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*Western Washington University*

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# KLIPSUN

M A G A Z I N E

## Ahead of the Fleet

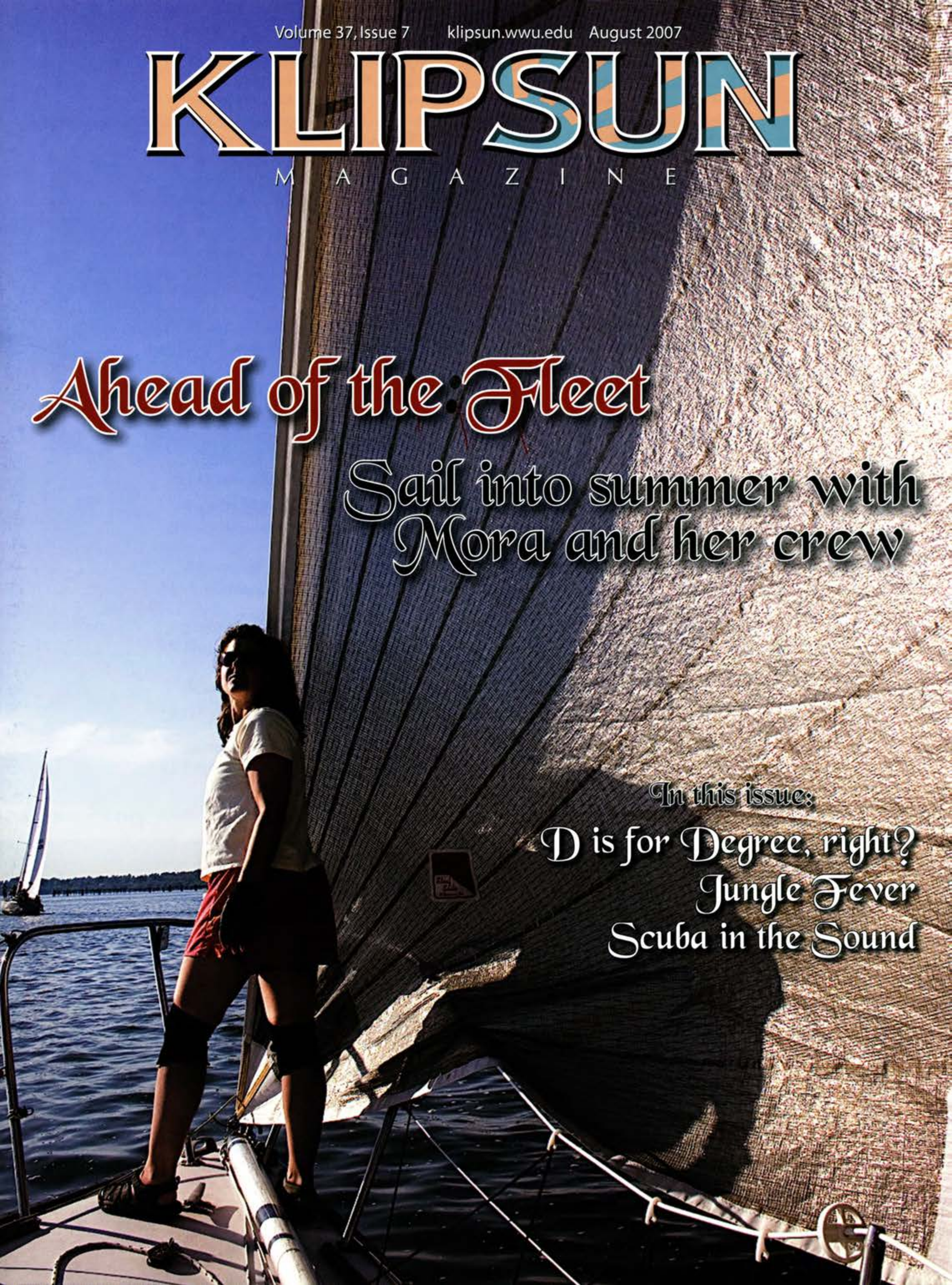
Sail into summer with  
Mora and her crew

In this issue:

D is for Degree, right?

Jungle Fever

Scuba in the Sound





**FROM THE  
EDITOR**

Summertime is a favorite season for so many, but with college over, it takes on an entirely different meaning to me and many others in my same position. Now it means 18 years of education is over. Hot days are spent trapped inside a cubicle glued to a computer screen instead of basking in the sun. Long summer nights are no longer an option now that I am up at 6, and moving back to Bellingham in September is not on my calendar anymore.

Nothing will ever compare to these past four years. My only regret is that I never really enjoyed Bellingham and all it has to offer until my last year. My hope is that these stories will inspire you to enjoy Bellingham and your time here a little more than I did.

This issue will challenge you to look at Bellingham in a different way. Explore the Puget Sound alongside Tanya, go kite flying with Megan in the park, hop aboard *Mora* with Isaac and laugh as Bradley shares a few of the lessons professors can never teach.

Take your copy and drive along State Street, turn right at Boulevard Park, lie out on the grass and read the stories. I read so many stories over the quarter at that park and I hope you enjoy it as well.

After reading, my challenge to you is this: go try something new. Remember, college doesn't last forever, summers will soon just be a memory and your time in Bellingham is not long. Enjoy the stories and enjoy the rest of summer!

*Kimberly B. Oakley*

Kim Oakley  
Editor-in-chief

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# KLIPSUN

M A G A Z I N E VOLUME 37 ISSUE 7 AUGUST 2007

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**KLIPSUN WOULD LIKE TO THANK, BILL HOWATSON, HEATHER STEELE, CRAIG WOOD AND THE REST OF THE STAFF AT WESTERN WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY PUBLISHING SERVICES.**



# Paddling to remember



PHOTO COURTESY OF FRED LANE

*Participants in last year's journey, Paddle to Muckleshoot, raise their paddles to show they come in peace to shore. Raising the paddle is a tradition of their ancestors.*

**At** 2 a.m. the air is cold and the sky is dark. Paddling with the tide, canoeists and kayakers need to continue the journey - a journey that may have started at different points on a map, but will bring together many Northwest Native Americans to one location. To share stories. To sing songs. To gather as one and share the culture and background of their ancestors.

To the Lummi and other tribes of the Northwest, canoe journeys are a way to celebrate the life of their ancestors. The journeys allow young tribal members to learn about the history and importance of their native culture and promote a healthy lifestyle.

Tribes from all over the Northwest including Alaska, have participated in organized canoe journeys since 1989. This year, the journey is to the Lummi Nation. On July 30 more than 4,000 participants in 100 canoes and kayaks will travel to the reservations and meet approximately 6,000 more people for the largest potlatch in the area since 1937. The journey to the potlatch is 23 straight days of paddling canoes and kayaks from different starting points in northern Washington and Canada. As soon as they arrive to the Lummi shore, the tribes will come together for a five-day celebration. They will rekindle friendships and family ties while making new

friends and eating a feast of traditional native cuisine such as elk, fish and clams. They will sing and dance and share stories of their journey. The Aleuts from Alaska will come in their kayaks made of sealskin, while others will come in intricately carved canoes. One tribe may come from as far as New Zealand.

The journey starts at different locations depending on where a tribe is located, but many are invited to start in certain areas. The regions are the Northwest, west of Vancouver Island, west of the Washington Coast, the South Sound and east of Vancouver Island. The Lummi plan to begin their journey in Bella Coola, British Columbia. Others will



start south of the Lummi reservation, as far as Oregon and paddle north. Each leg of the trip is typically 100 miles or more each day. Canoes will stay at different villages along the way. Canoeists and kayakers come to shore with the blades of their paddles raised in the air to signify their peaceful arrival. Then they ask for permission to come ashore. Raising the paddle is an ancestral tradition.

The Paddle to Lummi Committee leader, James Hillaire, ("Uncle Smitty" to his friends and co-workers), stretches his hands across the map lying in front of him and points out the different tribal villages, which will be stopping points along the journey along the Washington Coast.

"This once was all ours and now it's reduced to dots," he says.

The journey is more than a celebration and gathering of friends. To the tribes, the journey is symbolic of using the highways of their ancestors.

Ted Solomon, vice-chair of the Paddle to Lummi Committee, says remembering and honoring how the land was used in the past is important.

"You think of the stereotypical Indian and you think teepees and Indians on horseback," Solomon says, "But Indians in our area used the waterways to hunt and fish."

Almost every year since 1989, Northwest tribes have hosted canoe journeys. Uncle Smitty, 72, participated in his first journey in the Paddle to Tulalip in 2003 and since then he has participated in journeys to Chemainus in 2004, Elwha in 2005 and the Muckleshoot reservation in 2006.

"My favorite part of the canoe journey is the journey itself because I don't have many journeys left," he says.

Committee member Al Johnnie says the journey is about healing and learning to work together as a tribe rather than being individuals.

"If everyone has an open mind they will learn the benefits of healing, respect and self sacrifice," Johnnie says.

A healing aspect of the journey is that it requires participants to follow a code of conduct prohibiting the use of alcohol, drugs or profanity during the journey. Johnnie says a young American dies every three days of drug or alcohol related incidents in the United States. By coming together as a collective group and advocating against these substances, people can heal and live a healthy life.

Tribes also want youth to learn Native American traditions so they are not lost among future generations.

Solomon explains when his grandparents went to school they were punished for speaking in their language and partaking in native traditions such as weaving twigs together. Their hair was cut. Some Native Americans were even shocked with electricity when they tried to use their native language. The primarily white public schools wanted to teach their ways and not allow the native traditions.

"If we focus and all come together, we can become healthy and put all of that behind us," Solomon says.

For more than five years, the Paddle to Lummi Committee has been planning the canoe journey. The committee consists of 12 full-time workers and a handful of volunteers that will help with the event's 26 committees.

Dorey Brotchie, a chief on Gilford Island in British Columbia, will watch his daughter get married at the potlatch celebration. Brotchie's daughter, Gloria Walkus, is marrying her boyfriend of three years, Steve Wilson. The couple met at the Tulalip Canoe Journey in 2003.

Brotchie says the decision to get married at the potlatch came from the traditional marriage of Native Americans in the area when one chief's son would marry another chief's daughter. Walkus will arrive in a canoe and be presented in front of all the tribes to extend an invitation to the wedding.

