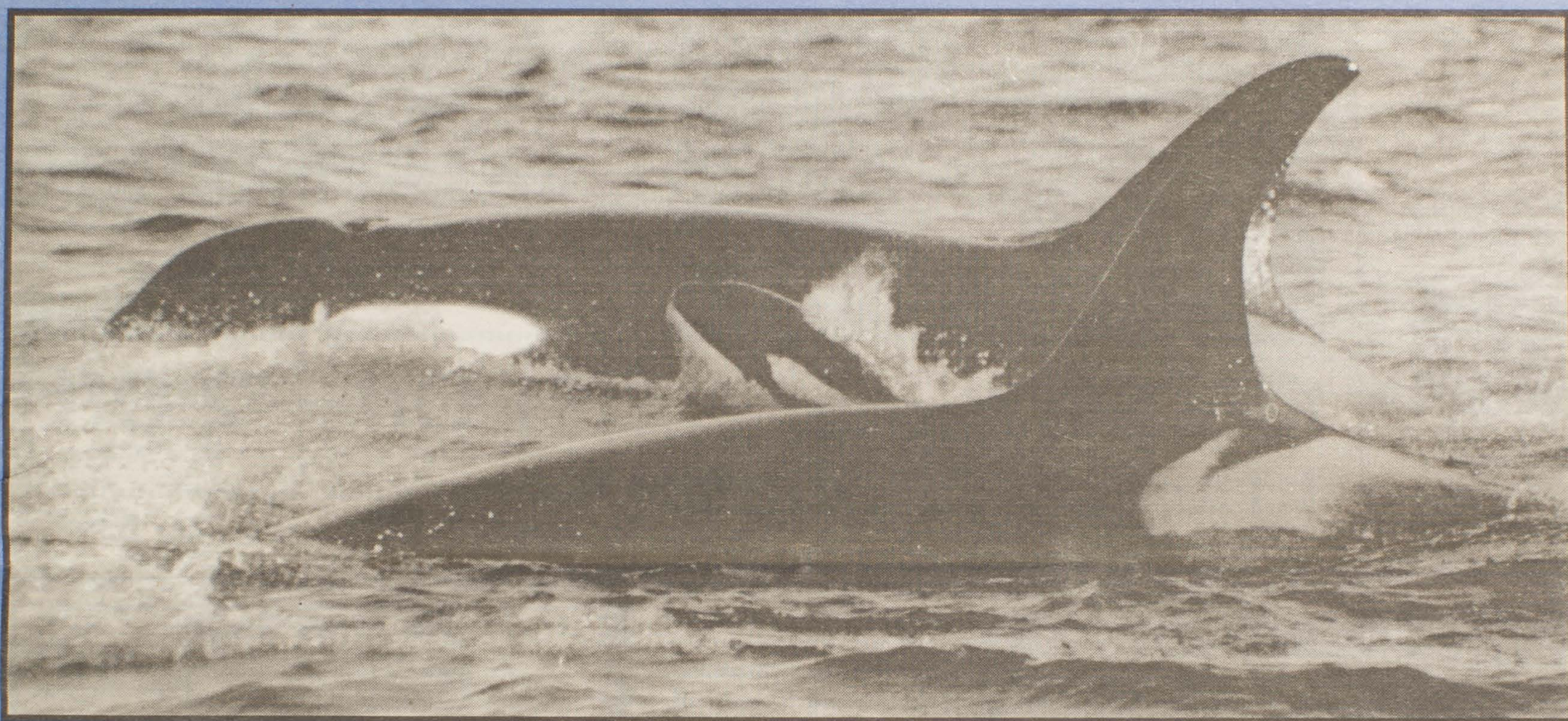




I S L A N D Independent

The Fortnightly Alternative — Absolutely Free

No. 48 — January 19 — February 1, 1995



On January 2, a new *Orcinus orca* calf was spotted in J pod, traveling north along the west side of San Juan Island. When staff of the Center for Whale Research located the pod near Henry Island, the mother brought her baby to within a few feet of the research boat. Minutes later, a second new calf was unexpectedly discovered; it seemed to be just a few days old. Researchers believe they identified two groups representing four generations of resident orcas swimming together.

New mother J-14 with baby J-30 and sister J-19 (foreground) off San Juan Island.

Fire in the Lake by Paul Montgomery
Reform vs. Midwifery by Cynthia Jaffe
Education & Democracy II by Naomi Aldort

Hot Regional News! Exclusive Entertainment Calendar!
 Plus: The Porpoise of Life, MeteorMan, and 69 Job Opportunities! (See Page 28)

Visit Historic Coupeville



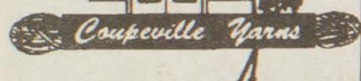
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Island Auto Progress

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For a very long time, Indian paths got you from point A to point B. Wherever that might be on this very long island. Otherwise, boats were the means of travel for sustenance. The magnitude of the task of putting in a road was heavy-duty work. Early settlers, farmers, even the soldiers of fort Casey slowly worked their way...tree by stump by stick of dynamite and donkey engine to create a narrow by passable road. Of course, if it rained, folks here don't mind recalling being up to their ears in mud!

Judge Lester Still brought the first car to Whidbey Island. A 1902 Holsman Auto Buggy. the 1902 model had no reverse, so to turn it, the judge had to get out, turn the wheels by hand and push it back, and turn the wheels again! (The restored Holsman Auto Buggy is now at the Island County Historical Society Museum in Coupeville.)

It was one thing to own a car...but it was quite another driving it on Whidbey's narrow roads. By 1916, gravel roads were being built from the Sound end of the Island to the North...not in the best of condition but passable. In the 1930s and 1940s oil roads were improving the standard of travel for automobiles. In 1966, the newest addition to Highway 20 was dedicated from the Coupeville overpass to Libbey Road (San de Fuca). and so goes progress.

One of the greatest challenges of living on Whidbey Island during "the good ol' days" was "getting around". According to Lillian Hofstetler, "When we consider the primitive way cars were built and the primitive roads of yesteryear, it is amazing that people made it there and back in their automobiles".

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Splintering the vessel. See page 31. Photo: Kvilaas.

