



Western Washington University  
**Western CEDAR**

---

Klipsun Magazine

Western Student Publications

---

4-1977

## Klipsun Magazine, 1977, Volume 07, Issue 04 - April

Janene C. Plourde  
*Western Washington University*

Follow this and additional works at: [https://cedar.wvu.edu/klipsun\\_magazine](https://cedar.wvu.edu/klipsun_magazine)



Part of the [Higher Education Commons](#), and the [Journalism Studies Commons](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Plourde, Janene C., "Klipsun Magazine, 1977, Volume 07, Issue 04 - April" (1977). *Klipsun Magazine*. 37.  
[https://cedar.wvu.edu/klipsun\\_magazine/37](https://cedar.wvu.edu/klipsun_magazine/37)

This Issue is brought to you for free and open access by the Western Student Publications at Western CEDAR. It has been accepted for inclusion in Klipsun Magazine by an authorized administrator of Western CEDAR. For more information, please contact [westerncedar@wwu.edu](mailto:westerncedar@wwu.edu).

WWSO LIBRARY ARCHIVES

K  
L  
I  
P  
S  
U  
N

A  
P  
R  
I  
L  
1  
9  
7  
7



Connie Williams '76

**Klipsun**  
**April 1977**  
**Volume 7 Number 4**

**CONTENTS**

- 4 Raw Inspiration in a Closet**
- 6 A Dancer's Dream**
- 10 When the Phone Cries . . .**
- 12 Goya's Children**
- 18 Kibbutz Comes Alive to the Sound of Music**
- 20 A Place Called Wonderland**



*For the Everyday Person*

*Let it not be said  
That because he didn't know,  
who he was,  
He wasn't somebody;  
That because he didn't know  
where to go,  
He wasn't free;  
That because he wasn't sure  
how to help the world,  
He didn't try;  
He was an everyday person.*

*Let it only be said  
That this everyday person  
Loved nature and Man;  
Let it only be said  
That this everyday person  
Did Live!*

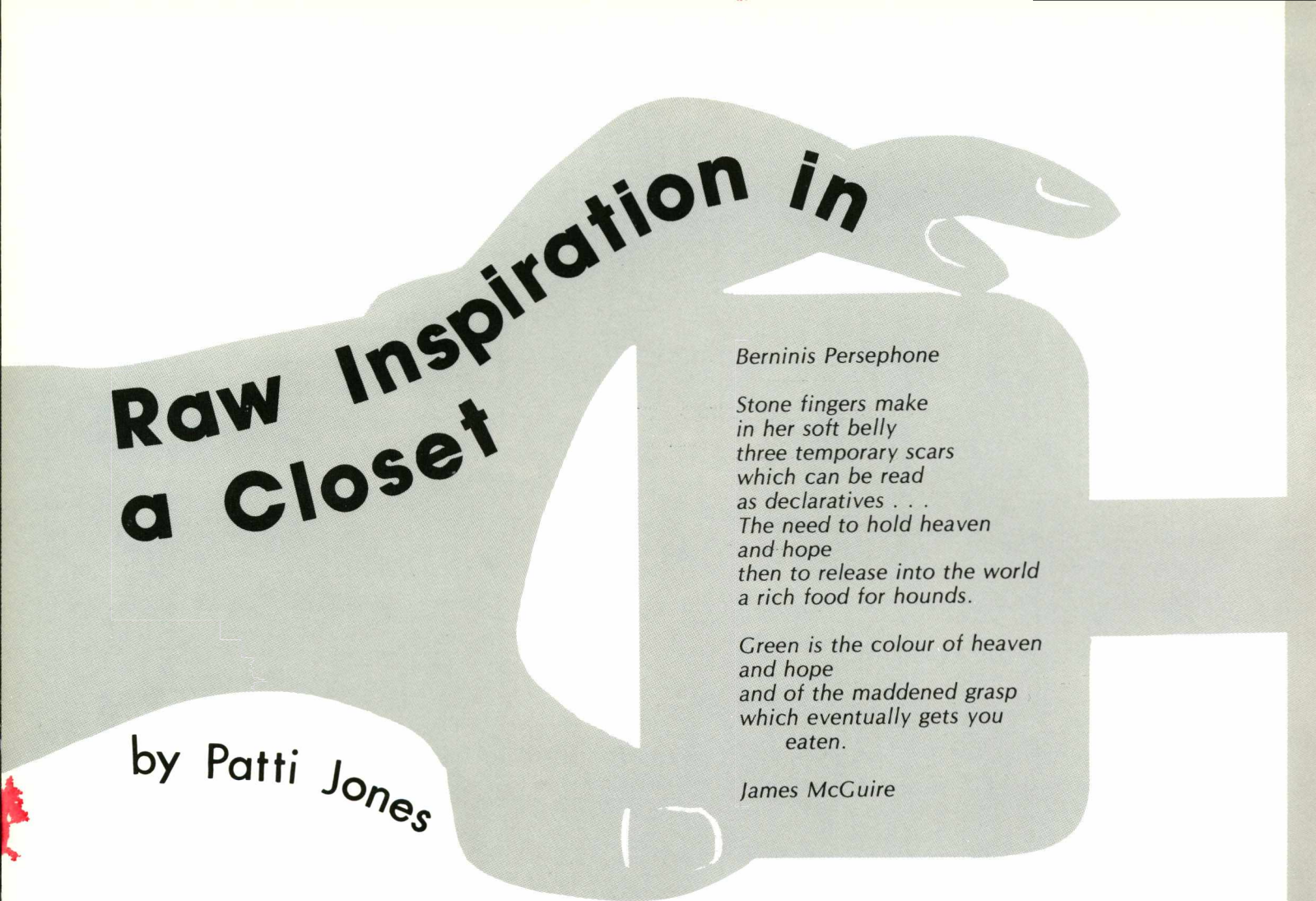
*Janene C. Plourde  
Klipsun Editor*



Front cover by Connie Williams  
Back cover by Brian Rosenblatt  
Inside front cover photos by Charles Roper and  
Vic Davis

*Editor: Janene C. Plourde, Photo Editor, Bob Slone,  
Story Editor: D. Starbuck Goodwyn, Production  
Manager: Kathi Morod, Art Director: Vic Davis.  
Staff: Darrell Butorac, Jim Harrison, Kyung Sun  
Hong, Greg Hoofnagle, Patti Jones, Rich Leavitt,  
Ann Legry, Anita Mapes, Ed Mund, Brian Nelson,  
Charles Roper, Liz Rust, Joanne Simonarson, Deanna  
Uerling. Advisor: Pete Steffens.*

*Klipsun is a twice quarterly publication funded with student  
fees and distributed without charge. Copyright 1977, Klipsun,  
Western Washington State College, Bellingham, Washington,  
98225. Published by Washington State Department of Printing,  
Olympia, Washington.*



# Raw Inspiration in a Closet

by Patti Jones

*Berninis Persephone*

*Stone fingers make  
in her soft belly  
three temporary scars  
which can be read  
as declaratives . . .  
The need to hold heaven  
and hope  
then to release into the world  
a rich food for hounds.*

*Green is the colour of heaven  
and hope  
and of the maddened grasp  
which eventually gets you  
eaten.*

*James McGuire*

He spends much of his time in a closet. Literally. It's ten by three. A desk, bookshelf, bottle of sherry, clock radio, mattress and poster of Prince Valiant are in there with him. And even when the atmosphere grows dense with his cigarette smoke, he stays. James McGuire, poet and fiction writer, needs solitude.

"Solitude is quiet conversation with yourself," the young man with wire-rimmed glasses and sassy, brown locks said. "It's horrifying because the mind is a finely-tuned instrument. Unless you are extremely creative, you can't create your own fuel. You burn yourself up. That's why man needs society . . ."

One reason why there are so few artists around is because most people can't deal with solitude, he said.