At the ceremony, the bride's family presents dowry (gifts or money) to the groom's side. The chiefs receive gifts first, then the elders and others.

The potlatch this year is important to Brotchie and other journey participants because they are able to celebrate an important event previously taken away from them.

Brotchie explains that in 1884 the Canadian government and churches banned potlatches because they saw them as evil and demonic. It affected all tribes in the Northwest as well. Brotchie's grandfather was jailed for speaking out against the banning of the ceremonies. It wasn't until 1951 that tribes gained back their right to celebrate and host potlatches. He says he tries to go to every potlatch that he can now.

Traditions like this are important to him because the traditional way of Native American life should continue. By marrying at the potlatch, Brotchie's daughter will not have to sign a marriage license or conform to the traditional American wedding. Rather, they can have a traditional Native American wedding like that of their ancestors.

Whether the gathering is to unite old friends, family and relationships or to start a new life free of drugs, alcohol and violence, the canoe journey is an important tradition for Native Americans. To them, the journey is more than a celebration of fun and storytelling. It's a chance to gain back the traditions stripped away from their ancestors.

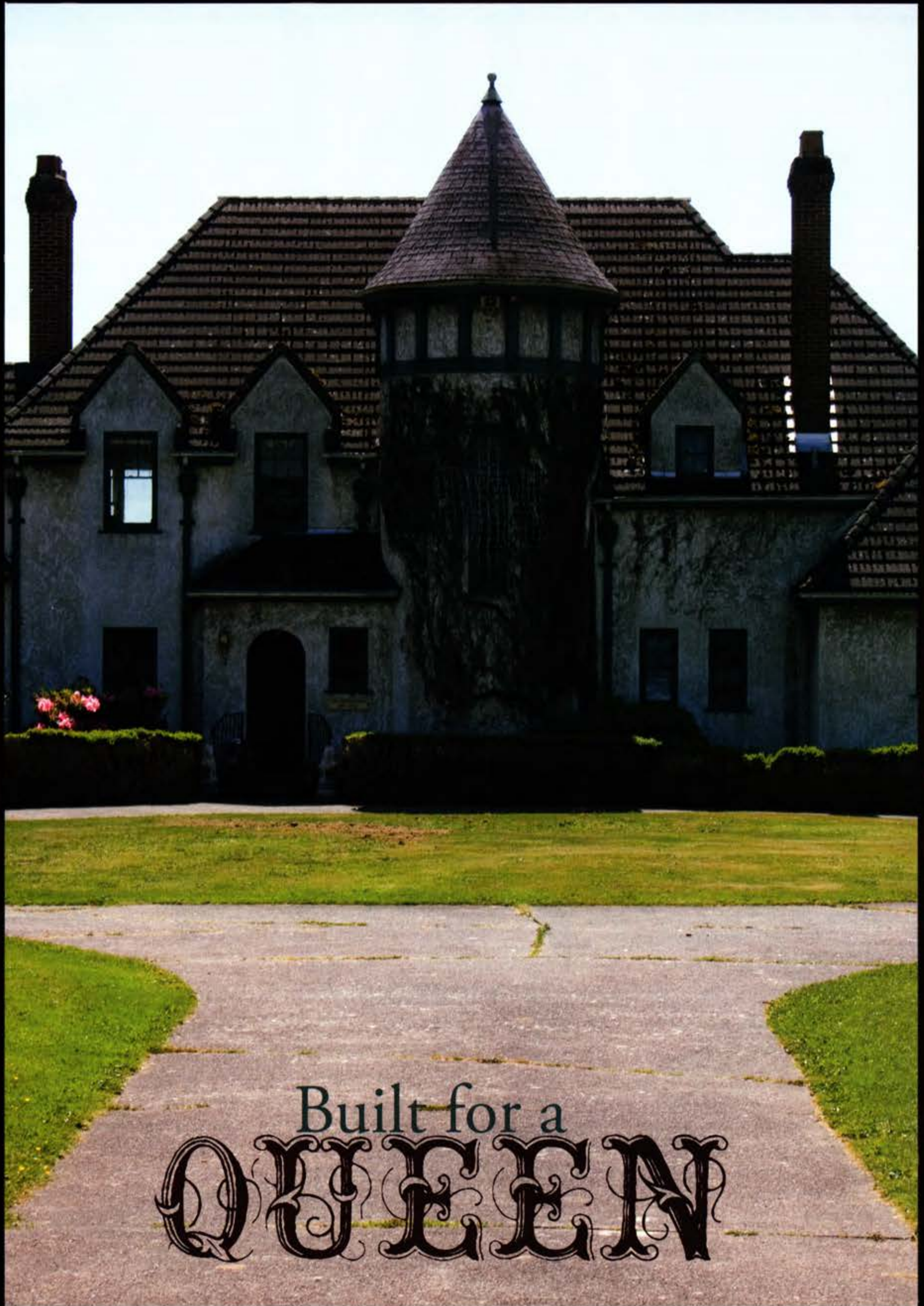
**—Kacie McKinney**  
*Design by Jenny Leak*



PHOTO COURTESY OF FRED LANE

*One of the canoes used for the canoe journey.*





Built for a  
**QUEEN**



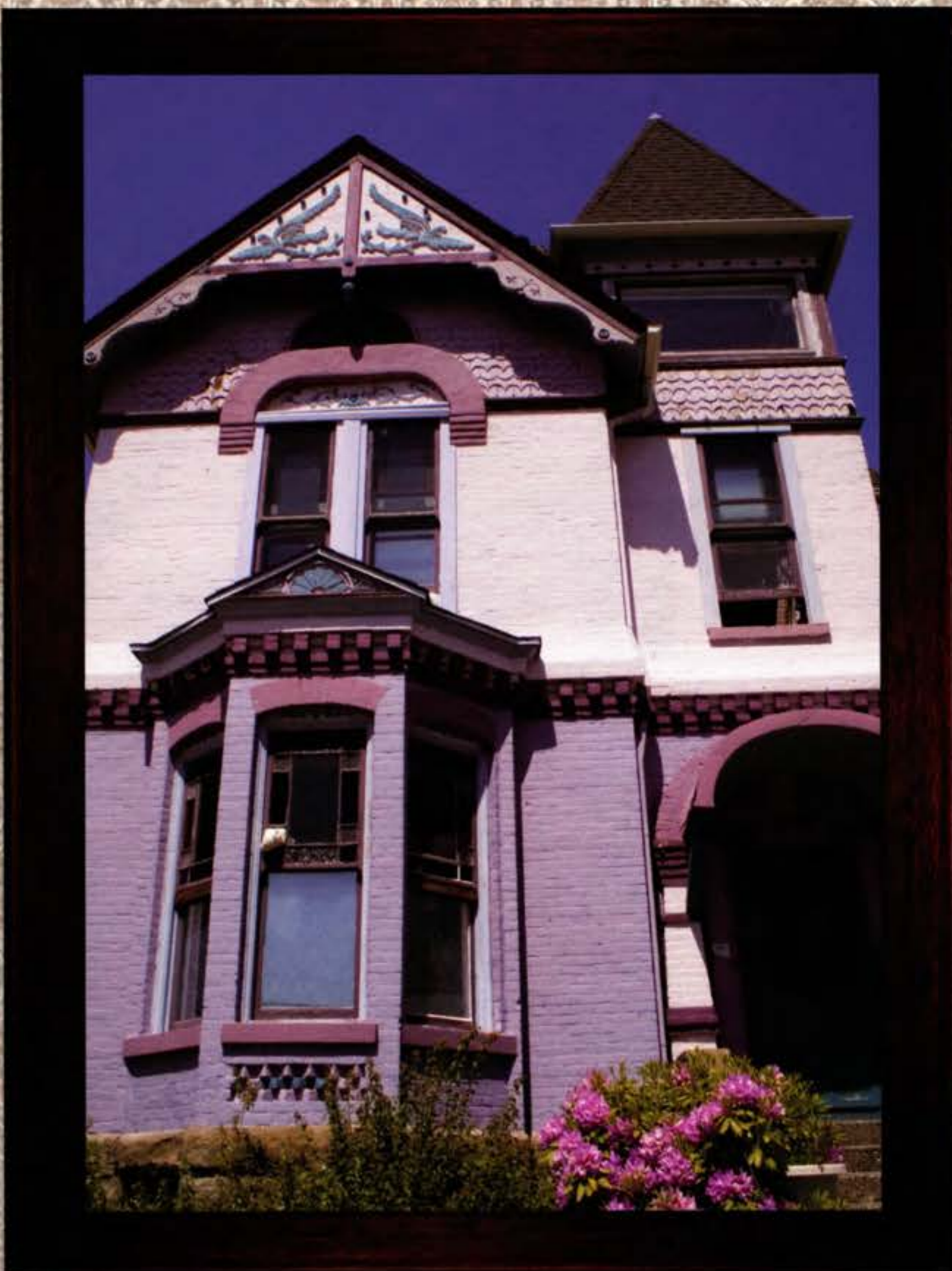
In the late 19th century when Bellingham still comprised the towns of Fairhaven, New Whatcom and Sehome, railroad workers laid the tracks that connected the Northwest to the rest of the country. Along with improved transportation, new industries and a strong real estate market, the chugging steam engines that arrived here inducted something else into Bellingham's culture: Victorian architecture.

Beginning in the 1890s, the minimalist architectural precedent gave way to elaborate structures, standing like huge gingerbread houses frosted in pastel pinks, purples and greens piped with white trim. In stark contrast to today's modern, aesthetic, the Victorian style represents a more-is-more architectural ideology, featuring turrets and towers reaching toward the sky, painstakingly detailed overlapping shingles, graceful arched windows, columns, wraparound porches and cornices reminiscent of tiers of a wedding cake.

While historic preservation has helped safeguard the brief Victorian period of Bellingham's early days, the number of these stunning authentic relics of a more grandiose and luxurious architectural epoch is dwindling. Turrets and columns have been replaced by sleek exteriors and facades, lacking the character and color that Victorians once brought to Bellingham's streets.

