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Western Student Publications

Fall 2010

Klipsun Magazine, 2010, Volume 40, Issue 05 - Fall

Michael Homnick
Western Washington University

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Homnick, Michael, "Klipsun Magazine, 2010, Volume 40, Issue 05 - Fall" (2010). *Klipsun Magazine*. 253.
https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine/253

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KLIPSUN

FALL 2010





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KLIPSUN

AN INDEPENDENT STUDENT PUBLICATION
OF WESTERN WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF Michael Hornick

MANAGING EDITOR Katherine Garvey

COPY EDITOR Victoria Law

STORY EDITORS Mandi Brady

Madeline Maloney

Colleen Toomey

DESIGNERS Chelsea Kennedy

Angelo Spagnolo

PHOTO EDITOR Jordan Stead

MULTIMEDIA EDITOR Max Wilbert

ONLINE EDITOR Elin Jike

PHOTOGRAPHERS Chelsea Asplund

Michael Hornick

Lindsey Otta

Sars Richardson

Carey Rose

Jordan Stead

ADVISER Peggy Watt

WRITERS Chelsea Asplund

Ross Buchanan

Juan Cornejo

Andrew Mitchell

Samantha Oberholzer

Lindsey Otta

Keegan Prosser

Sars Richardson

Kayley Richards

Carey Rose

Olena Rypich

CONTACT 360.650.3737

klipsunmag@gmail.com

INSIDE/ OUTSIDE

EDITOR'S NOTE

Dear Reader,

The difference between inside and outside can be surprisingly small. Outside my window right now is dirt, wind and pouring rain. Meanwhile inside it is a cozy 65 degrees, and my computer, iPod and guitars are at no threat from the elements. This difference is due to less than two feet of wall and fiberglass.

In an unassuming shopping center in Edmonds, this same thickness of wall separates families enjoying pizza dinners and gym-goers from shelves lined with varieties of medical marijuana, its pungent smell shielded by a thick door.

Sometimes these barriers are made of other material. Plastic surgery allows people to bypass the wall of skin and change their appearance on the outside to

what they feel on the inside. And in one Klipsun reporter's experience, this can prove to be life changing.

Often the simple barrier separating what's inside from out has the power to change the people who cross it. The patrons of the Bellingham Academy of Self Defense, for example, routinely leave behind their daily lives and step inside to study the ancient art of Karate, allowing them the focus to reflect on their lives outside.

This issue of Klipsun examines the many different meanings and interpretations of "inside/outside," and keeping with the spirit of the theme, I hope you will enjoy reading what's inside these pages as much as we enjoyed making it.



MICHAEL HORNICK
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ON THE COVER:
photo illustration by Carey Rose | KLIPSUN



CONTAGIOUS CAPITALISM

Story by Ross Buchanan

Photo illustration by Michael Homnick

It doesn't matter if you are Abraham Lincoln, Lil' Jon or Mr. Peanut, at no point in human history did people look cool in top hats. In retrospect, it is truly amazing to analyze the lengths that people once went to achieve such an utterly stupid physical appearance.

At one point, North American trappers made their living skinning an industrious vermin, the beaver, in order to feed the worldwide market for beaver skin top hats.

Had a person thought of such a thing as a beaver skin Snuggie at this point, no doubt they would have become filthy rich.

Contemporary consumers are aware that they exist under constant marketing bombardment; yet occasionally an item is still able to reach through the advertising assault and inspire an otherwise frugal spender to make an unnecessary purchase. For purposes beyond survival, physical requirement, or critical reason, consumers vigilantly purchase trendy items to feel *something*.

How do these popular items, or fads, come in and out of style?

The top hat, like other consumable items throughout history, successfully made the commercial leap from a regular good to a fad commodity.

Manufacturers strategically limit the supply of these cheaply made goods produced with widely available resources in order to inflate the commodity's

value, thus growing the profit margin on each unit. Beanie Babies were a fad defined by such postulated value: Consumers were encouraged to buy an overpriced product "before it was gone," when in fact, it wasn't "going" anywhere. As long as the supply resources for the fad are available, the opportunity to produce more of that commodity remains.

"I think that being an independent inventor today is as challenging as it was 50 years ago... Considering the aggressive environment of the Internet, it may be more challenging today," says Dr. Ed Sobey, a global advocate for creative learning at Seattle's Northwest Invention Center. "The issue with fads is only partly determined by the product. The fad product has to hit the market at the right time with the right cachet [before] it can go viral."

Dr. Mary Ann Odegaard, director of the Retail Management Program at the University of Washington's Foster Business School, classifies fads as having a tremendous amount of commercial success over a very brief time period before fizzling out.

"By viral we tend to mean that something has gained a life of its own," Odegaard says. "I would say that fads have always been viral, but their contagion is vastly multiplied by the opportunity [for consumers] to have constant communication."

Like a virus, fad items, as well as online content (such as the YouTube sensation "Charlie bit my



“BEANIE BABIES ARE WORTHLESS. I HATE THEM...AS A DISTRIBUTOR, I HAVE TO STAY SHARP ON WHEN TO DUMP [ITEMS LIKE BEANIE BABIES] THAT BURN SO BRIGHT AND FAST”

-RAL GARIO, OWNER OF BELLINGHAM BAY COLLECTIBLES

MORE THAN **4 MILLION** SNUGGIES HAD BEEN SOLD BY MID-2009, LESS THAN A YEAR AFTER FIRST APPEARING IN TELEVISION ADS.

-SOURCE: USA TODAY, 2009

finger—again” at 247,034,496 views as of November 2010), have the ability to circulate at a speed impossible to attain before the creation of the Internet.

“Now we’ve got TV’s, Facebook, cell phones, Ipads... all these different devices where people communicate,” Odegaard says. “The communication structure has changed so much.”

When a product becomes viral, those who discuss it in any context bolster its popularity; whether a product is convenient, defective or bizarre, once it has become a talking point, consumers feel they are obligated to know something about it or buy one for themselves.

“Fad items tend to be a little odd... but they have to be financially accessible to a large percentage of the population,” Odegaard says. “The materialism of our society has changed as the standard of living has risen, [and] I don’t think that fad products can exist in places where people don’t have [financial] resources.”

Deep inside Bellingham Bay Collectables, Ral Gario has made a living out of knowing what fads are worthy of resale. Sitting behind shelves, counters and racks of vintage oddities, Gario has 30 years of experience looking at once-popular items.

His shop sells, buys and trades eccentric fad items from the past, most sporting the now rare “Made in U.S.A.” logo.

“College kids change everything... I have to gear myself to understand the newer generations if I ever

expect to know what kinds of items they will have interest in collecting later,” Gario says. “Some antique items have a way of circulating back into style... If you can figure out what kids are going to want to bring back, you’ve got a chance to make a lot of money.”

Gario explains there is a lower quality in the popular fad items of the current generation, and the possibility for collecting sleeved blankets for resale seems pointless.

“Beanie Babies are worthless,” Gario says. “I hate them... I have to stay sharp on when to dump items [like Beanie Babies] that burn so bright and fast. Traditionally, people want to collect the items they grew up with, but the current generation is different.”

As the human capacity for communication grows, so grows the fertility of the fad marketplace. A fad’s rise to success, its escalation to being *in*, is dependent upon the way it can be communicated between its potential clientele.

Ironically, fads abort their popularity in the marketplace by the same means; once a fad has been spread to every corner of the human network and has appeared on shelves, computers and television screens for long enough, it becomes rapidly undesirable.

For regardless of time, place or culture, man has eventually realized that he looked stupid wearing the (x) hairstyle or that he was never going to get any friends if he continued hoarding (y) collectables. ■

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU

STUDENTS OPEN UP THEIR PERCEPTIONS OF IDEAL MATES

Story by Olena Rypich

Photo illustration by Lindsey Otta

When it comes to finding a woman, Matt Latham knows what he wants. She must be “awesome,” which by his definition is someone who is extremely intelligent, atheist, ravishingly beautiful, competitive, philosophical, funny, mature and passionate about something.

Latham, a 22-year-old Western graduate student, is very specific about his tastes. About two months ago, he started a thread on Viking Village, Western’s online forum, about his efforts to find a woman who fits, to put in light words, a very precise description.

Western junior Lillian Woolworth posted on Latham’s thread, saying she was looking for a “great guy,” and described herself as someone who just about meets most of Latham’s criteria.

But hold off on ringing the wedding bells just yet, for this isn’t a story of a matched couple with a happy ending, but rather an attempt to pinpoint the ratio of inner to outer qualities humans seek when on the lookout for a mate.

Based on Latham and Woolworth’s philosophies, those who grew up believing in the notion that love is blind might be in for a wakeup call.

“Attraction is really powerful,” says Dr. James Graham, associate professor of psychology at Western. “Whenever anyone studies about attraction, physical attractiveness is almost always included as a variable because the effect is so strong.”

Graham’s area of focus is adaptive processes in romantic relationships, or what causes relationships to thrive and flourish. He says that overall, male and female psychology on the topic of attractiveness does not vary too greatly and differences between the sexes are actually small.

Attraction is determined by the rewards we might expect from the other person, the proximity to that



person, physical attraction and reciprocity of feelings.

Desirability is the product of a simple equation: physical attractiveness times the probability of acceptance, Graham says.

