until her graduation this June, but shakes her thick dark hair broodingly. "I'm freaking out, we can help them; but we cannot solve the world's problems. And it's very frustrating."
Musicians and technicians compose in harmony

By JEFF BRAIMES

IT IS NEARLY MIDNIGHT, AND the light in the Fairhaven recording studio is an opatic blue "mood" light resting on the floor. The indistinct, distorted shadows of Joe Carolus' head and shoulders twitch and roll against the pale blue wall as his fingers wander melodically along the piano's ivory.

On the opposite side of the sound-proof wall and double-glass window dividing the studio in half, engineer Bill Cooper is oblivious to the scene, but keenly aware of the sound. With eyes closed he locates a red knob and turns it slightly up. More intent listening brings about the turning down of a slide level monitor a quarter-inch. No...too much...and the slide is turned back up an eighth-inch.

The six other people in Cooper's mixing room remain respectfully silent, even motionless. Only the musician's music-box ballad is audible over the almost subliminal hum of the sophisticated recording equipment.

But the studio, located on the ground floor of Fairhaven College, is not always this portrait of total peace. It is the scene of many a late-night jam (it's open 24 hours a day) and even this seemingly harmless session is likely to grow teeth sometime before dawn, admits Carolus, "if only to clear the heads and stay awake."

The most likely time to find the studio really bustling, though, is during class hours. For the same reason a loud late-night party makes its way into "the neighbor's" bedroom in the form of a low, throbbing bass, the sounds of the studio during a class meeting greet a visitor to the college somewhere between the spleen and the kidneys. It is a sound that never really seems to start, but suddenly is there, vibrating at a pitch so low it is not really heard, but felt.

Only as you follow the thump down the hallway do other post-ground sounds come up behind the bass. A snare drum, a guitar, even voices waft down the corridor at eye level, meshing with the bowel-bashing bass.

Inside the studio, apparent confusion reigns. The audio and visual stimuli are tremendous—no blue lights in sight and all eyes are wide open. Bodies mill, discuss, then traverse to another section of the studio to check cord connections or position microphone stands while others huddle around a central guitar to discuss a chord progression.

Howls from the reel-to-reel fast-forwarding and rewinding strike fear into the hearts of those unfamiliar with studio surroundings, sounding like a giant dentist's drill warming up to and winding down from warp speed. Leaning against the left-hand insulated wall, Rich Haugen plucks out Aerosmith's "Train Kept a' Rollin'" on a Gibson RD bass.
JOHN KLICKER

Every session needs music to "feed" the beginning musician. In the studio, music is always in the air. The studio is where the magic happens. It's a place where musicians can come together and create something special. It's a place where they can experiment and try new things. It's a place where they can learn from each other and grow. It's a place where they can realize their dreams.

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It's important to have the right equipment and the right people to make the most of the studio. The studio is where the magic happens, and it's where musicians can create something special. It's a place where they can learn from each other and grow. It's a place where they can realize their dreams.
lot involved, and sessions can go all day or all night.”

Advanced engineers accumulate their time by scheduling sessions specifically for themselves, during which they are masters of the studio. The same number of hours are needed to pass, but as advanced engineer Todd Tatallas put it, “if you don’t get your forty in, you’re not going to pass the test, anyway.”

In addition to the two engineering courses, one course is offered for musicians interested in learning the ropes of recording in a studio. This course also covers some basic technical instruction, but concentrates mostly on the efficient output of product, rather than the capture and re-design of it.

“Modern musicians have to have a good grasp of how to record,” said Nick Peringer, advanced engineer and guitar player. “Most of the time you’ll go into the studio and get set up with these people who only think money, money, money, and they just want to get you in and get you out. But, if you know what’s happening and you know how to get a good tape, then you’re in good shape.”

Although the musicians class includes no formal musical training, many participants do cite the class as a source of musical development, simply because of the constant interaction with other musicians in an environment that encourages creativity and features immediate critique.

“It’s great,” said Carolus, “because I can find other musicians who have the same philosophies as me, and I can put some of my stuff down on tape, while learning all the time.”

The studio itself is a 16-track set-up in its seventh year of operation. A new mixing board was recently acquired and installed by Senechal in December, replacing the older, more primitive model that Carolus referred to simply as “a joke.”

A “track” in recording refers to the number of different parts that can be included on a single recording tape. All the parts are recorded separately, then combined and reduced to two—the left and right sides of a stereo signal.

This combining and reducing aspect of recording is known as mixing. Senechal considers the mix 50 percent of the entire process, and the difference between a good and bad-sounding recording.

“Mixing is an art within itself,” the dark-haired engineer declared, a now you’re talkin’ gleam in his eye. “A good mix makes all the difference in the world to a finished product. A good mix is the difference between a recording with depth and dimension and one that is flat and just kinda sits there. A good mix provides environment.”

