



Western Washington University
Western CEDAR

Klipsun Magazine

Western Student Publications

4-1989

Klipsun Magazine, 1989 - April

Shanna Gowenlock
Western Washington University

Follow this and additional works at: https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine



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

Recommended Citation

Gowenlock, Shanna, "Klipsun Magazine, 1989 - April" (1989). *Klipsun Magazine*. 102.
https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine/102

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

KINGSTON

APRIL 1989

KING 5 NEWS



LEADING THE CHARMED LIFE

Western Grad -
KING's Newest Anchor

Riding the Peace Train With a Communist and an Avocado

By Shanna Gowenlock,
Editor

School. Hallowed halls of learning. Here we learn about life and the world around us. We "get culture" and "expand our horizons." While that's been true in a lot of ways for me, I got one of my biggest lessons in life from a South african avocado salesman and a French, self-proclaimed communist.

Even Tom Robbins, a contemporary author who submerges his insights in a sea of absurdity, could not have conjured a more ludicrous scene.

I had just completed a semester in Spain and was on my way to London, where I was to catch my flight back to the States. I caught a train in Paris, then fell asleep, only to awaken and find I had missed my stop. While I waited for another train back, I met "the communist." He never told me his name. What he did tell me was that I was "Reagan's girl," a flag-waving American who had little regard for anybody who didn't share my patriotism. He said I could prove him wrong by having a drink with him. I looked him over and pleasantly declined.

I didn't mind that he was a "communist" although many self-respecting communists might have protested. Besides having nothing insightful to say, he looked as if Godzilla had stepped on him then stretched him back out. He also was drooling foamy spit down his chin and onto his t-shirt.

He was clutching my leg and frothing saliva all over my ankle, which he was biting, as he begged me to have a drink with him. I dragged him about three feet

across the train station's concrete floor and tried to shake him off. No luck. He stuck to me worse than a lonely date.

Finally, I reached down and slapped him across his forehead. Startled away from his slobbering declarations, he looked up, raising his eyebrows as if to say, "What is your problem?" Just as he was about to start in on my leg again, he looked over my shoulder, eyes widening, and abruptly let go of my leg, even smoothing away some of the spit. Then he scrambled to to his feet and left, but not before he informed me I was like all Americans: a rich and disdainful communist-hater.

Surprised, I watched his retreat. Spurning this guy had nothing to do with ideology. He could have had red hair and a sunburn, lived in an adobe-hut commune on Mars and eaten nothing except cherry Jell-o and borsch. It wouldn't have mattered. On a personal level, he simply was a jerk.

As relieved as I was to have my leg back, I wondered what my communist buddy could have seen over my shoulder that scared him away. I took a breath, turned around and found myself staring at a white plastic button, part of a series straining to contain what arguably could have been the world's largest chest on a homosapien. I looked up — and up, until finally my eyes met a pair of amiable hazel ones. I just had met Hennie Krueger, a white South African who was in Europe selling avocados.

I met him later, after our train ride. This time I was being shooed out of the Calais, France train station, which was about to close. I was exhausted, and frantic because I didn't know how to get to my next destination: the Calais-to-Dover ferry.

The train station attendant literally shoved me out the door and onto the dark, empty street. "Great," I thought. "I'm stuck in France, in the middle of the night, with no money, no food, no directions, too much luggage and not enough luck.

"I," I thought with considera-

bly less humor than I do now, "should be in an American Express commercial." Just as I was about to burst into tears, someone laid a hand on my shoulder. I jumped around and faced Hennie, the white South African, and the nearest thing to a friend I had in the whole world.

He helped me to lug my baggage the mile to the ferry terminal. As we walked, his low voice seemed to drop into the darkness like a stone on a quiet pond. He told me about his wife and two children, and about how he accidentally wound up in Belgium on his way to London. He was, well *nice*. He even asked me to drop him a line to let him know I made it back to the States okay.

The next day I thought about Hennie and the communist. The Frenchman and I lost out because his stereotypes of Americans got in the way. Hennie and I won because we ignored stereotypes. We simply were companions, people together for a little while. We didn't discuss apartheid or United States' foreign policy.

I learned more about being human in one day than I did with all the textbooks, teachers and morals-to-the-story that had flooded my life in the States. The truth is, we can read every newspaper and see every newscast — we don't really know a thing about the world until we learn to shed all the tangled politics and conflicting ideologies and simply *be* with people.

Perhaps this is harder for many in the United States because most people we meet are somewhat like ourselves. Here, where we can turn off the rest of the world with the flick of the remote, or invent new ones the same way, we tend to lose touch with the fact that we are part of the same world as everybody else. Hence, the stereotypes, both on our part and theirs. We need to reach beyond our kick-ass flag-waving and pool-hall platitudes and find out about the world we, not only live in, but heavily influence.

Maybe we'll find we have a world in common.

Editor
Shanna Gowenlock

Managing Editor
Mary Darling

Story Editors
Vicki Stevens
Michael Wagar

Photo Editor
Pete Kendall

Design Editors
Nicholas Lippold
Katey Olsen

Copy Editors
Paul Douglas
Jennifer Wynn

Adviser
Carolyn Dale

Staff
Stephanie Bixby
Luis Cabrera
Chris L. Campana
Letritia Flerchinger
Jeff Galbraith
Theo Gross
Karen Lane Hingston
Michelle Hurst
Sue LaPalm
Michael J. Lehnert
Troy Martin
Kim McDonald
Francine Ott
Kristin Peterson
Sarah Riley
Rich Royston
Jenny Shuler
Gail Skurla
Jesse Tinsley
Alycien Van Droof
Katie Walter
Mark Watson
Carole Wiedmeyer

KLIPSUN

CONTENTS

4 - Procrastination

How to master the art of putting it off.

6 - Coping

Learning to live with death.

9 - Getting Serious

Triple-jumper back on the track

12- Leading the Charmed Life

Western grad - KING's newest anchor.

16- Recuperating (Photography essay)

18- Death and Kleenex

A modern mourner's guide to grieving in public.

19- Divine Inspiration

Homosexuality and the church - the battle still rages.

22- On the Record

24- Life in the Slammer

A look inside the Whatcom County Jail.

26- Press Play

Fast forward video parties without giving guests cause to pause.



Special thanks to:
Photographers:
Pete Kendall, Michael J. Lehnert, Jesse Tinsley;
Illustrators:
Larry Kaiser, Garth Mix;
Business Manager: Teari Brown; Hideaki Nishihata.

KLIPSUN Magazine, published twice per quarter, is supported by student fees and distributed free. The magazine is printed by the Western Washington University Print Plant.

Klipsun is a Lummi Indian word meaning "beautiful sunset."

KLIPSUN Magazine
College Hall 137
Western Washington University
Bellingham, WA 98225
(206) 676-3737
Copyright March 1989
Volume 20, Issue 3

Cover Photo by Jesse Tinsley

PROCRASTINATION

How to Master the Art of Putting it Off

By Sarah Riley

It's possible to make procrastination work for you as a lifestyle if you'll just quit blowing it off. Don't wait until you're a senior when you already know how to work it, do it now.

Darcy Beck, a 21-year-old Huxley major, doesn't think of procrastination as procrastination.

"It's more like inefficiency. I have other priorities beyond schoolwork, so I just do what needs to be done," he said. Beck also mentioned that his grades have gotten better with less effort during his college career, a fact he attributes to being highly aware of his intellectual abilities.

Theresa Marker, a political science major, said procrastination for her is an inner-clock mechanism, something that just clicks inside.

"You get to that certain point where you just know if you don't start the work **right now**, you might as well bag it," she said. The 21-year-old Marker recently finished a political science research paper, which she gathered information for the week before the due date, then wrote most of it the night before. And hell fire if she didn't get a 'B' on that sucker.

Of course, there are those weasely sycophants who begin writing their 27-page humanities research paper on Scandinavian martial arts the day it's assigned. They rapidly scuttle through three separate libraries, pull down and analyze copious clods of information, rough draft, final draft, type the paper during first week of fall quarter, then proudly wear the

Brown Nose of Expediency as they strut their butt-kissing way through the rest of the term.

If you're a human student, you start the quarter with tail-wagging enthusiasm and smug intentions to read at least one chapter of the Global Thinking for Pinheads text every night and earn a 4.0 in Economics 241.

Instead, you're sidetracked Jousting in the Grotto or cruising Blue Max until NIGHT-BEFORE-THE-EXAM when you end up slamming double-tall espressos, wolfing on Domino's, chain-smoking unfiltered Camels (and you don't even smoke cigarettes) and basically torqueing-out because you've repressed your reading until the eleventh hour. Your butt's in a sling, Spud.

Why do we do it, time after idiotic time?

Lenora Yuen and Jane Burka, both Ph.D.'s, list several reasons in their recent book, "Procrastination."

According to the book, some people are perfectionists whose fear of failure convinces them that, despite their best efforts, the results will be found lacking.

Yuen and Burka also write that people often are intimidated by the competitive process and fear success as a result. The pressures of being the best can be so frightening as to paralyze any progress toward completing a goal.

Control is another reason for procrastinating. People will use delay tactics to prove no one can force them to do anything until they're ready, thus achieving a

sense of freedom and empowerment.

There also are those who put off projects because they fear standing on their own. They wait for peers to set a standard or complete a project before they themselves attempt anything, the book states.