"Coping with solitude is a unique ability — one that I don't have, and that's why I'm here now," James half-yelled over a table in Pete's Tavern, attempting to be heard over the band's vocalist who was trying, unsuccessfully, to sing scat.

Yet, James said he loves solitude.

"Many think of me as a jocular fellow," said James who was wearing a beer distributor's shirt once belonging to someone named Grant (or at least that

was the name printed on the shirt's front.) "And I enjoy that image. But I like my closet better." As an afterthought, he added, "People will think I'm weird when they read that."

James was born 27 years ago in Chicago's southside and wrote his first "poem" at the age of seven. His mum was born in Ireland, she was. His father, a Chicago native of Irish ancestry, was "an English student for a long time, like me," James said. (He began school here in 1969).

In his younger years, James thought of himself as a "budding Pascal." Because of his wish to help people, his goal was to become a priest. He attended a Roman Catholic seminary in San Francisco, but was expelled, as he explains it, for being a heretic.

The beginning of the end for the young man who had made a commitment to the priesthood came on a Sunday, the day on which the seminarians got together to talk about things on high. James opened the floor for discussion saying, "Gentlemen. What would we do if we found out Jesus Christ was the bastard son of a Roman soldier?"

There is a time and place for everything, and James admitted that he picked the wrong time and setting to raise such a question. He also admitted that shock

effect was probably an ulterior motive for his doing so. It seems James was never really cut out to be a priest.

"I like sex and freedom of thought," he said, "things that don't go well with the priesthood."

The Jeopardy editor writes about "simples," the

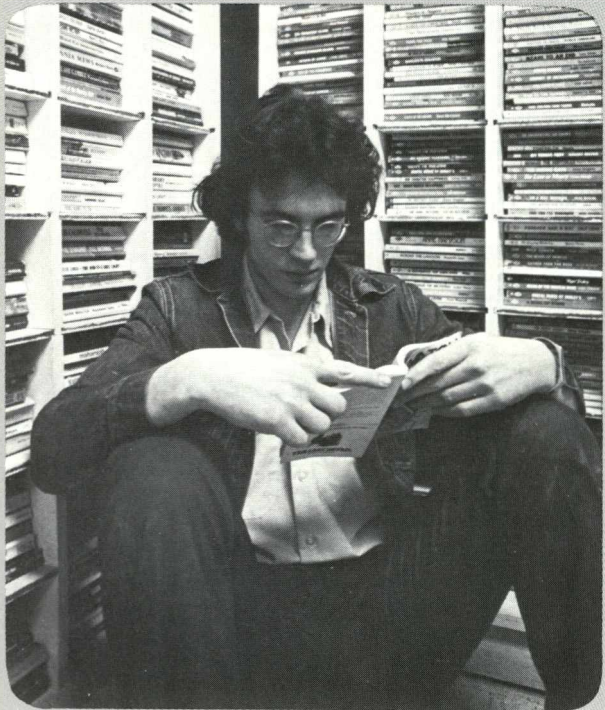


Photo by Bob Slone

basics of life. He writes not to instruct, but to entertain — "to make people happy." No parable writer, he. His aim is to be "heavy on the sweet and light on the useful." He writes about getting hurt, for instance, and about hope.

"Hope creates life," he said. "That sounds like something you put on a sampler, but it's true."

James said he cannot lie in his writing. If he tries to get away with something, he will get nailed. Readers know when a writer is not telling the truth and will say "bullshit." And the last thing a writer wants, he said, is for people to say "bullshit."

Writing, he said, is "close, tedious, microscopic work" for which there are no discernable results — except, maybe, self-satisfaction. It does not bring the writer financial, social or interpersonal gain, he said; the only return is spiritual.

"Though I'm not a Kurt Vonnegut fan, I like something he once said: 'Writing is like making wall paper by hand for the Sistine Chapel in one-inch squares.'"

The prize-winning story writer, who has worked as (among other things) a janitor and bartender, said he would "probably be happier than a pig in shit" if all he did was write, but he would not be "living comfortably." It is impossible to support yourself on poems, he said. Rod McKuen, who is rolling in

dough, is an exception. That is, if you can call what he writes "poetry," James said.

James has written radio spots, menu copy and some p.r. For people who ask how he can "prostitute" himself by writing such garbage, his reply is simple: "Well, here's my paycheck."

"It's the language that intrigues, ultimately," he said. "Althea Thoon."

What about teaching?

"That's the dream," he said. "I can't see a better situation than 20 minds sitting in a room, not that you direct, but learn from . . . That is if I can't buy Random House outright."

When James writes, he sometimes draws a schematic diagram first. Other times, he just picks up a pen and, in the confines of his closet, writes a 50-page manuscript that he later condenses into three pages. Sometimes, he said, it's just raw inspiration directing his pen. James said that he is almost constantly writing in his head, a phenomenon which he describes as "an oppressive thing."

With no finished piece has he ever been satisfied. Sometimes he is satisfied with a line in a poem or a paragraph in a story, but never with an entire piece.

If writing is so tedious and, many times, unsatisfying, then why does he do it?

"Writing comes out of me like breath or sweat. It's as much a part of me as anything I exhale," he said as he turned his silver lighter over and over in his hand.

James said there are three things popular for a writer to be now: "drunk, homosexual or a lazy creep." James does not fit any of the molds. In the dim, tavern light, his face appeared very soft, free of any harsh lines. He does not believe that one must be on the edge of destruction in order to write well. Yet, the writer admitted he does like to experiment with roles. (He has a "superlative" English country gentleman accent and a convincing Chicago "street punk" accent which he puts on every now and then to entertain people.)

"Milton wrote brilliantly and believed a great writer could be a scholar at the same time. I do, too."

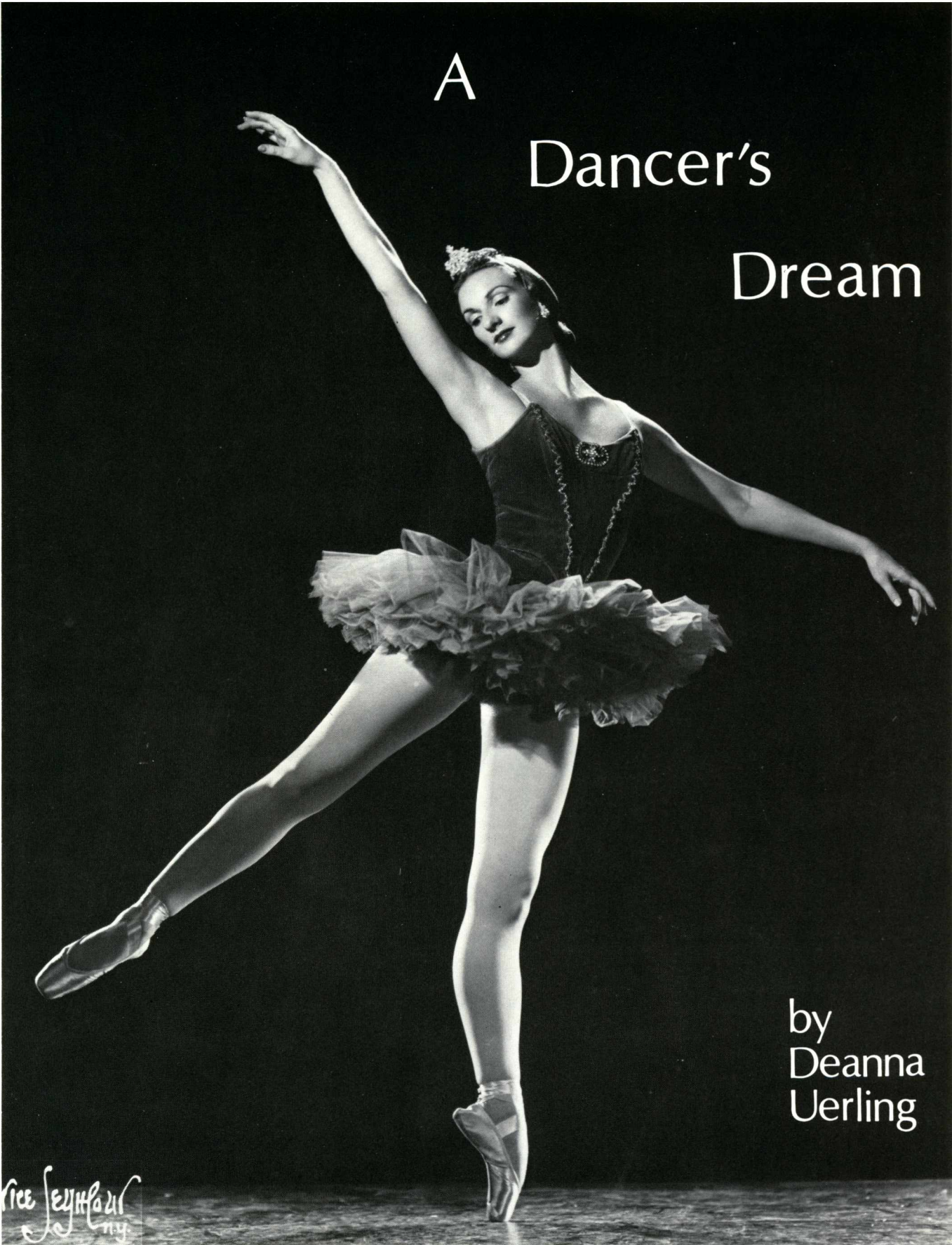
The writer-scholar devours books by the hundreds. His closet bookshelf includes a copy of Ezra Pound's *Cantos* (signed by his daughter) and a book by Yeats, signed by Yeats himself.