“We want the most attractive partner possible without being rejected. If we think we are unlikely to be rejected, we shoot for as high as possible,” he says.

Latham says he will not date just anyone.

“In fact, I think people fall into a normal distribution,” he says. “Let’s be honest—there’s a bell curve. There’s the ‘right in the middle’ and I’m looking for someone two or three sigmas out in the positive direc-

tion, and I don't think that's asking too much. I want an equal."

Latham says he cannot and would not be attracted to just anyone. His idea of "ravishingly beautiful" is Natalie Portman: a diamond-shaped face, light-brown hair, a petite frame and medium height.

"I have my particularities," he says, "but I think in general, society views certain things as attractive, and for me, growing up in this society, I have absorbed some of those values. There's a whole bunch of 'golden' ratios of what is considered ideal, and it seems to be what I find attractive."

Latham wears a pressed button-up shirt, wrinkle-free slacks, leather dress shoes and a leather jacket that rests on the back of his chair. His hair is trimmed neatly on the sides, with spikes at the top.

He says the ideal woman must reciprocate his sense of style.

"[She should wear] something that's elegant, something that says, 'I tried this morning, and I didn't just throw on a sweatshirt,'" he says.

What attracts Woolworth to a man, she says, is almost contradictory to Latham's physical qualities.

Woolworth admits she is just as picky about potential boyfriends.

She says she is attracted to androgynous-looking males with big noses who are skinnier than her and have longer, shaggy hair.

"If a person has short, spiky hair, then it's immediately a 'no,'" she says.

She also looks for imperfections, not a "Ken Doll" flawlessness and names actor Ethan Hawke as an ideal type.

"I would feel uneven if the person were too perfect," Woolworth says. "I would feel like I would have to be making up for something, which maybe is B.S. I tend to like emotionally insecure people because I can help them feel better about themselves, because I can feel valuable," she says.

Graham explains there might be several people just right for one person, but the more confidence one has, the higher his or her standards for a mate.

"If we think the probability is that someone will reject us, we tend to prefer partners with less desirable characteristics," he says.

For Latham, looks will only carry the relationship so far. He says he cannot date anyone who hasn't gone to college. In theory, he could accept dating someone who is religious but, in that case, would want to "convert" her to atheism; he wants someone who he says is as rational and skeptical as he is.

Unlike Latham, Woolworth says she would not

decide against dating someone who had little to no higher education background.

"I don't think your level of

education defines your intelligence," Woolworth says.

"If they came about their intelligence a different way than by going to school, then that's fine with me."

She says she believes she could date people of various ethnicities and with different body types but says there wouldn't be an instant attraction at first.

"I do have to say that looks are very important to me, as superficial as that sounds," she says. "I wouldn't approach them for dating. We would have to be friends and then date."

Latham admits his demand for perfection might be too ambitious, going so far as to calculate his chance of meeting someone who fits his description.

He narrowed it down to the female population who are English speakers, agnostic, and then narrowed it down to about 5 percent of that group who are atheists, college-educated and fit his standards of beauty. The result came down to about one in every 7,000 people.

"What I may be looking for is a unicorn, a goddess, a siren or a mermaid," he admits.

But this won't stop him from seeking her. ■

$$\begin{array}{c} \text{Physical attractiveness} \\ \times \\ \text{Probability of Acceptance} \\ = \\ \text{Desirability} \end{array}$$

-Dr. James Graham, Associate professor of psychology

HOMEROOM MEETS LIVING ROOM

A BELLINGHAM COUPLE TAKES ON TWO ROLES IN THEIR CHILDREN'S LIVES: PARENT AND TEACHER

Story and photos by Chelsea Asplund



Sitting in the dining room of their home on Alabama Hill in Bellingham, Erik and Stephanie Jonson watch their four children play with magnetic building blocks on the living room carpet. Soft classical music drones in the background under the hum of a dishwasher. It is a Friday afternoon, and while other children in the area may be waiting for the end-of-the-day bell to signal the start of their weekend, the Jonson children are inside a different classroom—their own home.

“Their learning never stops,” Stephanie says with a smile.

For the past four years she has homeschooled her four children in a converted basement in her home.

When first meeting Stephanie and Erik, one might not suspect they homeschool their children. Erik, who was raised in Ferndale, is a full-time electrical engineer. Stephanie holds a doctorate in chemistry

and spent years researching and teaching at the college level.

But what is a homeschooled family supposed to look like?

Their initial interest in homeschooling came years ago when they were both living in St. Louis. They had considered private school until many of the couple’s friends who shared their religious beliefs began homeschooling their children. Stephanie and Erik then witnessed their upbringing and became inspired by the idea. The children, Erik remembered, always seemed so well-adjusted and comfortable interacting with all ages, something he is happy to now see in his own children.

“When our kids get together and play with other families everyone is included, instead of only ‘my fifth-grade friends’ or ‘my fourth-grade friends.’ If there’s another kid, younger or older, they’re all included,” Erik says. “That’s unique.”



OPPOSITE PAGE: Annika Jonson works out of her study book in the family basement, which now serves as a classroom for the children.
ABOVE: Stephanie Jonson helps her children Nathan and Elsa with their violin lessons. Music plays a big part in their learning process.
RIGHT: The white board, located in the family classroom, often shows the daily lesson plan.

“WHO BETTER THAN A PARENT CAN HAVE THE BEST INTEREST OF WHO YOUR CHILD IS AT HEART? WHO CAN LOOK TO FIND THOSE SPECIAL ABILITIES TO REALLY CULTIVATE THEM AND ALLOW THEM TO NOURISH AND FLOWER IN A SAFE SETTING?”

-ERIC JONSON

It was that idea of defying tradition, that uniqueness, Associate Sociology Professor Jennifer Lois says, that has so many people questioning it—even herself at one point.

“I started looking up what sociology had to say about homeschooling, and there was very little. I thought ‘This is a great opportunity,’” Lois says. “I had all those same stereotypes like ‘Who are these people?’ or ‘What about socialization?’ or ‘How do the parents think they’re qualified to teach their kids?’ I really wanted to understand that.”

Lois, who studied the sociology of homeschool parents and children 10 years ago, says the prevalence in the Whatcom area is what brought her to study it. One of the most significant questions, Lois says, is this idea of qualification.

By Washington state law, to be qualified to homeschool one must do one of the following: earn 45 college level credits; pass a Parent Qualifying Course at a technical college; work with a certified teacher once a week; or receive permission from the superintendent. All parents must also file a Declaration of Intent every year to their school district.

“Mothers have to find a way to defend themselves constantly against questions like that that imply that they are bad mothers or fathers,” Lois says. “You are keeping your child out of school, what kind of parent

are you?’ The idea is that the kids will have no ability to speak to anyone because they haven’t been to school. Well, even if you go into a public school you are guaranteed to see those who are beautifully social and those who are not.”

Stephanie, who meets the qualifications with her college education, says she is most often asked what makes her qualified.

“For a parent, I would ask, ‘Who better than a parent to teach their children?’” says Erik with a nod toward his wife. “Who better than a parent can have the best interest of who your child is at heart? Who can look to find those special abilities to really cultivate them and allow them to nourish and flower in a safe setting?”

To achieve this safe setting, Erik and Stephanie converted their basement into a classroom. The space resembles a classroom right down to the open front laminate desks and name tags, all facing a large whiteboard with the vocabulary lesson of the day. The walls are covered in elaborate shelving units. A colorful diagram of the human body hangs on the wall with Velcro pieces, a world map adjacent to it. The only clue this is not a typical classroom is the collection of family portraits hanging on the walls.

“I don’t believe you need a degree in education,” Stephanie says, bending down to pick up her daughter

There are an estimated
2 million children in the
U.S. who are home schooled (HSLDA)

Homeschool population has
grown about 8%
every year in the last four years (U.S.
Department of Education)

The top reasons for being
homeschooled:

30% provide religious
training

30% provide moral
training

16% dissatisfaction with
academic instruction
in public schools

(National Center for Education Statistics)

Elsa. “I think any parent is qualified to teach their children. They are their child’s first teacher after all.”

For the Jonsons, the day begins after breakfast around 8:30 in the morning. After coming together for a daily Bible lesson, Stephanie spends the rest of the morning teaching each child individually, while the others work on bookwork or structured activities. Due to the children’s age differences: Nathan, 10, Joshua, 8, Annika, 6, and Elsa, 3, Stephanie says this structured approach is what she tries to stick to.

“You could interview 10 different families and you could find 10 different ways to homeschool,” she says. “That’s the beauty of it.”

Stephanie enjoys the freedom of not only choosing how she teaches, but also what areas to focus on. Unlike a public school where the curriculum is universally planned out and aimed for larger classroom sizes, homeschool is adjustable. With resources from homeschooling organizations, Stephanie says she is able to organize and structure her lessons to adapt to her children’s specific needs—something that she said teachers are not as able to do in public schools.

“We as parents get to be the ones who work to correct and guide what we expect to see in our children, rather than letting some other person do it for us,” says Erik with a smile, his conversation cut short as he notices his two sons, Nathan and Joshua, arguing over sharing.

“But just because you’re homeschooled doesn’t mean you have perfect kids,” he says, crossing the room to break up the quarrel.

“It just allows you to correct more,” Stephanie adds.