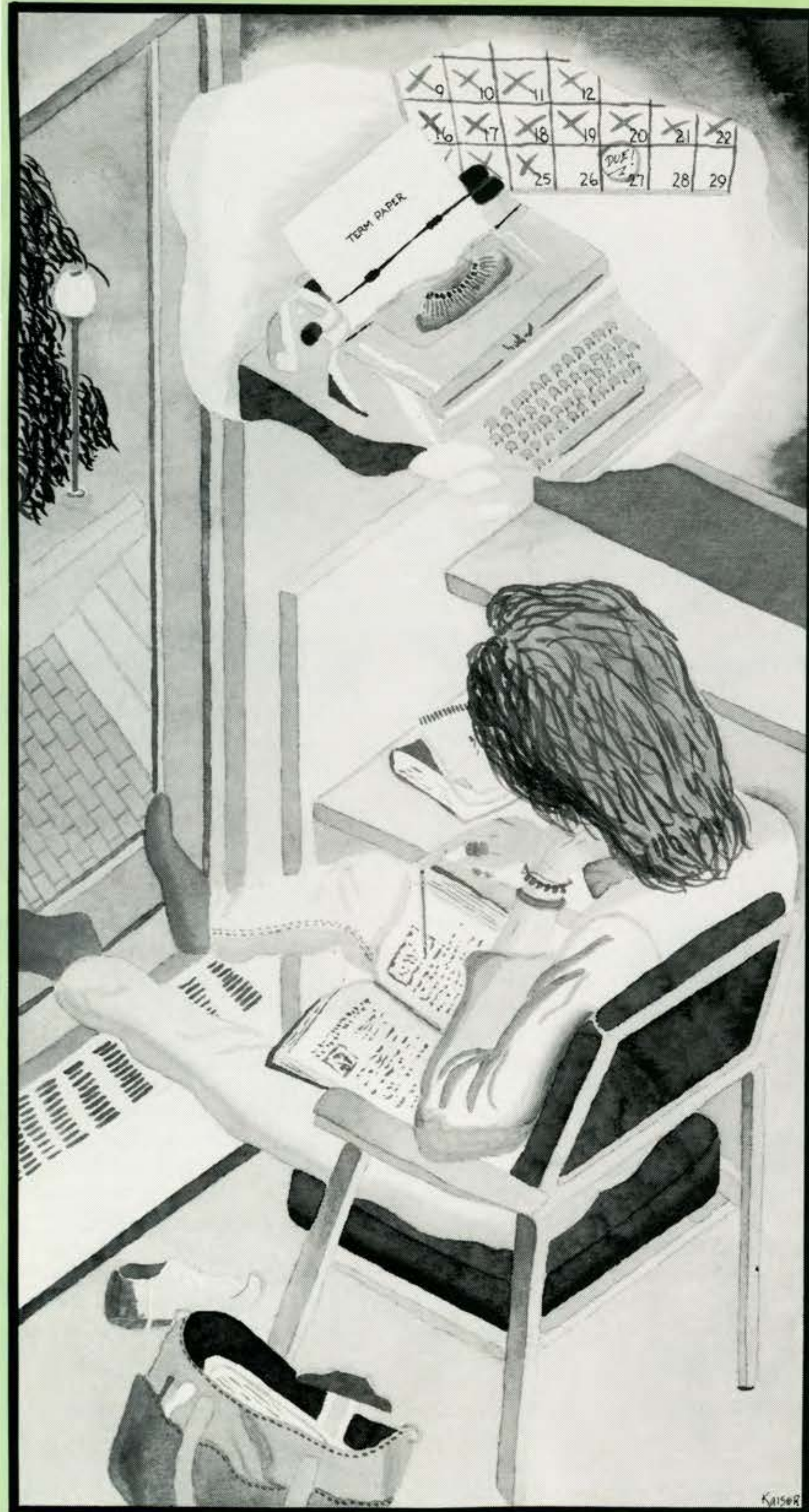
Or, people may use procrastination to create distance and avoid attachment. Ducking deep involvement in a term paper or final project becomes a way to bypass the often-painful learning process.

You may identify with these examples, or you may simply worship the sloth god. Admit it, you do.

If you fan a desire to hone the perpetual postponement pattern in your life into an art form, first look at your motives for procrastinating. Next, flush that psyche-searching, insight crap because the 'whys' of procrastination don't really matter. Remember spring quarter when you wrote a 10-page paper the night before it was due and still got a B+? Hold on to that image.

The art of procrastination is achieving high awareness of your abilities and desires and those expectations external to you, then balancing them. It sounds so obvious, but as my granny used to say, "If it was a snake, it would've bit you." She also used to say, "Don't date a man who blows his nose into his hands." Hey, make up your own mind.

So go play hackey sack, and if none of the 'slouch' suggestions meshes with your lame lifestyle, take Nike's advice and Just do it ■



Larry Kaiser

To avoid to your advantage, employ the following techniques:

1. Decide on a goal. Do you want an A, a B, or to slide through? Do you want to really learn something? Do you want it all?

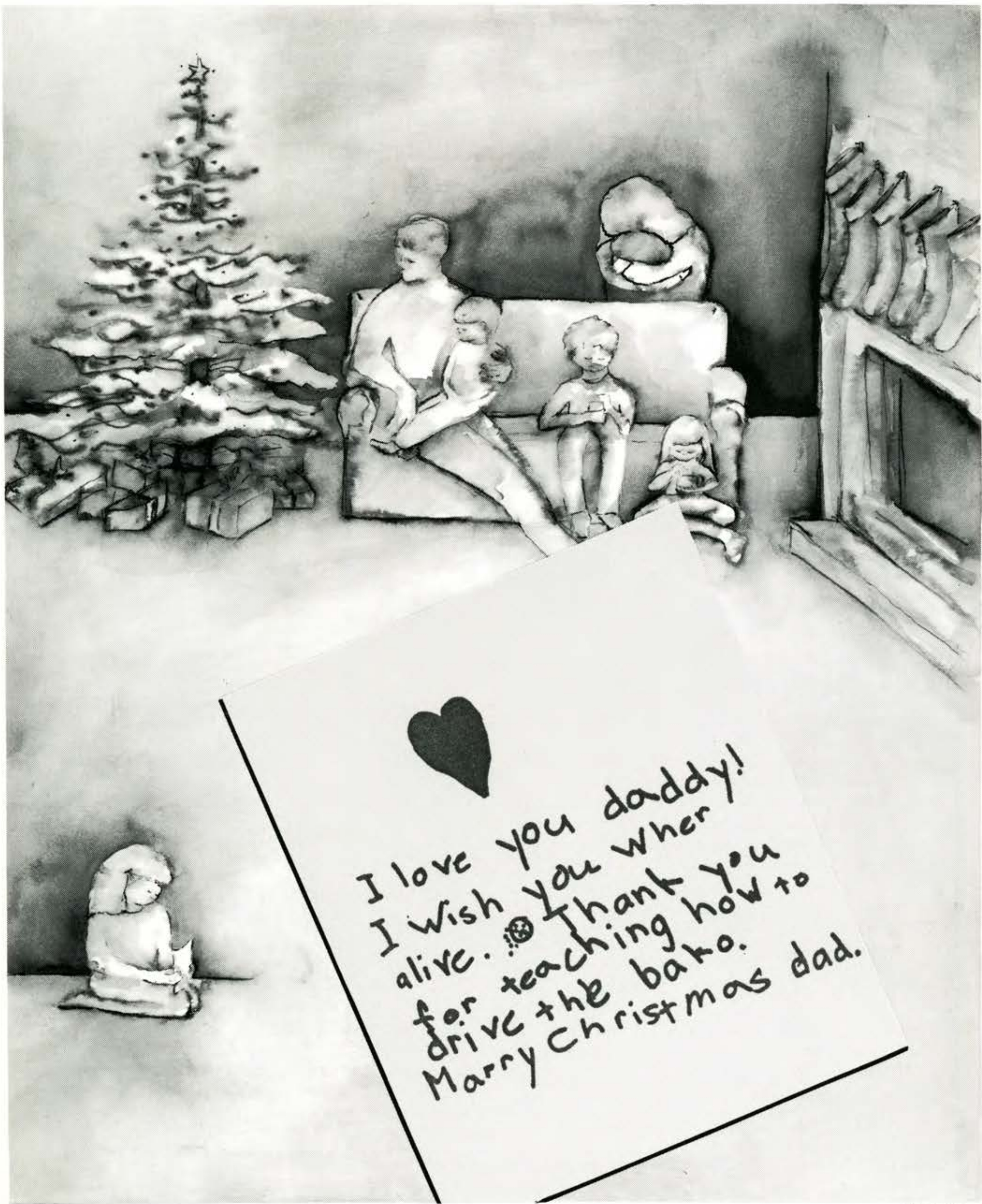
2. Grasp a clue about the course and the instructor from someone who's already done it. Query someone of whose friendship you're relatively sure.

3. Decide what you are willing to put into the class, the project, the whatever to get to your goal. Then, if you have any integrity whatsoever, you'll maintain that standard throughout the quarter.

4. Assess your abilities. Some anal-retentive fascists have photographic memories so they can read Moby Dick two hours before an exam and walk away with a C or better. But, normal peons must be able to take stock of their intellectual assets and employ them in a timely fashion.

5. Choose a time period and a location that allows you to focus on a single book or paper. Students, mostly freshmen, can spend five hours hovering over one chapter in an accounting book because they keep fiddling with the CD player or shooting Nerf Hoop when all they need to do is sit still in a secluded space for one hour and immerse themselves in the stuff.

6. Set deadlines. If you've followed all the other steps, you should be able to determine how many days you can hang out at Bellis Fair until it's absolutely necessary to read the material or research the paper ■



♥
I love you daddy!
I wish you when
alive. 🙄 Thank you
for teaching how to
drive the bako.
Marry Christmas dad.

Katey Olsen

COPING

Learning to Live with Death

By Jenny Shuler

I thought I was dreaming. It was only 8 a.m. Who would call so early on a Saturday? What nerve! I didn't want to answer it. I just wanted to go back to sleep. But my conscience nagged, "What if it's an emergency?" So I peeled myself from the bed, agitated.

"Hello," I barked. It was my sister. I wasn't prepared for the shock she was about to deliver.

She said there had been an accident. Our oldest brother, Danny, 37, was working on his backhoe. It had slipped and crushed him. The doctors didn't think he would live through the night.

A wave of nausea washed over me. I sank into a nearby chair. I tried to deny what my sister had said. I was sure she was mistaken, but she repeated the message.

I hung up the phone and crumpled to the floor while vicious sobs racked my body. "What do I do? What do I do? Somebody please tell me what to do," I screamed. But no one heard me. My husband was at work and I was alone.

My brother died Aug. 7, last year. He left behind a 34-year-old wife and their four children, ages 7, 6, 4 and 2.

I am one of many who have experienced the death of a loved one.

From my experience, the hardest thing I have had to struggle with is the feeling I cause discomfort to others when I mention my brother's death.

When I approach people about my feelings, I can sense the ones who are ill at ease. They shuffle their feet, look at the ground and change the subject as if they hadn't heard a word of what I said. At times I feel it is better to just forget it.

I also thought it odd at first that I received more understanding either from strangers or casual acquaintances than from closer friends. A counselor told me because strangers are further removed from the situation, they are not as affected by it as are friends or family.

During Christmas break, I was filled with mixed emotions. My brother and his family would have flown into Bellingham from California to be with us for the holidays. But this year, I knew he would not walk down the ramp from the plane. It was the most depressing sight to see his beautiful family get off that plane without him. I felt annoyed that things would never be the same.