Unlike James Joyce, one of his favorite writers, James is "not a genius," and thus has to read, he said.

After two beers and many cigarettes, the poet-scholar-editor-fiction writer-closet dweller said, "Let me leave you with a quotable quote." He leaned his elbow on the table and rested his head on his hand as he stared intently at nothing in particular. The "jazz" band was still playing everyone's material but its own, yet the vocalist had long since given up her attempt to sing scat.

Thinking of Ezra Pound, he was. Or so it seems, for at last his eyes blinked and his hand dropped from his chin.

"Make it new." \*



A

Dancer's

Dream

by  
Deanna  
Uerling

*rice seymour  
ny.*

Barbara Arm's life is like a 1950's style musical comedy: A young girl from a small town dreaming of becoming a dancer, and one day having that dream come true.

After 27 years of living in New York, Los Angeles and having danced with several famous ballet companies, she has returned to Bellingham to teach.

Barbara comes into her office wearing her work clothes, a black leotard, pink tights and ballet shoes. She is tall and thin, with the long legs of a dancer. Her curly blondish-brown hair halos her pretty face.

I ask to hear the story of her life, and smiling as she sits down, she stretches her long pink legs out and puts them up on her desk.

Barbara McGinnis was born in Bellingham in 1932, the youngest of ten children. She described herself as being a fat child. "My seven brothers called me "Josie Roundbottom," so I compensated for it by being funny."

She started dancing when she was twelve, a late start compared to most professional dancers, who begin at age seven. With "nothing to do" that summer, she took an acrobatic dancing class. But the

ballet class held afterwards was what caught her eye, so she began watching.

"That was it," she says, her hands going up. "It snowballed after that. Dancing represented being pretty and skinny, instead of being fat and funny."

The following September, Barbara started taking a weekly class from Dorothy Fisher, a ballet teacher from Seattle who would drive up to Bellingham.

In high school, besides the lessons from Fisher, who was driving up twice a week, Barbara was spending her weekends in Seattle, studying at the Cornish School. Today the school is called the Cornish School of Allied Arts and is known throughout the northwest for its excellence in the fine arts.

Barbara says her last year of high school was difficult because "all I could think of, and all I wanted to do was dance." After graduating from Bellingham high school in 1949, Barbara moved to Seattle, where she was an assistant to Dorothy Fisher, and where she began extensive training under Lara and Marian Ladre at the Ballet Academy.

After two years at the Academy, Marian told Barbara she was "ready for New York, but that nobody will hire you unless you lose some weight."

*Photo by Charles Roper*

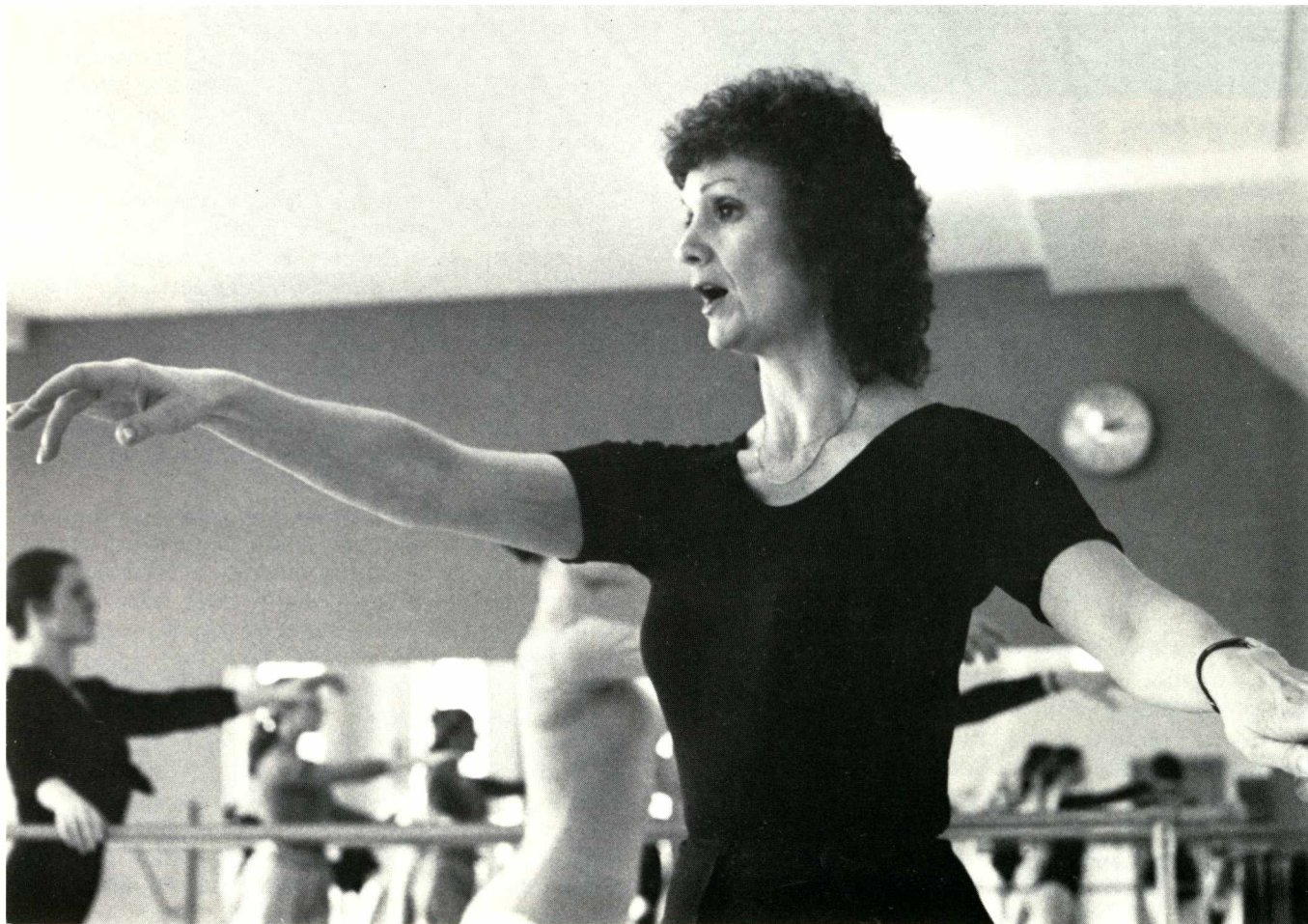






Photo by Charles Roper

With New York as an incentive and with "a little help from diet pills that my mother got," she was ready.

