



Western Washington University
Western CEDAR

Klipsun Magazine

Western Student Publications

9-1981

Klipsun Magazine, 1981, Volume 11, Issue 06 - September

Glenda M. Carino
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

Carino, Glenda M., "Klipsun Magazine, 1981, Volume 11, Issue 06 - September" (1981). *Klipsun Magazine*. 60.

https://cedar.wwu.edu/klipsun_magazine/60

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.

KLIPSUN



1954
Circus



KLIPSUN

11



16

30



Lynden's Limbo Law: Don't Get Down in Town 4
Lynden City Fathers do a shuffle. Story by Gary Sharp and Teresa Tsalaky

Side Stepping in Lynden 6
Given a chance, they'll get up and dance. Story by Fred Obee

Alaska; A Distant U.S. Land 8
The land of the midnight sun leaves a lasting impression. Story by Gary Nevan

Big Feats in a Small Town 11
Making cedar come to life. Rod Pullar plies his trade with kives and chisels. Story by Teresa Tsalaky

Ringmaster: Jack of All Trades, Master of Most 16
He says he's the best in the business. Making a living at center ring. Story by Mark C. Murphy

Chemical Dependence: The Use of 2,4-d 22
Death or Growth—the chemical controversy still rages. Story by Bonnie Huckins

Lasers on Stun - Look What's Coming Into Your Living Room 24
The harnessing of lasers for home entertainment. Story by Dan Boyle

Hard Core Reactions 26
Women can fake it, but not the guy. Talks with a female pornography film maker. Story by Jenny L. Blecha

The Naked Gape 28
A look at Smuggler's Cabaret in Surrey, B.C. Story by Laura Ritter.

Rules to Get Ripped By 30
Social rules not covered by Emily Post. Story by Tom Atkinson

Editor: Glenda M. Carino, **Managing Editor:** Jeff Porteous, **Design Coordinator:** Alison Coates, **Photo Editor:** Richard Botz, **Business Manager:** Loren Landerholm, **Advisor:** Pete Steffans

Staff:

Tom Atkinson, Jenny Blecha, Dan Boyle, Debbie Doll, Bonnie Huckins, Mark C. Murphy, Gary Nevan, Fred Obee, Bob Patton, Laura Ritter, Gary Sharp, Teresa Tsalaky, Kathy Zalewski

Klipsun is a twice-quarterly publication funded with student fees and distributed without charge. Klipsun, Western Washington University, Bellingham, Washington 98225, 676-3737. Printed at WWU Print Plant.

Copyright© Klipsun 1981

Lynden's Limbo Law: Don't Get Down in Town

BY TERESA TSALAKY
AND GARY SHARP

Ancestors of Lynden's Dutchmen don't want to see martinis with a twist, moonshine mixed with boogie or jigs with a swig of the jug. So the city council passed a law banning dancing in its local bars—both of them.

The ordinance, passed last March, has popped the cork on this quiet and conservative town about 10 miles northeast of Bellingham. The issue is labeled a "can of worms," a "hot potato," and a "touchy situation." Four of Lynden's five policemen won't discuss it with reporters. Businessmen are afraid to talk about it. City council members become defensive when asked why they voted for the ordinance.

But one man, who has lived in Lynden since 1918, understands the argument against the law. Why is he willing to talk about it?

"Because I'm no longer in business," Pete Hofman said.

Hofman's admission is characteristic of Lynden's paranoia about itself. Citizens apparently harbor little qualms about so-called "moral" issues, but appear frightened to admit it for either social or economic reasons.

People in business, Hofman said, have to worry about their standing in this close-knit community. When Lynden Tribune editor William Lewis editorialized against the dance ban, one advertiser withdrew his ads and another cancelled his subscription.

Politicians also feel the pressure of Lynden's puritanical morals.

"I've been told that preachers, from the pulpit, tell people who to vote for for city council," Hofman, 81, said as he sipped on his whiskey

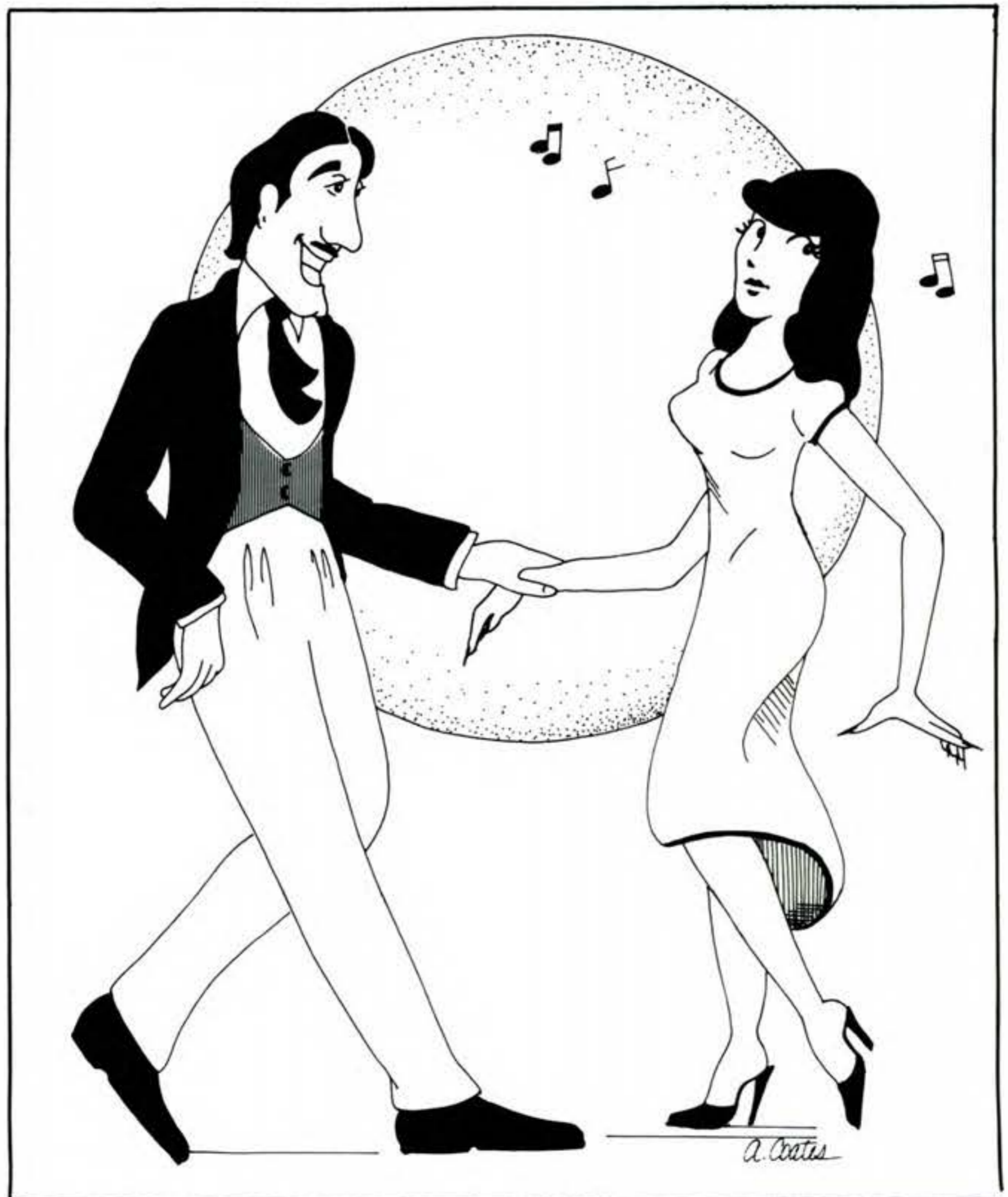
sour. The two city councilmen who voted against the ordinance have announced they will not run for re-election.

Lynden Mayor Jim Van Andel said he is retiring so he can travel and spend time with his family. "He's been an outstanding administrator,

and I'm sorry he has had to answer to the church," Hofman said.

"He's got a legitimate reason for quitting," he added, "but a lot of it is also because of the dancing."

Hofman's parents came from Holland. So did Lynden's conservative heritage. When a group of Protest-



ants moved from Germany (Deutschland) to Holland, they became known as Dutchmen. Later, a group of Dutchmen came to Pennsylvania as Quakers.

"Well, there's only one place to go: Heaven. But there's 15 ways to get there."

An "offshoot" of the Quakers moved to Lynden in the late 1800s and began the Reformed Church. Some members broke away from this church and began the Christian Reformed Church, which is leading the current battle against drinking and dancing in the same establishment.

When asked what caused the divisions in the church, Hofman joked, "Well, there's only one place to go: Heaven. But there's 15 ways to get there."

The closeness among the almost 4,000 Lyndenites, while lending a certain small-town responsibility among each other, also makes privacy a precious commodity. Personal beliefs can often be sidetracked by the social and political consequences of stating those beliefs.

The five city councilmen who voted for the ordinance are members of the Christian Reformed Church, including John Geleynse, who insists the dancing ban is not a religious issue.

"I made my decision to vote for the ordinance after sitting back and listening to the people," Geleynse said. "The community doesn't want an influx of weekend carousers."

Geleynse was referring to a common fear in Lynden that this quiet

community will acquire a rowdy environment similar to Sumas, another small border town that, unlike Lynden, tends to get wild on weekends.

The council held that dancing in bars would create a law enforcement problem, but Hofman questioned their stated motives.

"Do you think they're going to admit in any way that the church is influencing their decisions?" He answered his own question: "Of course not."

All those in favor of the ban deny it is a religious issue. But those against the ban say it is, including Dick DeGolier, who manages the only bar in Lynden with a hard liquor license. His restaurant and bar, The Harvest House, is where the dancing conflict began.

In February, DeGolier hired a band called Change of Pace. Bar patrons, mostly in their 30s, soon began dancing to the soft-rock

"I'd guess 75 percent of the churchgoers drink, . . . but they wouldn't be caught dead buying alcohol in the Lynden liquor store, so they go out to Everson to buy it."

music.

"Before (the band), everyone would clear out of here at 9 o'clock and go out into the county to dance. The band just kept people here. They loved it," DeGolier said.

But then he heard that dancing was illegal in Lynden. So the band leader, Steve Herrick, went to the City Hall and was told that dancing was defi-

nately against the law within Lynden's city limits.

"But they couldn't find the law," Herrick said. "They told us it had been lost."

The Lynden City Council quickly corrected that, however, and passed the ordinance over the loud objections of the few citizens alerted to the action.

Mayor Van Andel said there had been no dancing in Lynden for 90 years, but Hofman said a law against dancing in bars had never existed since he came to Lynden in 1918.

Back then, Hofman said, he waltzed to the music of Al Weidkamp, Barney's Band and the Boerhave Sisters.

Despite any evidence that the law actually existed, the ban is in place now and hurting business at the Harvest House. DeGolier claimed his bar made an extra \$800 each night the band played, so the Harvest House is suing the city for loss of profits. One of its co-owners, Dennis Hindman, is a Bellingham lawyer who claims the dance ban infringes on constitutional rights.

If the Whatcom County Superior Court decides the ordinance is unconstitutional, the 60 to 75 people who danced and drank at the Harvest House for only five weeks will once again be able to two-step while tipsy.

Ordinance No. 633 does not restrict itself to dancing in bars, but also extends to dancing in general. While one section prohibits any dance in which any part of the torso, male or female, is uncovered, another section says the City Clerk shall not issue more than three dance permits within a 60 day period.