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Perhaps, the author suggests, if we want to educate our kids to be citizens of a free country, we should raise them in freedom — as democratic equals of adults. With 100% trust, our kids should be free at last. *By Naomi Aldort*

A Fire in the Lake 12

The long weekend stretches into something vague and apocryphal when that scenic drive through glorious nature turns into a slog through the slash. *By Paul Montgomery*

Health Plans vs. Midwifery 14

With insurance companies handling all those messy little details (and holding the purse strings), managed care threatens to limit healthcare choices to few and fewer. *By Cynthia Jaffe*

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Isolation is never enough because it's never really possible at all. Only love destroys with surgical precision and healing pain. *By Robert Francis Johnson*

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ON THE COVER: Photo: David Ellifrit. © 1995 Center for Whale Research.



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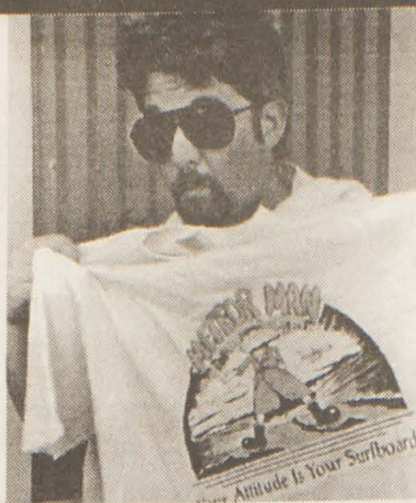
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Celebrity of the Issue

Steve McDougall

AKA: McDrywall, Deadline

Dick, Where's Steve?

Bag: "The Porpoise of Life" & other 'toons

Rap: Sociopathically punacious, double-entendre, shaded toward the scatological

Trip: Long & strange; dark-hour commutitarian

Beef: Too many right-wingers, not enough lounge singers

Brew: Witches'

Lifestyle: What's a lifestyle?

Quote: "It could be worse.

Hrrmph... I'm not sure how."

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Oxymorons

An oxymoron is a figure of speech that produces an incongruous or self-contradictory effect. Certain popular stereotypes assist in demonstrating the principal: Ethical politicians. Honest lawyers. Open-minded doctors. Creative accountants. Discreet journalists. Of course, the exceptions prove the rule.

Recently we had this diverting little controversy over the Connie Chung/CBS interview of Newt's grandma, Kathleen Gingrich. The basic question was, is it ethical to lie? ("Just between us, dear, what do you honestly think of so-and-so? Mum's the word!") It's a tough question. Ethics imply morality, morality implies an underpinning conscience, conscience implies consciousness—being awake to the reality of the heart and of the human condition. Which leads to further oxymorons...

There is no conscious evil, a wise man once said, meaning if a person was awake enough—could see the relationships between all things and between all actions and their results—his or her actions would conform to what is right and good. Framed thusly, you can begin to form a more accurate picture of where we're at.

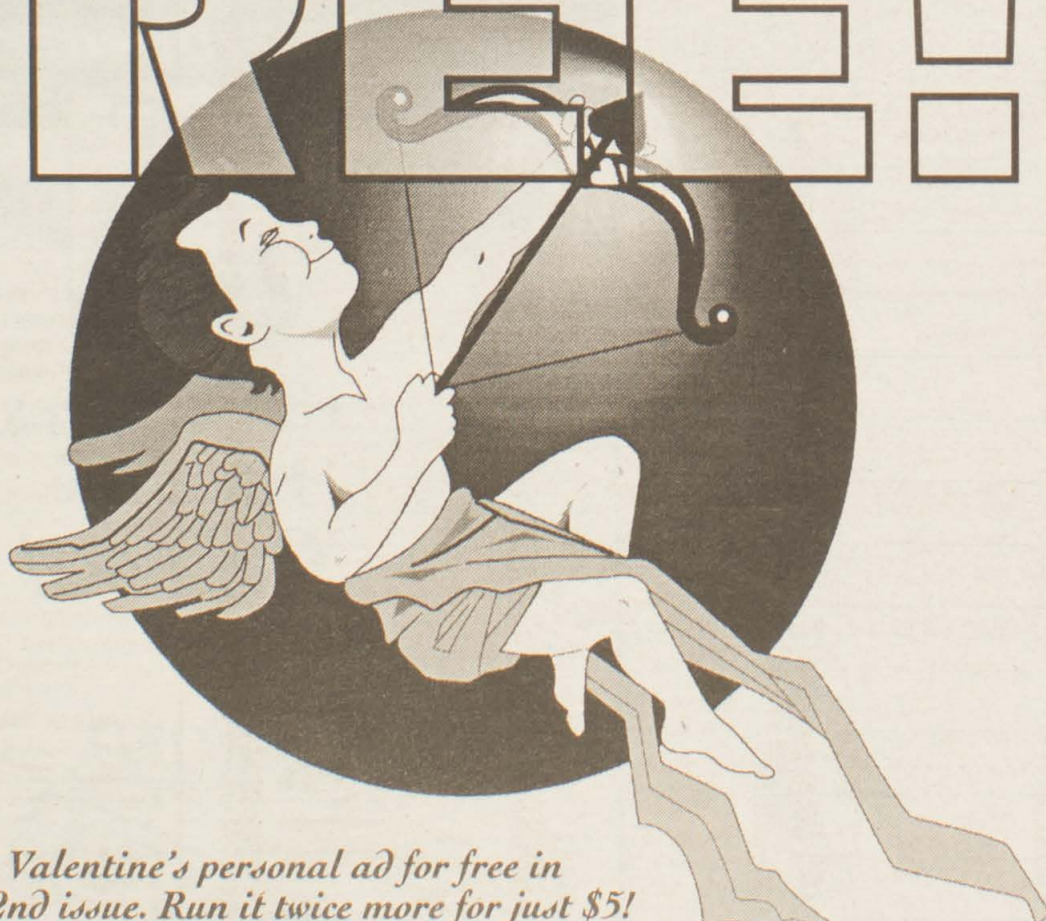
So what? So nobody's perfect. You bet. In fact, an argument could be made that humans are, in fact, oxymoronic by nature. Our behavior is oft incongruous—we say one thing, then do another. We're continually creating self-contradictory effects, driving ourselves in circles like dogs chasing their tails. We do this individually, and we do this socially. Individually: "I'll diet and lose wait; please pass the fries." Socially: "What a beautiful old-growth forest!" "Step aside please, we're just about to clearcut to save jobs so we can continue to live in this beautiful place even when it isn't beautiful any more."

