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green salvation
junk innovator
electrifying beats



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chemical brothers {4}



Greg Woehler worked long and hard to bring this story to you. He spent many an hour listening to CDs, drinking beer and coffee and staring off into space all in the name of this story. That's how much he cares. Once in a while he even sat down at a computer to do some work, though he usually just ended up on the Internet downloading songs from Napster.

dealin' the black crack {8}



Ryan Bentz is trying to graduate as a journalism/public relations major in about a year, but it seems to him like the madness will never end. Most of all, he likes to design Web pages and live with his girlfriend, Jessica, and his cat, Zoe. If he could find some way to blend all of that together and combing it with living in Italy, he would be most happy.

frozen aspirations {12}



Jeremy Gibson is a public relations major and psychology minor. When he is not at school, Jeremy can be found on the soccer field, scoring goal after goal. After graduation he will pursue a career in Public Relations in San Francisco. Jeremy credits all of his academic successes to his beautiful wife of four years, Kelly.

shear kindness {14}



Hillary N. Smith is a senior public relations major and psychology minor. This is her first contribution to *Klipsun*, and she has been published in *The Western Front* and the *Planet*. She spends mornings at Lake Whatcom as a coxswain for Western's crew team and alternates between sleeping and drinking excessive amounts of coffee in her spare time. Hillary hopes to work for a PR firm in Seattle upon graduation in August.

chronic relief {16}



Marilyn Levan is a junior public relations/journalism major with a concentration in psychology. Formerly a flower child in Haight-Ashbury, she is now working to enter the world of the establishment after raising a daughter to become a CPA and a son to become a hip-hop DJ. When she isn't writing, she can be heard singing her lungs out, reminding her of her past entertainment career. She has been published in *The Western Front* and Whatcom Community College's *The Horizon*.

backyard ingenuity {20}



Terril Simecki is a senior journalism major, and this is his first contribution to *Klipsun*. When he is not wasting away in the darkroom of *The Western Front*, he spends his time riding concrete waves, extorting money out of his friends and telling people about his shi-tzu Gizmo.

hanging on . . . {24}

by the squeeze of the teat



Jeremy Thurston is a senior journalism news-editorial major. When he is not harassing trout with a bit of feather tied on a hook, he can be found combing beaches in his lifelong quest for the perfect skipping stone. He has previously been published in *The Western Front* and the *Planet*. This is his first contribution to *Klipsun*.

the fungal gourmet {28}




Kristen Hawley is a journalism major whose long journey towards a degree ends in March. After graduation, she plans to move to Jackson, Wyo., to pursue a life of climbing up mountains and finding ways to hurtle down them. While previously concerned about how to make a living doing this, she is now excited about the possibility of surviving off mushrooms she finds on her journeys. Kristen has been published in *The Western Front*, *The Skagway News* and *The Northwest Asian Weekly*.



CHEMICAL b r o t h e r s

Graffiti is as much a health hazard as it is an art form. **Greg Woehler** explores the cranial nooks and crannies of two spray painters whose health is suffering for their passion. Photos by Erin Fredrichs.



VAPOR HARMFUL. USE WITH ADEQUATE VENTILATION. AVOID CONTINUOUS BREATHING OF VAPOR AND SPRAY MIST. IF YOU EXPERIENCE EYE WATERING, HEADACHES, OR DIZZINESS, INCREASE FRESH AIR OR WEAR RESPIRATORY PROTECTION.

WARNING: CONTAINS SOLVENTS WHICH CAN CAUSE PERMANENT BRAIN AND NERVOUS SYSTEM DAMAGE.

NOTICE: THIS PRODUCT CONTAINS CHEMICALS KNOWN TO THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA TO CAUSE CANCER AND BIRTH DEFECTS OR OTHER REPRODUCTIVE HARM.

DELAYED EFFECTS FROM LONG-TERM OVEREXPOSURE.

These words, or similar words, appear on every can of spray paint sold in the United States. They are strong words. Explicit words. To most people, they are scary words. Most people don't know that the can of paint in their hand contains acetone, toluene, xylene, benzene and many other extremely hazardous industrial solvents, but most people know it's best to use the paint as little as possible. If someone told them that the can of paint in their hand was destroying their bodies, most people would drop the can, walk away and never pick it up again without wearing proper protection. That's what most people would do.

James and Clarence are not most people.

James and Clarence (not their real names) are graffiti writers. It's what they live for. They have other interests — they have school, they have their art and they have their music. But nothing compares to graffiti.

James was in the graffiti scene in his hometown of Seattle until he moved to Bellingham two years ago. He's been painting, or writing, since he was 14 or 15. He has attentive eyes, a sly grin and a self-assured, personable charm. He's rarely without a tube of lip balm, which he calls his "other addiction," and he uses it as frequently as an alpine skier. He loves talking about graffiti and the social and political messages it represents for him, but he's quick with a joke or chuckle if the conversation gets too serious.

"I look back and it's like the last two years of my life have been almost entirely dedicated to graffiti," he says. "It's the thing I've thought about most and talked about most and done most. But still, I never get to paint as much as I'd like to."

Clarence learned the craft growing up in the Bay area and in Portland, Ore. He's been painting for about eight years. Less outspoken and politically oriented than James, Clarence is motivated mainly by the self-expression graffiti provides.

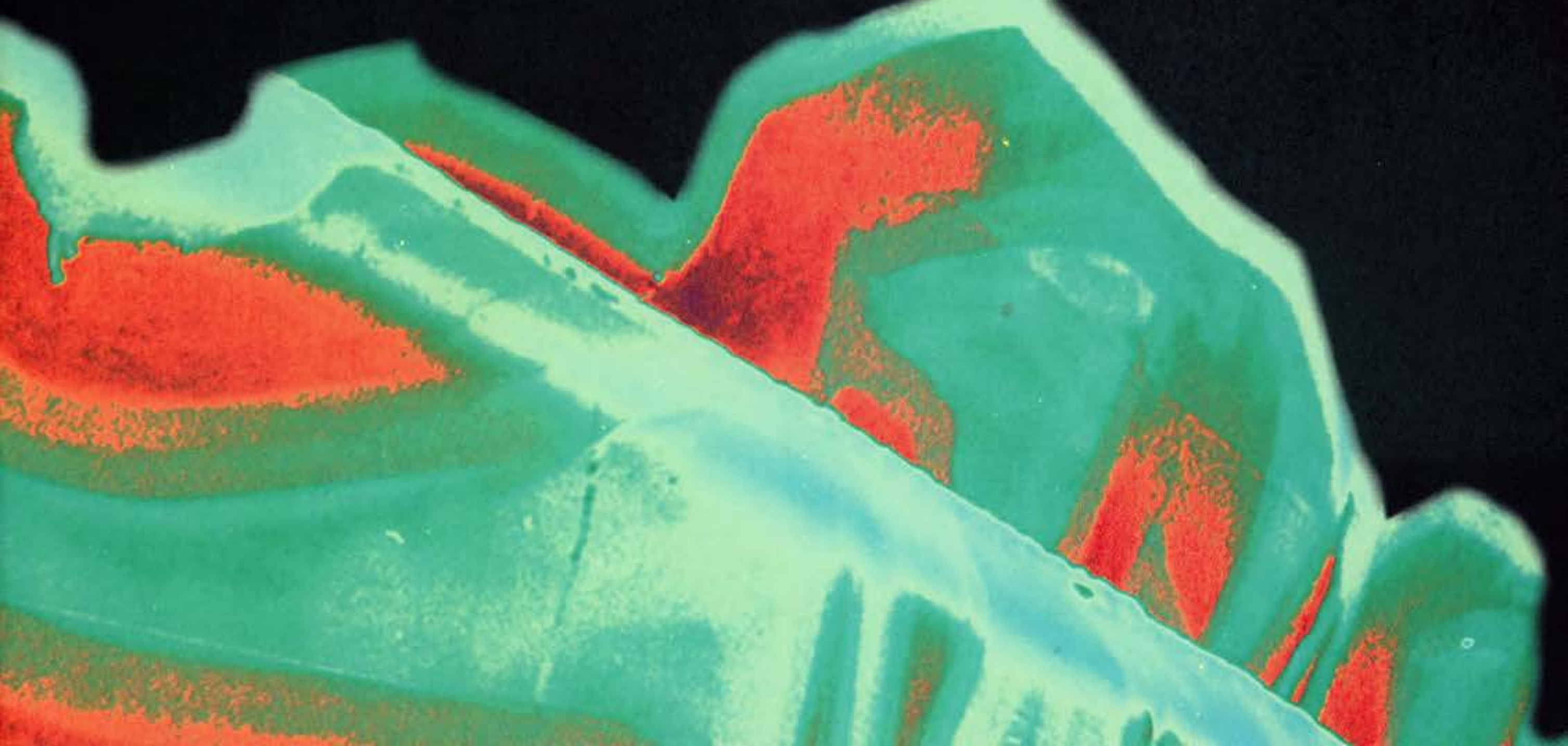
"It's one of the few instances," he says, "where you actually feel good about yourself, you know? I don't think about the political stuff as much as James does. I just do it because this little thing inside of me tells me to do it."


"When you paint a train or a wall that took you hours to do, you look back on it later and it's like 'I did that. That's mine.' It's a really cool feeling."

It's such a cool feeling that neither Clarence nor James cares what graffiti is doing to their bodies. Clarence doesn't care that he may have to take medication for the rest of his life for the damage done to his kidneys and liver. James doesn't care that he endures almost constant pain in his hands and wrists from pressing down on the spray cans. There's simply no question; to them, it's worth it.

James and Clarence are 20 years old.

"I've coughed up blood before," Clarence says. "It was pretty burly. I had to have dialysis because my kidneys and liver were failing from the toxins in the paint. I couldn't eat anything and I started blacking out and I was in pain all the time. That's all better because of the





medication, though."

Clarence has pale skin with light purplish blotches under his eyes. He says he coughs all the time, though he attributes some of this to smoking.

Solvents are a necessary evil for spray paint, keeping the paint liquid inside the can. When the paint hits the air, the solvents evaporate and the paint dries.

According to the federal government's Agency for Toxic Substances and Disease Registry, benzene, a solvent used in some spray paint, is the fifth-most hazardous industrial substance. The ATSDR Web site states long-term exposure to benzene causes cancer, as well as drowsiness, dizziness, headaches, tremors, memory loss and unconsciousness.

"There's only so much of the paint that your body can take before it starts doing damage," James says. "And it's not like your lungs, with smoking, where they get better after five years or whatever. This is permanent."

Clarence says he has lumps on his body that may be deposits of the toxic chemicals. This is what his doctors have told him, but they're not sure.

"I went to the hospital once because I thought I had appendicitis," he says. "When I went in, they totally just freaked out. They did all these blood tests and did a CAT scan and whatever and they found out that my body chemistry is just totally fucked."

"Damn, dude, your body's a pussy," James says, chuckling.

"I know, it really is," Clarence says.

James and Clarence despise doctors.

"My doctor's been a total pain in the ass," Clarence says. "He just says 'stop painting. Just stop it.' Blah, blah, blah."

"I think all doctors are assholes," James says. "I don't go to doctors. Doctors are just cops in white lab coats. Every doctor is rich and disconcerted and degrading and uninformed and uninformative."

James and Clarence sometimes wear respirators to filter out the fumes, they say, but not always.

"I've really been painting a lot since the start of this year and I really haven't worn a mask that much," Clarence says. "But I've been thinking about it more, getting more serious about it, because a lot of the time I just feel like shit."

"When I was 13 or 14, I would do stupid shit, just paint big shit indoors with no open windows and no mask. Now, when I do

just a little fill-in indoors without a mask, I feel it right away. My head spins, my whole body aches."

James says his days used to be filled with writing in safe locations in Seattle, then he'd paint in other, riskier locations at night. Practically his entire day was filled with paint and solvent fumes.

"And that was literally every day. We didn't even own a mask back then," he says. He recently coughed up blood and threw up after running away from railroad workers in a Bellingham train yard.