Teachers and parents in public education get support and resources from organizations such as Parent Teacher Associations, but homeschool families are not alone. The Whatcom Homeschool Association has offered support to more than 400 families in Whatcom County for more than 20 years. The association has taken on many forms over the years and publishes monthly meetings and newsletters, which offer families fieldtrips and activities to participate in together.

Sociology professor Lois agrees that the idea of boundaries is another misconception about homeschooling people tend to have.

“Many people stereotype children who are homeschooled as literately homebound—sitting at the kitchen table and never leaving,” Lois says. “There are so many homeschoolers collectively. They can be a social bunch. The town has adapted to that.”

Despite annual exams homeschooled children must take, some skeptics argue whether the practice of homeschooling is successful.

According to the Home School Legal Defense Association, homeschooled children tested 37 percentile points higher than those in public school on the same standardized tests in 2009.

But beyond test scores and statistics, the Jonsons say it’s the root of homeschooling that makes it so successful and was the deciding factor for them and their lifestyle.

“There’s a strong family foundation still left,” Stephanie says. “Everyone’s not going their separate ways all day long and then getting together a short time at the end of the day. It allows people to learn in a loving and caring family situation.” ■

[ANTI]SOCIAL NETWORKING

Story and photo illustration by Carey Rose

A pitter-patter of keystrokes stops. Drooping eyes open slightly, becoming more alert. Their reflection changes from the white of a blank Word document to the deep blue of the Facebook logo as a student seeks solace from the monotony of homework.

For Western senior Zach Scott, though, the blue reflection in his eyes is more likely to come from the sky. He's never had a Facebook account, and if he has his way, he never will.

Scott doesn't feel lonely outside the current social networking phenomenon. He doesn't need to be found. He'd rather keep his life to himself. Given the choice, Scott would simply spend his time elsewhere. Going outside. Reading a book. Finding something to do with a friend.

But Scott isn't some West Coast Amish incarnate. He isn't one to shun technology.

"I've always had access to a computer," Scott says. "I do e-mail, I like Internet comics and watching cartoons and funny videos, just like everybody else."

What's easy for Scott and others like him may not be easy for everyone. It's becoming more and more difficult to escape Facebook's reach.

According to the website istrategylabs.com, Facebook had 103 million users in the United States in

January of 2010. Of those 103 million users, 26 million were aged 18 to 24. The U.S. Census Bureau estimates the current population of 18 to 24 year olds in the U.S. is 30 million.

All those numbers mean that roughly 86 percent of college-age adults are on Facebook.

But all of that is old news.

Less than one year after istrategylabs.com's statistical analysis, Facebook has estimated its current userbase at more than 140 million, an increase of almost 36 percent.

Despite Facebook's growth and ubiquity, Scott has never felt left out by his absence from it. Scott's friends simply text him about big events. If they forget, he's not upset by it. He did something else that day.

"I didn't sit around and think about being left out. I didn't even know," he laughs. "That can't hurt too bad."

According to Facebook, the average user has 130 Facebook friends. Scott, on the other hand, has about 300 friends, and they all reside within his well-worn flip phone.

Scott reckons he could easily call up 150 of those fiends to hang out at any time.

"I'm not hurting in any way." ■



A close-up photograph of vibrant green cannabis leaves, showing their serrated edges and intricate vein patterns. The leaves are set against a bright, slightly blurred background, creating a sense of depth and natural texture.

THE MOM & POT CO-OP

Story by Juan Cornejo
Photos by Jordan Stead

In a tucked-away corner in the town of Edmonds is a shopping center that resembles a village. A mother and her daughter exit a pizza shop with their dinner and a couple is on their way to enter a Pilates gym. On the second floor is a shop with windows covered by a thick pea-green curtain. Only an “Open” sign is visible.

Once the door of the establishment opens, a stinging smell creeps up the nostrils, a greeting to its visitor. The entrance leads to a waiting area that looks like a hallway. At the end of the waiting area stands a table with two chairs. Several magazines are laid out on the table and a Seahawks poster fills the wall. A hallway window allows a view into the business, but it is blocked off by a screen. To the right of the window is a heavy-duty door. But before entering, one must answer the brunette standing behind the window.

“How can I help you?”

The shop is called Satica Medical Group and Patient Unity Project. Its purpose: sell medicinal marijuana and related products to authorized patients.

Ken, who asked only his first name be used, is Satica’s owner and operator. Ken advocates his business by putting himself out on the frontlines of the Washington state medical marijuana movement from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., seven days a week.

Inside Satica, the music of rapper Eminem plays and



ABOVE: Ken stands behind the counter; he's ready to describe or recommend any of the products he has available for sale.

on the west wall is a 50-inch high definition Sony TV hooked up to a PlayStation 3. But dominating the room are two glass display counters of the products. The counters are decorated with posters displaying different marijuana strains. White boards behind the counter inform the visitor that medications require a \$10 donation and that free Wi-Fi is available. It's reminiscent of coffee shop. Only here, it's marijuana behind the counter.

The marijuana is kept in large 6-inch tall sealed glass jars inside the counter. Chemdogg, two varieties of Afghan Diesel and Orange Comet are today's "smoke-able" menu selections. The Chemdogg and Orange Comet are supposed to give an energetic treatment, while the Afghan Diesel is a mellow medication, as indicated by arrows pointing up or down beside their names on the white board. The odors are sharp and almost indistinguishable from one medication to the other, except Orange Comet which has a fruity zesty whiff.

In the second counter are 12 selections of edibles to choose from. Rice Crispy Treats (with a green tint), Scooby Snacks, raspberry crumbles, caramel bars, brownie bites, snicker doodles, glycerin and alcohol tinctures, lemon candy and fruit candy, coco tabs and

Goldfish, all infused with marijuana.

"Alcohol and fat, like butter or 99 Apples, extract THC [tetrahydrocannabinol, the active ingredient in cannabis sativa]," Ken says. "Afterward you can mix it with foods... They are primarily intended for physically debilitating body ailments."

Ken, his wife or a network of patients provide and test the products available at Satica.

Ken is in his late 20s, about 5 feet 8 inches tall, and he's outfitted in Blue jeans, white shoes and a gray Polo shirt today. He has piercings on his lip, right eyebrow and left ear. He is well groomed and smiles enthusiastically.

Ken's office has an L-shaped desk with a glass top, complemented by a printer, scanner, computer, paper work, folder, a phone, a lamp—and a bong. Beside his desk are five cannabis sativa plants under a 400W metal halide light. The plants are about 2 feet tall.

"We sell the clones," Ken says, touching the leaves of the plants and giving it a sweep with his hands. "We take off a piece from one of these mother plants. I actually encourage that, but some of [the patients] have ailments that don't allow them to be able to."

Ken first tried cannabis when he was a 12-year-old boy and has been a supporter since.

L “YOU KNOW, ANYONE CAN BE A DRUG DEALER. IT TAKES CARING AND DEDICATION TO DO WHAT WE DO IN THE FRONTLINES. THIS IS A SAFE AND SECURE PLACE.”

-KEN, OWNER OF SATICA MEDICAL GROUP

Later in his life he developed a passion for growing cannabis and would donate his crops to fellow patients who needed it.

“I’m asthmatic; I grew up on Albuterol and steroid inhalers, and going to the hospital,” Ken explains. “Since being a patient, I haven’t [used] inhalers. I haven’t been to the hospital once and it’s been a few years that I haven’t needed inhalers.” He says he also uses cannabis to treat his chronic lower back pains.

Ken wants to raise the bar for awareness regarding the establishments and their purpose. Through Satika, Ken provides patients with a safe place to access medicinal marijuana.

Even though Ken takes a risk himself, he keeps his shop indoors and operates strictly adhering to the law. He never acquires more than is legally allowed and always pays his taxes, an estimated \$10,000 to \$15,000 at the end of 2010.

“You know, anyone can be a drug dealer,” Ken says with a smile. “It takes caring and dedication to do what we do in the frontlines. This is a safe and secure place. It’s good to not have to go through a [drug dealer] because you don’t know where that money goes ... We follow the law.”

In November 1998, 59 percent of Washington state voters passed Initiative 692 giving approved patients the authorization to use marijuana as a way to treat a myriad of illnesses.

The list of illnesses is always growing, ranging from AIDS/HIV, hepatitis, cancer, anorexia, glaucoma, chronic pain, Crohn’s and asthma; the list continues to grow.

The state statute 69.51a RCW allows medicinal marijuana patients to keep a 60-day supply of cannabis with proper documentation. A 60-day supply is defined as 15 plants and 24 ounces.

How the patient acquires the medication is at their own risk.

Once a physician has approved marijuana for a patient they can refer them to one of many patient groups in Washington, such as the Washington State

Cannabis Group.

“We have no affiliation with any co-ops or dispensaries or provide [cannabis]. We refer approved patients to proper patient networks,” Matt Harmon, office manager of the group, explains. “The most important thing is to educate and help make the gray line between recreational and medicinal more clear.”

There is a gray area in the law, as well. Dispensaries are illegal and selling and buying marijuana is a federal offense.

Law enforcement can decide whether to raid a marijuana dispensary any day or anytime.

