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5-1994

Klipsun Magazine, 1994, Volume 31, Issue 05 - May

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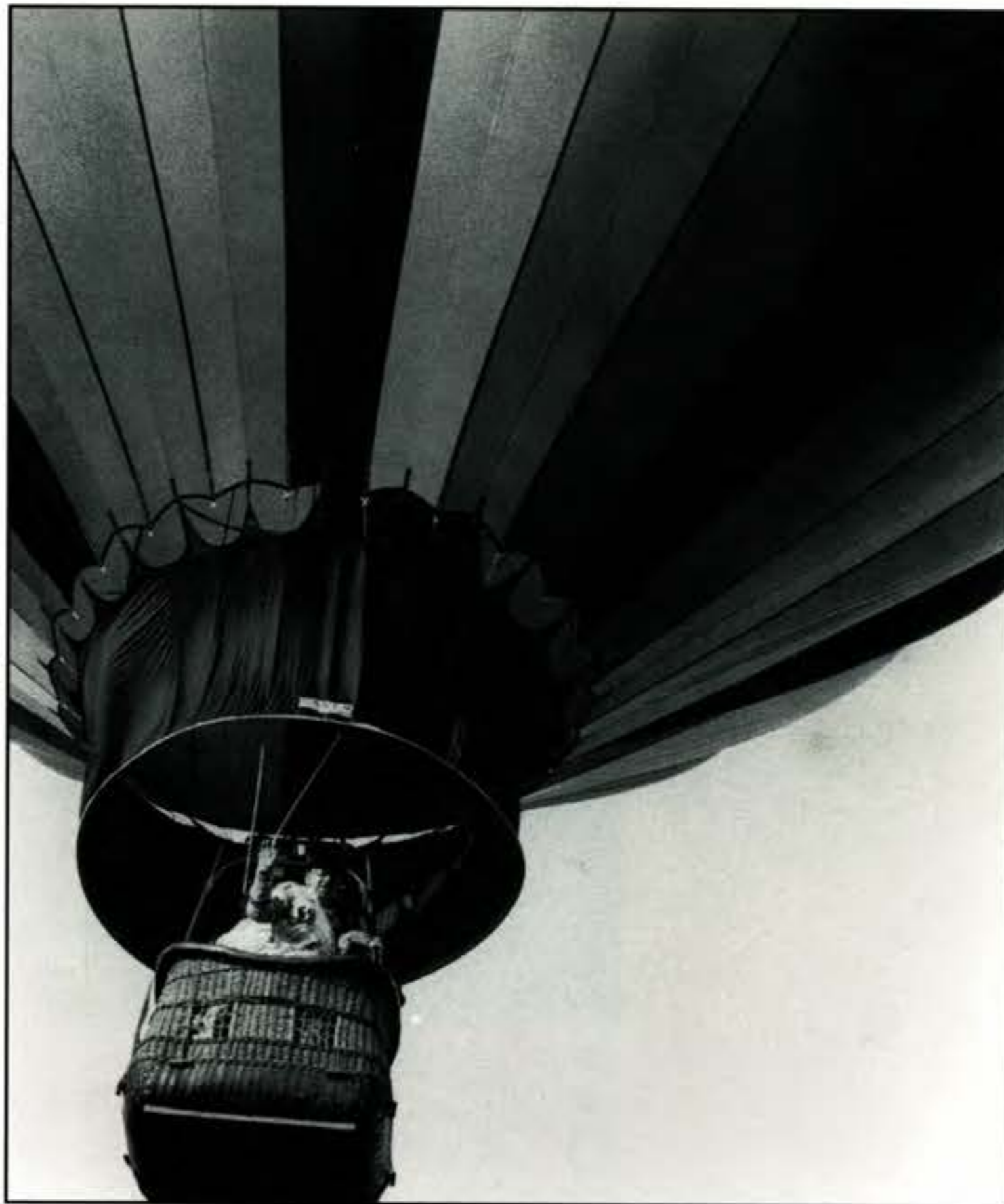
Recommended Citation

Dunkelberger, Steve, "Klipsun Magazine, 1994, Volume 31, Issue 05 - May" (1994). *Klipsun Magazine*. 156.
https://cedar.wvu.edu/klipsun_magazine/156

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Kipsun MAGAZINE

May 1994



Ballooning Bliss

Modern Nursery Rhymes

Evolution of a Drum

It's a Wild, Wild Life

Letter from the Editor:

Klipsun Readers,

We are living in a time of great flux. It's a time when traditional gender roles are being challenged and society is finally warming to the idea that people, regardless of gender, should be judged on the basis of their character and accomplishments. Feminism has been treated like a four-letter word by those in power for far too long. Sexist language, metaphors and symbols are so engrained in our culture that everyone must not only look at how they treat others in the workplace but, monitor how and what they teach their children. It will take generations to unravel the wraps of inequality prevalent in literature and language. Think about the words you use before you exclude the 51 percent minority.

Steve Dunkelberger,
Editor



Front page photo of "Vertical Visions" by Steve Dunkelberger. Staff page photo of a Bellingham sunset by Steve Dunkelberger. Back page photo of an opossum by Ric Brewer. Masthead design by Matt Hulbert.

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Klipsun Magazine is a student publication that is distributed twice a quarter free of charge. Klipsun is a Lummi word for "beautiful sunset." Klipsun Magazine is printed on 50 percent-recycled paper, 10 percent post-consumer waste.

Klipsun Magazine is located in College Hall 137, Western Washington University, Bellingham, Wa. 98225. (206) 650-3737.

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Special thanks to Veronica Tomaszewski-Taylor and the Print Plant.

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Genealogy

Digging Up



Your Roots

Story by Lynnette Bonnema
Photo by Ric Brewer

They are genealogical junkies. They wear pins and patches that say, "Genealogy is My Line" or "Family Tree Nut." They never stop searching for that long-lost great-great-great-great-uncle. As one hobbyist puts it, his addiction to genealogy is worse than an addiction to slot machines.

The majority of these addicts form the Whatcom Genealogical Society. Consisting of 70 members, this non-profit organization serves to help new junkies begin their quest for knowledge of their pasts. It also extracts and publishes genealogical information, such as obituary records, marriage licenses and birth certificates that aid in genealogical searches.

"The first time I stood up (at a meeting) and told everyone who I was, one of the members told me that my great-grandfather was her mother's doctor," said Steve Sorbo, a professed addict who serves as the organization's education chairperson.

"I always joke with people and tell them that this hobby is an addiction," Sorbo said. "Your friends are the enablers, your family supports your addiction and because it can get expensive, you have to work to support your habit."

For virtually every genealogical hobbyist, the high comes from the detective work — the thrill of the chase. Each unveiling of an ancestor gives way to more suspense about others.

"A lot of people think that I'm kind of crazy because I hang out in the library a lot," said Merrily Lawson, an employee in Western's Registrar's Office and member of the society. "It brings out the detective in me. I could work on my family tree for the rest of my life."

"It's the chase that gets you hooked. When you get a document in the mail, it raises more questions for you. You keep wanting to find out

more," said Bill Dollarhide, a foremost authority in genealogy.

Dollarhide is past the addiction stage. He has made genealogy a way of life. He owns his own company in Bellingham called Dollarhide Systems which has begun producing and selling genealogical software for MS-DOS computers. The software can write and publish a person's family history into book form simply from typed in names, dates and free-style notes.

Dollarhide travels nationwide to speak at genealogical societies and gives advice on how to make genealogical searches more efficient. He wrote a book called "Managing a Genealogical Project"

and recently published the "Genealogy Starter Kit." He also distributes a mailer called "Genealogy Bulletin."

"There's not a lot of people doing this and making a living at it," Dollarhide said.

Dollarhide was working full time in 1980 in the Facilities and Services Department at Western when he began to develop his long-time interest in genealogy. He also taught self-supporting genealogy classes to students in Western's adult continuing education program from 1980-81. The enrollment level dropped below the required amount, so the classes were no longer offered.

"I should probably offer them again," he said. "More people seem to be interested in it."

Many genealogists claim their hobby is the third-most popular in the United States, behind stamp and coin collecting. Dollarhide estimates approximately 10 to 15 million people are actively searching their roots. The number is based on the enrollment in clubs and conferences, he said.

Ever since Alex Haley's movie, "Roots," came out in the 1970s, Sorbo says, the hobby has become popular.

The fact that people have a strong desire to know who they are is what makes the hobby popular, Dollarhide said.

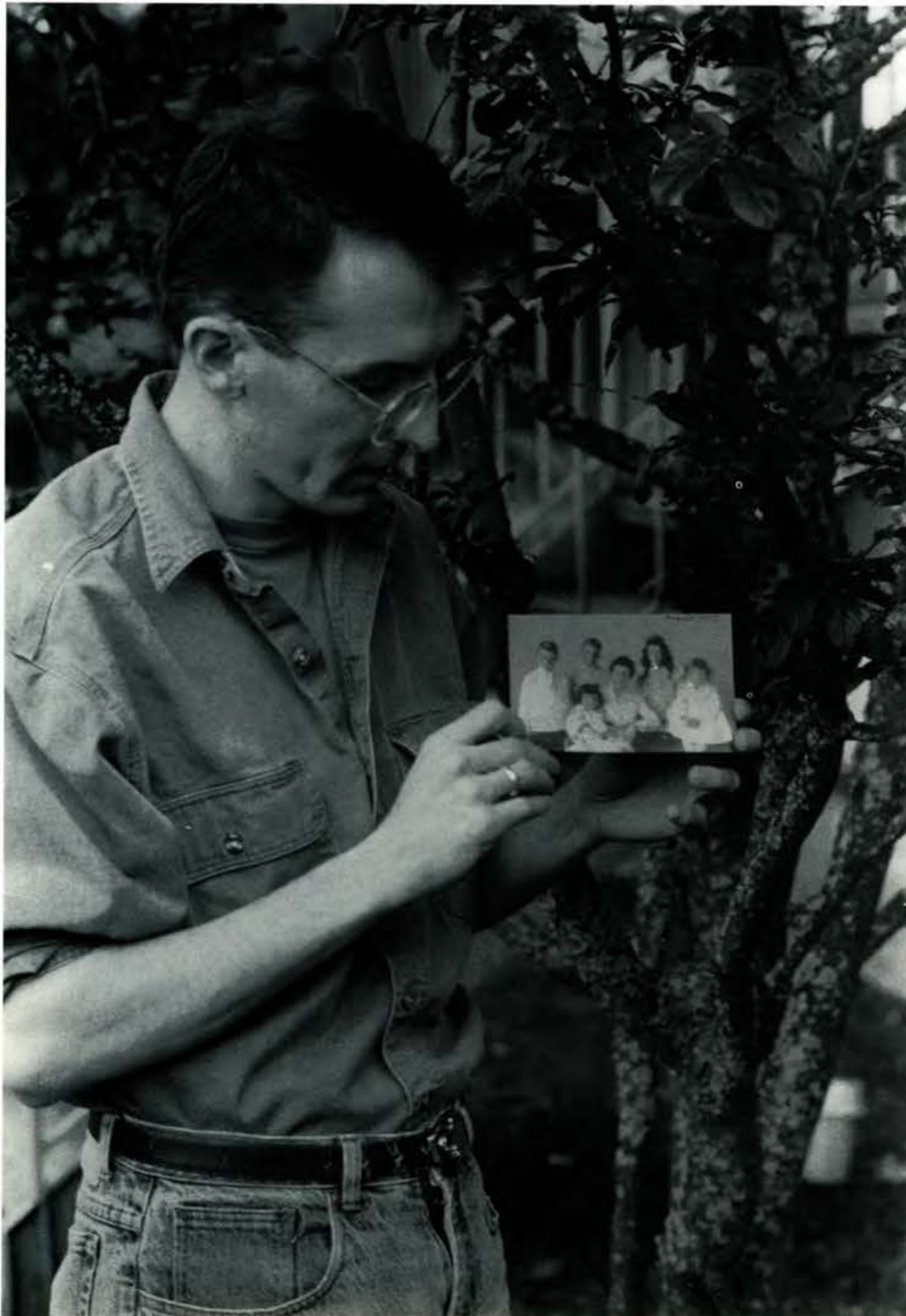
Dollarhide's ancestors were soldiers in the Revolutionary War, rodeo men, preachers, gamblers and drunks, to name a few.

