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Klipsun magazine



**Tip Johnson,
working for the
community from
the grass roots up.**

Vol. 17, No. 3



Klipsun is a Lummi Indian word meaning 'Beautiful Sunset.'

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No druggies, no polyester . . .

a HOW TO guide to personals

■ By Laura Boynton
Photo by Ann Evans

"Only people who are desperate, fat or ugly have to place ads in the classifieds."

"It just seems so sleazy: like you're advertising for sex."


"These people are lonely, have lots of problems; they're unattractive and usually of low intelligence."

These long-standing misconceptions about personal classified ads are becoming history as more of America's singles seek an alternative to bars, parties, and Weight Watchers' meetings for finding Mr. or Ms. Right.

Personal classified ads open up a world of people. Some, admittedly, are of low intelligence, overweight or kinky, but most are lonely people who have found the conventional methods of mate-meeting are not working for them. At some point, they were glancing idly through the newspaper, Johnny Carson belting on the tube, a can of soup-for-one heating on the stove, and they spotted the personals section. The first instinct may have been to close the paper, but they chuckled discomfitedly and settled down to read these mini-missives of drama, art and desperation.

When the decision (however subconscious) has been made to seek a partner through the personals, the question remains: to place or to answer?

Placing a personal ad can be costly and challenging. The more adept you are at condensing your personality and the qualities you seek in a mate, the cheaper the ad. It can behoove you to spend a little more money and draw responses worth reading. Considering the money spent on countless dates, evenings drinking in bars, membership fees for Club Med—even a sweeping saga in the local tabloid seems cheap.



Pleased to make
your acquaintance
Miss Lulu!

If you have decided to place an ad and are new at the game, take advice from those who have played.

The first step is to choose your publication. Bear in mind the people who answer were probably reading the publication you put your ad in; so if you advertise in *Screw* magazine, you're asking for whatever you get.

Locally, the selection is slim. *Northwest Happenings*, basically an entertainment guide, covers Bellingham, Anacortes, the San Juan Islands and much of Whatcom County. *The Seattle Weekly* is a liberal newsmagazine and its ads range as far as Bellingham, though they tend to center in King County.

There are also publications that allow you to target your audience: gays (*The Advocate*), blacks (*Chocolate Singles*), large women (*Big Beautiful Women*) and swingers (*Singles Life*).

Okay. So you've chosen your magazine . . . now comes the hard part: take pen firmly in hand, expelling the breath you've been holding to this point. Writing an advertisement to sell yourself may be intimidating, may go against all previous values, morals and religious upbringing, but it can be an eye opener and a



discovery of self-worth. Approach the paper with a sense of humor and cast a gentle eye on yourself.

In an analysis of 395 personals, psychology majors Michael Lynn and Barbara Shurgot found that above all else, positive self-assessment elicited responses (published in *Personality and Social Psychology Bulletin* 1985). This is the time to play up your good points.

Difficulties may result, however, if you say you are buxom, blond and brilliant, when in actuality you resemble, say, a gangly adolescent boy. There are people who will love your knobby elbows or twenty extra pounds. Here, your sense of humor will help. After wading through dozens of ads in which men describe themselves as 'handsome' or 'attractive,' 'definitely not a frog' sounds intriguing. If someone is going to be turned off by extra weight or chain smoking, it may be wise to include it in your description. You don't need the ego deflator of having them tell you face-to-face.

On the other side of the coin, this is the time to weed out characteristics you cannot stand. I have read requests for "no smokers," "no phonies," "no heavies," "no druggies or drunks,"

and (this one says it all) "no Reaganites/no polyester." Although some requests may offend your sense of human kindness, there are no absolutes—only, offer what you have and ask for what you want. Pray a lot. Chant. Read e.e. cummings. Listen to Talking Heads. Whatever helps you compose this 5 to 10 line masterpiece.

Did I say no absolutes? If you want to play it safe and make this a good experience, there are two definite don'ts: don't put in your real name and phone number (heavy breathing at 3 a.m. can be more than disconcerting—it can be dangerous to your mental health) and don't give your address (imagine the same heavy breather, but this time at your front door). It is common sense. Most publications offer a box number and/or pseudonym. If not, consider getting a post office box.

After the ad is in, it is not advisable to settle in beside the mailbox with a box of bonbons and a Diet Coke. This is a dangerous time when fantasies and apprehensions can take hold; best to go on with life. It may amaze you, but people will respond.

One woman, Naomi Jarvie, a Western journalism student, said her first ad brought in 25 replies, "but 11 went in the fireplace right away, and I eliminated another five on the telephone." Jarvie met nine of the men who responded to her ad, one of whom she dated for a few months.

Whether you request them or not, expect photos; perhaps I should say, expect anything. Ad placers report receiving "Save the Whales" bumper stickers, Gideon Bibles and life histories, as well as photos of men and women in ski suits, business suits, leather suits and birthday suits.

Now you can dig out the bon bons or whatever gives you courage, pick up the phone and start screening. The first phone call can be the pivot point—the telling device. People who deliver unceasing monologues on an ex-wife or a pet python should be avoided. On the other hand, some people will give great phone and come across in person as creeps.

Don't be too harsh. This is your chance to say goodbye before you say hello. But just because the voice isn't muttering sultry somethings into your receiver doesn't mean you should throw them out of the running. Relax, you are both on that telephone because you want to meet someone who will share your interests and your time. If you absolutely abhor the sound of this person, have a glass of wine and phone the next one. There is no obligation to go out or even to meet.

Joann Nordensson, a retired post-office employee, who has been playing the classified ads for six years, met one she shouldn't have. She answered a "wonderful ad," placed under the pseudonym "Sweet William."

One afternoon she was sunning herself in back of her Lummi Island home. Nordensson said, "Here comes this old duffer with two canes and a hearing aid, and he's crying, 'Here I am, dear, your Sweet William . . . here I am.' He told the ferry crew he was my lover, and they gave him my address." She laughs ruefully, but with considerable mirth at the memory of it.

When you hit upon someone that sounds like a possibility, it is a good idea to make your first meeting place neutral territory, such as a coffee shop. One thing ad placers and ad answerers agree on—do not invite them into your home on the first date. Movies are also to be avoided because there is no opportunity to get to know each other. If the chemistry isn't there, a neutral meeting place allows you to politely take your leave instead of trying to push this person out of your house.

Answering an ad is much the same as placing one. The disadvantage is that you have less control, less opportunity to pick and choose at your leisure. Keep in mind that if the person in the ad sounds fantastic, they are probably getting lots of mail, and you will have to work hard to make yourself seen.

Jarvie prefers writing ads to answering them because "most of the people are tied to the lives they lead and are not interested in change or growth. They seem conservative and somewhat inflexible, and generally not willing to take risks doing new things." She chooses the ads she will answer very carefully. "If somebody says



they like slim women, I'm not going to push it. It's their mindset and they're not open to change."

Nordensson warned that many married men place ads without mentioning a wife, and guys lie about their age—they'll be 70 or 80 and come crawling over. I used to say, 'If they're breathing, I'll take them,'" she said laughing.

When reading ads, be clear about the jargon. S/M could mean "single male" or "sado-masochism." Know your ad alphabet. Some abbreviations that are common:

S: Single	G: Gay
M: Married	Bi: Bisexual
W: White	TV: Transvestite
B: Black	TS: Transexual
J: Jewish	

A good rule of thumb is, if you don't understand the abbreviations, don't answer the ad.

The words "fetish," "on medication for," "incarcerated," "golden showers," and "water sports" (these last two refer to strange urinary rites, not swimming and diving) are definite warning signs.

After reading several hundred ads, you'll begin to realize that many look quite the same, and a lot of them are downright boring. In any one paper, one half the ads will be along the lines of "sensitive, cultured gentleman seeks intelligent, genteel lady who's well-endowed." One third will be "a beautiful woman seeking honest, caring, sensitive male who is successful, wealthy, confident . . . perfect." The remaining fraction is split between "average guy wants average gal for average times," and "ugly, desperate and lonely—seeking anybody."

The Weekly has the highest ratio of unique ads, making for fun reading and endless fantasizing.

Of the people I interviewed, none placed ads requesting or even hoping for a long term mate. Two placed ads after the death of a spouse, hoping to ease the loneliness by meeting people. One did it "out of boredom."

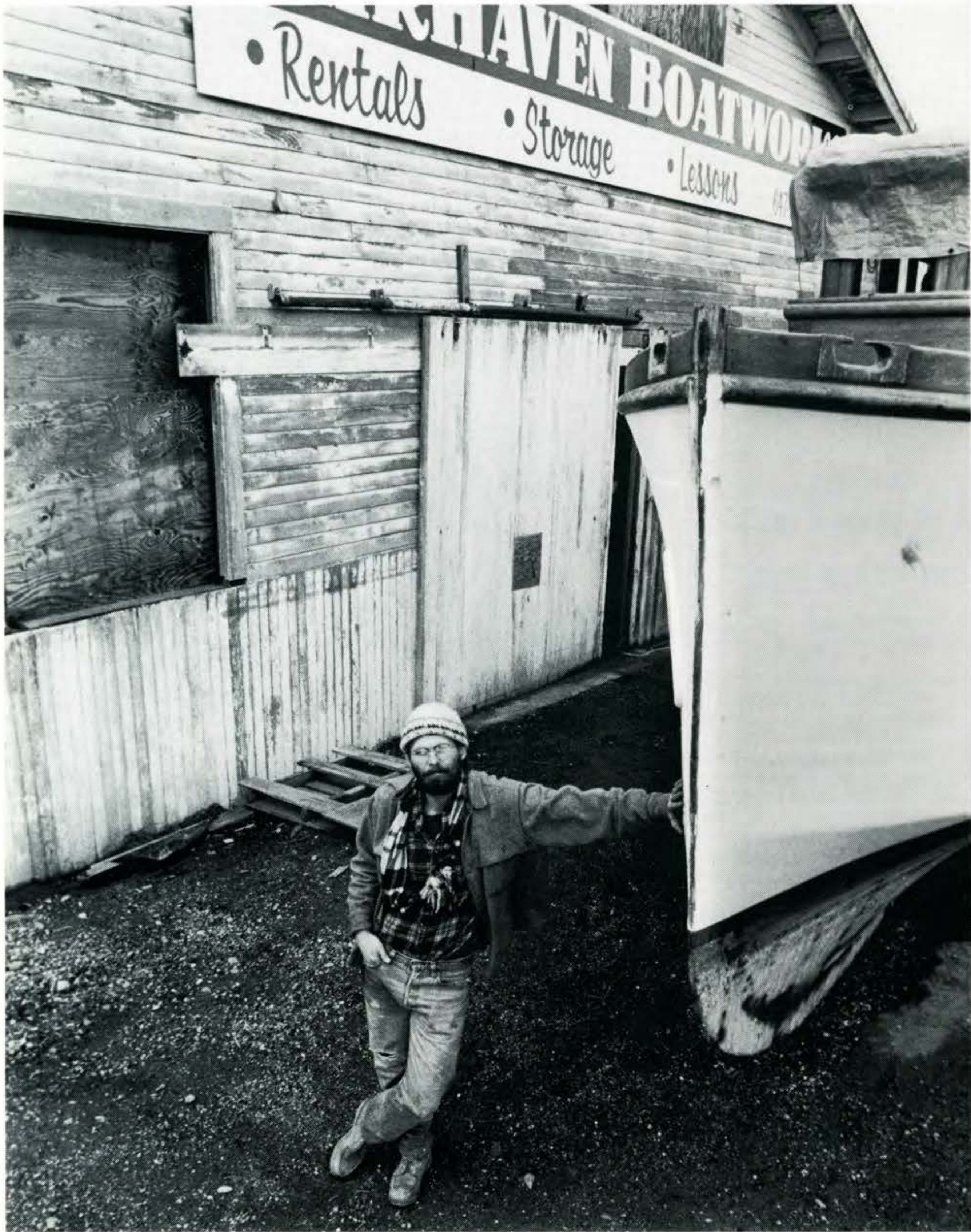
For some, placing or answering ads becomes almost an addiction. Nordensson motions to her bedroom door as we sit talking. "I've got a drawerful of letters in there—people wanting to meet me." The phone rings. "That's probably my boyfriend," she mutters. She speaks to him briefly and returns to her chair. I ask her why she continues to place ads if she has found a boyfriend. "Because it's fun! I love romance. I like the mystery. I like to be courted. I love all that. I'll take romance over a toss in the hay anytime." □

NEW WAVES IN CITY POLITICS

■ By Mark Connolly

Photos by Mike Gwynn

Tip Johnson was a busy man in November. He capped a three-month, low-budget, grassroots campaign with an upset victory over incumbent Jim Caldwell for the sixth ward Bellingham city council post. Then it was back to boats; Johnson is president of the Fairhaven Boatworks Corporation.