James' biggest problems come not from the paint, but from the act of painting.

"I have terrible, terrible pain in both my wrists now," he says. "I guess it's arthritis or something. It's like a combination of tendonitis and carpal tunnel and, like, gingivitis all rolled into one."

"It's funny, my mom has the same thing in her wrists. Of course, she's in her 40s and I'm 20."

He says his wrist and hand often hurt so badly that he can't hold a pen to take notes in class. He sometimes wears a wrist brace when he paints and he tries to hold the paint can in a way that takes the stress off his inflamed tendons. The brace helps a little, but the pain never goes away.

The worst problem, James says, is that the pain affects his painting. Otherwise, it would just be an inconvenience.

"It sucks," he says. "Sometimes I can't even hold the can right."

James and Clarence know what graffiti is doing to them, but they see their problems as simply a tradeoff.

"We're doing it to ourselves," Clarence says, laughing

"I've always written it off, that it's just a side effect of something I do, like smokers," he says. "You get pleasure out of something, but there's a pain to it, too. Everybody does something that kills them."


"Yeah, it's like, if you love to drive, you're eventually gonna get in an accident," James adds. He pauses, replaying his response in his mind, and then he chuckles, saying, "We have all kinds of ass-backwards justifications like that. 'I don't want to paint myself as being some kind of hero battling the odds,'" he says. "I'm making a choice to do this. Everything has inherent risks in it. It just so happens that graffiti has some pretty severe ones."

Sometimes they inhale so much mist and backspray that pure paint comes out when they blow their noses.

"We hawk up all kinds of stuff out of our noses, all the colors of the rainbow," James says. "They're like snow-cone boogers."

According to Dr. Eric Smith, a board-certified occupational medicine specialist in Bellingham, the worst for James and Clarence may be still to come.

"There's something called painter's encephalopathy, which is kind of like a toxic



Alzheimer's," Dr. Smith says. "I've seen it where you'll have guys in their 40s who have been painting for years that just can't think right."

He says the disease's symptoms are the same as Alzheimer's, including memory loss and confusion, but they appear much earlier than normal.

"The brain is a remarkably resilient organ," Smith says, "but after awhile, you start to do long-term damage."

"Just because you can pick these paints up at hardware stores doesn't mean they're completely benign. If you're going to be using these paints very much, by god, make sure you take precautions."

James and Clarence put themselves through all this for several reasons.

"Graffiti is a political statement," James says. "You're expressing dissatisfaction with society and disdain for the ideas of personal property. You don't even need to write political messages to make your statement."

James hates America's "culture of property" and says graffiti is a way of telling people to re-evaluate their priorities.

"I know this guy that painted a big anarchy symbol on the front of somebody's brand new BMW during the WTO (protests in Seattle)," James says. "I was like, 'god, that guy (BMW owner) is gonna hang himself. I hope that makes him realize how fucked up his priorities are."

"People hate graffiti because they love property so much, they love the pursuit of property. They love keeping things exactly the way they are now. It's a celebration of monotony. I don't see myself ever becoming a property owner and I don't sympathize with property owners. And if I ever did own property, I hope I'd be more moral and idealistic and do better things with it than just use it as an investment."

"Only with money do you have any say in what happens in this city. It's like, ha ha! Look what happens when a little kid takes control. Anybody can grab a spray can and make a difference."

Clarence listens to James' answers and nods in agreement.

"Think about it, though," he says. "A lot of the graffiti we do is pretty thoughtless. A lot of times, you're just sitting around angry about something and it's like the only thing that'll get rid of the aggression."

"Yeah," James says, "I like to do graffiti, I think it's fun and so I've made up all these justifications for it. It's as futile and ridicu-

lous as any other dumb-ass hobby people have. You don't accomplish shit."

James says his little brother has started writing graffiti back in Seattle. He laughs and shakes his head at his brother's foolishness

"He went out with some friends, and they wrote all over these garages in his friend's neighborhood and all over these retaining walls," he says. "They totally crushed this residential neighborhood. It was totally ridiculous because no other graffiti person's ever gonna see it. No graffiti person's ever gonna be in that neighborhood. It was a total toy move."

It was a "toy move" because it was a wasted effort. Graffiti must have an audience of other graffiti writers. It's their way of climbing a mountain and plunging a flag into the highest spot and saying, "I was here."

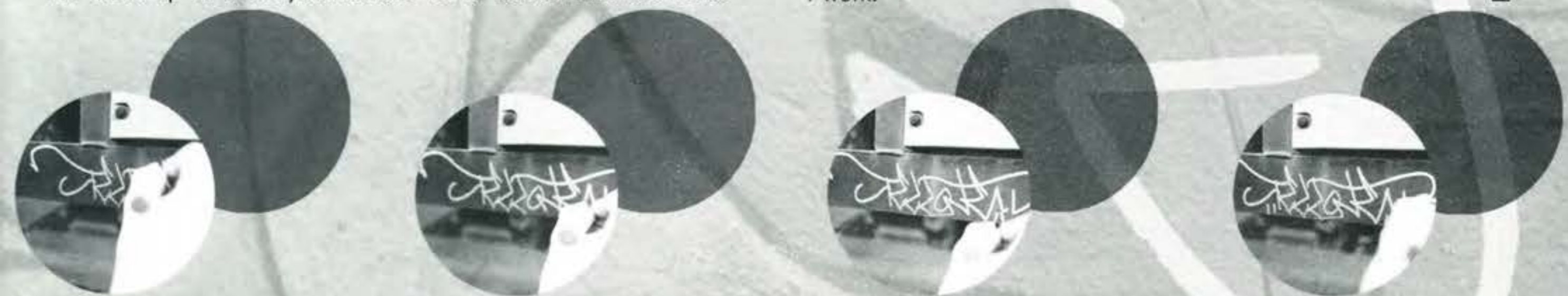
James and Clarence love painting trains. Trains are especially attractive because they offer almost unlimited visibility for their work. There's a finite number of people who will ever see the pieces they paint on buildings and overpasses. They are static. Trains, on the other hand, are like rolling billboards.

"There's always the hope that people in Alabama are gonna see this, or Alaska or Mexico," James says. "But if you're not painting hundreds of trains, it's not even worth it, because the chance of you or anyone who knows you ever seeing one of your trains is so low. There's just so many trains that it's like a drop in the bucket."

James and Clarence say they can't ever see themselves quitting graffiti. And they can't conceive of a time when graffiti wouldn't mean as much to them as it does now.

"I can't see myself just totally giving it up," Clarence says. "Maybe when I get older, I'll just go down to the yard and paint a train every once in a while."

"Yeah, I can see myself doing, like, two pieces a year," James adds. "Maybe take the kids down with me so they can watch while I work."



dealin' the black crack

With beats pounding from speakers and dancers responding to every move of his hand, Western student Joel Mejiano controls the floor with an electrifying fury of jungle beats. Ryan Bentz discusses the ever-growing popularity of electronica with this local DJ. Photos by Chris Fuller.

The floor vibrates, sending rhythmic pulses throughout Joel Mejiano's kneecaps and skull. Eyes burning from the smoke, he peers through flashing lights to see a mass of bodies, collectively surging with an energy created by the flick of his wrists. The crowd dances to the piercing sound of electronica, and Mejiano, the DJ, is the messenger who delivers the music.

Electronica is a form of music Europeans have been hearing since the 1980s. It is a product of sound created through electronic mixers, turntables, computers and other electronic devices, which are sometimes homemade. Popular artists in the genre include DJ Ikey, Mocean Worker, the Crystal Method and Paul Oakenfold.

Not until the 1990s, however, did the genre start to catch on and gain popularity in the United States. In the past, only a cosmopolitan few undertook the art of being an electronica DJ on this side of the Atlantic.

Now the scene is changing. Electronica is becoming a widely listened- and danced-to genre, and professional DJs are springing up in all areas of the country – even in Bellingham.

Mejiano, 22 and a Western student, is known throughout the area as a premier DJ who spins the electronica style of "jungle." He has spun at clubs and parties in Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, B.C., and Bellingham.

"Joel is without a doubt one of the best DJs I've heard in the area," Western graduate and Seattle resident Megan Birch says.

After having been to some clubs while traveling in Europe three years ago, Birch says she tries to attend clubs in Seattle when she can. Although she prefers to listen and dance to different forms of electronica, she says Mejiano's jungle is still exciting to hear.

"It's great, because even though his music doesn't fit the profile of today's mainstream music, he still sticks to his unique style," she says. "Not all DJs stick to their ideals like Joel does."

In the plain, hard-floored room that is his territory of a house shared with two roommates, Mejiano speaks modestly about his art.

"I don't really like to talk about it. It seems to me that I'd rather have other people actually hear and feel my music rather

than me talk about it," he says. "And I don't actually like to refer to myself as a DJ – it's too pretentious."

Electronica, which Mejiano describes as "organized noise," is a form of music that has numerous sub-genres. He is adamant about the style his music follows.

"Some of the music (in electronica) is plain shit," he says. "Sometimes I don't like my music to be put in that genre, but if I can make it so my music stands out as something sophisticated and interesting, it's OK."

He bends over the computer in the corner of his room, trying to find a track off Napster that closely matches the style of music he plays. The glow of the monitor plasters a bluish-white sheen on his spiked black hair and the lenses of his thick-rimmed tortoise shell glasses as he searches for just the right song. His eyes squint as he narrows down his choices.

"I tend to stay away from stuff like trance, epic and house. Those styles are floaty and harmonizey, if that's even a word. I'm more into jungle," he continues. "To be specific, I'd call what I play something around techstep and hardstep. These styles give me the greatest area to be creative and express the most."

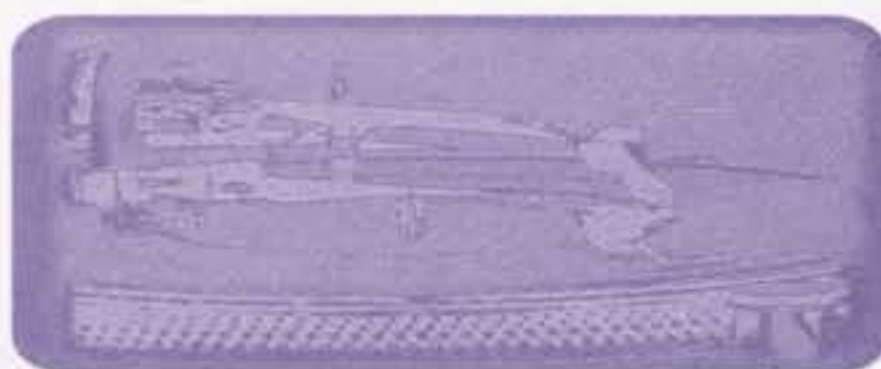
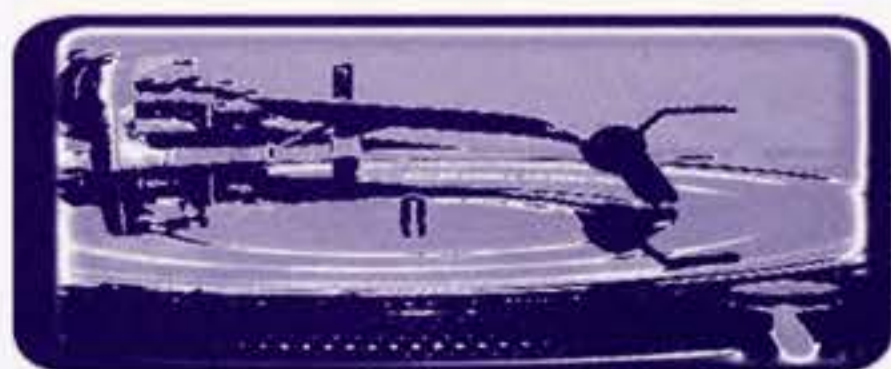
He's found the song he wants – "the Messiah." With a click of the mouse he straightens and makes his way across the room toward a chair.

From the computer speakers emerges a bass-heavy chord that soon combines with what sounds like a man yelling a single note. This continues for about 15 seconds until a quick, solid beat accompanied by sharp interjections of a primitive but highly electronic roar interrupts the chord.