— **Katie Raynor**

*Design by Ciara O'Rourke*



*Left: The Eldridge mansion that overlooks Bellingham Bay was constructed in 1926 after the previous two Eldridge family residences burned down in 1878 and 1891. During World War II the mansion was occupied by the U.S. military.*

*Top right: The Bolster House stands as a pastel confection looming over Eldridge Avenue.*

*Bottom right: The Whatcom Museum, in addition to acting as home to an exhibit on Victorian architecture in Bellingham, stands as a prominent representation of the style itself. Built in 1892 as Bellingham's new City Hall, the museum's dark red exterior and white trim throw its highly wrought detail into relief against the backdrop of Bellingham Bay and Maritime Heritage Park.*





# THE HOUSE THAT CRAZY BUILT



It's 9 a.m. on a Saturday and I've been awakened again by my shrieking roommate — yes, I live with a shrieker.

I also live with a know-it-all, a fire fighter, a computer geek, two youth pastors, a musician, a book worm and a political science major who could probably be a future president if he didn't hate the thought of one. Count 'em: I live in a house of 10 dudes.

I'm not really sure how I came to be here. We don't all have any real central connection. We're not a frat, organization or team, just a big melting pot of man.

Let me re-emphasize my point. I live with 10 guys. But we don't live in a mansion. There are six rooms — we've learned to share.

Don't get me wrong, I love my roommates, and I grew up with crazy siblings, but when I moved I really didn't know what I was in for.

I think it hit me when I came home one night after about a week of living there and found six of them running around with a spear gun and a case of Pabst, shooting a stuffed version of Donkey from Shrek.

As the wise Hunter S. Thompson once said, "When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro." I've learned to survive my house.

With 10 guys between the ages of 20 and 29, you can imagine the food consumption. To solve that problem, we have

two refrigerators (if we had space, we might consider a third). One of the 10 owns the house, and he's awesome, but he also likes to take on home projects. That said, we remodeled our kitchen and didn't have an oven or a stove for weeks. Have you ever seen the inside of a microwave after trying to cook uncovered lasagna? Ours grew a second layer of insulation when it became our only cooking utensil.

Perhaps a bigger problem in my house is the dishes. As a cabinet of clean ones turns to a sink of filthy, we quickly run out of options. Problem is, the majority of us are lazier than a tranquilized koala in a hot sun. For about a month, we survived by each washing and reusing the same single plate. Breakfast needs bowls — we started sleeping later.

Then a glorious solution appeared: our roommate who runs logistics for Target came home with a set of new everything.

Problem: those eventually got dirty too (seriously, opium dens are more motivated toward cleanliness). We now pay one of our roommates an additional amount of money each month to clean up after us. When he's not around, I go to my parents'.

My house is more than shrieking and sticky counters. It feels like summer camp a lot of the time, but you don't have to sneak in the alcohol. When you add the

girlfriends and a few other people kicking it, it's basically a party, and there's always something to do.

When it comes to entertainment, it's hard to top our house. Stadium seating is available in front of a huge TV (we rival Quest field when the Hawks play), the pool table is easily converted into a poker table and we can shoot hoops from the hot tub. When all else fails, 45-minute showers seem to be a popular trend. We have a tank full of nine piranhas, which tend to get treated less as pets and more as a novelty testosterone filler when they're hungry, but step outside to play with our baby ducks and you've never heard so many grown men use the word "cute."

Messes, broken dishes, cold showers and furry microwaves aside, I really love where I live. It's summer time and a lot of people are looking for new living arrangements and I'm glad I have mine. My advice to house hunters everywhere is to find an environment that suits your personality, with amicable people to live with (we might have a room opening up, interested?). If that doesn't work, I hear there are a lot of great one-room apartments in this town

—Casey Gainor  
Design by Kyra Low







I am graduating... I think.

As my college career comes to a possible close – assuming I actually apply for graduation (late obviously) and pass this quarter – it makes me wonder which experiences I have learned most from.

Were they classes? Since I can't answer that without offending all of my former professors (a.k.a. references), I'll have to settle for outlining my least favorite experiences in college and what I learned from them.

This article, when all is said and done, could kill any chance I have of getting hired in this hemisphere. At least when I move back into my parents' house I'll have a tree house again.

***Don't drink it if you can't own up to it later.***

At one point, I decided the easier alcohol was to drink, the better. I figured, if you have to sit there and grimace every time you sip it'd be hard to have a good time.

So, I bought a fifth of Cabana Boy coconut-flavored rum and I drank it. I then had two bottles of cheap champagne.

I don't recall much of the night. From others' accounts, it was a good one for us all. We avoided police and apparently I spoke with the girl I had a crush on at the time.

Slurring your words with your eyes three quarters closed and drooling on yourself must be attractive to women because later on we started dating. Or, maybe she was just special.

After the night, I was dubbed Cabana Boy by my friends. Considering I used to take pride in my impressive abilities as a drinker and that Cabana Boy is very un-macho, you can see how irksome this moniker is.

Good thing I realized blacking out isn't necessarily macho. A straight man can only wake up sleeping next to his best male friend in a twin-sized bed with no recollection of what happened the prior evening so many times before he starts to question his way of life.

Anyway, I still get flashbacks of friends grinning and calling me Cabana Boy. It's eerily similar to the times when kids picked on me in grade school. Back then I was sport-

ing a phallic, bowl-cut style hairdo and the little bastards at my Catholic grade school called me mushroom head.

**Lesson:** Some things never change, but your haircut definitely should if you look like a penis.

***Don't drink gin and tonic out of a water bottle.***

Just because it smells like Christmas doesn't mean the holiday comes any sooner. And no, you still won't get the Power Wheels Jeep you've always wanted...

I still remember being jealous of my cousin driving her Barbie-themed Power Wheels car. Is that wrong? Anyway, I admit I didn't have self-control. I loved gin and tonic. Now I can't type the words without nearly hurling.

One night, I was chugging Gilbey's gin out of a Tupperware bottle. I was informed the next day the reason it felt like I'd spent a night in the boxing ring with Evander Holyfield was because I fell down the long concrete staircase in my dorm, Kappa. At the bottom, my head slammed into a wire-enforced window.

My mom constantly reminds me the fall could've paralyzed me had I landed wrong. Since I've grown accustomed to walking, that might've put a damper on my life.

I'd like to say on this day I realized my mom was always correct in telling me, "Everything in moderation." Or my dad, who's been sober about 20-plus years now, saying, "Cut that shit out." But I can't.

However, I can say I am not in "college mode" anymore when I drink. I am not drinking just to "get fucked up." I've experienced enough moments of clarity to think clearly for the rest of my drinking life.

**Lesson:** Mistakes are the surest way to learn. Just hope the consequences of your mistakes aren't life-threatening. **\*Sub-lesson:** Buy your kid a Power Wheels Jeep. It'll save you in therapy later.

***Don't undercook chicken or you might go to prison.***

I would never claim to be a decent cook. But I have the desire to be, and in the

past I've tried. It was strictly coincidental that my most infamous attempt coincided with my latest break-up. It was a mutual break-up that went smoothly. We talked it out while I was cooking dinner.

Looking back, I'm glad it went smoothly considering all the potential weapons a kitchen supplies to escalate a bad break-up: hot stove, kitchen knives, pots, pans or a cucumber.

The problem? I was attempting to cook chicken with no prior experience. It turns out the chicken probably should've stayed in the oven awhile longer. Both my ex and I got deathly sick. We were puking blood late into the night.

Where does prison enter the equation? Her mom suspected that possibly, distraught from the break-up, I was cooking up a murder-suicide.

I wasn't sure what was worse, to be looked at as emotionally unstable and likely incarcerated or to admit I suck at cooking.

**Lesson:** As much as the truth hurts sometimes, it's usually the best option.

And, the truth of the whole college matter is, I am a better person than when I came to Western. That's a truth that doesn't hurt. I am OK with that.

Granted, maybe I wasn't committed to classroom learning during my four-year stay in Bellingham. But, I still had to do a lot of soul-searching and learning about myself that probably wouldn't have happened if I hadn't been put in close quarters with 12,979 other people my age, sprayed with booze and beaten over the head with text books.

As I sit, crying and looking at the total bill for my time here, I am pretty confident that I have answered the \$50,000 question that has plagued me most of my young life – who am I?

Obviously that answer will keep evolving, but at least I have a vague idea.

What's next? You'll have to excuse me. I think I just shit myself.

—Bradley Thayer  
Design by Jenny Leak



# Fun in the Sun

After a hard winter of being cooped up inside as the rain and snow fell, Bellingham residents revel in summer's warmth and wonder. Here are some great tips on exploring Bellingham's natural beauty through its fabulous park system to enjoy the season to the fullest.

## Kayak Polo at Marine Park in Fairhaven

Laughing and splashing – kayakers entertain onlookers every evening at Marine Park in Fairhaven. If you're looking for a new outdoor sport or a great workout, try kayak polo, a game resembling a cross between basketball, water polo and kayaking says Jason Ardt, Bellingham Kayak Polo player of three years. Kayakers are divided into two teams and the goal is to shoot a ball through a basket hanging six feet above a floating buoy. Kayak polo is offered at the newly restored Marine Park every Tuesday from April through September from 5:30 p.m. to dusk, or when the kayakers get tired. Beginners are welcome, and boats and paddles are available if you need them. The cost is an annual \$20 fee for regular players. Feel free to come without calling ahead as teams are formed from those who show up.

## Kite Flying at Zuanich Point Park

Zuanich Point Park is home to gentle breezes off Bellingham Bay, located on the waterfront of Squalicum Harbor. Erin McCain-Anderson, recreation coordinator for Bellingham Parks and Recreation, says this beautiful seaside park has the most amazing stunt kites soaring in the sky every day of the summer. "This park gets the perfect wind to fly kites and every day you can find kite flyers with their enormous and brightly colored kites, which makes it a great place to go for a fun day," McCain-Anderson says. With its spectacular view of the bay, picnickers love the park's expansive grassy fields dotted with rocky outcroppings.

## Lakewood - Western's Watersports Facility

Lakewood is located at 2410 Lake Whatcom Boulevard, approximately seven miles away from Western's campus, on beautiful Lake Whatcom. The facility, encircled by a ridgeline of forested mountains, has more than 60 rental watercraft including sailboats, wind surfboards, kayaks and canoes. Prices range from \$3 to \$7

for a full day for Western and Whatcom students, alumni, faculty and staff. For those not affiliated with Western, the cost is \$10. Joseph Olsen, desk attendant at Lakewood, says the property offers other fun activi-

ties such as hiking trails, a sand volleyball court, a ropes challenge course and grassy areas to picnic. The facility is open from noon to dusk every day in the summer.