Behind the Fairhaven Boatworks shop and gravel lot on Harris Avenue, by the Port of Bellingham public boatlaunch, the new city councilman rents and gives lessons in his small fleet of sailboats, rowboats and kayaks. In the summer.

But on this November day, in the rare, warm afternoon sun, Johnson was dismantling his dock into 30-foot lengths and floating them under a nearby railroad trestle into the shelter of a lagoon for the winter. Dressed in grey sweater, cream wool cap, jeans and work boots, the 32-year-old Johnson was standing on a floating dock section, powering it through the water by pushing off the lagoon bottom with a 15-foot aluminum pole.

"Visions of Huckleberry Finn!" he called out.

When he neared the shore, Johnson roped the dock length to another section already secured to a wooden piling stump. He pole-vaulted to the marshy grass and smiled through a neatly trimmed beard that showed traces of gray.

"I wasn't sure if I'd feel more relief at having won or lost," he said of the workload his successful run for office has put ahead of him.

For his new role, Johnson said he is studying the 527-page city budget and getting to know the important public figures in city government — the mayor, co-councilpersons and department heads.

"You've got to make your friends where you can, when you can. And be ready to give up what's not important for what's important. Politics is truly the art of compromise," he said. "But," he added pragmatically, "there's no other way.

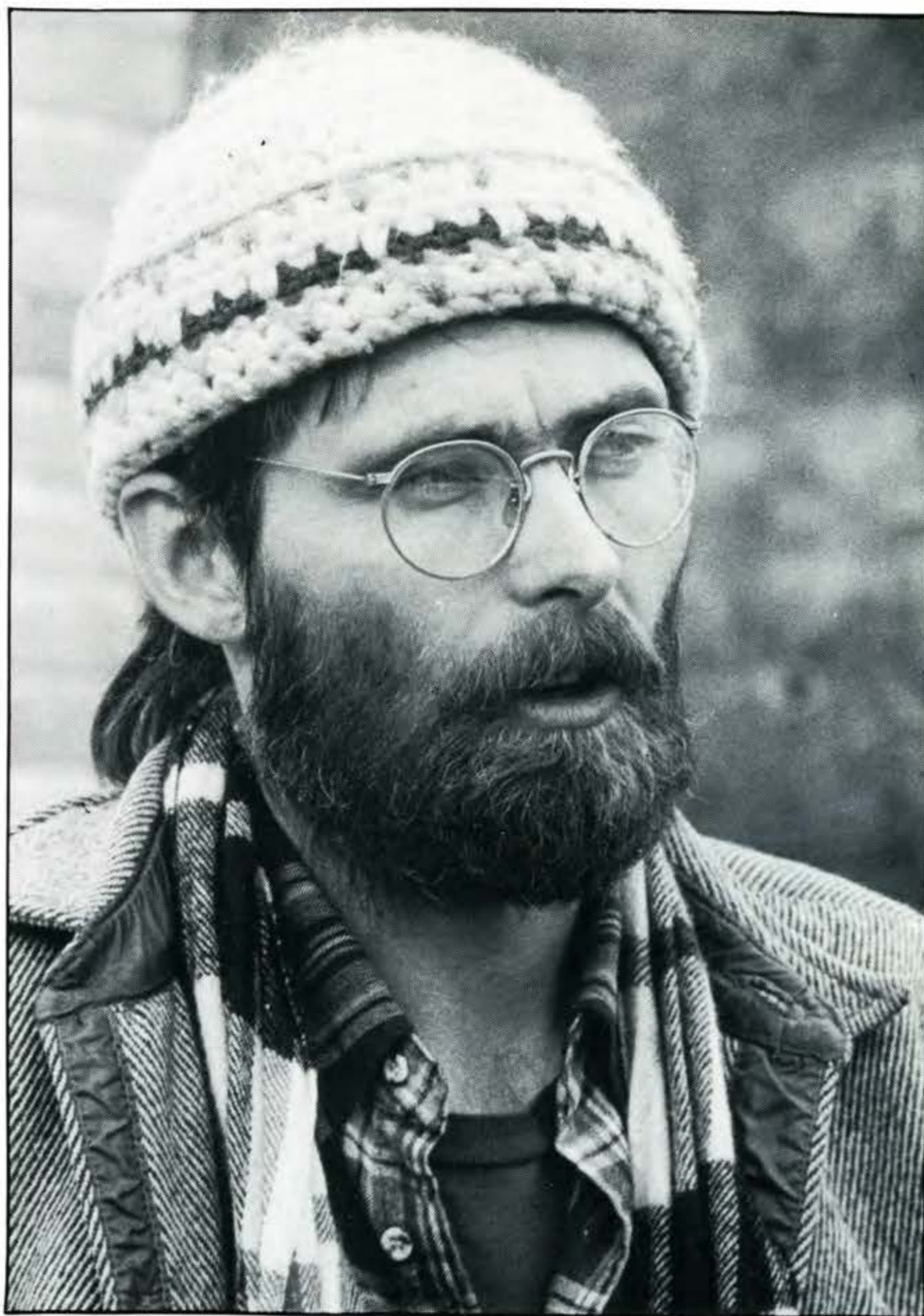
"People want to be represented. I think there are nascent qualities that can be felt in the community that can't be described. Voters get the sense that if one candidate can understand their point of view, they'll be better represented.

"I think in the doorbelling duel," Johnson said, referring to his door-to-door pilgrimage through the sixth ward, a tactic his opponent matched, "voters felt that I was more able to understand and speak to their concerns.

"Campaigning has made me develop a lot of my ideas better than I had before, in terms of city government."

Leaning on the aluminum pole, Johnson launched into what he said was the single most important issue facing Bellingham — economic development.

"The city has a habit, shall we say, of inducing growth by service extension. And it hasn't worked." Johnson defined service extension as approving extension of roads, power and water services and police and fire protection to a building



City councilman Tip Johnson: "I'm trying to point out that there are safer, more creative strategies to (Bellingham's) growth."

site, in hopes the developer will market the site. The Bellis Fair Mall plan is an example.

Johnson stands against this strategy of growth as adding to the tax burden of Bellingham residents by expanding the city's area (10 to 20 times the acreage in this century, he cited) without necessarily adding to the quality of life.

Just up Harris Avenue from where Johnson stood talking at the edge of the lagoon, the Fairhaven Historical District glowed brick-red in the sun. In contrast, he said, that district and the Sunnyland Industrial area around Humboldt, Iowa and Kentucky streets are already zoned for development, but nobody has organ-

ized to promote improving those areas.

"I'm trying to point out that there are safer, more creative strategies to growth. I think we need to look at growth in terms of quality rather than quantity," Johnson said, his blue eyes piercing through gold, wire-rimmed glasses.

"You know, when you've got a bustling economy . . . that's a good time to try growth-inducement measures," he said, pointing by contrast to Bellingham's present stagnation. "But when you're gambling your grubstake, it's irresponsible."

Johnson disagrees with Bellingham's nod to big industry for solutions to economic growth. That view is 180 degrees

from where the city should be looking, he said.

National figures show that 80 percent of all jobs are created by businesses with 20 or fewer employees, Johnson explained. The nature of small, local businesses in the economy is, dollar for dollar, more valuable in regard to money staying in the community.

Johnson said he will offer suggestions to the city council to give small business a break in Bellingham. He'd like to see the city planning department initiate a rating system to evaluate small business ideas in terms of the city's overall economic plans, and then offer assistance to plans that would help to revitalize the local economy.

He also will suggest that the Fairhaven district create a public development authority to financially assist resurgence there, as Seattle has done for Pioneer square and the Pike Place Market.

Johnson's own Fairhaven Boatworks is, among other things, an attempt to increase use and interest in the Fairhaven waterfront. He hopes to attract other businesses that might complement, or even compete with, his business, in as diverse a way as possible.

"It's like pioneering a new frontier," Johnson quipped.

On pure politics, Johnson said, "Ideologically, I really believe in representative democracy, and I'm committed to see people getting involved in local government. I think it's incumbent on the people to speak, to make their concerns known. Someone's got to take responsibility for Bellingham. It's not gonna be me all by myself. If we can work together, we can make it happen."

Tip Johnson stood thinking about work. He glanced at the lone remaining section of his dock waiting to be freed from shore and floated into the lagoon.

"One more . . ." He hesitated in the late afternoon sun before hoofing it up over the railroad tracks. "But that'll be after breakfast . . ."

The sixth ward, Johnson's new representative domain, consists of a slice of the southside hill beginning at Taylor Street and running south to include the Happy Valley neighborhood, the Fairhaven business district and waterfront, and Edgemoor.

Bob Keller, Johnson's campaign manager, lives a few blocks south of Fairhaven Boatworks. He sat back in a comfortable chair in his wood-heated living room, dressed casually in flannel shirt, dark trousers and hiking boots.

He took the task in late July of managing the campaign. A professor at Fairhaven College, he had just returned from a year's sabbatical in Tucson, Arizona, and

wanted to get involved back in his home community again — to exercise the kind of social responsibility he said he preaches to his students.

"I think that students owe faculty something, and I think faculty owe students something." One of his students had been Tip Johnson.

Keller's glasses and beard add to his thoughtful, quiet air. He said the idea of following one of his student's lead in the community appealed to him.

"Tip turned out to be a better candidate than I expected. From the first time I saw him at a candidates' forum, I knew we had the stronger candidate."

He had seen Johnson work both in college and in the community, and knew they shared similar values, especially regarding the urban environment—supporting parks and open space.

"I wasn't sure if I'd feel more relief at having won or lost."

—Tip Johnson

Johnson's push for local, small businesses rather than big industry, was clear to Keller. Last year in Tucson was Keller's third experience living there. Over those years, he had seen that city boom through big industry. He'd also seen crime increase, the sense of community decline, a hectic pace of life steal in, and the natural environment become damaged.

"Those places to me are becoming unlivable," Keller said.

"I read a lot of people in Bellingham as believing that development comes first. I think Tip is business oriented, but I'm convinced there's things he wouldn't do—environmental things," Keller said.

"I think Tip will have some really new and different ideas. It'll make the council more interesting."

As for the campaign, Keller said, "It was like a big team."

Forty to fifty volunteers, about 12 of whom were hardcore, Keller said, worked on yard signs, mailing, phone calls and doorbelling in the sixth ward.

"Things got done. People enjoyed each other. Even if we'd have lost, we'd still have had a great time."

Keller said they set and raised a \$2,000 complete campaign budget almost immediately, through two fund-raising

events and through donations. They didn't buy any media advertising, so the humble campaign kitty went for printing and mailing. That was the extent of money concerns. "It took an enormous burden off our backs," he said.

Johnson himself doorbelled the swing precincts, identified from close primary election results. Keller said Johnson lost precinct 66 in the primary, 23-25, but won after doorbelling with his mother, 74-27, in the general election.