Our family was warned the first Christmas celebration without Danny would be difficult. So we followed the advice of a counselor and hung my brother's stocking like we normally would any other year. We filled his stocking with letters written by the family. We passed the letters around to those who wished to read them silently. The most touching letter was written by his 7-year-old daughter.

She wrote, "I love you daddy! I wish you wher alive. Thank you

for teaching how to drive the bako. Marry Christmas dad." She drew a small face with tears running down the cheeks.

My brother's wife wrapped some of his personal belongings — just little trinkets — and gave each of us a token by which to remember him. Hands shook nervously and tears fell to the floor as the gifts were opened. Christmas was special in its own way; it is one I will never forget. Yet I was anxious to return to school after Christmas break.

I still am trying to work this tragedy out in my mind. Being a full-time college student is helping me to deal with his death because my mind is busy with other things. But I can't concentrate as much as I want, and I lack the ambition I once had.

It has been seven months since my brother's death. Although the pain has diminished, seemingly insignificant things remind me of him and choke me to tears. I miss the way he danced around when he got excited. I miss the way he said my name. I can't yet believe I will never see those deep pools of ocean blue eyes again.

His 6-year-old daughter comforted me just before his funeral.

"You must be very sad because my daddy was your brother. But don't worry," she said, as she patted her chest. "He will always be in your heart."

"Yes. Thank you," I said. "He will always be in my heart."

Counselor Ann Heaps, from Western's counseling center, said college students are reaching the age when the death of a grandparent, parent, sibling, relative or friend is inevitable. It is a traumatic experience most people are not prepared to deal with, but one that cannot be avoided. She said, "Unfortunately, our culture is not trained to understand death or the grief that accompanies it. It makes us question our own immortality."

Heaps said, "We are uncomfortable in our society with anyone who is feeling down. Instead of confronting the person who is sad, some people would rather just turn away."

This stems from an element of ignorance, Heaps said. People don't know how to comfort other people because it is something society does not teach.

She said, "Should and must statements like 'You should be over this by now' or 'You must stop feeling sorry for yourself' are the worst things to say to a grieving person. It is telling people their feelings aren't valid."

It takes time for emotional wounds to heal. The grief process varies among individuals. Heaps said people often go through stages at about three, six and nine months, and can experience a prolonged cycle of resentment, helplessness, depression and numbness for up to one or two years. Some of the initial stages are:

* **Shock and denial:** People often experience an emotional numbness or simply try to deny their loss. Once the shock becomes reality, the feeling of anger or guilt follows.

* **Anger:** Some may feel resentful and angry with themselves or others for not preventing the loss. Some feel cheated and wonder why this happened to them.

* **Guilt:** It is not unusual for people to feel guilty about the loss, especially if they believe they could have done something to prevent it. In this stage, it is common for people to blame themselves for the person's death.

* **Depression:** For a time, grief causes physical and mental fatigue. Some people experience a diminishing motivation to perform even simple, routine tasks.

* **Hope:** Eventually, most people reach a stage where they can accept the loss and deal with the memories. Once people begin to heal, memories come with less pain.

Heaps said it is common for people to slip back into the initial stages of grief when they hear of other people's tragedies. Certain events such as anniversaries, birthdays and holidays also stir painful memories and some people relive the ordeal many times. Heaps said these feelings are normal.

She said people often need the most support in the latter stages of grief after the initial

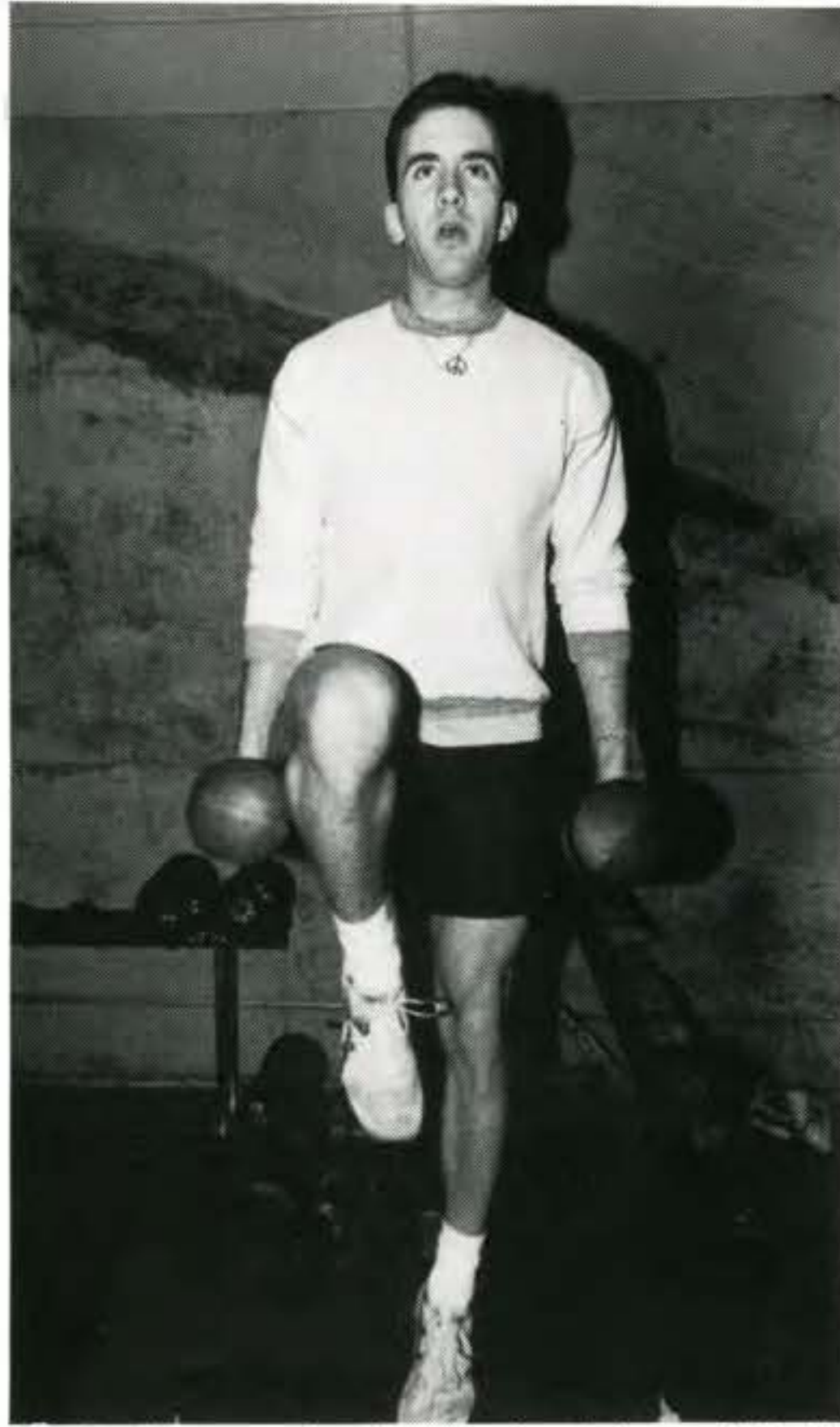
shock of a loss wears off. It is good therapy to talk with others who have had a similar experience because they can understand and empathize. Grieving people share a special kind of bond.

Heaps also recommends people seek support groups, individual counseling or group therapy if needed. Western's counseling center does not yet have a support group for students suffering from the loss of a loved one, but it is something Heaps wishes to establish in the near future. She believes it is important for young people to learn how to deal with death and how to be understanding of those who have experienced it.

Heaps said it is most important for grieving people to talk and share their feelings. However, they must first be able to communicate their feelings to friends and not expect their friends to be mind readers. If a grief stricken person attempts to hide his or her feelings, others will think everything is fine and will not offer help. Crying is a perfectly healthy reaction and it is a good sign that someone is suffering.

Heaps also said people often just need a hug or a shoulder to cry on. The best thing anyone can do to help the grieving person is listen.

"We think we have to say the right thing. Don't feel you have to say anything. Just be patient and listen," she said ■



Michael J. Lehnert

Physical therapy and work-outs in the weight room helped Jerry Hopper recover from a devastating car accident.

GETTING SERIOUS

Triple-Jumper Back on the Track

By Michael Wagar

Jerry Hopper, 22, closed his eyes when the Toyota Tercel went out of control on the backroads of Stanwood and slammed head-on into a tree.

It was New Year's Eve, 1986, and he was in the front passenger side of the car on his way home. "The guy was driving crazy. Everybody was yelling at him to slow down," Hopper said.

Opening his eyes, he realized the windshield was in his face and he had totalled the dash. "The dash was no more," he said. His arm wouldn't move and his neck felt "weird."

Hopper, just six months earlier, had set a new record for Western in the triple jump at a NAIA Nationals meet in Arkansas.

The crash brought fears of a leg injury and not being able to triple jump. This sent Hopper in motion. "The first thing I did was check to see if my legs were still there, and they were." He believed his arm was broken — he couldn't move it — but he felt he had survived the accident in relatively good shape. Since the car was spewing smoke, Hopper, along with the four other passengers, began to leave the car. "I fell out the door onto the ground when it opened, then walked about 20 feet away. It was raining on me and I was laying in some mud."

Unknown to Hopper, it was possible he might never get to build on his triple jump career that started in his backyard when

he was 12 years old.

In 1983, Hopper, then a Stanwood High School junior, placed third in the triple jump at AA State. As a senior, he again came in third in the state in the triple jump, and also placed third in the long jump and fifth in the 110-meter high hurdles.

"In 1984, I should have done better. I was sick of school and track. I just wanted to graduate so I just went through the motions," Hopper said.

After high school he went to Skagit Valley Community College. It didn't have a track program. One day he decided to go to an area track to see how far he could triple jump. He didn't expect much; he hadn't trained or even

jumped for months. He jumped farther than he ever had before.

"I matured late," he explained. This motivated Hopper to attend Western as a finance major and to participate in track and field.

Hopper came in first in the triple jump and third in the long jump at the 1986 NAIA District meet his first year at Western. He qualified for the nationals in Arkansas, and set the Western record for the triple jump with a leap of 48 feet 5 1/2 inches. He also placed sixth in the nation for NAIA Division schools.

"I wasn't expecting it. I was just expecting to have fun in track and didn't plan to work too hard at it — which I didn't."