"They're so afraid this would change the whole city," DeGolier, a newcomer to Lynden, said.

But Hofman said he believes the change will only make citizens even

more narrow-minded in the future. The third-generation Hollanders "are twice as bad as those of the first generation," he said.

Hofman said he left the Reformed Church several years ago because of its "hypocrisy."

"I'd guess 75 percent of the churchgoers drink," he said, "but they wouldn't be caught dead buying alcohol in the Lynden liquor store, so they go out to Everson to buy it."

As the rift between the moralist majority and dancing minority widens, so does the generation gap. Many students at Lynden High School make fun of the puritanical Hollanders.

Senior Terri Borden told "the most well-known joke at school."

"Why don't the Dutch make love standing up?" she asked. "Because they're afraid it might lead to dancing," she answered with a smile.

While Hofman thinks his community will become even more conservative, the prevalent high school attitude may push Lynden into the 20th century before it actually ends.

The dancing issue just may light the fuse of change in this dairy community where every bush is neatly trimmed, every lawn is mowed, and every curb is at the exact 12-inch regulation height.

On May 19 the Whatcom County Superior Court upheld the Lynden City Council's right to ban dancing where liquor is served in Lynden.

Judge Marshall Forrest, who presided over the case, said the ordinance was a "reasonable" ordinance and the City Fathers had the right to ban dancing at establishments where liquor is served.

Forrest also said he could not impose his own standards on a legislative body like the Lynden City Council. He pointed out that it is up to the people to use initiatives, referendums, or elections to carry out the people's will.

Hindman said he would appeal the decision and at the time of this writing, the issue still stands—dancing and liquor don't mix in Lynden.

BY FRED OBEE

"Gee, I dunno. Do they drink in Lynden?"

"Yeah, sure. They drink in Lynden."

"Well, I guess so. As long as they drink."

We can handle the drunk and rowdy; it's our forte. And if they want to hear some Willie Nelson, we can do that too. But when we were hired to play at the Harvest House in that Calvinist cloister known as Lynden, Washington, the band members were skeptical.

"Does this mean we have to learn Amazing Grace," the drummer smirked.

"How about Rock of Ages with a drum solo," the bass player chortled.

"It pays \$100 each for two nights."

"So what's a hymn now and then. When do we start."

Lynden is a small border town inhabited primarily by Dutch Reformists. City statutes there prohibit selling beer and wine in grocery stores and opening businesses on Sunday. And the mayor of Lynden, who resigned last spring, had a reputation for pulling "obscene books" off the library shelves.

So when the city council did a fast shuffle and put a new no dancing ordinance on the books, it was generally perceived as just one more move to secure peace in Lynden and keep the tiny town from falling into the "sinful" ways of Sumas and Blaine.

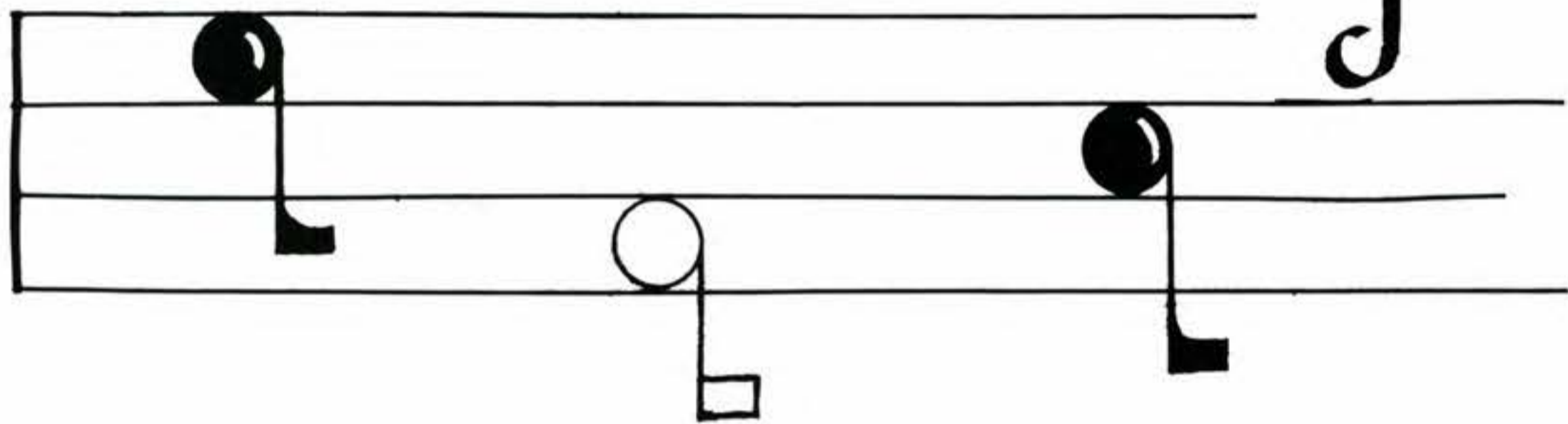
For one month, however, dancing was legal and our band, a four piece country ensemble, had the distinct pleasure of trying to woo the Lyndenites away from prudery and get them to . . . uh . . . shake a tailfeather.

It wasn't that hard.

We were, however, up against a few obstacles. First, there was no stage in the place. I guess lounge owners where dancing is generally illegal don't bother to build them. We attempted to set up on the side of the "dance floor," roughly 12 by 15 feet, and still leave room for those who wanted to depart from tradition and step out.

The hours were also kind of difficult. While most taverns and lounges start with the entertainment at 9 p.m. and go until 1:30 a.m., Lynden demands that the band begin on Friday night at 8:30 and quit by 12:30. Set that back an hour for Saturday night.

Sidestepping in Lynden



On Sunday, Lynden closes. All taverns and lounges must close by midnight Saturday to be in obedience with the Sunday rule.

So at 7:30 Saturday night, still digesting a quick dinner, we stood welcoming a dozen people (also full I expect) to shake things up a bit — or two step at least.

Despite the drawbacks, the job wasn't that bad. The crowd was unusually civil, except for one man who was stinking drunk and kept telling the Lyndenites-don't-make-love-standing-up-because-it-might-lead-to-dancing-joke.

A few managed to pervert a square dance step and got a little out of control on the dosey do, but by general standards, all were quite reserved.

And we took one long break so the entire crowd could listen to the state basketball finals of which Lynden's team was a contender. They won, everyone cheered and the house bought a round.

And we got a rousing cheer for a Billie Holiday song called Ain't Nobody's Business (what I do).

But generally we faced a different problem in

Lynden we don't generally encounter. The people were completely consumed by our being there. We weren't taken for granted. We traveled so far along this open ended scale that we felt like we were on exhibition as an oddity. The attention, however, was gladly accepted.

One thing really bothered me about the Harvest House, though.

I bought a beer for \$1 before we started to play. That is outrageous, of course, but not out of line for other lounges in the county. But when I came back at the end of the first set to procure yet another brew, the barmaid asked for \$1.25.

"It was a dollar before," I said.

"Prices go up when the music starts," she said.

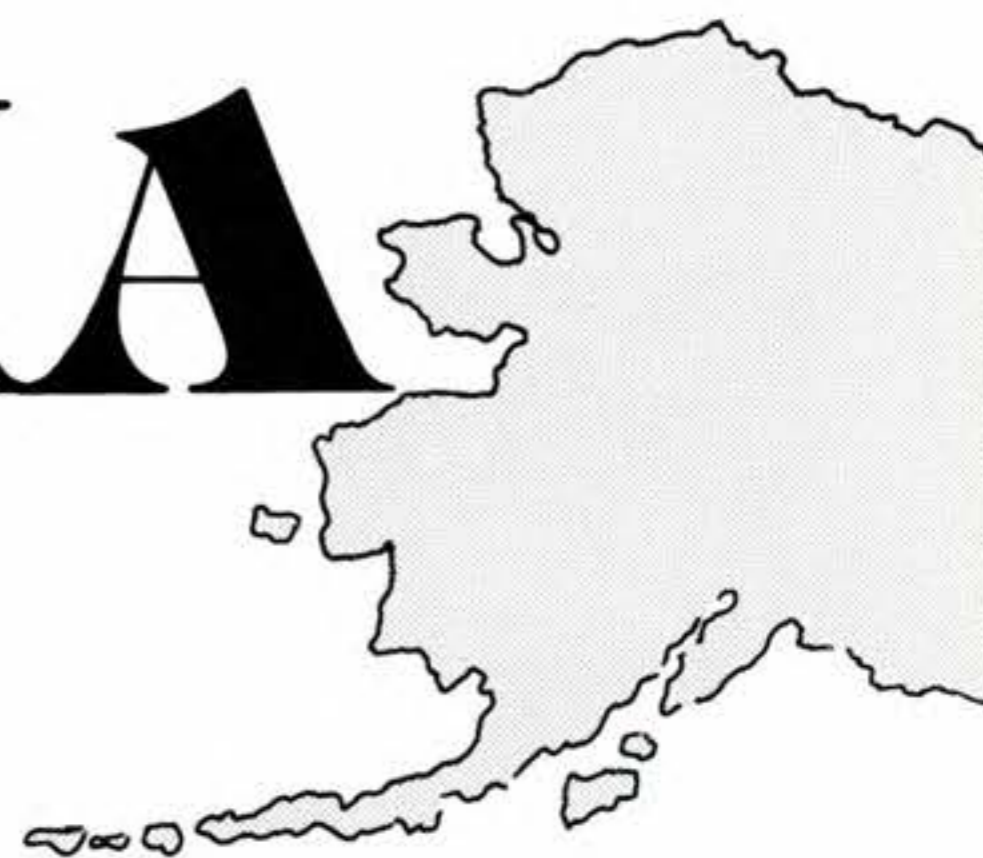
"You mean I've gotta pay extra to listen to myself?"

She just grinned and extended her hand, palm up, to collect the extra pittance. "Gotta pay for the band somehow," she said.

I grumbled and gave her the quarter. What the hell could I do? It was the only show in town.

ALASKA

A Distant U.S. Land



BY GARY NEVAN

No plush couches or chairs, no lavish restaurants or cozy cocktail lounges await the weary traveler as the plane touches down at Barrow International Airport. Neatly dressed attendants are nowhere to be found inside the terminal—and most shocking are the bathrooms, with buckets lined in plastic bags, which are changed periodically.

The young man is in Barrow, Alaska, the northernmost city in the United States—located 55 miles from the Arctic Circle.

Gene is in Barrow to supervise the unloading of barges from Seattle, containing building materials for 125 houses the North Slope Borough purchased for the people in the villages throughout the Arctic.

The temperature outside is hovering around 20 degrees, and since he only brought a light-weight down jacket with him, he wonders if he'll freeze to death before his work is done and he can return to the warm weather in Seattle.

He is met at the airport by two men who work for the construction company that hired him to unload the barges.

One of the men, John, grew up in Bellingham and has worked in Barrow for over three years. John doesn't always care for the isolation and freezing cold temperatures at Barrow, but the money is good (he makes over \$100,000 a year) and he's free from the pollution and hectic lifestyle of the big city.

Benson, 28, was a supermarket produce manager in Kansas City prior to coming to Barrow 1-1/2 years ago. He figures on working in the Arctic another two or three years

and then going home to Anchorage a wealthy man.

Gene tosses his suitcases into the pickup truck and the group heads to the construction camp the men will be staying at during the unloading of the barges in Barrow.