In June of 1952, a slim 19-year old, drove to New York City with a girlfriend. They moved into a single girls residence—the kind where the doors are locked at 11 p.m., and began taking turns working at the residence switchboard. The rest of their time was spent taking classes and going to auditions.

"We were really 'bumpkins' but I was never afraid. A dancer's life revolves around a certain section of Manhattan, so I was usually in dancers' territory.

Barbara's face lights up as she describes New York City during this time as the "era of Broadway." "The war was over and everybody just wanted to get back to normal. There was so much vital energy and creativity. Within this contained area, she says as her voice rises, you could see 'West Side Story,' 'The King and I,' 'Oklahoma' and 'Music Man.'

After two months in the city, Barbara was hired by the world-famous Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, where she began a two year tour by bus of one-night stands.

"I did 'Swan Lake' and 'Gaité Parisienne' every single night for two years, but these were the best times of my life," she said.

Each dancer was paid \$77 a week, and out of that had to pay for hotels, food and clothes. Barbara says, "We didn't mind the sacrifices, when you're young and talented, you just keep bouncing back."

When the Russe formed a new, larger touring company, the new director felt his company should have a "proper" image. The women were never allowed to step off the bus in pants. They had to wear dresses and high heels. Another rule: no fraternizing with the musicians. The director was so afraid that one of the musicians would "steal away one of his dancers," he always made sure they were registered at different hotels.

Barbara laughs when she remembers "how much fun it was to sneak around and hide from the director. It was like a Marx brothers comedy — Quick, here he comes, run to the elevator!"

Married in 1955 to a New York businessman, Barbara toured for another year with the Russe and then settled down in New York City to be with her husband. After dancing with small concert groups and on T.V. shows, she auditioned and was accepted by the Metropolitan Opera Ballet, but became pregnant and was unable to join the company.

A move to Mt. Vernon, N.Y. found Barbara striving to be an average housewife. "Because of my Victorian upbringing, I tried, but I hated it. I kept thinking this is what you're supposed to be doing, having babies and cooking dinner."

In 1958, Barbara and her husband moved to Los Angeles where she had another child. She also began teaching several days a week at the Ballet La Jeunesse, "as a way to make money, but I didn't like it."

When Barbara and her husband were divorced she continued teaching and did freelance work, appearing with the Los Angeles Ballet Company and in musicals, including "Can Can," "Funny Girl," "Merry Widow," and "Peter Pan".

She began teaching everyday at the Cheselka School of Ballet in Hollywood after her second marriage to a professional in show business in 1966. "This is when I began to enjoy teaching. I could see the progress, and that's an exciting part of it," she says.

Barbara gets up and walks over to the window, her arms crossed, as she talks about her second divorce in 1971. "My career got in the way of husbands who wanted me at home, but I can't exist without dancing and this desire broke up my two marriages," she says. "Dancing is 'that' high that I can't find anywhere else. It puts me on top of the world."

Last year, Barbara's sister, who still lives in Bellingham, heard of the dance department forming at Western and gave her a call. Barbara says the timing was right. "I was tired of smog and heat, just the whole L.A. scene. The green, green grass of Bellingham sounded very good to me." Barbara's daughters, ages 17 and 19, stayed in Los Angeles, so the younger one could finish high school.

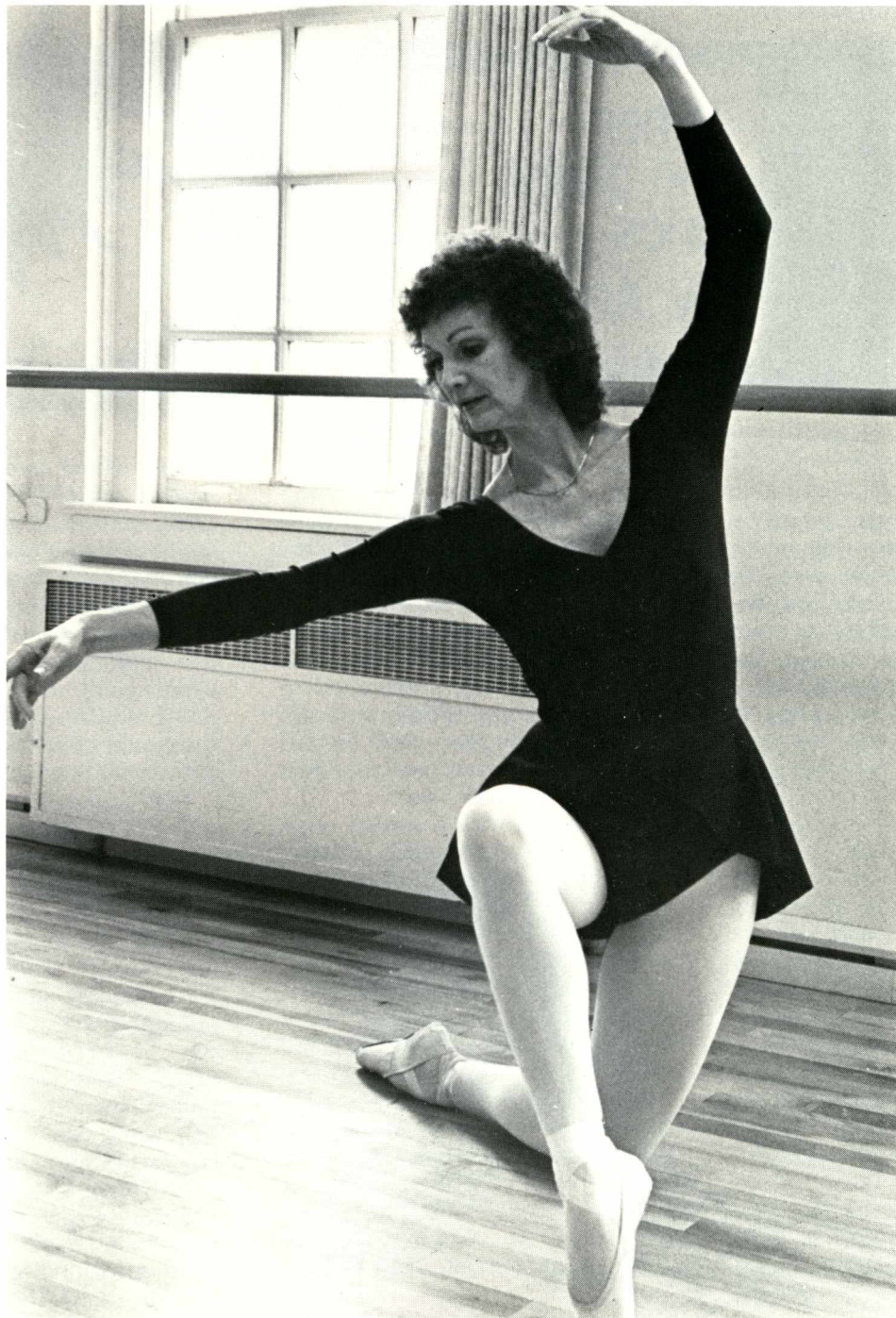


Photo by Charles Roper

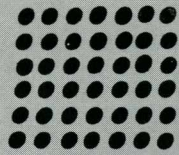
Barbara says the best thing Western did was to move dance out of the P.E. department. "The level I teach has not been available until this year. The spirit and the potential are here. I love teaching at this level, everybody in my classes wants to be here. And it's a challenge because of all the different kinds of training I see."