"When people have a chance to meet the candidate face to face, like on a doorstep, one of the candidates will obviously be stronger," Keller said.

In the southside house that served as Johnson's campaign headquarters, Arnie Klaus, 31, described his role in the campaign as a primary adviser focusing on volunteer organization.

Klaus sat at the dining room table of the house he rents with several others. Bob Dylan's "Blood on the Tracks" album spun on the stereo. The friends with whom he shares the cooperative household passed through the dining room from the kitchen with plates of food. The woodstove threw heat into the long living room.

"In a lot of ways, we were real informal about how it was brought together," Klaus said of the campaign. "There was no hierarchy." Decisions were made by loose consensus.

"I think that's what kept it refreshing. I saw it as a project and approached it that way."

They held weekly, open meetings. People showed up and took on specific tasks at various levels of commitment according to interest and ability. Two people were specifically recruited for their computer skills, Klaus said. It all fell together.

"That's the beauty of it," Klaus beamed. "People say, 'I don't want to get involved in politics.' But this was community."

The main thing, Klaus said, was to contact every sixth ward registered voter. Besides doorbelling, by Johnson or campaign workers, each voter was also phoned at least once, on the eve of the primary. Some were phoned a second time, the night before the general election.

Here, Klaus said, the home computer, set up in a renovated chicken coop in his backyard, was used to organize voter phone lists.

They also mounted a voter registration drive, aimed primarily at students. But few turned out — only eight percent by Klaus' estimate. Klaus seemed disappointed in the student turnout, stating students are generally too busy.

"A highly transient society is less concerned about governance, and that's dangerous in a democracy.

"People get the illusion that the campaign is over, but it's not," he said. "I think the real thing is people working together, making governance by community the norm rather than by power brokers. And we proved that, as none of us have power cards to play."

On another of the more typical, biting-cold November afternoons, Johnson was in the Fairhaven Boatworks shop, tending to his winter work —repairing boats.

The shop is a large and weathered barn-like wooden building on Harris Avenue. Inside, natural light filters in through only two windows, spilling over eight mastless sailboats in varied stages of repair. The remaining windows are boarded up —pale new plywood like bright eyes against the original wall timbers, now nearly black. In one corner by the door stands a work bench strewn with a miscellany of tools, toolboxes, boat parts and many cans of putty, paint and finish. Orange and yellow power cords snake across the bowed and dusty concrete that Johnson calls "the vast curvature of the earth showing through the floor."

He knelt beside the pontoon of a catamaran and patted tape and newspaper to the side.

"It's my college education that's really led me into it," he said of his new political undertaking.

Johnson had looked at various urban planning programs, but chose Fairhaven College where he could design his own major.

"I was really into community development planning, which I guess gives me a utopian background," Johnson said, looking up from his work, "which isn't the best view to have. 'Cuz it's a cold, cruel world out there," he added, only half seriously.

At Fairhaven College, through independent study proposals, he studied solar design, drafting, zoning and more. He also took classes at Huxley College and in Western's math and economics departments. Johnson arranged an off-campus work-study job with a Bellingham planning firm, which provided him with "a real well-rounded exposure in the field," he said.

As a senior project, Johnson became involved in Bellingham's Community Development program, which was administering Block Grants.

"One of the primary plans was flood plain management in the Happy Valley neighborhood," Johnson explained.

He realized that draining marsh areas in Happy Valley, his home neighborhood, would turn those properties into prime development land, threatening open space, potential for park land and the natural habitat.

Johnson said he was interested in preserving the natural neighborhood watercourses and "one of those elusive intangibles called 'character.'" He was active in the community petition drive to check development and establish park land. They succeeded.

"That was my first indication of the confrontations that were available, and some of the paradigmatic differences that existed."

"Things got done. People enjoyed each other. Even if we'd lost, we'd still have had a great time."

—Bob Keller

Johnson stood up next to the catamaran, and rolled a cigarette from a pouch of Drum. Completion of that neighborhood project followed on the heels of Reagan's 1980 election, he said. Shortly after, funding for small municipal planning "passed away." Graduated and unemployed, he wondered what to do with his planning education and experience.

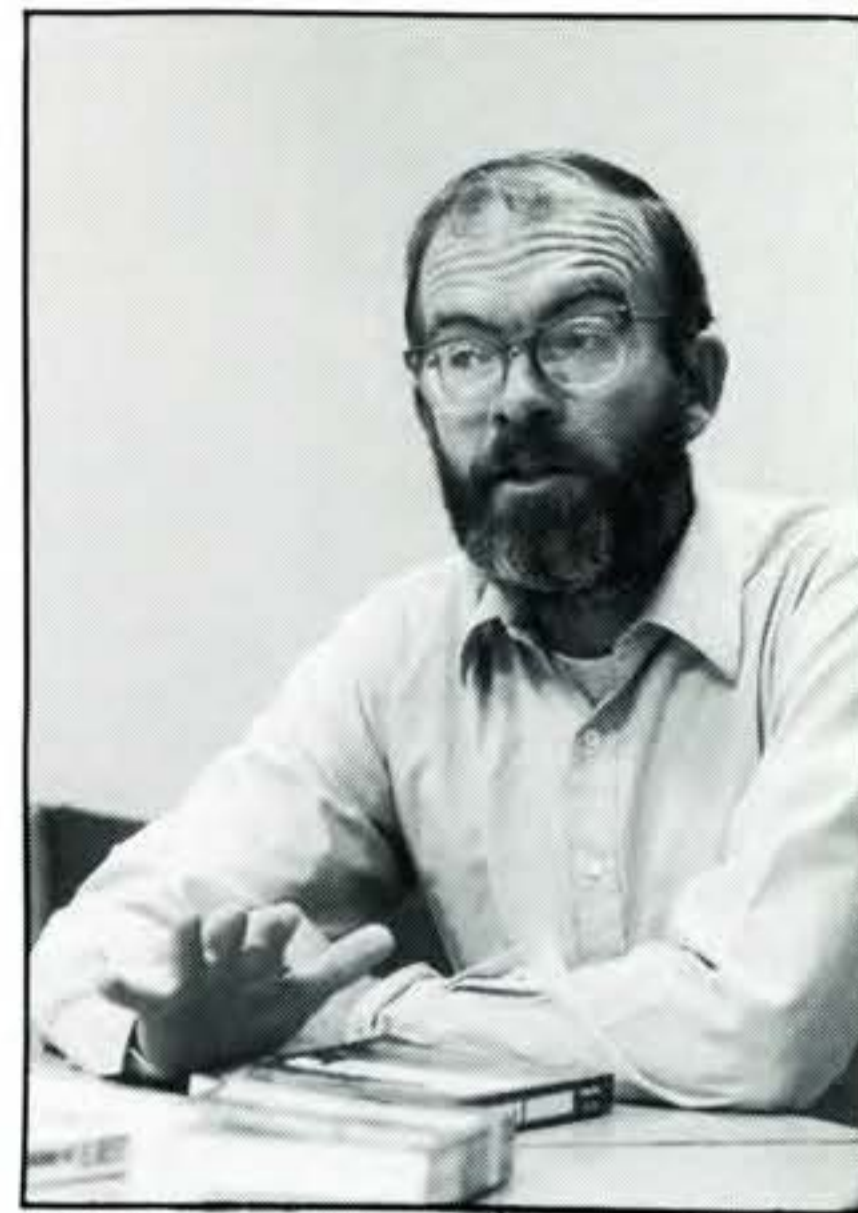
"So the answer to that, of course, was carpentry," he said dryly, lighting his smoke.

He still looked for planning jobs, from Alaska to Texas, and received some favorable responses. But he also realized he wasn't interested in leaving Bellingham.

"That's when I decided to apply my planning skills to community problems through small business."

Johnson said at that time he recognized that the Fairhaven Historical District had become severed from its roots as a maritime center. "Fairhaven is a good place for boats," he noted.

He began looking for small steps the district could take to revitalize the waterfront in order to establish cash flow needed for the historical district's improvements. Johnson's research showed him that the recreation industry was swelling nationwide, and that water recreation was at the crest of that wave.



Bob Keller, Johnson's campaign manager.

He brought a couple of plans he'd developed to the Port of Bellingham in early 1981. One featured ideas on how the port and city could work together to develop Fairhaven's waterfront for recreation. The other involved forming a non-profit organization for small boat recreation.

"I was laughed out the door," Johnson said matter-of-factly, dropping his cigarette butt and scuffing it out on the concrete.

Undaunted, he took a few of his rowboats and got permission to operate a rental business out of Boulevard Park for the summer of 1983. After he'd convinced the Port of Bellingham he meant business, they rented him the small shack and waterfront where he's been running his rental business for the past two years. He helped form a corporation, now Fairhaven Boatworks, which is yet another small step Johnson hopes will help revitalize the Fairhaven waterfront.

In all his research and planning, Johnson had made working contacts with politicians and government agencies at the city, county, state and federal levels.

"I thought to myself, 'Why can't all these people see?' The inevitable answer to that is that they're the wrong people."

Johnson said what he saw was a basic disagreement regarding economic development in the Bellingham area. He said local politicians are ever looking for big industry to solve the problems of the local economy.

"I kept continually seeing for Bellingham that our asset was the quality of the community, the beauty of the natural environment and the variety of recreational opportunities. And, relatively speaking, the cultural diversity, with the college and the county. None of those are addressed by big industry."

A clean-shaven man in his forties stepped into the shop carrying a windsurf board.

"You fixin' that boat, Tip?"

"You bet," Johnson answered, wiping down the pontoon with a cloth.

"What's wrong with it?"

"It danced off a trailer. I can just see it bouncing across a parking lot . . . scrunch, scrunch, scrunch . . ." Johnson said, then continued his story.

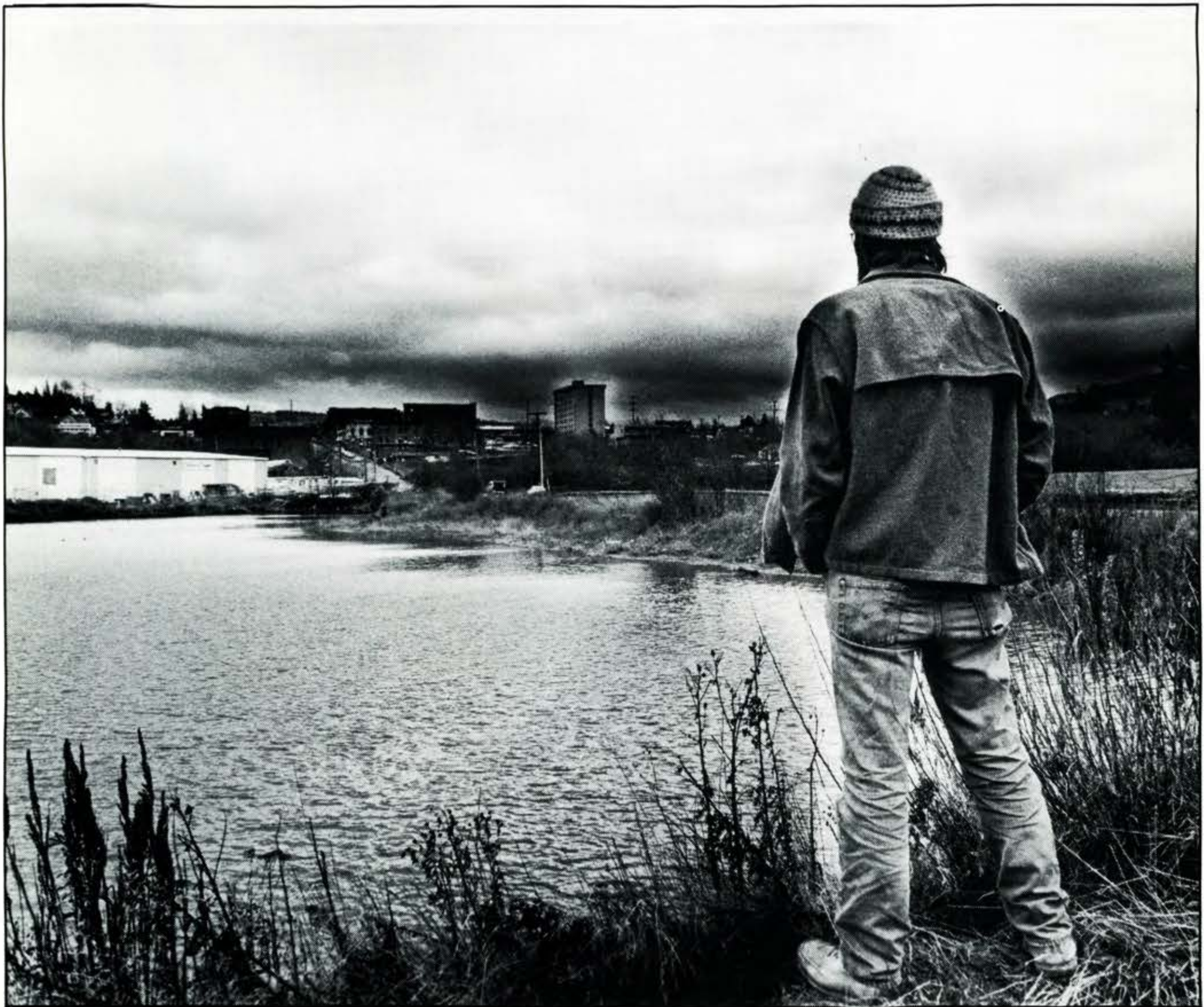
"So, in midsummer, a group of concerned neighborhood people from the sixth ward sat me down one morning in the Fairhaven Restaurant, asked me if I had any outstanding arrests and convictions," he said straightfaced, "and then asked me if I wanted to run for city council.