Oxymorons, that's what we are. Spending our lives trying to jump over our knees, soiling our own nests, then trying to find some new place unspoiled by humans. Intelligent humans—somehow it sounds so oxymoronic. But then someone surprises you with a random act of consciousness.

May you walk on water!

Drew Kampion
Editor & Publisher

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The Fortnightly Alternative
Absolutely Free

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Business Management: Bill Murphy

Serving Whidbey, Camano, Fidalgo & Mount Vernon, the San Juans Islands, Port Townsend, & environs, the ISLAND INDEPENDENT is published fortnightly on alternate Thursdays. Subscriptions to the ISLAND INDEPENDENT are available by mail: One year (26 issues) for \$26; two years (52 issues) for \$39. For further information contact the ISLAND INDEPENDENT, 195 Second Street, Box 853, Langley WA 98260. Advertising and business offices: 360-221-4737. Editorial offices: 360-221-8242.

The ISLAND INDEPENDENT welcomes submissions of words, photos, images, ideas, and criticism. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want material returned. The ISLAND INDEPENDENT is printed on recycled paper by Hughes Publishing Center in Woodinville, WA. Please recycle this publication by passing it on, or recycle as newsprint.

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Backwash

No Boring Extremes

We folks up here in Bellingham, sorely lacking a newspaper that is intelligent, balanced, interesting, informative, and/or entertaining, want to express our thanks and consistent interest in the *Island Independent*. We seek one out each month at a local bookstore, gobble it up, and pass it on. Though we are left-leaning ourselves, we appreciate that the *II* doesn't swing too far in that direction — keep that balance up — extremes are ultimately boring.

Aimee, Kendall & Peter Frazier & friends
Bellingham

Centralized Social Control

Thanks to Naomi Aldort for her thoughts on education and democracy ["Prisoners of Childhood" in No. 47]. Her article is excellent and I encourage her to continue the process of questioning her own assumptions.

Does democracy really "provide a freedom unparalleled in human history"? Only if your history begins in the feudal period of Eurasia. Democracy provides more freedom than any other system of government. Government itself is a Eurasian invention which was foisted upon the rest of the world during the colonial period.

From a broader viewpoint, historically or geographically, it becomes apparent that centralized social control is not inherent in human nature. While government has been instrumental in the "progress" of the last couple of centuries, it has not been without tremendous cost. We are living among the ruins of a series of radical social experiments. Feudalism, colonialism, and industrialism affected the entire world, but the effects on North American may have been the most profound. We can learn a great deal from those parts of the planet that were less caught up by this particular series of changes.

The social order of Africa precedes and still supersedes government. Their communo-anarchism feels to me like a more natural way of life. Julius Nierere labeled it *ujamaa*, which is Swahili for *familiness*. Africans seem to have a deeper understanding of how to care for each other. In spite of incredible poverty, homelessness is essentially unheard of on the home continent, except during war. Even then, there exists a social cohesion which we risk losing altogether.

Key to this healthy lifestyle is the way children are raised. Anyone who has visited a Native American or "third world" community will recall the great liberty afforded the children. Unlike Euro-Americans, parents here aren't obsessed with protecting children from imaginary horrors or with "turning them into good adults." There seems to be much more comfort with letting people be the way they are and do what they like. Education in these communities is an honor which children may earn. They have not destroyed this natural flow with mandatory schooling. Perhaps it's time our society stopped trying to force people to learn and simply let them.

Thanks also to Paul Montgomery and Julie Loyd for excellent articles [in the same issue]. I look forward to the next issue.

Vernon Huffman
Langley

Those Funny Commissioners

"This nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

— Abraham Lincoln

A short while ago I picked up the paper and read about our elected [Island County] officials in Coupeville whining to Senator Haugen that the State of Washington had a law that must be changed. [See "Commissioners Predictably Appeal" in *News Briefs* in No. 47.] The article reported the Commissioners believed, horror of horrors, that said law, the Growth Management Act, *gives too much power to the people*. This astounding attitude undermines the very foundation of a democracy.

Capt. Thomas G. Campbell, US Navy (Ret.)
Langley

Yo! Lines Drawn, Shots Fired!

Yo! Whidbey Island, I can see your lights glimmering in Penn Cove from across Saratoga Pass. Your fighter jets pass over my place on Camano Island on their way home from a hard day of winging it. Winter-times I'll even sneak over to Greenbank and snag a few cohos or pull up on one of your highbank beaches at low tide for some appetizing steamers, and on Christmas Day, 1993, I pushed my 12' Livingston through a fin-slapping school of orca whales on my way to Widow's Isle Resort in search of the winter chinook.

See Backwash, page 30.

The *Island Independent* welcomes backwash from readers. Please note that letters may be edited for length. Send your letters to "Backwash," c/o *Island Independent*, Box 853, Langley, WA 98260.

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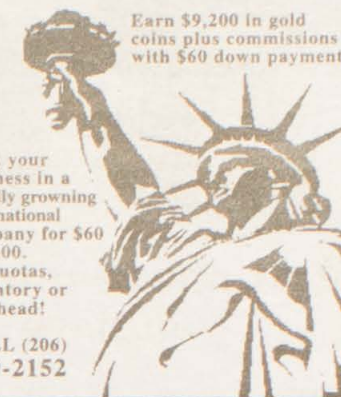
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NEWS BRIEFS

Compiled by River Cox & the Independent Staff

Digital Doughnut!

Regionwide — The high demand for fax machines, cellular phones, pagers, and computer modems has taken its toll on available seven-digit phone numbers in Western Washington. To accommodate the high demand a new area code is being added. Starting Jan. 15 the 360 area code designation will cover all of Western Washington except the Everett/Seattle/Tacoma metropolitan area, which will retain 206. Long distance rates within Washington will not be effected.

Land Donated for SJ Senior Center

Friday Harbor — Construction on a San Juan Island Senior center may commence in the fall of 1995 thanks to a donation of more than two acres of Friday Harbor commercial property by Don Mullis of Seattle. The San Juan Island Senior Advisory Board is busy with fundraising plans and a kickoff event in March or April. So far the seniors have \$80,000 of \$500,000 needed for the planned 5,000-square-foot building. For info call 387-2677.