Barbara feels that Bellingham hasn't changed much culturally in the past 27 years. "The arts for so long have been unapproachable to the general

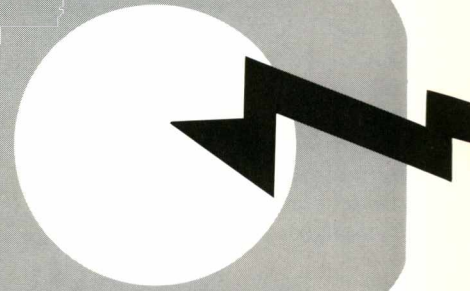
public, only the informed people, with the knowledge and understanding seek it out. To see a good ballet company perform you still have to go to Seattle or Vancouver."

The biggest changes she sees in the city itself, are the industries; the larger downtown area and "all of the ugly apartment buildings."

"But, she says, I drove out to my old elementary school last week and it looked exactly the same. I guess you can go home again." \*



## When the phone cries... by Ann Legry



The silence of the room is broken only by the soft music coming from a radio and the occasional short conversations between two women sitting on a red plush sofa. Another woman sits quietly reading a manual near a man who paces aimlessly. The man hasn't bothered to take his coat off. Occasionally, he makes a joke.

The peaceful scene is suddenly broken by the shriek of the telephone. Everyone in the room begins to move. The phone is answered on the second ring by one of the women. The others listen attentively to her words and watch her expression. It's a call for the "flying squad."

Moving through Bellingham each night, unnoticed and unrecognized by most people, "flying squads" answer calls for help from people in crisis.

The squads work for the Sun Crisis Center in downtown Bellingham. The center operates on a 24-hour basis to help people in emotional crisis. They deal with depressions, suicide attempts, drug overdoses, sexual problems and money problems, in addition to countless others.

Many of the more than 50 volunteers at the center answer phones and talk to drop-in visitors. Others chose, after answering phones for several months, to be members of flying squads. Each squad consists of two volunteers (a man and a woman for legal

reasons), who are available each night between 6 p.m. and 8 a.m. to make outcalls to people in trouble.

Vic and Holly make up one such squad. Partners for little over three months, they have intervened in family quarrels, responded to attempted suicides, and found places for rootless or penniless people to eat and sleep.

Vic worked with a similar crisis center while attending Central Washington State College, and after moving west, he joined the Sun Crisis Center in 1974. In addition to his flying squad work, he is president of the Sun Crisis Center's board of directors, and during weekdays works for the county as a real estate appraiser.

His partner, Holly, is a WWSC student who has been at the center since August 1976. In December, she joined the flying squad. Through her volunteer work, she is earning Western credit toward her psychology major.

In appearance, Vic and Holly are totally different. Vic is dark-haired with wire frames covering his smiling eyes. Holly is a pretty, slender blonde. But both have soft, calming voices, and in action, both respond quickly and ably. This is all the more surprising considering they have no way of knowing what's going to happen next.

"You can get a strange call like 'What day do the garbage trucks

go by my house?' and the next call might be 'Now how am I going to kill myself?'", Vic said.

"Maybe that's one of the things that makes this work exciting — the anticipation of not knowing what's going to happen next."

Vic also stresses the fact that the center provides a valuable, but unique service for the county.

The center is the only service that can be reached on a 24-hour basis with the exception of the Mental Health Center. The Mental Health Center, however, provides a telephone service designed primarily for its own patients.

The center also offers personal guidance that other services do not. St. Luke's Hospital, for example, may physically treat a patient for a drug overdose; then call the crisis center to provide emotional guidance. The Bellingham Police Department and the Lighthouse Mission also often ask assistance from the center in dealing with emotional problems.

Holly said flying squads are usually called out about four times a week. Recently, Vic and Holly were sent out to see a young woman who had no money and was sleeping on a bench in the Fairhaven Marketplace for almost a week. Before they flew, Holly made several phone calls to find a free room for the girl to spend the night in.

The same girl had been contacted by the flying squad a few months before when she tired of



**HELP!**

barhopping as a means of getting a place to sleep.

As an alternative, Holly and Vic took her to the Shalom House, which performs the same emergency services for women as the Lighthouse Mission does for men. She was fed and given a change of clothing. All they required of her was that she take a bath, Holly remembered.

At other times, Holly said, lonely people who only want someone to talk to will call the

center and talk for a long time. One such caller has contacted the center off and on for four years now.

If a person genuinely needs and wants help, the flying squad is often successful in easing an immediate crisis. Many of the people they contact are referred to other social services depending on the nature of the problem. Sometimes, in cases of extreme emotional or mental stress, people are referred to the Sun Half-way House where they are given further emotional counseling.

One evening, the flying squad was called by a woman and asked to talk to her 19 year-old son who had just attempted suicide. They talked with him and tried to help him deal with his problems, but despite their efforts, the boy was successful four weeks later.

"You just can't help someone like that who doesn't want to be helped," Vic said. "We just could not help him."

While waiting for another call, Vic explained that the center provides a necessary service, but one which the community does not fully recognize or appreciate.

"People don't want to know that there are these kinds of problems in Bellingham. They don't want to believe there are upset people around here. It breaks into their concept of Bellingham as a nice, quiet community and it's shocking to them to learn differently."

He added, however, that although the center has no way of advertising its services and work to the community, there is no shortage of volunteers.

"And it's lucky so many people are ready to help," he said, "because the problems aren't decreasing, they're increasing."

As he spoke, the phone rang and again the room became a flurry of movement. The flying squad was needed again.

Within five minutes, Vic and Holly were on their way. ✱

*Photo by Darrell Butorac*



For many people, art is a way to forget reality: A Fantasia of majestic mountains and babbling brooks. For others, like Brian Rosenblatt and Connie Williams, it is a means to remind people of reality — sometimes rudely. In fact, Brian and Connie like to jab people out of their dreamworld apathy. With pen and canvas, the two have created a gallery of ink drawings which depict the continuing misery and atrocities of the human condition. They are modern-day Francisco Goya's.

While their lithographs slap, poke and kick people, Brian and Connie themselves lead a quiet, inconspicuous life with their German shepherd, Che, in a cozy brownish-green house on State Street.

The two make an interesting contrast. Brian is dark-featured with piercing sable brown eyes and long black hair tied behind his neck. He hesitates before saying something, mentally weighing his words. He reminds one of an introspective philosopher.

Connie speaks fluently as if a dam had burst in her mind, releasing a flood of ideas. Her light features, blonde hair and calm blue eyes make her an almost exact opposite in appearance from Brian.

However, Brian and Connie are also alike in some ways. Both are intensely serious and enthusiastic about their work and their comfortable, loose garb reflects the relaxing atmosphere of their house.

The cluttered living room also serves as a makeshift drawing room. Or maybe it's vice versa. Ceiling to floor, every wall is covered with drawings. A derelict here. A starving crowd there. A copious share of blood and tears.

Yet, while the walls scream with anguish, the living/drawing room feels comfortable. The two spend most of their time there, drawing, talking and drinking wine. This is their paradox: A tranquil couple whose art relentlessly denies any hope for tranquility.

Connie pondered over a glass of Chablis. "People have been so saturated by television and newspapers with bad news, that they draw a shield about themselves," she said.

They feel this saturation desensitizes people, leading to apathy. Other media, however, can help remove the shield. "Our ink drawings are a thrust against apathy."

The couple's drawings don't show much good news, either. In fact, people often wonder why "I go to so much trouble to portray the six o'clock news," Brian said. "They find atrocity and pain distasteful in an art form."

Brian, whose darkish features somehow emphasize everything he says, mocked them. "Art is supposed to be pretty," he said with a sardonic grin. But the almost angry flash in his eyes made it clear he believed just the opposite.