Hopper had habitually avoided weight training and working out as much as possible, but his success prompted him to reconsider. "I decided to work out after the nationals."

He began to prepare for the next season and by the end of 1986. He was in "pretty good shape," with a few months before the track season.

Then came the "guy driving like an idiot," the hairpin curve in the road and the tree, which resulted in Hopper laying in the mud in the middle of a rainy New Year's night. He had windshield

glass embedded in his body and legs.

One of the passengers checked his legs, which had been smashed into the front of the car. Hopper's cuts were so deep the person, trying to determine in the dark the extent of the cuts, yelled, "I just put my finger inside your leg!"

An ambulance arrived and the attendants cut off his coat, shirt and pants. Stripped of his underwear, they strapped Hopper onto a stretcher and drove to the hospital. He told them his neck kind of hurt.

A bone expert was called in. He told Hopper, "Don't move your head because the fourth and fifth vertebrae in your spine are fractured and crushed together. They could spit out and if they did, it's all over."

The doctors spent four hours in surgery to repair Hopper's body. They took bone from his hip and inserted it in his neck between the damaged vertebrae and wired them together. They also split Hopper's rotator cuff (located at the top of the shoulder), drilled a hole and pounded an arms-length metal bar down into his arm, which was completely broken. It was "not even connected," Hopper said.

He spent a week in the

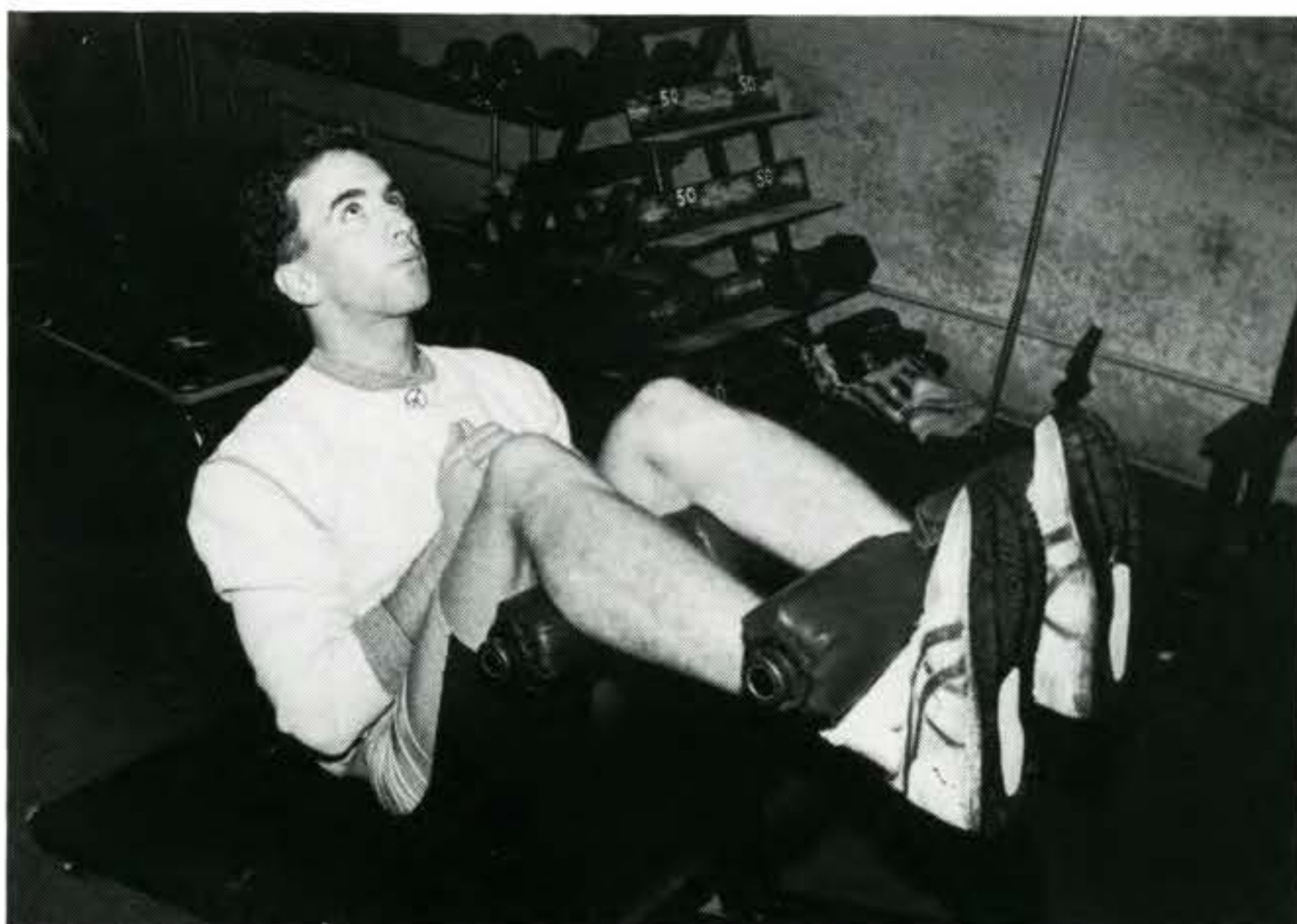
hospital. When he got home he still found glass in his hair the hospital personnel had overlooked. Hopper, a football fan, points out with a smile the real heartache was missing the New Year's Day college bowls and a Cleveland/Denver NFL playoff game.

Out of the five people riding in the car, Hopper was the only one wearing a seat belt. The only other injury of any consequence was a concussion to a woman who was riding in the back seat.

At home, he could barely move. His knees were torn up and his neck was in a "Philadelphia collar," which went from his chest to his chin and down his back. He wore it for three months. "It was three months of doing

"I don't want my grandchildren to look at me and say 'has he always been a bump on a log?' I want to be able to show them something."

-Jerry Hopper



Hopper works out in one of Western's weight rooms.

Michael J. Lehnert

nothing. My girlfriend at the time helped me out incredibly, as did my family," Hopper said.

His arm was in the worst shape. For the first month he could move it only a couple of painful inches. Hopper said the hardest he ever worked in his life was to raise his arm by walking the wall with his fingers. "I almost passed out. Physical therapy was just hell."

Hopper missed all of winter quarter at Western, but came back to school in the spring. All he could do athletically was hang out around the track. He missed the entire 1987 track season. Yet as his body was grounded, his mind was soaring. "I have seen how easily death can come. It knows no age, religion or race. It

just comes.

"Everything after the wreck is gravy," Hopper said. "I've been given a second chance." During physical therapy he came face-to-face with many paralyzed people, which made him thankful he survived the accident without a pronounced debility. He was determined to make the best of his situation.

A summer of biking and lifting, followed by some running in September of 1987 — nine months in all — eventually brought Hopper full circle. He started triple jump practice in February last year and won the district meet in May, which qualified him for nationals.

"My body wasn't ready, but my mind was stronger," he said. His jump of 49 feet 9 1/4 inches at the Nationals, at Asuza Pacific University in Stockton, Calif., gave him third place and set the current Western record. "I was jumping on all guts."

Keiven (Pee-Wee) Halsell, Western's track coach said, "The accident probably helped him focus toward athletic endeavors; it gave him something to strive for. He is an incredibly remarkable young man."

Hopper recently became

Western's first track athlete to compete in the indoor track and field Nationals at Kansas City this past Feb. 24 and 25. He placed ninth with a jump of more than 47 feet.

"The wreck has strengthened my beliefs that you can do whatever you want if you put your mind to it," Hopper said. "I never worked out before. Now I'm in the best shape of my life." The exception is a limited range of motion of his arm and occasional neck, knee and ankle "pops," along with a stiff hip.

Fred Pulphus, a Western track record holder in three events and a former pole vaulter coach, has helped Hopper get back into shape after the accident.

"At first he couldn't do anything," Pulphus said.

Pulphus said it was tough to get Hopper into the weight room. "Jerry is self-admittedly laid back." He used to do only what he had to do. Hopper now has developed good training habits as a direct result of his accident, Pulphus said.

Hopper believes he will face arthritis and other degenerative diseases later in life due to his injuries. "Basically, I'll be messed

up. I have the chance right now and I want to use it.

"I don't want my grandchildren to look at me and say 'has he always been a bump on a log?' — I want to be able to show them something."

His immediate goal is to jump more than 50 feet, which is a benchmark for triple jumpers. He is only three inches away.

Pulphus said 50 feet is well within his natural range. "There is no telling what he could do if he works hard enough," Pulphus said.

Coach Halsell believes a 50-foot jump is very obtainable for Hopper. "He wants to be one of the best in the NAIA," Halsell said.

Hopper calls 50 feet the "magic number." "I will easily hit it this year, unless I get hurt," he said.

Hopper is looking forward to a good season. He is in great shape, both physically and mentally, and has specific goals. The ultimate goal is to beat the NAIA record of 53 feet 5 1/2 inches.

Already Hopper has stories and records to share with his future grandchildren. He may be able to show them he was the best NAIA triple jumper in his day ■



Hopper stretches before taking a jump.

Michael J. Lehnert



Jesse Tinsley

Leading The Charmed Life

Western Grad - KING's Newest Anchor.

By Carole Wiedmeyer

A Klipsun writer and photographer joined Western grad Joyce Taylor to get an inside look at her life as KING TV's newest news anchor.

Sunday, Feb. 12, 3 p.m.

Joyce Taylor appears above the staircase of the KING broadcasting building atrium, apologiz-

ing profusely for being a half-hour late. She blurts out something about co-hosting a formal function in Tacoma the night before. Her broad, almost devilish smile and genuine sense of warmth make up for the minor imposition.

On the way to the newsroom, she ushers us quickly into the inner sanctum of KING's broad-

casting studios. Pausing briefly, she points out the overnight ratings. It's "February sweeps," she explains, the time when audience numbers translate into advertising rates.

Once in the newsroom, she joins her producer and co-anchor in a story meeting for the 5 p.m. broadcast. The three professionals

throw out ideas while paging through story listings on computer screens. It's a slow day for news, and they're scratching for ideas.

"How about the female bishop in Boston?" Taylor suggests.

"That's old," replies producer Roger Tilton.

"How about this Seattle man who was stabbed to death?" she asks.

Absorbed in reading something else, neither man responds. Taylor keeps looking.

At 27, Joyce Taylor is the only black news anchor in Seattle, the 13th largest market in the nation. Taylor, a weekend anchor and weekday reporter, guesses she's also the youngest anchor in town.