## Hiking

Meg Harris, equipment resource staff member at Western's Outdoor Center, says hiking is her favorite outdoor summer activity. "Bellingham and the surrounding area have so many fantastic places for a hike," Harris says. The most popular hiking excursion the Outdoor Center offers all summer is a trip to Mount Baker. Harris says interested hikers should drop by the Outdoor Center in the Viking Union 115 because they have numerous local guidebooks with hundreds of different hikes and maps to help hikers of any skill go on a wonderful hike. Hikes range from gentle walks through foothills carpeted with wildflowers to more strenuous hikes above the tree line and even more challenging excursions aided by climbing equipment. The Outdoor Center offers recommendations on both unguided hikes and organized guided hikes.

Whether splashing in the water in a kayak, picnicking and kite flying at Zuanich Point Park, sailing at Lake Whatcom or hiking Mount Baker, Bellingham residents can find a world of summer activities. Taking advantage of any of these outdoor opportunities will

bring home the reasons why Bellingham was recently voted the second best place to live in the United States by the influential guide "Cities Ranked & Rated, Second Edition."

— Megan Swartz

Design by Kyra Low

PHOTOS BY CULLEN HAMM







# Ahead of the Fleet

Weekly sailboat races turn Bellingham Bay into a battleground of skill and stamina. Fighting splashing water and whipping wind, **Isaac Bonnell** hangs on long enough to capture the action and taste the victory. Photos by **Isaac Bonnell, Mark Malijan & Cullen Hamm**. Design by **Kyra Low & Taylor Williams**.



# Ahead of the Fleet



The waters of Bellingham Bay are calm as the 29-foot Mora motors out to join the swarm of other sailboats. Skipper Paul Magnuson steers his boat toward the Bellingham Yacht Club committee boat at the center of the cluster. He passes about 10 feet off the powerboat's stern and shouts, "Mora checking in!" as his crew of four hoists the mainsail and jib. An official with a clipboard makes note of the identifying numbers on the mainsail, 28162, and gives a slow, confirming nod.

Mora is now in the fray. Smaller, all white Etchell class boats dart around like albino moths among the multicolored hulls and sails of the larger vessels. The crew pays little attention to these two-man boats; all eyes are scanning the competition. The usual crowd is out today and the crew calls out the boats as they appear: Catspaw, Honker, Flying Circus, Mischief, Jamoca, Impetuous – to name a few.

The light westerly wind is barely enough to fill the sails. "Maybe God forgot to pay his power bill," jests a crewmember on a passing boat. But knowing Western Washington's fickle springtime weather, that could soon change. Dark clouds loom behind Lummi Island and further west, threatening rain.

Sarah Drues, from her perch at the front of the cockpit, spies it first: wind. She can't see the wind itself, but the rougher and darker water approaching from the southwest is a sure sign things will pick up. And just in time. The blast of an air horn from the committee boat signals the 10-minute warning.

"Tacking!" yells Magnuson, whom most people call Bernie for his likeness to the character in the 1989 film "Weekend At Bernie's." He steers toward the quickening melee amassing behind an imaginary line protruding east from the committee boat.

Don Mierzeski takes another reading on the wind direction: 180 degrees, due south. Not only has the wind shifted, it's also increasing. He tightens the mainsail to harness the extra power.

Bernie decides the increasing breeze is too much for the light wind #1 jib, the small sail in front of the mast. Linc Nesheim and Tim Ferguson go right to work on the foredeck, pulling in the #1 and hoisting the thicker and heavier #3 sail as waves crash over the bow. Mierzeski reads the digital stopwatch next to the cabin door: "Minute nine! Minute three! Fifty-five seconds!"

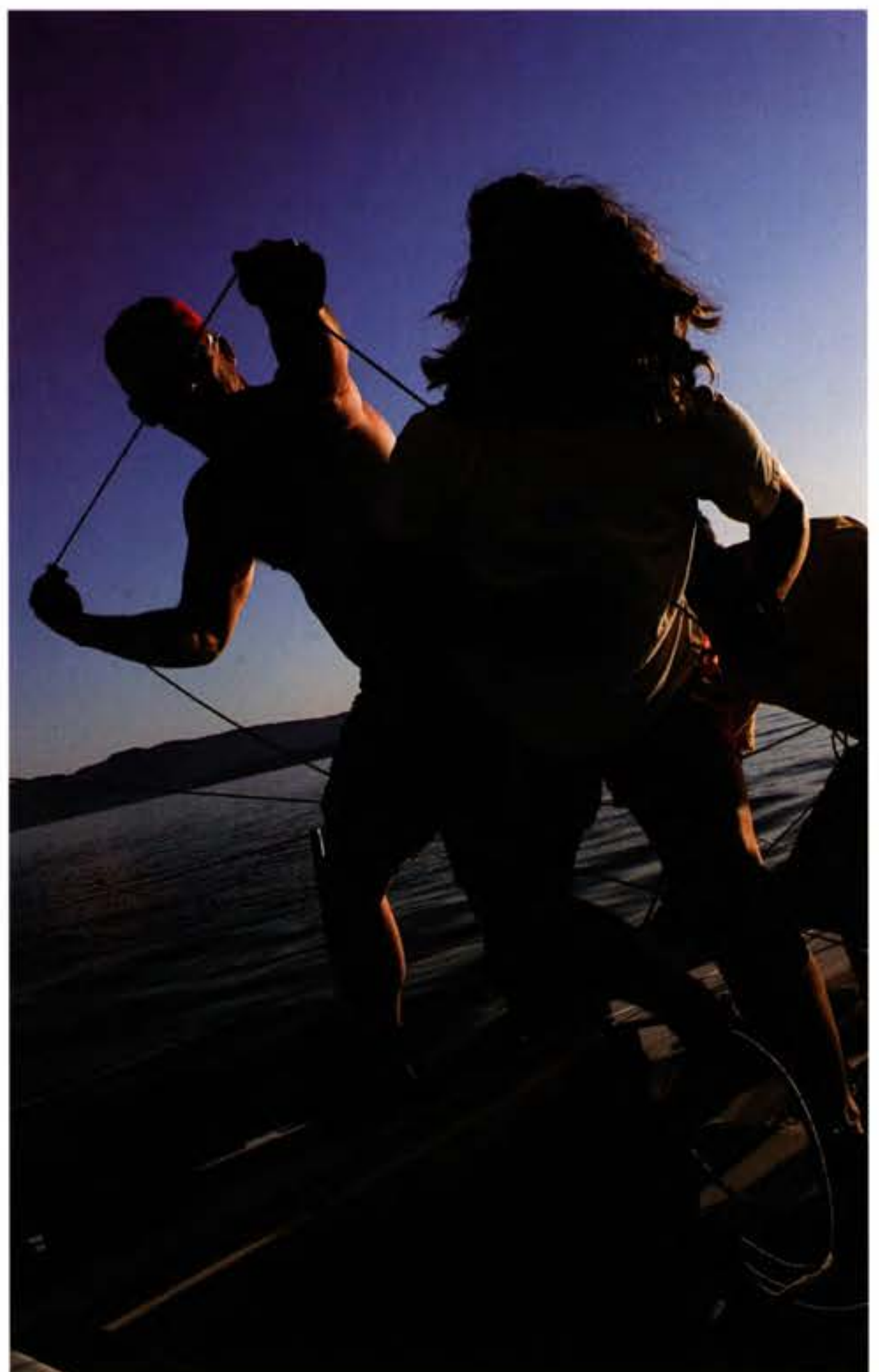
Drues stuffs the #1 below deck and hurries to tighten the new jib. With 10 seconds remaining, Bernie points the bow closer to the wind. Mierzeski shouts for Nesheim, Ferguson and the visiting novice to sit highside and "lean heavy" to balance out the boat as he finishes the countdown. "Four! Three! Two! One!"

The horn sounds. Mora crosses the starting line in slightly ahead of its main competitors. The crew relaxes and congratulates each other on a good start to another Wednesday evening race.

Founded in 1925, the Bellingham Yacht Club (BYC) began as a small group of local sailors and quickly grew to 80 members in the first year. The club







PHOTOS BY MARK MALIJAN

*Opposite page: Two crewmembers hang their feet off the edge of the Mora.*

*Clockwise from upper left: Paul "Bernie" Magnuson, Linc Neshelm and Sarah Drues, (left to right) Bernie Magnuson, Don Mierzeski and Sarah Drues.*

borrowed dock space from Pacific-American Fisheries, whose cannery filled much of the Fairhaven waterfront until 1965 when the company folded. (The site is now home to the Alaska Ferry Terminal and the train station.) Even before they acquired permanent dock space, club members were actively organizing races and weekend cruises.

These days, races take place every Wednesday between February and August, weather permitting. The original fleet of 15 has grown to roughly 200 boats flying the BYC flag. Attendance at the Wednesday races remains a small group of dedicated sailors though, with roughly 20 boats that show up consistently. (Approximately half of the 1,400 pleasure boats in Squalicum Harbor are sailboats, according to the Port of Bellingham.) This familiarity creates intense competition between boats and their crews.

"I like competing with guys that sometimes they beat me, sometimes I beat them," Bernie says. "It's always fun to try to outsmart the guy that outsmarted you last week."

Though weekend destination races are popular, such as the Around Lummi Island Race, buoy

*It's always fun  
to try to outsmart  
the guy who  
outsmarted you  
last week.*

*If you do go  
overboard, we'll  
throw you a beer  
and pick you up  
when it's over.*

*-Bernie*

racing is the name of the game on Wednesday nights. Three buoys, called marks, line the course: the windward (upwind) mark and the leeward (downward) mark define the extremes and the center buoy creates the start/finish line. In a typical race, competitors must round the outside marks twice and finish on the upwind leg. However, officials on the committee boat can alter the length of the course depending on weather conditions.

Twenty-four mile-per-hour winds and three- to four-foot waves are enough to send most pleasure cruisers back into the marina, but for Bernie, dealing with adverse conditions is part of the joy of racing. "And doing it better than everybody you're competing against," he adds. For the moment, Mora is doing better than most of the other boats.