"I get more enjoyment knowing a preacher was in every generation since 1680," he said proudly. "But there has also been a gambler in every generation."

"People only make it in the history books if they're very good or very bad. Either way, it's a thrilling discovery. Edwin Dollarhide was famous for being drunk every day," he said.

"You better be pretty humble when you're searching," Sorbo warned. "If you have any bigotry within you, you better deal with that because questionable things can come up in your ancestry."

"You have to have an open mind," Dollarhide advised. "In the early days, there were a lot of intermarriages. There weren't any laws against first cousins or nephews and nieces marrying. They didn't know anything about genetics."



Steve Sorbo, a self-proclaimed genealogy addict, shows off a picture of his ancestors.

"There's always a few skeletons in the closet. That's what makes it more interesting," society member R. Jones said.

The search for long-lost relatives can give way to discovering historical artifacts as well.

Dollarhide told of a woman who wrote a funeral home in San Diego for a death record of one of her relatives. Her search led her to the name of a friend of the deceased who paid the expenses of the funeral. When she contacted him, he had in his possession a box of personal items and sent them to her. The box contained Civil War letters written during combat along with a quill pen, a knife and other artifacts.

"There are a lot of things that surprise you," Dollarhide said. "That's what makes this so fun."

Dollarhide's interest in genealogy was sparked in a history class in high school when he was learning about the Revolutionary War. His teacher required him to find copies of pension requests in which soldiers had to describe in detail the battles they had fought in and who they accompanied. These requests were used to prove to the government that these men actually fought in the war. Dollarhide found three relatives.

"I began to constantly read books on the Revolutionary War. I was interested because it was personally connected to me," he said.

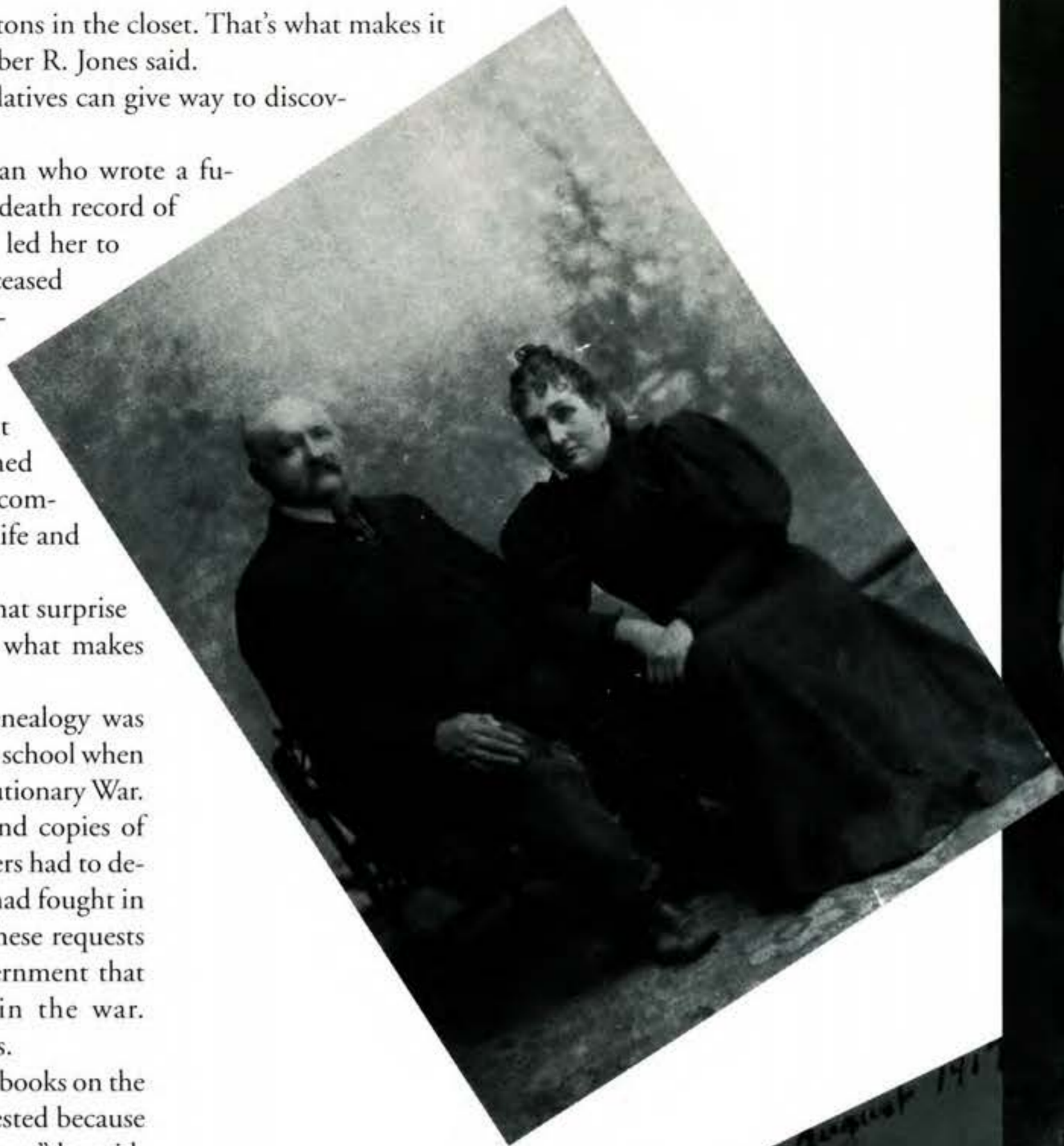
"High school teachers today are missing this. When someone's ancestors are involved in history, they are more interested," he said. "I don't think history teachers are looking at the little picture. They're looking at the big one. Genealogy is the little picture."

At 28, Sorbo is the youngest member of the society. The majority of hobbyists are retired people who have the time and money to spend on searches. Approximately 75 percent of active genealogists are women over 40 who want to find information about their families and pass it on to future generations, Dollarhide said.

"With all the talk about family values, I think this is the healthiest way to go about it," Sorbo said.

Finding one's entire line of ancestors is like finding the Holy Grail, claimed Sorbo. It's virtually impossible. Lawson has documented six complete generations. Every search requires proof with a document. Some ancestors may never be found simply because no written records proving that person's existence could ever be found.

"I've always been curious about how I got a name like this," Dollarhide said. "I still can't exactly tell you how. All I know is that my



One of the joys of genealogy is adding faces to the names. These photographs represent the Reed family, ancestors of Steve Sorbo. Archival photos courtesy of Steve Sorbo.

ancestors came into this country in 1680.”

Computers are an excellent start to a search, Dollarhide said.

“Maybe someday someone can get on a computer and be able to get information on every name that’s typed in,” Dollarhide said. “We’re far from that right now.”

The biggest provider of information is a CD ROM system that is located in the Family History Center in Salt Lake City. The system



contains more than 225 million names alone.

“It’s a good starting point for seeing where a name appears. It can be a taste of what may be sitting in law records,” Dollarhide said.

The Mormon church is the largest provider of old records. Lawson is currently working with the church to find military land warrants and tax warrants that date before the 1800s in Kentucky where her descendants once lived.

“The Mormon church has millions of rolls of microfilm that can be rented for three weeks for a small fee,” Lawson said.

The computer system, Internet, located on campus can aid in a search as well. A person using Internet can drop a name into the program until someone responds with information. Programs such as Prodigy, Compuserve and Genia have genealogical data, Dollarhide said.

A newly created computer program called American Genealogy Lending allows hobbyists to conduct a live search through census records.

A person beginning a genealogical search should obtain as much information as possible from interviews with family members and documents such as old letters, financial records or family Bibles.

“Old family Bibles are a classic for storing genealogy,” Sorbo said.

In addition to discovering birth and death dates and the relation of one family member to another, first-time searchers should seek information as to where the individuals lived and when they lived there, Dollarhide’s book indicates.

The next step is to contact other living relatives to find out further information. Narrowing down a search to a specific county will save a lot of time, Sorbo said.

Without information, the search is virtually impossible, Lawson said.

For detectives searching for descendants who lived in Washington, the Washington State Archives is an excellent place to start. Its holdings are primarily focused on records created by the agencies of Washington State Government.

Public records that are useful to genealogists are those which record a contact between the government and its citizens. Most people have contacts with the government at birth, with the payment of taxes and at death. Census records are also the key to finding information about times and places of residence. This is essential for finding information in other public records.

The Northwest Regional Branch of the Archives is located on Western’s campus. It handles records from seven northwest counties in Washington. It contains information ranging from judicial cases to city directories.

“If you have any relatives that lived during the territorial days, you can look up judicial cases in the entire state on microfilm,” said archivist volunteer Kandy Wellman.

Atlases help researchers find homestead addresses dating back to 1889.

The special collections contain personal data that was recorded by citizens such as Percible Jeffcot who wrote a book called “Nooksack Trails” that encompasses information from the 1930s and 40s. Jeffcot conducted personal interviews with Nooksack residents.

Howard Buswell recorded information about everything from cattle brands to weather patterns of the time. He died before he wrote his book, and his family donated his writings to the archives.

“There is some really odd stuff (in special collections), but really interesting,” Wellman said. “There are names of everyone who was involved in a lynching.”

The Washington State Archives operates a series of regional branches in Burien, Olympia, Ellensburg and Cheney.

A genealogist’s search probably won’t stop at the archives however. Records date back to other states and countries.

“There’s a lot of stamp licking and waiting for people to reply,” Sorbo said “... but there is always a quest to know who you are.”

Sometimes Hot Air Isn't

Story by Angie Robison

Photo by Steve Dunkelberger

It stands 70 feet tall, 55 feet wide and has the capacity to fill 77,500 cubic feet of space. The colors of the rainbow lay horizontal on its body alternating with lines of black to form the bulk of the being.

No, it's not the great Loch Ness, it's Scott and Richelle Shields' hot air balloon called "Vertical Vision."

Scott, 34, started flying balloons nearly 20 years ago in Walla Walla. During that time, a mutual ballooning friend introduced him to Richelle.

"We actually got together through ballooning," Scott chuckles while reclining on his couch. "The rest is history."

While Scott was going to school to become an engineer, he flew balloons for people in his spare time.

"It's how I put myself and Richelle through college."

Two-and-a-half years ago, Scott, Richelle and their two children moved to Bellingham for what Scott jokes as being his "real job," not ballooning.

The Shields fell in love with the area, especially with the possibilities for ballooning. Scott says the chance to see the Canadian Rockies, Puget Sound, and Mount Baker all during the same hour-long ballooning trip is something that Walla Walla can't offer.

With this in mind, the Shields thought it would be a shame if they were the only people who could enjoy the scenery. So last year they started Adventures Aloft, a family business that sells hot air balloon trips for \$125 per person.

"It was really easy for us to decide to start a business," Richelle says sitting across the room from her husband. "It's so beautiful here."

Scott says the response from this community has been tremendous. In the summer business gets even better.

"This year, we'll probably be flying three to four times a week." When the Shields take passengers up in the balloon, a series of

events must check out before getting off the ground.

The weather is the deciding factor. The Shields say they don't fly much during the winter months because the weather in this area is so unpredictable. If the weather meets their standards, then they call the passengers scheduled to fly with them that day to meet at a specified place in Ferndale.

When the passengers arrive, Scott releases a small helium balloon and chases it with his eyes for about five minutes. This is how he detects the wind patterns to decide what direction he will take during the flight.

At this time, the entire crew, including Richelle, their children, the passengers and spectators, meet in a field, park or on a farm to begin the lift-off process.

Once there, Scott backs the flat-bed trailer up to the desired take-off point and takes the wicker and leather passenger basket off and lays it sideways on the ground.