KING hired Taylor last June to replace weekend anchor Hattie Kauffman, who went on to a better job with the network, NBC. News director Don Varyu says Taylor was one of the few candidates who possessed all the qualities he was looking for — intelligence, warmth, familiarity with the Northwest and ability to get along with others in the newsroom.

This is her third job in broadcasting since she graduated from Western as a broadcast major in 1984. Each time she was given greater responsibility in a successively bigger market. Each time her energy, communication style, and upbeat personality have enabled her to succeed.

But for someone with her background — reporting, anchoring and weather — Taylor's experience has one unusual hole.

She has yet to apply for a job.

Each of her career moves resulted from an unsolicited offer.

A former employee of KREM-Spokane told KING to track Taylor down at WFMY in Greensboro, N.C. Taylor, who had interned and then worked her first job at KREM, turned out to be a hot tip. KING picked her last summer

from a field of approximately 100 candidates.

Taylor is the first to admit she's been lucky. However, she suspects that others, including people in the business, think she's been more than lucky.

"It's interesting," she says after a pause. She leans forward, irritation clouding her face. "When you're black and successful, it seems that there's always a reason why someone hired you. It has to be because you're black, or because you're a black woman.

"Very rarely do I hear people say it's because you're good, or because you're what they're looking for.

"You can't survive in a job just because you're black, or because you're a woman. Regardless of what program you got hired in, you still have to pull your own weight; you have to keep up; you have to compete."

It's obvious Taylor can compete; she doesn't drive around in an old Volkswagen, and doesn't have a scuff on her shoes.

Although she doesn't make six figures, yet, she drives a red, 1988 Saab 900. And because she has a public image to maintain, her contract keeps her in the best Nordy's has to offer. She picked her three-bedroom apartment in a Victorian house especially for its walk-in closet.

When talking about her lifestyle, the Taylor smile brightens her face. The money doesn't just buy her things, it allows her to socialize; her favorite pastime is eating out with friends.

She points out, though, that what the contract gives, the contract can take away. She can't work for the competition for six months to a year after her contract expires. And KING can break the agreement if her face becomes disfigured.

"Isn't that weird?" she asks. "But, it's a visual medium."

3:30 p.m. In the newsroom, a black woman colleague approaches Taylor to discuss Oliver North's trial, the opening story for

the evening broadcast. She mentions the jury is all-black.

"Funny," Taylor replies. "No one notices when the jury's all white."

On one of the many television monitors around the newsroom, a promo for the evening news broadcast features a glamorous image of a smiling Taylor on the silent screen. Earrings and shoes off, trying to polish a script, she fails to notice. Working on a lead-in to a story called "petchurch," she changes "Today marked the third annual pet blessing service at Unity Church in Kent," to: "People with pets brought their furry friends to church today." Her fingers fly across the keyboard.

3:57 p.m. Taylor searches the computer archives for last month's script on some Vietnam vets with post-traumatic stress disorder who went to Vietnam as part of their treatment. She's to meet them right after the 11 o'clock broadcast when they arrive at SeaTac at midnight, a week ahead of schedule.

4:32 p.m. With less than 30 minutes to air, Taylor declares it's makeup time. She goes into the ladies' room and applies it herself, finishing the job with a healthy dose of non-pollutant, non-fluorocarbon hairspray.

4:50 p.m. Co-anchor David Kerley joins her on the news set. He is wearing jeans beneath his anchor uniform of jacket and tie. Sports commentator Lou Gellos is clad similarly in sweatpants from the waist down, sport coat and tie visible to KING's one million viewers. Every inch of Taylor is presentable in fitted jacket, white silk blouse, and black wool crepe skirt.

4:59 p.m. Tilton, the producer, flies into the control booth, joining the director and technical director.

5 p.m. Kerley introduces the lead story on the Oliver North trial.

5:04 p.m. During the commercial break, the producer changes the order of the show.

Taylor and Kerley hurriedly rearrange their scripts.

5:30 p.m. Show over, the crew heads to dinner.

The show off her mind, Taylor relaxes and talks about her past.

One of five children, she grew up in Tacoma, the daughter of a Western State Hospital therapist and an elementary school teacher. She played the violin for nine years and worked as a lifeguard when she was young. She and her non-identical twin sister, also a Western alum, graduated from

Wilson High School in 1980.

Taylor knew she didn't want a job like her father's that would involve her so closely in other people's lives, or like her mother's, putting her behind a desk all day. Broadcasting appealed to her in high school, and she watched KING anchor Jean Enersen, now her colleague, for inspiration.

Once she hit the bricks of Western, Taylor was ready to start learning her craft.

She credits Western's broadcast department with giving her a lot of hands-on experience and inside help. She also benefited

from a work study job at Media Services, and a stint producing radio news tapes for Western's Public Information Office, where she was dubbed "Joyce the Voice."

In her spare time, Taylor was a cheerleader during her freshman year for football and basketball, then just for basketball during her sophomore and junior years.

How did she like Western's social life?

"Great. I would go back," she says with a laugh. "I had a ball. The broadcast department is very close-knit. In fact, my best friends today are from the broadcast department. It was just a great bunch of people."

The shortage of black students didn't bother her. Some of her best friends, and boyfriends, were white. And she had lots of practice functioning in a white world — she remembers her brothers and sisters being practically the only other black kids in school while growing up.

That continued to be the case during her two years at KREM, where she was the only black person in the newsroom. She says life was great in Spokane, but looking back, the lack of role models affected her. "I really believe if you're not around other people like yourself who are also successful and professional, you start to get a feeling that you're a novelty, that it doesn't happen," she says.

When WFMY-Greensboro hired her in the fall of 1986, Taylor, who had never lived outside of Washington, discovered she wasn't as much of a novelty as she thought.

"One of the things that attracted me to the South is that there are so many black professionals. Half our newsroom was black," she says. "It was really an awakening experience for me to know there are lots of people like me doing this."

Her confidence soared in Greensboro. In addition to feeling at home, she got a chance to work



Joyce Taylor consults with producer Roger Tilton on a story.

Jesse Tinsley

on big stories. During the presidential campaign, while interviewing Jesse Jackson, she discovered famous people were not to be feared.

Now that she's made it this far, does she aspire to something bigger? Perhaps network television?

"It's in the back of my mind, but it's not something I'm focusing on at all," she says.

"I'm not anxious to start over again. It's hard, personally, emotionally, socially — every aspect. You have to prove yourself all over again. You have to take the crappy stories all over again. You have to work the shitty shifts all over again.

"It's a move up in the profession, but you're still at the bottom of the totem pole. I've done that three times in five years."

Taylor still has a tape of a talk Enersen gave at Western, where she stressed the importance of living a balanced life.

"It's funny. I've remembered that speech as I've gone through my career — keeping things in life in perspective. You're never too big to get fired. Some of my friends have gotten fired before.

"As soon as you think that you know everything, that's typically when you get fired. And there's always someone to take your place," she said. "Always."

The two news packages she's won awards for, and the ones she's proudest of, are the ones that were the hardest personally for her to work on. The first, on teenage pregnancy, she did during her first year in Spokane. She followed three girls for six weeks. She went through delivery with one girl, and still keeps in touch with her.

The second award was for a series she did while in Greensboro called "The Poor." The plaque is the only thing left on her living room wall while she redecorates her place.

Experience has since taught her to distance herself. That ability has come in handy not only in her dealings with news

sources, but with the viewing public.

"It's hard," she says. "There are a lot of weird people out there who send you weird letters, who follow you home. I moved once because someone got my number and they were harassing me in the middle of the night.

"Fifty people called and said I was an idiot, that KING should never have hired me."

-Joyce Taylor

"I really believe ... the more successful you are, the more you give up."

For now, for the sake of her career, she's given up the notion of starting a family. She left a serious relationship behind in Greensboro to come to KING. Yet one day, she would like to marry and have children.

Her current boyfriend is an old friend from Western, a former basketball player. And her closest friends are from her college days or from her early days in Greensboro. She is most comfortable with people who "knew her when," because she knows they're interested in her, not her success.

Taylor says she and her friends from Western weren't told how tough they'd have to be to make it in the business. Little mistakes can get blown out of proportion in front of the camera.

She almost can't bear to disclose her most embarrassing moment, a moment that in many jobs wouldn't mean much at all. After some coaxing, the secret is out.

Mispronouncing "Prague," Czechoslovakia.

"Fifty people called and said I was an idiot, that KING should never have hired me," she says. "I left work in tears.

"After I got the job I asked

myself, 'Oh, c'mon Joyce, can you really do this?'"

7:29 p.m. Taylor's cellular phone rings in a crowded Mexican restaurant in downtown Seattle. She puts the antennae up and answers: "Joyce Taylor." Nearby diners pause and stare. It's the assignment editor, she won't have to go to the airport later to meet the returning vets after all.

8:12 p.m. Back at KING, Taylor discards her high heels at her work station, confessing she dressed up for the interview.

At the story desk, work is underway for the 11 o'clock broadcast. The nearby coffee pot is drained, the bottom coated with a thick sludge. The carpet is soiled. Table-high industrial-sized garbage cans overflow with discarded scripts. Taylor leaves the desk to take a call.

Kerley, the co-anchor, is back in his polo shirt. Behind him, the red hands of a large round clock audibly click off each second. He talks about working with Taylor.

Her weaknesses: "She knows them." Her strengths: She's the same on and off camera, not phony like some people in the business, he said. He thinks that comes across on camera.

"An energetic, nice kid," says Kerley, just 31 himself.

Taylor and Tilton join Kerley. She brings up the subject of balancing family life and career, saying she thinks it's harder for women.

Both men vehemently protest. This is obviously a sensitive topic — they're both married and in their thirties. Kerley says he'd be willing to take time away from his career to care for his child. Tilton says men make concessions for family life all the time, and do it willingly.

Tilton proclaims Taylor's statement represents "a sexist, bigoted attitude.

"Aren't these guys great?" she says ■



RECUPERATING

(Story & Photos) By Michael J. Lehnert

While most Red-Tail Hawks are mating and flying in pairs out on the Skagit Flats, one injured hawk is recuperating from a disease that has left his legs paralyzed.

The hawk, less than a year old, is nicknamed "Mr. Peepers" for the sound he makes, according to Lois Garlick, who has been caring for the bird since November, 1988, after it was found near the Lake Padden Golf Course.