One of the highest hurdles traditionally facing the Fairhaven studio is money. According to Senechal, the studio receives no financial assistance from the state or the Associated Students. The only sources of income are the lab fees paid by students—$30 a quarter for either engineering class and $50 a quarter for musicians—plus the occasional income generated by outside recording fees.

The studio can be rented by non-students for $15 an hour, which Senechal refers to as “easily the lowest rate anywhere around, including Seattle.” Time in a professional studio can run upwards of $120 an hour, he said.

Though Senechal could recall no musicians who have used Fairhaven as a springboard to fame, Bellingham’s electro-dance band Applied Science was mentioned around the studio as a possible claimant to the title. Many other local groups, keen for cheap studio time, have flung their sounds at the padded walls.

Many of these people will bring their own engineers, but otherwise any graduates of the beginning engineer class also enrolled in the advanced class could produce bands, and are lined up through Senechal. Though it may lack affluence, the studio does its best to create a comfortable atmosphere. Shunning a cold, impersonal slickness, the studio decor is an exercise in late-twentieth century “it’ll do.” The mixing room monitor speakers tower on either side of the board atop dented metal trash cans propped on metal stools. The couch in this room is in significantly better condition than the one in the recording room, which is missing a cushion and much of its backrest stuffing. The studio’s solitary attempt at non-functional decoration is a wicker basket containing a few pathetic dried flowers that makes its way around the studio interior, constantly being relocated to a place where it is not in the way.

The Fairhaven studio program involves more than 45 students between the three classes. This is near capacity for the essentially one-man show, yet still small enough for Senechal to keep a close evaluative eye out while remaining a ready student consultant.

These students sport nearly as many motivations spurring their involvement with the program. One of the rarest, surprisingly, is the desire to be a full-time head engineer at a professional recording studio.

Senechal admits that his is a rare major and a rare field, and explained that few students come into recording. Most are shocked by the complicated equipment, even the most primitive of which can look like the interior of the space shuttle to the untrained eye.

Indeed, the studio board, to a rookie, must be a nightmare with its seemingly endless rows of red, white, blue and yellow knobs, buttons, and slide pots; an echo machine; two 22-band graphic equalizers; an octopus orgy of cords criss-crossing in every conceivable direction over the patch bay and random clusters of flashing lights and bouncing needles.

To further bewilder the uninitiated, to the right of the main board lurk three reel-to-reel tape machines, a top a three-foot-by-five-foot cabinet whose doors swing open to vomit forth yet more equipment.

“A final sweetener to this Faustian bargain, all this gear, often running 24 hours on end, emits so much heat that it’s a wonder the dried flowers haven’t been removed for fire safety’s sake.”

“I think after finishing here,” Conlin said, “that I could do volunteer work at a studio and eventually work into an assistant’s job. But to be a head engineer, I think, would take me 30 or 40 years.”

Fortunately for Conlin, being a head engineer is not what she wants to do. She is taking the class to support her major field—broadcasting.

“I feel there’s a lot of overlap in the two fields,” she continued. “You learn a lot of technical things here, and it’s a very similar atmosphere.”

“A lot of people take the classes to support other interests,” added Cooper. “For instance, if someone wants to design technical equipment, they are going to have an edge if they know what is easily accessible to the engineer.”

Perhaps the most popular motive for enrolling in the program, however, is to support a career in music. Nearly all students in the program are players, not just the members of the musicians class.

“All of you here for the projects,” said Conlin, “they really get a feel for what’s going on in the field, and they’ll be able to save time and money because of it.”

“This is the best class I’ve got,” said Carolus, who wants to perform on stage, make records and eventually take the Grammys by storm. “It’s giving me direct, hands-on experience toward my goal. This is what’s going to help me get where I want to go.”

“All of you,” Cooper continued, “take it out of shear interest.”

“All of people take it out of frustration,” Carolus jokes back, and everyone laughs.

The atmosphere somewhat lightened, Carolus begins pounding out a lively boogie-woogie piano riff. The guitarist picks up the beat. Heads are clearing, eyes are opening; someone darts out for pizza. Another late night at Fairhaven has begun.
ACTS OF LIGHT

"Photography tends to capture that which is ordinary, particularly when the photographer relies on natural light. Ordinary boundaries can often be crossed when using unordinary light. My approach is to exploit light to unveil unique visual anomalies to the viewer. The electronic strobe can reveal distorted forms existing only in a stroboscopic dimension."
—James Ryder
Along with the frenetic comradeship of pool, foos-ball, basketball, computer games and more, the Boys' and Girls' Club can be a place to reflect.
SATURDAY MORNING, 9 o'clock. Most businesses and organizations have called it quits for the week. One organization, however, is in full swing, complete with whizzing ping-pong balls, rock music in stereo, and the Fabulous Four. The Fabulous Four?

The Fabulous Four is a nickname given to the four full-time staff members of the Whatcom County Boys' and Girls' Club. They do not work in a typical surrounding. On a given Saturday, they may be too busy playing foosball or air hockey to even eat lunch. They aren't complaining though, because they get to do something every day many adults never get to do: act like kids. With club membership around 1,500, they have plenty of acting to do.