“Medical marijuana ‘dispensaries’ are not legal in Seattle or in any other part of Washington as far as I know. The exception would be if that ‘dispensary’ only kept a 60 day supply and proper documentation,” Sergeant Sean Whitcomb, Seattle Police Media Response Unit, says in a statement, the department’s only response to inquiries.

Ken says it’s not illegal for a patient to provide for another patient by “donating” their plants or medicine, and in return get a contribution from their patients of about \$10 per gram.

As Ken explains about how the transaction of medication works, there is a knocking sound on the front door.

“Oh hang on, someone is coming in. I got a patient.” Ken stands up from his chair and walks to the window on the entrance.

“Hi, welcome to Satika,” Ken says.

Ken takes a couple minutes to validate the paperwork before he even allows the patient into Satika, since he has not provided for the patient before. His name is Ryan Laverty; he just recently acquired his medical marijuana authorization.

“So, what do you recommend?” asks the new patient.

“What kind of feeling are you seeking, low or high?” Ken asks.

Ken reaches into the glass counters, grabs the medicine jar containing Orange Comet and takes a



ABOVE FROM TOP LEFT: Ken inspects his new water pipes for quality before they hit the selves. | Another satisfied person at Satica. | Ken weighs out 3.5 grams of Afghan Diesel. | Two Rice Crispy Treats and a couple bags of marijuana. And your change.

piece. “This one is very motivational, inspiring and keeps me going during the day.”

Laverty’s eyes open wide. He whiffs, gives a short whistle and answers, “Yeah, I’ll take that. I’ll have a rice crispy too.”

Ken puts on a glove to handle the marijuana and places it on a scale to weigh it. He puts it in a plastic sandwich bag and labels it. Ken then has Laverty sign a release form and gives him a bag to carry his medications.

Laverty says he appreciates the safety of a dispensary because he doesn’t like dealing with dealers and feels more comfortable with where dispensary medication comes from and where his money is going.

It’s shortly past 7 p.m. Ken locks the front door and flips the “Open” sign around to the “Closed” side. Ken’s work day has reached 11 hours.

“Cops or law enforcement can come in anytime.

Someone who has some personal problem against us can try and shut us down. We are non-profit but we don’t claim exempt on anything. We don’t take advantage. My wife and I support ourselves and our daughter doing this. We’re like a mom and pop shop, just in a [different] industry,” He says.

Ken is a husband, a father, a part of his community and a citizen.

He cares for what he does and will passionately continue his work as long as Satica can keep its doors open.

He opens the heavy-duty door leading to the hallway and then unlocks the outside door.

“Goodbye guys, I really appreciate you coming today, be safe,” Ken says as he closes the door.

The once stinging smell now dissipates rapidly once outside. All that is visible of the indoor business is a pea-green curtain and a “Closed” sign. ■



Braden C. Stridde, M.D., of Puget Sound Plastic Surgery, left, performs a tummy tuck on a client, part of what this particular clinic calls a "mommy makeover," which additionally included a breast augmentation, Wednesday, Oct. 20, 2010.

CUTTING THROUGH THE SURFACE

A JOURNEY TO THE OPERATING ROOM TO RECONCILE THE OUTSIDE WITH THE IN

Story by Keegan Prosser

Photos by Jordan Stead

It's recess time, the first day of school, September 1994.

I'm in first grade and I'm standing on the playground at Lowell Elementary in Tacoma, Wash.

A girl approaches me, her brown bob tucked carefully into a headband; she's in my class, but I can't remember her name.

"What's on your face?" she asks, pointing at the reddish-purple sore that devours my bottom lip.

"It's my birthmark," I explain.

"Oh."

End scene.

I was born with a hemangioma, a rapidly growing benign tumor of blood vessels, that attacked my throat and left my bottom lip unrecognizable by the time I was 1 year old.

A literal stain on my face, my hemangioma garnered a lot of unwanted attention for the majority of my childhood.

Plastic surgery offered me the chance to fix that — to alter my outside in order to showcase the inside.

JULY 1989

To begin, I will say this: I have had more surgical procedures in 21 years than most people will have their entire life.

Hemangiomas form within the first month of life, grow, stabilize and begin to regress.

In more serious cases, like mine, they continue to grow. The aggressive tumors can cause obstruction of

sight and breathing—as well as permanent disfigurement.

I had my first surgery at two weeks old—a laser procedure during which surgeons vaporized the soft tissue inside my throat, causing blood vessels to clot and the tumor to stop growing.

However, the tumor continued to grow up my throat, into my mouth and out. I was back for a second procedure when I was three months old.

JUNE 1997

By the time I was 7 years old, my pediatrician, Dr. Lawrence Larsen of Tacoma, referred me to plastic surgeon Dr. Braden Stridde, of Puget Sound Plastic Surgery.

At this point, Dr. Stridde performed external laser treatments on my chin and neck, destroying the blood vessels and stopping the growth of the tumor.

My mom promised if I went through with the surgery, I could get my ears pierced.

The next day, with my face a lovely shade of lavender, I went to Claire's.

JUNE 2002

While reconstructive surgery aims to restore the previous shape, form or function of the body, cosmetic surgery's goal is to enhance, improve and make more attractive these things.

According to these definitions, I believe I am patient of both.

At 13 years old I had my first invasive plastic surgery.

During this procedure, Dr. Stridde cut a 1-centimeter sized wedge of skin from my lip, removing a large section of scar tissue.

He used an ultrasound machine to heat the vessels on my face and performed liposuction to remove 4 ounces of blood vessels and fatty tissue from underneath my jaw.

Although effective, the weeks that followed are a painful reminder as to why I have no desire to do liposuction again.

JUNE 2003

In June 2003 I had a second major cosmetic surgery.

During this procedure, Dr. Stridde cut my bottom lip horizontally, and rolled out the vermillion — the pink skin found on the inside the bottom lip — to create a more “normal” lip.

Finally, I thought, I am going to look like everyone else.

OCTOBER 2010

Since my procedures, the focus of Dr. Stridde’s practice has shifted. Although he does some reconstructive work, he said cosmetics are more viable for his business.

According to statistics released by the American Society for Aesthetic Plastic Surgery, more than 10.2 million cosmetic surgical and non-surgical procedures were performed in the United States in 2008 — adding up to just under \$12 billion.

Nationally, the most popular plastic surgery procedures for women include breast augmentation,

liposuction and eyelid surgery. Liposuction, rhinoplasty and eyelid surgery were ranked highest for men.

While this pattern rings true in Bellingham, it would be safe to say the audience is much more tame.

“The majority of people don’t come in here and say ‘Make me look like I am 18,’” says Dr. James Howell Blackburn II, a plastic surgeon at Plastic Surgery Bellingham. “And they definitely don’t want to look like they’ve done plastic surgery.”

Most patients just want to look healthy and comfortable in their own skin.

This was the case for me.

It has been seven years since the last time I stepped foot in Dr. Stridde’s surgical center.

Today I find myself in a 10-by-15 foot operating room. A heavily sedated body lies 10 inches away. The patient, a 36-year-old woman, is having a tummy tuck and breast augmentation.

“She is having sort of a ‘mommy makeover,’” the receptionist says.

Dr. Stridde carefully cuts the woman’s abdomen, cauterizing the blood vessels as he peels a flab of skin and fat away from the muscles.

The buzzing of machines fills the room as the scent of blood and burning flesh wafts beneath my mask.

“Does this constitute ‘inside?’” Dr. Stridde says, inching his right hand under the flab of raw skin while stitching the muscles tightly together.

My journey with plastic surgery has been a long but rewarding one. While advances in surgery offer new opportunities to create a more “perfect” me each day, I think I’m content with the procedures I’ve already done.

The inside is great. Now, so is the out. ■



PASSPORT REQUIRED

FOR STUDENTS WHO LIVE IN
POINT ROBERTS, WASH.
COMMUTING TO SCHOOL HAS
A WHOLE NEW MEANING.

Story by Lindsey Otta

Located an hour away from Bellingham and 30 minutes from Vancouver, B.C., Point Roberts is 5 square miles of unincorporated Whatcom County on a peninsula attached to Canada, and enclosed by three sides of water.

“The Point” is almost culturally autonomous from the North American powers on either side.

In 1846 negotiations began between the United States and Great Britain to draw an international border between then Oregon Country and Columbia District. Eventually the line was drawn at the 49 degree parallel latitude line, without investigating what parts of land were included in this line.

Children who grow up in The Point can attend Point Roberts Primary School until third grade. After that, they must commute 45 minutes across the border each way to attend school in Blaine, Wash.