EIS Targets Alien Mussels

Island County — Island County Planning Director Vincent Moore has told Taylor United, one of Washington's largest aquaculture firms, which grows mussels, clams, and oysters, that it must conduct an Environmental Impact Statement before he will approve a shoreline permit needed to expand its Holmes Harbor mussel farm. The planning department is concerned the larger non-native Mediterranean mussel grown at the farm could harm native species. Taylor United is appealing the decision, but no hearing date has been set.

IC Conservation Board Seeks Input

Island County — The Island County Conservation Futures Board, which helped buy property for South Whidbey's outdoor classroom and the Double Bluff beach acquisition, is asking for more good ideas. The board is responsible for maintaining, protecting, and conserving open space lands. They have \$300,000 a year in property tax moneys to spend on acquisitions. Preference goes to projects that include matching grants, or that are "less than fee simple" such as easements. For more info or suggestions contact Lee McFarland at 321-5111 (x373).

Anacortes Drafting Parks Plan

Anacortes — A citizens committee has begun meetings to develop a ten-year park plan for Anacortes. The plan will map out capital improvements and facilities and funding for the projects. Parks director Gary Robinson wants citizen input on what needs to be done, what's missing and what's working. The Committee meets the first Wednesday of every month. Comments can be sent to the Parks Department, Box 547, Anacortes, 98221; or call 293-1981.

Judge Piles on JeffCo GMA Woes

Jefferson County — A Thurston County Superior Court Judge ruled that Jefferson County commissioners lost their right to appeal a GMA hearings board decision when the Seattle-based law firm hired by them failed to serve the hearings board with a

timely notice of appeal. The hearings board ruled that Jefferson County was out of compliance with the GMA when it upheld arguments made by the City of Port Townsend, the Olympic Environmental Council, and 1,000 friends of Washington. The commissioners said they will bring the plan into compliance by mid-year.

The Long Commute Out West

West Jefferson County — Bus service has finally come to the West End allowing travelers to circumnavigate the Olympic Peninsula on public transportation. The free West Jefferson Transit Service also connects with the public transportation systems in Clallam and Grays Harbor counties. Funding for the first year of operations came from the state Department of Transportation, Jefferson, Clallam, and Grays Harbor Transit agencies, and the US Forest service. For schedule information call 1-800-436-3950.

Buses Roll on Camano, Too

Camano Island — Island Transit started offering service on Camano Island Jan. 3. Riders need to call for service one day in advance so drivers can plan their routes. Priority will be given to senior citizens and people with disabilities. Four daily trips into Stanwood will also be included in the schedule. Service will be offered Monday-Friday. For schedule info call 387-RIDE.

Rosario Sale Stalls Public Land Deal

San Juan County — Lawsuits over the sale of Rosario Resort may put at jeopardy a Land Bank plan to purchase three parcels on Entrance Mountain. The Land Bank made a deal with Red Rock Resorts of Arizona, Rosario's new owners, to purchase the property for \$475,000 so they could place conservation easements to limit residential development. But with the Rosario sale in the courts, the Land Bank is taking a wait-and-see approach, though it has the option of canceling the purchase to use the money on another project.

SJ Courts Looks at Child Abuse

San Juan County — San Juan County Superior Court may implement a "Kids' Court" program of their own, patterned after the King County Prosecuting Attorney Kids' Court program, which helps victims of child abuse testify in court. The program teaches the legal process through discussions with a prosecutor and judge, roll-playing, life-size puppets, and musical activities. Donna Belin, founder and executive director of the King County program, contacted San Juan County after reading the story of Erin Steven's grueling experience as a victim of child abuse in the San Juan courts. For more info call 386-KIDS.

Be Informed!

Regionwide — State Senator Mary Margaret Haugen (D-Dist. 2) plans to hold the following informal question-and-answer sessions in her district: On Jan. 21, she'll be at the Oak Harbor Fire Station at 10 a.m., then on South Whidbey at the Intermediate School Community Room in Langley at 2 p.m. On Feb. 4, Haugen will be in Mount Vernon at the McLean Fire Hall at 10 a.m., and in La Conner in the Council Chambers behind City Hall at 2 p.m. For information, call Haugen's office at 786-7618.

Evergreen State Shipbuilding Losing a Bid, but Not a Team

By Grace Carlson

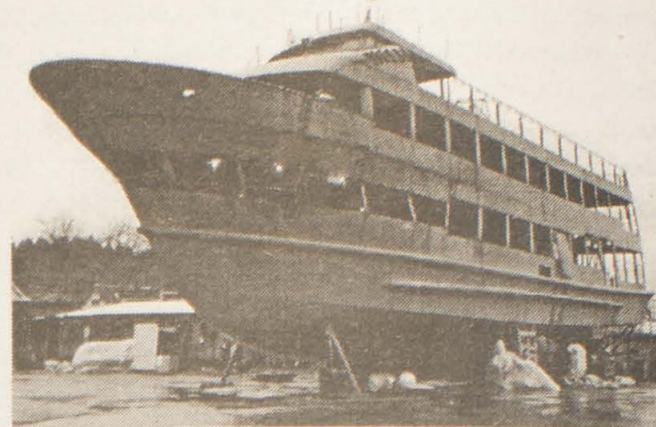
Anacortes, Freeland — After 3½ years of time and money invested in a joint venture, Evergreen State Shipbuilding was disappointed when its bid on three state jumbo ferries came in high at the end of December. But Evergreen's three shipyards — Nichols Brothers of Freeland, Dakota Creek of Anacortes, and JM Martinac of Tacoma — came away with more than just empty hands. The lost bid still left them with strong friendships and commitments to the future.

"I found two great new friends," Matt Nichols said of his sometime-competitors at Dakota Creek and Martinac. "This isn't the end for us. It's just the beginning."

From its inception in May 1991, the Evergreen venture promised to be a different way of doing business. Cooperative efforts between shipyards had been successful for years in Europe and in Canada. Though the concept was new to the Pacific Northwest, Nichols said, the three yards knew they could make it work, with each specializing in constructing a different component, then barging the parts to Anacortes for assembly at Dakota Creek.