"I said, 'No way, too much work.'" He smiled and recalled his hesitancy as "a lingering sense of futility. I think a lot of people have felt futility in working with

government. I still do to some extent. But," he added, "there's no other way." The locals pointed out his chances of winning. Johnson thought more about it, and they finally convinced him to run.

Johnson donned a blue down jacket over his sweater. "Sure is nice 'n' warm in here. That's what I like about this place." Before he walked over to help his partner at the workbench, Johnson summed up his political drive.

"I guess you'd have to call me a nambsy-pambsy do-gooder with some sense of moral responsibility to my community." □



Tip Johnson contemplates the future of the Fairhaven Historical District.

SLIDE-SAVING THE NIGHT AWAY

■ By John G. Purcell

Photo by John Atkinson

"Ever since I was a young boy . . .

The three weary travelers were holed up in a Forks, Washington motel. The campground at Klahowyan was still partly-covered with snow (it was March), so they stayed at the motel, the cheapest in Forks. The room was a box, one small white bedroom and one small bathroom, a bed and television with cable. The Academy Awards show was a bit long and very dull, and the movie on cable was a silly love story with Dudley Moore and Natassia Kinski, which did not make sense to the travelers. So they trekked across Highway 101 and walked into one of those small burger joints, the kind that sells a lot of ice cream stuff, too.

Inside, they saw a couple of tables, a couple of locals and a couple of Forks police officers. But in the corner, not too far from the front door was a beautiful, old, **Kiss** pinball machine. It was turned off, so one of the travelers flipped the

toggle switch underneath the machine on the right side. Immediately, it lit up, and with the ringing of bells, sprang to life. They pushed their hands into their pockets and felt the hard, reeded edges of quarters. The evening was saved.

I played the silver ball . . .

These travelers were desperate, but they need not have been. Good pinball can still be found quite readily in any hometown. It survived the video revolution to eddy in bus stations, bowling alleys, convenience stores and taverns. Bellingham is no exception.

Older pinball machines, like **Kiss**, usually end up in out-of-the-way places, and are generally 5-ball machines, unlike the modern 3-ball models. They have the old-style, "clicking" counters and bell-noises, and are rarely able to register scores over 99,999. In fact, on an old machine, a good game would turnover the score counters, scoring more than 100,000. On a new machine, the same game would have to be played for half an hour. Good luck.

Pinball had developed through the years in stages, as innovations introduced in new machines one year became standard features the next. Pinball started with two, and then went to four possible players. In the early-to-mid '70s, the newest pinball machines had LED scoring. Most had sports or adventure themes, such as

Slapshot, or **Matahari**. A few had specialty themes. **Captain Fantastic** was a classic machine from this period. It was named after the Elton John record, and it had him on the scoreboard. At that time, a game was a dime, three games for a quarter. And pinball was king.

From Soho down to Brighton . . .

About 1976, the first games with electronic sounds were introduced. They sounded like the soundtrack to the "Phantom of the Opera," full of dramatic, science-fiction beeps and blurps. The machines were getting more complicated to play, and more expensive. Pinball was now two for a quarter, or even "1 quarter, 1 play. 2 quarters, 3 plays."

Some machines became wider, most even more intricate. The scores were inflated higher and higher, until what used to be a great score on an old machine was a lousy score on a new one. Progress.

Around the time **Defender**, **Asteroids**, **Missile Command** and the like began invading arcades and bowling alleys, a revolutionary new pinball game arrived. It was called **Black Night**, and it was the first bi-level pinball machine, one of the first with "multiball," one of the first with "magnasave," and one of the first that talked to the player. Jim Maruska, a pinball veteran, remembers **Black Night** well. "**Black Night** was a neat machine. It was



challenging. You can't play it when you're on your lips (drunk). Of the double-level machines, two ever really did anything, **Black Hole** and **Black Night**."

Black Night had an upper platform, which was, perhaps, the upper third of the table. The plunger sent the ball up on this platform initially, and a pair of mini-flippers helped keep it up there. Eventually, it would slip down between the mini-flippers onto the main playing surface. Above the flipper buttons, on the side of the table, were two red "magnasave" buttons. Saves were accumulated as credits while playing the game. If the ball were to go down an outside lane, a save could be used to arrest its motion. **Black Knight** had three locks, in which balls could be parked and held, and another would pop out onto the plunger. If all the three locks were filled, the machine would pause, let out a low hum, and then ominously begin to count down, "5-4-3-2-1." At zero, all hell would break loose. All three balls in lock would float down, and the player

would have to deal with them all at once. While three balls were in play, everything hit scored triple; two balls, double.

After **Black Night**, few notable new features were added to machines. Triple-level machines emerged, **Black Hole**, and combination video-pinball monstrosities, **Pac-Man**, **Haunted House** and **Cave Man**. **Pac-Man** made you play **Pac-Man** in the middle of your pinball game. **Haunted House** and **Cave Man** forced ridiculous

video games on you at the most crucial time. Pinball was in decline; video had taken over.

I must have played them all . . .

Certain machines became notorious for different reasons. **Black Night** because it was new and different. **Flash Gordon**, inspired by the awful movie of the same name, was covered in chrome and lights. A good game could potentially blind a person. Unfortunately, good games were few and far between, because the ramp descending from the upper level was very steep, and sent the ball shooting through the middle of the flipper area. **Flash** and his friends represented pinball's disco era.

Cheetah, at Sun Villa Lanes in Bellevue, was famous for a different reason. The tilt mechanism was broken, so the machine could be moved around quite a bit. The era of the "slide save" was born. Lines formed to play the machine. After a while, the manager caught on and pulled the machine. The linoleum under the legs had worn through in two u-shaped grooves from all the slide-saving.

The BBA (Bellevue Bowling Alley, actually Belle Lanes) had several notable machines. **Flight 2000**, a hybrid from the



Cybernaut typifies modern pinball art: scantily clad women and sci-fi themes.

pre-dual-level era, was broken in one important way. If you kicked the coin box right, not too hard, ten credits would pop up on the scoreboard, \$2.50 worth. Also, the legendary **Freefall** would be packed with players and observers, shouting "EB!" (Extra Ball) and "Go for the special!" **Freefall** was the Elysian Fields--heaven. It was like the famous sports car of old, a '57 T-bird or something like that. It was part of the Golden Age of Pinball. Pericles and Athenas. Tracy and Hepburn. Sonny and Cher. **Freefall** and time to kill.

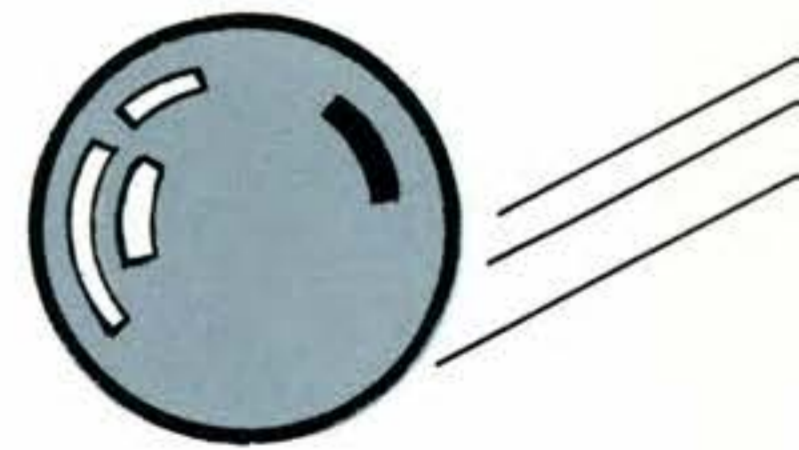
But I ain't see nothing like him . . .

One of the places in this town a prospective pinballer can go is Dick's Tavern on Holly Street. You just might find Maruska at one of the machines. He is an avid player, has been for a long time, and on one particular Sunday, he set the high score on **Eight Ball Deluxe**: 2,079,950. At one time that day, he had 11 credits racked up on that machine. He likes pinball, and is definitely good at it. "I'll play it a hell of a lot, whenever I stop at a tavern."

Pinball for Maruska began back in elementary school in Yankton, South Dakota, in the days when kids were

allowed in lounges. "They used to set me in there, give me a can of pop and some nickels and leave me." These machines were not the high tech machines of today, but gambling machines which paid off winnings and had no flippers. They were a lot like the little plastic ones kids once had as toys, but nickel operated. "Remember the old gambling machines, Gibby?" he calls to another patron in the bar. Gibby remembers. Both Gibby and Maruska agree, the last of the gambling machines disappeared over fifteen years ago.

in any amusement hall . . .



Eight Ball Deluxe is a classic machine, and is one of the easiest to understand. The one at Dick's Tavern is a limited edition, because it has a different scoreboard, and because "Limited Edition" is printed on it. Free games are awarded 600,000 and 1,100,000 points. When standing idle, it says things like "Stop talking and start chalking." When a game begins, it says, "Chalk up." The voice is almost a Western drawl; it could be the pool-playing cowpoke depicted on the scoreboard.

The object of the game is to knock down all seven pool ball targets on the right side of the game, and then hit the eight ball in the "corner pocket." Doing so lights the "D-E-L-U-X-E" targets on the right side. Hit all these, and you've won a free game. **Eight Ball** also has "A-B-C-D" lanes which, when all passed through, will knock down a couple of targets for you. On the left side is a relatively meaningless upper flipper, and a rollover lane that will score an extra ball on the fifth rollover, and a free game on the sixth. The eight ball shot is where the skill comes in. It's tucked away and only the right angle will hit it. Maruska's strategy involves the left lane.

"I hit the rollover on the side. It's an easy shot. I just keep doin' it."

Pinball in Bellingham is relegated to taverns, game rooms and a few other sites. "In a tavern, you won't find the new pinball machines," says Maruska. "They will be out at Birch Bay, or in the Grotto. In places where you have live music, you don't see good pinball."