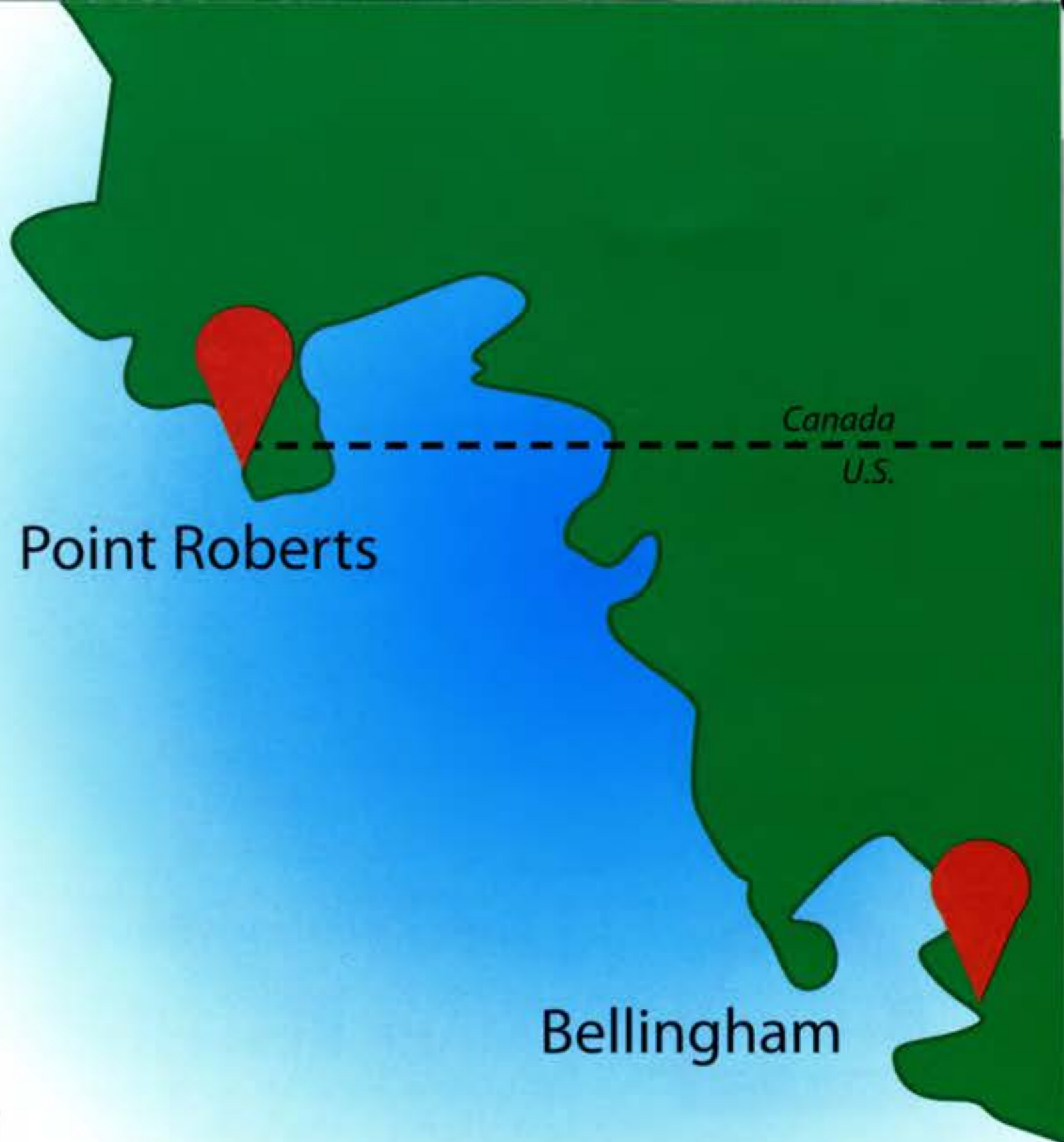
Izaak Wilkowski, 18, says there is only one bus that commutes everyday, and if you have after-school activities there is no alternative transportation.

“There is a very big network of people involved for people to work together and carpool,” Wilkowski says.

Because Point Roberts children attend Blaine schools, the school district has an arrangement with the border.

“We have on record the student’s birth certificate, their proof of citizenship.” Deb Wilkowski, secretary and instructional assistant at Point Roberts Primary, says.

Students don’t have to carry their passport to school every day, and if something arises the appropriate documents are on file.



- There are only 1,500 permanent residents in Point Roberts.
- Point Roberts Primary has one full-time teacher and a full-time instructional assistant/secretary.
- During the 2010 - 2011 school year there were 16 students.

Deb opted to send her children to a Canadian private school for four years when she first moved to Point Roberts and had to send her eldest to school.

“I didn’t want them to be that far away. I felt like we couldn’t be that involved, we like to volunteer and that’s an obstacle as a parent,” she says. “We couldn’t get to the school immediately if the kids got sick; there is no way around a 45-minute drive.”

Eventually she overcame the distance, and since then there hasn’t been a problem.

Known to some as the most gated community in the U.S., and one of the only places not properly documented by GoogleMaps, Point Roberts is the little part of Whatcom County nestled in between two cultures and two border patrols. ■

DOUBLE DUTY

Story and photo by Sars Richardson

MARK KELLER BALANCES TWO FULL-TIME JOBS: WORK AS A TATTOO ARTIST AND HELPING HIS WIFE RAISE THEIR AUTISTIC TWINS.

At the end of each day Mark Keller trades the steady hum of a tattoo machine and nervous chatter of human canvases for the squealing of young children and the rhythmic pulse of an indoor hammock swing.

The 33-year-old tattoo artist at Chameleon Ink in downtown Bellingham fits the physical stereotype of a tough tattoo artist: tall and sturdy with thick, dark facial hair and broad, menacing shoulders. But what really sets Keller apart from the other artists in town is his family, his wife and two autistic twins.

At home, a wide-eyed 6-year-old girl nestles into Keller's thick, inked arm. Her brother sits at the kitchen counter eating an ice cream cone.

Want to do "Wheels on the Bus" again, Kaylie?

As usual, Kaylie's reply is an excited squeal as she makes small circular motions with her hands.

"The wheels on the bus go round and round."

Keller tenderly helps Kaylie move her hands to the motions of the song. Kaylie doesn't sing along but grins and wiggles her hips to the sound of Keller's voice.

"Autism looks different in every individual," Keller's wife Angela Wynne says. "Even Kaylie and Mark [Jr.] are very different from each other."

Wynne explains that autism is a disorder represented by a full spectrum of manifestations from non-communicative, unresponsive individuals to high-functioning but socially stunted individuals. Though non-verbal, Kaylie and Mark Jr. are considered to be in the middle of the spectrum. They are able to make eye contact and can sometimes socialize with other people.

Kaylie and Mark Jr. attend special education classes at Harmony Elementary School and twice-a-week therapy sessions at St. Joseph Hospital where they're encouraged to learn sign language.

"I'm always working on sign language with them," Keller says, signing "more" to Kaylie, who is looking for a snack.

Kaylie grabs Wynne's arm and leads her to the kitchen. She talks about the way their lives changed when the twins were born. "Mark actually started tattooing because

we had twins,” Wynne says, reminiscing about when the couple both worked at Maax Hydro Swirl, a bath and hot tub manufacturer. “He was working days and I was working nights. We hardly saw each other. So when we found out we were having twins we needed more independence and something he could do.”

Tattooing seemed to be a natural choice for Keller, whose artistic interests started when he was in elementary school. It took Keller three years to find the right shop in Bellingham.

“I never wanted to do a traditional tattoo apprenticeship,” Keller says. “They just make you sweep up and run errands and be the bitch and I didn’t want any of that. I just wanted to do art and I knew I could do it.”

Some tattoo artists didn’t like that Keller didn’t do an apprenticeship, but Chameleon Ink owners Penelope and Daniel Barringer welcomed Keller into their shop.

“Mark is the rock of the shop—we would not be open without him,” Penelope Barringer says.

When Barringer first opened the shop, she wasn’t looking for more tattoo artists to join her. “I first heard of Mark when I saw a girl with a big peacock feather tattooed on her side,” Barringer says. “I said, ‘Who the fuck does work like this?’ His work is magical. When he came into the shop I told Daniel, ‘Don’t let this guy leave without offering him a job.’”

Keller raises his voice over the music playing in the shop. He says he loves to work at the shop on State Street as much as Barringer loves having him there.

“Penny and Daniel are great,” Keller says. “Penny

has twins and that was the first thing we connected about. I told them that I have a family and my kids come first and that’s the whole reason I got into tattooing—so I could work my schedule around and be flexible with it.”

Keller works four days a week at Chameleon Ink and gives himself two days to make it to Kaylie and Mark Jr.’s occupational and speech therapy appointments. Even with a flexible schedule, the day-to-day tasks for Keller and his family are challenging.

“There is no daycare for children with special needs,” Wynne says quietly. “If your kid’s incontinent [in diapers] there is no daycare for them. None.”

Socializing and spending time in public is also difficult for Keller’s family.

“The hardest thing for us is taking them out to lunch,” Wynne says. “People don’t understand that we can’t just tell them to be quiet. They’ll do their hand flapping and their screaming. ... They look at you like, ‘Shut your kid up.’”

Since being social is a challenge, most of their time is spent at school or at home. For Keller, work is often the only place where he can spend time with other adults. When Keller and Wynne do spend time with friends it is usually at their own house where Kaylie and Mark Jr. are most comfortable.

At home, the kids are free to scream and shout and swing and spin and otherwise fulfill their sensory needs. Kaylie sports a pale green Tinker Bell pajama set that zips up the back so she can’t undress. She dances in front of the T.V.