It's dinner time when they arrive and the food is plentiful. Steaks, prime rib, seafood, ham, vegetables, desserts, and all you can eat. The elaborate food spread is one of the incentives offered to keep the workers happy in this harsh environment.

The meals are prepared by Frank, a huge, burly, middle-aged ex-boxer with a flattened nose and a deep, gravelly voice. No one complains about the meals—at least, not in his presence.

After dinner Gene can barely move, having stuffed himself on a two-inch thick steak, potatoes, vegetables and two pieces of cake, but still jumps at the chance to take a tour of Barrow. He has yet to see a real Eskimo up close. (One thing he learns quickly is that the people up there don't like to be called Eskimos, which is a French term meaning "eaters of raw meat." They are "Inuits," which means "The People." For a long time they believed they were the only people in the world.)

Almost all the houses in Barrow are wooden shacks. Racks of raw caribou and whale meat hang in most yards, the meat blackened from months of exposure.

The streets of the town are made of dirt, frozen solid now in September, but in the spring when the thaw occurs they become knee-deep mud holes.

A few children are playing on the beach of the coldest ocean in the world and smile and wave as the truck goes by.

There aren't too many trucks in Barrow, people usually prefer riding three-wheeled mini cycles with wide, knobby tires. Little old ladies can be seen tearing around town, throttle open as they take corners at thirty miles an hour. Entire families sometimes pile on the cycles, on their way to visit friends across town.

Gene is shown the DEW Line (Defense Early Warning) Station, located on the outskirts of town. The DEW Line Station is now obsolete military installation, used primarily in the 1940s and 50s to keep an eye on the Russians. It is now occupied by a minimum staff of military personnel.

They pass the one hotel in Barrow that with no running water, charges \$68.00 a night. Across the street is Pepe's North of the Border Mexican Food. Burritos are \$5.00 and tacos go for \$3.50 each.

It's getting late, around 10:00 p.m., even though it's still light outside and will remain so until midnight, so the group decides to head back to camp. The summers in the Arctic are like that, light most of the night, until around November when the days become shorter and the nights longer. There is complete darkness 24 hours a day for about six months out of the year.

Once back at camp the men decide on a get-together in one of the trailers provided as living quarters for the workers.

Gene has brought a fifth of Wild Turkey bourbon with him, stashed in his suitcase for medicinal purposes,

and planned on only having a drink or two, but as the evening wore on two drinks became three, five . . . ten . . . twenty . . . and by the end of the session, at around 3:00 a.m., the Wild Turkey was drained, never to fly again.

There were a couple of Inuit men in the trailer who worked in construction and had spent almost their entire lives in Barrow.

One of the men, Joe, served in the Army during the Korean War, but returned to Barrow afterwards because as he put it, "This is my home, my people."

Gene is awakened at 6 a.m. and told the barges have arrived at Point Hope, a village 200 miles southeast of Barrow, and a plane is waiting to take him there immediately. Time is of the essence now, the barges must be unloaded before the winter ice pack arrives or risk delaying the project until next summer.

Gene's head is pounding as he crawls into the Cessna Twin Otter with a couple of co-workers, Brad and Tom. He remembers that he gets sick in small planes and wishes he had brought some air sickness pills.

The ride to Point Hope is interrupted by strong air pockets that toss the light plane around like a toy. Between that and his head feeling like a lead weight, Gene thinks about giving himself Last Rites.

As the plane makes its descent on Point Hope he notices the village is situated on a narrow sand spit that stretches many miles out into the Arctic Ocean.

A welcome-wagon committee of half the village is waiting for the plane as it lands. The young and the old alike stare blankly at the new white men as they step off the aircraft.

An old man comes up to the men and offers to give them a ride into town in his pickup for ten dollars. They accept, since the walk would be well over five miles and they are carrying a lot of equipment.

Once in town, the old man stops in front of a two-story wood house and tells the group that this is the hotel. Two Inuit women greet them as they walk in the front door and offer them a cup of coffee. The women, Irene and Donna, say they are to be their cooks and direct the men to the second floor where there are ten beds lined up, barracks style.

An hour later while the men are sitting downstairs drinking coffee, the front door is opened and a young Inuit man peers in shyly and inquires if anyone wants to buy a whale's penis. The Inuit grapevine travels fast when there are new white men in town. Taken aback at first, Gene and Tom remain quiet until Brad, a seasoned veteran of five years on the

North Slope, explains that the penis bone of the bow-head whale is a prized and valuable commodity. Reaching lengths of two feet and longer, the bone is decorated with artwork by the Inuits and generally sold to visiting tourists as conversation pieces.

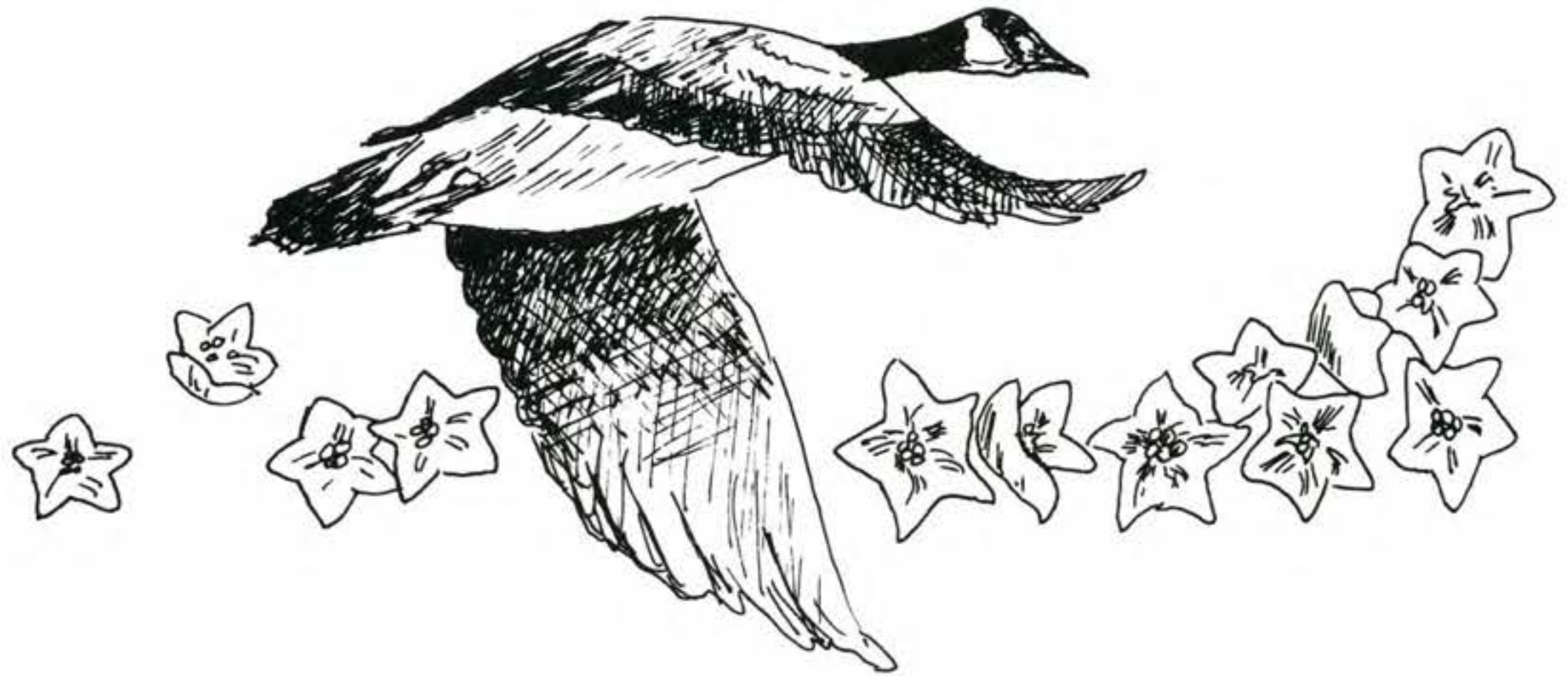
Brad informs the men that this particular item is of low quality and way overpriced—the boy wanted \$350 for it.

In the morning the men learn the unloading of the barges is going to be delayed due to high winds which have created twelve to fifteen foot waves in the ocean, so Gene decides to explore the village.

Three miles north is a cemetery completely encased in a whale rib-bone fence—an eerie, silent tribute to the animal that has been the main food staple of the Inuit for thousands of years.

While walking through the village, Gene sees an old Inuit man tearing off strips of meat hanging from a wooden rack outside his house. The man gestures at Gene to come over and try a piece. In broken English the man says the whale meat has been hanging on the rack, curing for over three months and offers Gene a small piece. Gene takes the black meat and glances at the man who now has a mischievous grin on his face. It only takes a few chews before Gene spits





the meat out, much to the delight of the old man who is doubled over in laughter.

He slaps Gene on the back and between gales of laughter says, "You white boys too use to cheeseburgers."

Back at the hotel, Gene learns from Irene that her husband is one of the best walrus ivory carvers on the North Slope, so he decides to pay him a visit.

Andrew Tooyak has been carving ivory for over 35 years. It is an art he learned from his father, who in turn was taught by his father. The art is slowly vanishing among the Inuits. The younger generation is more interested in other things, so as a result the art is dying.

Tooyak's workshop is in the corner of the kitchen in his small, cozy house. A huge polar bear rug hangs on one wall as does a framed picture of Tooyak in an Army uniform. He fought in the Korean War and is proud of his service to his country.

As he works on a ivory bracelet, Tooyak's teenage kids are listening to a rock album on the stereo. The spacey lyrics of Pink Floyd bounce off the walls, "We don't need no education . . ." and many Inuit children believe in those words.

That evening, word comes to the men that the winds have died down and they are going to start unloading the barges that night.

What follows is a week-long ordeal of working 20 hours a day with very little sleep and a lot of physical exer-

tion. The men are dead on their feet when the last crate is put in the correct place.

There is no time to rest—the barge immediately leaves for its next destination, and the men must follow. Their plane leaves in one hour to Point Lay, a tiny village to the east.

The men get to Point Lay before the barge and get a chance to relax for a day. It is during this time that they learn of the anti-white feeling among the villagers. They resent the white man's intervention in their lives.

Just last week, they were told, an Inuit man went berserk one morning and shot and killed four people, including one white man, reducing the population to 66.

Needless to say, the men are apprehensive about working outside all night.

The next morning the barge landed and the men prepared for another week of hard work.

It was the next morning at 2:00 a.m. that they witnessed one of nature's most spectacular shows—the Northern Lights.

It was a clear, cold night, in a region completely isolated from other civilizations. No city lights shone, no smog clouded the atmosphere.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, sheets of intense white light sprinted endlessly back and forth across the sky, as though the children of the gods were playing an extra-terrestrial game of tag.

The men stopped all work and stared breathlessly into the sky.

The barge was unloaded in six days and the men were packed and ready to go back to Barrow the next morning.

It is none too soon as far as they are concerned. Not once during their stay in Point Lay did they see an Inuit villager.

They arrive in Barrow to see hunks of ice floating in the ocean. It won't be long before the ice pack forms.

The unloading of the barges in Barrow will take two weeks. One day Gene was directing a fork-lift operator where to put a 4,000 pound crate of lumber, when the Inuit man leaned out of the window and yelled, "You f---ing honky" and starts to laugh. Gene was noticing that the man had been smoking joints all day and he's now very thankful a crate hasn't fallen on him yet.