"Sometimes I forget that these guys are old. They play games with us all the time and never seem to get mad or tired of us," said Robby Heristad, a proud 10-year-old member at the club.

Fritz Willits, club program director, said the success of the club is "based on the amount of love each staff member has for the children," and this club has "a great deal of love and caring for each individual child."

Willits was born and raised on the East Coast and was a member of the Boys' Club in New York City. "Leaders of the clubs back east are more strict with the kids than they are here, and they have pretty good reason to be. The kids are more streetwise out there than they are here."

Willits said the biggest difference between the clubs here and those in New York is the attitudes of the youths. "I remember one day at the club near where I grew up, two kids started yelling at each other. One kid told the other that he was going to kill him. We all thought he was just kidding. He wasn't. He pulled a knife and stabbed him to death."

Willits, 36, visited Washington one summer after college, and that was "all it took," he smiled. Willits likes the area because Bellingham's everyday pace is a great deal slower than the pace in New York. He also likes the pace of the kids. He chuckled and said, "If I had to rate the kids here on a scale of one to ten, I'd give them a nine. If I had to rate the kids in New York—well, let's be glad I don't have to rate them."

As program director, Willits sometimes goes an entire day without ever sitting down in his office. "I think each one of us has a responsibility to the youth of our society," he said as he walked over to break up an argument. "That doesn't mean turning the television on and letting the kids watch The Brady Bunch. It means taking time out every day and helping them expand their minds and talents.

"Growing up where I did, I saw too many minds go to waste. I'm going to see to it that that never happens here."

Although the opinions of the other staff members as well as the children's parents matter to Willits, he said the opinions he really focuses on are those of the boys and girls. "Sure I care about what everyone thinks, but the bottom line is the kids. If they don't respect you and think of you as one of them, then it's almost impossible to relate to them on a one-to-one."

Another club goal is to develop the children's athletic ability and their overall attitude about winning and losing. Athletic Director Steve Miller deals with the kids athletically rather than intellectually.

"The kids need to be able to compete in athletics because athletics is an important part of growing up," he said while dropping a bag of basketballs in his office. "It teaches sportsmanship, teamwork and competitiveness. Let's face it, that's the way the real world works."

Miller is in charge of organizing each athletic program for every season. He sets up the flag-football league in the fall, the basketball league in the winter, and the baseball league in the spring. "It's a lot of work," he said with a touch of pleasure in his voice, "but somebody has to do it."

Miller is the only "homeboy" on the staff. He was born and raised in Bellingham and attended Sehome High School. He also has been credited with what the members and staff call "Millerism." Millerism is a type of language spoken at the club. "I don't know how it started, but it's just a way of life out here now," Miller said with no trace of modesty.

"Here's a typical sentence: 'Last night those two hoop teams were chucks. The red team got spanked. I think that was..."
Kids play to learn.

Because the blue team had those tall stails. Neither team had any studs, they were both moss pus, no ickts."

Rough translation: "Last night those two basketball teams were extremely bad. The red team got beat. I think that was because the blue team had two pretty tall players. Neither team had any standout players, they were both pretty bad, no lie."

Miller said the language is a tie each kid has with the club and the people working there. While giving a troubled kid help with his free throws, he smiled boyishly and said, "We think the kids are pretty special. I like to think the feeling is mutual among the kids. If it is, that's stud."

"I love kids. Why else would I work in a community's support," said Kaas-Lent, who is from Escondido, Calif., enjoys the attitudes of the kids in this area. While grinning he said, "Kids are nicer here and don't have as many demanding problems as they do in California. Down there, we were constantly with kids in gangs, kids that were abusing drugs, and lots of other big city problems. Up here, we can deal with the kids more directly."

While pausing to answer another phone call, Kaas-Lent took out his note pad, stuck out one hand, and wrote in very big letters, "SORRY I CAN'T TALK ANYMORE. TRYING TO GET MORE MONEY FOR THE KIDS!"

Duy Pham is a 21-year-old student at Western Washington University. He is the fourth full-time employee at the club. Pham is from Saigon, South Vietnam, and has been living in the United States for almost four years. Pham is the one employee who has no duties other than being with the kids all day.

"I'm so glad I have the opportunity to work with these kids in a surrounding such as this one," Pham said, carefully articulating each word. "In Saigon, there is no place for kids to play unless they wanted to play on the streets. I think some of these kids don't know how good they have it."

Excitedly, Pham said, "There is so much freedom for the kids and people to do whatever they want here. In Vietnam, people's lives are much more structured."

Pham does a great deal of work with the kids in the game room, setting up tournaments in air hockey, foosball, and bumper pool. "I pair the kids into brackets, and they play a double elimination tournament to find the winner for that day," he explained.

"After a winner has been decided, he or she is given honor dollars. Twice a year the club goes out and receives donations from the local businesses. Each business usually gives some type of toy.