"It has some advantages," such as diversity and more resources, said Dick Nelson, co-owner of Dakota Creek. For instance, the Anacortes yard focuses on barges and fishing vessels, while Nichols' yard specializes in passenger vessels. Evergreen submitted its first bid to the state for the Jumbo Mark II-class ferry, despite the red tape involved, Nichols said. A last-minute change in the bidding process, requiring bidders to obtain financial prequalification for building three vessels instead of one, was a challenge, but Evergreen was able to meet the requirement, Nelson said.

After the three yards reached agreement, Evergreen hired a general manager and spent more than three years working toward the jumbo ferry bid. The state had estimated a cost of \$210 million for the three vessels,



Nichols Bros. hopes to find a buyer for this 111' dinner-cruise ship built "on spec." Photo: Skubi.

which accommodate more than 200 vehicles and up to 2,500 passengers each. Evergreen bid \$238.77 million for the project, but Todd Pacific Shipyards of Seattle submitted a \$181.57 million bid. They were the only two bidders in the Dec. 30 opening.

Nelson and Nichols said they were concerned about how Todd could meet that bid and break even, much less make a profit. Nichols heard from state Rep. Mary Margaret Haugen (D-Camano Island) that the state will review Todd's bid closely before awarding the contract and will monitor construction carefully to avoid change orders and cost overruns. Meanwhile, both local yards remain busy with their own projects. Nichols has three boats under construction, including the specialized SWATH (Small Waterplane Area Twin Hull) vessel, a catamaran-like boat with a passenger cabin that rides above two submarine-shaped hulls. The ferry is to be used for passenger service between Florida and the Bahamas, Nichols said. Also at Nichols' yard are a 230-foot sternwheeler-style cruise ship for the Columbia River and a dinner cruise ship, also for Northwest waters. Also Nichols has just been contracted to build a new 115-foot ship-assist tug.

In future, Evergreen hopes to bid on an Alaska state ferry, or other larger international projects, Nichols said. Such contracts could have significant economic impacts on employment in Anacortes and south Whidbey.

Local Firefighters Mourn

By Grace Carlson

Regionwide — As Seattle firefighters mourned the loss of four of their own in a Jan. 5 warehouse fire, other Northwest firefighters felt a stab of kindred emotion. Many of them, in full-dress uniform, left early the morning of Jan. 11 to represent fire companies in Island and Skagit County at a mass memorial at Seattle Center for the four men who perished — John Brown, Lt. Walter Kilgore, Lt. Gregory Shoemaker, and Randall Terlicker.

"I guess there wasn't any doubt in my mind that we were going to go down," said Chief Marvin Koorn of Island County Fire District 2. "It was very impressive. Typically, nationwide, when a firefighter dies in the line of duty, there's that type of a memorial." Koorn took eight volunteers from District 2's south division, and they joined 11 Oak Harbor firefighters on a bus to Seattle. More firefighters from the Whidbey Naval Air Station and District 3 went separately, and District 5 firefighters took an engine to partici-

pate in the procession through downtown Seattle following the memorial.

In all, perhaps 6,000 firefighters from across the nation and Canada participated in the memorial and procession at the Seattle Center Arena. Anacortes firefighters joined contingents from Sedro-Woolley and Mount Vernon on the journey to Seattle, said Anacortes Chief Bill Ross. "I saw people there from all over the area," said Ross, one of seven Anacortes firefighters who went with Engine 19. They waited in line, standing six abreast, to join the ceremony and ended up in the Opera House next door with more than 3,000 in the overflow crowd, watching on a big-screen television.

"It's kind of hard to imagine that many firefighters in one place," said Ross, who's been with the Anacortes Fire Department for 29 years. They all joined in the following procession of dignitaries, family, firefighters and fire apparatus, walking a mile south to a private reception at the Westin Hotel. "As far ahead as you could see, you couldn't see the beginning."

January 31 Deadline

PTMagnet Center to Close

By Valerie Brewster

Port Townsend — For the past two years, the Magnet Center has been a free source of continuing education in Port Townsend. The word *center* might actually give the wrong impression since its open-campus operation located different learning opportunities at various places around town.

More than 600 people have taken part in the classes offered by the center; topics ranged from the marine trades to small business management to computer training. Area employers have used the center's free classes as a way to train workers. Response to the courses and quality of training has been high as judged by student surveys. All this will end January 31 unless an eleventh-hour interim proposal keeps the Magnet Center alive on a volunteer basis.

Funded by the a grant from the Farm Home Administration, the Magnet Center was conceived as a way to further computer literacy and marine trade skills in the community; \$58,000 of the \$400,000 grant was used to establish an impressive computer lab at Port Townsend High School. During the day, the computers are part of the school's business and computer classes. Through the Magnet Center, the lab has been open to the community for computer learning one evening and three afternoons a week.

When funding runs out the end of this month, the equipment will revert to the school system and the community at large will lose access to the lab. Volunteers have been search-

ing for new funding sources for several months, but the efforts will not come soon enough to prevent the Magnet Center from closing. Meanwhile donations are sought from the community to be used to hire a grant writer in a last ditch effort to regain public funding.

Under a plan proposed to the School District by Marty Gay, director of the Computer Component of the Magnet Center, the computer lab could remain open and continue to teach classes. Marty Gay and lead instructor Michael Ballen have volunteered to keep the lab open with limited services for a period of six months. They would staff the lab with volunteers and offer in-service training for teachers in the Port Townsend School District. Any new classes would cost participants \$2.50 per hour to pay instructors and to reimburse the School District for supplies.

Gay has also articulated a long-term vision for what is now the Magnet Center that he calls Project ADEPT (Access to Digital Education in Port Townsend). He hopes that the project "will take the lead in teaching the skills and finding the ways to incorporate those tools into our future" by teaching computer literacy, establishing a computer resources center, presenting lectures and demonstrations, providing teacher training, creating a "Peninsula presence" on the Internet and aiding businesses as they search for ways to use these new communications technologies. His proposal could be used as the basis for a grant proposal.

The 50% Solution

San Juan County Solid Waste

By Liam Moriarty

Friday Harbor — A San Juan County employee with a strong environmental ethic and an extensive background in community-based approaches to solid-waste problems is helping lead these islands to adopting innovative alternatives to simply "taking out the garbage."