As if on schedule, the day after the last barge is unloaded in Barrow the ice pack mysteriously appears.

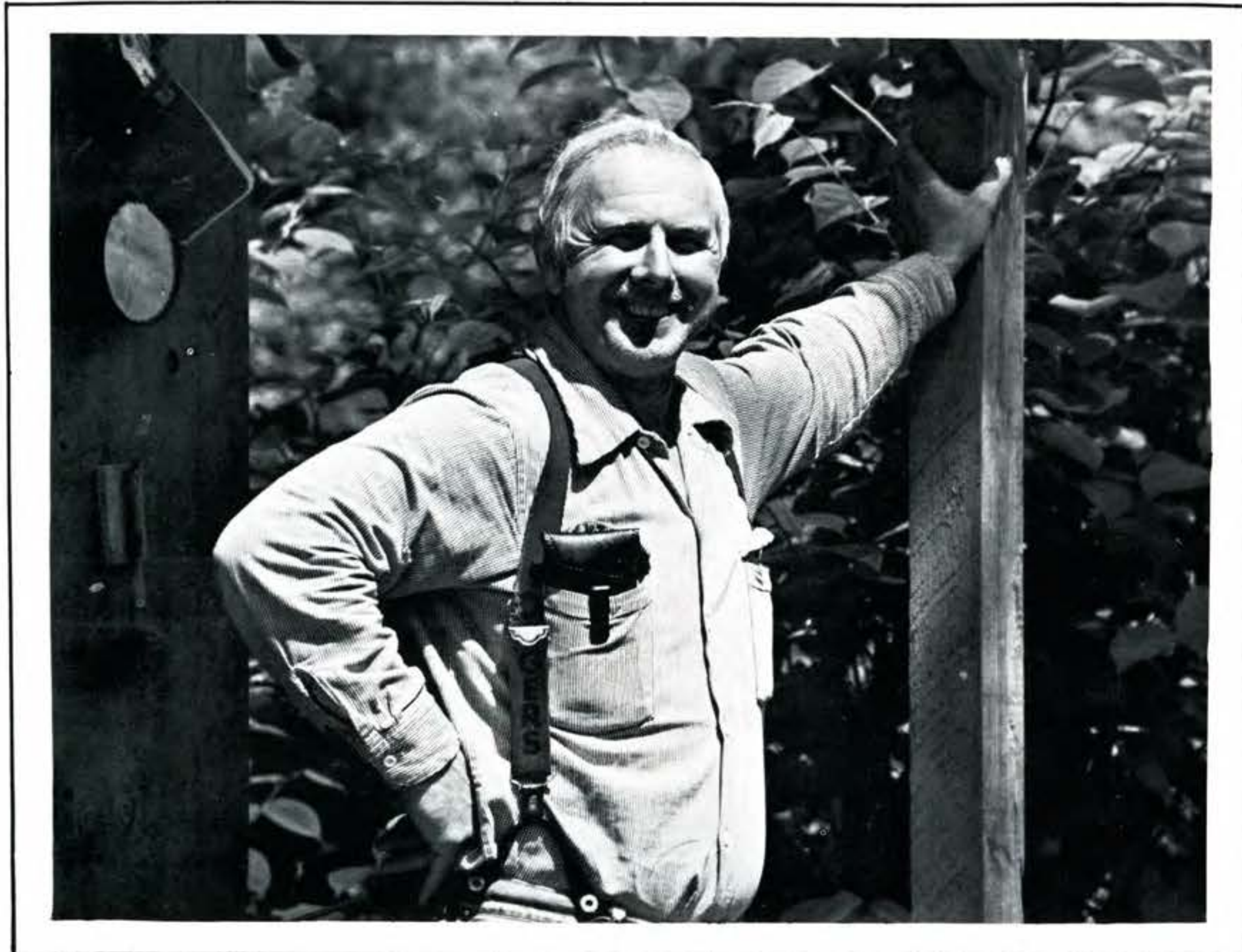
As far as the eye could see was ice. Sometimes with blue-green shades, but mostly white, with huge, craggy-edged icebergs shooting upward from the flat, bottom layer.

When Gene leaves on the jet the next day to go home, he sees the Inuits beginning to get ready for the winter hunt.

Preparing to do what their culture has been doing for thousands of years—surviving.

BIG FEATS

In a Small Town



Photos by Richard Botz

BY TERESA TSALAKY

His house is partitioned by furniture: a couch with two raccoon skins draped over the back, large bookshelves on either side of the couch, his 15-year-old son's double bed, his own single bed covered with a patchwork quilt, a wood-burning heater in front of the couch, a wood-burning stove behind it.

A green kerosene lamp hangs from the ceiling. Rod Pullar pays no bills to General Electric.

"Do you have running water?" I asked.

"Yeah, I got runnun' water. Ya run down to the crick with a bucket and bring back some water. I got walkin' water too."

Pullar's house is 15 miles south of Bellingham, with a gravel road and unavoidable chuckholes for the last mile. He lived many years in log cabins, but this place, which he built a year ago, is made out of flat wood planks. It is 50 square feet, with a flat roof.

"I'm livin' this way because, hey, I can afford this. It's sensible. The whole idea is economic sur-

vival. I live by my wits an' do jus' exactly what there is to do. I'd rather do this than punch a clock. I chose to leave that life because it's not there all the time, and hey, it can be damn lonely on those city streets."

He sat on the edge of the couch and rested his hands on his knees.

"Livin' like this don't mean you're gonna get rich. You could lose your ass. But even if I don't have a pile of money, I'm happy. Somebody else can worry about the three R's. I don't give a

tinker's damn about the system. I jus' enjoy livin'."

Pullar graduated from Western with a degree in adult education in 1976. Now he is 50.

He said he has tried to pattern himself after Abe Lincoln. Five generations of his family have lived like pioneers in Whatcom County. His great-grandfather settled in Blaine in the 1880s, and his "granddad was a Yankee soldier."

Pullar himself "did eight years for Sam — Uncle that is," as an electrician on a Navy submarine. He has also been a logger, plumber, gold prospector, school teacher and trapper. He was a tugboat skipper in Bremerton, a cowboy in Oregon and a cop in Baltimore. He taught survival school during the Korean War and has worked on archaeological digs.

Now he's a woodcarver and has been for 15 years.

"But it's not my job an' it's not my hobby. I guess ya could jus' call me a journeyman wood-shaper," Pullar said.

But he lives off the money he makes selling his carvings. After spending six months in 1976 chopping away at a cedar log, he sold the finished statue to Western for \$500. The 6-foot sasquatch statue in the Viking Union lobby stares with hypnotic eyes. The natural lines of the wood form two pupils glancing to the right. A succession of circles emanates out from the pupils like waves from a pebble dropped into a calm pool of water.

"I didn't make the eyes like that on purpose. Those circles jus' happened to be there in the wood," Pullar admits, his own blue eyes alert and intense. "An' that's not really what sas looks like. That's jus' art, not reality."

Pullar said he "got involved with sasquatch in the 70s. Went out callin' coyotes and had a sas rush me and roar at me. Now I've bumped into 'em five times. Ya know the mountain between Samish and Whatcom? Ya know Brush Canyon? That's where sas hangs out."

He grabbed a 10-inch photo-

graph from the bookshelf. It was a black-and-white picture of a huge hairy animal — like a cross between a bear and a gorilla — leaping over a log.

"He was really movin.' Didn't want his picture taken," Pullar said as he handed me a small newspaper clipping with the headline: "Four Women May Have Been Decapitated."

"The ability to be creative has been in the lonely person most of the time."

Pullar said that when 14 girls disappeared in Seattle a couple years ago, he guessed it was a sasquatch that snatched them. "The sas don't give a damn if it's a big city, but how can ya tell a slick, 'Hey, that's reality.'? Ya'd hafta rewrite the anthropology books. But I told the cops that if it was a sas that got 'em, they wouldn't find nothin' but the skulls."

Pullar's eyes widened. The





showed his keyboard teeth, straight and pearl-white. Only when he smiles do wrinkles show up like bird claws on the outside edge of his eyes. Otherwise, his skin is smooth and rosy, partially covered by a pure white three-inch beard. Traces of black can be seen in his mustache, bushy eyebrows and hair — a perfect Santa Claus face.

He began taking objects from the bookshelf and table next to him: a cigar box filled with arrowheads and artifacts, a tambourine, a collar bit “that ya put into a nervous horse’s mouth,” a miner’s hat-lamp, a piece of black comb with the words “Goodyear 1851” on it, a pewter bowl, an old whiskey flask made from a steer horn, two rusty three-pound cannonballs “from when the Spanish were fightin’ here,” and a two-foot Civil War bayonet.

Each object had a ten-minute story behind it.

When the tales ended, Pullar stood and pulled on his red suspenders. “Now I’ll carve somethin’ for ya,” he said, walking over to his antique pedal-driven jigsaw. “This don’t work no more, I carve ‘em by hand.”

He paused and looked up. “Ya know, I deliberately don’t use good English. I can be a totally different person when I want. I don’t always dress like this either. Sometimes I put on my duds and go dancin’. I should take ya dancin’ sometime. Ya’d have a heluva time. I know everyone in those bars.”

He was wearing a blue-striped shirt, a dirty maroon ski vest, gray wool socks, hiking boots and Levi’s that hung four inches above his ankles.

He rattled on and on as he grabbed a foot-long piece of split birch and set it on an upright log that was three feet tall. The toolbox on the table next to him had 20 or more handmade tools: hatchets, drawshaves, veiners,

wind blew gusts into his two plastic windows: pffft, pffft.

“Wild animals chew up every bone but the skull. That’s why ya only see skulls in the desert. No bones.”

I read the article in my hand. It said the remains of four of the victims had been found near Northbend — only the skulls and jawbones.

“Yep, sas got ‘em. But the cops said probably a cult group did it.”

I noticed two small bear skulls on the table by the couch. And three small wood carvings: a camel, a pagan fertility goddess and an upright bear with a face carved on its belly.

On the wall to the left hung a tanned bear-hide with an Indian painting on it. Behind it, a pair of Royal Elk horns with six points each stuck out from the wall as a hat rack. On the wall to the right hung deer horns, moose horns, eagle feathers, a fox tail, a guitar

and a banjo.

The wall in front of the couch was decorated with a crucifix, the tail of a native grouse and a squirrel tail. (“Don’t write that. You’re not supposed to kill squirrel. But I didn’t kill him. Found him dead.”)

Two rifles and a fishing pole hung on the same wall. Below them stood an ax next to a wood chest full of logs. Patches of carpet dotted the floor. Leather pouches hung from the ceiling. A row of tiny colored bottles sat on one window ledge, pinecones on the other.

Two white buckets sat next to the heater catching drops of water leaking through the roof and hitting with a clicking sound. Alternate drops hit the stove and sizzled. Click, szzz, click click, szzz.

“I kinda enjoy the leakin’ roof. If I didn’t I’d probably fix it,” Pullar said with a friendly smile that



gouges, mallets, froes, chisels, a knife bent into a J-shape and an adze.

"Ya jus' go to your woodpile and ya pull out a piece of wood and take a knife and start choppin' away, and by suppertime ya got somethin' worth twenty-five bucks. Whenever the feelin' strikes ya, get out the knife."

He began peeling off the bark with a hatchet. Three black beetles lost their cover and scuttled off the log. When the bark was gone, he picked out another tool.