Garlick began caring for injured birds while working as a science education technician at Western. What started as just caring for a few birds has turned into an almost full-time occupation for her, a li-

censed wildlife caretaker, and husband, George. The retired couple has turned its Chuckanut home into a wild bird care center they named "Raptor Roost."

While at Raptor Roost, Mr. Peepers eats a steady diet of beef and chicken hearts and mice. Garlick says the hearts are a good food source as she is able to cut them in pieces and dip the pieces in medicine or vitamins for the hawk.

Once Peepers is able to perch and climb, Garlick will fly him on a tether to help him to relearn how to land. Garlick hopes the hawk will be ready to be released sometime during the spring.



Because "Mr. Peepers" cannot grip with his talons, Lois Garlick is able to handle the hawk with her bare hands.



"Mr. Peepers" uses his wings for support.



Lois Garlick helps "Mr. Peepers" grip a railing set up in her backyard.

DEATH and KLEENEX

A Modern Mourner's Guide To Grieving In Public

By Carole Wiedmeyer

The regular work-a-day world has no place for the person in crisis. The show must go on, the mail must get through, the books must balance. For most people, displays of emotion are highly annoying, causing delays in the daily routine.

I know.

My mother, father and brother all dropped dead of separate causes within seven months of each other in 1984-5, leaving me with no immediate family at the age of 27. I cried a lot.

I also lived a "normal" life. How did I do it?

To start, coping is easiest at home. My favorite method was to curl up in the fetal position on my bed and sob under the sympathetic and watchful eye of my dog.

Here's where phone machines can be a real plus. If the phone rings, no need to interrupt your little sojourn into self-pity. I especially like mine because it has a feature called "call-screening." It lets you listen to the caller leaving a message.

After years of using call-screening, I've discovered I hardly ever have to get back to anyone right away. In fact, I've concluded that most matters are so unimportant, they can be put off indefinitely.

All this, of course, is so you

can experience your moods in peace. Depression, anger, rage, anxiety, despair; these are yours when you're comfortably cloistered away at home on a Thursday night. But what about when you're driving down the road in broad daylight and a song comes over the radio with words like "living without you takes a lot of getting used to"? Or when a doctor is rude and insensitive and your defenses are down?

If you're going to cry, you might as well be prepared. Here's what I carried to insure a smooth recovery in case of a tear attack:

- * sunglasses
- * clean tissues
- * aspirin
- * pen and paper for making notes on insights and feelings
- * quarter for the phone in case you need the reassurance of someone who loves you
- * perfume or moist towelettes to freshen up
- * good escape novel

Of course, having a car to retreat to is an asset, but if you're a pedestrian, no need to worry. An oasis can be found in even the most crowded public place.

Bathrooms are the best. When my mother was in the hospital, I took frequent crying breaks there. Look for the ones that are just one unit, not the

kind with stalls. You can even use the toilet while you're having your cry and be really efficient. And you can save your tissues by using the toilet paper.

If it seems your little bout of melancholy is getting out of hand and there's someone waiting outside, a quick way to end the mood, at least for me, was to look in the mirror. When you finally emerge with swollen red eyes, sniffing and gulping, all you need is a convincing sneeze or two to make people think you've got a cold or hay fever.

A few more practical pointers, and you'll be able to handle even the most catastrophic event with grace:

If you cry lying down, you get tears in your ears. Best to do it at least propped up.

Women, if you expect to cry, skip the mascara that day. A little dark eye shadow near the lash line is a good substitute.

Salty tears can be harsh on the skin, so be sure to wash up and moisturize afterwards.

And don't forget to have fun. Laughing and crying are both release mechanisms, experts tell us. To the outside world, laughing is perfectly acceptable behavior. A good friend of mine firmly believes in "survival of the silliest."

Get silly. Put rubber ants on your co-worker's phones. Put rocks in your partner's shoes. Or just go to the card store and read funny cards. While you're there, you might check out the humorous calendars and memo pads inscribed with such wisdom as "time flies when you don't know what you're doing." Surround yourself with these reminders that everything need not be taken so seriously.

And remember, if all else fails, a public display of tears can be very effective in getting what you want, especially from rule-and-regulation-quoting hospital personnel.

Happy crying ■

Divine Inspiration

Homosexuality and the Church: The Battle Still Rages.

By Jesse Tinsley

Unnatural. Indecent. Perversion. Sin. Homosexuality has been universally condemned by the followers of Christianity since fire and brimstone destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah.

Several surveys have estimated that five to ten percent of the world's population, some 500 million people, are homosexual.

Today, many Christians are asking whether their loving God would turn his back on the large segment of humankind who want to live as homosexuals.

A CBS-New York Times poll shows that 51 percent of American Catholics believe their church should condone homosexual acts between consenting adults.

In 1983, the National Council of Churches narrowly rejected a bid by the Metropolitan Community Church (MCC), an openly gay church, to join the mainstream denominations like Methodists and Presbyterians.

Growing MCC congregations and other gay groups across the nation testify that many gays be-

lieve in God, his love for them and the authenticity of their 'born again' experience. But when a gay person 'comes out' (of the closet), many Christians still offer only condemnation.

"The scripture is mute concerning homosexual orientation," said Rev. Jim Stender, Western's Lutheran campus minister. A condemnation of homosexuality is a "terribly incorrect" interpretation of scripture, said Sylvia Pennington, a minister who writes about and works with homosexual Christians nationwide.

John Applegate is a missionary with an unwelcome message for much of the Christian world. He is a television preacher, but Jimmy Swaggart and Jerry Falwell would not consider him a colleague. He is a homosexual. His Sunday night cable show is "Gays for Jesus."

The experiences of admitting to yourself that you are gay, Applegate said, can be compared to what Christians call being

"born again." "He (a gay person) suddenly sees there's other people like him, and he feels good about himself and it seems quite natural...It's a really neat experience."

Applegate has studied the controversy for over 15 years on his own, and explains that passages of the Bible used to condemn homosexuality are not read carefully or are poorly understood in their context.

Leviticus 18:22 (Old Testament)

Do not lie with a man as one lies with a woman; that is detestable.

Lev. 20:13

If a man lies with a man as one lies with a woman, both of them have done what is detestable. They must be put to death; their blood will be on their own heads.

(New International Version)

God's view of homosexual acts is fairly clear. Or is it?

In the Leviticus verses, for example, the original language was referring to sex acts between men involved in the worship of idols, Applegate said.

"How can someone change that around to mean something other than homosexual acts?" asks Western Alumni Scott Cooper, a youth minister at Calvary Temple in Bellingham. He believes the Bible's condemnations are too numerous to explain and that accepting homosexuality is part of a liberal trend in the modern church.

I Corinthians 6:9 (New Testament)

Do you not know that the wicked will not inherit the kingdom of God? Do not be deceived: Neither the sexually immoral nor idolaters nor adulterers nor male prostitutes nor homosexual offenders...
(NIV)

Again, Applegate argues that the passage refers to male prosti-



Jesse Tinsley

Sister Paula Nielsen preaches from the T.V. studio of Multnomah Cable Access.

tutes in heathen temples of gods such as Baal or the Egyptian god Isis. Cooper disagrees with him, saying that using word definitions to condone homosexuality is an attempt to whitewash sin. He said that an overview of all verses dealing with issue ultimately condemn it.

Romans 1:18,25-27 (New Testament)

The wrath of God is being revealed from heaven against all the godlessness and wickedness of men who suppress truth by their wickedness...

They exchanged the truth of God for a lie, and worshiped and served created things rather than the Creator...

Because of this, God gave them over to shameful lusts. Even their women exchanged natural relations for unnatural ones. In the same way the men also abandoned natural relations with women and were inflamed with lust for one another. Men committed indecent acts with other men, and received in themselves the due penalty for their perversion. (NIV)

This passage predicts God's punishment of sin and again it seems clear what the Bible is

saying about homosexual attractions.

Applegate explains that the second paragraph, about those with whom God is displeased, refers specifically to godless, wicked people, not homosexuals as a group.

The word "natural" is a point of controversy. Is the attraction between two men biological, psychological or a learned behavior?

Applegate and some contemporary theologians, believe that the "natural" orientation is whatever the person finds most comfortable.

"For those who have a heterosexual orientation, to participate in homosexual activity is wrong, because it is a violation against how they're made," Stender said. Stender is disagreeing with the official Lutheran church views, which condemn homosexuality. Stender said gays do not choose their sexual preference.

There is some evidence to hint at a biological origin for homosexuality, said Dr. Rosemarie McCartin, assistant dean of graduate studies and research in psychology at the University of Washington. But, McCartin said, there is stronger evidence that childhood experiences and reinforcement during puberty is what molds the homosexual tendency. She said that no one knows for sure.

Sister Paula, a transsexual raised by heterosexual parents, hosts a religious broadcast on a local cable television in Portland, Oregon. She is also known as "Red Hot Mama" when she performs at the Portland nightclub Darcelle XV. Her jokes are risqué and her songs are bawdy. The audience, mostly men, cheer and laugh along with 50-year-old Paula Nielsen as she prances back and forth on stage, batting her long false eyelashes. Her garish makeup and jewelry contrast with her deep baritone voice, which is husky from years of smoking.

During the day, Nielsen reads her Bible and prepares the sermons she will deliver with pentecostal enthusiasm on her weekly cable show "Sister Paula." The religious television cablecast features "America's Drag Evangelist," as she calls herself, preaching God's love and acceptance for all people and bubbling with on-stage exuberance.

Evangelist Nielsen offers a universal message. "I believe God is all things to all people", she said. "I do not believe that any finite system of religious teaching has all the truth." Most of her beliefs, however, are church standards: the Bible was inspired by God; Jesus was God's son; Christians have a personal relationship with Jesus Christ.

"...it is okay to be Christian and gay."

-Sister Paula

After interviewing a young heterosexual man raised by his lesbian mother and her lover, she refuted the idea of outside influences on sexual orientation. "According to that, I should be straight and he should be gay," said Sister Paula. She and others refute the notion that homosexuals "recruit" non-homosexuals. "If you're not in the club, you can't join," she said with a giggle.

She preaches a message, which is unpopular to some. "I'm trying to reach church people," she said. "There are some who are narrow-minded and bigoted. But there are some people in the evangelical churches who are loving people, who can be won over. I am also trying to reach gays and lesbians who are afraid to come out—to give them the message that God loves them and that it is okay to be Christian and gay."