In a process that takes 10 to 20 minutes, the entire crew unleashes the multi-colored body of the balloon from a burlap bag, lays it flat on the ground and hooks it up to the basket.

Once Scott begins to inflate the balloon with cold air via a 8.0 horsepower fan, a crowd gathers to watch the "creature" unfold and become the height of a three-story building.

Clare Adriance, a first-time flyer, monitors the situation. His family bought him the flight for his 69th birthday. Clare has had his airplane pilot's license for nearly 50 years, but has never experienced a flight like this.

Clare says he doesn't have any pre-flight jitters. He's heard nothing but good things about ballooning.

"I've heard it's really very quiet and nice when you're up there. You can hear people on the ground talking."

Waiting for the balloon to inflate, Scott gives the okay to start the propane burners. At this point, it takes almost a dozen people to hold it on the ground while Clare, Scott and another passenger climb into the three-by-three basket.

Giving a thumbs up to Richelle, and making sure their contact radios are in sync, Scott and his flying companions are off for the hour-long journey.

Just like the small helium balloon released earlier, the massive multi-colored balloon slowly and quietly drifts off into the horizon.

**"As you're taking off, you don't have that rush like in an airplane. It's more like the ground is falling away from you. You don't feel the wind, you're moving with the wind."
— Scott Shields**

All Bad

"As you're taking off, you don't have that rush like in an airplane," Scott says. "It's more like the ground is falling away from you. You don't feel the wind. You're moving with the wind."

Scott says he usually flies the balloon at around 1,000 feet.

"You can see a lot more when you're down low."

"But, you can go up to 10,000," Richelle adds.

When the flight lands, usually in a cow-pasture, the crew starts to squeeze the air out of the balloon, much like squeezing a tube of toothpaste. The rest of the process is the same as inflating the balloon just reversed. Scott packs the wicker basket back on the trailer, and folds the nylon balloon into the blue burlap sack, before meeting back at the starting point for champagne and snacks with the passengers and crew.

Clare says the flight was very quiet and serene.

"It's a pretty unique experience because you can't control the direction of your flight," he says in a voice an octave higher than before. "You can only control up and down."

Clare says just being able to view everything was the most memorable part of the journey, but he doesn't have aspirations to go after his own balloonist's license.

"I think I would need a lot of instruction," he laughs. "It takes a lot more skill than you might think."

Both Scott and Richelle say ballooning is a very rewarding profession.

"It's so fun to have a job where people are so excited and they always have smiles on their faces," Richelle says. "We'd fly every day if we could."

Scott, echoing his wife's thoughts says, "It's really fun because you're helping people to have fun, and everyone enjoys it so much."



Clare Adriance, a first-time flyer, and another passenger are about to explore the skies.

Bagels: the Kinder, Gentler Doughnuts

Story by Robyn Johnson

Photo Illustrations by Steve Dunkelberger

Bins filled with golden bagels, still holding the oven's warmth, greet customers as they enter The Bagelry and The Bagel Factory in Bellingham. The aroma of spices, yeast and fresh coffee fill the air. The smooth, crusty exterior of each bagel guards the dense chewy secret of the interior.

Long a staple of New York life, this odd mound of boiled and baked yeast dough is the latest culinary temptation in Bellingham and on the west coast.

"It's the newest American rage," Astrid Reichenbach, Western transfer student, says. "They're cheap. They're fast. And they really are nutritious."

The counter line at The Bagelry, 1319 Railroad Ave., seems to attest to the bagel's popularity. It moves quickly and efficiently, but the line is immediately filled by new customers, even at 3 p.m.

"The Bagelry is a totally fun place to work," Erin Shields says. "When I started here, I didn't know a sole. Now I know most everyone who comes in."

Once an ethnic specialty food, bagels have been called "Brooklyn jawbreakers," "crocodile teething rings" and "doughnuts with rigor mortis." The best nickname was given by George Rosenbaum, a Chicago food trend analyzer, who was quoted in *The New York Times* saying that "bagels are doughnuts with the sin removed."

The U.S. Commerce Department estimates that, not counting

sales in individual bagelries, nearly 5 billion bagels were sold in 1992, according to *The Wall Street Journal*. Whatever the numbers, consumption of the shiny, crisp-yet-chewy rolls with holes in the middle is on the "rise."

"Before the weekend, a lot of people come in for a baker's dozen of fresh bagels when they are heading out of town," Shield says. "They want them in a plastic bag so they'll last through the weekend."

For the health-conscious, the healthful, low-fat, high-carbohydrate plain bagel has just 150 calories and one gram of fat. By comparison, a croissant contains 235 calories and 12 grams of fat. Also, most bagels contain no cholesterol, preservatives or artificial color.

Historically, credit for creating the first bagel goes to an unknown Viennese baker in 1683. When Jan Sobieski, the King of Poland, saved the Austrian people from Turkish invaders, a local baker wanted to pay tribute to the king. He shaped the yeast dough into a stirrup-shaped circle, to honor the king, who was an accomplished horseman. The Austrian word for "stirrup" is *beugel*.

However, the Polish would argue that the first bagel was baked in Cracow, Poland, in 1610 to supplement the hard, black bread the people ate daily. The 1610 Ordinances of Cracow refer, in writing, to the Polish bagel.

No matter who invented the first bagel, it has been part of European lives since the 1600s. Expectant mothers were given bagels, signifying the circle of life and ensuring safe childbirth. Later, bagels were used as teething biscuits for their toddlers. The Russians traditionally hung them from strings and sold them as good luck pieces at fairs.

Whatever their origin, the name "bagel" has evolved from the Yiddish verb *beigen*, meaning to bend. The bread with the hole was called a *beygel*.

Several centuries later in the early 1900s, the bagel traveled through Ellis Island with Jewish refugees, who were fleeing Eastern Europe to settle in New York City. Jewish bakers started small shops, in tene-

"The more of a fuss you take over the details of the 24-hour process of making a bagel, the better the bagel."

— Ken Ryan





York Times.

In 1960, inventor Dan Thompson moved the bagel business into the era of mass production. He introduced the Thompson Bagel Machine which could roll and shape 200-400 bagels an hour.

“Hand-rolling bagels was an unbelievable art,” says Ken Ryan, co-owner of The Bagelry with his wife, Marguerite. “Those who made bagels were a very tight community. Some of the old-timers believed that no machine was as good as the human hand.”

In 1962, Polish immigrant Harry Lender began using the machine in his bagel factory. The increased volume allowed him to package frozen bagels and sell them nationwide in grocery stores, as his sons still do today.

Cashing in on the new bagel awareness, innovators have started a home delivery service with Philadelphia’s “Bagels in Bed.” Another company puts written fortunes and bits of

ment conditions, to serve traditional baked goods from “the old country” to the homesick immigrants.

Curiously, the secret bagel recipe was protected by Local 338 of the New York City Bagel Bakers. The union limited new memberships to union members’ sons and fiercely controlled the number of bagels that were made, thus creating a shortage and insuring a demand. Non-union bakers, who sold bagels, could have had their legs broken, according to *The New*

“Brooklyn jawbreakers,” “crocodile teething rings” and “doughnuts with rigor mortis” are some of the colorful monikers often used to describe the healthy pastries.



Several varieties are available for those people who enjoy a little diversity in their bagel intake.

Yiddish wisdom into each bagel and then sells them as Schleppe Simon's Yiddish Fortune Bagels. Others have even developed taco bagels and bagel dogs.

Locally, the Ryans opened The Bagelry in December of 1984, bringing the flavorful bagel to Bellingham. Ken had worked in New York bagel shops as a teen-ager, where he acquired the secret recipe and the skills to reproduce authentic New York Bagels. The "mom and pop" business, which was told repeatedly in the past that it wouldn't make it, has grown to a thriving enterprise, with 40 employees.

"We strove to serve products that were totally made from scratch," Ken Ryan says. "We also wanted to create a meeting place for the town, with our leftover bagels going to the Bellingham Food Bank."

The combination of high-gluten flour, corn meal surfaces, a bubbly water bath that retards the yeast activity, 12 minutes on redwood baking boards and the skills of the Ryans and their workers produce their version of the chubby, chewy staple of New York life.

"The more of a fuss you take over the details of the 24-hour process of making a bagel, the better the bagel," Ken Ryan says.

"The Bagelry's bagels are better than bagels in New York," Timothy Costello, Bellingham artist and former New York resident, says. "They are so much fresher here. A lot of times in New York they are stale by the time you get them."

The "new kid in town" is The Bagel Factory, owned by Joel and Betty Zane.

When it opened in November 1993 in Sehome Village, the Zanes

wanted a business that was needed, had a healthy product and could give something back to their new community.

"We give our leftover bagels to various needy organizations on a rotating basis," Betty Zane says. "We've donated bagels to the Bellingham Food Bank, The Upper Room, the Lighthouse Mission, as well as various food drives and auctions."

Employees of The Bagel Factory put in long hours mixing, shaping, proofing, boiling and baking their precious product.

Both businesses offer fresh and healthy alternatives to doughnuts, muffins and the frozen softer, steamed bagel called a California-style or sandwich bagel. Bagel purists feel the integrity of the bagel has been undermined through the California-style bagel, which they claim resembles a dinner roll with a hole.

Speaking of holes, several theories exist about why the holes were put in the bagel to begin with.

Some have suggested the hole in the middle of a bagel was originally there so sellers could string them together to transport them.

Other bakers theorize that the hole was removed because it is the part that takes the longest to bake. If the time was extended to complete the baking, bakers would risk burning the outside of the bagel.

Whatever the reason, the hole is part of the mystique of the chubby, golden edible that has moved from Austria to the Jewish tenements of New York City to the shores of Bellingham Bay.

It's a Whole

New Ball Game

Story by Kevin Blondin

In 1972 Title IX of the Education Amendments was passed to prohibit schools that receive federal funding from discriminating against students on the basis of sex. The law requires female students to receive the same opportunities as men in the arena of athletics.

Women are beginning to gain equality in athletics after years of being considered incapable and unworthy of receiving funds and their opportunities to participate in sports are improving.

Society's acceptance of women's participation in sports is at an all-time high and is now a part of our everyday culture. Although some sports are still more socially acceptable for women than others — tennis, swimming and ice skating in contrast with boxing, wrestling and some team sports — America is changing.

A poll taken in 1991 at a major West Coast university showed that one-third of those polled said they would allow their daughters to box and wrestle. At the same time, only 2 percent said they wouldn't allow their daughters to participate in any sports at all.

It's not as though society is merely giving its okay for women to play the same games men do. Women are now doing things very few people pictured them doing in their lifetime. Some women are now involved in wrestling and football at the high school level and many others compete in track and field events such as the hammer throw, shot put and discus. The door was left open and the women have taken off with it like the Sonics on a fast break.

Women are now not only playing sports but also joining the administrative side of athletics. It's no longer uncommon to find female coaches at every level from recreational to National Collegiate Athletic Association Division I programs. Female athletic directors are now employed at many levels, including universities with high-powered football programs such as Barbara Hedges at the University of Washington.

Western women's basketball coach Carmen Dolfo has been the head coach for four years now and has observed the transition in people's thoughts on the subject. Dolfo, 29, reflected back on her playing days as a Viking.

"When I first started playing, it (women coaching) wasn't an acceptable thing. It was going against the grain," Dolfo said. "But now women coaching has certainly become acceptable," she added confidently.

One person that helped clear the way for women with coaching aspirations is Western Athletic Director Lynda Goodrich. An outstanding coach in her own right, amassing more victories than any other



*Photos courtesy Sports Information Office
Linda Goodrich celebrates a women's basketball victory.*

Western women's basketball coach, Goodrich coached the Vikings women's basketball team for 16 years before taking the title of athletic director. She then performed both duties for three years before giving



Carmen Dolfo gives her team some advice during a game.

“It’s really gratifying to see the change in attitudes over the years. The players don’t have to worry about the same things they used to,” she said. “For women that played 20 years ago, they had to be really strong. You had to be self-confident.”