"I'm gonna try my new hatchet. My daughter bought it for me." One chop. "Ah, that's a nice little hatchet."

Hack. Hack. Hack. Chips of wood, from four-inch chunks to small slivers began falling away. I had to move back, out of the range of flying pieces. Pullar kept talking continuously.

"I carve when the spirit moves

me. I don't carve everyday, but I could, and if I get hungry enough, I would. I've got a little apron I could put on an' look like Joe professional."

Within minutes, the bottom part of the log had become V-shaped. He turned it over and began chopping the other end. His movements were agile, and his fingernails were surprisingly clean.

"I'm makin' an Indian mask. Kinda like what ya'd see on a totem pole. Ya got to kinda eyeball the shape ya want. Sometimes the wood jus' takes ya along with it."

He stopped and looked at me. "I usually don't do this for ladies, but feel this muscle," he said, holding his right arm out straight. The muscle was thick and firm. "Muscle tone is a big thing. Ya notice my hatchet is comin' pretty close to where I want it every

time."

He laid the wood on its flat backside, leaned against it to hold it steady and grabbed an L-shaped adze. He pounded the adze with a wooden mallet to etch out an oblong shape for the eyes.

"Now I'm blockin' out wood, removin' excess. The whole thing is to get the nose first, because that's what sticks out. Ooops. Just ran into a knot. I knew it was in there, but I didn't think I'd hit it yet."

He hacked at the dark round knot a few more times, but it wouldn't budge. "Well, this one's gonna hafta go into the heatin' stove," he said, dropping it to the ground and grabbing another log.

The new log was cedar and had not yet been split. Pullar grabbed his froe, a large metal L, and held it on top of the log. He picked up a vine-maple caveman's club, the shape of a teardrop. Four whacks on the froe and the log split. He stood back to look at the odd-shaped piece which bulged in the middle.

"I don't know what I'm gonna do with this one. I'm jus' sorta playin' around with it." He started on it with his new hatchet.

"Ya know what I'd like to do if ya got the guts . . . ya know, those Greeks were good woodcarvers, but then so were the Romans, and ya know all them bronze statues . . . they're wood underneath. An' what I'd like to do is a classic nude Greek goddess, but I gotta have a model."

"The ability to be creative has been in the lonely person most of the time," he went on, stopping occasionally to stress a point with hand gestures, but never pausing in his talking.

"I like to put action into most everything I carve. I carved this mouse that looked like it was movin'. When I took it to my friend's house, these two ladies broke into tears of appreciation.

That makes it worth it. If I'm loved and appreciated, I function better. Love is the most important thing ya know."

The bark peeled away, this time in curls instead of chunks.

"Yeah, love and knowledge. Ya know, people have died, like on the operating table, but come back alive within a minute. An' they all go down a dark tunnel to this light at the end, an' they're all asked two questions: 'Did ya love, and did ya pursue knowledge?' Ya hafta kinda think in terms of eternity. Are ya leavin' somethin' behind? I love passin' on knowledge. The greatest thing a man can do is pass it on freely. Why do ya think I'm talkin' to ya now?"

Pullar has found many ways to pass on knowledge. He teaches classes for Northwest Free University. He began the Bellingham chapter of the National Woodcarvers' Association, but only headed it for three years, "an' it's kinda dead now. You can only give so much."

This fall he began the Alger Training Center, "because I wanted to do something for the

community." He said the classes will be less expensive than anywhere in the country, and will teach people how to survive. Students without money can pay him by working in his garden or helping him build the second story of his house.

He said that he has many followers because of the classes he has taught in the past.

"An' I have lots of girl friends, too, but I only keep 'em for 90 days." Pullar has been divorced twice.

He began chiseling out an oblong mouth. A nose already stuck out, and the eyes connected at the bridge of the nose.

"I've always had lots of followers," he continued. "All I try to do is lead 'em to self-awareness and self-sufficiency. Life is a struggle, and it don't always just come easy, so I teach my students everything that will help 'em stay alive."

He pulled a wrinkled red handkerchief from his back pocket and wiped the sawdust from his glasses. "I'm also full of philosophies — logical horse sense I call

it. Ya know, the ignorance of the pseudo-intellectual is sooo great, because he's so narrow-minded. I say to think in terms smaller than the universe is narrow-minded."

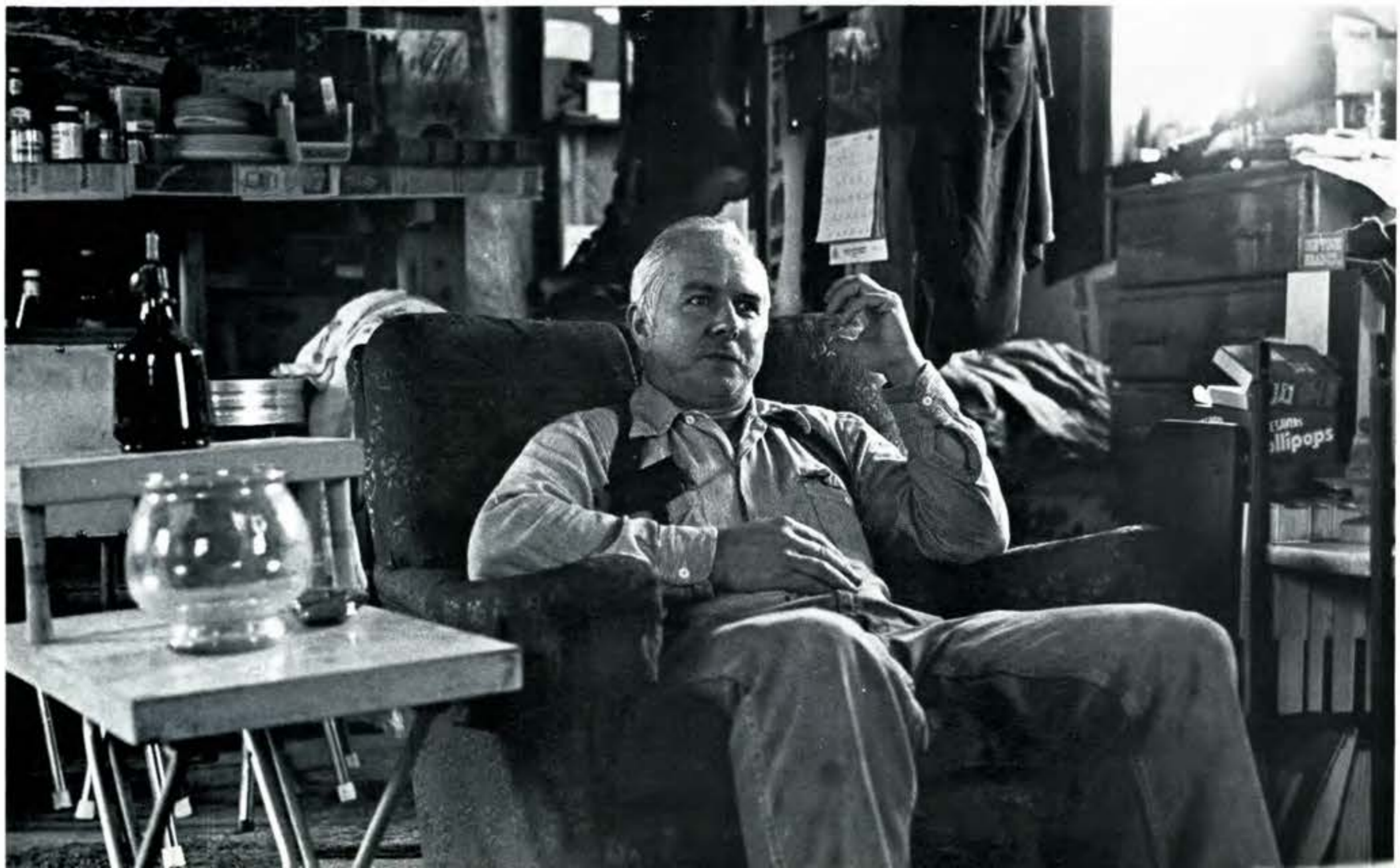
The Indian mask had just begun to take shape, but I had to leave to get back in time for a class.

"That's OK," Pullar said, smoothing his hair down with the back of his fingers. "This'll take me a couple weeks to finish anyway."

We walked outside into what would be his future garden.

"Ya see how I'm siftin' the dirt. Lots of people wouldn't do that, but the extra time's worth it. But it'd be nice to have someone to help me with all this. I was hopin' my son would pardner up with me, but he's too busy ridin' his damn cycle. Yeah, it would be nice to have someone to pardner up with. I've had lots of girl friends, but I always got to go where they live to see 'em. Hey, I need a woman HERE."

He looked down at the clumps of moist dirt, kicked one and sighed, "Jus' someone to pardner up with." ●





RING MASTER

Jack of all Trades, Master of Most

BY MARK C. MURPHY

The long, white car that looked like something out of a Walt Disney movie fit the description the old clown had given me, but somehow the unshaven mechanic that answered the door of the attached trailer wasn't who I expected.

"I'm trying to find John Miller," I explained, "the ringmaster."

"You found me," the man answered, pulling off his stocking cap, "Come on in. Pardon the place, though, we just pulled into town at two this morning, I've been working on my rig, and haven't had a chance to clean anything up."

The small "Road King" trailer was indeed "lived in." The only clues that I had found the man I was looking for was an elaborately rhinestoned white tuxedo jacket hanging by the cluttered stove, a pair of scuffed, but stylish, white shoes sticking out from under the unmade bed and an autographed black and white poster of my host wearing his complete costume.

"Come on back and talk to me while I shave," he invited, "I've got a matinee to do in a little while."

Once situated comfortably on the plastic toilet, I heard some stories, and learned more about the "star of the show."



Photos by John Klicker

John Miller has been ringmaster of the three-ring American Continental Circus for seven years, and has a background that includes everything from a career as a "saloon singer," to a college degree in education and teaching credentials.

"I never wanted to be an ordinary anything," he smiled, "and I don't think I have. I never thought I'd become a ringmaster, but I like the performance end of it, and it's a living."

With foam on his face, John explained that he was working as a rigger in a Seattle boatyard when his father, Herb Miller, who

serves as the circus' music director and trumpet player (and is the younger brother of the late bandleader Glenn Miller) called and asked him to try-out for the ringmaster position. The circus flew him to meet the tour in Sacramento, California to audition.

"I sang the national anthem, introduced the first three acts during the evening show and was hired the next day," he boasted, "No one knew I was Herb's son. I don't think they'd ever had anyone come in off the street and do that before."

Seven years later, John admits he never planned to stay with the

Herb Miller, the late Glen Miller's younger brother, performs his act.

circus this long, but soon learned that "it gets in your blood." "I've met some of the finest people I've ever known in the circus," he said, "but circus people are not real — they're a dream. It's hard to identify with someone who swings from a high wire or plays with tigers for a living."

To gain a better understanding of what the other performers go through, John tries to learn as much as he can about the feats they execute so well.

"I've met some of the finest people I've ever known in the circus, but circus people are not real—they're a dream. It's hard to identify with someone who swings from a highwire or plays with tigers for a living."

"I can do most of them — in my own clumsy way," he said, "but I haven't tried the perch (pole-balancing) act or messed with the animals."

John feels that the ringmaster should have a knowledge of what the acts involve so he'll be familiar with their limitations in the case of an emergency, or bad weather.