When San Juan County commissioners decided, in January 1994, to longhaul the county's trash rather than build a new local landfill to receive it, then-commissioner Tom Cowan insisted the county simultaneously institute an aggressive program of recycling and waste reduction to minimize the amount of material shipped off-island. Additionally, the Waste Not Washington Act of 1989 calls for counties to achieve a 50% diversion rate by 1995. In an effort to implement that policy, the Solid Waste Division of the San Juan County Public Works department has approved several proposals from private companies to process parts of the county's waste stream.

Among the efforts underway, according to Ed Stuhr, manager of the county's Solid Waste Division (SWD), is a pilot program that has set up worm composting bins at the Cafe Olga, a popular restaurant in the east side of Orcas Island. The project, by Worm Works! of Orcas, is the first commercial application of vermicomposting in the islands.

On San Juan Island, Green Mountain Technologies of Seattle has contracted to mix sludge from the Friday Harbor sewer plant with waste

paper, food scraps, and yard waste, then compost it in large containers and sell the finished soil-enhancer to area farmers and gardeners.

But the proposal with the farthest-reaching potential, Stuhr suggests, is from SWD employee Neil Hanson, who has a passionate interest in community-focused solutions to resource issues. Hanson is on the board of Community Non-profit Recycling (CNR) of Lopez and is largely responsible for its innovative plans to create local jobs, increase recycling efficiency, and help keep the economic benefits of waste reduction rooted in the community.

Currently, San Juan Sanitation, a private firm with headquarters in Lynden, contracts directly with businesses and residences and hauls about 40% of the total waste stream produced in the county. The rest is brought to three transfer stations, one on each of the main islands, owned by the county. Under CNR's proposal, the non-profit would take control of all the recyclables that the SWD now collects.

CNR proposes to set up an Intermediate Processing Station (IPS) at the county transfer station on Lopez. The IPS, according to Hanson, will collect, sort, bale, and ship all the county's recyclable materials, including some that are not now being recycled. Since ferry tolls on the San Juan Islands run are only charged on the west-bound trip, Hanson says putting the IPS on the easternmost island allows the fare-free transport of recyclables.

Going to Seed

Plum Creek on Whidbey

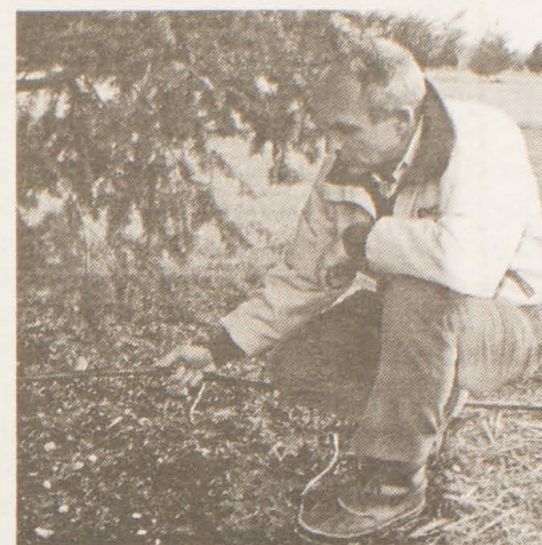
By Bill Skubi

Coupeville — Representatives of giant Plum Creek Timber Co. (formerly the BNT Timberlands division of Burlington Northern Railroad) came to the islands last week to drop off a \$2,500 check to the Coupeville Arts Center and tour their own 40-acre seed orchard south of Coupeville. The seed orchard was planted in 1982 with the seedlings from "super trees" selected in the wild from Plum Creek's forest holdings in the Cascades and Eastern Washington in 1976.

Over the years the more than 12,000 original trees have been culled down to the best 2,000, in the estimation of David Crooker, a forester who is the company's director of operations for the Cascade Region. Crooker emphasized that new seedlings would be planted in the same areas from which their original parent trees came. When asked how he answered criticism that such practices reduce genetic diversity in the wild he was positive. "I tell people it increases diversity over previous seed collection methods, if not over natural reproduction."

Crooker went on to explain that the orchard system maintains the genetic diversity of the 1,288 "super trees" originally selected for size and shape, but natural selection will eliminate genetic strains at random. He said the orchard produced about 2,500,000 high-quality Douglas fir seeds last year, even with a serious infestation of cone bugs. No spray was used to battle the pests, and the trees are watered with an efficient drip irrigation system that uses less water than three rural residences, according to Jim Anderst, manager of the Whidbey seed orchard.

Bob Jirsa, Director of Corporate and En-



Orchard Manager, Jim Anderst shows off drip irrigation system. Photo: Skubi.

vironmental Affairs, says his greatest frustration is that the public is judging past logging practice by today's higher standards. "What we did 70, 50, or 20 years ago was in keeping with prevailing practice," said Jirsa. But one Cascade town has known Burlington Northern and Plum Creek all those years, and some citizens of Roslyn (known to many as the home of *Northern Exposure*) say the company's practices have never risen beyond a cycle of "boom and bust." Ellie Belew, spokesperson for Ridge, a local all-volunteer citizens group that regularly does battle with Plum Creek, says their logging practice is still anything but sustainable.

"They are cutting around here just as fast as they can," said Belew. "All we want is a forestry and economy that's sustainable," she said, "but Plum Creek is looking to get out of here, and then we won't see them again for 50 or 60 years."

Sewage Happens

By Bill Skubi

Salish Sea — At the same time official reports of elevated levels of PCBs, dioxins, and other toxic chemicals in Puget Sound fish was making news last week, report cards on sewage-treatment plants in British Columbia and Washington State were issued by environmental watchdog groups in the US and Canada. This is the hot poop, according to People for Puget Sound and the Save Georgia Strait Alliance:

Grades for Treatment Facilities

Washington

Bremerton	C+
Concrete	D+
Duvall	B-
Edmonds	C
Everett	C+
Metro-Renton	B+
Metro-West Pt.	C
Mount Vernon	C
Oak Harbor	C+

British Columbia

Campbell River	D
Chilliwack	C+
Ladysmith	D
Nanaimo	C-
Salt Spring Is.	B
Squamish	C
Vancouver	D
Victoria	D

See News, page 8.