"Even though you're only going six knots, it's hectic," Bernie continues. "You're not just out there going dum dah-dum dah-dum. You're competing, you're struggling, you're racing."

While Bernie and Mierzeski work the tiller and mainsail, the rest of the crew plops down



on the highside, feet hanging over the edge. The water below seems far away, but not far enough to prevent the occasional rogue wave from drenching socks. Drues sits down next to the visiting novice and explains rough weather etiquette.

“Keep one hand for yourself and one hand for the boat,” she says.

Translation: hold on.

Sailing against such a forceful wind causes the boat to lean drastically. The windward side towers above the surface of the water, revealing the underbelly of the boat, while the leeward side is completely submerged. Mora won't capsize though, even in the worst of conditions. Most of the weight of the boat is located in the keel. This underwater dorsal fin acts like the sand base in a clown-faced, inflatable bopper bag: no matter how hard the wind punches the sails, the keel ensures the boat will bounce upright.

Bernie pipes in with additional advice. “If you do go overboard, we'll throw you a beer and pick you up when it's over,” he says reassuringly.

As Mora rounds the windward mark, the boat levels out as wind fills the sails. Mierzeski calls the crew back toward the cockpit, shifting the weight aboard so Mora can ride the waves like a surfboard. Almost instantly, the bow lifts up and Mora comes closer to flying. The crew cheers as Drues reads aloud the increasing speeds on the digital knotmeter. When the boat maxes out at 9.5 knots, a short rooster tail erupts from the wake.

Bernie is no stranger to rough weather on Bellingham Bay. A friend introduced him to sailing a few years after he moved from Seattle to Bellingham in 1969 to attend Western. Pretty soon, he was crewing on competitive race boats and attending events such as Southern Straits, an all-day race out of Vancouver, British Columbia. However, after his buddy's boat accidentally burned while parked in Squalicum Harbor, Bernie was left without a way to get his sailing fix.

“It was either find another boat to crew on or buy my own,” he says. His wife insisted he get a boat – instead of the '34 Ford hot rod he had been eyeing. So when he found a 1983 J29 racing boat, then called Anime, he did not hesitate buying it. The name, however, did not suit him.

“I was struggling to find a name and my wife just said, “Well, it's obvious. It's Mora.”

Mora is a city in Sweden where his father was born. When Bernie went to visit relatives there in 1991, he asked his cousin if he knew anybody who had a sailboat on the nearby lake. It just so happened he did; there was even a race the following Saturday. Bernie befriended the crew, they let him drive the boat, and they won the race.

At 58, Bernie still has many years of sailing and racing left. His father, an avid downhill skier, continued to hit the slopes until he was 82 years old. “I could probably ski 'til 82, that means I can race until I'm 100,” Bernie says.

The wind and waves haven't let up. Mora plows ahead as teams finish the first lap and turn upwind again. The conditions are too much for some crews to handle. The smaller Etchell class boats are hit the hardest: one boat rips its spinnaker, the large colorful sail used for sailing down-

wind, and another loses its entire mast and rigging. As boats cross the finish line on the second downwind leg, a horn sounds from the committee boat, signifying the end of the race.

Ferguson and Nesheim take down the jib as Mora rounds the breakwater into the marina. The waters of Squalicum Harbor are comfortably calm, unperturbed by the wind. The breeze rattles the rigging on the sitting boats like an orchestra of clanging wind chimes. The crew celebrates their fifth place finish (out of 11 in their division) with a round of Full Sail Amber and packs the sails below deck. As they leave, Mora floats calmly in its slip, waiting until next Wednesday's race. 🌊

“Even though you're only going six knots, it's hectic. You're not just out there going dum dah-dum dah-dum. You're competing, you're struggling, you're racing.”

–Bernie

## Nautical Terms

Port: the left-hand side of a boat when facing the bow.

Starboard: the right-hand side of the boat when facing the bow.

Tacking: turning the boat so that the wind crosses the bow, used when traveling upwind

Gibing: turning the boat so the wind passes across the stern, used when traveling downwind.

Knot: the unit of speed at sea, one nautical mile per hour, or 1.15 miles per hour.

Windward: facing the wind, upwind.

Leeward: facing away from the way, downwind.

Foredeck: the area between the bow and mast.

Spinnaker: a large multicolored sail used when sailing downwind.

Jib: the small sail in front of the mast.

Keel: an attached fin underneath a boat that keeps the boat upright.

Bow: the front of the boat.

Stern: the back of the boat

Source: *Essential Sailing*  
by Roger Marshall

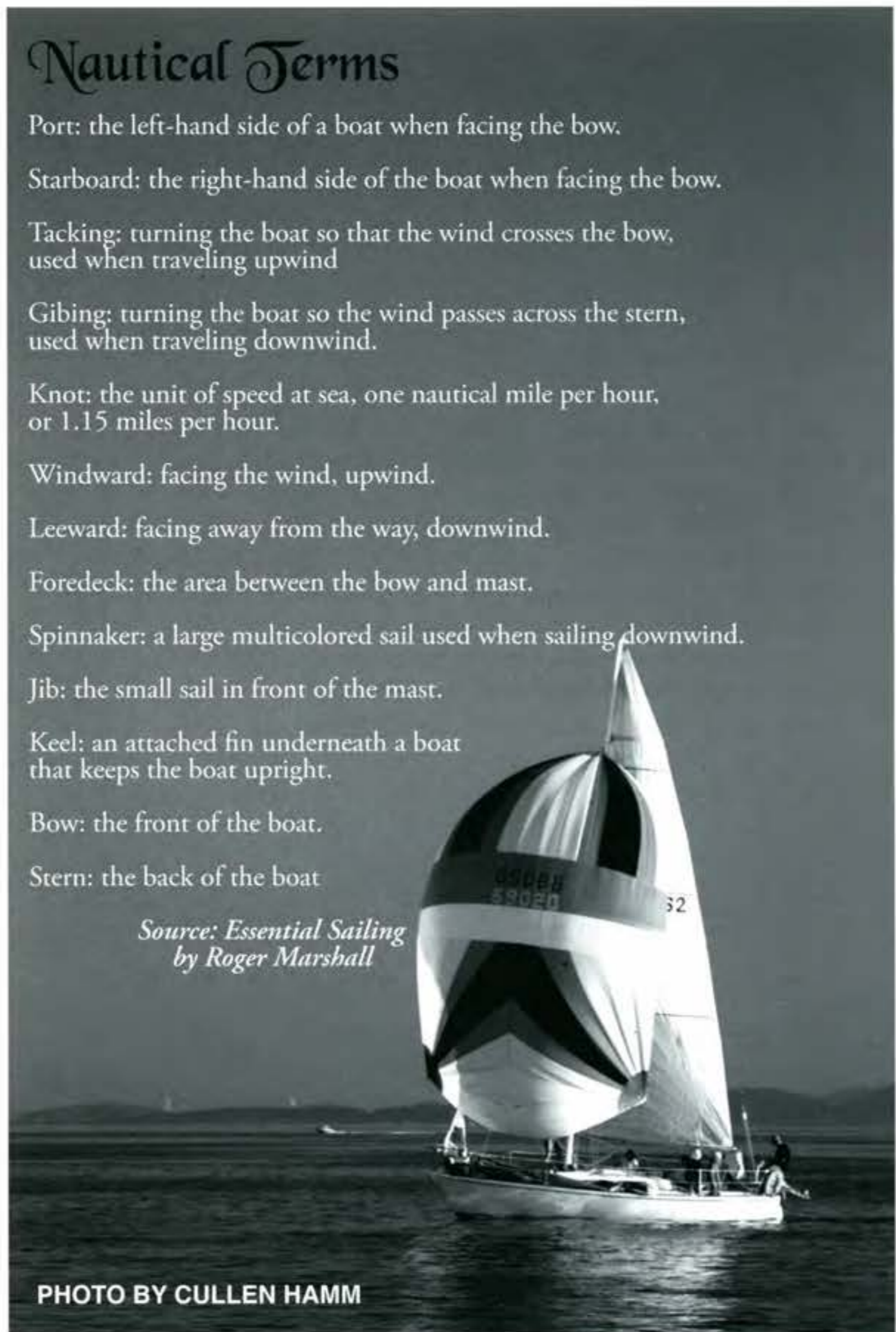


PHOTO BY CULLEN HAMM



# SUCCESS IN THE CITY

Big time style and small town success. **Jamie Cox** talks with co-owner of Frank James and Paris Texas, Ty McBride, on his mission to keep Bellingham on the fashion circuit. Photos by **Cullen Hamm**. Design by **Jenny Leak**.





In a personal ad, Ty McBride would be described as a 29-year-old, single, white, college graduate who found fashion success in the city.

Although this description is accurate, in person he is this and so much more. When McBride enters the Avelino coffee shop on Railroad Avenue, he takes a seat and looks as if recovering from a long night out complete with messy hair and tired eyes. He wears faded

**“THE STORES  
WERE BUILT  
FROM ALL OUR  
OWN MONEY. WE  
WEREN’T TRUST  
FUND KIDS.”  
—TY MCBRIDE**

#### FATE AND FASHION

After growing up in Ontario, McBride moved to San Diego and earned a degree in literature. McBride met Westover, also a literature major at United States International University, a small private school in California.

After finishing college, McBride moved to New York City, but found it lonely in the Big Apple and moved to Bellingham, Westover’s current home. McBride moved to Bellingham on New Year’s Eve 2001.

The friends’ goal of opening three stores in five years was an ambitious target for two college graduates with literature degrees, McBride says. He has never taken a business class, but says since childhood he has always had a strong sense of fashion.

McBride and Westover planned to open a retail store specializing in stylish but affordable separates. McBride says the idea of owning a clothing store seemed perfect because both love to shop. “We shop because we have shopping problems,” McBride says. “It’s a fix.”

#### DESIGN FOR A SECOND SUCCESS

Originally McBride says he and Westover were going to open their second store in Seattle. However, the closer final-

izing plans came, the more they realized Seattle was boring because it lacked originality in a city, just more traffic and people everywhere.