There were many hurdles and barriers that had to be dealt with on the path to equality, just as has been the case with other such movements throughout history. Acceptance, sexism, and financial inequality were some of the problems that women’s athletics faced. Someone had to fight through these problems to get women’s athletics where they are today.

“Lynda has done that a lot, I hit it at the end,” Dolfo said. “Lynda fought for years to be able to practice in the main gym,” she added with admiration.

“I would have to practice from 6 to 8 a.m. to use the main gym. All the men weren’t readily acceptable with us using the gym,” Goodrich remembered.

Goodrich noted that despite the progress women’s athletics have made, they have not yet reached a level of equality.

“Women are still far behind in coaching and administration,” Goodrich said. She was also quick to point out that only 1 percent of collegiate athletic directors in the country are women.

In 1992 the NCAA released a benchmark study of gender equity that substantiates Goodrich’s opinion. The survey found:

- Men make up nearly 70 percent of students who play in top-level college sports.
- Female athletes receive less than a third of all college scholarships.
- Women’s teams receive only 23 percent of school athletic budgets.
- Men’s teams receive five times more money to recruit new members.
- Coaches of men’s teams are paid 81 percent more than coaches of women’s teams.

up the reigns of the basketball team. Being the athletic director gives her control over the various Viking athletic teams including the traditionally masculine sport of football.

Goodrich, 49, said, “It’s totally acceptable for women to participate in sports. We’re in an activity-oriented society.”

But Goodrich, currently in her seventh year as athletic director, remembered a time when it wasn’t so easily accepted. She recalled an incident early in her career.

Goodrich was coaching the women’s basketball team when they went to Canada to play in a tournament over a weekend. When they returned after winning the championship, the women were excited about their achievement and one of them called a local radio station to report the results. When the DJ returned to the air he said that he had just received a crank call about a women’s basketball team winning a tournament. He went on to add what a joke that was.

Glancing around Goodrich’s office, her accomplishments and accolades are impossible to ignore. The trophies and certificates are symbolic of teams that not only competed against other schools for their respect but also with society as a whole.

Goodrich, who speaks clearly and confidently about the past, remembers the way things were all too well.

Goodrich and many other pioneers of women’s athletics have helped women entering the coaching field to succeed by helping to change society’s standards which often consist of unwritten rules of conduct and behavior. Coaches of various sports have a difficult time dealing with many of the pressures of their jobs — high expectations, player injuries and team motivation. Now, women coaches deal less with distractions like prejudicial referees, gender motivated slander from fans and debate over whether or not women are even capable of coaching.

In regard to Goodrich, Dolfo said, “I respect what she’s gone through for women.”

When asked if she feels as though she’s made a difference in people’s attitudes, Goodrich told the story of the mother of a football player at Western that came to see her after her son’s eligibility had expired.

She told Goodrich, “My son thinks the world of you.”



At the time Goodrich found it flattering but hardly an earth-shattering revelation.

"The mother said, 'I don't think you understand. My son thinks the world of you. That means that he will carry that with him and spread it,'" Goodrich said.

Goodrich said, "It was then I realized that she was talking about my changing the roles women play."

Goodrich has witnessed many changes in women's roles over the years and has also noticed some resistance to women gaining equality. She offered three reasons for the lack of women coaches in athletics over the years.

First, for the most part, women are still the primary child-care providers in most families and a sports-oriented career isn't very conducive to these patterns.

Second, there isn't a big pool of women coaches since it is a relatively new field.

"If I were to advertise a coaching position in a women's sport, we'd get 30 men and 3 women applying," Goodrich noted. She went on to add that, "Most A.D.'s (athletic directors) are men, and men hire men."

The final reason Goodrich gave was homophobia. "Women want to avoid labels," she said. "Some women are still seen as lesbians if they excel in athletics or want to pursue a career in that field."

Some women still feel as though there are a few things left to be proven in the coaching field for women.

"The biggest thing I want to do as a woman coach is show that a

woman can do it," Dolfo said. "The high school level (of women's basketball) is male-dominated but college is a bit better. I think there is only one woman coach at the high school basketball level between Lynden and Everett."

"It's totally acceptable for women to participate in sports. We're in an activity-oriented society."

— Linda Goodrich

Although many changes have been made and people's standards have changed, women are still not as accepted as men in the gym and other sports-related environments.

"If I were a man in this position it wouldn't matter if I failed, it would just be me. But as a woman you either help or hurt those behind you," Goodrich said, "You feel this responsibility to women behind you not to fail."

One move that has yet to be made consistently at the high school or college level is that of women coaching men's teams. Men often coach various women's programs with no second thoughts from anyone involved. There are still mixed feelings about when or how soon this transition may take place.

"I have a very hard time seeing it," Dolfo said pausing to consider it for a few seconds, "It is irritating that women can't coach men's teams."

Western men's and women's soccer coach Kevin Quinn disagreed with Dolfo. "I can see it at a certain level, at high school for sure. If the woman is qualified, sure."

Goodrich also relayed the story of the hiring of a woman to coach the men's tennis team at Western. She said the first day of practice the team members were a little apprehensive about a woman showing them how to play so she went out and beat each player on the team to prove a point.

"She had to beat them to get their respect. When a new (basketball) coach comes in they aren't expected to beat each player at one-on-one to earn respect." Goodrich said.

"The biggest changes I've seen in women's sports over the years are: recognition, the ability of the athletes due to opportunity and training, acceptance, and equity," Goodrich said.

Many coaches and athletes feel that recognition of women's sports still isn't equal to that of men's athletics.

Quinn said, reflecting on his two programs, "The men are getting bigger headlines. The attention toward the men's games is bigger."

It appears that there is still more to prove and more gender barriers that need to be removed for our society to continue to move in a direction that treats everyone as equals.

It is now happening in gymnasiums around the country:

Dolfo paces up and down the sideline with her arms crossed tightly at her stomach as she works the officials and tries to get her team to perform the way she knows they can.

"Alli, get Tracy the ball inside!" she screams, now waiving her arms, as the point guard brings the ball up the floor.

The ball gets dumped into the post where she is brutally stripped of it as the play goes the other way back down the floor.

"That's your call! Use your whistle down there!" Dolfo barks at the female referee that was positioned under the basket as the ref makes her way back up the court.

Meanwhile Goodrich looks down at the court from the bleachers and sees four women assistant coaches sitting on the Western bench behind Dolfo as Western brings the ball back up the court to run their offense.

One of the players drains a three-pointer from the corner and brings the crowd to their feet.



Birth of a *Beat*

Story by David Kihara
Photos by Ric Brewer

Playing a drum is a lot like having sex: a constant rhythm, some loud noises and a lot of skin slapping skin.

Making a drum is a lot like having a baby. It is the creation of something beautiful.

Similarly, when one views pictures of wiggling spermatozoa swimming tenaciously toward a female egg, one would not expect the product of the magical fusion to be a living, breathing human being.

Sebastian Degan's drums are like the tiny sperm and egg. When one sees the rough, misshapen blocks of wood, they would not believe they can be transformed into the smooth, rounded and polished musical instruments which he sells and displays throughout Washington.

"This drum I've had a while," Degan says, while holding a giant, Holy Grail-like jambay drum. "It was supposed to be a real nice drum, but I really messed it up."

Although the 32-year-old Degan often criticizes his creations, the mistakes are not visible to the average person. The perfection of each individual drum, however, can be seen by all.

Several drums, which stand in silent rows in his living room, are the product of twenty-or-so hours of cutting, shaping, stretching and polishing and come in as many different shapes and sizes as constellations in the sky.

Some are lap size and display alternating strips of dark applewood and light-colored oak streaming down the sides like water cascading down a waterfall while others are taller than a Rottweiler and polished and



Sebastian Degan travels around the state displaying, selling and playing his hand-made drums.



Degan hefts a slab of prized applewood onto his workbench to cut into staves. They then will be glued together into a conga drum.

stained so attentively each fiber and grain of wood show clearly.

Surely he must be a disciple of an ancient drummaking society which teaches its skillful trade to each generation. At the very least, he must have gone to a special drum-making university which offers classes such as Tambourine 101 or Conga 237: The Art of Beating.

"About 15 years ago, the exotic trip was to go to West Africa," Degan says as he sits in his attic which he refurbished and made into a studio. His carpentry skills are no less impressive than the drums. Two sun windows brighten the room and offer a view of the surrounding mountain ranges and broad countryside while small alcoves carved into the walls serve as bookshelves.

"They (his friends) went over there and came back with native African drums. I learned to play drums from there," says the German-born Degan with a slight accent. "They started making drums and I watched and was fascinated by it."

"That's how I used to advertise my stuff. I'd say 'Hey, you want a drum? I make it!'"

— Sebastian Degan

In 1981, Degan came to America, or as he puts it, the "land of the thousand wishes come true," and searched for adventure and a new life.

"Here I was, a college bachelor and I wanted to go to a place that I would *discover*," Degan laughs. "I burned all my maps of America, bought a ticket and a motorcycle in New York and just started riding my motorcycle."

After cruising through the American Midwest in true *Easy Rider* fashion, Degan found the state of Colorado, where he settled down to a job.

"I started working in a bronze casting foundry and started to make a few drums as a hobby. I had some time on my hands. I was all by myself, I had no family, no girlfriend ... I had nobody! Its amazing how your day clears up when you have nothing besides a job."

Although Degan began his life in America alone, the joy he found in making drums in Colorado soon filled his spare time. Eventually, he left his job at the bronze foundry and began making drums for a

living. During this time, he also filled the loneliness of his life with a wife and two children.

Since many people did not know of his drums, Degan sold them at arts and crafts shows and soon traveled the countryside with his family.

"When we were in Colorado, we had to travel a lot because there is not much population in one pile so we had to spread out pretty thin. We had a camper and cruised around all over the Southwest and sold our stuff and it was a lot of fun, but the kids got bigger and got bored with traveling."

Degan tells of his journeys and travels with as much enthusiasm as a bluebird singing its song of happiness. His smooth, boyish face and more-than-occasional smiles do not show the stormy and rough traveling he has endured.

Eventually, Degan moved his family to the Northwest, where he continues to build and sell his beating barrels of music. He jokes that when his relatives come to visit, they're only interested in seeing the big cities like Las Vegas and unfortunately miss the "beautiful surroundings" of Washington.

Degan makes approximately 80 drums a year and visits 22 arts and crafts fairs to sell his creations. His wife, a jeweler, also sells her jewelry at the shows.

"I used to custom-make drums a lot," Degan says. "That's how I used to advertise my stuff. I'd say, 'Hey, you want a drum? I make it! And then people would come with the wildest ideas and I would make them the wildest drums and they wouldn't like it and wouldn't end up buying it. It's not fun to make something, spend 20 hours on it and then be turned down."

As Degan tells his story, he often glances across the room at several drums huddled in a dark corner. As if they call to him, he gets up and picks one up, commenting on the weight and particular sound which emanates from within the cylindrical drum, and begins to perform a small concert.

Boom boom pat pat boom. Boom boom pat pat boom.

The low thumping exploding from the drums, similar to the stereos of low riding cars and heartbeats heard through a doctor's stethoscope, pounds and surges through every inch of the studio, from the space between the cushions of the small wicker chair to the bottom of a small garbage can lying near a small desk.

Although many people believe the eyes are the windows to the



A skilled drummer as well as creative drummer, Degan pounds out a rhythmic tune on a favorite, well-used conga.

soul, the way Degan's rough and weathered hands bounce and dance over the drum heads leads one to believe they are looking directly into his soul.

Downstairs, Degan begins to show several other drums and his face turns red with embarrassment as he brushes off a thin layer of dust which has collected on the surface of a drum with small carvings of stick figures holding hands along the base of the instrument.

"This is my wife's personal drum... I made this for her," Degan says as he runs his hand over the carefully carved pattern and jokes "These little guys hold the drum together."

Although many people argue that you can't put a price on art, Degan has found a price for most of his. Some of the small drums sell for \$150 while some of the larger pieces made from hard-to-get apple wood sell for \$2000.