The term "ringmaster" was originally used to describe the "equestrian director," who parades horses around the ring, but has recently come to describe the announcer, or master of ceremonies.

"My job is to frame the acts, set them up, and keep the excitement

level high," John explained, "And if anything goes wrong; an accident on the wire or a stuck zipper in the trailer, I earn my money by covering up. I've got about a half-hour of two or three minute 'bullshit stalls' I can use, but if something really goes wrong, I'll send the clowns in to do twenty minutes. It keeps them on their toes."

With what the circus program calls his "golden, baritone voice," John breaks some old traditions as a singing ringmaster.

"I started out as a big band singer when I was fifteen," he remembered, "and have always been around music. A band is an important part of any circus, and by adding my singing I think I've found an honest way to reach the audience. I want to say to the crowd, 'Hey, you're important. We're glad you're here, and this show is for you.' That starts everything out on the right foot. I wouldn't want to be one of those pompous, 'million-dollar ringmasters,' and come off like a rude jerk. That's not my style. Actually I'm the best in the business."

"... diarrhea of the mouth is a prerequisite for the job. You need to have a strong ego just to breathe these days and you need even more to get out in the center ring. Not everybody could do it."

The ringmaster position is a unique job that suits very few people, and according to John, "diarrhea of the mouth is a prerequisite for the job. You need to have a strong ego just to breathe these days," he added, "and you need even more to get out in the center ring. Not everybody could do it."

A talkative tendency isn't all it takes to tour with a show, however. You've got to be a hard worker, and even a mechanic. "To be part of a circus," John stressed, "you've got to be a jack-of-all-trades and master of most of 'em. If you can't maintain your own vehicle, for instance, you may as well kiss about \$3,000 a season good-bye."

A selection of various auto parts leaning against the trailer walls shows that John takes care of his share of the mechanical work, and the "dream car" he built to pull his home around the country proves that he knows

what he's doing.

"That car started out as a little racing 'Sprite'," he explained, "and now has the front fenders of a '42 Dodge 2-ton truck, the grill from a white semi, a long hood my ex-wife made me, and the running boards from a 1954 Chevy pickup. I designed it to pull a trailer 25 to 35-hundred miles a year. These days, home is where you break down or run out of gas, and it's getting easier all the time."

As we talked, a transformation had been taking place, and the man I'd met earlier was now dressed in a white outfit that





could blend with the costumes of a Las Vegas stage. Finding his watch on the counter, John noticed it was almost time to start the show. He covered his jacket with a plastic wrap to keep it dry during our walk across the rainy parking lot, picked up his whistle and white top hat, and grabbed an index card and pen before we climbed out of the trailer.

"I use this to write down any changes in the show's order," he explained as we dodged puddles and families with children, "That way I can see where my talk stalls will have to come in, or where I'll need to fill with some clown gags. I don't want to introduce a contortionist, and then realize that the elephants are on their way in. Someone might get a little upset."

The closer we came to the sports arena turned big top, the easier it was to see where most of

a circus' excitement originates. Children of all shapes, sizes, and ages were wriggling with restless energy as they huddled with their parents, waiting to see what the circus had in store. Most of them were too busy imagining what was inside to notice John and I as we worked our way through them and into the entrance corridor.

"I don't usually like to come in with the crowd," John yelled over the noise, "but I often have to meet the sponsors here, and the excitement helps to warm me up a bit."

As we passed a large, blonde woman taking tickets, John paused a moment to reach into a wastebasket and pull out a stub. "This is an old trick of the trade," he demonstrated, "If I fold the stub like this, I can hold it in my mike hand and read what city I'm in and who the sponsor is. I can

usually remember where we're playing, but it helps just in case."

He whispered something to the blonde that made them both laugh for a moment, and then let me through kids, clowns, and souvenir vendors to the floor of the arena. Preliminary clown acts were in the center ring, warming up an already electric audience, but from where we stood, the animated gags were upstaged by the work of a serious and precise crew preparing for the opening of the day's first show.

High wire and net rigging were being checked, the tiger cages being positioned for their grand entrance, and light and sound wiring tested one final time. Only an occasional laugh, or splattering of spontaneous applause drew my attention from the fact working team to catch moments of the well-rehearsed clown antics. The

boisterous audience grew larger by the minute.

"Hold this for a minute, will ya?" John asked, handing me his top hat, "I'm going to see what order the acts are in, and see if we're ready to go."

John disappeared, and I let myself become an audience member for a moment, until I was distracted by the blare of a trumpet. I followed the sound to find a man fitting John's description of his father, Herb: "A little, sawed-off old trumpet player."

"I never thought John would be a ringmaster," Herb laughed after I'd introduced myself, "but I never thought I'd become music director and trumpet player for a

three-ring circus either. We've always been the kind of family that just lets things happen — whatever it is. I told all my kids that once they get a college education, they could do whatever they wanted. My daughter married a minister."

Herb's been playing circus music since he retired from a 24-year music education career 11 years ago, and thinks he'll keep it up.

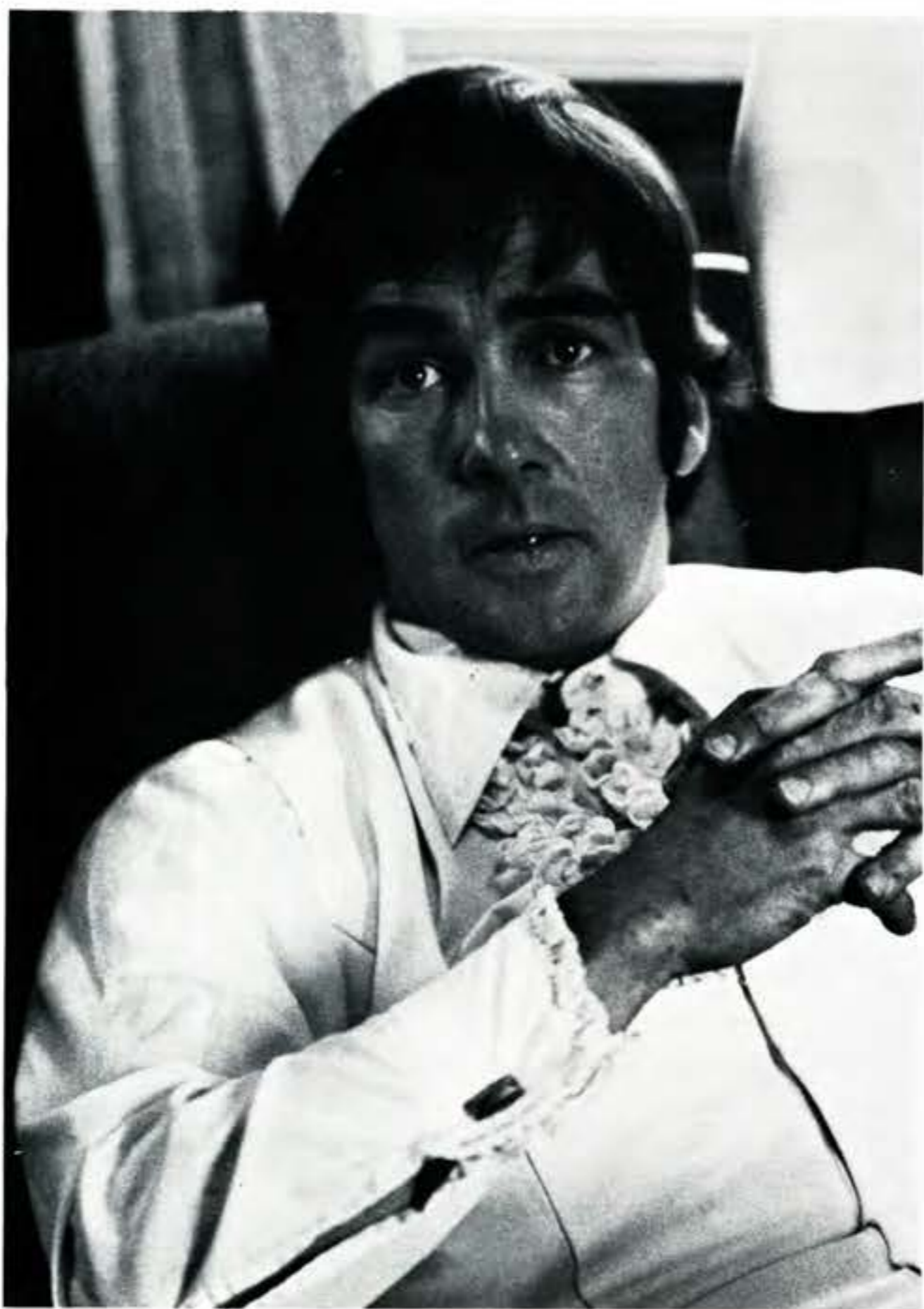
"I'm here because I love to play," he confessed, "I wouldn't do it for any other reason. As long as it pays, and I'm able to do it, I'll be here. It's nothing I'd do for a living."

Just then, John returned to

claim his hat, and showed me the index card, now full of notes.

"They're having some trouble with the horses, so I may have to stall for a while in the second half," he said, pointing to scribbles on the card, "We're far from ready to go, but we're as ready as we'll ever be."

With that satisfaction, he positioned his hat melodramatically, turned to say, "This is my favorite part," and stepped into a spotlight beam to blow the starting whistle. "LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS, WELCOME TO THE MAGIC WORLD OF THE CIRCUS!"●



Chemical Dependence:

THE USE OF 2,4-D

BY BONNIE HUCKINS

If you listen to television commercials, you might just believe the Monsanto man when he tells you that "without chemicals, life itself would be impossible." While this statement may be true in one sense, increasingly more scientific research is showing that many of the chemicals we have been exposed to can cause serious health problems.

Vietnam veterans, for example, are concerned today about the physical damage they may have incurred as a result of contact with a chemical called "Agent Orange." "Agent Orange" is a defoliant that was sprayed over four million acres of Vietnam, and according to a recent report compiled by three Huxley students, its use was discontinued in 1969 because it was thought to (and later proven to) be causing birth defects and other biological damage.

"Agent Orange" is a 50/50 mixture of two controversial herbicides: 2,4,5-T and 2,4-D. As recently as 1979 forests across the United States were still being sprayed with these chemicals. 2,4,5-T and a substance similar to it, Silvex (2,4,5-TP) were banned by the Environmental Protection Agency that year because they had been shown to cause reproductive problems and tumors in test animals, and were suspected of causing miscarriages in some women who lived near sprayed areas.

The third chemical of this group, 2,4-D, is still being used. 2,4-D is sprayed by aerial applicators in forests today to kill undergrowth which would strangle valuable fir trees. 2,4-D was not banned along with 2,4,5-T and Silvex because it does not contain the chemical impur-

ity TCDD, a dioxin that has a very high mammal toxicity rate, and has been linked to cancerous tumors and birth defects. Although there has been no conclusive evidence of a 2,4-D health hazard, there is still an uncertainty surrounding its use.

Ernie Zeitler has been an aerial applicator for about three years now. As part-owner of Northwest Helicopters in Bellingham, Zeitler comes in contact with 2,4-D frequently. Still he feels that his proximity to the chemical is a minimal danger to his health.

"We come in contact with high concentrations of it, but we take precautions — we wear rubber gloves and respirators," he said. "We're licensed by the state. It's a pretty tightly regulated business."