They decided to open another boutique in downtown Bellingham for a specific type of woman. McBride says this woman is the annoying girl because she would always want what Paris Texas didn’t carry – something simple and classic.

At Frank James customers can find that special black dress, priced from \$59 to \$200. Casual dresses are also for sale at the small boutique, but McBride says don’t sell because people want individual pieces to mix and match.

At both Paris Texas and Frank James, McBride says they only order six of everything in apparel to keep items original, so hardly anyone will have the same pieces. This method has been successful because customers like having their own unique style, McBride says.

Kelly Bjork, a Western student and sister of Gretchen Bjork, owner of Left Right Left located next to Frank James in downtown Bellingham, says she loves shopping at Paris Texas and Frank James.

“In the past year the only clothing items I’ve purchased have been from those stores,” Bjork says. “I like buying the clothes there because they’re unique and it feels good buying local.”

McBride says co-owning two stores is fun, but Westover put in a lot of work into the two stores.

“The stores were built from all our own money,” McBride says. “We weren’t trust fund kids.” As for a third store, McBride says no plans are in the current future.

“The stores were built from all our own money,” McBride says. “We weren’t trust fund kids.” As for a third store, McBride says no plans are in the current future.

#### SHOWCASING STYLE

Paris Texas and Frank James have showcased clothing in Good Housekeeping, The Stranger and Seattle Magazine. McBride says Good Housekeeping featured a pair of B.C. shoes carried by Paris Texas with the name and number of their store on the page.







- Yellow for girls
- Girls: invest in accessories
- Splurge on classic items
- Keep disposal fashion disposal
- Don't do "muffin tops," buy clothes that fit

The next day the phone kept ringing because so many readers wanted the shoes. Paris Texas sold out of them in a matter of hours.

McBride and Westover also hold annual fashion shows at the Nightlight Lounge in downtown Bellingham to showcase clothes.

The most recent show was Paris Texas' four-year anniversary and Frank James' first year, McBride says. The tickets sold out and 550 people attended.

The runway show consisted of 20 models, mostly clients from the stores with different body types and sizes.

McBride says people like to show up to events like these because they can dress up, go out for dinner and then go out to the fashion show. Just like a night in a big city.

#### A MODEL FOR THE FUTURE

McBride's plan for the next 10 years involves developing his own line of shoes. His previous experience includes working for Jeffery Campbell, a world-renowned shoe designer. Campbell is a mentor and inspiration, McBride says.

McBride designed shoe boxes and labels for Campbell and has even brought vintage shoes from Bellingham to Spain and China for design inspiration.

McBride says Paris Texas and Frank James don't have much competition and the stores are successful in downtown because they are stylish and up to date in fashion.

Since Bellingham has a variety of retail stores to offer, residents can make a day of it and just shop. McBride says he loves how people can get a cup of coffee at places like Avellino on Railroad Avenue and shop at stores with lots of different fashion trends and styles.

#### TY'S STYLE

McBride describes his style as a French trucker. He says he hasn't owned a comb since he was 18 and prefers cowboy boots, tight jeans, crew and v-neck shirts.

McBride's favorite places to shop are OakNYC.com, Blackbird, American Apparel, Urban

Outfitters and Marc by Marc Jacobs. He says he likes to shop at these stores because he feels like they are true to his style, which is reworking classical pieces.

Bjork says she met McBride through her sister and realized he had great style when he and Westover opened Frank James next to Left Right Left.

"Ty is unique with his straight out blunt comments about how good your booty looks in those jeans," Bjork says. "And he has a confident strut down the Bellingham streets."

McBride wasn't always like John Travolta from Saturday Night Fever walking down the streets. He says his biggest fashion mistake was bike shorts in middle school and he still has nightmares about them. Now, it's a different story.

"I love the short, short trend for men," McBride says. "Also all over prints for men."

As for girls, McBride says high-rise jeans and the classic muu-

muu. He says right now oversized shirts are in, but it can be torturing for girls who come into Paris Texas and Frank James to try them on.

"The stores' inside joke is that we will hear a girl in the dressing room say 'is this a dress or a shirt?'" McBride says. "It's hilarious."

McBride's style is original so customers can expect to see almost anything at Paris Texas and Frank James, except Ugg Boots.

So far McBride is living his dream and one day hopes to design shoes. Until then, customers can stop by Paris Texas or Frank James to purchase the latest in clothing, get fashion advice or hear how good their booties look in the jeans. 🖐



PHOTO BY CULLEN HAMM

*Jen Westover and Ty McBride outside of their store Paris Texas.*



# SCUBA

## in the sound



Armed with confidence and a camera, **Tanya Williams** describes her underwater adventure and the world of scuba diving. Photos by **Tanya Williams**. Design by **Ciara O'Rourke**.

**T**he morning sun barely skims the surface of Puget Sound while my buddy and I begin hauling our tanks and gear to the edge of the water. We quickly pull straps and fasten various hoses in their respective spots; tightly securing the assortment of gear that will allow us to journey underwater. We can't feel

the biting chill of the water through our dry suits, which water cannot penetrate, as we wade to chest level. Only when we begin descending does the shock of the cold hit our faces. The water hangs like green mist while the feet tick by; 10, then 20, until we hit 35 feet, and a bustling world full of life materializes out of nowhere.





## Pacific Northwest Diving

**W**e halt our descent and stop to take in the sites. Sea stars litter the rocks along our path. As I snap a picture of a crab scuttling across a wooden beam, a fish the size of a cat smacks into my leg. I turn to see a spiny, spotted Cabezon fish, just as it rams me again. I crack an inward smile at the fish's futile attempts to eliminate the potential threat to its eggs. I gently swat the fish away and we continue swimming.

The Pacific Northwest might not be the Great Barrier Reef, but diving experts consider it to be one of the top six diving sites in the world. Jacques Cousteau's favorite place to dive was Port Hardy on the northern end of Vancouver, B.C., says Ron Akesson, owner and course director of Adventures Down Under, a dive shop on West Holly Street.

Depending on the season, Puget Sound water temperatures average between 45 and 55 degrees Fahrenheit. While this fact might inspire many to stay dry and find a different sport, the temperature creates a diverse ecosystem of plants and animals.

The numerous swift currents bending and flowing around the San Juan Islands carry enough food to support an assortment of life. Rockfish and lingcod, dart around divers and the stationary plumose anemones attract light from the surface, illuminating the orange and white invertebrates like a spot light on a stage performer.

In the craggy, dark rock caves off the coast of Vancouver, B.C. the Giant Pacific Octopus lurks. This curious animal averages about 10-feet long, while the aquarium in Victoria, B.C. houses an octopus 22-feet long.

"We really have some of the best diving in the world," says Western freshman Jessie Rosanbalm, an avid diver since age 12. "I do

want to go to some warmer places just to see the different marine life, but I think that the Northwest will remain my favorite place to dive."

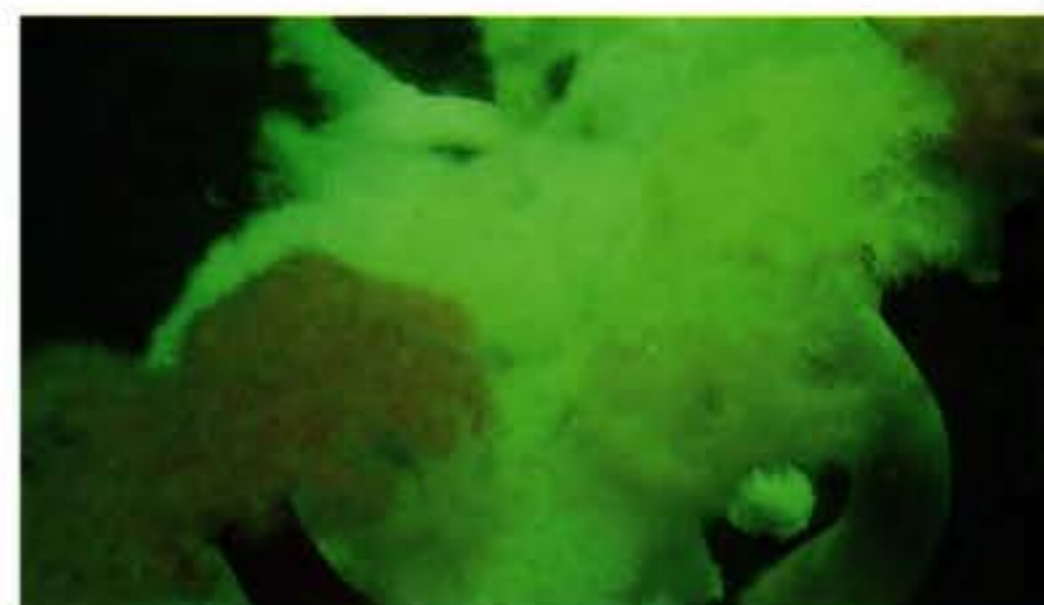
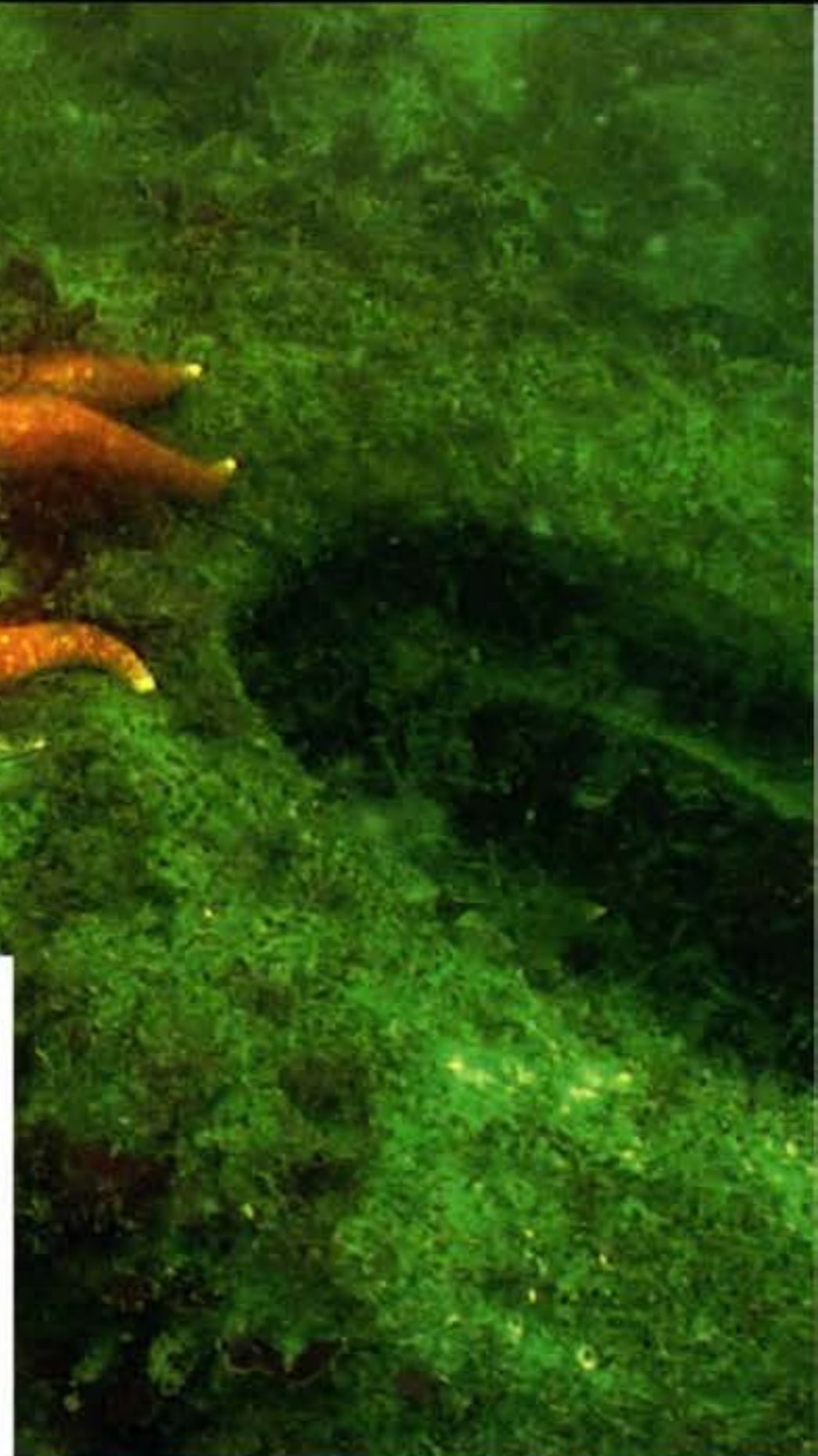
About 100 yards from the Cabezon fish, we meet up with a group of five divers in a beginning class. The instructor, a man with a sturdy build, leads the pack. He waves a quick hello and turns to check on his group. He hovers briefly above them, making sure the girl in the back isn't dragging on the bottom and the tall teenage boy in front hasn't kicked the middle aged man behind him yet. After a brief pause, he points his finger toward a white and orange forest of anemones, and the group follows.