The couple also takes an historical view. "You cannot really look at the present unless you can look back," Brian explained. Look back at what? At Hitler



## Goya's Children

by Greg Hoofnagle

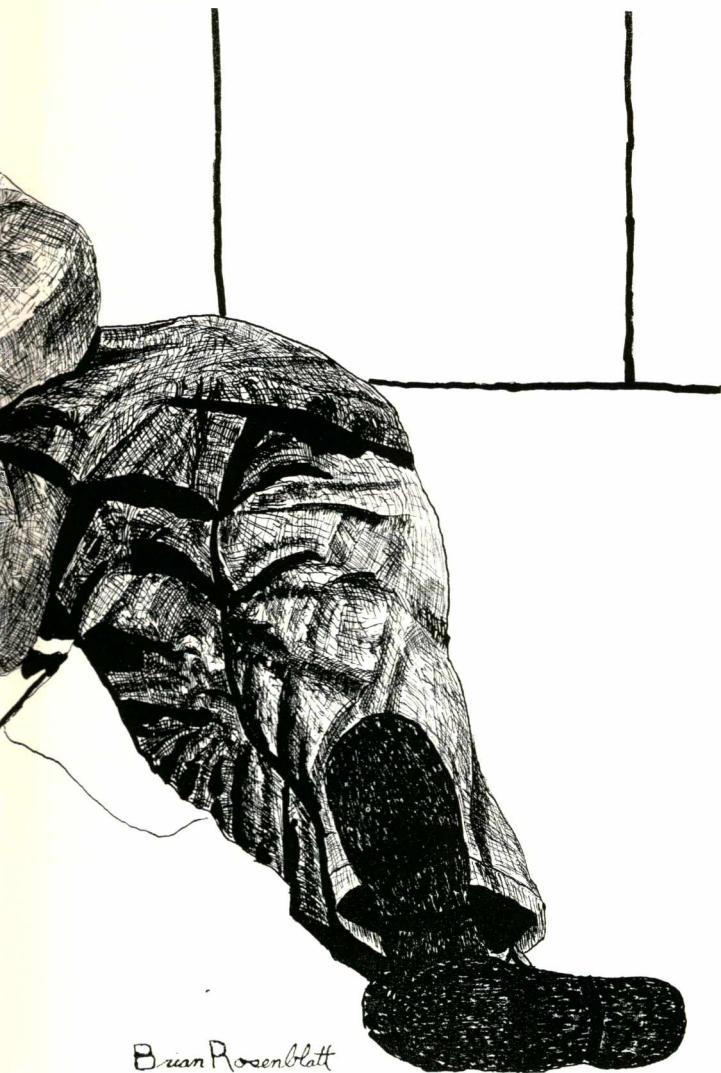
and Napoleon. At the misery-filled painting of Francisco Goya. At humanity, crushed time and again by war and hunger.

"People underestimate their potential to be a Nazi in Hitler Germany," Connie continued, leaning forward to stress her point. "Just consider how many people supported the Vietnam war. We have to realize the potential is still there."

The two want as many people as possible to realize this. Consequently, their drawings go for almost ridiculously low prices. The most expensive litho costs only 75c and the average price is not much more than a quarter.

Brian, who has been selling and exhibiting for eight years, makes allowances for people who don't have much money. If someone is short on money, he tells them: "Pay whatever you can afford, or nothing at all if you're broke."

But he doesn't care if a person is "worth \$24 million. I won't limit my drawings to the 'starving



stick it in great, gigantic museums on pedestals," she said.

In this way, paintings of the human condition are pacified. "This is wrong," Brian said. "Goya's art should not be in the Prado, but in the streets." He nodded toward his drawing of anguished faces and spattered blood, "*In Tribute to Francisco Goya [Still]*." "If it had been in the streets," he continued, "Franco would never have come to power."

Brian, a Brooklyn-born Jew, shifted topics from Goya to Germany. He is proud of Jewish resistance to Hitler's persecution, but mental images of gas chambers and massive burial pits has also implanted an 'extreme abhorrence for the Nazis' injustices. "These motivate me," he said. "This is a perspective most artists don't have."

Connie, who has been selling prints for just a few weeks, is often inspired by historical accounts she has read. One of her most impactful works is, "*The Haymarket — Leningrad, 1941*." The drawing depicts starving Russians bargaining wearily for small pieces of bread during Hitler's infamous Leningrad siege. This idea, and some others, came from Harrison E. Salisbury's *The 900 Days: The Siege of Leningrad*, a book which Connie recommends to all her friends.

However, most of her drawings portray something more subtle than maimed mankind. She tries to capture "emotional atrocities," frequently those promulgated on women, in her work.

She uses her pen to stab at women's historically imposed passiveness. "There are things about being raised a woman which make it harder to be active and daring," she said.

An untitled drawing of hers shows a dour, restrictive woman glaring imperiously at a younger woman whose expression says: "I give up." In another drawing, "*The Family*," a husband mourns his burning, war-torn village, while his wife raises her thumb in the air as a gesture of defiance to her persecutors. She has not given up.

"But I am not a feminist," Connie quickly added. "I just try to show that women played as important a role in making history as men.

"Feminism is a part of social change, but not its basic thrust," she continued. "Humanitarianism is the important thing."

That is why Connie takes inspiration from Kate Kollwitz, an early twentieth century German expressionist. "She was a humanitarian, not a feminist," Connie said.

Brian also patterns his style after a German expressionist — George Grosz. The couple lamented that the expressionists are not more well-known.

Behind all this philosophy lies the process. Brian and Connie don't just turn out their mini-masterpieces overnight. Sometimes they work on several at once, and sometimes a single drawing takes several months of painstaking effort. A lot of thought, inspiration and perspiration go into each drawing. The couple is as much into technique as it is into philosophy.

masses'," he stressed. "They are for anyone with a conscience in any sphere of economic affluence.

Speaking of starving masses, Brian pointed to one of his drawings, "*Food — The Ultimate Weapon*," which depicts a famished crowd clamoring for a few morsels of food. The drawing symbolizes how America could rule the world by feeding hungry nations only for political concessions.

He told of one woman who wanted to buy the picture, but could offer only a food coupon. He turned it down. "It would have been a little ironic to take a food coupon," he frowned.

Brian and Connie sell their drawings cheaply in order to reach a maximum number of people with their anti-apathy message. "Too many powerful works of art are stuck in inaccessible places, where they gather dust and few people see them," Brian said.

Connie agreed emphatically. "They take the art out of the street, out of a reasonable price range, and



There was a time when Brian drew with 'Magic Markers' on regular paper. However, with a big boost from his stepfather's office supply business, he was able to afford quill-tips and ink. Later, he switched to canvas, which doesn't yellow and which is more durable than paper.

Connie also uses a rapidograph. (A rapidograph is a type of pen which facilitates the drawing of very fine lines and delicate details.) "It lends itself to my weakness — getting technical," she said. "I like fine, straight lines."

Brian laughingly complained of the time Connie spent drawing an intricate chair. Connie quickly retorted that he took nine months to do "*Food — The Ultimate Weapon*." Every wrinkled face, every gnarled hand, every hungry eye exudes an intense reality. On the other hand, Brian sketched "*Waiting for His Friends*" in three minutes. On the average, though, it takes two to three weeks for each drawing.

After a drawing is completed, it is taken to Jerry Burns of Fairhaven Communications. Jerry uses a photographic technique — offset lithography — which transfers a drawing's image to a chemically treated printing plate. The plate is attached to a press and several hundred copies of the drawing are run off.

Lithography worries Brian, who feels detail can be lost in the process. Since the originals are much larger than the reproductions, the reduction in size sometimes blurs fine lines.

Connie smiled. "Once Brian was a nervous wreck all day when copies of one of his favorite drawings were being made," she said.

With prints in hand, Brian sections off boxes with cardboard. The lithos are rolled into tubes and wrapped with paper — magazine pages, newsprint, whatever is available. Then each is dropped into one of the box's sections, like posters.

When the sky is clear and the weather is sufficiently warm, the two load their van with box after box and head for the VU Plaza. This used to be a fairly simple task: drive up High Street, find a place to park and carry the materials a short distance. Now that High Street is closed, they have to make several trips by elevator in back of the VU. "That's a problem when the elevator is crowded," Brian said.