"There's always people who always want a deal. They don't ever want to say 'Oh, this is \$400, what a deal,'" Degan says.

As if playing the drums is an addiction and he is an addict, Degan begins to beat another drum. The goblet-shaped jambay he slaps and spansks fills the room with a high, piercing tone similar to a door slamming shut. Like the different voices singing in a choir, each drum has an individual voice.

"The shape and the head combination makes the sound! The wood is pretty much secondary!" shouts Degan over the intense smacking of the drum. "The body does not resonate like a piano or guitar! On the drum, the body contains the sound, it makes the sound bounce inside of it!"

Although Degan builds the drums from scratch, he does not sup-

ply the materials for his drums. Instead he chooses to buy his wood rather than search the forests for a perfect tree. He buys his leather rather than find the perfect cow with the perfect hide and hunt it down.

"I get this (wood) locally from a guy in Mount Vernon, Ray Devries and he is a woodcollector, a wood nut! He will see someone cutting down a tree and go 'Well, you want to sell me the tree? I will give you the same amount of firewood or whatever,'" Degan says as he holds a slab of wood larger than a car door next to himself. A fresh, sweet smell emanates from the three-inch blocks of wood.

"This is rawhide," Degan explains as he begins to unravel a long roll of thick, yellow rawhide. A burnt, black mark signifying a brand reveals itself defiantly on the hide. "If you look through the national register of brands, you could pinpoint where the cow comes from."

"It's important to have an even thickness because if it's thin on one side and thick on the other, it creates weird overtones. Some parts are thicker than others and I have a way of getting it evenly thick, but I will not tell you how I do that," Degan says with a stern face. As if apologizing for this secret, he offers to show his workshop where he constructs the drums.

Alongside of the workshop, which is a large frame garage with sliding metal doors, lays an unfinished airplane which Degan, a true renaissance man, has been building for the last year.

"See? What's a guy to do when he works in a bronze foundry? He builds drums. What's a guy to do for a hobby when he lives off making drums? He builds an airplane!" Degan says with a laugh.

Inside the garage is like being inside a mad scientist's laboratory: Cobwebs hang from the ceiling and corpses of half-finished drums and wood blocks line the shelves of the workshop. Sawdust lays on the band saw/operating table like the blood of a patient.

It is only in the privacy and security of his workshop that Degan begins to explain his craft.

Degan uses a band saw to obtain the curved, barrel shape of the conga drums or the goblet shape of the jambay drum. This makes any wetting or bending of the wood unnecessary, which Degan claims "I don't want any of that!"

"I do that (cutting) with my bandsaw, a Craftsman bandsaw. I have a one-horse motor in it and this stuff will rip through here like you wouldn't believe," Degan says with pride. As a demonstration of the band saw's awesome power, he revs it up and smoothly slides a piece of wood through it, filling the room with a bittersweet, burning smell.

After he cuts and angles the wood, he glues the pieces together



The barrel-shape of the conga contains the beat instead of resonating with sound like a guitar.

and bonds them together with vises. After the glue dries, Degan will put the sharp, jagged drum onto a lathe and shape the spinning, piston-like drum to his liking with a carving tool.

As if by magic, a drum will appear from the lathe. Polishing and staining the drum come next.

Later, he will attach the cowhide head and tune it.

As Sebastian Degan builds a drum, he does not suffer the pains of contractions nor does he feel the intense aches of labor. Yet as he holds a finished drum in his arms, one believes he feels the same joy a mother feels as she holds her newborn.

A drum is born.

DEMONIC

Story by Kris Alexander
Illustration by Karin Bolstad

Clouds partly covered the Tijuana sky. The forecast was for rain — lots of rain. Downpours of water could wash away the dirt road, making the trip impossible.

Two dozen Western students, members of a campus worship group called The Inn, prayed the weather would remain clear. Starving children depended on their aid.

The rains came one night, but by morning the ground was dry again. The students' prayers had been answered. It was not the first miracle they had seen that week in Mexico, and it certainly wouldn't be their last. During the 10-day trip, they witnessed and participated in something nearly indescribable — an exorcism, the freeing of a soul from an evil spirit.

The students arrived in Tijuana late Saturday, March 19, with high hopes to minister the word of Christ to children and their families. Their mission was directed by Childcare International, an organization which pairs volunteer sponsors with needy children.

The students had spent months creating a program involving clowns, sign language and crafts to help the children learn about Jesus. Once in Mexico, they experienced many things they could only describe as the power of God.

They met a man named Felix who ran an orphanage out of a small, two-room house. Felix slept on the floor so that one or more of the 48 children that live with him could use his bed. Lisa Smith, 22, remembered a story she heard about the orphanage.

"(The orphanage's) van had broken down," she said as she settled into a sofa to begin the story. "When a van breaks down in Tijuana it's not like in Bellingham where you can call a tow truck. They have no phones. (The orphans) have no other transportation except the van."

The orphans had eaten the last of their food supply and were unable to get more. They prayed God would provide them with nourishment. About an hour later, a van pulled up, stocked with food. The drivers were Denise and Roger, two Childcare International workers who were friends of Felix. They had just stopped by to say hello, Lisa said.

Three days after their arrival in Mexico the students arrived at a



church located high in the crowded impoverished villages called *colonios* which clutter the hills outside Tijuana. The small, stucco building

POSSESSION



stood out among the make-shift houses created from scraps of cardboard and mud. It was a simple building, entered through large double

doors. Inside, rows of wooden pews lined the center aisle; a small wooden stage stood by the front wall. Behind the church was a tiny kitchen and bedroom where the pastor lived.

The church was sponsored by Childcare International and every morning, sponsored children could come and eat breakfast.

"Kids come from all around the *colonios* to this church," said Erika Jacobson, 22. "(There were) 60 or 80 kids, probably."

The team took the stage and began to perform its program, as it had practiced. Then something odd happened.

"I taught a song in sign language to the kids. It's called 'Our God is an Awesome God,'" Erika said. "As we were singing that, (a) woman — she was really young — was bawling. ... She was just sobbing and sobbing. We had been told that she was a brand new Christian. ... She had so much joy in her face and her eyes were just lit up, and she was really amazing to see. She looked so soft and kind. ... While we were singing the song, she fainted. She just collapsed."

Hugo, an exchange student from Mexico, caught the woman and took her out of the church. Another team member, Rick Mitchell, 22, aided him.

"Allison said, 'Why don't you give Hugo a hand?' I jumped up right away and ran around to the back of the church. Hugo was staggering to keep her up," Rick said. "I grabbed her. Denise, our contact with Childcare International and full-time missionary, ... said to carry her to the back of the church, so I did and laid her in the bed where the pastor lives... Denise examined her and said, 'There's something more going on here. Go run and get the team. We need prayer support.'"

Denise had recognized signs of demonic possession, but she knew she couldn't fight the evil alone. Knowing God's promise that He will be present whenever two or more people pray together, she instructed Rick to get the students.

Rick ran back into the church, although he admits he didn't know what was going on. He beckoned the other team members into the tiny bedroom.

"I'm thinking, 'Great, this woman's having a heart attack or something like that,'" Lisa recalled. "De-

monic possession wouldn't have even occurred to me. I wouldn't have thought that it would have been

something I had seen ever or even heard about, really.”

When the team arrived in the tiny bedroom, the woman was still passed out. She was breathing irregularly. Although most of the students had never seen a possessed person before, it didn't take them long to realize what was happening.

“Denise had experienced this before and she said ‘In Jesus’ name,’” Erika said. “And as soon as she said the name of Jesus, the woman’s eyes flew open and she spat in Denise’s face. She started screaming and convulsing. She was drenched with sweat and screaming in Spanish in a very different voice — very, very low.”

“A couple of us, three or four, tried to constrain her and we did constrain her, but she’s a very petite fragile girl. ... You could put your hand around her wrist. But we had trouble restraining her,” Rick said.

“The whole team started to pray together in one spirit,” he said. “I’d never seen the spirit lead a group of people together in one spirit. The intensity of the prayer, the volume of the prayer, grew. I heard people speaking in their personal prayer language, which is not quite the same as speaking in tongues. A couple scriptures came to mind that I hadn’t looked at in a while, but just popped into my mind. Mark 16:17. ... Another was Luke 10:19.”

“One of my best friends was on the team, and she had only been a Christian for a few months. ... She said as soon as she walked in she started to pray. And she wasn’t really aware of where the words were coming from; they were just coming out of her mouth,” Erika said.

“I’ve been a Christian for a while, but I didn’t know how to pray,” Erika said. “I just kept repeating ‘In Jesus’ name,’ ‘In Jesus’ name.’ ... It’s real strange that that’s all I could say. I just kept saying it over and over and someone who’s only been a Christian for a short period of time said (the words) just flowed.”

“At one point in the prayer, (the woman) turned her head,” Rick recalled. “She looked right at me. I just remember looking into the blackness of her eyes and whatever was behind them was hating what was being said. Her eyes — there was anger in them and they were scared at the same time.” Rick paused and looked down, searching to find the right words.

“I think the demon definitely wanted to stay in the girl but knew it was defeated and it couldn’t do anything after that point,” he said. “I felt like it wanted to do something but it couldn’t. It was restrained. I know the scripture is powerful. But whatever was behind those eyes confirmed that the scripture is powerful. I don’t think there’s a word in the language to really capture what I saw behind those eyes.”

Although they were face to face with evil, the students knew that they were safe.

“I almost felt like I should be scared, but I wasn’t,” Lisa confided. “I felt really at peace. But I still don’t fully understand. It was almost overwhelming, but yet, it wasn’t. There was still that peace there. God was there. ... I don’t know if (the feeling) was anything I could label. Or that

I want to label.”

“I’m not sure how long we prayed, but I think it climaxed after 10 minutes. We kept praying for another 15 minutes. (The pastor’s wife) slapped the girl and woke her back up at that point. Denise and the other church lady wanted to talk to the girl for a while. They made her say the name ‘Jesus Christ is my Lord and my Savior.’ I think they made her say that because if the demon was inside her, it could not stand to (say Jesus’ name) ... About a half hour later, the young lady was up and around. She was helping us with food preparation. ... She was thanking us for our prayers,” Rick said.

“And these signs will accompany those who believe: in my name they will cast out demons; they will speak in new tongues; they will pick up serpents, and if they drink any deadly thing, it will not hurt them; they will lay their hands on the sick and they will recover.”

— Mark 16:17

“She explained to us how she felt in Spanish,” Erika said. “She said she was very ashamed because she was crying so hard, that she was out of control. Denise continued to comfort her and to wipe her brow. ... She said she loved all of us.”

Since they’ve been back, the team members have received mixed reactions to their story.

“Some people go ‘Wow! That’s incredible.’ Some people go ‘Yeah, right.’ Some people are frightened by it. But most go ‘Wow!’” Lisa said.

The students were not concerned by arguments of non-believers.

“I’m not going to compromise what happened and say ‘Well, she had two personalities’ or something. I know what I saw, and it was an awesome display of God’s power,” Rick stated.

“You can feel the power. You really can. It’s a definite presence.

It’s not an imaginary thing. ... You just start praying. It’s very intense, very exciting. You get the adrenaline going. ... You don’t know what’s going to happen, but it’s also exciting because you know God’s going to conquer. We knew she was going to be fine,” Erika said.

Since they’ve returned to Bellingham, the team has had time to reflect on the mission experiences.

“For most people, exorcism is such an awesome thing, and it is,” Erika said, sitting with legs crossed on her dorm room floor. “But it wasn’t any less awesome than the rest of the miracles we saw.”

Rick said he had prayed before the trip.

“During the prayer God spoke to me and said ‘Expect great things.’ When He said that, it really shocked me,” he said.

“I learned that God has power over many circumstances,” Lisa said. “Things like the weather and people’s health, over Satan, over time, ... even things we don’t think about, like getting safely from our house to the store. ... It’s really put it in perspective for me that God is everywhere and that God is universal. The same God we worship in Bellingham people in Tijuana are worshipping and praising in the same way.”