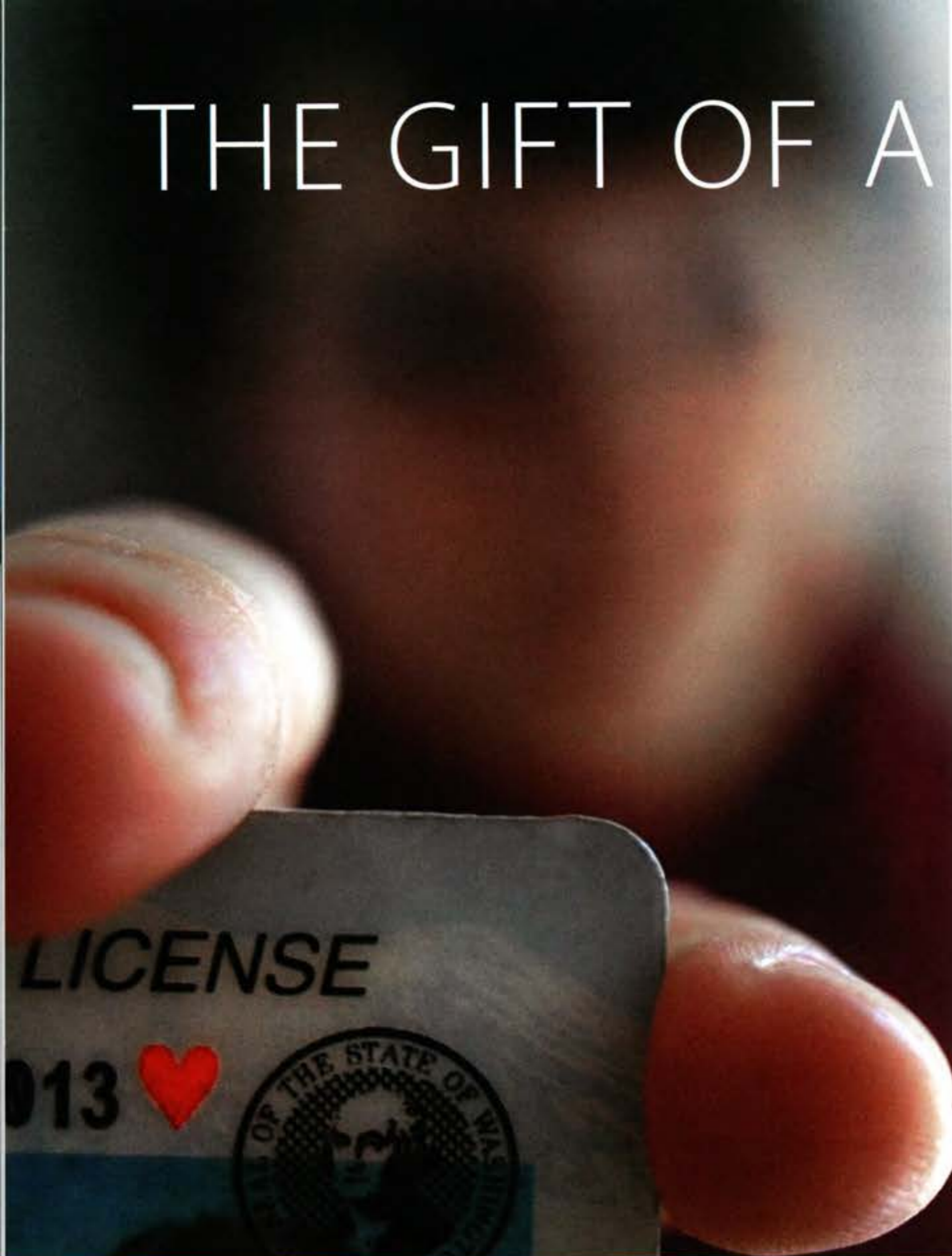
“The wheels on the bus go round and round, round and round, round and round.” ■



ABOVE: Mark Keller and his wife Angela Wynne sit with their 6-year-old autistic twins, Kaylie and Mark Jr.

THE GIFT OF A LIFETIME

Story by Kayley Richards
Photo illustration by Lindsey Otta



Huong Hoang's speech on the phone—usually gentle and methodical as she searches for the correct words to express her thoughts in English—is fast, breathless, punctuated by ecstatic giggles as she gathers her things to leave for the hospital.

“They called me...today, my transplant is today! I have a match!”

After four years of battling end-stage kidney failure and searching for a potential donor, Huong, (who prefers to be called Jenny), was notified by the University of Washington Medical Center that a match had been found. She was told to come to the hospital as soon as possible. Her transplant would be that night—October 10, 2010.

One week later, the disappointment in Jenny's voice is just as palpable as she describes what really

happened on the day that was supposed to change her life.

“Right after I checked in, they said my transplant was cancelled,” Jenny says, incredulously. “I was so surprised...I thought maybe they had mixed me up with someone else.” Jenny's potential donor was a young woman who had died in a car accident. However, shortly before Jenny arrived at the hospital, doctors had discovered cancer in the woman's liver, which rendered her organs unsuitable for donation. “The doctors found [the cancer] just five minutes before I came in,” Jenny says.

Like Jenny, Bellingham business owner Mike Hahn, 50, was in dire need of a transplant. Facing an aggressive form of leukemia, the father of three needed a bone marrow transplant to save his life. When neither of his siblings was a match, Mike turned to the

national bone marrow registry, and just two months later, a strong match was found.

"We were really lucky that the very first person who was found to be a good match for Mike was still in good health and was still willing to donate when they were contacted," Mike's sister, Theresa Schuknecht says.

Many people who are in need of an organ or bone marrow transplant are not as lucky as Mike, and due to the complexities involved in finding a strong match with healthy organs to donate, many will face disappointment similar to Jenny's. There are currently more than 108,000 people in the U.S. who are on an organ waiting list and each day approximately 18 people die waiting for an organ. On any given day, 16,000 people around the world are waiting for a bone marrow transplant, and thousands die each year when no match is found.

In 2004, two years after moving to Seattle from Vietnam, Jenny, now 31, began to experience weakness, nausea and vomiting. After a general medical exam, Jenny learned that her kidneys were functioning abnormally, but her doctors were unable to find the cause.

"It just started for no reason," Jenny explains. "I was on medication for two years after that, but it didn't help."

In recent months, Jenny's kidney function has been reduced to just 14 percent, and she relies on dialysis sessions three times a week to stay alive.

Dialysis is the artificial process by which a machine performs the job normally done by healthy kidneys, removing waste and unwanted water from the blood. Some patients can live on dialysis for several years, but the nearly four-hour sessions leave Jenny physically drained for the rest of the day, and her reduced kidney function makes it difficult for her to keep up with normal activities. A kidney transplant is Jenny's best option.

None of Jenny's family members are a match to provide her with a kidney, so Jenny must look to outside sources for help. She maintains a website (huongneedakidneydonor.webs.com) which describes her background and her struggle with end-stage renal failure. Posting ads on Craigslist and Kidney in the News, a weblog that maintains a list of people willing to become a living donor, Jenny pleads for strangers to "please help give me a tomorrow."

Reaching out for potential donors online may seem like a long shot. However, much of the responsibility of finding a kidney donor falls on the patients themselves, says Andrea Gregg, Director of Community Relations for LifeCenter Northwest, a program that facilitates organ and tissue donations in Washington,

Alaska, Montana and North Idaho.

Those who are waiting for kidneys have to reach out to people in any way they can to find a match, especially since kidneys can be donated by living donors and are in such high demand.

When Mike began to feel sick last June, he assumed he had the flu. But when his symptoms wouldn't go away, Mike went to the doctor and discovered that his white blood cell count was extremely high. From the doctor's office, Mike was sent to the emergency room.

"I figured they would just give me a shot of antibiotics or something," Mike says. "But when the doctor came out, he said, 'I know what you have. It's leukemia.'"

That same day, Mike was transported by ambulance to University of Washington Medical Center, where he immediately began chemotherapy treatment.

"Everything happened so fast, it was just surprising and quite scary," Mike says.

Mike's brother and sister were tested as possible bone marrow matches, but only three out of 10 people are able to find a compatible bone marrow match within their family.

"When someone is looking for a match, we're not just searching the registry for the United States; we're searching all registries internationally," says Cristina Klatovsky, a representative for the National Marrow Donor Program at the Inland Northwest Blood Center. "So when a person is unable to find a match in the registries, this means that out of 14 million potential donors worldwide, there wasn't a single match."

Luckily, a strong match was found for Mike at the end of August, and his transplant was scheduled for October 21. The identities of organ donors and recipients are always kept anonymous unless both

108,000

-The number of people in the U.S. on an organ waiting list.

16,000

-The number of people worldwide waiting for a bone marrow transplant.

18

-The number of people who die each day waiting for an organ donation.

-DEPT. OF HEALTH AND HUMAN SERVICES (NUMBERS ARE APPROXIMATE.)

L “[DONATION IS] AN AMAZING COMBINATION OF THE BEST OF MEDICAL TECHNOLOGY WITH THE BEST OF HUMANKIND. IT’S STRANGERS HELPING STRANGERS,”

-CHRISTINA KLATOVSKY, INLAND NORTHWEST BLOOD CENTER

parties agree to share personal information with one another. Mike knows only that his donor—the key to his survival—is a 21-year-old woman in Europe.

Washington state has the fourth highest number of registered organ donors in the nation, with 59 percent of licensed drivers registered as donors. However, Gregg says that other factors, such as organ viability and the circumstances of the donor’s death, determine whether the organs of a registered donor can actually be used to help others.