Because the couple attracts attention with large display boards, its project is also an exhibit. And the two love to talk about their drawings: If a picture paints a thousand words, they have at least those thousand words to say.

Brian and Connie do not make a fortune selling their lithos. Many costs are involved. They have to buy canvas, pens, ink, tape and gasoline to get places.

The offset printing costs the most. The two usually have their drawings reproduced in bulks of 500 to 1,000 in order to save money. However, they must also pay extra for reproductions of larger drawings ("*In Tribute to Francisco Goya [Still]*" measures something like 13 feet by five feet) and drawings with odd shapes.

Because they sell so cheaply, the drawings don't bring immediate returns. "It takes a while to get the initial investment back when we sell pictures for 35c each," Brian explained.

Brian and Connie say making a living with their drawings is impossible, though their profits help pay some bills. There were times, however, when Brian had to wash dishes not only to pay bills, but to support his drawing costs.

Some days are very lucrative, though. "On a good day we can make \$25 in three or four hours," Connie said. And to expand their sales, the two are thinking about doing some business in Seattle.

"There are the Seattle community colleges, the UW and everything in between," Brian said. He had considered the Pike Place Market, but too many licenses are required and the market is cramped already.

Wherever Brian and Connie go they are bound to make an impact. With their exhibits, they have put Goya's message in the streets at a price people can afford. Their drawings jerk us from apathy into remembrance, telling us that we are not as civilized as we think we are.

"*Rebellion*, one of Brian's most emotionally poignant drawings, shows a mass of bedraggled, war-torn people, propping each other up, refusing to submit to oppression. The picture's caption is the reason d'être of Brian and Connie's ink drawings:

*Let this live in our hearts, forever heard!*

*Let this memory be our conscience.*

— Yuri Voronov \*







BOAT WORK

AND





## WORK BOATS

photos by  
Bob Slone



# Kibbutz Comes Alive to Music

by Jim Harrison

There are no chairs in the big, carpeted room, so the twenty-or-so flute students arrange themselves in a semi-circle on the floor. Laura is first to play. Having warmed her instrument, she stands before her music and concentrates a moment before

taking a breath and starting her piece.

The eerie, sometimes melancholy, notes of Claude Debussy's 'Syrinx' flow from the silver tube as she works her way through the number. The sharp inhalations necessary to keep up the air flow

sound startlingly like sobs, especially in the emotional context of the music. When the piece is finished, the students applaud encouragingly, and the next flutist steps up to play.

Laura Arntson's unobtrusive manner and anonymous mien conceal the intelligence, maturity and dedication that characterize her studies of music and other matters of personal interest. "Education is for what you're interested in," her parents told her, and that advice seems to have taken hold.

Besides her studies of the flute and music history at Western, she sews much of her own clothing (in high school she made cowboy shirts on commission), likes to bake and would like to work in a bakery. She is currently studying Judaism and has thought about entering the Jewish faith.

She returned to Europe last year to study music at the conservatory of L'Academie International d'Ete in Nice, France. From Nice, she traveled to Italy, Greece and Israel, where she spent two months on a kibbutz, or commune. She hopes to do an independent study project at Fairhaven on life on a kibbutz.

Having already played the piano for four years, Laura started playing the flute at thirteen when she heard her father playing and became interested. Now, eight years later, she still practices two hours a day, in addition to two or three hours of rehearsal twice a week for school and one hour a day of harpsichord practice. She also plays the recorder.

For flutists, the embouchure — the positioning of the lips and tongue — is one of the more difficult and important elements of technique. As any non-musician who has picked up a flute and tried to play it knows, merely blowing into the little hole on the end will not produce a musical sound.

Various effects can be achieved by manipulating the lips and tongue and thereby varying the air stream. One of the better known



Photo by Vic Davis



Photo by Vic Davis

of of these is "triple-tonguing." When the flutist wants to release three bursts of air in quick succession by means of the alveolar "t" sound, he can do so more rapidly by substituting a velar "k" for the second "t". For this reason, triple-tonguing is also known as TKT.

At the mention of rock flutist and virtuoso Ian Anderson, who has been praised for his triple-tonguing ability, Laura smiles and rolls her eyes in imitation of most flute students when they are asked about Anderson and his group, Jethro Tull. She admires Anderson for his ability to improvise and invent, but says most flutists think he is deficient in tone. His tone "isn't what most flute players would call a nice tone," she says. She offers a contrast, jazz flutist Hubert Laws, who she says has "beautiful tone."

Picking a favorite composer or performer is almost impossible, Laura says. Each period has its own style and men of genius. Some names do come up, however. The Baroque period is perhaps her favorite, representing the "high point" in music history. Johann Sebastian Bach and

George Frederick Handel, the giants of the period, rank high with her.

Of modern performers she has heard, the French seem to dominate the field. Again, she will not settle on one individual, but seems to favor two men under whom she studied in Nice, as well as the famous Jean-Pierre Rampal. Of Rampal's personal style she says, "Because he's French, he's going to do it differently."

Laura's involvement in music is not out of place in her family. Her father, a retired English professor, has a background in music that is a story in itself. In the early 1930s, he worked as a band leader in a world-touring cruise ship, and is rumored to have played "a mean saxophone," Laura says. It was his flute playing that inspired her choice of an instrument, and now he is also studying classical guitar.

Her twin sister, studying at Amherst, is a percussionist, and an older brother plays guitar in his spare hours. Laura's mother was called a child prodigy on the violin but thinks of that as a joke and never took the instrument seriously, Laura says.

Laura's belief in following her interests has given her own future the security of a number of employment possibilities. Her first goal, of course, is a career in music. After graduating, she would like to get a Master's degree, and eventually a doctorate, in music history, which she would teach at the college or university level. Another area that interests her is musicology research.

If those careers should elude her, she also plans to teach flute, recorder and harpsichord, and could always survive by giving private lessons. If necessary, her interests in sewing and baking could also be made profitable.

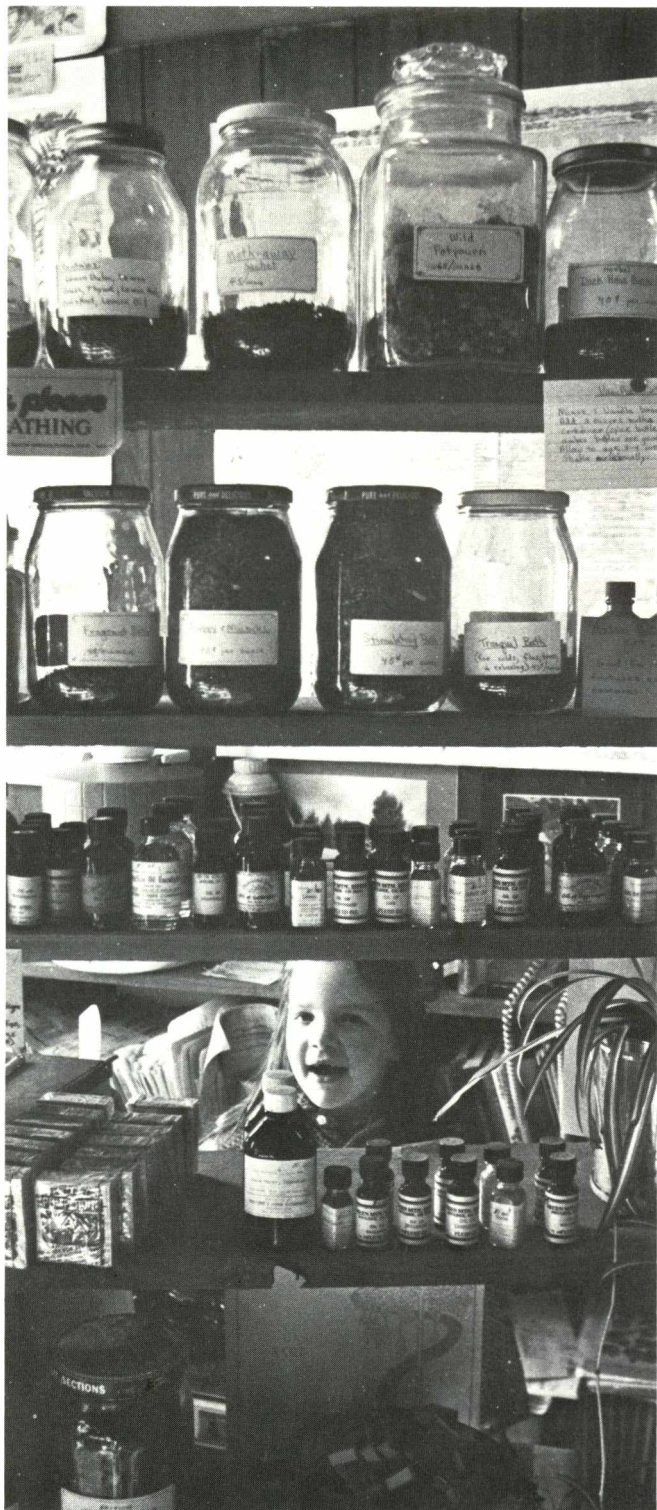
And, perhaps most importantly, there is the kibbutz. Dotted about the countryside, the kibbutzim (plural) form a kind of network that — as Laura sees it — help tie Israel's cities together.