"As far as being a DJ goes, you just want to take the listener on a trip," he says. "I mean, it's just basically like telling a story. The music I play has form, too."

A follower of electronic music since 1995, Mejiano hopes to one day become a professional DJ. Although performing for some time under his old DJ name of moz57, Mejiano is working on releasing a CD in the near future under a more modest name, Joel Thomas – his first and middle name.

"DJ names are too pretentious," he says. "I don't know what



I was thinking with moz57. No one could pronounce it."

The only reason Mejiano goes to parties and shows, he says, is because he loves the music, not to show off the fact that he is a DJ. The only difference between the dancers and him, he says, is that he gets paid.

"What you're finding right now in the scene is what everybody is calling 'insta-DJs,'" he says. "It's like all these kids who say, like, 'Oh my God, I went to a rave, and I got really high on drugs and the DJs were really cool, so I wanna be a DJ!'"

These "insta-DJs" usually end up getting better equipment and financial support than he does, Mejiano says, because their parents help them out so much.

At the same time, Mejiano is somewhat guilty of this, because his father bought Mejiano's first set of turntables when he started out – a venture that cost more than \$1,000. Since then, however, Mejiano has bought and repaired his equipment and records.

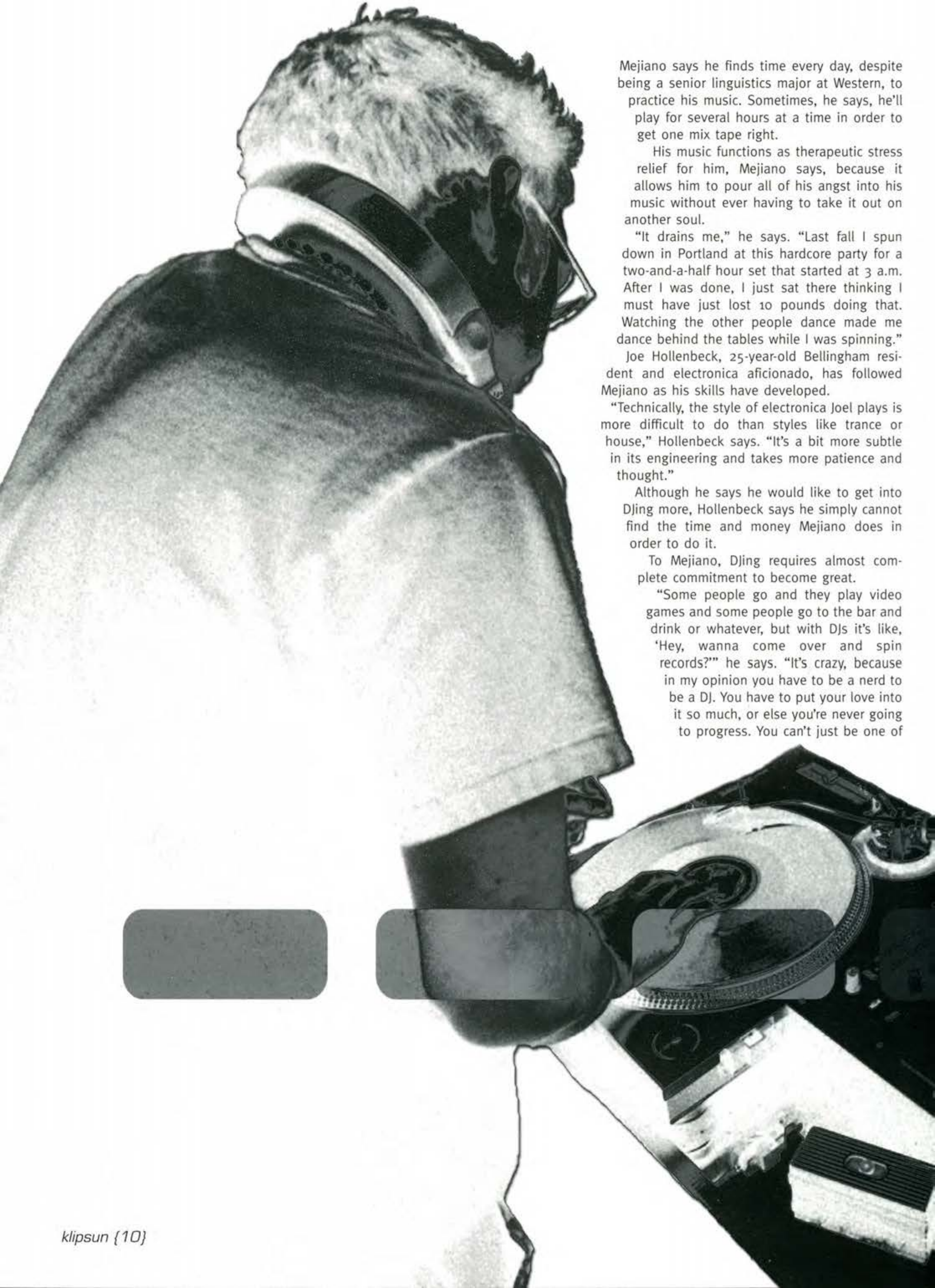
"The most logical reason for you to become a DJ is so you can buy more shit," he says, laughing. "I mean, I didn't start out necessarily wanting to be a DJ. It's almost become a necessity for me to be one."

A great number of DJs do not put enough into their music, Mejiano says, and they do not feel the drain and energy flow out of them. Instead, they are at shows simply to emphasize the fact that they are a DJ – even if they are not the most talented one.

"There's nothing worse than an asshole DJ, and there's so many of them out there," he says. "As soon as you start believing that everyone loves that 'story' you want to share with them that you love so much, you shouldn't be up there anymore."

"As far as being a DJ goes, you just want to take the listener on a trip."





Mejiano says he finds time every day, despite being a senior linguistics major at Western, to practice his music. Sometimes, he says, he'll play for several hours at a time in order to get one mix tape right.

His music functions as therapeutic stress relief for him, Mejiano says, because it allows him to pour all of his angst into his music without ever having to take it out on another soul.

"It drains me," he says. "Last fall I spun down in Portland at this hardcore party for a two-and-a-half hour set that started at 3 a.m. After I was done, I just sat there thinking I must have just lost 10 pounds doing that. Watching the other people dance made me dance behind the tables while I was spinning."

Joe Hollenbeck, 25-year-old Bellingham resident and electronica aficionado, has followed Mejiano as his skills have developed.

"Technically, the style of electronica Joel plays is more difficult to do than styles like trance or house," Hollenbeck says. "It's a bit more subtle in its engineering and takes more patience and thought."

Although he says he would like to get into DJing more, Hollenbeck says he simply cannot find the time and money Mejiano does in order to do it.

To Mejiano, DJing requires almost complete commitment to become great.

"Some people go and they play video games and some people go to the bar and drink or whatever, but with DJs it's like, 'Hey, wanna come over and spin records?'" he says. "It's crazy, because in my opinion you have to be a nerd to be a DJ. You have to put your love into it so much, or else you're never going to progress. You can't just be one of

those people who say, 'Yeah, I like that UH-UH sound.'

He smiles and leans forward in his chair, its wooden legs creaking. The cuffs of his oversized jeans pile up in folds on the floor.

"If you get surprised by stuff in your own tracks, there's something wrong," Mejjano says.

He takes a drink of water out of a glass beer mug, as if to savor his point.

To keep up with new developments and tracks in his style of music, Mejjano says he will go out and spend hundreds of dollars on new records almost every month.

"I'm on the 'black crack,'" he says with a laugh as he makes reference to vinyl. "I swear, I'm worse than a junkie."

For Mejjano, his music is no longer something that functions only as the glue at social gatherings – the common ground upon which everyone dances. It has become an art, which he studies and evaluates.

"I have a really hard time getting into dancing to this music anymore," he says. "I spend my time analyzing it."

Followers of Mejjano's style, hardstep, will try to dance to it. Others say they are not able to, Mejjano says, but they misunderstand the music.

"It's fast, that's true," he says. "But people don't realize they can dance to every other beat, the bass line, or even the different frequencies in the music."

Mejjano has a certain affection for his crowd. While there are the candy ravers who dress in bright and glowing garments of uncharacteristic material, and who go to parties merely for the social function, fans of Mejjano's style of music, called "junglists," go strictly for the music. Junglists typically wear darker, more realistic clothing like camouflage and other athletic gear, like tanktops, to shows.

"I have to admit," he says. "There is a feeling of elitism among junglists that you might not see in those who do not follow that style of electronica."

There has to be a symbiotic relationship between the crowd and the DJ, Mejjano says.

"When I see them look at me, I get this itch to say, 'Fuck you! Can you dance to this? Can you handle how hard and fuckin' dirty this is?'"

His outstretched fist is clenched and his dark eyes burn with an almost supernatural fire; the jet black flames of his jagged hair flare.

"It's crazy, because in my opinion you have to be a nerd to be a DJ. You have to put your love into it so much, or else you're never going to progress."

"What's really great is to see them look back at me, start dancing even harder and say, 'No, fuck you!'" he says. "The crowd is the catalyst for what I do."

People in the Bellingham area typically like to listen or dance to the style known as "house," or what Mejjano calls, "booty music." House has a much more solid and predictable beat than Mejjano's style of hardstep.

"They want to go out there and listen to that techno and get it on with their neighbor," he says. "I guarantee you: If you go into the house room or if you go into the trance room at a party, there'll be people making out; there'll be people bumpin' and grindin'; there'll be people even possibly having sex somewhere in that dance room. But if you go into the jungle room and you get on a girl she'll either ignore you or hit you."

He laughs as he envisions the proverbial room of which he speaks.

"In the jungle room you'll have the ones in the back who just nod their heads the whole time, and then you'll have the people in front who, all night long, are speaker-fucking," he says.

Mejjano was first introduced to this culture in 1998 when visiting Germany. In the U.S., more and more people are migrating toward becoming fans of hardstep, as the style is typically played by jungle DJs.

"This hurts me, because I have much more competition," Mejjano says. "But what it basically comes down to is keeping faith and survival of the fittest."

"When Karl Marx said that power is the greatest of all aphrodisiacs, he knew what he was talking about," he says with a grin. "Because when you're up there - I don't want to say you feel like a god - but you feel electric."

He smiles and adjusts the metal link necklace around his neck.

Despite the struggle of trying to get picked up by a major label and becoming well-known, Mejjano says nothing else quite beats the time when he is up in front of hundreds of people spinning the music he loves.

"When Karl Marx said that power is the greatest of all aphrodisiacs, he knew what he was talking about," Mejjano says with a grin. "Because when you're up there – I don't want to say you feel like a god – but you feel electric."


His hands move about in front of him as if he sees the crowd in front of him.

"Because you have all these people as a pulsing mass, fists in the air and they're screaming and everything," he says. "But you look out there and all you can hear is the jungle; everything else is completely silent. It's like a dream."

His hands drop to his lap and the scene vanishes.

"As soon as you have that taste..."

He pauses to take a swig of water out of his mug.

"You don't want to do anything else," he continues. "It's like the shark's first taste of blood." 





Frozen aspirations.

Thrill seekers find satisfaction at incredible heights and below freezing temperatures. With insight from the new and experienced, **Jeremy Gibson** uncovers the challenging feat of ice climbing.

As first-time ice climber Bryan Beatty stood in front of Lady Wilson's Cleavage, a popular ice waterfall climb in Lake Louise, Alberta, he was in absolute awe. The frozen falls rose majestically above him more than 400 feet toward the sky and it was here that Beatty found a place far away from thoughts of writing papers, exams, and the stresses and anxieties of everyday life. This was a place where he could truly live for the moment.

The sport of ice climbing is not typical, nor are the people who love to do it. The idea of hanging on by a thin rope several hundred feet up a frozen waterfall is enough to make anyone a tad nervous.

"I got so nervous before the climb I actually threw up," Beatty, a Western student said. "But by the end of the fourth day I knew I was addicted."