Briefs, cont'd from page 7.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of CNR's proposal, however, is that whatever money the non-profit makes above its operating costs will be returned to the county's solid waste budget. So profits, which under traditional privatization would go into an entrepreneur's pocket, will instead go toward programs or equipment that the county will use to reclaim more resources from the "waste stream."

Isn't turning "privatization" on its head to benefit the community, instead of a single business, just a tad subversive? "Oh, I wouldn't say that," replies Hanson with a characteristic grin. "But it is a fun idea."

Sound of Freedom? Lopez Racket

By Liam Moriarty

Lopez Island — After an extended respite, the roar of Navy warplanes has once again been rattling windows and fraying tempers on Lopez Island. Many locals agree that, since last February, when NAS Whidbey base commander Capt. John Schork visited Lopez with his command crew to listen to islanders' complaints about jet noise, the problem has greatly lessened. Most of them credit Schork with making a real effort to divert traffic away from the island. But for the past few weeks, according to Cynthia Dilling, a Lopez pilot and jet-noise activist, the planes have been flying over south and central Lopez with increasing frequency, and Dilling claims that calls to the base operations officer have basically garnered a "don't bother me" response.

Dilling says an inability to contact Schork directly began to worry her and other members of San Juan Islanders for a Sound Environment (SJISE), the group that has been active in working with the Navy on the noise issue for the past few years. "What Capt. Schork did in eliminating overflights of the south end and the school was wonderful," she says. "We want that back again."

The base commander did return her calls after several days, Dilling told the *Independent*. She said Schork acknowledged the overflight activity had, in fact, increased dramatically, due to preparations to move two squadrons out to sea. Having many more planes in the air causes the overflights, Dilling said, adding that Schork assured her that when the squadrons ship out in a week or two, noise levels will drop back to normal.

Lopezians alarmed by the recent overflights can stand down from red alert, Dilling thinks. She said Schork reaffirmed his commitment to maintain open communications with islanders and to operate the base with as little impact on neighbors as possible. ■

Meteor Man

"2 weeks of weather and then some!"

Lucky Weather

This is your lucky weather. You know who to thank, and don't you forget it. Now aren't you awfully glad you left California? The Northwest beckons. Waves of refugees decompress, grow pale, succumb to the ancient ague, and finally submit to a new frame of mind. Nice weather. Okay, gray. It grows on you. At least it's not so spectacularly torn by floods, droughts, burns, shakes, swells, and blights... beneath an inverted bowl of suffocating gas. Whew! Very unlucky weather brought on by very unlucky climate.

Here it's different. Here we're safely nestled in the maritime rainshadow, the Olympic Eddy. A kinder, gentler weather. Sure. Right.

The Nasty Nexus

If truth be known (and it is just about to) this same apparently benign maritime rainshadow is, in fact, a cauldron of seething instabilities — a vat of reckless, feculent forces. Consider the recent rains that swept the lion's share of California's topsoil into the Pacific. In a normal year in a normal cen-

tury of a normal millennium, that would have been ours — 72 inches of rain in 36 hours, a ratio to be proud of! Instead, satellite photography revealed a schizy scherzo parrying the accumulated nebulae north and south of here and now. While Malibu residents were being sucked off their patios and down arroyos into mud-clogged Santa Monica Bay, former Malibu residents sat on their Scatchet Head patios sipping lattés and admiring the great Northwest drizzle. "Liquid sunshine," they joked. Ha ha.

Nature's Dirty Little Trick

Conscious or not, our recent weather (for the last 110 years or so) has been a geologically brief atmospheric anomaly ignited by the eruption of Krakatoa in 1883, the volcanic twin of Mount St. Helens. The gaseous and asheous residue of the big Indonesian bang resulted in a minor global warming/nuclear winter perturbation of "normal" (and we all know what that means) worldwide weather patterns. Prior to the Krakatoa blast (which was compounded on May 18, 1980, by the

St. Helens unpleasantness), Oak Harbor had an annual rainfall of 296 inches, and Anacortes was known as Greyland. In fact, even Port Townsend received over 175 inches of precipitation a year back then, although Sequim only got about 90. Hard to believe? You bet. But, hey, it's true. Olympic "Bob" Eddie's childhood memories corroborate what realtors and booster types will always deny. This place has the worse weather in the world!

"I can recall, as if it weren't as clear as yesterday," Olympic "Bob" recounts, "my grandmother and grandfather tellin' me about comin' here t'live in the days before th' great drought, which is what we're still in, if the troot were known. They told me how the Makah injuns would trade gold, whale iv'ry, women, anything for a dry pair of socks. In fact, that was how they got into the dry-cleanin' business. 'Course, after Krakatoa, they went bellyup, and headed back t'Pittsburgh. Never seed 'em after that, and thus my fascination with ewes."

So, you see, it's been lucky around these parts — for a long time. But that luck is just about to run out. Things will soon snap back to normal... by next winter. The smart

money is heading back to LA, grabbing up all that low-cost, fire-sale Golden Real Estate, then sitting back and relaxing under an orange tree as California once again becomes what it was. The Devil's idea of Heaven.

The Fortnightly Weather

MeteorMan's fractal program is on the fritz. What can I say? How else to explain the sorry inaccuracy of my last forecast. It *hasn't* been cold, crisp, and flaky like a fresh bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies. No. It's been cool, gray, and flubby. And so it will continue until the first of February, at which time a final late snow will dump seven wet inches of white stuff down the neck of our awakening spring fever. So there!