Founded in the 1930s on socialist ideals, the kibbutz stressed hard work and even asceticism, for the good of all its members. Although the basic ideas remain the same, a recent article in *Psychology Today* tells how, with the initial work of construction mostly completed, personal goals are being added to group goals, and family ties are re-establishing themselves in the kibbutzim.

Working as a volunteer, Laura spent most of her time in the banana fields from which her kibbutz derived much of its income. But there were other experiences, too. She was greatly disappointed when she became ill and could not attend a Jewish wedding where she was to play her flute. She was able to play for the Jewish New Year, however, and her music was greeted with enthusiasm by members of the kibbutz, who, she says, have "a high degree of appreciation for culture."

Working on a kibbutz and absorbing its culture is an experience Laura plans to return to. And, like her music and other interests, it can be a refuge from hard times. "I always know there is the kibbutz," she says. \*

# A Place Called Wonderland



In a place called Wonderland a quiet garden atmosphere prevails orchestrated by rustling leaves. If you go in there and sit at the little round table and close your eyes you might hear a bird scratching and hunting under a tree. When you open your eyes you will see that it is Theresa Daffron pouring dried leaves and roots from jars onto scales and jotting notes on her scratch pad.

Opened or closed your nose will be teased with the aromas of a gourmet kitchen somewhere close by, whose currents come floating out on the patio to mingle with fresh breezes. Cedar shelves and potted plants branch everywhere giving the impression of a very efficient tree house. The window case and wall space behind the counter are filled with colorful herb charts showing the natural habitat of various herb families. Theresa has collected some unusual old toys and artifacts which she displays around the shop. You just know they're not for sale.

It was Saturday afternoon. A sneak preview of summer in February was playing outside. The bright sunshine would soon be replaced by night in the afternoon.

The door opened to let in a breeze and browser. "Sure smells good in here." After looking over the rows of jars on the shelves, he asked, "What's Blood Root?"

"That's one I'd have to look up," Theresa laughed. She took her well used copy of *Roots* by Elliott and quickly found the article. "It was used by the Indians as a pain reliever and to paint their faces." Reading on silently she laughed out loud. "That's not all they painted. Today it's commonly used as a dye."

Between customers she returned to our conversation at the little round table. I asked her what the most common or frequent requests for herbs were; she said without hesitation, "Cold remedies and coffee substitutes." For colds they offer Eucalyptus Mint Blend, plenty of rest and fluids, naturally.

Yerba Mate from the southwest has more caffeine per cup than the bean from Bolivia and for real mocha flavor the herbal coffee is very satisfying.

The next time I had a chance to talk to her I asked what she thought was the most useful local herb. She pointed out Comfrey in the book and was off to help another customer. The root and leaves are used medicinally for both internal complaints such as diarrhea, coughing or other pulmonary complaints,

Photo by Jeff Daffron.

## by Anita Mapes

and externally as a poultice for sprains, swellings, boils and has always been considered excellent for soothing pain in any tender inflamed part.

My wandering eyes soon landed on Theresa's special collection of fragrant and cosmetic herbs. One in particular caught my eye: Happy Muscles Blend. She explained that this is to be used for a relaxing bath.

The next person through the door was Jeff Daffron. He was returning from a late lunch with their daughter, six-year-old Angel. She resumed her work in her Sesame Street magazine, following directions to make a windmill. She was cutting and folding while we talked.

Five years ago Jeff started the shop in their home on James Street. At first it was a tea and coffee specialty shop. "But even then," recalls Jeff, "Coffee prices were increasing just a little bit each month and we knew it was coming to the time when it would be too expensive to bother with. People asked for herbs regularly and we became interested in the benefits and properties of the local herbs."

Originally they came to Bellingham to go to school. "We liked it here so much," Jeff said, "that we looked around for something to do that would be a benefit to the community and a living for us."

For five years Theresa worked a regular job while Jeff was getting started in the tea and spice shop. On weekends they often went to Seattle to buy from the Pike Street Market. Their dream is to have a large open air market place here in Bellingham, however, that is still a dream for the future.

About a year ago they moved to Railroad Ave., where they are now. Theresa is devoting her time to the shop and to teaching classes on Women's Herbs at the YWCA. "Lady in Waiting" is a combination of nutritious and medicinal plants which includes Squawvine, Comfrey and others. In class, she explains the do's and don't's of herbal remedies for women during pregnancy, like don't mix two laxative decoctions (teas). She showed me her favorite reference book: *Healing Yourself*, Joyce Prensky editor. It's published in Seattle and contains many recipes for relieving minor discomforts before they become serious medical problems.

Jeff has become an expert forager. He knows where things grow and when to harvest. He has interested many of their friends in learning more about identification and uses of roots and leaves.



Photo by Darrell Butorac

Some of their friends have made botanical illustrations which are displayed in the shop and there is a beautiful group of color photographs mounted on pyramid shaped blocks of wood.

When I asked Jeff about their plans for the future he smiled and pushed his long frizzy soft hair back like a cloud. "Who knows, we'll just see how it goes." Last year they sold their house so they could buy some land. They want to grow their own herbs and Jeff would like to have a greenhouse for some of the rare plants that are not native to this area. Like Ginseng. It is used as an energizer, some call it brain food, he says.

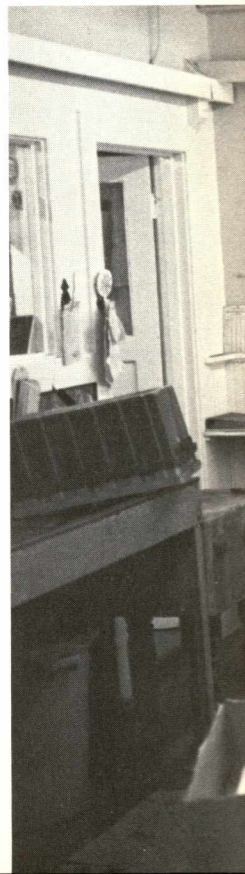
Jeff has a part time job as a photographer and they spend much of their time reading about herbs. Theresa is studying mandolin in her "spare" time. Angel had done just about everything a six year old can do to a Sesame Street Magazine and she had treated her dolls and bears to a make believe tea party.

It was after dark and after five, the last breeze was strong and cold as we said goodnight and went through the glass door of wonderland. \*



Vic Davis

# Marketplace People



Charles Roper



Darrel Kimmerly







Brian Rowland