Lisa smiled. Behind her a large window framed a spectacular view of Bellingham Bay. Clouds looming heavily in the sky. The forecast called for rain — lots of rain.



Wild Times

Sardis Wildlife Center Director Sharon Wolters tends to a baby Great Horned owl at the center's Ferndale facility.

Story by Eowyn LeMay
Photos by Ric Brewer

The duck's beak trembles, but no sound comes out. Its neck droops unnaturally, head dangling from the stiff cervical collar. It looks out from glazed eyes that are unable to focus. The faded towel wrapped around its body is to help calm the bird, not to restrain it.

"I'd like to get a hold of the kid that did this," mumbles Lisa

Peterson, a volunteer at Sardis Wildlife Center.

She tenderly lifts the mallard duck from the examination table with the help of another volunteer. In an attempt to struggle, the swaddled bird lifts its head, bobbing it up and down like a newborn baby.

"This is what a 4-year-old with some rocks can do," Peterson whispers hoarsely, her clenched jaws contradicting her gentle movements.

They place the brain-damaged duck into one of the many cages in the animal ward. The door clicks shut as a baby blanket falls into place over the metal bars. A few doors over, a red-tailed hawk flops around in its enclosure despite the comforting darkness created by the blanket over its cage.

"That's not the kind of thing that should just be let go," Peterson

later says of the injured duck. "So what if the kid's only four? When they grow up, what's going to happen? That kind of cruelty needs to stop. Now."

The mallard duck is one of hundreds of patients at the Sardis Wildlife Center, located in Ferndale. Last year alone more than 800 animals were admitted for care, including everything from bald eagles to crows to porcupines. Approximately 65 percent of the 800 animals were successfully rehabilitated and released back into the wilderness.

Because of its rural location, some of the animals are released onto the surrounding 27 acres owned by Sardis President and Director Sharon Wolters. An old ambulance with the emblem of the organization on the door sits in the middle of a yard crowded with plywood enclosures, chicken-wire cages and fenced corrals which quickly turn to grassy meadows and dense patches of woodland.

The center works from the basement of Wolters' home, found in the middle of this peaceful area. Photographs and fish tanks line the log walls, creating a homey feeling which contrasts sharply with the humming incubators and oxygen tanks. Bright lights glare off the linoleum floor of the "intensive care unit" behind the front counter. Intravenous bags hang from the ceiling above the examination table. The sterile smell of a hospital intermingles strangely with the musky odor of animals.

A middle-aged Wolters sits on the hearth, flicking cigarette ashes into the fireplace. Wearing stretch pants and a baggy sweatshirt, she appears deceptively calm and casual. As she flips briskly through the piles of paperwork in front of her, her excited tension becomes more visible.

"Here's a bill for \$601, for oxygen tanks," Wolters says, her voice quickening. "A \$100 vet call, \$45 for another vet bill, another \$100 vet bill, \$73 for a vet call. And that's just what's right here. It never counterbalances."

Last year the center's expenses totaled more than \$18,000 and they received \$17,900 in donations from the public, their sole source of income. This does not include the overhead expenses which are paid by Wolters and her husband, Chuck.

"Actual cost per animal is \$300," Wolters says, repeating that this does not include rent, phone, electric, or water bills. This price is averaged over animals ranging from deer to field mice. Not everyone agrees with putting so much time and money into the life of one animal. Wolters describes a scene when she took an opossum with a fractured jaw to a local veterinarian.

"He held it by the scruff of the neck and said, 'There are 50 million of these things out there. Just kill it, put it to sleep.'" Wolters says she never has returned to that veterinarian.

"Some people say that if animals aren't native, then you should just let nature take its course," she says, referring to the opossums. "Well, if you're not Native American, no medical care. Next time you get pneumonia, we won't let you go to the doctor."

She says that people's attitudes could make her become cynical. According to her, people deal with nature in one of three ways.

"I see a lot of people who respect wildlife for what it is and make amends with their lifestyles so that animals can live without being

disturbed. ... Then there are those who think wildlife is beautiful. They love to read about it in books. They think it's really cool — when it is in someone else's backyard. If it's in mine, get it out ...," Wolters explains. "Then there's the smaller percentage of people who just think that wildlife is expendable. I have a real hard time with these people."

"There are still some people who will see a deer on the side of the road, hit by a car, and will think that slitting its throat is the most humane thing to do," she says, shaking her blond ponytail in disgust. "We don't even do that in slaughter houses anymore."

For Wolters, education is the key to changing these attitudes.

"If we don't teach them to respect wildlife and how to coexist with it, we won't have anything left," she says.

The volunteers regularly speak at schools throughout the county. The center is also trying to establish an educational facility at the center itself. Besides working with children, the center tries to educate adults through the local media.

"I will spend as long as a person will listen to me, trying to educate them," Wolters says.

"There are still some people who see a deer on the side of the road, hit by a car and think slitting its throat is the humane thing to do."

— Sharon Wolters

Addressing newsletters frantically, Wolters rarely lifts her eyes from her paperwork. Pet tropical birds fill the air with the squawking and volunteers bombard her with questions to which she mumbles answers. She pauses, briefly looking up from the papers, to say that this hectic experience of working with wildlife is a big part of the educational process for volunteers.

"They realize the animal is an individual," she says.

Sardis volunteers emphasize the need to look at each life they save as special.

It is on this individual basis that Taja Mayberry, vice-president and volunteer for Sardis, feels they are making the most important differences.

"They (animals) are being released quicker instead of starving in a field all alone without any help," she says leaning against the turtle aquarium.

Also wearing sweats and sweatshirt, Mayberry sits comfortably on the floor of the Sardis office. A wildlife biology student at Whatcom Community College, she has been volunteering with the center for close to two years. She lives in a trailer not far from the deer enclosure and spends between 60 and 70 hours a week working with the animals.

Selecting her words carefully, Mayberry agrees with Wolters concerning the need to educate the public.

"I'm truly amazed at what people don't know," she says. "They think that animals are really stupid. There's no respect. Different people have different values but still, it's a life. If you're not going to respect it on your own level, respect it some way."

Mayberry says she becomes frustrated with what she calls "suburbia syndrome." People move into an area and expect the animals already there to automatically vacate.

"We get calls like, 'There's a raccoon in my yard. It's going to eat my cat,'" she says, laughing. "There's just no real information out there for people to get their hands on."

Lisa Peterson is not so surprised by the public's behavior. She has

volunteered for the past six months and says it has merely reinforced her lack of confidence in humanity.

"It didn't change my attitudes; it gelled them," she says. "I think since I was a little kid I liked animals better than people. I think we have a lot to learn from them."

She says the hours she spends each day working with the injured animals has changed her life in many small ways. Before she started, she didn't eat beef but still occasionally had chicken. Now, she doesn't eat any type of meat.

"It's really hard to work all day with birds and then go home and eat chicken," she says, wrinkling her nose. She describes how every bodily organ and blood vessel reminds her that it was once alive.

"It's like — here's the trachea, here's this, here's that. It all becomes so real to you." She says she remembers one particularly bad experience. She had just spent hours tube-feeding a saltwater duck, trying to save its life. It was during Christmas and her boyfriend brought home left-over roast duck for dinner.

"It's the most disgusting thing," she says. Because of the personal traits she finds in each of the wild animals, she is unable to overlook any of their pain or suffering.

"Every one of these animals has a personality and feelings," Peterson says. "We have detached ourselves so far from nature that many see animals as not having any feelings." Finding individual characteristics in the birds and mammals is what causes volunteers to become strongly attached to them.

"I've certainly dissolved into a puddle a few times," Peterson admits. She says she became particularly fond of one porcupine that eventually had to be put to sleep. The toys from his cage were put into a closet after his death.

"Every time I opened the closet I could smell him. Finally I had to take everything out and just disinfect it," she says quietly, her eyes soft with the memory.

"They (the animals) cry and it's horrible, absolutely horrible. It seems the natural thing to do, to want to cuddle them. To them, though, that's not comforting," Peterson says that can be difficult for some volunteers. The animals do not give any positive feedback.

"You can just break your neck trying to save an animal, and they would just as soon rip your face off as say 'thank you,'" she says.

She points to the thin white line that cuts across her eyelid where a red-tailed hawk ripped it with its talons. Despite the scars, her devotion to the animals has become a propelling force in her life.

"It kind of makes you wacky. I've started checking dead opossums on the side of the road, looking for a pouch of babies or for a heartbeat." Her preoccupation with the animals' welfare follows her home each night.

"This is all I talk about — every person I come in contact with becomes educated, affected." No matter how hard she fights for her cause, Peterson says she is too bitter to feel that it can really make a difference in terms of people's views.

"Education is a really big key. Unfortunately, the small amount we can do is not

enough. Where I see a real lack of education is parents with their children. I think children are innately cruel. ... I think the only way it can change is by drumming it into them," Peterson says. "This means there has to be a change in the parents. I don't know how to do that."

Each animal that comes into the center serves as a reminder to the volunteers of how much damage people's ignorance can cause, Wolters claims. They see only small advancements in education and receive no gratitude from the animals they save. For the volunteers, their most important, and sometimes only reward is to see the animals returned to their natural habitat. Peterson says that the recent release of a trumpeter swan had a particularly strong impact on her.

"Definitely the best part are the releases," Peterson says. "Releases are incredible." The center recently had a swan that they successfully rehabilitated and released. "I spent a lot of time with him. He kind of felt like my baby... Some asshole shot it," she says with her face tight with anger. "To think that some idiot poacher did this and he (the swan) survived anyway."

The swan spent two months at Sardis; each day its injured wing growing stronger. On Feb. 18, the Sardis volunteers took the bird to a release area and set it free.

"He had his neck all stretched out, all excited. He took four of five running steps and boom, he was up in the air," she recalls, looking up towards the sky with a smile. "I can't even describe how it felt."



Above: Injuries have forced this owl into a lifetime residency at Sardis. Below: Wolters and Mayberry examine an owl with a head injury.



Breast Reduction

Sculpting Nature

Story by Nicci Noteboom

Illustration by Jean Kimmich

Dance music thumps, smoke floats over head, multi-colored lights bounce off the made-up faces of women and well-dressed bodies of men on the prowl, as Michelle Willett and her friends party in one of Bellingham's pick-up palaces.

A man saunters over to 5-foot-2 Michelle and begins to charm her into a dance. What is it about her the man finds so appealing?

Her shiny, shoulder-length brown hair?

Her ivory skin?

Her quick smile?

Her easy-going personality?

Maybe, but probably not since his eyes remain transfixed upon her 36DDD chest, which has affected him much like a hypnotist's swinging crystal.

"I said, 'If you can answer this question right, I'll dance with you.'" Michelle says. "I put my hand over his face and said, 'What color are my eyes?' He said brown, and I said '*Ehnt*, WRONG! I won't dance with you.'"

Situations such as this have plagued Michelle, 23, a student at Whatcom Community College for years. She has dealt with over-zealous attention from men since the age of 13.

"I was maybe a C-cup in the eighth grade," Michelle says. "I had guys in high school coming and going out with me, and after a week or two weeks, they realized I was a 13-year-old girl trapped in an 18-year-old body, and the most I'd ever want to do is kiss and that was it, so they'd break up with me."

This unwelcomed confusion, in turn, made Michelle acutely self-conscious. Michelle's large chest also was responsible for nagging back problems.

A little more than a year ago, Michelle decided to toss out a life

lived in oversized clothes and limited physical activity and have a breast reduction to a livable 36C.

Joy Knutson, a registered nurse who does post- and pre-operative counseling and care for Dr. Robert Buchholz, Dr. Paul Cenac and Dr. Helen James, says breast reduction, along with breast implants and liposuction, is one of the more popular procedures for women in the 20 to 30 year age group.

Making the decision to have a reduction, or any other plastic surgery, is one Knutson says should be well thought out.

"One should make sure they're doing it for themselves and not for somebody else, and that they're not in the midst of a divorce, break-up or any emotional situation. That's not a good time to have any kind of surgery," Knutson says.