This may explain why the machine at Buck's Tavern is lacking. It has some painted targets, and occasionally swallows quarters without delivering games. It's called **Jacks to Open**, and the purpose of the game is difficult to ascertain.

And it's the atmosphere. It can't be too fancy. "People who play pinball don't order rum and Coke," says Maruska.

The Grotto game room in the Viking Union has four pinball machines and offers six free games to the weekly high scorer on each one. **Black Pyramid** is difficult to understand, but **Captain Hook** is good and very colorful. It plays "Blow the Man Down" upon receiving a quarter. The upper flipper on the left is weak, and should be avoided. **Eight Ball Deluxe** and **Space Shuttle** complete the collection.

The Fairhaven game room has a **Gorgar** machine, which bellows "Me Gorgar, BEAT ME!" It looks better than it plays. Lee's Pub, on Bay Street, a tiny little place, has a **Galaxy**, a relatively older machine. The bonus is measured in planets. Knocking down three targets advances the planet value; Mercury is worth 5,000 points, Venus 10,000, and so on up to Pluto, which is worth 40,000.

pinballers as the machine with the Fallopian tubes. It makes these little moans and groans and talks in a seductive, female voice. Acrylic tubes run across the top, under glass, through which the ball sometimes rushes during play. A futuristic female visage stares at you from the back. It's all very symbolic.

Pinball is a skill, and it takes practice to be good. And, just like any other game, becomes more enjoyable as a person gets better. "Most people just hit it," explains Maruska. "You can aim. You can have a lot more fun once you realize you can aim."

Real joy can result from hitting the special for the first time on a new machine, or breaking a high score, or just having a good ball. Real anger can result when these things don't happen. That's how a machine gets thrashed, and people ejected from the premises.

After one and a half hours of pinball, Maruska thinks about why he plays. "Why do I play?" He smiles and thinks some more. It's a tough question, like asking a mountain climber why he climbs. "You either win it yourself, or you lose it yourself. It's an individual thing." But he has other reasons. "All it is is a way to waste money and time. But it is fun." Yeah, that it is. □



That deaf, dumb and blind kid . . .

20th Century Lanes has a game called **Cybernaut**, which you need 1,500,000 points to break. It features an acrylic tube which carries the ball back to the plunger when the left lane is entered with a little velocity. This one talks too, but it's tough to hear with the Sunday Mixers bowling it up in the background.

The Beaver Inn Tavern has a mini-game room, complete with two machines, **Space Shuttle** and **Blackout**. **Blackout** is a rarity, as it has five balls per game. It has lots to shoot at, and a nice loud clack when a free game is awarded. **Space Shuttle** is a good machine, but it drains easily on the left side. Beware.

Sure plays a mean pinball."

Besides **Eight Ball**, Dick's also has **Alien Poker**, which is just as likely to be out of order as in. **Alien Poker** features dual-flippers on the right side, and a curious s-shaped path, through which the plunger shoots the ball. It makes very loud space noises, and says, "**Alien Poker, you deal.**" The scoreboard shows ugly aliens playing cards.

Xenon is a wide-bodied machine, located at Glo's Greyhound Cafe. People play this one while waiting for the 4:10 to Seattle to board. **Xenon** is known by many



Flashbacks on the



■ By Bruce Vanderpool
Illustrations by Pat Manning

It has been five years since the man who gave peace a chance was gunned down. His name: John Lennon. His killer: alter ego, Mark David Chapman. The night: Monday, December 8, 1980. A night many will remember . . .

An event of this magnitude, an assassination or an international crisis, such as Pearl Harbor, etches itself into one's memory as if it were a photograph—a photograph clear in the middle, but fuzzy around its edges. According to the 1982 book, "Memory Observed," by Ulric Neisser, a Cornell psychology professor, such a phenomenon is known as "flashbulb memory." With flashbulb memories, people remember, in detail, not just the event, but what they were doing at the time they heard the news.

Esquire magazine, in 1973, asked a number of famous people—Julia Child, Tony Randall, Billy Graham, and others—where they were ten years earlier when John Kennedy was murdered. All remembered.

On the fateful day that Lennon was shot, Western student Troy Gudmundson was busy playing pool with his friend, Tom. It was around 4 p.m., Monday. Gudmundson had a big biology test to study for the next day, and he was looking for any excuse he could to put off studying. He and Tom alternated shots at the table. In the background, a radio hummed, and the sound of the Beatles'

"Get Back" made its waves through the air. Both were Beatles freaks, and grooved to the sound. It was the last time they would hear a Beatles song while Lennon was still alive.

Shortly after that, Gudmundson left Tom's house and decided to get the brakes checked on his 1972 baby-blue Courier. Anything to keep him from studying bio.

Gudmundson finally made it home around 6 p.m. He went downstairs to the family recreation room and put a copy of "Double Fantasy" on the turntable. He listened to both sides while studying. The record finished, and the room was silent for 5 to 10 minutes. The phone rang, and Gudmundson answered. At the same time, Gudmundson's younger brother, Todd, who was watching television, came into the room to tell his brother something urgent. Gudmundson snapped at his brother, "Not now, Todd, I'm on the phone." Then, as if simulcasted in stereo, Gudmundson received the news from both his brother and his friend, Tom, who was on the phone, at the same time: "John Lennon is dead."

Gudmundson was crushed. "Fuck biology," he thought. His body trembled, and he could see his hands shake with unknown fear. He spent the rest of the night talking about John Lennon with his mom and brother. He did not go to school the next day.

Saturday, December 6: Mark David Chapman, 25, arrives in New York City

from Honolulu, where he lives. He checks into a \$16.50-a-night room at a YMCA, just nine blocks from the Dakota, the home of John Lennon. Later the same day, Chapman is seen for the first time loitering near the Dakota . . .

Christopher Vonnegut, who now works at Puget Power in Bremerton, was sitting at home watching television. He had just put his one-year-old son, Sean, (named after Lennon's second son) to bed. His wife, Bernice, was in New Orleans on a business trip. He was alone with the television. At 8:30 p.m., a news bulletin flashed: "John Lennon has been shot." Stunned, Vonnegut got up and turned off the glowing mass. "Maybe the radio will have more information," he thought. As soon as he flicked on the radio switch, "Instant Karma" by John Lennon leaped into the silent air. "Oh my God, he's dead," Vonnegut told himself.

"What struck me most was I realized my own mortality," Vonnegut reflected. "Here I had grown up with the Beatles, and to me they represented youth forever. When Lennon was killed, I suddenly felt older."

Sunday, December 7: Chapman moves from the YMCA to a luxurious \$82-a-day room at the Sheraton Center, which is further downtown than the YMCA. Chapman spends the rest of the day hanging around the Dakota . . .

Paddy Ryan, currently a DJ at KUGS radio, was sitting at home in Seattle. He was listening to FM radio station, KISW.

death of John Lennon



About 8:30 p.m., DJ Steve Slaton read a memo from the wire. Slaton's voice trembled, "John Lennon has been shot and killed." Ryan could tell Slaton couldn't believe the words coming out of his own mouth. Ryan recalls Slaton weeping on the air; people started to phone to tell him it was all right or how they felt about the tragedy. Their calls were played live on the air—uncensored. One guy said "It's fucking awful. Oh, sorry, I didn't mean to say that on the air, but you know what I mean."

As Ryan put it, "It was a night when you could say fuck on the radio."

Monday, December 8, 5 p.m.: Chapman and Lennon meet. Chapman and an amateur photographer, Paul Goresh, have been waiting outside the Dakota for several hours hoping to get a glimpse of Lennon. Lennon and his wife, Yoko Ono, finally emerge and are on their way to the Record Plant Studios (on West 44th Street) to do some finishing touches on Yoko's song, "Walking on Thin Ice." Chapman timidly approaches Lennon and holds out a copy of "Double Fantasy" for Lennon to autograph. Lennon scrawls, "John Lennon 1980" on the record's cover. Goresh snaps a picture . . .

Dan Bennett, a Western student, was at home watching Monday Night Football. The game was between the Miami Dolphins and the New England Patriots. In Bennett's right hand was a mountain fresh Rainier; the game had just gone into overtime at a 13-13 deadlock. Then came Howard Cosell's voice: "John Lennon has been shot." It was 9:45 p.m. Bennett said

he was stunned, but he couldn't pull himself away from such a good game. The Dolphins won 16-13.

Monday, December 8, 10:50 p.m.: The Lennons arrive back at the Dakota from the Record Plant Studios. Their limousine drops them off at the curb. Yoko gets out first with Lennon trailing a few steps behind. As Lennon passes under an ornate archway of the Dakota, a voice calls out from five feet behind him. Before Lennon can react, Chapman opens fire with .38 special—four shots hit Lennon's back and left shoulder. Lennon staggers six steps and collapses into the doorman's office.

Chapman drops the gun. The doorman kicks it away. Yoko cradles Lennon's head in her arms. The dazed doorman asks Chapman, "Do you know what you just did?" Chapman says calmly, "I just shot John Lennon." The police arrive immediately. Chapman is thumbing through a copy of J.D. Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye . . ."

Western student Peter Huckle remembered how he and a friend, Nancy Gemmell, used to tease a guy from their high school named David Coon. Coon was a loner type who often carried around copies of John Lennon and Yoko Ono records. This was before Lennon was killed.

The night Lennon was shot, Huckle was lying in his bed. The room was dark except for the glowing amber of the clock radio. The announcer said, "John Lennon's been shot and killed." The only

thing Huckle could think of was David Coon. He had teased Coon about Lennon, and now Lennon was dead.

The joke seemed cruel.

The next day Huckle didn't know how to react. There was Coon; he looked devastated.


Monday, December 8, minutes later: Lennon is semiconscious and bleeding severely as he is placed in the back seat of police officer James Moran's patrol car. Moran asks Lennon, "Do you know who you are?" Lennon can't speak but moans, and nods his head as if to say yes.

At Roosevelt Hospital, 15 blocks away from the Dakota, Lennon is pronounced dead on arrival.

Elizabeth Parker, now at Western, was in the army, stationed at Fort Lewis, near Tacoma. She and a friend, Pam, were getting stoned and listening to FM radio station KZOK. Parker was in the middle of a bong hit as the DJ announced, "John Lennon had been shot and killed." Parker thought, "Bullshit, this is some kind of a bad joke." A few more songs went by, and the DJ repeated the same message.

This time it hit home. Lennon was Parker's favorite Beatle. She and Pam started crying.