Beatty said several factors should be considered before taking up ice climbing. Knowledge of the equipment is the most important, as it can help save a climber's life.

Ice climbers use a number of safety devices, as well as regular climbing gear necessary for undertaking such a dangerous sport.

One of the most essential pieces of equipment are crampons, razor sharp metal spikes that attach to boots, making it possible to stand nearly vertical on a frozen waterfall or ice face. Beatty said the best type of crampons to use are rigid crampons, which are very stiff and dig straight into ice without allowing the foot to bend upwards. These give the climber a solid ledge to rest and step on.

The climber also uses two ice axes that are sharp enough to dig into ice sometimes thousands of years old.

"The thing most likely to cause injury while ice climbing is your own equipment," Rhett Buchanan said. Buchanan is a veteran ice climber and an employee at Base Camp, an outdoor equipment store. "The tools are so sharp that the most common injury we hear about is the climber cutting himself or herself with their own gear."

With these tools in hand, and the proper instruction of how to use ropes and safety harnesses, the physically fit person is ready to take on Mother Nature.

"You have to be in shape if you want to ice climb," Beatty said. "Your arms will feel like they are on fire; your biceps and forearms burn so bad and your hands are numb almost constantly. You really have to work to get that ax to stick into the ice."

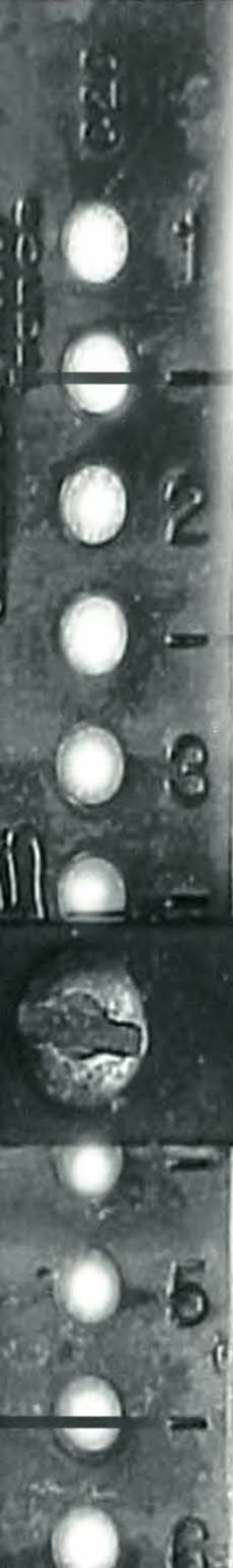
Matt Anderson, an experienced ice climber who took Beatty on his first ice climb in December, said that ice climbing is a more serious sport than rock climbing, and with rock climbing falling isn't as serious of a threat. Anderson also said that an ice climber should not test their limits like with rock climbing because a mistake on ice is far deadlier than on rock.

"Ice climbing is so condition dependent," Anderson said. "With all the high-tech equipment on the market today however, people are willing to test themselves more."

"If anything I'd make sure that you don't skimp when it comes to buying gloves," Beatty said. "Keeping your hands dry and warm is the most important."

Anderson agreed that keeping your hands warm is probably the most important

"... a climber's hands are above their head most of the time, the **lack of blood** leaves the hands cold and numb."



piece of advice for ice climbing. Ice climbers experience a pain most people never do when their hands get numb. Because a climber's hands are above their head most of the time, the lack of blood leaves the hands cold and numb. When the blood rushes back to the hands, however, the climber often feels bizarre, and may even throw up from the sudden blood rush.

Beatty also advises to start out slow. Get to know how the tools work, and practice several times in a familiar area before attempting a first climb.

Also, get information upon arrival at the climb destination and feel out the weather. Decide if it is best to stay in a hotel. Keeping warm and maintaining a high energy level high are critical to the sport.

A first timer should find a local climbing store and find out what the current conditions are and if there are any hazards to watch out for.

Beatty's last piece of advice, and probably the most important, is to start out with someone experienced. He said the margin for error is so small that a climber should be with someone who knows what to do when a split-second decision needs to be made.

"It's a different kind of climbing," Buchanan said. "It can be so beautiful in the winter time."

Buchanan said that the main reason he ice climbs is that it gives him another variation, especially in the winter. He also said ice climbing offers different challenges that rock climbers don't face.

"Tool placement, for example, is very important in ice climbing," Buchanan said. "If you dig in too hard you may send pieces of ice down that can hit you in the face and give you nose bleeds."

"I was hit on the head with what climbers call a 'death biscuit'" Beatty said. A death biscuit is a large piece of ice, about the size of a small coffee table, and can be fatal if it hits the climber. Beatty said it is critical to yell, "ice!," when a climber lets ice loose by striking his or her ax above lower climbers.

"Ice climbing is so condition dependent, with all the high-tech equipment on the market today however, people are willing to test themselves more."

Anderson, a seasoned veteran when it comes to ice climbing, still gets anxious when he approaches a climb.

"You get really excited when you first see what you're about to do, but when you get closer to the base of the climb you begin to get that nervous feeling in your stomach," he said.


Anderson, who also is a rock climber, said one of his favorite quotes is: "Your best day ice climbing is 10 times better than your best day rock climbing, but your worst day ice climbing is also 10 times worse than your worst day rock climbing."

Anderson explained that this quote generally means ice climbing leaves little room for error.

Although Bellingham does not provide the ice climber with much terrain, one of the most popular places to ice climb in the Northwest is Lillooet, a little town in British Columbia. Climbers from all over the country come to Lillooet to climb some of the best ice in North America. Other areas that are frequently visited by climbers include: Mount. Baker, Lake Louise, Alberta and Alaska.

With the availability of more guides, and today's high-tech safety devices and equipment, more people are discovering one of the world's most physically and mentally challenging sports. More people also are discovering the awesome feeling of conquering one of Mother Nature's toughest natural monuments.

Ice climbing is not cheap, however. Anderson said the largest population of ice climbers today are professionals, around 35 years old, and have the cash to spend on proper equipment and instruction. That doesn't mean, however, that the sport is limited to people with money. Many organizations such as the Outdoor Center at Western offer instruction and equipment through planned trips put on during the year.

Ice climbing is truly a sport for the adrenaline junkie wanting nothing more than a sense of accomplishment and pride, looking down on the world from the top of a towering wall of ice. 

shear kindness

At an Oak Harbor Salon, grooming and altruism go hand in hand. See how a snip and a cut become acts of compassion as **Hillary N. Smith** discovers Locks of Love. Photos by Chris Fuller.

She had a friend who was suffering from a difficult illness and lost her hair. My client thought it was 'cute,' and by shaving her own head, she was supporting her friend through a difficult time.

Sharp scissors slice through 6-year-old Teri Rookard's glossy, chocolate-colored ponytail. But the 10 inches of wavy locks are not swept up and discarded. Bound by a rubber band and placed inside a plastic bag, the ponytail embarks on a cross-country journey from Oak Harbor, Wash., to Palm Springs, Fla. This is more than a haircut; it is an opportunity for hair loss victims to regain a sense of dignity often stripped by disease.

Tucked away in the upstairs corner of an older small-town strip mall, Windy Bay Salon in Oak Harbor embodies the essence of the sleepy community. Tranquility fills the air of the seemingly average salon. Speak with the owner, Kathy Lam, however, and it becomes apparent how extraordinary her services are.

Lam, 40, provides free haircuts and styling to customers wishing to donate their hair to Locks of Love, a nonprofit organization founded in 1997 in Palm Springs, Fla.

Lam is currently the only Washington stylist listed on the organization's Web site. Locks provides hairpieces to low-income children suffering with medical hair loss, often the result of cancer treatment and alopecia areata, a medical condition resulting in partial or complete hair loss.

Rookard's ponytail, along with thousands of other hair bundles are sent to Locks each year. The organization says nearly 80 percent of donors are children.

Lam began participating in Locks four months ago after several inquiries from clients.

"I had a client ask me if I knew about Locks and I wasn't familiar with it," Lam says. "I thought it sounded like a wonderful organization. My father lost his battle with cancer and I began to think a lot about it."

Within one week of first hearing about Locks, Lam had another inquiry from a client who wished to donate her hair.

The client had Locks information in her car and provided it to Lam that afternoon.



"I was ecstatic to learn more about Locks," Lam says. "But I think one of the biggest pushes for involvement came from an elderly woman who requested her head be shaved."

Lam, unsure the client was aware of the severity of her request, shaved a portion of her own forearm to show the result of such a haircut.

The woman persisted and Lam agreed to shave the under layer of the client's hair before completing the cut. What came next brought tears and inspiration to Lam.

"She finally told me why she was shaving her head," Lam says. "She had a friend who was suffering from a difficult illness and lost her hair. My client thought it was 'cute,' and by shaving her own head, she was supporting her friend through a difficult time."

Teri Rookard's mother, Geneva Masters, received a tepid response from her daughter when suggesting the donation – which would be Rookard's first haircut. Rookard's apprehension stemmed from her grandmother's disapproval.

The young girl's dark brown eyes twinkle with an inexplicable compassion far beyond her years. She explains her love of singing and music, and her grandmother's promise to buy her a guitar.

"I was nervous because my grandma wouldn't let me do it," Rookard says. "She said she wouldn't buy me my first guitar if I cut my hair. It was really sad that other people didn't have hair and I wanted to see what it would be like letting them have mine."

Masters learned about Locks from a friend whose daughter donated her hair. One reason she encouraged her own daughter to go through with the haircut was her oldest son's battle with leukemia.

Rookard's oldest brother was diagnosed with leukemia at 3 years old. He was in remission at five and diagnosed cured at eight. Master says it was difficult for the family when he lost his hair.

"Teri has the biggest heart," Masters says, looking at her daughter with a wide smile. "She cries for everybody. After I told her what her hair would be used for, it was only a matter of days before we called Kathy to make an appointment."

Locks asks for a minimum 30 inches of hair from donors because a majority of hair-piece recipients are girls requesting long hair.

Sharon Erickson, 46, has grown her hair for more than two years to donate it to Locks. Her 14-inch ponytail is the longest donation Lam has cut. Erickson, like Lam, Masters and Rookard also has a personal experience with cancer.

"I went with a close friend of mine last week to fit her for a wig," Erickson says. "She is in her second round of treatment for breast cancer and there was something very poignant about her fitting. It really prompted me to donate my hair."

Erickson says her hope for whoever receives her hair is a sense of normalcy. She suffered from alopecia areata when she was in elementary school.

"It's hard being a child and not feeling normal," Erickson says. "I lost patches of hair and just hope the child receiving my hair can begin to feel like everyone else."

Erickson and Masters both discovered Lam on the Locks Web site, www.locks4love.org.

"It's great they were both right here in Oak Harbor," Lam says. "But I've received calls from would-be donors as far south as Oregon. I think there should be more stylists volunteering for Locks. I can't imagine turning anyone away."

Lam has been styling wigs free of charge since July. She plans to head the local chapter of Look Good ... Feel Better, an American Cancer Society program designed to help cancer patients cope with appearance-related side effects of treatment.

"I've got so much space in the salon," Lam says. "It seems like the right thing to do – it's such a satisfying feeling and an amazing experience."

The satisfaction on Erickson's face is apparent as Lam begins to cut. Erickson says she feels lighter and the moment her ponytail is laid on the counter, a broad smile slowly spreads across her face.

Lam looks in the mirror at Erickson and a sense of gratefulness is evident in Lam's eyes.

"I'm so glad you're happy," Lam says to Erickson. "It's really great I get to be a part of this. It's a genuine privilege to be able to help."

Lam gives donors the option of sending their hair to Locks and receiving a certificate of appreciation, or she'll ship the hair for them.

Erickson smiles and turns her head to Lam, tossing her new short hair.

"You can send it," she says, matter-of-factly. "I've done what I needed to do." ❧



"It was really sad that other people didn't have hair and I wanted to see what it would be like letting them have mine."