"Then we have an auction, and the kids use the honor dollars they have saved." The kids also earn dollars by working around the club or by helping out.

Even though Pham is mainly in charge of the game room, he also encourages the children to "mess around" with one of the club's three computers. "Fun is fun," he said, "but they also must learn."

"I don't think we are just here to teach with words," he said, "I think a lot of the learning is and should be by example."

Pham and the other employees at the Whatcom county Boys' and Girls' Club, believe they are helping shape today's young people into better citizens. They believe by working with each individual child, they will give the children more opportunities to develop positive attitudes about themselves, athletics, and the people they encounter throughout their lives.

Judging by the increasing membership rate, the kids must be enjoying the antics of the Fabulous Four, and in the process are learning a great deal about friendship, self-pride, and life in general.

Ten-year-old Paul Winemiller, a three-year club veteran, sums up the kids' overall feeling toward the "employees": "I tell all my friends at school that there are these four old people that work down at the club, and they act just like kids. They're smart and help us and everything, but they talk the same way we do and listen to what we have to say. We really like them; they are really stud."
By BRIDGET YEARIAN

I COULDN'T THINK ABOUT WAS FOOD; just fantasies of eating this or that. I'd say, 'No, I'm not going to get my cinnamon roll from the Monterey Bakery today,' and the next thing I'd be getting up from my seat and walking toward it, saying all the way, 'You're not supposed to be doing that, you know better,' but I'd get all the way there and eat three or four real fast. While eating I was in euphoria, when it was all over, the last one down, boom, drop, I knew I'd have to throw them up."

Lucy Colvin, Fairhaven student of music, writing, and dramatic improvisation, thus describes the eating disorder that haunted her for several years of her adolescent and adult life. "It's a skinny problem," says Lucy. "You want to be thin so bad and yet you're so hungry." It wasn't until last spring at age 29 that Lucy sought professional help for her disorder. "I'd eaten most of a strawberry cream pie, a couple eclairs, ice cream, a lot of food, the amount most people would eat over four days, and I said, 'No more. I'm not going to do this anymore.' " She read a book called *Starving for Attention* and began seeing a Seattle psychologist. "I can psychoanalyze myself," she says, "but there was obviously something about this problem that I hadn't yet seen."

Pat Merek, a Bellingham psychologist who specializes in female depression and eating disorders, calls "this problem" bulimia and says 10-12 percent of American women age 16-30 become bulimic. "Bulimics have discrete periods of binge eating normally triggered off by feelings of boredom, anger, loneliness, anxiety, and the compulsive eating is usually terminated by abdominal pain, sleep, social interruption or induced vomiting." Seventy percent, she says, force themselves to vomit or use laxatives so they won't gain weight. The food consumed on a binge typically is gobbled down with little chewing, is sweet, high in calories and has a texture making rapid eating easty.

For Lucy, the worst of this binge-purge cycle had ended by her mid-20s. "I'd walked out of most of it, but still had these relapses now and then, usually when I was having problems with men. I'd try to resolve them with food." Last spring, with the psychologist, Lucy began examining the specific personal/historical causes of her eating disorder. She went as far back as age five when her grandfather's death caused her to fear death and suffer from insomnia. In sixth grade she choked on a piece of meat and almost died. This accentuated her fear of death. She couldn't eat anything solid for two years and got "real skinny." People would say, "Oh, wow, you look so beautiful, how did you do it, oh, you're so thin, I wish I could be that thin." The attention made her feel loved.

When Lucy started eating solids again and gained weight she "freaked out." She hated being fat more than anything in life. "I was proud of my AAA bra in junior high...skinny like Twiggy was in then." Her solution was to starve herself in high school. She might eat only grapes for a month or dish up only two tablespoons of chicken salad for an entire family dinner. "They (her parents) would look at me and not know what to do. At the time I was 5-feet 8-inches, 108 pounds."

Lucy's attitude toward her body was characteristic of Anorexia Nervosa, a gross eating disorder developed by 2 percent of American girls. Pat Merek says it is clinically diagnosed by weight loss of 25 percent or more of original body weight, an obsession with becoming fat, pursuing thinness relentlessly, a distorted body image, and sometimes Amhenoria (loss of menstruation) and lunago (growth of baby fine body hair). A fifth of untreated cases are fatal.

When Lucy graduated from high school she had hardly eaten for two years and weighed 100 pounds. While traveling in Europe her boyfriend pointed to a concentration camp
and said to Lucy, "That's what you look like." Lucy thought she was fat at the time.

Off and on Lucy had "food attacks...I might not eat anything for a week, then I'd get fantasies for everything I loved and I'd want to eat it all at once, like three peanutbutter and banana sandwiches, a half gallon of ice cream, candybars, everything I was hungry for in the world until I got sick." She didn't throw up then, just got sick in a stupor and couldn't move the rest of the night, "because," she says, "I probably ate 8,000 calories at once."