"It's not sin, it's not a sickness, it just is," said Pennington,



Jesse Tinsley

John Applegate holds the sign he uses to advertise his show "Gays for Jesus."

whose two books "But God, They're Gay" and "Good News for Modern Gays" have articulated the feelings of gay Christians. She says homosexuality is a normal, unalterable state for some people.

Cooper disagrees, saying that homosexuals can change. "I Corinthians 6:11 proves it, he said, because the phrase '... and that is what some of you were...' follows the list of sins, including homosexuality."

Counselor Doug Houck of Metanoia Ministries was, but is no longer gay. He now counsels homosexuals who do not want to be gay. Although he was raised in a solidly Christian home, his homosexual experiences began when he was seven and continued through his early twenties. While attending a Christian college, he began a heterosexual relationship. On the night he was to be engaged, he became depressed and attempted suicide. The counselor that treated him in recovery told him to accept his homosexuality as normal. His Christian beliefs would not allow him to condone it, but still he continued homosexual activity.

In the years after college, he found that his homosexual attraction was an addiction. When sex was offered, he said, he could

not say "no." He felt trapped. With the counsel of a pastor friend, he began to sort it out. He learned to say "no." and he rebuilt his "shattered self-esteem," a symptom of most addictions, he said.

Houck quotes psychologist Elizabeth Moberly, who says that homosexuality is caused by a breakdown in a young child's relationship with the same-sex parent. Houck, the oldest of six children, explains that his own father worked nights and his children only saw him when he was grouchy and distant.

Houck believes every human has a strong "same-sex love need," which, if unfulfilled by the parent, is often met by a homosexual lover. Houck said this is a recurring trend in each of the approximately 70 men he has counseled. He holds a Bachelor's degree from Calvin College and a Masters in Counseling from Seattle Pacific University.

The "therapy," which can last several months or more, teaches gays to disconnect sex from their need to bond with other men, and to seek alternative emotional fulfillment. "A heterosexual is a 'completed' homosexual," said Houck.

Applegate believes that Metanoia's therapy simply teaches

a gay person to deny his or her innate sexuality. "What they are practicing is a type of behavior modification," Applegate said. Houck and Moberly do not understand homosexuality, he said. "Not every gay man is out there looking for a father-figure," he said.

Metanoia, which means "turn around" in Greek, does not seek clients. "The gay lifestyle is very painful," said Houck, because of the alienation from family, friends and society. Those who seek out Metanoia don't want to be gay anymore, he said.

Ministries like Metanoia are popping up in mainstream denominations, such as the Christian Reformed and Assembly of God churches, which support much of Metanoia's work. Houck said there are four in the Northwest and many around the country.

Methodists, Catholics, Presbyterians and Episcopalians have, either as a denomination or as individual parishes, condoned homosexuality to some degree. The pockets of compassion found in the Christian world are small, however, in comparison to the condemnation and homophobia of the majority.

Applegate said he isn't just seeking respect for himself, but for all gay Christians. He is convinced gay Christians will be vindicated on the Judgement Day, but for now, he is happy as a rabblouser and prophet, disturbing the status quo whenever he can.

"It's knowing that one person can make a difference," he said, thoughtfully.

Homosexuals are accepted in the Episcopal church, said Father Mark Miller, assistant priest at St. Paul's church in Seattle. This reflects a trend among many churches and denominations, said Miller.

"We are not interested in condemning people as much as loving them," he said ■

MOTORCYCLE APPEAL



Going Beyond the Biker Stereotype

By Jeff Galbraith

Marlin Brando. James Dean. Dennis Hopper. Peter Fonda. And, unfortunately, The Fonz. Rebels without financial worries? Generational (and beyond) idols? Hardcore raisers of mayhem within a normally "Wonderbread" minded Hollywood? What common association do these five icons share?

Bikes.

No, not the mountain variety that flood Red Square daily. Not the stylish, sleek Italian touring cycles. Not the Pee Wee Herman three-speed-run-to-the-drug-store kind either. You know, bikes — Harley-Davidsons. Serious heavy metal, loud exhaust pipes, leather, chrome, hair, beards, tattoos, skulls-and-crossbones.

Could you picture "Easy Rider" filmed with Schwinns?

Although there is a definite image tagged on to those who pilot their iron horses through America's highways and byways, many are just your average Tate.

Tate? Tate Landis, 26. Landis is a Western student, Mt. Baker Ski Area employee, art education major, and fanatical Harley owner/rider.

Landis represents a newer wave of American bikers who shun images in favor of the simple enjoyment of riding big bikes.

"If you buy a bike to portray a certain image, then you've pretty much just wasted your money. My friends and I, we just love to ride motorcycles, we love the road, and we love the sound of a fine piece of machinery," Landis said.

Landis has always taken an interest in motorcycles. His father

owned several Japanese models during Landis' youth and he went on to own several himself during his teens. Although he owned several fine bikes, he always knew he wanted a Harley.

Landis elected to go north to Alaska to fish for his bike. Upon returning, he began a quest for the perfect bike that ended seven months and \$3,000 later with a Harley 1000.

For Landis and friends, the allure of driving huge chunks of hot American metal down the road, lies not in image, or looks, but in the adventure of the American institution of the "road trip."

"I don't care how you get there; Harley, Honda, Cadillac, or even puke-green family wagon, it's just the feeling of being out on the highway, moving fast with your friends going wherever things may lead," Landis said. "It's a fine thing, it's not escapism...there's a hell of a lot out there to see."

Landis recalls some of his more memorable moments on the road. One ride was to a wedding in which Landis and company were friends with both the bride and groom. Upon their arrival at the formal scene in leathers, "We pretty much scared the hell out of everyone there."

Landis also remembers having several members of the biking club, the Banditos, pull up and ride along side of him for several miles, only to leave him in a cloud of exhaust.

He vividly recounts the first time he brought his prized possession home to meet the folks.

"I rode home to this family reunion. I hadn't seen my parents for about eight months and here I pull up with really long hair and this monstrosity of a bike. My mom got all pissed off, and my dad just asked for the keys and then took off on it for about forty-five minutes."

Landis is not exclusive in his attitude and invites anyone who rides motorcycles to join him and his friends to hit the road.

"I don't care what you ride, Harley, Jap-bike, psuedo-Harley,

or Vespa. Hell, if you love to ride, I'll ride with you," Landis said.

For Landis and those who venture to accompany him on his free-form trips of speed and power, the attraction above all else lies in the constant enjoyment of the camaraderie, the sights, the sounds, and the adventure of what's around the next turn.

Landis said, "The bottom line is the spontaneity and festivity of the road. I consider myself a lucky man." ■

GROTTO



By Vicki Stevens

The sign reads "Do not spit on floor, walls or equipment." No, it is not a hospital or a spittoon ad. It is the Grotto Game Room in the depths of the Viking Union.

It is a room reminiscent of seedy bars, obnoxious rock music and big scary men.

Except smoking is not allowed, the music is about as Top-40 as it gets and the only people there are, with some exceptions, Western undergraduates.

In the Grotto, students can enjoy the pulsing lights and the out-of-tune music of video games. The variety of video games is impressive — ranging from finding POW's, pitting talents against the Altered Beast and playing Double Dribble on the pseudo-basketball court.

The Grotto also offers a variety of games to stimulate and amuse. Chess is available for those who wish to improve their reasoning skills; darts to improve hand-eye coordination; ping-pong to build up wrist muscles; pinball to firm up index finger muscles; backgammon for over-achievers; shuffleboard for those needing practice for a cruise trip; and six pool tables for those who

just enjoy a good game of billiards.

Housing and Dining monies initially fund the Grotto but financially it is self-sustaining, said James Schuster, associate director of the Viking Union and operations. The money the Grotto makes back is used for other non-income producing areas of the VU, such as the music listening room.

Daily Grotto patron, junior Brent Olson, said he goes there primarily to play pool.

"It's fun and I'm fairly good at it. When you're good at it it's more fun to play," he said.

Olson said it is usually easy to get a table to play on in the Grotto.

Allison Barker works at the Grotto and estimated between 50 and 100 people spend their quarters and sink eightballs everyday in this recreational mecca.

Though pool is Olson's main interest at the Grotto, he chose Heavy Barrel and Xybots and his favorite video games because "You can make your quarter last longer in those games."

The hours of this well-kept secret amusement haven in VU 101 are 10-9 Monday through Friday and 2-9 on the weekends ■

CRAMMING



A Student's Best Friend or Worst Nightmare?

By Mary Darling

It's 2 a.m. Only seven hours left. The words on the page blur as the fifth cup of coffee puts the mind on fast-forward. Fear of failure begins to interfere with concentration. Worst case-scenarios of a brain buzzing with information but no key to retrieve any of it halt your thought processes. By now, you are a trembling blob of tapioca pudding. So you get up and search the refrigerator for solace.

It's a classic case of cramming. The "brush fire" method of studying in which you are constantly stomp-

ing out fires instead of fireproofing, or spacing out your study time. But it's the way you've always done it and you're going to graduate, so why change?

Maybe you shouldn't. But cramming could be an indication of some other problems.

Nathan Church, Director of the Counseling and Health Services Center, says that if a student is constantly cramming he or she might have a serious problem with procrastination. But it can also indicate substance abuse or may be a subconscious way for a student to show that he really doesn't want to be at college.

"Students are ambivalent about being here — on the outside they appear motivated, but then you see they never really study or they delay their study to the point that they know they can't perform adequately," Church says.

Church says cramming may result from learning disabilities. Students who have a disability may get frustrated with the process of reading and keep putting books aside until they are finally stuck in the cramming mode.

Or a student may just be overloading him or herself.

Church says Western has many highly motivated students whose parents can't afford to put them through school. They work 40 hours a week and carry a full load of classes as well as try to keep a social life together and are forced to cram to survive. Church suggests these students should explore financial aid options.

Although cramming can be successful, it is addictive and difficult to return to normal study habits. Cramming can be so draining and stressful that crammers put off studying to avoid what has become for them the ordeal of ordeals. Little do they realize that they would actually spend less time studying and be more efficient if they could space out their time.

"You get much more out of three hours of spaced study than seven hours of cramming and anybody who has seven hours to cram can spend three hours (in distributed study)," Church said.

A night spent cramming before a test can put students in danger of experiencing the tip-of-the-tongue phenomenon or calling up a blank.

One effective study method, "SQ3R," has been found to improve exam scores in laboratory rats but many students have yet to pick up on the benefits of this method.

"SQ3R" goes like this:

The first S stands for Survey—skim everything once, including the preface, headings and subheadings to get an idea of the overall framework of what you're trying to learn.