Zeitler judges the chemicals' harmful potential by his own experience with them, and he said that he has never suffered any ill health effects from them, nor has he known anyone else to.

Ronald Kendall, a toxicologist at Huxley, has a slightly different opinion of 2,4-D. Although he too states he did not personally know anyone to suffer problems because of it, he did not think it doesn't happen. Kendall particularly feels that those individuals who work closely with the chemicals, like Zeitler, are certainly taking the risk of 2,4-D poisoning.

"The people that are mixing it up are getting high concentrations of it," he said. "Continual exposure can make you more susceptible at a later date." The biochemical effects can be cumulative."

2,4-D exposure can be a serious

job hazard not only for applicators but for loggers as well. Last May, several employees of Zee Brothers Logging Co. in Deming, WA apparently were accidentally sprayed with 2,4-D while working on Scott Paper Co. land near Concrete, WA. One of the crew members, Jeff Zender, was reported to have said he experienced a strong reaction to the chemical, symptoms including choking, eye irritation and temporary blindness, and vomiting. Other loggers were reported to have had severe headaches and nausea as a result of being sprayed with 2,4-D.

From a pilot's point of view, Zeitler wondered if and how the accidental spraying actually took place at all.

"It's pretty easy to locate people," Zeitler said. "You fly around the area first. All areas are re-conned before they're sprayed. We look for crews and people prior to beginning to work," he said.

Even if the men were sprayed with 2,4-D, Zeitler doubts that there is any physiological basis for such violent reactions.

"I'm really skeptical about the way the loggers reacted to the spraying," he said. "People have been sprayed before and this is the first time I've ever heard of anyone reacting that way. It just might be a lot of psychosomatic stuff."

Zeitler thinks that many of the reported cases of ill health attributed to 2,4-D may be psychosomatic. Zeitler made the same point earlier when he cited an incident in Oregon where applicators told nearby residents that they were going to spray with 2,4-D, but cancelled at the last minute

because of bad weather without notifying anybody of the change in plans. Zeitler said that "by noon that day they had at least a dozen cases of 2,4-D poisoning admitted to the local hospital."

Zeitler questioned not only the mental state of the men, but their possible anti-spraying group affiliation as well.

"Was it psychosomatic or part of an organization trying to stop spraying, or what?" Zeitler said. "You have to look at his background."

Zeitler felt basically unsure of the authenticity of the alleged spraying and resultant illnesses.

"I can't say outright he was faking it because he was acting from his own beliefs and perceptions of what spraying does," he said. "But it sounds sort of fishy from my point of view."

Kendall felt the same uncertainty about the incident. Asked if 2,4-D could have caused the symptoms the loggers reported, Kendall said, "I doubt it. I don't know. But if it was highly concentrated, I guess it's possible."

Like Zeitler, he said he didn't think he could make a fair comment on the situation without having been there when the incident supposedly occurred.

"I won't believe one thing the papers say," Kendall said. He later remarked, "but the real evidence, the scientific evidence, is not there."

Logically, Zeitler feels that the precautions taken by aerial applicators protect them from the exposure which could damage their health. But he acknowledges that there is the potential for that damage, or even death, to occur. Referring to Parathion, a chemical he sprays to kill aphids on pea fields, Zeitler remarked "It's made to kill bugs, and it will people too. It's made to kill warm-blooded mammals."

Parathion is a chemical Kendall considers particularly dangerous.

"By virtue of laboratory studies we know that it is extremely toxic to mammalian and avian systems," he said. "There have been documented cases of animal die-offs with Parathion exposure."

Kendall said that animal exposure deaths occur when a high enough



Richard Botz

dosage of the chemical "affects certain enzyme systems that are responsible for nerve conduction in our bodies and for proper function of our nervous system." More specifically, he said that "death will generally be by asphyxiation," and that although the same death could conceivably happen to humans, "the dose is important." The same Huxley students' report concurred with this viewpoint, stating that "toxicological studies show that the adverse effects of 2,4-D are unlikely at expected human exposure levels."

Zeitler does not feel that people are being harmed by the chemicals 2,4-D and Parathion, but he is not sure what effects they might be having on the environment.

"Are the environmentalists really telling the truth or are the industrial people really telling the truth?" Zeitler said. "I'm caught in the middle because I'm just an applicator."

Conversely, Kendall thinks that the substances may be harmful to people and animals, but that the environment is probably okay.

"There can be some residue in river, for instance, but it doesn't appear to be a major problem, because the molecule can be degraded in the environment," he said.

Yet the questions about these chemicals and the effects remain unanswered. Aside from possible enviro-

mental damage, who can safely say that there is not a single human somewhere receiving a high enough dosage to damage his health drastically, maybe even kill him? As Kendall pointed out, "a lot of these chemicals drift, and people breathe them." That is just one way to be unknowingly exposed; there are probably numerous others.

Although Zeitler and Kendall disagreed on the dangers of Parathion, they are both fairly confident that 2,4-D is not presenting a major health risk. Zeitler noted that chemical sprays are the most efficient and economical means of killing underbrush and insects. Kendall still has a few doubts about the safety of some chemicals, but felt that the spraying of these substances should not be discontinued.

"I think we need chemicals to survive," he said. "But in my opinion, we don't know enough about the long-term effects of all this chemical usage."

"We realize they are toxic chemicals when we put them there, but we've become so dependent on them we can never do without them. We've got to start asking some hard questions," he said. "There is a whole ecosystem that is going to be affected."

Thus the spraying, the research and the controversy continue. . . .

LASERS ON STUN

Look What's Coming Into Your Living Room

BY DAN BOYLE

The laser age has arrived! For years these high-intensity light beams were available only through the laser guns, phasers, holograms and laser mind-probe machines of sci-fi books and movies, but now Americans can enjoy lasers right in their living rooms—lasers that are predicted to create a revolution in the television and record industries.

Laserdisc players have begun this new movement. These devices play record-like discs, not by a needle but by a low-power laser beam that reflects encoded, audio/visual signals from the disc and transmits them to any television screen and voice box. Or the audio signals can be transmitted through stereo speakers at a sound level of 55 decibels, well above the level of tape cassettes.

Each laserdisc is bought separately. Their programs range from movies to self-improvement classes. A first-rate movie, such as the Blues Brothers or Heaven Can Wait, is priced at \$24.95, compared with \$70 to \$80 for the same movie on a videocassette.

Greg Goetz, the Jafco sound department manager in Bellingham, said most of the laserdiscs are the CAV (Constant Angular Velocity) type, which hold up to 30 minutes playing time per side. A two-hour movie then will hold two laserdiscs in its package. Another type, the CLV (Constant Linear Velocity) stores 60 minutes to a side.

Each laserdisc holds billions of microscopic indentations which encode the program. These indentations, which can hold up to 54,000 video frames on each side of the disc, are covered on both sides by 1.1 mil-



Richard Botz

limeters of silver acrylic, which protects the program from dust, fingerprints or any other smears caused by handling. The acrylic acts as a reflecting surface, which creates a rainbow effect on the disc when it is viewed under ordinary light.

Pioneer and Magnavox are the two companies that manufacture laserdisc players. Pioneer's VP-1000 LaserDisc Player costs under \$750. On first sight, it looks much like a silver, futuristic turntable with a bunch of buttons, but it differs from a turntable in three ways. First, unlike a needle grinding on a record, the laser beam causes no wear on the disc or the player. Second, the platter speed is 1800 rpms, compared to the regular 33 1/3. Third, a microcomputer in the player can search and display any one of the thousands of

video frames on each record side just by pushing out a number on calculator-type buttons.

A laserdisc player can be connected to any television set with one wire. To play a disc, set it in the player, close the cover and push the PLAY button. The laser, only .001 millimeter in diameter and set under the record, will move back and forth to pick up the signals.

So far, the only problem with laserdiscs concerns how clean they come out of production, Goetz said. At times, an extra small piece of acrylic may stick on one of the discs, disrupting the signals, he said.

But overall, laserdisc players are a better investment than the now common videocassette recorders, which are more expensive and which do not project as good a sound qual-

ity, Goetz said. The videorecorder's one advantage is that it can record television shows while laserdisc players cannot.

The record industry is only a step behind television in lasers. A new field in stereo equipment, known as digital audio, is predicted by company sources to take over the industry. Mike Latimer, a salesperson at Q.C. Stereo in Bellingham, said a true digital system converts regular audio into a series of numbers on the record program, which is then converted back to audio through a diamond stylus on the turntable.

Only two of the three leading audio digital systems, RCA and JVC, use a diamond stylus, however. The third, known as the Compact Disc (CD) system and created by the partnership of Sony and Philips Corporations, uses a laser instead.

All three systems have taken a long time to hit the markets because each company is afraid its system will not be accepted by the record companies, who must make special records for a digital audio system, Goetz said.

"The whole key to getting success in the recording industry is to get a standard," Goetz said. "Everyone wants to use their own format, but this format must be accepted by the record companies if it's to be used. Besides this, there's a certain resistance with the people who make conventional albums to change to this new system, and this will slow its progress down."

But recently, a first sign in establishing world-wide standards came when Matsushita Electric of Japan, the parent company of Technics and JVC, announced it will manufacture playback equipment for the laser-read CD system. This means three major corporations in stereo equipment are adopting the laser-read CD system, which will cause record companies to manufacture their records according to this system, Goetz said.

Industry sources predict the CD system should hit the market in 1982, with the price of these compact discs—only half the size of ordinary records—comparable to other records. Goetz said in five years laser digital should be the leading system in stereo equipment.

A true laser-read digital system will be totally distortion-free because the sound quality is not deflected with each recording passed down to the record, Goetz said. Also, ordinary records always contain some distortion by the friction between them and the diamond needle, he said, while lasers cause none.

Another advantage to a digital system is the decibel and frequency range. Records today can display up to 80 decibels, but digital records can create a maximum sound of 107 decibels, Latimer said. "And their frequency ranges from zero to so far beyond the human hearing range that it no longer makes a difference," he said. Goetz said this sound quality compares to a live performance.

Now that the television and record industries are switching to laser records, it seems only a matter of time when they will merge to become one, an audio-visual industry.

"Video and audio are going through a marriage now," Latimer said, and industry sources predict that in ten years every house will own a stereo and television system that is interconnected.

Until now, the television and stereo industries always have been seen as two separate industries in America, Goetz said, but in Japan, they have come together already.

At the moment, laserdisc players are not on a complete digital system like the Sony Philips Compact Disc, Goetz said. However, a beginning step to the television/stereo merger might come from a number of pop groups who have recorded on laserdiscs, so that one can see as well as hear the performance. Tony Jaeger, a salesperson for Video Concepts in Lynnwood, said most of these groups are MOR (middle of the road) bands, such as Abba, Elton John and Olivia Newton-John, but Goetz said Pioneer soon will be releasing a number of new concert laserdiscs, some of which may come from real hard-rock bands.

Goetz said the public's demand for these pop/rock laserdiscs will determine if bands will keep producing such albums with video. If it does become successful, it may well be the merger of television and stereo—through lasers. ●

Richard Botz



Hard Core Reactions

BY JENNY L. BLECHA

"The sex is a problem. A man and a woman actually have to have sexual intercourse before lighting technicians, soundman, boomman, cameraman and assistant, make-up woman, and script and continuity person. All of these people, right there on the set, including myself: the director and producer."

Enveloped in a cloud of cigarette smoke, Susan (not her real name), 33, director, producer and writer of pornographic movies, smiled. Her green eyes widened, anticipating reciprocation.