Knutson says those who are good candidates for breast reduction have very large breasts, which are sagging, causing pain or limiting physical activity. Once a woman decides to have a reduction, an initial consultation will be set up in which the patient will discuss with the surgeon and the nurse several things ranging from medical history to where the nipple will be positioned. Photographs also may be taken as a reference for the surgeon to use during surgery. After the consultation, the doctor will consult with the insurance company.

"The doctor will send a letter to the insurance company giving them the information listing things such as grooves in the shoulders, back pain, can't take part in activities, that kind of thing to request authorization," Knutson says. "When we hear from the insurance company, we notify the patient and schedule the surgery if that's what she wishes."

The surgery is usually performed at Bellingham Surgery Center or at St. Joseph's Hospital main campus. It usually never requires an overnight stay, and also is covered by most insurance plans.

During surgery, an anchor-shaped incision circles the areola, the dark area surrounding the nipple, and extends downward following the curve of the breast. Breast tissue, glandular tissue, fat and skin are removed, thus moving the nipple and areola. The surgeon then brings skin down from both sides of the breast and around the areola to shape a new breast. Liposuction is sometimes used to remove fat in

the armpit.

Usually, nipples remain attached to nerves and blood vessels, but if the breasts are too big, the nipples and areola may have to be grafted to a new position. Stitches, most often dissolving stitches, usually run vertically down to the lower crease of the breast.

After surgery, the patient is wrapped in surgical-elastic bandages, and a tube is placed in the breast for drainage. Pain pills are prescribed, as well. The tubes are removed after about two days, but the bandage is worn for several weeks. Patients visit the doctor three days after surgery and once a week for a few months after that. Patients stay in touch with the doctor periodically for a year.

"We keep a close eye," Knutson says.

For the first few months after surgery, breasts will be particularly painful and swollen during menstruation. Shooting pains will come and go and very noticeable scarring will remain for more than a year. A woman can go back to work in two weeks, as long as lifting isn't involved, and she shouldn't have sex for at least a week because the arousal can cause the breasts to swell and harm the incisions.

The risks of breast reduction include the possibility of mis-matched breasts or nipples, inability to breast feed, loss of feeling and scarring.

Despite these risks, Michelle was eager to have her breast reduction. Once she decided to have it, her doctor documented her back problems for six months. This documentation was sent to the insurance company which agreed to pay 75 percent of the procedure. Michelle paid the other \$900 via her tax returns and a loan from her father.

Michelle had her surgery in 1993 during spring break. She went in at 7:30 a.m., and she was out by 1:30 p.m. She says she doesn't remember much of anything.

"I kept telling my fiancé, David, 'I want my underwear, and I want to go home,'" Michelle laughs.

Once at home, Michelle took pain pills every three hours, not because of severe pain but to rest.

"I'm a stomach sleeper, and I had to sleep on my back," Michelle says, "It took me about four months of anxiety before I could sleep on my stomach without it hurting."

Michelle says the ordeal was more messy than painful. That mess fell on the shoulders of her fiancé, David, and she says she is very grateful to him.

David stayed with her for the first 48 hours and drained her tubes. When she had an allergic reaction to her stitches and her skin began

growing over them, he cleaned them for her. He also rubbed hydrogen peroxide on her every night to keep her infection-free, and when she went back to school, he carried her books around for her the first week.

"He understood totally and had no problem with it," Michelle says.

Michelle was back in a regular bra after three weeks, but she wore Maxi pads and panty liners in them for the first few months to absorb drainage. Michelle says her breasts were unrecognizable to her at first. She said her breasts and nipples are higher, but the breasts in general are the same width, just flatter.

"I still have a lot of scarring," Michelle says. "Now, the scarring



runs from the bottom of my nipple down. One side spread out after surgery, and it has a lot of scar tissue and is really hard. I have feeling in one side but not the other.

"It's very tender. When the nerves are starting to grow back, I get like these sudden shocks, but in a few seconds, they're gone."

Regardless of scarring and sensation, Michelle and her fiance's sex life has not been hurt by the reduction.

"Before, you feel so big and you don't have much feeling anyway," Michelle says, "so, it's not any different. I have more feeling now, especially when it comes to sex. It's incredible compared with before surgery. Before surgery, you're so stretched out that the nerves get so stressed out that you don't have any feeling."

Michelle says she's had varied reactions when she tells people about her surgery, and they usually depend on the sex and chest size of the person reacting.

"Women who were small chested were like, 'Oh, how could you

do that,' and large-chested women were like, 'I'm really impressed you went through that.'

"Men's reactions were, 'That was stupid.' They would ask David how he could let me do something like that," Michelle says.

Michelle doesn't regret her surgery one bit. She has resumed working out and jogging, something she hasn't done since she was 19 because she couldn't stand the pain, and she couldn't find a sport's bra that fit. Along the same lines, before she had to buy clothes several sizes too big to accommodate her chest, but now she can find things in her own size, even one-piece outfits and tight sweaters which were no-no's prior to her operation.

"It gives you a whole different self-image," she says. "I went from the point where I didn't want anyone looking at me, to the point where I want to show off my cleavage."

Her confidence in her cleavage has improved so much that Michelle is having her wedding dress altered to show it off.



Revising Traditions

Story by Jennifer Hardison

Contrary to what many people might think, Judith Maxwell doesn't hate men.

"I like men! I get along really well with men! I work with men on a daily basis. I have a son and a husband. Some of my best friends are men," Judith says emphatically, smiling as she sits in a cozy room upstairs from the publishing business she and her husband own in Mt. Vernon.

Judith and her 13-year-old daughter Jessica are the authors of *The Feminist Revised Mother Goose Rhymes: A 21st Century Children's First Edition*. The book contains the classic Mother Goose nursery rhymes — only with a modern twist — many of the rhymes have been rewritten to omit all traces of sexism and violence.

In the case of the traditional "Rock-A-Bye-Baby," previously, baby and cradle came crashing to the ground after the tree branch that was holding them broke. In the new rhymes, that violent image was removed.

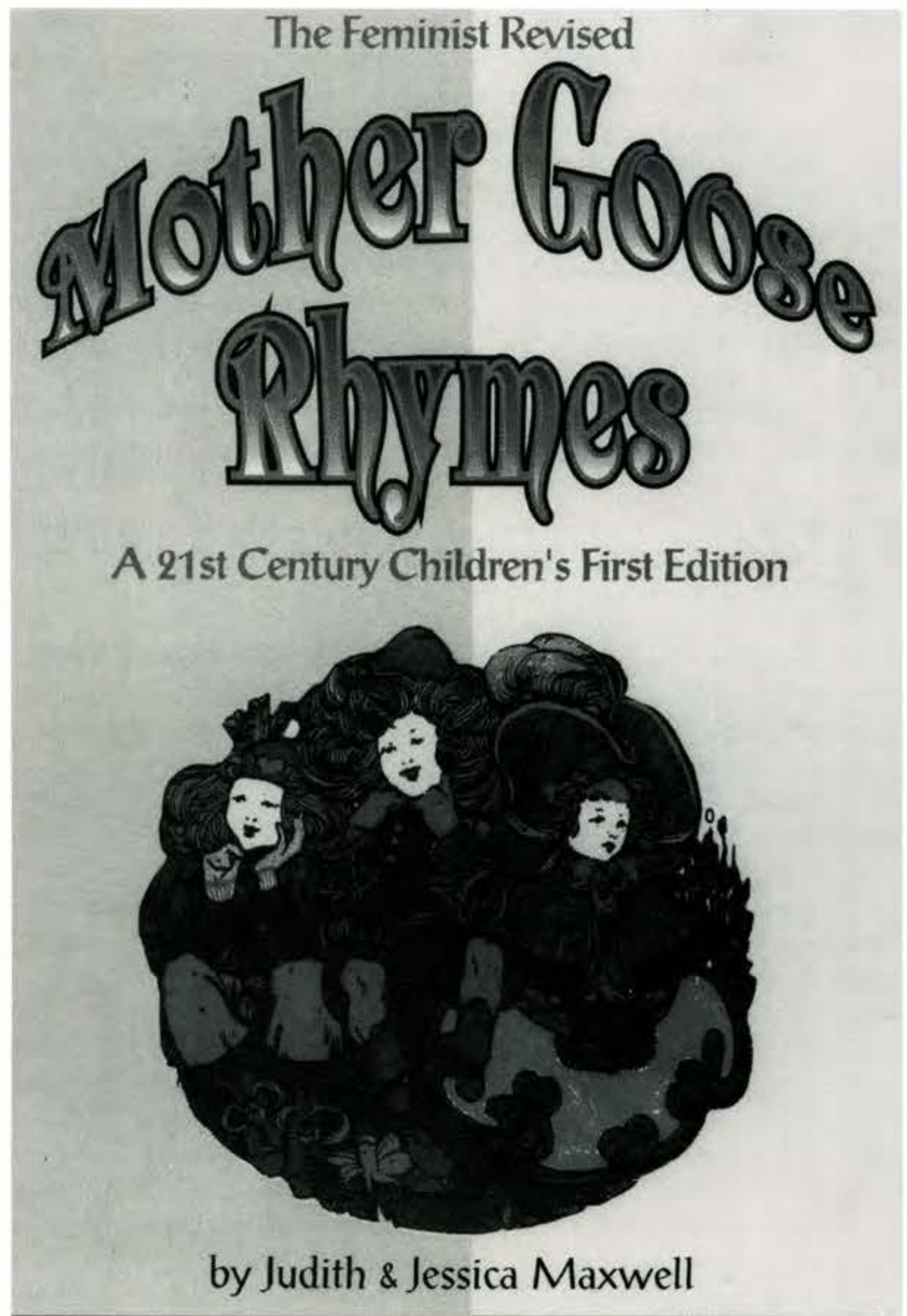
*"Rock-a-bye-baby,
On the tree top.
When the wind blows
The cradle will rock.
Look up at the stars
Way up in the sky
Imagine beyond them
Baby will fly."*

— Judith Maxwell, 1992

With some of the new rhymes, the gender was changed to include empowering images for little girls, as well as little boys.

At first, Judith says she couldn't understand all the fuss about the book. After giving an interview to a local paper about it, the story was released to the wire services and basically went national overnight. Judith and Jessica were bombarded with calls for interviews on talk shows. Judith says she couldn't figure out why the book was such a big deal to everyone. Finally, a man who works for Judith and her husband spelled it out for her.

"He said, 'Judy, don't be stupid. I know why. It's because of this



Graphics courtesy of Judith and Jessica Maxwell

word." Judith briefly stops speaking and points to the cover of her book at the word "Feminist."

"If you hadn't put that on there, it would have never got any attention, whatsoever," she recalls him saying.

She says she then asked him, "But why? Why does that make it so different?"

"Because you are saying to people that this book is just for women," he told her.

Judith was shocked.

"Well, that's what feminist means to me," he said.

At that point, to him, as well as to plenty of other people, feminist meant man-hating and for women only.

Judith, who defines a feminist as any woman or man who dedicates his or her life to the betterment of women, was surprised at other people's definitions of the word.

"I thought, 'Well that's not what it means to me.'"

It was through Judith's concept of feminism that the book evolved.

The idea began many years ago when Judith was sitting with her new baby Jessica to sleep in a rocking chair. As she rocked, she sang age-old songs like "Rock-A-Bye Baby" and she began to wonder if the scary, violent ideas portrayed in these traditional songs and rhymes might have some kind of harmful effect on Jessica, even at only a few months old.

"I just couldn't sit there singing songs about her falling out of a tree," Judith says.

Those thoughts about the rhymes returned once again when Judith, a Western theater arts major, began teaching children's dance classes. The music used for the dances were upbeat versions of nursery rhymes. Hearing the music, she started thinking about the words and ideas presented by the old rhymes. She wondered if her students' parents had a problem with the rhymes, so she came right out and asked.