For a deceased person’s organs to be medically eligible for donation, the individual must be brain dead but still on ventilator support so that the organs receive blood flow and remain usable. Unfortunately, less than 1 percent of all deaths occur under these circumstances, and this severely limits how many donations actually occur, Gregg says.

Blood type can also be a major hindrance for people in need of an organ transplant. Jenny is Type O—ironically, her blood type is often referred to as the “universal donor.” Type O donors can donate a kidney to a person of any blood type, but Type O recipients like Jenny can only receive a kidney from another Type O individual.

The majority of people who are cleared for bone marrow donation undergo a non-surgical peripheral blood stem cell donation, which can be done in an outpatient clinic.

Other donors are asked to donate actual bone marrow—spongy tissue found inside bones that contains stem cells which produce red blood cells for the body—through a surgical procedure in a hospital. During that procedure, liquid marrow is extracted from the donor’s pelvic bone while the donor is under anesthesia.

“Virtually 100 percent of donors say [the donation process] is a small inconvenience to be able to save a life,” Klatovsky says. “It’s an amazing combination of the best of medical technology with the best of humankind. It’s strangers helping strangers.”

Theresa says Mike’s battle with cancer has helped her restructure her priorities in life and has inspired her to make sure others have the same chance at life

that Mike’s transplant will give him.

“Mike had zero chance of surviving without this bone marrow transplant, so obviously I’m very interested in helping to get people registered as donors,” Theresa says. “It’s very easy to register as a donor, and it’s very, very important.”

In the midst of the battle for his life, Mike also reflected on his priorities and has done what he can to contribute to ongoing efforts for a cancer cure.

“[Before I got sick], I was pretty busy in my own little world, with my business and family and friends. I didn’t realize how many people were out there struggling with this disease. You just have to remember that and have compassion for your fellow man.”

Now, following the disappointment of her cancelled transplant, Jenny will continue to search for potential kidney donors and is optimistic that her healthy kidney match is out there, somewhere. When she receives her new kidney, Jenny would like to work as an elementary school teacher, as she did in Vietnam, and share the story of her struggle to find a donor with the children she teaches.

“I will just keep waiting and keep hoping,” Jenny says.

Mike will remain in Seattle for three to four months after his transplant so that his doctors can track his recovery and watch for complications such as a recurrence of cancer. Following his transplant, Mike will have a 45 percent chance of full recovery. If he is responding well after that time, he will be allowed to continue his recovery at home, though he will still be very weak.

Mike hopes that by next summer, his life will be back to normal.

“I’ll just enjoy being outside, being with my family and my dog and just seeing people,” Mike says. “I want to enjoy every day. That’s what life’s all about.”

And somewhere in Europe, another person will also have a reason to celebrate.

Though she may never learn Mike’s name or meet his family, Mike’s bone marrow donor will know that her selfless gift has helped a man from Washington get his life back. ■



THE INS AND OUTS OF GETTING IN SHAPE

Story by Andrew Mitchell

Photo illustration by Jordan Stead

Exercise. The process of pain that brings pleasure in the form of feeling and looking good. The obvious exercise style we see on campus is the mob of students who religiously labor on the exercise machines of Wade King Recreation Center every day.

The not-so-obvious style is the students who, even though a pass to the Recreation Center is included in tuition, do their exercising outdoors: the bicyclists that zoom by you on campus, the joggers on Bill McDonald Parkway and nature lovers who hit the trails.

These are two opposite ways of staying healthy and in shape. But the setting of one's workout—inside or out—has a physical and mental effect.

The biomechanics of each style of exercise are very different, says Dr. Dave Suprak, assistant professor of physical education.

"With a treadmill the support surface is moving underneath you," Dr. Suprak says. "When running on a trail or road, you're supporting your weight while simultaneously propelling yourself forward. The terrain involved in outdoor workouts changes constantly, while a treadmill never does."

Former Western student Kevin Peskuric was just like any other Western student that sweated and toiled in the Recreation Center every day. But after graduation, he realized indoor workouts were too expensive

for his post-college budget, so he turned to outdoor workouts.

He found he enjoyed the atmosphere of outdoor workouts over the mindset he used to have with his indoor workouts.

"When I was running indoors, I needed to do so many laps in a certain amount of time, and it was all strictly for exercise," Peskuric says. "But when I'm outside, it feels like it's not just for exercise, it is also an escape."

Ralph Vernacchia teaches Sport Psychology at Western and believes the connection between the mind and working out is essential.

He believes in finding a place where you're mentally ready and happy, then forming an exercise routine based off of that.

"If you're happy you will have a chance to maximize your ability, and I believe a big part of that is what type of environment you are in," Vernacchia says. "With exercise, you first find a way, then you find a way that works best for you."

So, whether you find peace in running around your block or on the workout machines in the Recreation Center, no way is superior or more effective for all people.

Even though exercise is a process of pain, it doesn't mean we can't find some joy in it. ■

CITY ON THE MOVE



TENT CITY 3 IS CONSTANTLY RELOCATING,
BUT THE SENSE OF COMMUNITY STAYS THE SAME

Story by Samantha Oberholzer
Photos by Carey Rose

Dark green, translucent tarps line the perimeter of the city. The smooth asphalt and evenly spaced parking spots surround the enclosure and crinkled blue tarps and tips of tents are visible above the points of the chain-link fence. The barrier shields the area for several yards and comes to an end around the corner, revealing a cluster of canopies. Beyond a group of several thin, bearded men sitting on cheap aluminum chairs lies what some may call a neighborhood.

A round-faced man sits at a desk under a royal-blue tarp; milk crates form makeshift shelving that houses a selection of DVDs and bottles of multi-vitamins. A short man with a brown scruffy beard examines the softball-sized sphere of blue yarn in a plastic bag at his feet. His knitting needles quickly click together as he focuses on the scarf he aims to complete. Another lanky man fumbles with the juice bottle he holds between his ringed fingers as people stroll in and

out of the entrance to the city.

Tent City 3, currently located in the parking lot of St. Mark's Episcopal Cathedral in Capitol Hill, is the temporary home of nearly 100 men and women. Tent City 3 will remain in this location until Nov. 27. Some have followed Tent City as it has relocated to various Seattle parking lots. For others this is merely a stepping-stone on their way to something bigger and better. But they can all agree, this group is a family.

Seattle Housing and Resource Effort (SHARE) and Women's Housing Equality and Enhancement League (WHEEL) organize both Tent City 3 and Tent City 4. Locations for Tent City 3 are in the Greater Seattle area while those for Tent City 4 stay on the east side of Lake Washington. Tent City 3 has been around since 2000, and Tent City 4 began in 2004.

Volunteer Patty Price became involved with Tent City 3 when it was located in Shoreline throughout



OPPOSITE PAGE:

Residents of Tent City 3 on Capitol Hill in Seattle meander over to the dining area just as the sun begins to set on St. Mark's Cathedral. St. Mark's has donated a large portion of its parking lot for use by Seattle Housing and Resource Efforts, the organizers behind Tent City 3.

RIGHT: Resident Donald Vincent likes to pass the time at Tent City 3 through his knitting. "It's a nice skill to have," Vincent says. When the church offered knitting classes, Vincent says he jumped at the chance to learn. Here, he works on a scarf for a fellow resident.

the summer. She brought clothing donations from the Shoreline-Lake Forest Park Senior Center to the community and slowly began to get to know the people living there.

"It's a community, and you sense that feeling that they care about each other," Price says.

All the residents of Tent City, including bookkeeper Roger Countryman, value the individuals of the group they live with.

The job of bookkeeper in Tent City is one of several elected positions. Community members vote to select their neighbors for the five spots composing the elected council.

"I will never regret my time spent here," Countryman says. "You really grow as a person when you live in a community like this."

Monte Smith was an employee at General Motors for eight years in Detroit before he was laid off. He moved to Seattle and says he fell in love with the city.

"It gives people a safe environment," Smith says. "What we offer is a place to store your things."

Tent City resident Lantz Rowland says for him the most important aspect of Tent City is the freedom he has to come and go as he pleases.

"I can leave camp and everything I [have] is protected and kept safe by my neighbors," he says.

Smith navigates with ease through the maze of tents raised off the ground by wooden planks. He walks at a swift pace as he gestures to the "Smurfs"—12 blue canopies, each with space for three cots and

milk crates to store residents' items.

As he maneuvers down the walkway he explains new residents must live in the Smurfs for two months so the community has time to get to know the newcomer. Likewise, the newcomer can adapt to the community. The new neighbor may then move into his or her own tent or a tent with another person.

To one of the outsiders walking by the tents, the city may seem to be merely a collection of shady, homeless characters. Unfortunately, a negative stigma is attached to homeless men and women, several Tent City residents say.

The city, however, lives by strict rules and codes of conduct. The elected council, elected officials and a zero-tolerance policy for drugs, alcohol and fighting keep the society inside the city running smoothly.

As bookkeeper for the community, Countryman is in charge of training the elected council, knowing the responsibilities for the city and, most importantly, making sure residents fulfill their "community credits."

Community credits describe the amount of time a resident must put into the community for the duration of their stay.

It is a requirement for anyone staying in the tents to participate in part of the 24-hour security patrol and front desk position. These positions count toward community credits.

If someone fails to show up for a front desk time slot they promised to work, for example, they are expelled from the camp for three days, Rowland says.