While starving herself Lucy would chew gum or nibble on one apple all day long. Undernourished, she had an obsessive need to have something in her mouth. Meanwhile she was not satisfied with any of her accomplishments. "I was a perfectionist, good at everything, but unable to achieve any of my goals. Life looked like an ominous journey to perfection." She longed to do something noteworthy but often quit the projects she started because she feared failure. In eighth grade she actually threw herself down some stairs, hoping to break her arm and thus be excused from playing second chair saxophone in the school band.

All her life Lucy has had a strong desire to be happy and to make others happy. If there was something that made her sad she would numb it out by either binging or starving.

But never with others around. Nobody, except her parents, knew she had the eating problem because being happy and smiling was part of her perfectionist attitude and nobody, she said, was going to see her any other way.

Today, however, Lucy admits she wasn't doing the most to make herself or others happy by disguising her troubled inner world. "Bulimia and anorexia make you so numb to life you can hardly exist. You're not focusing on life, you're focusing on food."

At nineteen Lucy drove from Minneapolis to California to try acting school, but once there she was unable to concentrate. "I was food obsessed dramatically, always wanting to eat but not eating." On occasion, she said, "I would get so lost in wanting to eat those things happen that weren't happening I'd walk the streets and drop fifty bucks, seventy-five just on food, everything I'd ever wanted since I was a baby dropped into my mind and I had to have it."

Lucy returned home shortly and went to work in her parents' grocery store. She married, but her musician husband spent most of his time on the road. Relationship-starved and dissatisfied with her work, Lucy said, "I ate everything in sight." One day big women were beautiful. It was a revelation to me and it made me want to eat it all at once, like three peanutbutter and banana sandwiches, a half gallon of ice cream, candybars, everything I was hungry for in the world until I got sick.

Today, thin is the success code. In order to be powerful in a male-powered world women can't threaten men with their size, says Leslie. The tragedy is that women think they are inadequate when they fail to conform to an impossible image of the powerfully frail 24-hour glamorous professional independent nurturing maternal female.

Eating disorders are a desperate response to this social engineering. "We have the luxury to have this disorder," Leslie adds. Anorexia and bulimia are mostly Western phenomena and 95 percent female. When Leslie arrived for field work in New Guinea the natives remarked, "You're so beautiful and fat." She lost weight on their diet and when she left the natives voiced concern, "Oh, no, now you look like us." Their ideal is to be plump.

When psychologist Pat Merek treats a bulimic or anorexic client she focuses on the issues "identity and power," Recovery, she says, depends on the development of positive identity. Clients must put a stop to self-deprecating thoughts and become more self-assertive, to ask for what they want and to say no to what they don't want. She helps women learn to indentify their feeling so they can act constructively on them. "So instead of numbing out the large quantities of food they can call a friend or go for a walk."

Once Lucy realized the physical and mental damage caused by her daily binging and purging she wanted to stop it, but found it beyond her control. She asked her mother to tie her hands behind her back and her husband to lock the refrigerator. "I can't do this anymore." Lucy told her mom, "I ate everything in sight." She lost weight on their diet and when she left the natives voiced concern, "Oh, no, now you look like us." Their ideal is to be plump.

Cathy Veterane, Fairhaven College senior doing a self-designed major in "Body-Mind Integration as a Way to Optimum Health," last spring co-led a Food Support Group to help women with eating disorders. Compulsive eaters, she said, might eat twice as much as most people eat on Thanksgiving, then suffer "all sorts of guilt and shame" in addition to the bodily stress necessary to digest such large amounts of food. To atone for the splurge they develop an urge to purge. Cathy says the emotions are complex. "People often eat when depressed, angry, agitated, when there is a vague wanting feeling." Because people hold feelings in their stomachs, over-eating or non-eating are ways to turn off those uncomfortable sensations. Instead, feelings are transformed into actual physical pain or numbness.

Fairhaven teacher of cultural anthropology Leslie Canton says the media accentuate the food problem. "It is a social as well as a personal disease... Women's bodies are used to sell just about everything, from cars to Betty Crocker, and a woman's body image is influenced by these media standards of beauty."

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Lucy's first major breakthrough came when she joined OA—Overeaters Anonymous. OA, she says, uses the same twelve steps as AA (Alcoholics Anonymous). Members use one another for support. Each morning Lucy would tell another OA member what she intended to eat for the day. "You eat only what is on your plan and because you have committed your food to somebody else you can't deceive yourself so easily." She says this was her best half-year for eating ever. "I remember swimming and actually feeling it for the first time." While obsessed with exercise she never relaxed enough to feel her body.
Lucy Colvin spent years starving herself, or gorging and vomiting, before she rejected false ideals of beauty and began enjoying herself as she is.

Lucy began to choose her food more carefully. She realized she could buy whatever she wanted in the grocery store. "I had a choice; usually I went in there and rampaged. I didn't have to go wild."