Parting the smoke with her frail hands, she reached for the short straw on the table. Her rusty red hair fell forward brushing the mirror on the coffee table as her nose followed two symmetrical white lines. Dawn waited impatiently.

Reaching first for her beer, she changed her mind and grabbed the glass of ice water. She continued:

"The crew becomes insensitive to the people that have to have sex. It is nothing to them after awhile. They drink beer and make nasty remarks, just like they were building a house." Her 98-pound, 5-foot 2-inch frame shaking rose from the chair and moved toward the bathroom. "The woman can fake it," she said, leaving the room, "but not the guy."

Susan, a Whatcom County resident, began directing, producing and writing scripts for pornographic movies in the early '70s. Living in Los Angeles in the late '60s and San Francisco during the '70s, she studied film making at the San Francisco Film Institute.

She had a sincere interest in making films and being involved in the film industry. She wanted to make films. It did not matter what kind of films. Pornography was a good way to learn about films, she said. "You can make a real live film and sell it."

Susan made eight porno films, all of which sold. "I was thoroughly embarrassed by the first few films," she recalled as she entered the room staring down at the gold speckled carpeting. "They did well, but they were terrible as far as I was concerned."

Sipping her beer, her sea-green eyes seemed to lose their focus as she described a portion of her last film.

"I knew that to make the movie kinky there had to be a S & M scene, but I didn't want it to be that way. I didn't want a guy whipping a girl or something like that. It's not that I disapprove, it is just that I don't always like seeing the girl portrayed as the underdog, because I think it's not like that in real life. Susan took a deep breath. She struggled with finding "delicate" words.

The actor and actress chosen to do the S & M scene were a "couple." They worked together. Having read the script beforehand, they were totally inspired and came in their own costumes. "I had chosen costumes that I thought were bizarre," Susan said, "but after I saw theirs, my costumes were useless."

A lace glove on one hand and silver lame on the other, she was draped in an open negligee, Susan said. A black bra was wrapped around her breast in a manner that allowed her breasts to stick out. He wore shiny black underpants.

"The scene opened with a guy that was a 'macho' construction worker. He would go to a massage parlor and hire a woman to treat him like he was a little boy. She would command him, make him dress up in sexy lacy underpants, put make-up on him. Then she would tease him a little, making him grovel around and cater to her needs until she reached orgasm. She was very aggressive, digging her spiked high heels into him and commanding him to do things. Then they would switch roles. He would drag her to the bed and do it his way. It was very dramatic," she concluded.

The film was a series of sex scenes that were all intense, she said. Every character was new and refreshing. The fact that there was no plot made the film less expensive to produce. "You have to put so much sex in that you don't have time to get across a plot," Susan said.

And money was always the main factor. Budgets for Susan's films were minimal —\$15,000 to \$30,000, which generally included her salary. The largest budget she obtained was \$75,000, which produced her most successful movie entitled "Health Spa."

Susan attempted to cut costs by finding unusual locations. "I would never use a movie set," she said. "I felt all porno movies had a claustrophobic feeling, so I used homes and commercial buildings." Take "Health Spa" for example.

Susan asked the promotional department in the Bank of America building in San Francisco if she could rent space from them. The building overlooks the Bay and the Transamerica Title Company pyramid.

"The film had some office scenes in it which I wanted to shoot with the 'pyramid' in the background," she explained. "I told them I was desperate and would do anything."

As a result, Susan obtained the use of one of the top floors of the building for an entire weekend at no

cost. "I got some great shots that are legendary in porno movies," she said, satisfied.

But Susan's satisfaction is only a memory.

"People do not accept pornography," she said. "And, I feel very bad because people think I'm sleazy."

Susan started making pornographic films when she was young and "sex was free." She soon discovered, however, that pornography was not considered a good thing. "People like me until I tell them that I have made porno movies, then they don't like me. So it's not acceptable."

"Why is it considered so bad?" she asked, tossing an empty cigarette pack down onto the clean mirror. "It's just two people having orgasms. Maybe they don't always have it naturally; maybe they do different things to achieve it, but what is wrong with that?"

Her blood shot eyes turned away. "It's no worse than seeing a movie about people killing each other."



The Naked Gape



BY LAURA RITTER

When discos die and mechanical bulls bite the dust, what's the next gimmick to attract nightclub patrons?

The traditional stripper who dances seductively on stage to a dark roomful of scrutinizing men no longer monopolizes that job market.

While some women are entering influential business positions and acquiring managerial titles previously available only to men, some men also are investigating non-traditional job opportunities.

Smugglers Cabaret in Surrey, B.C. offers one such alternative. Thirty-year-old owner-manager Gary Holowaychuk began featuring male strippers because "it's a gimmick that's working in other places."

He doesn't see it as a fleeting fad, however.

"I think it'll be around for a long time because sex has been around for a long time," he said.

The strippers work through Inter-

national Artists, an agency located in Vancouver, B.C. Every Tuesday and Thursday the agency sends two different strippers to Smugglers. They each perform to their own selection of songs, with each set lasting about 20 minutes.

Women from 19 years of age on up fill the club beginning at 7 p.m. Half the free ticket is kept by the patron for a door-prize drawing later in the evening. Three prizes are given away, including such coveted items as chastity belts and wall plaques that read, "Sexy lessons available here."

Drink orders are taken by a group of six topless volunteers. Male, of course. Most waiters are attired in shorts only, but an occasional one may sport a necktie or cowboy hat. They have such colorful nicknames as Meaty Pete, Billy the Kid, Uncle Muff, Rob the Knob and Big Mac.

Besides regular employees, the volunteers are the only other men

allowed in the club until 10 p.m. at which time the band is also allowed inside. A disc jockey provides music until then, and lack of men does not prevent the women from dancing.

Volunteers pick up a few extra bucks by taking dares to dance on tables, compete in chugging contests and put on their own strip shows. Other incentives, Holowaychuk said, are "drinks, tips, phone numbers, addresses and assorted fringe benefits."

Holowaychuk recalled one night when he had six strippers. The two from the agency were paid. The other four were volunteers who went beyond the call of duty.

The age of hired strippers varies.

"Some don't look old enough to be in here, and some are in their mid-30s," Holowaychuk said.

Two women in the audience had quite a bit to say about Ladies Night. Having faithfully attended every



show since the first one in mid-January 1981, one 20-year-old said,

"The ones who dance well are the best strippers. The other ones are just vulgar."

Her 24-year-old friend agreed, adding that most of the ones they've seen at Smugglers have been good.

"You can get a really great dancer up there," she said, motioning to the stage. "Then he strips and he's got nothing to show and the women just laugh."

Holowaychuk recalled only one stripper he would not hire again because the man was "too old and had no class."

While the strippers in Canada are permitted to comply with the cries of the crowd to "take it all off," regulations do not pose problems, Holowaychuk said.

"In fact, I insist on walk-throughs by the RCMP," he said.

He maintains a good rapport with

the police because when they see things kept under control, no problems arise. It also helps keep the crowd in check to have an occasional RCMP show his face, although sometimes the audience wants him to show more than that. The disc jockey one Ladies Night loudly noted the presence of an RCMP over the sound system. At his strong suggestion, the crowd of women stood up, clapping hands, stomping feet and banging empty glasses on the tables, trying to convince the policeman to strip. He was out of there in no time.

The main governing rule involves crowd participation, which is accepted to a certain extent, such as if the stripper wants help pulling his boots off.

Holowaychuk recalled an incident in which crowd participation did reach its limit. He almost lost his disc jockey when the audience decided they wanted him to strip and

attacked him.

"As long as no people are hurt or grossly offended," and crowd participation is limited and controlled, business can continue as usual, Holowaychuk said. This means men will continue to strip out of leather suits, tuxedos and fringe outfits. They will continue to dance with whips and silver-glitter capes, and they will always be trying to dream up the ultimate stage-show to gain the approval of a roomfull of screaming, smiling females. ●



Richard Botz

RULES TO GET RIPPED BY

BY TOM ATKINSON

Do you worry that partiers in your house will indulge in more than beer? Or do you tremble, afraid you're overdressed for a Friday-night kegger?

In the interests of happy party-going and kegger throwing, a brief list of etiquette was compiled from interviews, in May, with six members of three party-throwing houses.

"Bring your own cup," advised Juniors Mark Brokman, 22, and Mike Hawkins, 21, who have thrown parties for four years. Most important, Mark added, "bring money."

"White pants are out," Mark warned, "unless you want them to get stained," because they are favorite targets for tobacco chewers. What should you wear? "I like people who dress strange," Mark said.

You may also want to wear a helmet to Mark's and Mike's parties, as "head-butting" and "porch-jumping" are popular entertainments.

Another form of entertainment at their parties causes "mass traffic in and out of the bedroom," Mike said. The traffic is generated by partiers curious to see a four-foot-long boa constrictor that Mike keeps in a glass tank at the foot of his bed.

Junior Nick Blackstone, 23, and Sophomore Paul Greene, 20, were two of eleven occupants of last year's infamous Malaka House on Myrtle Street.

"If they look young," Nick said, "they're not let in."

"Unless they're girls," Paul added.

Entertainment at their parties ends with Greek dancing, Nick said, which involves breaking plates. The plates are purchased at thrift stores. "Some people don't understand" the dance, Nick said, citing an instance when one partier took a "whole stack of plates" from their kitchen cupboard, but was stopped before she could break any of them.

Toilet paper was free for them because of their parties. They would tell girls they know who lived in dorms, where toilet paper is provided for residents, to bring a few rolls and "we let them in free," Nick said.

Sophomores Robin Muzatko and Kelly Lindseth, both 20, have thrown parties together for a year, their fame rivaling that of the Malaka House.

Kelly warned, "Don't get sloppy drunk." Treat the hosts' house "as your own," she added, and "if it gets busted, leave. Don't hang around expecting there to be more beer."

"If it's a girls' house you're going to, bring lots of guys," she said.

Walk to keggers, Robin advised. "It's a lot more fun if you don't have to worry about driving."

For party-throwers, the experts concurred on several points:

Hide your telephone, because some people will try to make long-distance calls. "We had one phone

call to California," Nick said.

Be prepared for the worst. "Expect everything to happen that will happen," Nick said, "and multiply by ten."

"Clean the house," Kelly said. "Put everything away that could be broken or stolen."

Robin recommended to "put out lots of ashtrays."

Kelly said that everyone drinking should "prepare to feel very crummy the next morning." Her favorite remedies for pickled-brain and stomach-rot are "Juice, yogurt, Top Ramen and time."

Mike warned against "too much early action. I usually sleep it off," he said. "Some people take another drink—I don't go for that."

Mark said a hot shower or bath feels good, and his preferred morning-after beverage is Mate (mah-tay) tea, which "has lots of caffeine."

What's the best way to enjoy keggers? "Have a good time and respect our (hosts) position," Nick said. "We don't like fights." But, he added, "yooing and hawing is fine."

Be careful. "We had one guy break our window," Mark said. "He was

trying to get some girl's attention outside."

Off-campus parties were unanimously preferred over on-campus keggers. Some opinions:

Mark—"Rooms are way too small" in the dorms.

Mike—"Everyone's trying to sneak around to avoid security and RA's" on campus.

Robin—"Off-campus parties have "more room, more diversity of people."

Nick—"You can walk outside with a beer" at off-campus parties, and "it's easier to go to the bathroom." ●