The next day, they attended a vigil for Lennon at Point Defiance Park in Tacoma. About 25 or 30 people showed up—some brought candles, others brought joints. The weather matched the mood, Parker recalled. It was cold, rainy and damp. □



RECYCLING THAT THROW HABIT

■ By John Pavitt

Photos by John Atkinson

"Yesterday's news is tomorrow's fish-and-chip paper." Elvis Costello

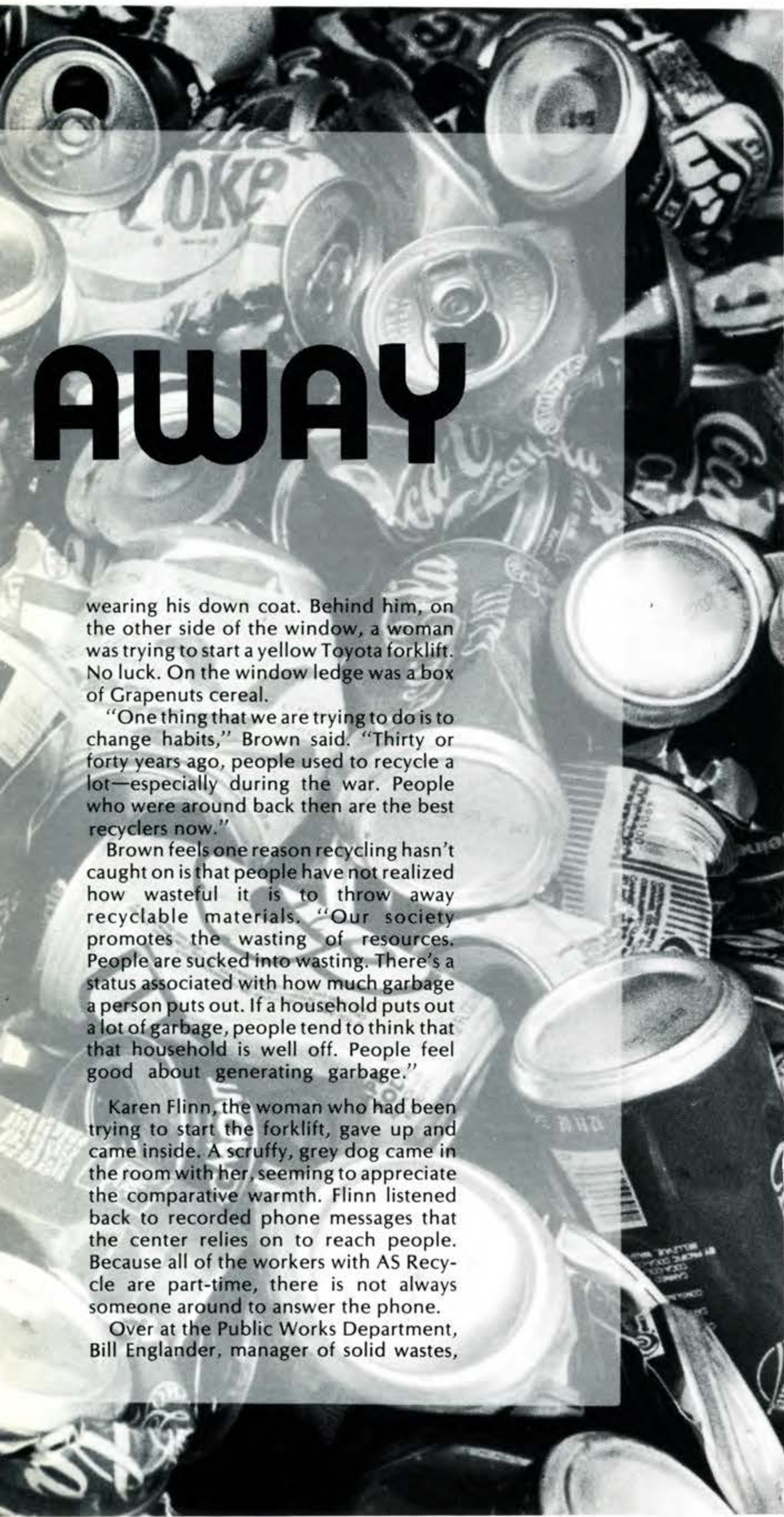
Empty pop cans and stacks of newspaper. Disposable aluminum pie pans and bottles from last night's beer blast. What do these things have in common, besides being the kind of mess likely to get one evicted? All of these—and more—are being eagerly sought by devoted recyclers throughout Bellingham.

In March, 1985, a curbside recycling program for seven Bellingham neighborhoods began when the Bellingham Public Works Department awarded a contract to Bellingham Community Recycling. The contract was for a one-year pilot program designed to make recycling easy through curbside collection. The results, gauged in terms of public participation and cost-effectiveness, have been positive, but not overwhelming. Promoting the program has been a battle against the common attitudes that recycling is a hassle, and that once garbage is thrown away there is nothing more to be concerned about.

Bellingham Community Recycling grew out of the Associated Students recycling program at Western. Jeff Brown, director of BCR, said that AS Recycle was getting requests from neighborhood action groups to recycle in their areas. With a limited staff and budget, AS Recycle just could not keep up with the demand. BCR was formed to meet the need, and at first, it had to depend on motivated groups of volunteers from community organizations, such as CISPES. They could make up to a hundred bucks for their group with a day's work collecting and selling recyclables.

"We were making a profit back then," Brown said, "but only because the labor was free. If you figured out how much money the student and neighborhood groups were raising for themselves, it would amount to a very low wage per hour."

The door was closed in the only heated room of the AS Recycle dropoff center. Brown was at ease. BCR and AS Recycle share some of the facilities and equipment at the converted house at 519 21st Street, just south of campus. "It's your basic, unheated house," he said with a shrug. Brown sat on the table, still



AWAY

wearing his down coat. Behind him, on the other side of the window, a woman was trying to start a yellow Toyota forklift. No luck. On the window ledge was a box of Grapenuts cereal.

"One thing that we are trying to do is to change habits," Brown said. "Thirty or forty years ago, people used to recycle a lot—especially during the war. People who were around back then are the best recyclers now."

Brown feels one reason recycling hasn't caught on is that people have not realized how wasteful it is to throw away recyclable materials. "Our society promotes the wasting of resources. People are sucked into wasting. There's a status associated with how much garbage a person puts out. If a household puts out a lot of garbage, people tend to think that that household is well off. People feel good about generating garbage."

Karen Flinn, the woman who had been trying to start the forklift, gave up and came inside. A scruffy, grey dog came in the room with her, seeming to appreciate the comparative warmth. Flinn listened back to recorded phone messages that the center relies on to reach people. Because all of the workers with AS Recycle are part-time, there is not always someone around to answer the phone.

Over at the Public Works Department, Bill Englander, manager of solid wastes,

agreed that most people just do not get excited about recycling. Englander is trying to turn that around.

"The moral side of the question isn't convincing enough. It will take profitable economics for recycling to really succeed. Unfortunately, it doesn't pay for itself completely. But it's also true that disposal doesn't pay for itself."

Seated in his small, rectangular office on the second floor of City Hall, Englander was sorting through a pile of paperwork on his desk. He pulled a few sheets from the pile, placing them in a box marked "Recyclable Paper" behind him.

"One of my jobs is to put the word 'recycling' in front of as many peoples' eyes as possible. It's a psychological standpoint; I'm trying to change their behavior," said Englander. He realizes that he has to get their attention first.

"I wake them up with a baseball bat, but then I need to follow that up with education. People may care about recycling but they won't do anything unless they are given a way to help." Englander's efforts at public education have included starting a newsletter, *EcoLogic*, writing messages that are placed on utility bills, maintaining a household toxic waste hotline, and speaking at meetings all over town. Last November, he was part of a discussion group for Western's Environmental Center conference on toxic waste.

With 10 to 30 percent of the people along the routes participating in the curbside program, both Englander and Brown would like to get more people in the habit of saving their recyclable materials for pick up. "It depends on the neighborhood," Brown said. "We're surprised that people are going to the effort of saving up their materials for a month. The way the program is run now, it really takes a lot of commitment."

A new test program, in which two neighborhoods will have weekly pick up of recyclables on the same day as garbage pick up, may prove to be an answer to the current limited participation. In fact, BCR would like to go city-wide with a weekly curbside pick up. That may be a long way off.

With increasing numbers, Bellingham residents are choosing to recycle, but many seem a little confused about how to go about doing it. Self-guiding signs at the drop-off center tell what to recycle in large black and red letters.

The test program may help solve one difficulty. "There's a problem with households knowing which day their street is serviced," Englander said. "People have been taking the reminder-stickers given out by BCR and putting them on their bags of newspaper out on



It takes nature a million years to break down a beer bottle, but the recycling center can do it in a matter of minutes.

the curbs. They never realized that the stickers were supposed to go on their calendars."

When the test program starts in January, 1986, two thousand households in two neighborhoods will have weekly curbside pick up. Of the two, the South Hill neighborhood has had the best record for recycling, while Sunnyland will be a new addition. In all, eight neighborhoods will be serviced, comprising about one-half of all Bellingham residents.

"If 40 percent of the households participated in the program, that would make a difference of a couple of thousand tons of

waste. Over a year that would be the equivalent of a month's worth of garbage collection that wouldn't have to be picked up by Sanitary Service," said Brown.

Shivering in a photograph on the wall was Charlie Chaplin—The Tramp—providing a grim reminder on this cold morning that winter weather had set in.

"Hey, we're just like the postal service," joked Mat McClinton, one of the AS recycling crew. "We work in the snow." He was warming his feet by the small electric heater after a couple hour's work sorting paper. Sometimes, collecting paper and

bottles and cans from campus can get tiring for McClinton. Students will throw all sorts of junk in the collection barrels, making it harder to sort out.

"It's the out-of-sight, out-of-mind attitude," said Flinn. "People just toss their garbage and think that's all there is to it. We really need to work on getting the message across of what recycling is all about."

Brown sees his recycling organization as part of the Bellingham community. "We consider ourselves a community activist organization," he said. "We're very interested in education, going to the schools, publicizing the issues." On one of the walls were some drawings made by school children who visited the AS Recycle dropoff center. One drawing read, "Thank you for telling us which can to put the cans in."

Karen Brose, a student at Western who works for AS Recycle and BCR, sees the community link directly. Brose supervises young offenders from Whatcom County Juvenile Probation, from Youth Diversion (organized to divert offenders out of the court system), and from Catholic Community Services. All of the juveniles sent to her are working off past offenses through community service. "I think it is an excellent way to integrate their community service work with the needs of the center and the needs of the community," Brose said.

The city is trying to make recycling more attractive to residents by allowing Sanitary Service Company to offer bi-monthly and monthly garbage collection at a reduced charge, effective Jan. 1, 1986. People who save recyclables tend to have less garbage.

The new option may encourage some people to recycle, but Sanitary Service could offer bigger savings on garbage bills. Brown is not satisfied with the new service charges because they would not reflect the effort made by participants. Rates for households with bi-monthly collection will be \$5.60 a month compared to the \$6.79 a month paid by households with weekly collection. For monthly collection, the charge will be \$5.08. City taxes will add about 50 cents to the new rates.

Englander sees a side benefit to the new rates, regardless of their effect on recycling. "They would also benefit senior citizens, most of whom live in one of two-person households and don't have much garbage," he said.

Englander is using "every available low-cost medium" to advertise curbside recycling to Bellingham residents. It takes a lot of effort, and he has learned from his mistakes. "When I first started printing messages (on the utility bills), I would put too much information. It was more confusing than helpful. Now I try to come up with catchy slogans that people can

remember, like: 'Support recycling. The alternative is a terrible waste.'

Other key factors that Englander stresses are litter, jobs, money in the pocket, energy savings and natural resource depletion.

The message sometimes gets garbled. "There's an advertisement that I put in the (Bellingham) Herald—it's a great conversation piece. It was about recycling, and it read: Let's *now* throw it away. It was supposed to read: let's *not*!" he laughed.

Funding for the curbside program's first year came from a \$23,000 Public Works contract, after the City Council made a resolution to reduce Bellingham's solid waste by 25 percent. Brown thinks that the curbside program is worth the cost to the city. "Recycling is cost-effective. Consider garbage pickup in Bellingham. You have collection of the waste, which costs \$80 a ton, and disposal, which costs \$40 a ton. And then there are the environmental costs: ash in the air, use of land, and wasting of resources. Recycling costs \$80 a ton, after we sell the materials, and there are no environmental costs."

One problem facing any recycling program is the availability of markets to buy the materials. Georgia Pacific used to buy mixed paper, which can be used for a variety of low-grade purposes. Now BCR and AS Recycle have to pay to have it hauled away.

Brown thinks that the program could be run for less money if the city would adopt a plan for solid waste management in which recycling was a permanent feature. "We're at a disadvantage," he said. "Since this has been a pilot program, and we don't know how long our funding will continue, we can't go out and buy a truck to replace the one we have—it's a beater, and it just eats gas. We're using the most expensive method to pick up recyclables."