Lucy also made progress through some creative self-analysis. Insanity and genius are so close, she concluded, because intelligence is a tool, "and just like a knife you can perform an operation with it, cook beautiful meals with it, or you can destruct and kill with it." Suddenly, Lucy said, she saw her intelligence as a tool that could throw her into genius or insanity.

She wrote a poem expressing this desire to create in a sane, exquisite way:

...No longer let me applaud my way with wisdom's words set to paper to clutter my abode but rather let them spring to life and speak through the actions of a listening heart with humble feet.

Why only half a year in heaven? Because, Lucy says, "A man came into my life and I just threw the whole program out the window. I so much wanted an intimate relationship that I accepted an unhealthy one with a domineering man hoping I could change it. Slowly I worked my way back into the syndrome."

She was off and on with the disorder until age 27 and three years ago it started taking over more than she dared to admit. "It would just sneak up." Lucy says she has been determined to get through life without drugs or anything to lean on, no professional psychiatric help, but somehow, she says, food inadvertently sneaked around the corner and became the thing, "even though I had banded everything else."

Using food to escape confusion and depression is perhaps most common among women, says Pat Merek, because they are traditionally the keepers of the food. "Traditionally alcoholism was a men's disease; when they couldn't deal with their emotions they went for the bottle. Food, she suggests, is women's counterpart for the bottle.

With the help of a psychologist and an ever-growing wisdom of self-understanding Lucy has come to "let go of problems"; as a result she no longer is driven to numb herself with food or starve herself into delirium. To get well, she says, it is important to take one step at a time and to remember it is always OK: No matter what's going on, it's never a "dismal situation." For a moment she relives her nightmarish past: "I would lay on the floor after I'd eaten and go like this," she throws her body to the floor and curls up, "and crying, crying, always crying, always crying, and immobile, not knowing what to do. And I'd call mom and have her meditate for me while I freaked out. And with a sensitive self-awareness Lucy tells how she transcended this, "I always felt so alone and I wanted everybody to see all the wonder I see and they didn't see it. At a party I'd be rolling around, up and down, and I'd say to people in the other room, 'Come on guys, come on', and they'd say, 'We would if we knew where you are.' Now, I know when I'm intelligent or wise and I don't have to pound you over the head with it. And I don't have to be liked by everybody. We need nourishment and feedback, but we can't depend on it."

Eating disorders affect many American men and women, says Cathy Veterane, and many are not aware of it. She encourages people to enjoy their food, to chew and taste it: "When in the compulsive stage no saliva can form." Try to stop when satisfied, not when satiated. But, more importantly, she says, "Love your body, repeat five times a day, 'I love my beautiful body.' It helps to find men and women who affirm your body weight and size.

"There is such a craze in this country for health and health is equated with thinness and anorexics are not healthy." Cathy says she finally found a height and weight chart that says she isn't fat.

Ultimately, you are master of your own body temple. Why not love and respect it? Or as Walt Whitman exalts in his poem "I Sing the Body Electric": "Oh, my body! I dare not desert the likes of you in other men and women, nor the likes of the parts of you."
A Mysterious Figure, outfitted in a black dinner jacket with tails, bow tie with flashing red lights and a silver-sequined vest and top hat, slips inside the back door of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union Local 7 on Rose Street. The slender, 5-foot-11-inch singer grabs longshoreman Barry Frost and leads him into a lounge where several fellow union members anxiously wait.

Accompanying himself on kazoo and tambourine, the glitter-garbed Brad Darley sings "Congratulations to you on your 44th birthday—big deal!" He pauses in the middle of the singing telegram to ask, "Are you enjoying this?"

Frost, face pink, grins and slowly nods his head.

The lusty tenor concludes, "We wish you a happy, crappy birthday...I'd like to introduce to you Gabrielle. Kindly hit it.
let long, loose curls fall to her shoulders. The dark locks accentuate her green eyes and olive skin.

McIntire unbuttons a wide, ebony belt that has kept a black smoke jacket closed around her body. She pulls the smock over her shoulders and tosses it to Frost. A dozen longshoremen and warehousemen lean forward in their seats.

She moves gracefully about the room, keeping time with the beat. McIntire slips the shoulder straps of body-length tights down her arms. She folds the tights down over her hips to reveal a black, lace bra.

Following Newman's advice, McIntire places the hat back on her head. She lovers the tights to her ankles, displaying an ebullient ruffled G-string. Black Fishnet stockings pattern her long, slender legs.

She sits on the floor in front of Frost's chair and reclines on her elbows. Feet together, McIntire raises her legs and allows Frost to pull the tights over her high-heeled shoes. Newman stops groaning and the show ends.

"I think they did a real good job," Frost said later, still smiling. "It was a great surprise—a little embarrassing, but that's OK."

"I don't know how they (Frost's union buddies) remembered it was my birthday. I'm glad some of the guys were here. It (the strip-o-gram) was in good taste, and I enjoyed it.