One of the men sitting on the chairs near the

entrance says it the best: To get something from the community you must give something to it.

“There is a solid core of people that all trust each other,” Countryman says. “When we do come up with issues we have ways to solve them.”

Anyone who is found not to be sober is automatically kicked out of the camp. Rowland emphasizes that there is no room for people who break the rules and negatively affect the living space and atmosphere of those who are obeying the regulations.

The men and women living in the tents not only serve as neighbors and roommates to others in their community, but they are also friends and family. This is clear to Matt Barrett, an older man who is currently fighting five different cancers.

Barrett, known to everyone as Giant, has fought a genetic skin cancer since the age of 2. He has undergone more than 1,000 surgeries. His right and left eyelids have been remade 18 and 15 times, respectively. For Giant, support from the community is crucial.

“Everyone at camp tends to keep an eye on me to make sure I don’t overdo it,” he says.

But Giant’s friend, Sarah, who prefers to keep her last name anonymous because of past problems, says it is difficult to keep him from doing much.

Giant left camp past midnight earlier that week and brought back several bags full of groceries, Sarah says with a hint of irritation in her voice. She says she has to check every morning to make sure her roommate is still breathing.

“Quitting is not in my vocabulary,” Giant says.

Sarah describes the city as a massive dysfunctional family.

“Sometimes you are safer here than you are with your [real] family,” she says.

Shauna Johnson, 19, explains that Tent City is only a quick stop for her. She has resided in the city for a month and a half but she plans on going to school so she can become a teacher for children from preschool to sixth grade.

Johnson describes the residents as a community that works together on projects around their city.

“People butt heads but that’s life,” she says. “It’s definitely on the fine line of living.”

Larger communities tend to look down on Tent City when it moves into their territory, Countryman says.

“Whenever we move to a new neighborhood the people are up in arms,” Rowland says. “Whenever the camp is leaving, the neighborhood has [changed its mind].”

Heat is radiating off the tarps covering the tents as a breeze blows through and rustles the trees that serve as the barrier on one side of the city.

Paper plates with names written in Sharpie threaten to fly away; the clear tape keeps them stuck to the zippered tent doors. In the far corner of the camp, off the walkway, two men sit on the bench and in camping chairs.

The man knitting faces out of the camp, looking over the tress with browning leaves. When the breeze blows just so, the branches of the tree shading the corner will move and reveal a cloudless sky and a picture-perfect view of the Space Needle and Seattle skyline—a reminder of the bigger city that engulfs Tent City and the family of friends within. ■



ABOVE LEFT: Dawn Lucas shares her tent with her service dog Otter. Otter’s massive size and gentle disposition make him a perfect companion for Lucas, who requires a service dog to pull her wheelchair. They’ve been together for over seven years.

ABOVE RIGHT: Tent city resident Randy Johnston takes great pride not only in his tent, which is meticulously organized, but also in his collection of model cars. Johnston is quick to point out that the collection he had at his old home in Salt Lake City would dwarf this one.

HIGH



IMPACT

ONE OF BELLINGHAM'S OLDEST MARTIAL ARTS SCHOOLS
INSPIRES ITS STUDENTS TO MOVE BEYOND THE PUNCHES

Story and photos by Carey Rose

Duane Sammons sits with poise and presence at the head of a long table in a small kitchen. As he cracks open a beer and takes a sip, the conversation is light and the faces surrounding him brim with contentment.

"When I have people around me, I don't act like a dangerous person," he says.

Inside the Bellingham Academy of Self Defense, or BASD, Sammons' white hair and contagious smile contrast sharply with the color and severity of his seventh-degree black belt. He is a Sensei, the chief in-

structor. Outside the BASD, he is an insurance agent.

As a result of more than 30 years of training, Sammons says outside of his dojo, or school, he makes sure that everyone around him is safe.

The windows alongside BASD provide glimpses of punches, kicks, blocks and pushups. But what the windows don't tell you is just how much of an impact this training has on individuals and their lives outside of their dojo.

Sometimes that impact is simple.

Back in the kitchen, student Karl Poechlauer sits

ONLINE EXCLUSIVE

Check out the multimedia clip at klipsunmagazine.com

four chairs away from his Sensei.

"My movements are more graceful," he says. "I notice the way I move more. If I were to turn around, I would do it differently than before [my training]."

Poehlauer is interested in the cultural aspects of the martial arts styles taught at BASD. Also a student in weekly sword classes, Poehlauer enjoys the link to the past that his training provides.

"We're learning [the sword] the way it was taught years and years ago," Poehlauer said.

Sensei Sammons agrees.

"We strive for an experience that's like being in old Japan," he says.

Sometimes that impact is a blessing.

Bobbie Carter, 63, watches Alex, now just over 2 years old, run merrily down the sidewalk outside the dojo as the sun is just beginning to set. As she pursues him, her gi, or uniform, is held neatly together with a Black Belt.

"His mom was into methadone and he was born highly addicted," Carter says.

Carter is no babysitter. She and her husband adopted Alex after his six-week detoxification period in the hospital following his birth.

Carter's husband, Bill, 65, is a sixth-degree black

belt at the BASD. As soon as the Carters could take him home, Alex was at the dojo so Bill and Bobbie could continue to attend classes. Bobbie was apprehensive at first and asked if anyone minded her bringing Alex along.

"How can you mind children's laughter?" was the common reply, she says. So he stayed and continues to attend classes weekly.

Alex is getting restless and cold on the sidewalk outside the dojo. Bobbie takes him back inside where he wants to play with sticks. Each student in the class is training with a bo, or a long staff. Alex takes a miniature bo and hits one that Bobbie is holding.

Alex has already learned not to hit people; he'll only hit another bo.

But he is quickly tired of that too.

If it wasn't for her training, which she began in 1987, Bobbie doesn't think she would be able to keep up with Alex.

"I like to think we're in fairly decent shape for 65 and 63," Bobbie says about Bill and herself. "Other people our age aren't as active as we are."

The Carters haven't had any contact with Alex's biological parents for well over a year. Alex doesn't have anyone else.

Sometimes that impact is empowering.

Amanda Hansen takes her training with her everywhere, from her career to her relationships with others.

The hardest part of her training, she says, is developing the mindset that other people are not allowed to hurt her.

"I'm going to go after the things that matter to

PREVIOUS PAGE: Sixth-degree black belt Bill Carter, right, performs a series of Karate exercises with black belt Tom Baldrich during a class at the Bellingham Academy of Self Defense on High Street. Carter performs offensive moves while Baldrich performs blocks and ends with a counter-attack.

RIGHT: Shaun Bryan is the sensei, or teacher, in charge of sword classes at the BASD. Outside of the BASD, Bryan is a math teacher. Bryan and the class use staffs instead of swords for drills where contact between the weapons is necessary.





LEFT: Alex Carter, 2, looks on at an exercise between his stepmother Bobbie, right, and another instructor. After his moment of observation, Alex almost immediately tries to imitate their movements.

BELOW: BASD student Karl Poechlauer prepares to draw his sword during a weekly sword class.



**“ONE: NEVER DAMAGE OTHERS.
TWO: FIGHT LIKE HELL IF SOMEONE TRIES TO DAMAGE THEM.”**

-DUANE SAMMONS

me,” she says. “I’m not going to invalidate other people, but I’m not going to let them hurt me.”

Amanda’s husband Andrew shares similar sentiments.

“It helped with my concentration and drive,” he says. “Now, I keep going where before [my training], I would have given up, both mentally and physically.”

Sometimes that impact is defining.

Sammons steps down into his office below BASD, which is kept comfortably above room temperature.

“These are my plants,” he says, casually waving his hand toward one side of the room. “This is where I do my reading and practicing,” he says, pointing to a table covered in martial arts books with innumerable sticky-notes poking out of them.

“Here’s my pets.”

He points to a few stuffed lion dolls. The lion is the official school animal. The dolls are lying next to a large, out-of-place poster of a tiger.

“I put up with the tiger,” Sammons says jokingly.

The seventh-degree black belt Sammons has in Karate isn’t his only black belt. He points to an intimidating full-face protective mask and gloves sitting on top of a box. The mask resembles fencing attire, but instead of mesh, there are metal bars criss-crossing the

face. “I got a black belt in that martial art too,” he says simply before casually changing the subject.

As far as training goes, Sammons names two simple rules for his dojo.

“One: Never damage others. Two: Fight like hell if someone tries to damage them.”

Sometimes that impact is enlightening.

Todd Stewart is the encyclopedia of BASD.

When Sensei wants to remember something about the history of the school, he can ask Stewart. Stewart knows about the building, the instructors, the history of Karate—you name it. He rattles off name after name, fact after figure, as if he doesn’t need to stop for breath.

“The style here is almost brute-force,” Stewart says. “Solid, straight an linear. It’s an Okanawan interpretation of Chinese martial arts.”

Stewart likes the dojo because it’s not like a gym, where you just do random things for your body. In martial arts, you have to interact with people.

They teach you the move, and you put meaning into them.

“It’s not a business,” Stewart said. “This is people’s lives.”

Everyone’s meaning that they put into those moves, everyone’s impact, is different. ■

Western Washington University | Volume 40, Issue 5

**INSIDE /
OUTSIDE**