CHRONIC RELIEF

While many think of marijuana as a popular recreational drug, others proclaim it as an effective medicine for pain. **Marilyn Levan** peers into the lives of those reliant on medicinal marijuana and the dedicated few risking their freedom to supply the green salvation.

Photos by Chris Fuller.

Smoke, sweet and pungent, spirals to the ceiling of Lois Stinsky's singlewide trailer in Ferndale, Wash.

Stinsky, 45, a wisp of a woman, had a kidney transplant in 1996, two heart attacks last year that lead to triple bypass surgery and she has battled diabetes for the last 30 years.

Stinsky developed a diabetic condition causing severe pain in her legs and feet, and suffers from a gastric disease causing her to vomit frequently. She has lost several toes from diabetic complications and struggles to walk and keep balance. Bruised and swollen limbs result from her many falls.

Stinsky takes Prozac for bouts of depression after needing hospitalization in a psychiatric facility. She also takes four Percocet pain pills per day to keep a maintenance level of painkiller in her system and other pills to tolerate her kidney transplant. But the medication she is ingesting now doesn't come in the form of a pill and she can't get her prescription filled at her neighborhood pharmacy. Stinsky is smoking marijuana.

Stinsky carefully sits down next to her Siamese cat, pulls out a ceramic bong and fills the bowl to the top with her "medication."

"I get up and take a toke or two first thing in the morning," Stinsky said. "The four pain pills a day combined with the pot really seem to help."

Only a few co-op clinics operate in the open, making it difficult to estimate the number of Washington residents taking advantage of Initiative 692. The initiative passed on Nov. 3, 1998, allowing marijuana to be used for certain terminal or debilitating conditions such as AIDS, cancer, multiple sclerosis, glaucoma, spinal injuries and illnesses causing extreme pain.

Eight states: Alaska, Arizona, California, Colorado, Nevada, Maine, Oregon and Washington have legalized marijuana for medical purposes. Florida, Massachusetts, Michigan and Ohio are considering legalization.

Although Stinsky believes the approved initiative is a step in the right direction, she said the situation is far from perfect. The law does not address how patients can obtain this now legalized medication.

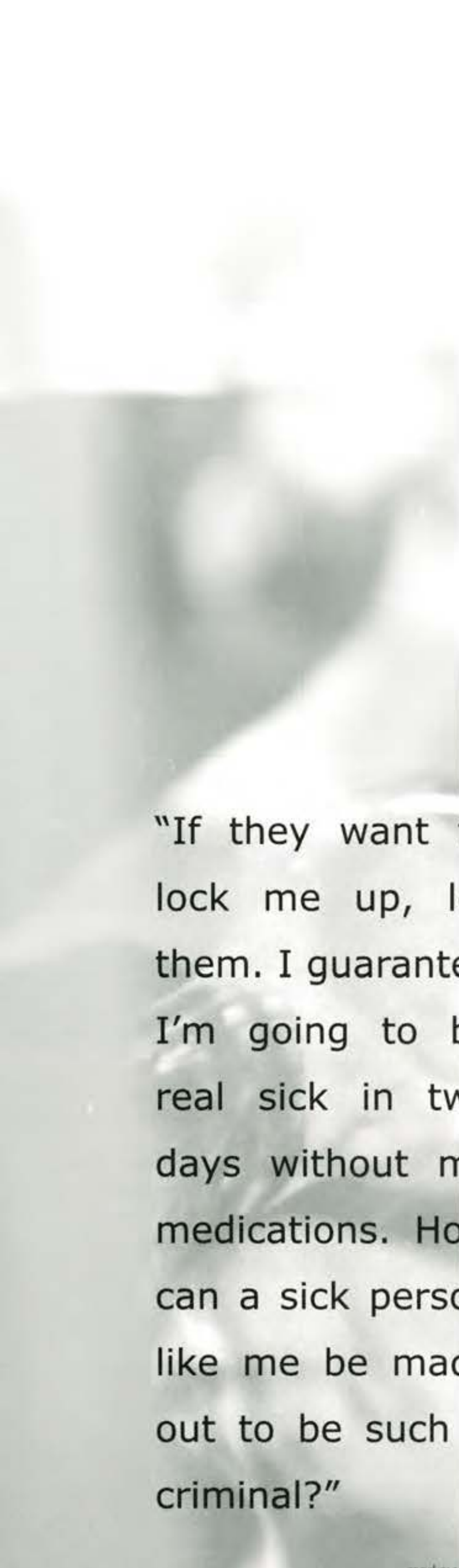


People like Stinsky are left to their own devices to obtain medical supplies of marijuana. Stinsky's brother found a phone number on the Green Cross of Seattle's Web site.

According to its mission statement, the Green Cross is a nonprofit patient co-op patterned after nationwide networks of buyer's clubs existing to provide patients who have AIDS unapproved anti-AIDS drugs and treatments. The Green Cross supplies marijuana to AIDS patients, but its scope is not limited to AIDS. Any patient who has a legitimate need for marijuana, as assessed by a physician, is helped to get the medicine. People unable to make financial contributions are not denied marijuana from the Green Cross due to this inability.

Stinsky called the organization and Joanna McKee, 58, co-founder of the Green Cross in Seattle, sent Stinsky paperwork explaining the services. Stinsky received a form for her doctor to fill out and another for her to sign accepting membership terms and informed consent, promising not to hold the Green Cross at fault for supplying marijuana.

The doctor's form is not a prescription because doctors can not legally prescribe marijuana. According to federal law, it is illegal for physicians to prescribe controlled substances. When doctors sign the form, they state only that they have advised the patient of the pros and cons of using marijuana, and the doctor's opinion is the benefits of marijuana will outweigh the adverse effects.



“If they want to lock me up, let them. I guarantee I’m going to be real sick in two days without my medications. How can a sick person like me be made out to be such a criminal?”

meri mcmillen

McKee said the only government pot farm she knows of is at the University of Mississippi. She displayed a round, metal can with a label, saying it is what government pot is delivered in. McKee said the government supplies marijuana to eight people in the United States who have been approved and determined eligible by the government for medicinal use of marijuana. Leftover marijuana is used for more medical tests.

Even with doctor authorization, legal issues still arise.

McKee, while operating a patient co-op on Bainbridge Island, was surprised by a DEA drug raid May 3, 1995. While awaiting the pending court case, McKee learned of a federally funded conference on medical marijuana taking place in Washington, D.C. She told her lawyer to petition the court for permission to leave the state for a couple of days so she could attend the conference.

“Picture this,” McKee said. “A court, judge and three lawyers with their clients. First lawyer says his client wants to go to a drag racing event out of state. The judge says OK. Next lawyer says his client needs to go out of state to go clam digging. The judge says OK. Then it’s my lawyer’s turn. He stands up and says his client wants to go to a federally funded conference on medical marijuana to plead with policy makers to improve legalization laws. The judge said ‘no way’ and implied I only wanted to go to get publicity — I went anyway.”

McKee, flamboyant and flashy, sporting a sparkling patch to cover her blind eye, returned home to face charges of leaving the state without court permission.

“Imagine it,” McKee said. “Police didn’t want me to go because I might get publicity. If they would have let me go, there would have been none, instead my message is given 17 minutes total airtime on all the local Seattle television news stations. Now, together with co-founder Stich Miller and the patient volunteers, the Green Cross is in operation.”

Meanwhile, Stinsky remains in her cramped trailer trying to make it through another day, coughing as she exhales an extra large bong load.

“At first I hid it because of the legal issues,” Stinsky said. “If they want to lock me up, let them. I guarantee I’m going to be real sick in two days without my medications. I’ve discussed this openly with my doctors from day one. I told them if it weren’t for smoking marijuana I couldn’t survive. How can a sick person like me be made out to be such a criminal?”

Stinsky said our society is making criminals of people who are trying to procure marijuana to ease suffering.

“The more I can do towards getting this legalized is great; I want to help people like myself and others,” Stinsky said. “If the government had any smarts they would get in on it and tax it like they do alcohol and tobacco.”

Back at the Green Cross, McKee is busy reviewing new applications, answering phone calls and preparing the medicine. McKee said the Green Cross co-op has a membership of about 1,500 people with a few new applications coming in every week.

McKee screens the new applications to be sure everything is in order. After the paperwork is returned, McKee calls the doctors to validate the signed form. Only then does McKee reveal the hours of opera-

lois stinsky

tion and location of the Green Cross dispensary. At the co-op patients sign in and receive medicine in the order of their signatures. All medicine is free, however patients are expected to leave a donation large enough to cover expenses.

"If you don't have money and you need the medicine it will be given to you," McKee said. "That's why the donations we get helps those with no money."

McKee is also a patient at her co-op. She has suffered from migraines, seizures, spinal cord injuries in three places and lower back problems. McKee has had a doctor's note since 1987 and is a passionate believer in the medicinal benefits of marijuana.

McKee is not fearful anymore about being arrested. She said police told her they just don't have the resources to put all marijuana-using patients in jail. She said patients wouldn't hold up well in that environment and it would cost a lot of money to care for their medical needs.

"In the morning I can't think, I can't focus because of this big, red ball of pain," McKee said. "Getting up is the hardest thing for me to do, so going to jail is nothing."

The new Washington law defines valid documentation as a statement signed by the qualifying patient's physician or a copy of the patient's medical records, stating that, in the physician's professional opinion, the potential benefits of the medical use of marijuana would likely outweigh the health risks.

McKee said even though it is now legal for patients with qualifying illnesses to possess limited amounts of marijuana, the law has not yet defined how much marijuana constitutes a limited amount.

"We take into consideration the amounts given to the eight government patients," McKee said. "The eight patients get 300 marijuana cigarettes a month. That's seven-tenths of a gram per cigarette and a total weight of 238.15 grams. We think it takes many patients a lot less because we have such good marijuana in the Northwest. Our patients' average use is about 7-10 grams a week."

The Green Cross encourages a self-help approach and now offers its patients classes on growing marijuana.

"Even if the patient decides to grow, it will take at least three months before the first plants are ready," McKee said.

The federal government still classifies marijuana as a Schedule I drug so it is still against federal law to obtain, possess, or cultivate marijuana for any purpose. However, in Washington and seven other states, it is legal to grow a personal amount for medical purposes. The conflict between state and federal laws pose legal questions. Many co-op patients say they want to be a positive influence on the legalization of marijuana.

Green Cross patient Merl McMillen said his doctors gave him drugs he couldn't pronounce.

"All the medications left me drowsy, groggy, or just plain stupid," McMillen said. "I quit taking them because they were interfering with my driving and my mental attitude."

Cheryl Hill, 43, suffers from fibromyalgia, chronic fatigue and vomiting. She's been a Green Cross patient for two years.

"I think it's important this place exists," Hill said, breaking up flakes of marijuana and skillfully rolling a perfect joint. "If they weren't here, we'd have to go to drug dealers and be seen as criminals."

Hill said she is worried now that George W. Bush is president because she thinks he is unsympathetic to terminal patients' needs.

"I'm scared Bush will change the laws," Hill said between long hard draws on her joint. "I was bedridden before I started smoking marijuana."

Margo Rosen is HIV-positive and joined Green Cross as a patient four years ago.

"My husband died in July of AIDS," Rosen said. "He graduated. That's what we call it here when a patient dies. They graduate. Until then, this place is a place to talk and be cared about. All the volunteers here are great people."

Brad Waugh joined the Green Cross six months ago.

"You wouldn't believe how much it helps me," Waugh said. "I have MS, spondalosis, diabetes and degenerative disk disease. I stopped taking 23 pills and replaced them with marijuana."

Ric Smith of Mercer Island is a volunteer at the co-op.

"We're entirely too real," Smith said. "We run the gambit from being mental health counselors to whatever is needed from us."

Damaris Strohm, a volunteer, steps up with a basket containing samples of different marijuana medications available for the patients to choose.

"One person will try something and it will work," Strohm said. "Another person will get better results from another kind."

A patient chooses a medication; the volunteer disappears to the back of the small house and returns with the marijuana. The monetary donation fluctuates with the type of marijuana chosen.