A fellow longshoreman shook in agreement. "Yeah!" Another asked, "I wonder why she didn't take them all off??"

TAKE A PINCH OF THE CHEEK, a dash of Las Vegas stage dust, a splash of Pacific Northwest outdoors flavoring and slowly brew for 31 years. The product is an entertainment blend delivering laughter, tears and embarrassment to an audience.

"I guess you could say I was the pioneer (in Bellingham's entertainment telegram services)." Darley said of his four-year-old Northern Notes enterprise. Similar businesses have entered and exited the local scene since Northern Notes' 1981 debut, a Father's Day singing telegram.

Since then, Northern Notes' repertoire has expanded, ranging from a $10 box of balloons to the $250 Flowers From Heaven, hand-delivered by a sky diver.

Darley caters to imaginative gift givers and message senders. He said he always attempts to create new, entertaining recipes to fill his telegram menu. "I'm trying to get every innovative idea I can come up with.

The grinning minstrel lists some of his past work experience as:

- vocalist and guitarist for several rock bands;
- skating roller disco for Wolfman Jack and Peaches and Herb;
- acting as an extra on the sets of Dallas and Pleasure Palace, and;
- operating an advertising agency on the Vegas Strip.

The Blaine High School graduate and three-year Western veteran moved to Las Vegas in 1974. He said he left his job as a retailer and truck driver at the Bellingham Sound Center to go someplace with "starry nights. I felt like my talent wasn't being utilized." Darley found work singing and playing guitar in lounges along The Strip within three weeks of arriving in Vegas.

Darley left Nevada in 1981 when he was offered a job to manage Sun Mountain Lodge in Winthrop, Wash. He said he believed at the time that the managing experience would help him break into bigger and better jobs when he returned to Vegas.

Darley had been under the impression he would be paid $1200 a month for Sun Mountain. He would be provided a home overlooking a lake. But when he got there, Darley discovered he would have to find his own place to live and would earn only $500 a month.

He turned down the job and came to visit his parents in Blaine. On the eve of his return to Nevada, he realized Whatcom County had none of the entertainment telegram services so common to Vegas.

Darley decided to stay and began advertising his services by word of mouth. He took a job in a tavern to supplement his income until Northern Notes took firm root.

He also resumed his old hobbies—fishing and hunting. Clues to his interest in the outdoors can be detected in his combination office apartment.

Antique fishing rods and lures, a six-point elk rack, a mounted snake skin and several photographs of colorful fish are displayed in his bedroom. Three aquariums of tropical and rare fish line two walls. One tank houses two piranhas.

One of the ferocious fish, agitated with a foot-long albino catfish, bit away one of the white fish's bulging eyes.

"Oh no," Darley moaned. "It (the catfish) will never make it through the night." He stored at the tank and shook his head. Darley added that a fish store operator told him piranhas would not bother bottom fish.

Darley entered the bedroom, where two helium tanks and several rows of rainbow-colored balloons are stored. Red, pink and white spheres rise higher than the stars—that is, wall-mounted pictures of Darley with such well-known personalities as Johnny Carson and Styric Beard, the black boy who hid his baldness under a derby hat in the "Little Rascals" films.

The singer once worked with Beard for the Red Foxx Corporation in Las Vegas. He said he sang a double-birthday telegram to Carson and Buddy Rich and also met the talk-show host on other occasions.

DARLEY, COSTUMED IN HIS silver and black tuxedo, carefully positions the balloons and himself inside a yellow van with a blue-and-black logo painted on its flank. He starts the engine and drives to Alderwood Park.

He places the sequined top hat over his auburn, shoulder-length hair, grabs the balloons and enters the convalescent home.

Darley blows a whistle, shakes a tambourine, and, sounding like an Italian circus master, announces, "Hi, Linda, guess what! I have a singing telegram to Linda from Ron." His blue eyes
gaze into those of a woman wearing a hospital-white uniform, and he starts to sing.

He wraps his arm around her shoulders and begins to sway. Darley always tries to get the message's recipient and any other audience members to participate.

"I've had the old stone faces. But I'll pinch them on the cheek or something, and by the end I'll get them to smile. They always do. "I'm into the happy business, and I love it. I'm an entertainer. I'm just a crazy guy who likes to go out and embarrass the hell out of people. They turn as red as the lights on my tie.

"I like making people happy. It's my main forte. To me, it doesn't seem like a job. It's just a good time."

But Darley's occupation also has put him in awkward positions. While in Vegas, a woman paid him $7 to deliver a 4 a.m. hate telegram to a man who had broken off a relationship with her. The man punched Darley in the nose.

"People have no mercy," Darley said. His lips form a smile between a long, brown mustache and a closely-trimmed beard. "Trying to keep people happy 24 hours a day is a little bit of a problem sometimes."

Northern Notes has gotten phone calls at 2 a.m. to go liven up a party. A performer often has to drive for half an hour to reach a gig. Darley says he has gone as far north as Vancouver and as far south as Seattle to deliver telegrams.