Bellingham has three dive shops that offer a beginning diver course. The courses will tackle teaching the basics of safe, fun diving. By the end, any diver has the ability to cope with a variety of complications, from life threatening situations, such as running out of air, to minor inconveniences like a leaky mask.

Before you stick a toe in the ocean, you'll plunge, fully outfitted in dive gear, into a pool. Since the gear is bulky, this will feel like you're a walrus trying to gracefully tap-dance. In the moment, you'll wonder how you will ever get used to the feeling.

Akesson says the hardest thing to teach beginning divers is to relax in their new, foreign environment. The cumbersome dive gear only adds to the shock of breathing underwater. Scuba diving defies the laws of nature, as humans weren't naturally meant to breathe underwater.

Strong swimming skills and comfort in the water are the only prerequisites to the class, though each diver has to answer a medical questionnaire before ever strapping on a bit of that awkward scuba gear.







## Fears and risks

**W**e reverse our course and head back to shore; the familiar patterns of the bottom guide us. We pass a discarded tire with an orange sea star firmly planted on the side. We pass the ruins of a sunken ship, barely recognizable as the mighty machine it once was. I feel a threatening tug on my regulator; it is the pull that signals my tank is almost empty. My heart skips a beat as I fumble for my pressure gauge. With a sense of foreboding I see the needle defiantly come to rest, well inside the red caution zone, on zero. I suck hard on my regulator for my final breath and my air supply is cut off. I wave to signal for my dive buddy's attention and then calmly draw my index finger from one side of my throat to the other. I reach forcefully for my buddy's alternate air source, yanking the bright yellow second regulator from its holding and thrusting it into my mouth. I take a deep, satisfying breath filling my lungs with air and the wrenching pain in my chest subsides. We slowly head to the surface without a single thought of panic or death.

A diver should never have to fear drowning, even if they run out of air. The weights each diver wears allows him or her to sink, and without them no person can stay underwater. As a last resort, you can drop your weights and head for the surface.

Decompression sickness, or "the bends" and lung overexpansion are the worst conditions a diver can get. During any dive, nitrogen saturates body tissue. When a diver

rises too quickly from a deeper depth, the nitrogen converts to bubble form and enters the blood stream, says Colin Sternagel, a divemaster at Washington Divers on North State Street. Treatment requires time in a recompression chamber, which compresses the body and squeezes out the nitrogen.

Lung overexpansion or rupture happens when a diver ascends too quickly. Air under pressure takes up less space the deeper it goes, but it will re-expand the minute it can. If a diver cannot purge their lungs fast enough, the excess air will rupture the lung.

As long as a diver uses common sense, he or she doesn't have anything to be afraid of, says Akeson. He says diving accidents are rare, despite the hype in the media when one does occur.

"You take a risk every morning when you get out of bed," says Akeson. "The media has made scuba diving spectacular and if somebody does get injured it's so unusual the news carries it on a regular basis."

We break the surface with a burst of flying water and bob weightless for a few minutes. The air feels warm on our exposed cheeks compared to the chilly depths. The swim to shore seems to take forever. We trudge slowly and awkwardly up the beach, our shoulders protesting with the weight of our gear. Our sluggish and tired arms slowly rinse off and load our gear. We drive away with the afternoon sun shining brightly across the water and the euphoric feeling of tired bodies from a good dive.

## Equipment

**W**e follow the drop-off we've been diving on deeper into the depths of Puget Sound. With each breath, the whooshing sound of the regulator quickens as the demand for air increases with added pressure. A white jelly fish the size of a tennis ball hovers near my regulator hose. I watch its poetic bends and wiggles for a few seconds before pushing the inflator button on the side of my regulator hose to increase the air in my buoyancy control device (BCD).

Because of colder waters, diving in the Pacific Northwest involves more equipment than warm water diving. Divers can wear a wet suit in the summer months, but a dry suit keeps divers from freezing during most of the year. Gloves and a hood cover the remaining parts a dry suit doesn't protect.

A buoyancy control device, commonly called a BCD, straps to the divers shoulders and waist, and is home to the regulator hose. The diver controls his or her buoyancy, with the ultimate goal of weightlessness, using a BCD. In the Pacific Northwest, most BCDs have a weight-integrated system; meaning pockets for weights are built directly into the BCD. Divers can also use a weight belt, but one or the other is required to dive. The Velcro straps attached to the back of the BCD hold the tank in place. The set of regulator hoses, often called an octopus, attaches to the round hole at the top of the tank. In addition to the regulator a diver breathes from and an alternate regulator for emergency use, a compass, the pressure gauge that tells the diver how much air is left in the tank, and a dive computer to record depth and temperature of the dive are included.

Divers wear a mask to cover the nose and allow the diver to see without the blurriness water causes. A snorkel isn't required, but many divers attach them to their masks to breathe with on the surface when the water is choppy. Dive fins are the main propulsion system, shooting the diver through the water with every kick.





# Jungle Fever

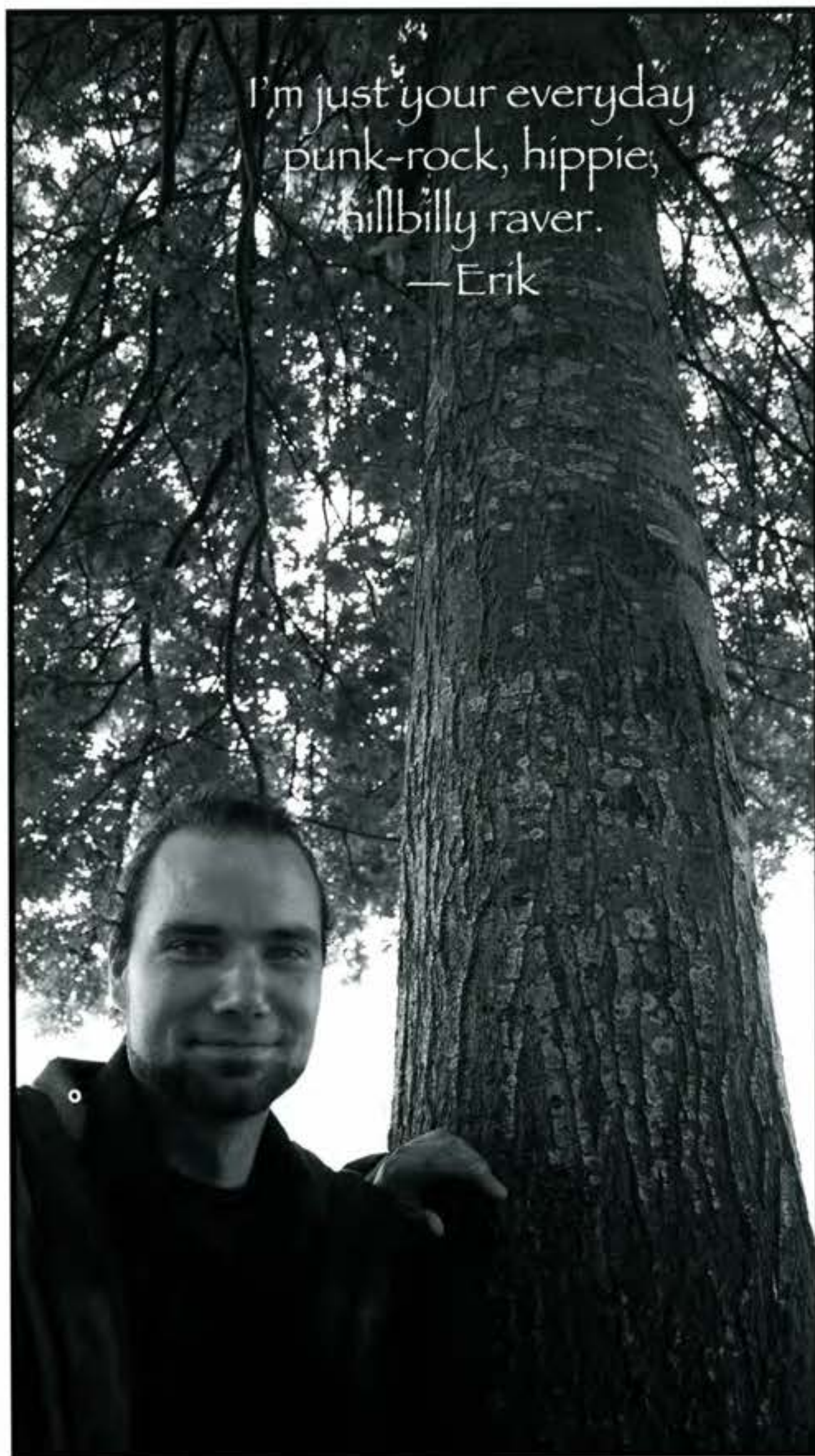
From jungle to city, reporter **Kelly Joines** illustrates the life of Erik Moore: a man who lives in The Yelapa jungle for the winter months and Bellingham in the spring and summer. Photos by **Mark Malijan**. Design by **Kyra Low**.