The threat of arrest still exists. The Green Cross has been profiled on all local Seattle television stations to promote initiatives that support the legalization and distribution of medical marijuana.

Although there is no official agreement to look the other way, the local officials appear to be leaving them alone. The Green Cross runs the co-op discreetly.

In 1997, an editorial in the New England Journal of Medicine called the federal ban on medical marijuana "misguided, heavy-handed and inhumane." Still, arrests are being made in large numbers.

Justice Department spokesman Brian Steel told USA Today that the Department of Justice is committed to upholding and supporting the laws passed by Congress.

At home, Stinsky stumbles toward the bathroom balancing and orchestrating each step. Making it back to the bed she reclines, exhausted, craving the rest she needs to tackle tomorrow.

"I don't hide the fact that I use medical marijuana," Stinsky said. "But I also don't like to flash my face around in front of God and everyone because it makes it more difficult. I've smoked marijuana since I was 18. I've had diabetes since I was 11. Any way I can help get the word out about how much this medicine benefits me and others is what I want to do." ♣


brad waugh

joanna mckee



Backyard Ingenuity

Recycling means more than smashing pop cans to John Bennerstrom. **Terrill Simecki** tours the house and lifestyle of this *junk innovator*, who turns Bellingham's garbage into functional contraptions. Photos by Terrill Simecki.



The whir of a lawnmower blade spinning inside a rusting oil barrel fills the air on the corner of Garden and Laurel Streets. As a graying, bushy-bearded man in tattered clothing pours yellow, red and orange leaves from the surrounding neighborhood's trees into the top of the barrel, shredded pieces come thrashing out of the bottom end. The leaves will serve as mulch in a small garden of potatoes, which are a staple in the thin man's diet. Surrounding the garden and house is a large, ever-changing mess of contraptions.

It might look like garbage to the untrained eye, but the combinations of metal, plastic and wood in John Bennerstrom's yard are really projects of recycling, resourcefulness and ingenuity.

"The use of scrap and refuse is limited only by the imagination," Bennerstrom says.

Bennerstrom's cold, dark house, built by his great-grandparents in the early 20th century, is filled with piles: old computers, scrap parts, clothing, books, musical instruments, CDs, pictures, chalkboards covered in math formulas and various other cast-off items.

Bennerstrom jokingly defends his house's messy state by quoting Thomas Edison, who once answered the question, "What do you need to be an inventor?" by replying, "A good imagination and a pile of junk."

"Everything you see here is the compost and soil my ideas grow in," Bennerstrom says. "I'm still sorting through my father's life possessions, my mother's life possessions and my own life possessions."

Of those possessions, books take up the most space. Stacks upon stacks of books fill the rooms in Bennerstrom's house – a pile even rests in a bathtub. Books crowd Bennerstrom's house so much that they have to be pushed to the sides of his staircase to clear an aisle.

"I'm addicted to learning," Bennerstrom says.

He gets books from junk bins, schools and anywhere else that gives them away to learn about technological and mechanical processes, which he puts into use on his contraptions.

"I can't just sit down and read something all the way through," he



says. "I like to read a little and then stop and think about it. I like to absorb things in that way."

Bennerstrom's own creations rest among all the books and random piles of junk. His home usually stays just below 60 degrees, the temperature is controlled by a combination thermometer-thermostat built from washing machine sheet metal, apple box wood, old televisions and computers.

A mechanized "carrier" is mounted to the ceiling, which Bennerstrom used to lift his mother in and out of her wheelchair when he had a broken arm. The carrier is made from a garage-door opener, bed-frame angle iron, scrap steel, baby buggy wheels and various smaller parts.

"The joke here is that the government will spend \$2,000 on a Hoyer lift, which, for me, is entirely unusable," he says. "My design is entirely appropriate, made from scrap and cost only \$10."

In addition to new designs, Bennerstrom re-uses many discarded things for their originally intended use simply by making minor repairs. His entertainment center, microwave oven, numerous computers, wheelbarrow and bicycle needed only slight repairs to be useable again. Bennerstrom says all of these items were thrown out by people either too lazy to fix them or with enough money to buy new ones.

"The wealthier we get as a society, the less recycling we do," he says. "I just think we will be swamped by refuse."

The collections of objects in Bennerstrom's yard cause him a few problems. Although he has good relationships with his immediate neighbors, some people in the surrounding neighborhoods don't like the sight of his overflowing yard. Three years ago, a Sehome neighborhood representative filed a complaint against him for being a public nuisance. A public works policeman came to his house, inspected his yard, asked him to remove everything that was unusable and made him start the two cars on the lot. The cars worked fine, and everything in the yard was useful to Bennerstrom so he didn't remove anything. He wrote a

letter to the mayor detailing the use of the parts in his yard and his lifestyle, and the cop eventually quit bothering him.

"It's just harassment," he says. "I can't imagine them not having better things to do."

The list of useful machinery and appliances Bennerstrom has created out of the unsightly pile of junk could fill pages. His newest project is a hemp fabric-rolling machine designed for Bellingham's Hemp Textiles International. The company's owner, Yitzac Goldstein, is excited to work with Bennerstrom.

"He has the biggest heart of anybody I know," Goldstein says. "He's not doing things to get rich. He's not concerned with the business exchange as much as he is with the interpersonal exchange."

The rolling machine uses parts from the city's first recycling system, bicycle parts, a cash register from the 1930s, newspaper racks, wood from a boat, scrap pipe from the YWCA, electronics from a washing machine and computer boards, a copy machine and odds and ends from the ReStore.

"He doesn't want those parts to go down the waste stream," Goldstein says. "I'm also very recycling minded, and it's wonderful that our business can use a tool that reflects our values. If we can walk our talk, then that's good."

A conglomeration of old materials, such as in the rolling machine, is standard in most of his creations.

"The antidote to consumption is to find value in that which others abandon, whether it be material or not," Bennerstrom says. "Recyclers still consume, but at a much reduced rate."

Bennerstrom also participates in a more conceptual form of recycling. He visits sick and elderly people in rest homes around Bellingham because a lot of the time no one else will.

"We stash them over there in sort of a garbage pit," he says. "It seems like a lot of people don't want to see or think



“I would rather be the consumer, the faculty member, the soldier.
But, when I see the damage done by those groups,
I just can’t justify it.”

about those people. It’s the whole ‘out of sight out of mind’ thing. I am just trying to find value in that which others throw away.”

The recycling and tinkering bug bit Bennerstrom early in life.

“I was fascinated by father’s ability to fix things,” Bennerstrom says. He recalls a time when he broke his father’s drill tap trying to drill through a piece of metal. His father did not get mad but instead asked, “Did you learn anything?”

“That was the first time that I realized I could turn a negative into a positive,” Bennerstrom says.

Bennerstrom, who has lived in Bellingham for most of his 52 years, could possibly be Bellingham’s original hippie. He’s not the kind of hippie who decides to wear dreads in his hair and “go granola” after a few years at Western, but the kind who makes a lifelong commitment to conservation, recycling and activism.

Bennerstrom became enthusiastic about recycling when he moved to Berkeley to study physics for several years in the early 1970s. Bennerstrom says many of the people around him were progressive minded. Every Sunday he and his friends would gather up all their jars, bottles and newspaper and bring them to the local co-op to be recycled.

“It was a bit of a shock going to Berkeley after living in Bellingham all my life where it was so clean and safe and unpolluted,” he says. “It was so different in the Bay area.”

After a few years in Berkeley, Bennerstrom returned to Bellingham and began working various odd jobs.

Around 1984, Bennerstrom hastily filled a math-teaching position at Western that had unexpectedly opened up. After two quarters teaching, he quit.

Bennerstrom was so passionate about his beliefs against the United States military intervention in Grenada that he didn’t want his tax money to contribute to “the cause,” he says.

“I was offended at the notion that my taxes wouldn’t be

appreciated properly,” he says. “The dilemma with taxism is you don’t get to choose where they go. You have to live almost like a hermit to control your effect. By recycling and clever living, I am able to live on very little, and so you don’t need a high salary or benefits. To me, spiritually, it’s better.”

Bennerstrom says he felt that he could do more to change the world with recycling than he could while working at Western.

“Recycling is just a requirement, an antidote to a disease which we’re suffering — consumption,” he says. “I would rather be the consumer, the faculty member, the soldier. But, when I see the damage done by those groups, I just can’t justify it.”

For several years after his short stint at Western, Bennerstrom worked small jobs that were usually related to his recycling efforts.

In 1989, Bennerstrom helped create Bellingham’s first neighborhood recycling system along with the help of Bellingham Community Recycling and Western’s Associated Students Recycling Center. To help keep the budget down, Bennerstrom worked for \$5 an hour welding steel scrap and angle iron into the bed of a pick-up truck, which housed boxes and shelves that held people’s recyclables.

“Not everything you do is going to give you material satisfaction, but you could learn something,” Bennerstrom says. “The beauty of the work was its cost effectiveness. This manufacture was so cost effective that half the budget was able to be spent on community service workers to paint and finish the bins.”

A few years later, the parts that made up the recycling system itself were recycled into other projects, and it was so successful that the city adopted a newer system.

“It was a labor of love in the sense that you put yourself out of work,” he says.

Today, Bennerstrom still works with the AS Recycling Center.

“He’s like a resource to us,” says Rich Neyer, AS Recycling Center Director. “If there’s something for the Recycling Center to create, he can help us. He’s always volunteered his time and



“To consume means to destroy,
so the rise of our society signals
the end of our existence.”

efforts for different projects here.”

Bennerstrom's latest effort helped the AS Recycling Center with vermiculture, which is the process of using worms to decompose and condense scrap food by making soil, by building the worm boxes that the process uses.

“He's really handy as far as designing and building little things that we use,” Neyer says.

Despite Bennerstrom's work with Bellingham's first neighborhood recycling system and his lifestyle as an avid recycler, he has a dim outlook on the rest of the world's participation.

“To consume means to destroy, so the rise of our consumer society signals the end of our existence,” he says. “I don't believe we can prevent this end, only prolong our existence and perhaps save some other species.”

Bennerstrom lives alone in his cluttered, three-story house. It's cold, dark and dusty. His diet is simple, and his old clothes are modest. He spends his days tinkering with new projects, writing fugues, a form of musical composition, for his piano and watching his favorite TV show, “Junkyard Wars,” on The Learning Channel. He is content.

“I sleep well at night,” Bennerstrom says. “My spirit is healthy. I am happy.”



Hanging on by
the **Squeeze** of a teat



Today farming is more than just early rising and milking cows. Spend a day with two brothers who have turned a family heritage into their livelihood as **Jeremy Thurston** reveals the workings of a dairy farm. Photos by Erin Fredrichs.



Inside the barn it is dim. Cobwebs cover the walls and cast a silver hue to the otherwise somber atmosphere. Gray beams reach to the roof through the middle of the structure. Among the beams, spaced about three feet apart, are pieces of iron that look like elongated horseshoes. They are secured upright and are rusty from age and lack of use.

"Would you look at that!" says Joe Youngren, pointing at the metal stanchions. "I haven't seen anything like that in years. Not since I was a kid."

Up until the 1960s, stanchions were used to lock a cow's head in place so it could be milked by hand, Joe explains.

Joe, 42, stands about 6 feet tall and blond hair peeks out from beneath his baseball cap. He owns and manages Youngren Farms Inc. along with his brother Steve, 43. For them, farming is a family passion — Joe and Steve farm the same land their father did.

A neighbor has recently passed away and Joe and Steve have come to buy three of his cows. Like Joe and Steve, two brothers ran the farm.

"Often what happens in a farm situation," Joe says, his speech gaining speed and intensity, "is that heirs will come in, have the place assessed and the surviving partner can't afford to buy it and all of a sudden that place is sold off and it impacts his operation. The costs become so high that he can't afford to do anything but sell it and blacktop it — that's too bad."

Through the far opening of the barn pokes one black and white head, and then another. Steve urges three heifers through the door and onto a trailer.

"This farm probably won't last much longer," Joe says getting in the truck to leave.