"Our big obstacle . . . is the rate structure for Sanitary Service. They have a virtual monopoly in Bellingham. They have no incentive to reduce cost because they have something called a 'cost-plus contract.' They are allowed a 'reasonable' profit by the city, usually about six or seven percent. They want it to cost a lot. The more money they bring in, the bigger their actual profit," Brown added.

When SS makes more than their allowed profit, they lower rates for everybody the following year. If they don't make a reasonable profit, the rates go up. Recyclers are partially responsible for holding down the costs of garbage collection. In effect, they are subsidizing garbage bills for everyone in Bellingham.

Brown's hands were out of his coat pockets now. Thoroughly warmed up, he gestured with his hands. "When you consider that our program saves money, it

seems that it would pay for itself. Whenever we pull a ton out of the waste stream, we save Sanitary Service money. But those savings don't go back to the people who have been doing the recycling."

What BCR would like to see is a rate that reflects more closely how much garbage people generate, with households that are putting out a lot paying a higher rate per can than households with only one or two cans. This is the same system used by Puget Power for electricity bills; it's incentive to use less.

Another way in which Sanitary Service is shielded from competition is by the length of its contract—15 years with Bellingham. When its contract is up in 1989, Brown doubts that any other company will be able to match the investments SS has made in equipment.

The one-year contract with BCR will expire in February. For 1986, BPW has proposed a three percent tax on Sanitary Services' gross revenue. Money raised from that would be split between BCR's curbside program and maintaining Englander's Hazardous Waste and Resource Education office within BPW.

"We need to find an ongoing funding source—something acceptable to the politicians and the public," Englander said.

Although recycling makes sense for Bellingham, analyzing the benefits from the year-old program is not so straightforward. "It's hard to add savings into a formula," Englander said. "It's hard to put numbers to benefits like reduced pollution and a longer life for the incinerator and for garbage trucks." He does have a

perspective on the broader problems. "Recycling helps to stop the depletion of our natural resources. The problem affects the whole earth. It's not just of one piece of typing paper. What we're trying to do is to slow down the waste, and then reverse the trend."

Perhaps the biggest obstacle for recyclers is the "so what?" response. Ask someone to walk twenty feet to throw their empty pop can in a recycling collector, and they're liable to tell you to mind your own business. Let them know that it takes nature 100 years to reduce a tin can to rust, an aluminum can 500 years, and that a beer bottle requires one million years to break down; the response is likely to be "so what?"

There are certain attitudes that characterize recyclers. They enjoy what they're doing. Brose will often volunteer a few hours to address newsletters or to do some extra clean up. Heidi Hawkins, formerly of The M.O.'s, recorded a new public service announcement to be aired on KUGS, because she thought it was time to replace AS Recycle's old one. "Recycle or Die!" it bellows. Once they become involved, recyclers stay with it, encouraging others to do their part.

For recycling to really start happening, it will take a turn-around of attitudes, money in the pocket, and convenience. For some devoted recyclers, it has only taken a few moments of thought to change a lifestyle.

McClinton works part-time for AS Recycle to help pay for his tuition at Western. "I've had jobs before that were just jobs. This job means something—it's a good cause." □



Stefan Freeman, coordinator of A.S. Recycling, does his bit for recycling.



R. SELENE

COMBAT

ON

MAIN STREET

living with war

■ By Charlie Siderius

An old-style, grey Mercedes beeps its shrill horn, avoiding a pedestrian and nearly running onto a curb. A woman on an apartment balcony, seven stories up, hangs her laundry out to dry. Down the street at the Orly Theater, Rambo is showing. Somewhere distant, a gun fires.

Normal. Normal is a word with many meanings for Lebanon's young. Normal means going to school today because the fighting is two blocks farther away than the day before. Normal is a generation raised on war—a generation of strangers to peace.

When he was ten, civil unrest was new; when he was twenty, it was a way of life. Ibrahim Azhussaini (Rahiem), 23, a Western computer science student, left Beirut less than three years ago. He grew up there, and in Kuwait. His parents are now in Kuwait, waiting to return to Lebanon. His uncles, aunts, cousins and friends remain in Beirut.

Sitting in his Bellingham studio apartment, he speaks, with a friendly smile, of a war-torn homeland. Above his desk, a purple and white-striped bulletin board displays a collage of photos of family and friends. From his door handle, an army-green back pack hangs—purpose unfulfilled.

Ten years ago, when Beirut was still relatively trouble-free, it was a modern, Middle Eastern city. Tourism was booming. Jet-airliners landed by the minute at the Beirut International Airport. From the air, at night, city lights stood out like jewels on the edge of the black Mediterranean water. Traffic was as congested as that of any city, and Paris high fashions beckoned young women from behind storefront glass.

Today, from mountain suburbs of Beirut, the city at night is enveloped in darkness. A red streak from a mortar or the pin-like wisp of a tracer bullet occasionally accents the darkness on its way to a target of momentary importance; a distant pair of car lights weaves its way through the maze of rubble once recognizable as the buildings and streets of pre-war Beirut.

For Lebanon's young, looking down on the darkness and living with the sporadic fighting are life in Beirut. When someone knocks at the door and says the water will be cut off for three days, that's life too. The standard reaction, Rahiem says laughing, is to collect all the containers in the house and go down the street and look for water.

Electricity can be a problem, too. If you live in an apartment building more than a few floors high, you must walk all the way up the stairs, he said, throwing his head back, mimicking exhaustion.

The last months he spent in Beirut, in 1982, Rahiem attended classes at the American University of Beirut (AUB). The university's campus is on the edge of the water, a few blocks from the American Embassy, now destroyed and abandoned. Embassy employees, AUB students, American bank people, and American high school students once played in a fast-pitch softball league on a campus

field which overlooked the sea. University students walked under the Corniche, the main boulevard, through a tunnel by right-field and swam in the Mediterranean.

Before the war, the university was staffed mostly by American faculty. Now, the faculty is mostly Arab and is understaffed. The few Americans that remain are haunted by fears of being kidnapped or killed as some of their colleagues were.

Since AUB is in West Beirut, it is Moslem controlled. Rahiem said few Christians try to go to the university anymore. "It's far too dangerous for them now." The country has become almost completely divided into Christian and Moslem sectors. In Beirut, the East is Christian; the West is Moslem. When speaking of the rest of his country, where he is no longer welcome, a regretful tone creeps into his voice, and he grips one of the two pillows on his lap.

"Living in the city, you live by candlelight. You must blacken the windows so snipers don't see."

— Ibrahim Azhussaini

"I remember going skiing in the mountains and swimming on the beaches (in the North). Before, there was no difference. Moslem, Christian, Armenian, it didn't matter. Now it is everything."

The campus has been spared from intense fighting in this ten-year war. But politics and the danger of stray bullets and mortars keep students and faculty away.

Hands in the air in an "I don't know" gesture, Rahiem said, "I never knew from one day to another whether or not we had classes." Rahiem took a servece (a carpool like taxi) to school. Car fare went up from four or five lira in the morning to eight lira at night. After 7 p.m., serveces were impossible to find.

Finding an affordable taxi is not an easy task for Beirut's citizens. If an area is unsafe, drivers won't go there. If an area is safe, drivers will say it's unsafe in order to get more money. Gasoline is expensive and hard to come by. On his last trip to Beirut in 1982, Rahiem said he paid 75 lira (about \$30) for a ride home from the

airport—only a few miles away.

Rahiem's cousin lives in Beirut today. He said she tried to go to AUB but it became too dangerous. He got out a picture of a pretty, American-looking woman of about twenty. He said proudly, "My cousin."

His cousin stays home most of the time. He keeps in touch by writing letters and by calling her when he can get through. "She is very bored—she always wants to know what's happening on Dallas because they only can get it on T.V. once in a while."

Boredom is a way of life in Beirut. When fighting starts, being cooped up in an apartment building starts too. Beirut's television day doesn't start until evening and then not much is on, Rahiem said.

"When there is a cease-fire, everyone rushes out and buys everything they can find. Some try to make a living, but for the young it is hard. That's why some join militias; militias pay at least.

"Living in the city, you live by candlelight. You must blacken the windows so snipers don't see.

"Most of the time, I played towle (backgammon) with my cousins. But that gets boring. There's really nothing to do inside. You stay home all day, but what could you do?" he said in his Lebanese accent. "You are a young man with a lot of time to waste. That's why many young men go out to fight. They are bored. What else is there to do?"

A friend of Rahiem's joined a militia.

"All the neighborhood belonged to this certain militia except him. You know, it's like everybody, his friends were getting on his case. They were bothering his sisters, his mother, because he's not belonging to this militia; because he's not fighting with them. He's not defending what they are defending. So he went along with them. Finally," he shrugged, "he joined."

Another friend joined a militia to defend his family, Rahiem said.

And young or old, they die. Two uncles, a cousin, and numerous friends of Rahiem's were killed in the war. Everyone has a sad story, he said.

"You always hear stories about young people who had to go along with it. They say that the PLO (Palestine Liberation Organization), when the Israelis were coming, they just went on trucks full of weapons and they just distributed them to people to fight. And guess who got excited. You know, the 14 (and) 15-year-olds. They said, 'Rah weapons,' so excited." His voice trailed off into a whisper.

Rahiem has never wanted to join a militia. His parents didn't want him to join either. "I was too small and skinny," he said laughing—looking up as if in thanks for his small frame.

The abundance of weapons in Lebanon is not a myth. "Another sad part is there is a lot of destructive weapons there. And, it's so easy, so cheap to get them. The country is flooded with them.

"Because there is no government, nobody to regulate security, you always hear stories about people fighting. They have a car accident and end up shooting each other." Rahiem has heard a lot of sad stories about weddings that ended in tragedy because people were celebrating by shooting weapons, and they didn't know how to use them. "Somebody dies," he said.

His uncle carries a machine-gun in his car; his cousin wears one. They are in every house and every villa. Guns are everywhere.

In the time before the fighting, Rahiem recalls, with an admitted sentimental bias toward the past, guns were few and the Middle East seemed to smile on Lebanon. Back then, before the fighting began (Aug. 2, 1972), *Time* magazine ran a political cartoon which showed Lebanon as the one island of peace, the negotiator, the friend.