Forty-three feet above the jungle floor just outside of Yelapa, Mexico, Erik Moore stares up at a full moon beneath the branches of a Salate fig tree. He is comforted by the sounds of a nearby river and the familiar cracks and chirps of the restless jungle at night. After a long day of building his tree house with a machete and twine, Erik lies and waits for sleep.

Whoosh. A sudden gust of air brushes Erik's face. One gust is soon followed by another as black, skeletal wings swoop within inches of his still body.

Bats. Hordes swarm the fig tree, stripping fruit from its branches. Inches below the unexpected air traffic, Erik lies untouched. Through the black masses, he catches sight of an even bigger winged creature silhouetted against the moon. The owl makes no sound aside from the flap of its wings as it swoops across Erik's body, brushing against his foot as it pulls away with its prize. As a bat's last cries of life become distant, Erik once again closes his eyes to sleep. It is just another night at his home in the jungle.



I'm just your everyday  
punk-rock, hippie,  
hillbilly raver.  
—Erik

PHOTO BY MARK MALIJAN

*From the shores of Bellingham to the jungles of Yelapa, Erik Moore embraces the outdoors more than most. The Bellingham native calls his system three tree houses in Yelapa, Mexico his other home.*

A Bellingham native, Erik, now 31, walks the South Bay Trail toward Boulevard Park telling the story of the first time he shared his home with bats while living in the jungle. He walks in his Carhart overalls and work boots. Brown dreadlocks fall halfway down his back, one wrapped around the others holding them at the base of his neck.

Today, Erik works as a youth service leader for the Department of Ecology and is the co-creator of Boogie Universal ARTS Collective, which is dedicated to creating events that celebrate the creative potential of the Bellingham community.

"The worlds are so different that I have a hard time believing one exists when I am in the other," Erik says. "When I step off the boat in Yelapa, I am immediately at home. I feel the same way when I am here."

Ten years ago Erik began living a dual life: Bellingham for the spring and summer months and winter in Yelapa. "I'm just your everyday punk-rock, hippie, hillbilly raver," he says.

If only that were true.

At 16, Erik became fascinated with life on the road and began hitchhiking to punk-rock concerts, music festivals and rainbow gatherings. Two years later, his travels became longer and farther, taking him on explorations of Mexico and South America. He spoke little Spanish and brought no map.

"I have been inside thousands and thousands of cars. Some people are silent and some spill everything," Erik says. "I have a lot of faith in humanity and have come to respect that everyone's experience is valid — the Columbian farmer who has never been seven miles from his home and the man who has seen the world."

Originally Erik set out to find the most beautiful place in the world to live and build his house. For 12 months he explored Central America, the Caribbean and South America but in the end he returned to Yelapa. "It turned out the most beautiful place was an hour walk up the river," Erik says.

Accessible only by a 45-minute boat ride from Puerto Vallarta, Yelapa, remains free of paved roads and cars. Yelapa is known to those who live there as 'the place of reunion' or 'where the river meets the sea.'

"You would sit on the beach and never know who was going to step off the boat," Erik says.

Many are regular visitors to the community of 2,000 people. Some disappear for years and just show up again to reconnect to be a part of the community, Erik says.

At 22, Erik began building his first tree house with a machete and a ball of twine. People wading through the river stopped by to lend their labor and expertise. Through a few words in Spanish and many hand signals, they built Erik's first tree house mostly by trial and error.

"It was something along the lines of Swiss Family Robinson or Robinson Crusoe," Erik says. "Palm fronds, bamboo and hand lashings."

The jungle is quick to tell what will and what won't work. After one year away from Yelapa, he returned to find his house rotted through as if it had been abandoned for years.

"It forces you to have an intimate understanding of how nature works," Erik says. "Every day you step over the line of termites tearing down your house and you figure out which wood to use."

In Yelapa the Avilla is the dominant tree in the jungle, Erik says. The outside of its bark is covered in inch-long needles to ward off predators, but its wood is strong. This time Erik and a few friends constructed pulley systems and a boom operated to swing logs into place for another tree house 40 feet off the ground. Occasionally he borrowed donkeys or burros to carry logs down steep slopes. Other times, he carried them on his shoulder. On one particular day, Erik carried an Avilla log back to the site. Stripped of its needle-like protection it seemed harm-



less, until the tree's sap started eating away at the flesh of his neck, arms and hands.

"You can't forget where you are," Erik says. Although he finds peace in living so deeply connected with nature, he says he can never overlook what nature is capable of. Erik compares that with living in a city. Each, he says, has its own dangers and unique beauty that cannot be taken for granted.

For the first six years that Erik lived in Yelapa, the community didn't have electricity. Twice a week the local bar turned on a generator to power a disco.

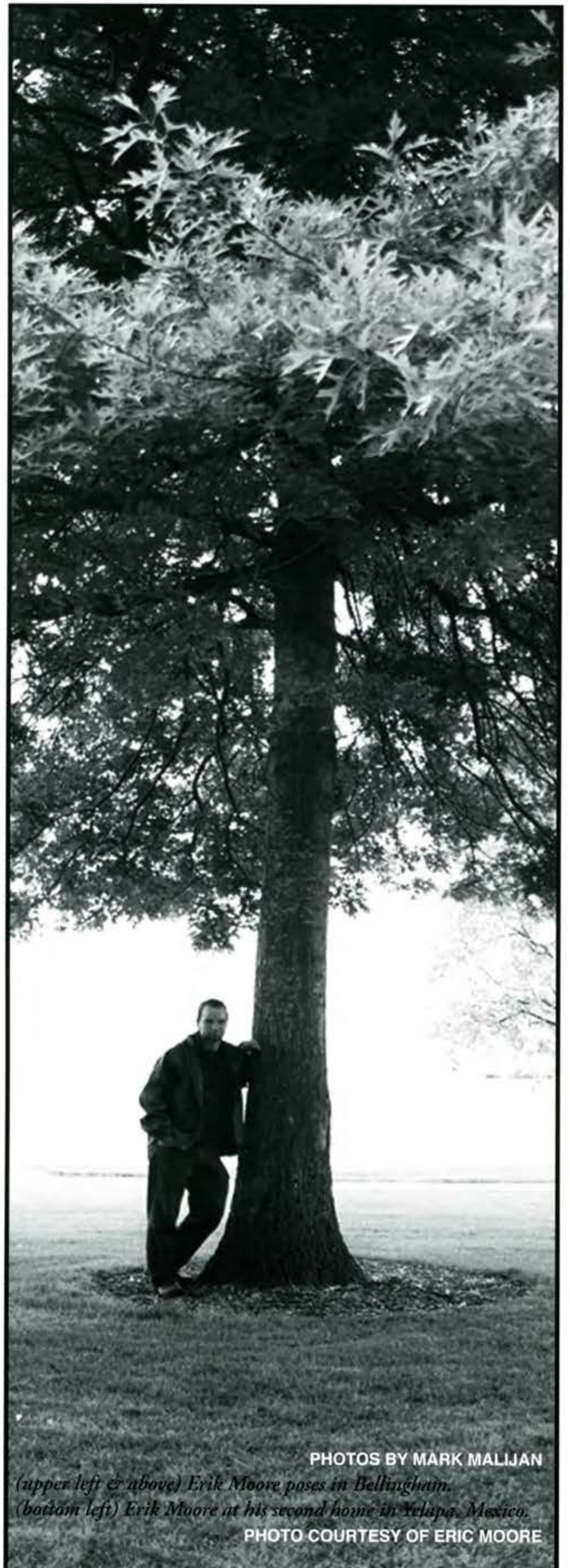
"Everyone came. There were 70-year-olds dancing along with the 10-year-olds," Erik says. "There is a luxury in deprivation — people play music, dance, and join in the lives of others."

The close community life of Yelapa reinforced Erik's desire to share it with Bellingham. The Yelapa dance parties became the sole influence for creating Boogie Universal events in Bellingham and the slogan "Better living through community."

After years of watching their son travel between Yelapa and Bellingham, parents Dan and Sally Moore decided to see what the other half of their son's life was like in the jungle.

"We were blown away by how the Mexican nationals loved him," Sally says. "He so respected them and their culture and learned Spanish the way they spoke it. To see how they liked him and respected him, it just opened up so many things to us."

Most of what Erik knows he attributes to his lifestyle on the road. Through these experiences he has learned about community, humanity, nature, and the importance of being aware of his surroundings. 🌿



PHOTOS BY MARK MALIJAN  
*(upper left & above) Erik Moore poses in Bellingham.*  
*(bottom left) Erik Moore at his second home in Yelapa, Mexico.*  
PHOTO COURTESY OF ERIC MOORE





August 2007



Klipsun is a Lummi  
word meaning  
"beautiful sunset."