About two blocks from the farm is the Smokey Point Exit along Interstate 5. Subdivisions blanket the opposite side of the freeway. On the next block up, school buses await their afternoon rounds in a parking lot.

Many dairy farmers are giving up due to rising costs and development. According to the Dairy Farmers of Washington Web site at www.cowtv.com, the number of dairy farms in Washington has fallen from 1,650 in 1981 to about 750 today. The trend is expected to continue as milk prices remain low. Surprisingly, milk production has increased during this same time period from 2.3 billion pounds to 5.3 billion pounds.

"We're our own worst enemy," Joe says. "We've had to be so keen on management to survive that we produce this abundance of milk as cheap as we can and end up with an oversupply. What happens? The price goes down, so you put the screws down tighter and tighter and get more and more efficient. It's endless."

Joe says most dairies have lost money in the last year, many breakeven at best. Utility costs are expected to rise 40 percent in 2001. Joe says it's typical of what farmers must face. He can look

at his receipts from 1981 and they are similar to those of 2000.

"That's not the average growth chart of a business. You look at your expense cost and it has gone from here," he points his finger and draws a 45 degree angle, "to here."

The Youngren farm lays in the heart of the Stilliguamish River valley within the 500 year floodplain. This means he will never be able to subdivide the land, not that the thought has crossed his mind.

"My general attitude is that if someone was able to blacktop a farm, I don't know anyone (farmers) who would do it," Joe says.

A distressed farmer called Joe a while back. He said they were losing close to \$6,000 per month and didn't have the financial backing to continue much longer.

"When you're contemplating something like that you have to ask yourself how would you feel when the cows were being loaded on the truck," Joe says. "How would you feel walking away from your roots?"

Joe and Steve arrive at their barn. It holds several hundred cows that will one day replace the current milking cows. Most of them will be used for breeding. All of the breeding on the Youngren's farm is done by artificial insemination.

Joe says it's too dangerous and just not cost effective to keep a bull.

Steve backs the trailer up to the barn and Joe opens the gate.

The nearby cows begin to moo, excited by the new arrivals. The three heifers crash down the ramp and the cows circle around, snorting and sniffing.

Driving across the 800-acre spread to the milking facilities, Joe whistles a tune.

"What a beautiful day," he says, looking at the sky. The sun shines bright and melting frost crisps a light wind. "Dairy farming is a rough business, but a day like today makes everything worth it."

"Today you have to wear so many hats. You have to work with attorneys a lot. Accounting and the business end of things means you need to be an economist. You need to be a plant pathologist. You need to be a soil scientist."

"At times it can be a bit overwhelming, but that is part of the challenge. It used to be you just got up in the morning, sat on the stool, grabbed the old udder and started milking."

Dairy farmers also face increased environmental regulation.



"Here people are yellin', givin' you the finger and calling the state patrol."



"They say dairy farmers are killing the salmon," Steve says. "But what they don't realize is that most farmers now consider manure a real asset to their fertilization program."

Joe nods and says they don't want to lose anything. Their manure is analyzed in a laboratory and the difference between what the crop's needs are and what they have is an expense.

"What people don't realize is our livelihood depends on how well we care for the land and the animals," Joe said.

Later, Steve and Joe talk with the nutritionist. They meet him every week to check on how the cows are reacting to their food rations. The cows' food, mostly consisting of alfalfa, corn, soybeans and vitamin supplements, is analyzed in a laboratory and compared along side with milk production in hopes of finding a diet that will keep milk production at peak levels. Joe says the average cow eats about 105 pounds of food each day.

The sweet-and-sour smell of manure fills the air, but grows less noticeable with each passing minute. On one side is a red barn that houses the milking equipment. It is about 250 feet long and 80 feet wide, with openings on either end. About 600 of the farm's 1,200 holstein cows live here. Just in front of the barn are about 50 small enclosures. Each has what looks like an oversized doghouse on one end and small calves reside in most of them. Several tractors sit parked in the area.

An aged barn sits across from the main barn. Many of the solid beams appear to be old-growth timber. Steve and Joe use the barn for pregnant animals and as a birthing area. A large pregnant heifer stands in one of the pens.

"She'll probably go into labor in about three or four hours," Joe says. "Around three or four calves are born here each day."

"There's something about bringing a calf into the world," he says. "It's really a challenge to confront the situation using various techniques. A normal birth is front legs first in a diving position, but I've felt all

kinds of things — one foot, just the head, backwards. But when you get a live calf, that's what it's all about."

As soon as a calf is born, it is separated from its mother. Joe says people think it's cruel, but the mortality rate rises if they stay together because the calf can lick pathogens off of the mother.

Joe walks in the barn and down some stairs to the milking facility. He greets two Hispanic workers milking the cows. The three men exchange pleasantries in a mix of Spanish and English. Steve and Joe employ 12 full-time dairy workers. The dairy runs 24 hours per day and the employees work eight-hour shifts in groups of four.

The cows enter the milking station in an orderly fashion and seem to know where to go. They are milked three times a day and their trips to the milking station are routine. Before each cow is milked, its udders are brushed with an iodine solution to kill any germs. A separate tube is attached to each teat. The tubes join and the milk is pumped into a holding facility. Each cow has a sensor strapped to a back leg. A digital readout shows the cow's individual number and how much milk each cow has given. The numbers can be analyzed for trends.

"This equipment was made in Israel," Joe says. "It's 20-year-old technology now and was 6 or 7 years old when we got it. Just imagine what kind of technology is available today."

Joe says a quick adios and walks back to his office.

Joe hasn't regularly milked the cows in 10 years. Today his job is mostly management.

"We're not just farming anymore, we're running a business," he says. "Otherwise we're not going to make it."

Joe has thought about moving his operation to eastern Washington where land costs are lower and the people are more "farmer friendly."


"It's a lot easier to operate a tractor on the road over there," Joe says. "Here people are yellin', givin' you the finger and calling the state patrol."

For now his family keeps him in place. Joe has six children with his wife, Linney, ranging in age from 3 to 19. Their eldest child, Robbyn, attends Western.

"I do what I do for the family," Joe says. "We've made enough to stay in business. You have your highs and your lows, but really the big advantage is family."

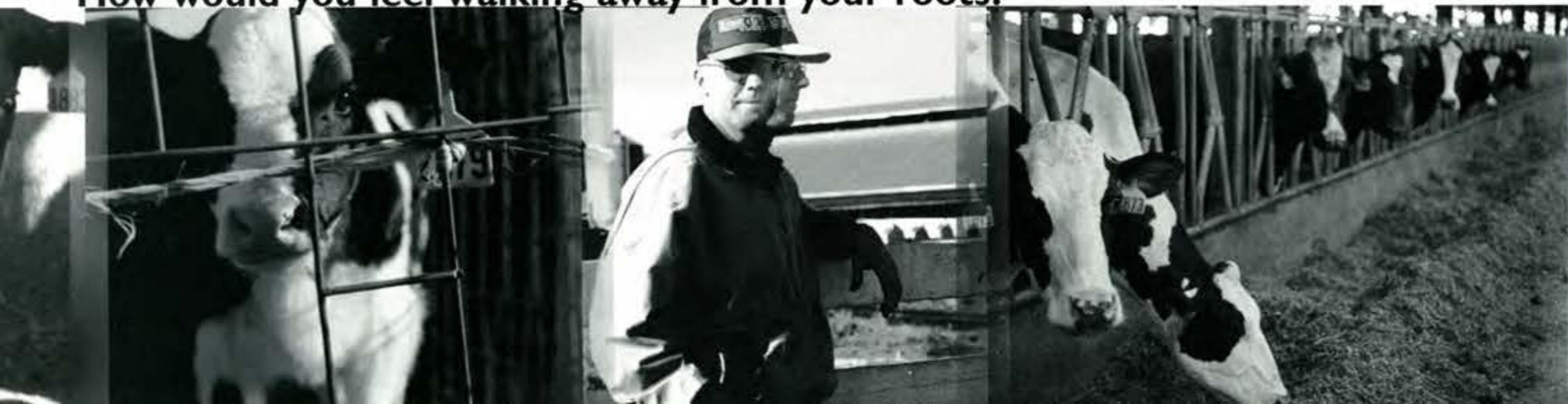
"Even though the kids don't really have a role like when me and Steve were kids, they still learn a lot on the farm — judgment and problem solving at an early age. We had a big talk with all of the kids and they love growing up here."

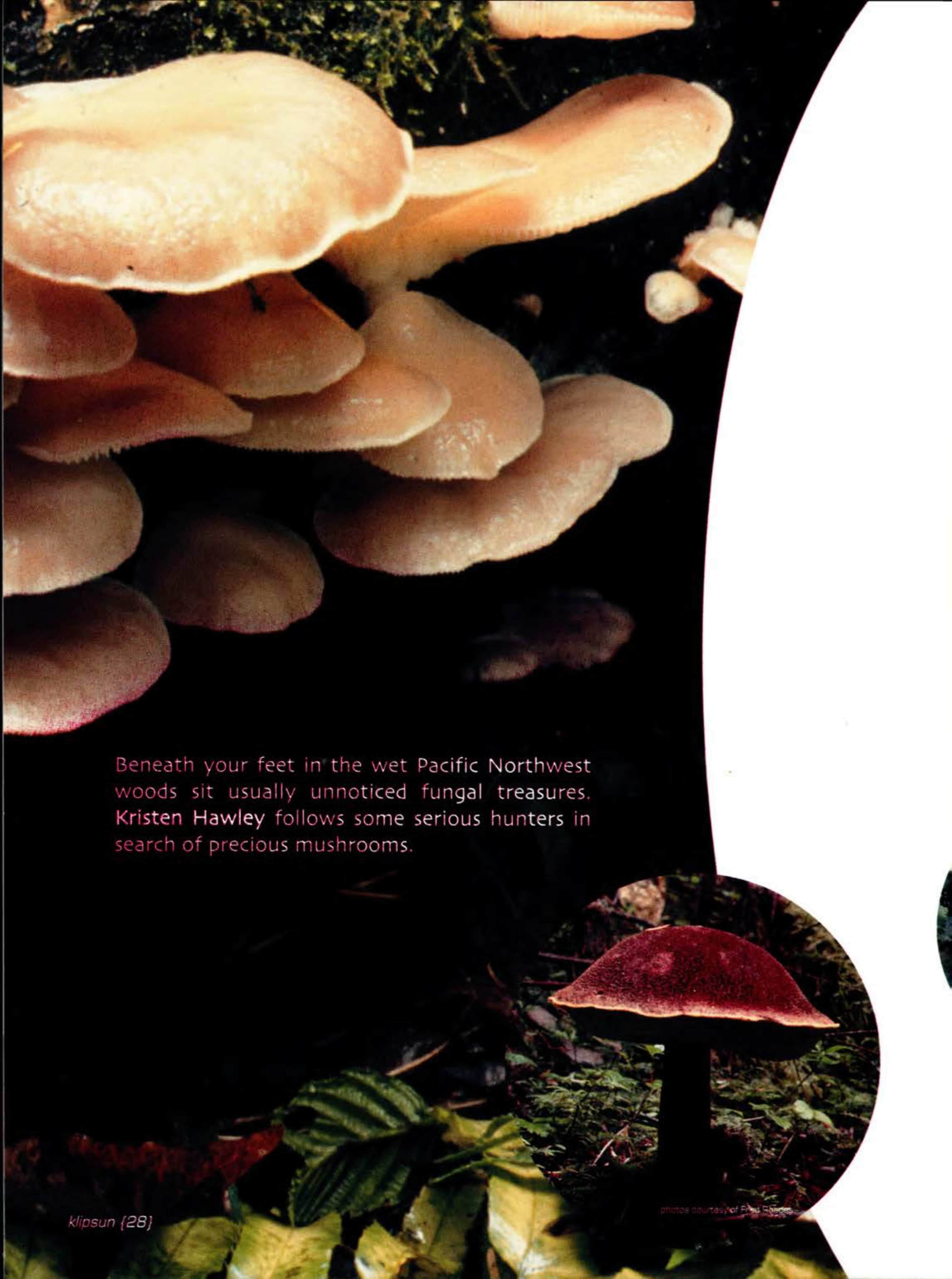
Three of the older boys talk of one day being in the agricultural business.