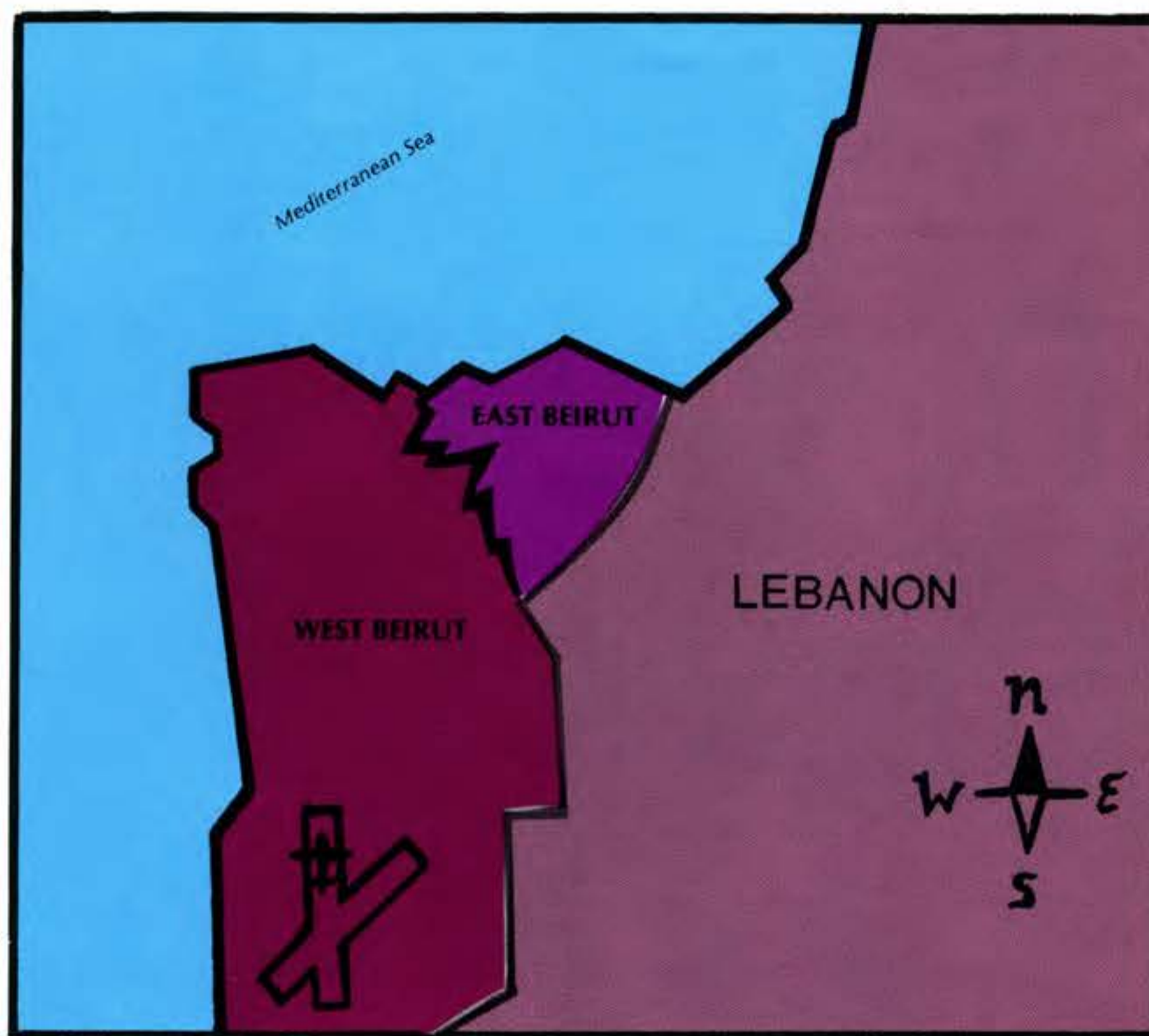
"Before the fighting, the young Lebanese man was known throughout the Middle East as a sort of smiling, smart guy, a good businessman; but, now, unfortunately, his reputation is as a warrior, a savage who goes around killing." The Lebanese youth found themselves involved in a war, and they just had to go along with it, he said sadly.

And with a grin, "I remember when I go back (think back) to my old street, and there's these people who (would) sell produce, and they would scrrream, and you could hear them. That was the most beautiful thing for me, to hear them yelling for their produce in the early morning.

"I used to go to the bakery and fix menaesh (like hot pita bread rolled up with spices). I used to fix it by myself. They (the bakers) used to let us go inside. And my cousin and me used to go to these ice cream places. I remember the streets were so noisy. The cars—everything—was in place. I remember most, it was much more beautiful than it is now."

Beirut's main street, Hamra (meaning red in Arabic, named for Beirut's red dirt), once was the center of fashion. Before the fighting, Hamra, on any given Friday or Saturday night, was bustling. The warm Mediterranean air, which always seemed to blow down Hamra, was a mix of Arabic coffee, exhaust, perfume, car horns, and salty breeze. Traffic was always heavy, and cars barely moved. Young men and boys would peddle newspapers and Chiclets to restless motorists. The string of red lights stretched on, and tempers flared in Arabic and French.

The scene on Hamra is different today. Shops are gutted. Black-market dealers



peddle their goods on sheets spread out on the sidewalks. Young men carry guns in place of, or in addition to, newspapers.

"Everything is cheap there—like good whiskey—it's cheap because there are no taxes to pay. Everything is for sale. They sell VCRs even."

Since there aren't any police, every person is the law, Rahiem said. The black-marketeer selling VCRs probably has a Kalashnikov (a type of machine gun) in his coat.

Some police still keep their stations open, but no one goes to them for anything. "If you get something stolen, you can go to the police, but of course, they won't do anything. Nobody regulates anything. It's like a jungle."

Only the foolish walk around on Hamra at night. Some parts of the city are less dangerous than Hamra at night; others are more dangerous. The safest place is indoors.

The Hotel War zone is one place that is more dangerous than Hamra. It is a no-man's land that was created very early on in the war. The luxury hotels were once concentrated there. In 1975, the Holiday Inn Hotel chain had just completed a 26-story hotel complex overlooking the sea. The new hotel featured an air-conditioned movie theater, Persian rugs in the lobby with chandeliers overhead, a pool, and plush rooms to match the finest anywhere.

A pre-war brochure said, "It offers lingering visitors luxurious apartments with a lovely sea view, right in the middle of the best hotels. Under the same roof,

anyone who chooses to do so can live, indulge in business, exercise a profession, get supplies, eat, drink, and enjoy himself. A dream come true."

The Holiday Inn was strategic for the early fighting of 1975. By 1976, it was a blackened and wrenched mess of broken glass, metal and death. From the outside, black streaks of inverted "Vs" shoot out of the tops of windows, scarring the sides of the white building. Rows of vandalized movie theater seats were strewn along the roads.

The rest of the hotels, where tourists and statesmen stayed or vacationed, fell to similar fates. That was the Hotel War. It lasted about six months. There were uncounted casualties—brave but dead young soldiers.

Rahiem said no one goes to the Hotel War zone anymore. Period. Other places in the city aren't as bad, but safety and survival don't leave the thoughts of Beirut's young.

"At about 6:30 or 7:00 at night, you go home—not because of any official curfew, but because you know there's fighting down the street. The city is just destroyed, (clenching his outstretched fists then opening them exposing his palms). You can feel everybody is tired; the land is tired. You hardly see anybody smile anymore.

"It's my country as far as I'm concerned. I have nothing to do with the war," he said. "I just want to go there and see my relatives, see my friends, hoping they're still alive." □

DESPERATELY SEEKING

WINK

■ By Jon Letman

"Wink who?" —New York

"I'm sorry, you'll have to call ABC in Los Angeles." —Seattle

"Dear Jon . . ." —Los Angeles

It came to me in a dream. A revelation of sorts. It was about 5 in the morning when I leaped out of bed and made a dash for the Seattle phone book. I thumbed through the limp pages of the thick book until I came across the phone number for KOMO-TV. "4-4-3-4-0-0-0," I said out loud. "They should know how to get an interview with Wink Martindale!" I was so excited that I nearly burst out of my Mr. T. pajamas.

The next morning at 9 a.m., I began my pursuit of Wink Martindale, the greatest gameshow host ever.

I called KOMO hoping they could connect me with Wink, but was told to "please hold." As I waited, I thought about how neat it would be to interview my hero. I began to reminisce about the first time I saw Wink Martindale: It was 7 p.m. on a warm, August night. I was sitting in front of the television, flipping through the channels, when I stumbled upon a show called "Tic Tac Dough." Right away, I noticed something extra special about the host of the show. He was a tall, lean fellow wearing a set of dapper threads that I immediately recognized as Botany 500. His princely smile and friendly laugh had an overpowering effect on me. Up to that point, I always thought Bob Barker and Bert Convy were the hosts with the most. But Wink Martindale . . . Wink rules!

"I'm sorry, sir, you'll have to call ABC in Los Angeles." A dulcet voice brought me out of my trance. I dialed another mysterious number and was greeted by a mellow, California voice. I asked to be transferred to Wink's line. Foolishly, I thought Wink had a





hot-line or beeper or something to reach him at all times. A tinny voice some 900 miles south told me that Wink's new show, "Headline Chasers," was a product of King World Productions, and I'd have to call New York to contact Wink.

Feeling a bit flustered, I dialed a number that rang on the East coast. The New York voice paused when I asked for Wink.

"Wink who?"

"Wink Martindale, the game show host," I bellowed. While she checked the whereabouts of my idol, I was once again sentenced to "hold."

"I'm sorry, sir," she began. "Mr. Martindale works for Merv Griffin Enterprises in Los Angeles." I copied down another phone number.

"Aaaargh!" I said. "If this keeps up, I'm liable to get touch-tone tendonitis."

I dialed Merv Griffin Enterprises, and another Californian who didn't seem to understand the urgency of my call, referred me to Wink's publicity firm, Rogers and Cowan Inc. Finally my luck turned, and the voice at Rogers and Cowan told me that they would transfer me to the "Headline Chasers" department. HOT DOG! Now I was getting somewhere.

The voice at "Headline Chasers" told me that Wink wasn't in, but if I would hold, she'd connect me with Wink's secretary.

"Of course!" I blurted.

As the muzak version of "Rhinestone Cowboy" filtered through my phone, I pictured myself sitting down to a cup of General Foods International Coffee and celebrating the moments of Wink's life. My imaginary interview with Wink was interrupted by another in a series of endless, faceless voices.

"Saundra Zagaria. May I help you?" As I'd done nearly a million times before, I explained that I wanted to arrange a telephone interview for *Klipsun* magazine. Zagaria, Wink's secretary, seemed less than enthused when I finished my spiel. She explained that Wink usually did "big-name magazines," but she'd check with him and send me some promo info.

"Fiddlesticks!" I shouted as I slammed the receiver down. I feared that I'd never get a hold of Wink.

Minutes passed like hours, and days like weeks. Finally, the U.S. mail delivered Wink Martindale promo goods. I raced to my room and put on my original copy of Wink's 1959 album, "Deck of Cards." Wink's melodic version of "Moon River" began to pour out of my speakers as I flipped through the "Headline Chasers" portfolio. Wow! Wink promo shots! Too much . . .

According to the bio, Wink had graced a number of other shows before "Tic Tac Dough" and "Headline Chasers." There was "What's This Song?" "Dream Girl '67," "Can You Top This?" "Gambit" and Wink's own teen show, "Top Ten Dance Party." I beamed a healthy glow at the thought of Wink grooving with the hep cats of 1956.

"Holy mackerel!" I exclaimed when I read that Wink also hosted a childrens' show in 1954 called, "Wink Martindale of the Mars Patrol." Boy, oh boy, what a renaissance man.

I tacked up my Wink glossies next to my Lucky Charms calendar, as the smooth sounds of Wink's album flooded my room.

"If it hadn't been for that doggone British Invasion," I thought to myself, "Wink would surely have been thrust into the spotlight of the Amerian pop music scene."

As I gazed at my new Wink glossies from the bean bag chair, I envisioned Wink strolling onto the plush set of "Tic Tac Dough" to the catchy theme song, as the live, studio audience clapped themselves into a frenzy, like so many sharks attacking bloody meat. I remembered all of the contestants Wink led over to "face the dragon" (grrr) for big cash prizes and trips to Mazatlan. There certainly were a lot of memories. Wink was *the* game show host's game show host. A shining star in a galaxy of super novas.

But then one day Wink disappeared—poof! "Tic Tac Dough" had a new host, a rookie by the name of Jim Callwell. I remember being appalled by Wink's bleach-blond, tan-in-a-can replacement. Thank God, Wink has a new show.

My spell was broken when I stumbled upon a letter from Wink's secretary. The letter started: "Dear Jon." A bad omen. It read, "Enclosed, please find press materials on Wink Martindale and 'Headline Chasers.' Unfortunately, due to a busy taping schedule, he is not available for interviews at this time. Your interest in Wink is greatly appreciated and hopefully in the future, we can set up some kind of interview. Sincerely, Saundra Zagaria."

Busy taping schedule? Busy taping schedule?! Why him . . . I oughta . . . I was crushed. Didn't Wink care about his fans? Maybe Wink was above all this. Perhaps I should have said I was from *Newsweek* or *Esquire* magazine, then maybe Wink would have found time in his "busy taping schedule." Ha! Who needs him anyway? Maybe I should call Bob Barker. □