Question—ask yourself questions about the material and start an active relationship with the stuff you are trying to learn instead of soaking everything up like a sponge.

Read—this is the first step for most students. But for the first read, don't underline anything, don't take notes. Just let yourself be swayed by the words, like a palm tree in a gentle tropical wind.

Recite—Reread the material and get out your favorite green, pink or yellow fluorescent pen and underline. But don't underline a sentence before you have finished reading it. Underlining the wrong items can interfere with efficient learning.

Review—This is the final step and should be done right before the exam. Survey the material and decide what is most important to remember and understand.

Finally, remember this old Latin proverb, "Mens sana in corpore sano," a healthy mind in a healthy body.

Jo Sandberg, associate director of Student Health Services, and a registered nurse, says that her records show a dramatic increase in the number of stress-related illnesses during finals week such as gastro-intestinal problems, abdominal cramps and headaches (some of which are caffeine related). Students who fall into the habit of gobbling chips, cookies and pizza late at night may find the little time they do have to sleep disrupted by heartburn.

Sandberg recommends exercise to get the mind off schoolwork, cleaning up the diet (you know, eat vegetables and fruits) and getting more sleep as well as spacing study to maximize success and enjoyment of school ■

LIFE IN THE SLAMMER

A Look Inside The Whatcom County Jail.

By Paul Douglas

One Christmas, Joe Vitaljic asked if his mother could bring him Christmas cards to send to friends. A corrections officer agreed. But, when his mother brought the cards, the supervisor, the only one who truly could grant his request, told him he couldn't have the cards and put them in a locked, black box.

Vitaljic's living conditions create an altered lifestyle. Where he lives, doors buzz and slam. Cameras watch every move. Gray concrete encompasses the area. No windows can be seen from the corridors. It is spotless. No odor permeates. It is jail.

The Whatcom County Jail, located across from the Post Office



Joe Vitaljic - looking forward to the day of his release...

Pete Kendall

on Prospect Street in downtown Bellingham, holds 148 prisoners, said Ray Gordon, chief of the bureau of corrections.

Despite crowded conditions, prisoners still complain of isolation and boredom, prisoners Bob Doran and Vitaljic said.

"The worst part about being in here is there isn't anything to do. You just sleep, watch TV or read," Doran said.

"It's kind of like living in communism," Vitaljic said. "Everything is provided for you and you are told what to do."

A trip to the jail is scary but being imprisoned is worse, Doran said.

"The scariest part is when they place you in the back seat of the car and then drive you (to jail). It is the worst part of being arrested because you know where you are going," Doran said.

Once the patrol car reaches the prison, corrections officers take custody of the prisoners, and book them. Hands remain cuffed behind the back during the booking, Doran said.

"They ask you a bunch of questions, like do you have any diseases, etc. Then they take your wallet, keys, clothes and everything," Doran said.

Jail personnel take such things as clothes, wallets or purses, and store them in individual locked black boxes, such as the one holding Vitaljic's Christmas cards, Shirley Nicholas, a jail supervisor said.

Then prisoners receive an aqua short-sleeved shirt, a pair of aqua surgeon-style pants and slip-on dark blue deck shoes.

After getting their jail attire, prisoners are led to their cells, each of which houses a sink, toilet and a small, skinny sleeping mat. A fan blows constantly and regulates the temperature of the cell.

The nature of the crime they are accused of governs their housing assignment, Gordon said.

On the west wall of the first floor, padded "soft isolation" cells house those who need observation, such as drunks, people who have attempted suicide or those coming off of a drug high, Nicholas said. Rapists are also housed in soft isolation because they could face violence at the hands of other prisoners. Most inmates believe rape is the worst possible crime someone can commit, Gordon said.

On the east wall sit small, square visiting booths. They are



Pete Kendall

Inmates in Vitaljic's cell block gather for a casual card game.

divided in half by bullet-proof glass, with a chair on each side. Inmates can have a maximum of three hours visiting time per week.

Across from the visiting booths is a small classroom, where the prisoners can earn a general education degree while they serve their sentence, Gordon said.

Up on the second floor, prisoners live in large, fish tank-like cells with outside walls of thick, bullet-proof glass. The sound-proof tanks keep inhabi-

tants from having any physical contact with people on the outside. Even their food is slipped through slots in the wall.

Most of the time the inmates roam and mingle freely inside their glassed environment like animals in a zoo. At night, however, each must stay in his or her individual cell, said John McSwain, a corrections officer at the jail.

Each group tank houses a day room, which contains a TV, coffee pot, collection of board games and two phones. The

brown phone is for attorneys only, while inmates may use the blue phone to call collect outside the jail, McSwain said.

The third floor houses accused murderers and women. The women live in a dorm setting in a glass tank at the far end of the corridor, Gerner said. Accused murderers are housed in four-man tanks at the opposite end of the corridor.

Inmates must abide by strict rules, such as keeping their surroundings clean and obeying jail personnels' orders.

"If prisoners don't keep the day room clean they will lose TV privileges," Nicholas said.

Prisoners who fail to obey the rules often end up alone in "isolation," dark, unlit cells on the third floor, Gerner said.

"I have seen some people go from being a smart ass, to being real mellow," Vitaljic said.

Some inmates, judged as posing no real danger, are allowed to be "trusties," Gordon said. Others participate in a work-release program. Work-release prisoners must pay \$10 a day to remain a participant of that program.

Shedding their green outfits for white ones, trusties work in the kitchen and deliver food to the other inmates.

"Sometimes the cook will give you a cigarette and you can go smoke out back," Vitaljic said. Smoking is a real treat, as the Whatcom County Jail is a smokeless facility.

Doran said the worst thing about living in the jail is the food.

"The quality of the food is o.k. but the quantity is shit. They give these tiny portions that aren't enough to feed a mouse," Doran said. Not only are the portions small, Doran said, but jail inmates can't go back for seconds.

Despite his complaints, Doran said this new jail is a lot better than the old Whatcom County jail.

"In the old jail the bars were scary, but here you just have doors that buzz and slam." ■



Pete Kendall

Tony Arntzen (left) and Tony Draman study for their GED.

PRESS PLAY

Fast Forward Video Parties Without Giving Guests Cause to Pause

By Troy Martin



Garth Mix

It is a social event so new Miss Manners hasn't come up with an etiquette guide for it yet. And though many may prefer it to be an undisciplined activity, the video party needs strict guidance in order to provide participants the maximum in prerecorded visual entertainment.

So how does one conduct a video gathering without committing one of the social faux pas of video partying? Come to think of it, what are the social faux pas of video partying?

Behold, the answers to a film buff's prayers.

1. First, make sure the necessary facilities and equipment are available. A television is a seldom-appreciated blessing, especially if it's a color set. An enclosed space with electricity, heat and a roof, such as a dorm room or apartment, also is nice; don't invite friends to a video party at their house. Make sure movies and a VCR will be there when needed; this may mean having to telephone a video outlet and reserve them in advance.

2. Keep the size of a gathering in proportion to space and personality restrictions. Be certain no one invited will have to stand up for the entire evening. Also, don't invite popular music fans obsessed with U2 to an MGM musical film festival. If somebody denies an invitation and the excuse is simply a lack of interest, cross that individual off the "must include" list, as he or she obviously doesn't appreciate the planning required for a video event people will talk about for weeks.

3. Be sure refreshments will be available. However, don't spend the entire month's income on goodies; asking friends to bring food and beverages is perfectly acceptable, provided they are not charged for video rental fees as well.

4. Select the movies personally. Don't allow guests to bring what they want to see; they can throw their own video parties and stay at home if that's the case. But keep the audience in mind;

don't rent "Desperately Seeking Susan" if everyone detests Madonna, or "Friday the 13th" if half the crowd gets queasy just walking by a grocery store meat counter.

5. Make viewing consistent throughout the evening. Variety is life's spice, but don't run "Annie" and "Deep Throat" on the same bill. Be innovative and experimental, but establish equilibrium; rent a contemporary action drama such as "Shoot to Kill," a classic comedy like "Arsenic and Old Lace" and a romantic mystery along the lines of "Marnie." Thematic films are another way around this problem, but don't make them too limited. A pairing of "Superman" and "Supergirl" splinters an audience more than, say, a James Stewart double feature of "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" and "Rear Window."

6. Use caution in selecting films familiar to many audiences. Some can't get enough of "Beverly Hills Cop;" others would rather sacrifice their firstborn than sit through it again. However, favorites often create useful springboards. Those who loved "Grease" probably will flip for "Bye Bye Birdie."

7. Allow time for chitchat before the movies. Friends want to catch up with what other friends have been doing and hang up their coats before indulging in fictional escapades and the popcorn bowl. Also, strangers want to meet other strangers and talking about movies is a splendid icebreaker. Keep the trigger fingers away from the VCR play button or viewers may gab through a film's brilliant opening credit sequence.

8. When it's movie time, douse the lights. This creates a more intimate viewing experience and prevents the likelihood of someone staring at dorm room posters all evening rather than the TV screen. And lovers in the crowd will never cuddle together during a romance if flood lamps are blaring down on them.

9. Never use the fast-forward button. There's no more certain

way to alienate an audience than to announce "This part's boring" and zip through it. Let them decide for themselves. And count on it — a film's most deadening sequence will be someone's favorite scene.

10. Rewind sparingly. A funny line becomes less so heard again and again. But if someone uses the bathroom and misses the shower murder in "Psycho," don't penalize them for responding to a biological call; back up the tape and repeat the scene.

11. Don't force an audience to stay all night. More than three movies in one evening and viewers may end up crawling to the door, vowing, "Never again." Also, be adaptable. If everyone wants to watch "The Empire Strikes Back" before "Star Wars," let them. And take a movie's running time into account: If "Gone With the Wind" is on tap, forget about renting anything else.

12. Always rewind tapes as soon as the films are over. Not only does this aid video outlets, but the time lapse will often provoke a talk about the movie. Just because it's entertainment doesn't mean it can't be tantalizingly thoughtful; have an Alfred Hitchcock tribute and prepare for crackling conversations.

Variety is life's spice, but don't run "Annie" and "Deep Throat" on the same bill.

Follow these guidelines and guests will marvel how a get-together could possibly have been pulled off with such spectacular finesse and polish. And don't be surprised if it turns out to be the echelon to which all other video parties hope to aspire. And to think it took just 12 easy steps.

Happy viewing ■



Michael J. Lehnert