"I've sang to babies in cribs for their first birthdays and to a 107-year-old woman whom I had to hit my tambourine real softly for. "I'm into doing things for old people. They're so cognizant, and people don't give them credit for it. A lot of them can't even raise their hand to say thanks. But when I see a tear in their eye, it makes my year."

"I enjoy every single telegram. People's reactions are great. They're happy. They're laughing at the same time they are crying. All my customers make it fun for me. Otherwise, I wouldn't be in this business."

The telegram singer writes a variety of lyrics to familiar tunes like "The William Tell Overture." He has six songs just for birthdays.

Darley always accompanies his performers to announce the telegram, sing and make sure things run smoothly. "It's tacky bellygram shortly after the business opened. At the time, she was learning flamenco dancing at the Morca Academy of Creative Arts and a fellow student suggested Darley get in touch with her.

McIntire delivered Northern Notes' first for a belly dancer to go in a place by herself and say, 'Hi, are you George?'"

She graduated from Western with a degree in theater and dance, and has taught belly dancing at Fairhaven College. She now earns a living performing strip-o-grams, bellygrams, gorilla grams, Flamenco grams, can-can grams and mime. She said she aver-
so embarrassed that they run out of the room during the show.

McIntire said she gets the most attention from an audience she has presented a belly-gram or strip-o-gram to “because I get to give them more.”

She recalled the anxiety of her first strip-o-gram, “I had to perform for people who knew me. It made me nervous. It would have been much easier to do for strangers. “It went over fine—about as good as you can expect for doing something new. They were all real supportive and nice to me.

“Now, I look forward to being able to entertain my friends. When you know what you’re doing, it’s fun. But when you don’t, it’s scary.”

McIntire said the hardest part of her job is the irregular schedule. “Some weeks are really busy and other weeks there’s nothing.”

She uses the slow weeks to create new routines and costumes. “I always try to integrate props and things into my telegrams.”

McIntire has designed Spanish, French, tuxedo and can-can costumes for her stripper wardrobe. She just completed a 20s flapper outfit. “It’s a real classy ‘20s. The style of the dress is something they would have worn to a night club.”

She first unveiled the flapper costume for two men attired in royal fashion. Bob Orr, wrapped in a red robe, and Bob Warner, topped off by a crown, sat upon two thrones (bar stools) in the Village Inn Tavern. Both men were celebrating their birthdays.

Darley approached the men to sing birthday greetings and introduce a vaudevillian burlesque show. He paused in front of the curly-haired, gray-mustached-and-goateed Orr and exclaimed, “Colonel Sanders, hey!”

McIntire danced to the Beatles’ “Honey Pie” and removed a black dress to reveal scarlet undergarments.

“Mr. Orr, how’s your blood pressure?” shouted a woman from behind the bar.

After the performance, McIntire led Orr, 69, to the back of the tavern and planted a big kiss on his cheek.

“That was a great show; thank you. Gee wiz, what did I ever do to deserve this?” Orr asked. “If I hit the big lottery ticket, we’re going to have a show every week.”

Warner shouted, “I loved it!” He rated the strip-o-gram a “10” on his birthday gift list. “I’m still shaking. You better call me an ambulance.”

Darley said McIntire’s multiple talents provide her with more jobs than any of his other employees. She earns 50 percent, after costs, for each of her performances.

Darley said he and his cast can present almost anything imaginable if given enough notice to stage it. He has 15 performers on call, including the Systematic Breakers for breakdance-o-grams; a French maid to clean house, cook and serve breakfast in bed; and a children’s fireman full of fun who pops flavored popcorn in an old-fashion model fire engine.

But most requests are for the $55 strip-o-gram. Northern Notes averages 22 telegrams a week, 10 to 15 of them strip-o-grams. “Everybody who knows Northern Notes knows strippers are available,” Darley said. “And if that isn’t what they get, they’ll say, ‘God, honey, why didn’t you get me a stripper?’”

“We leave something to the imagination—like ‘Oh boy, I wonder what she looks like,’ or ‘I wonder what he looks like,’” Both men and women strippers wear bikini underwear or G-strings under the costumes they shed. The ladies also are clad in stockings, garters and a bra.

“It’s an opportunity to show people a good time. In the Northwest, people are finally beginning to say (strip-o-grams are) OK. It’s fun and in good taste,” Darley declared. “There is nothing immoral about it.

“I have not had one person call up to say, ‘I didn’t like your performance. It was tasteless.’ If a business can go five years without a complaint, you must be doing something right.

“Entertainment, gambling, booze and cosmetics will survive any state of economy. And I happen to be in cosmetics and junk,” Darley laughed. “I’m into entertainment. And that will last forever, as long as I update my songs and costumes.

“Why not send something your friends will never forget for the rest of their lives? They’ll always remember the stripper, belly dancer or the messenger and how they got up to dance with them or took off their clothes or whatever.”