Many of the parents expressed concerns about the old rhymes. Some said they refused to read them to their children, or when they did read them, they read quickly to get them over with. Some even said they wished they had the creativity to write new ones.

At this point in time, Judith had her hands full with two businesses, raising her young daughter and son, and in the meantime, she also offered her time to help facilitate battered women. It wasn't until Jessica was old enough to help that the project of reworking the old rhymes came about.

Trying to research, Judith and Jessica found that much written tradition on the rhymes didn't exist. They discovered many people had a lot of different theories about how the rhymes originated. One thing they did discover was that the rhymes were very politically motivated and began in England as a form of communication between villages and towns to secretly gossip about the royal family. In those days, any kind of gossip about the royals was considered treason, punishable by hanging. The rhymes came out of a very volatile time period, Judith says.

It was the simplistic nature and the rhythmic patterns that helped people remember the news allowing it to travel from town to town. As a result, many of the rhymes that mean absolutely nothing to us are still around today. People continue to disregard the violent and sexist themes for the sake of tradition. Basically, these rhymes are just outdated, Judith says.

In one radio interview, Judith recalls a woman who phoned in, absolutely irate that she "had the gall to change something as traditional as Mother Goose." I think I threatened her — I said my next book was going to be "The Feminist Revised Bible!"

The woman, needless to say, was slightly ticked-off, Judith says, laughing. Then she explains her personal philosophy.

"You know, I'm not here in this world to do things the way everybody else does them. I've never lived my life that way. If something

needs to be changed on the principle of the thing, I would! And not just changed for change's sake, but because it needs to be done. We need a fresh way of looking at things. We need people who are grass-roots to stand up and say this is important enough to change and prove that they can. I did.

"You do it because it allows a new way of looking at life. It breaks you out of a habit. For the most part, I think any kind of habitual behavior can be destructive eventually. Human beings aren't static. They are ever-changing and ever-growing," Judith says.

At one point in her life, Judith says she considered herself "rabidly" feminist. It was around the time she began working to change the rhymes. Now, six years later, she says, she has really had a chance to gain more understanding about the world and our culture. She continued to work with battered women during those years and, as a result, has developed "a real understanding of what it is we are up against," as women in this society today.

"Everybody says how important it is that we change society, but changing society means changing the individual. The individual today grows up in a society that basically condones tacit violence against women and children. We grow up thinking that it is totally acceptable. And that's very difficult to change once a child grows into adulthood.

"By the time a man is 30 years old, if he has become a man who batters because he saw his daddy beating up his mom or because he was sexually abused, that man is in for 20 years of hard work to change those beliefs. Not only the ones he has about his dad, but about his mother, about himself and about a society that allows that kind of thing," Judith says.

Judith describes this situation as "a many, many, many pronged problem" that is quite difficult to attack. She believes one of the easiest ways though is through changing the media and the media's approach to children.

"I think that is critical, absolutely critical," she says. "It (the media) is so powerful, yet it is really being abused."

In many areas of the media, Judith still sees women being portrayed as helpless and weak, striving to be attached to a man. For example, in Disney's "The Little Mermaid," Ariel, the young female character, is portrayed in a much more powerful manner than she might have been in previous years, Judith says, yet Ariel is still looking for her prince to "save her." She doesn't strive to be an individual and to be a whole person all on her own—she is always dependent on a man, she says. Judith thinks that is an unhealthy image for impressionable little girls. "What kind of message are we sending out to them?" she wonders.

"We need to tell them, 'You don't need to be attached to a man to like yourself. You don't need to be attached to anyone else in order to be a good person, to be worthwhile, to be worthy of having life,'" she says.

In 1981, Judith began meeting with a group of women who would get together to discuss their own spirituality and

"We need a fresh way of looking at things. We need people who are grass-roots to stand up and say this is important enough to change and prove that they can. I did."

— Judith Maxwell



"The Baltaine Papers," a journal about women, grew out of their meetings in 1984. Judith was a co-editor and writer for the journal until quitting in 1989 when she began working with battered women on a full-time basis.

Back around 1985-86, Judith says was when she decided to dedicate her life to the betterment of women. As a result, she became involved in working with women who were battered. Working with many different groups of women, as well as being the assistant director at a battered women's agency, Judith soon realized "Women have a real tough road ahead of them. A *real* tough road ahead of them."

"I met some incredibly strong women." Judith begins slowly, then pauses. Her eyes fill with tears. "who couldn't say 'no,'" she finishes in almost a whisper. "For their own sake," she says, as she wipes at the tears that have escaped down her cheeks.

"That's socially learned," she continues. "We are not born with that."

Even through working with the women at the journal who she describes as supposedly "more in tune with their spiritual natures, more in tune with the abuses of our culture, women who were actually trying to work to create communities believing in non-violence and raising children in a different way, I still saw it," she says, shaking her head in disbelief.

"I still saw the fact that these women in a lot of ways couldn't say 'no' to *their* partners, even in instances where it really didn't make themselves feel good about themselves. I started wondering, 'OK, here's this group of women who have master's degrees, PhDs, all this intelligence and they are still getting stepped on. WHY?'"

At that point in her life, Judith says she began to delve into the question headfirst.

"Abuse is rampant, and has been for centuries. It's really hard to change century-old beliefs of ourselves as human beings. I think that is probably why things aren't going to change in 25 years. I mean, supposedly, the 'feminist' movement began when the suffragettes began screaming 'We want the vote!' But it really didn't occur until the early 1970s.

"That's not a very long time ago, in terms of how many centuries it took to get us to where women really don't feel very good about themselves," she says.

"I'm not saying that

women are the only victims," she quickly interjects. "Until men quit being victimized, they will continue to be abusive."

Thankfully, Judith says her daughter, even at such a young age, has a firm grasp on what it means to stand up for herself and to tell people 'no' and mean it when something is not right for her.

"I am so thankful we live in a time when that is possible, but I know so many women, my age and older who will never, ever get to that point. They'll never be able to let go of that partial death of their spirit that occurs as a result of growing up a woman in our culture. The partial death of their spirit is a result of being told that they're not as good. They're not as worthy. They're only women."

"And it's not just in this country—it's not just in Iran or some little town in South America. It is a worldwide phenomena," Judith stresses.

Through her business, Veda Vangarde Publishing, Judith continues to pursue the ideals of non-violence and the changes of cultural and societal attitudes she views as a crucial to the well-being of all humankind. The company's mission statement describes it as being a producer of "children's non-violent educational and entertainment materials as well as research, therapeutic and educational materials geared towards the application and refinement of healing models for personal, interpersonal, cultural and global abuse issues."

Currently, Judith is working on two other children's books, "The Growing of Green," and "The Cave," each revolving around two young female characters. Judith says the images of women in each book are free of sexist stereotypes. Judith's son Rafe is also joining in, offering his artistic talents to help co-illustrate "The Growing of Green" with a friend.

Judith and Jessica are also tossing around the idea of a "Feminist Revised Mother Goose Rhymes: 2nd Edition." The ideas for another 15 rewritten rhymes are on the horizon. This time, Judith says she would like to expand the idea by including the original form of the rhyme, along with the background.

Whatever they decide to do with the second book, Judith will most likely be turning down any future radio interviews that come out of Denver with a "Rush Limbaugh" type of host named Jim Rosen. When the book gained national media attention, she was invited to appear on his show and promised a full hour of air time.

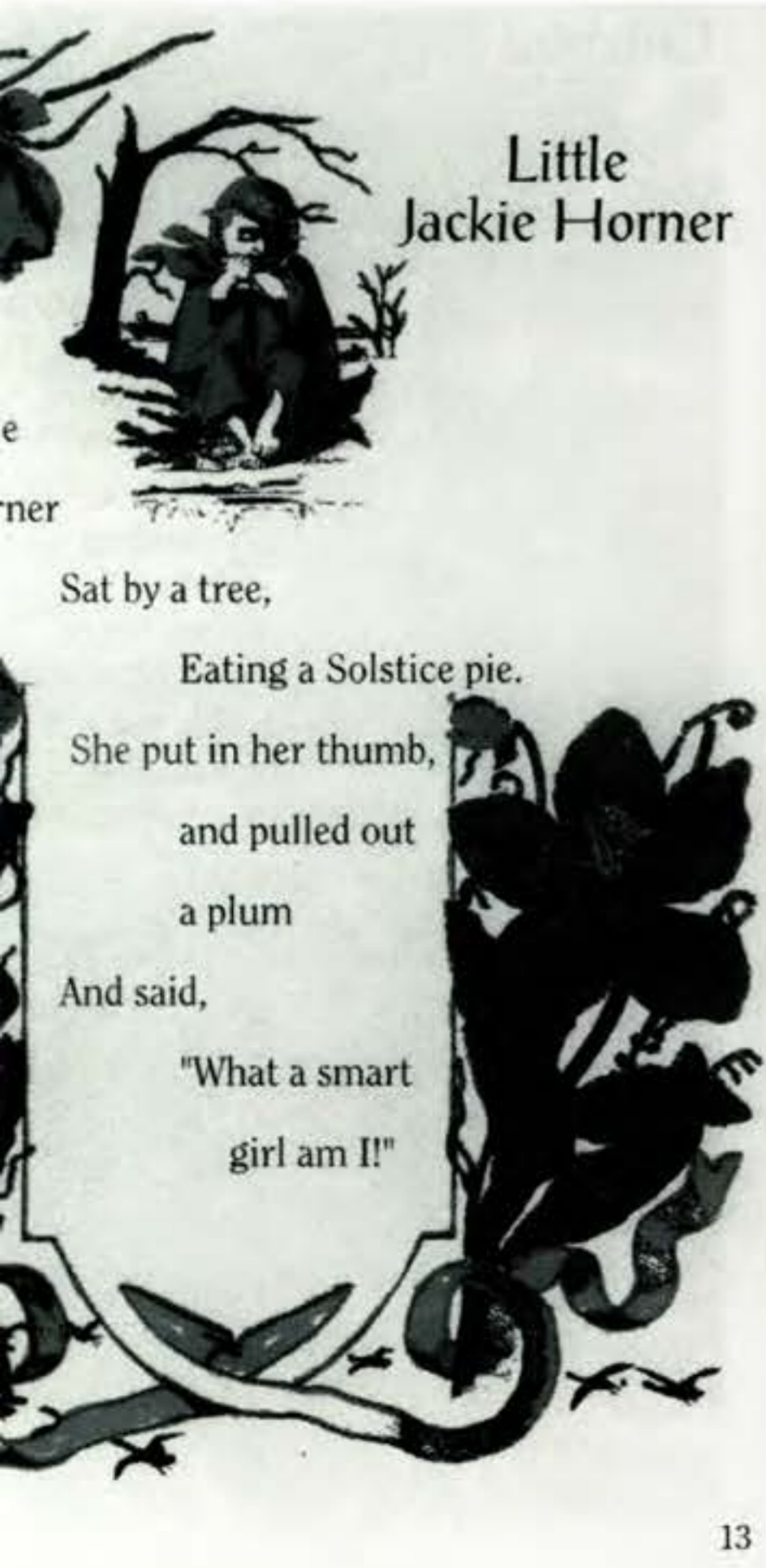
Very excited, Judith says she jumped at the chance. Not realizing the host's agenda until she was already on the air, a horrified Judith pulled herself together and defended herself as he proceeded to completely denigrate the idea behind the book and the book itself. The host, she says, even included two male callers who read from their "revised" versions of nursery rhymes, which she describes as "horribly violent and sexist," that included disgusting references about "gutting babies."

The men laughed about it. But Judith kept her cool and laughs about it all now.

"It was really terrible, but I stuck with it and did the whole interview. At the end, he said, 'Gee, for a feminist, you're really a nice woman.'" She laughs. "I laughed and said, 'Well, thank you very much!' because I knew where it was coming from. I expect it. The funny thing was, I sold more books after that interview!"

Judith says through gaining a new understanding about the world and our culture, she has also become a little more cynical.

If traditions such as Mother Goose quietly promote this violence and sexism, perhaps changing the rhymes is an easy way to start.





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