"Farming is something that gets into your blood. You can't imagine doing anything else," Joe says. "So we're going to stick it out here a while longer. It's all about family and togetherness. If there wasn't that feeling it wouldn't be worth it." 



"How would you feel walking away from your roots?"





Beneath your feet in the wet Pacific Northwest woods sit usually unnoticed fungal treasures. Kristen Hawley follows some serious hunters in search of precious mushrooms.



It is Saturday afternoon in the Pacific Northwest: gray, misty and chilly enough to turn one's breath frosty. Most people spend this type of day curled up by a fire with a warm cup of tea and a good mystery novel.

Shelley, 23, chooses to spend this particular afternoon trudging through the squishy, water-logged cow pastures of Sedro-Woolley.

Upon arrival at his pasture of choice, he scans the field, then confidently marches over to a cow pie-covered patch with a very specific goal.

Shelley is not gathering material for a compost pile. Nor is he cow tipping. Not even close. Shelley is hunting and picking some of the Pacific Northwest's most prized and well-hidden mushrooms.

In the middle of a swamp-like field dotted with manure piles, he is right where he needs to be to find a bounty of fungal delights. The wet conditions, consistent exposure to daylight and close proximity to abundant nitrogen sources – in this case, cow dung – make the pasture an ideal mushroom hunting site.

"It's like a microworld," he says, carefully stroking his full brown beard. "Each group of mushrooms has its own specific environment, and when you find that, you know where they are likely to be."

If a stereotypical physical description of someone who treks through pastures picking mushrooms exists, Shelley fits it. With a curly ponytail extending well past his shoulders, a heavy woolen sweater and muddied hiking boots to protect him from the elements, Shelley

looks every bit like the nature-lover who spends hours pondering prose of Henry David Thoreau and John Muir as he wanders through the forest.

The Fungal Gourmet



"It becomes addicting," he says. "You look for them wherever you go. It's like a scavenger hunt, and once you find them, the reward is that you get to eat them."

He is not the only mushroom enthusiast who realizes the veritable fungal gold mine hidden in the Bellingham area: The Northwest Mushroomers Association, a group that gathers to search for and discuss fungi, is based in Bellingham.

Once every few months, the NMA newsletter, *MushRumors*, is distributed among members to give notice of upcoming forays, meetings and other notable mushrooming events. The newsletters feature everything from the specifics of how to dress for a foray, to advanced mushroom identification techniques.

The newsletter's editor, Eric Swisher, sports well-worn Levi's, heavy-duty brown leather boots and a well-trimmed beard, giving him more the look of an Oyster Dome hiker than an avid mushroom gatherer. He claims to be mainly interested in the deep-woods hiking and exploration involved in a mushroom hunt, but when he discusses the various kinds of mushrooms he has run across, technical terms roll off his tongue quickly and nonchalantly.

Clad in a white T-shirt proclaiming in bold black letters "Shi'itake Happens," Swisher easily chats about the varieties of mushrooms he has captured on film and now displays in a large, leather-bound photo album.

"These are some from my backyard, and these are of my first morel," he says with pride, pointing to two out-of-focus, overexposed photographs of a dark brown mushroom poking out of a leaf-covered landscape.

Swisher says he stumbled upon mushroom hunting by accident when a friend sparked his interest by showing him a bag full of enormous orange mushrooms for selling to local merchants.

"I sort of fell into it," Swisher says. "As a kid, my mom said six words: 'It's a toadstool; don't touch it.' But then I found out I can go out and get money, I like to pick mushrooms and I love to be in the woods."



A quick look around the living room of Swisher's home reveals that, for him, mushrooming has evolved from a pastime to a passion. A poster displaying brightly-colored likenesses of edible mushrooms adorns a spot above his couch. Two neatly framed fungi photographs are hung precisely on the wall; one captures a cluster of dozens of ping pong ball-size orange mushrooms, while the other is a print of a lone, tiny brown mushroom with a stem as thin as a toothpick sprouting out of a bed of moss.

"Mushrooms get a bad rap because so many are thought of as poisonous or hallucinogenic, so a lot of the edible ones get overlooked," Swisher says. "But there is a small contingency of people who care about them a great deal.

"I personally enjoy the tromping around in the woods part about it," he adds.

Swisher darts out of the room for a moment, then returns with a large paper shopping bag filled with different species of dried mushrooms. These can be reconstituted to their original spongy form by adding a little liquid and then cooking them in a stir fry, he says.

Chanterelles, rust-colored specimens with a ruffled cap the size of an English muffin, are the mushrooms that Swisher generally finds the most.

"I've gotten as many as 50 pounds in one day," he says.

In his bag, however, there are far more varieties than simply chanterelles. The mushrooms are all neatly dried, stored in Ziploc baggies and clearly labeled in black marker as to the type of fungi and the date they were picked. They range in size and color from small, khaki-colored flakes resembling pencil shavings to long, slender, purple slices of mushroom.

Much of what he gathers is found during NMA forays, which usually occur in the peak mushroom hunting season from early September to late November.

Forays usually consist of 30 to 40 people trekking through the woods to find any variety of mushrooms — edible, interesting or even unknown. The mushrooms are displayed at the end of the foray and identified by knowledgeable hunters. Some are so rare that identification involves scientific research by those in the field of mycology — the study of mushrooms.

Part-time Western biology professor Fred Rhoades is a mycologist and is also a member of the NMA. With an armload of three-dimensional slides to share and a wealth of scientific names to explain, Rhoades happily talks about all things fungi — from deadly poisonous to delectably edible, extraordinarily uncommon to everyday toadstools.

"I started with an academic interest in mushrooms," Rhoades says. "But it's just kind of fun to get a free supply of interesting food."

As an undergraduate biology student at Swarthmore College in Pennsylvania, Rhoades took a course in mycology that hooked him on the study of mushrooms.

"It fascinated me," he says, adjusting his wire-rimmed glasses as he flips through his slide collection. "So I was definitely interested when he (the professor) came to me with the project of identifying all the mushrooms in the woods east of Eugene, Ore."

As a graduate student at Oregon State University, Rhoades took on the task of venturing into a coniferous forest to seek out and identify the cup fungi of the area.

One of the most common and frequently sought after cup fungi is the morel, Rhoades says, which are quite common in Eastern Washington. In late May the NMA makes an annual pilgrimage to hunt for the specimen.

Rhoades displays a slide of cup fungi, which indeed reveals a cup-shaped cap colored a cheddar cheese shade of bright yellowish-orange. The cup shape makes the mushroom appear as if it had a normal cap that was blown inside out like an umbrella in a heavy wind.

Another slide shows a morel, which features an elongated cap that is actually made up of several small brown cups, creating a honeycomb-like texture that practically jumps off the screen. The cap is attached to a thick, bone-colored stem and reaches a height of nearly six inches.

With the unique characteristics of each mushroom featured on Rhoades' slides, it seems impossible to mistake them for other poisonous varieties, but he stresses that the colors of mushrooms alone are not a good way to categorize what is and is not edible.

"There aren't a lot of deadly poisonous mushrooms that can be confused with common edibles, but there are some that are known to grow in the same area together," he says. "In the Northwest there are possibly as many as 3,000 kinds of mushrooms."

With more than 10,000 species of mushrooms in North America, according to figures cited by mushroom-hunting author David W. Fischer, only about 250 are definitely known to be edible. Nearly that same amount are known to be poisonous, leaving the toxicity of approximately 9,500 species of North American mushrooms to remain largely a mystery.

Rhoades says that while the most common mushrooms in the area are ones previously identified in books or guides, one of the best ways to be sure a mushroom is safe to consume is to take a spore print.

To make a spore print, the stalk of one of the mushrooms is removed and the cap is placed right side up on a piece of paper and covered overnight. The following day, the mushroom will have deposited millions of spores, usually leaving a distinct color on the paper, which can then be identified in mushroom field guides.

One type of mushroom typically black-listed in mushrooming communities is the LBM, or little brown mushroom, which is seen growing year-round in places as common as a front lawn or playing field. Rhoades says the reason for avoiding these is because it can be uncertain whether or not the specific mushroom is poisonous.

While discussing the importance of knowledge and safety while mushrooming, Rhoades recalls a story he has heard during his several years hunting for and studying mushrooms.

According to the story, a group of high school students from eastern Washington traveled to Whatcom County to search for a specific local species of hallucinogenic mushrooms, the *psilocybe cyanescens*, which usually thrives on wet wood chips.

The mushrooms have dirt brown, ruffled caps and look strikingly similar to a deadly poisonous species of gallerina mushrooms that grow in the same exact environment. The only difference is that one produces a purplish spore print and one sheds brown spores. Supposedly the students ate the mushrooms, headed back to Spokane and then became gravely ill because they mistakenly ate gallerinas.



Swisher also knows a fatal mushroom-hunting tale in which an employee for a California winery headed into the hills of the Sierra Nevada mountain range in search of matsutake mushrooms. He mistakenly ate a poisonous amanita, which is similar but not identical in appearance, and died shortly thereafter.

"It's just like anything else," Rhoades says of the mushroom identifying process. "When you get to know your friends, you recognize them. Even if you're blindfolded you know when they walk in the room. It's the same with mushrooms. It takes time to get to know them."

Shelley, who often spends his time seeking out hallucinogenic mushrooms, says he thoroughly reads his field guides before heading out to look for psychedelics.

"I just started reading this book, Psilocybin Mushrooms of the World, and got interested in looking for them," Shelley explains as he pulls out a small baggie, which, at first glance, appears to be filled with some sort of dried fruit.

Upon closer inspection, it becomes clear that the wrinkled, chocolate brown, leathery chips are actually liberty cap mushrooms, psychedelics complete with stems, caps and even a bit of dirt.

"There is a lot of these types of mushrooms around this area, especially in pastures, so they are the easiest for amateurs to find," he says, dumping out the contents of the bag.

The mushrooms feel much more lightweight than they appear, and Shelley says once dry, they have actually shrunk to a fraction of their original size and have dried considerably from their initial slick texture.

Rhoades is quick to point out that while a number of mushroomers are hunting for hallucinogenics, possession of the active ingredient in the mushrooms, psilocybin, is illegal in the state of Washington.

According to the Washington State Uniform Controlled Substances Act, psilocybin is listed as a controlled substance and is therefore illegal. Those found to be possessing psilocybin could receive a state penalty of up to five years in prison, a \$10,000 fine or both.

"I really don't see how you can make something illegal if it grows out of the ground," Shelley says of picking psilocybin-laden mushrooms.



"When you get to know your friends, you recognize them. It's the same with mushrooms. It takes time to get to know them."

While Shelley's theory might be flawed in the eyes of the law, he says it is difficult for police officers to enforce punishment because of the difficulty in identifying mushrooms purely by sight.

"The policemen usually spot me from the road when I'm in the cow pastures, but I just usually drop the mushrooms on the ground then go back for them later," he says.



Rhoades, Swisher and Shelley are all quite vague about the specific location of their mushroom hunts. It is an unspoken rule that when a hunter finds a cache of sought-after fungi, the location should remain secretive so the crop is not depleted too quickly.

"When I hunt separate from the club, I like to dress all in green so I blend in," Swisher says. "I don't want people to know what I'm doing in case I find the mother load."

The selling price for certain prized mushrooms can be quite high, he says. The matsutake, which is highly valued in Japan but fairly rare to find, has been known to sell at auctions for as much as \$500 per pound.

"The matsutake is kind of the holy grail of mushrooms," he says. "It's kind of zingy and spicy, real flavorful. It's much more distinct than a lot of other kinds."

Swisher pulls out a small plastic bag filled with just a few of the treasured matsutake and begins to explain where he found the treasure. He stops mid-sentence, thinking better of the idea, and keeps the specific location to himself, as any true mushroomer would. ♪



funungal treasures
dairy heifers
challenging feats



THE KLIPSUN