Note: Like other so-called meteorologists and weather gurus, MeteorMan is not responsible for the accuracy of his forecasts. He is simply paid an enormous salary to keep us guessing. Under no conditions should you use MeteorMan's (or anyone else's) forecasts to plan picnics, day trips, vacation time, or weddings. Better to brush up on Chaos Theory, fractal geometry, and darts. MeteorMan happily answers questions on meteorology, sex, and weather. ■

Independent Crossword Puzzle

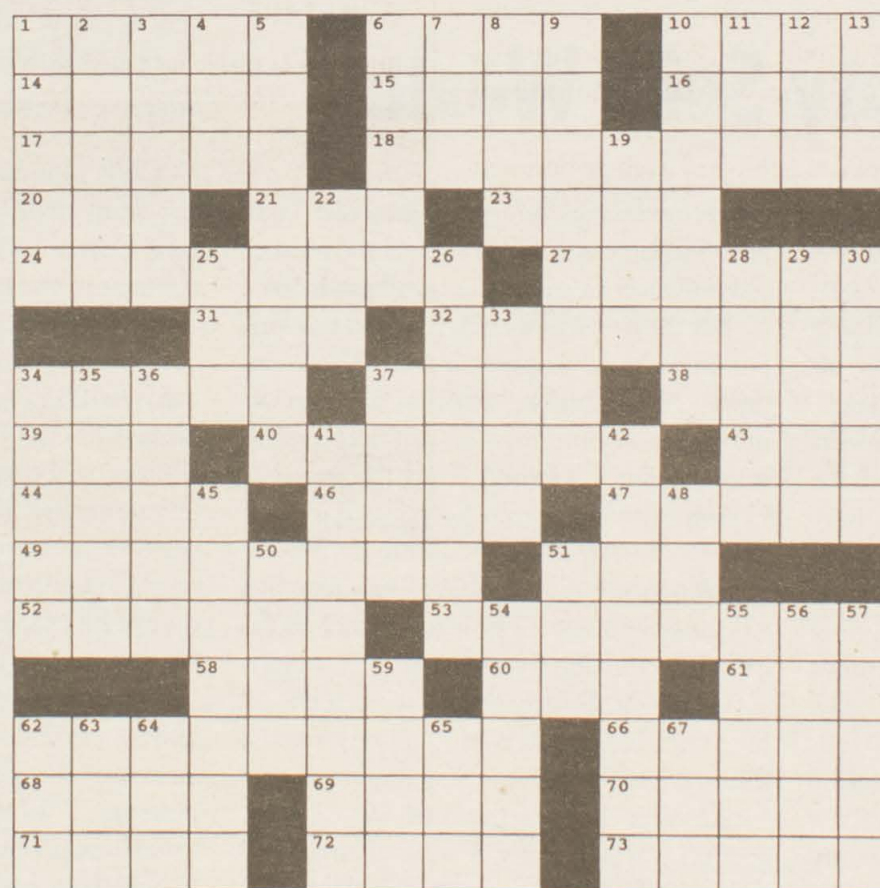
(Solution on page 30.)

No Way!

By Amy Sunnoo and J. Bock

ACROSS

1. Greta
6. Expensive
10. PROGRESS
14. Farewell (Fr.)
15. Look! (Lat.)
16. Sailor's patron saint
17. Bootlace
18. SHIP'S STAIRS
20. Fib
21. TV shapeshifter
23. Cereal fruiting spikes
24. Swedish glassware town
27. Founder of British India
31. Noshed
32. WAITING TO TAKE OFF
34. One of seven deadly sins
37. Aweather's opposite (Naut.)
38. Riches alternative
39. Sesame
40. Authorize
43. Follower of Ra?
44. Over again
46. Sale tag (2 wds.)
47. "_____ you most of all...": lyric
49. Jesuit society founder
51. Self-esteem
52. "The Mouse That _____"
53. Church taxes, in a way
58. "Goodness Gracious Me": composer



DOWN

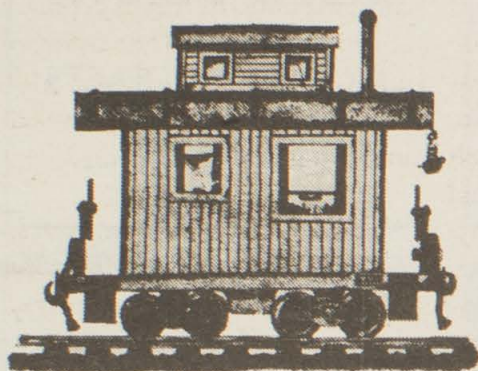
60. Gangster's gun
61. River island
62. Cape on Sardinia
66. Branch means peace
68. Aleutian island
69. Ukraine city
70. TRAVELER
71. Baked desserts
72. To go (obs.)
73. Said to be lazy
10. Am. singer Eliza, married Portuguese king
11. Old Testament judge
12. Latin drill word
13. Fellow of Oxford
19. ENTRANCE ENCLOSURE
22. Female of various mammals
25. Consume
26. Featured singer, e.g.
28. Modern Persian
29. Small holes in mine rocks
30. Else (Scot., pl.)
33. "Its _____ to me"
34. FLIGHT OF STEPS
35. Shop talk
36. Turmeric, Hawaii
37. Primordial chaos (Bab.)
41. Suitable for a virgin
42. UTILITY EASEMENTS
45. STEINBECK NOVEL, WITH "THE"
48. Miss Piggy's favorite topic
50. End (prefix)
51. Greek letter
54. "_____ at the office"
55. Depilatory trade name (pl.)
56. SWEEPSTAKES
57. Inflexible
59. Roof overhang
62. Limit on expenditure
63. Maori tribe or clan
64. Map abbreviation
65. Reel's partner
67. Leader of Ra?

SIDETRACKED

With Jim Freeman

(Editor's note: Freeman lives in Freeland in a 1928 Milwaukee Road caboose with his psychic cat, Melvin).

What is a secret and why do we have them? These were two of the questions recently asked Melvin when he lickured [sic.] at the annual psychic cat seminar promoted on the QT (coincidentally held in the same hotel where the Secret Service and CIA have their Halloween Dance). The name of the hotel has been withheld by the doorman, who is serving five years for squealing with Ollie North. Anyway, it occurred to me this morning that people have told me secrets all my life. Some I've forgotten. Some I've distorted. Some I've refused to accept. But most I have shared



with someone like me who promised "never to tell a soul."

If a secret really is "apart from the knowledge of others," no wonder my life is one big bag of secrets. Yesterday morning three different people told me the same secret three different ways. I acted shocked two of the three times I heard the news. Trouble is, knowing this

secret makes me wish I didn't know so I wouldn't have to act like I don't know what I do know with the people I'm not supposed to know it about.

Melvin says a secret is something you aren't supposed to know but are glad you do so you can decide whether to tell someone. How come I never ask the secretor what will happen to me as secretor when and if I share the secret? Maybe I need a secretary.

Have you tube jockeys seen the Pizza Hut ad where the freckle-faced new boy in school gets a dozen pizzas delivered to the lunch hall on his first day? Needless to say, he is a hit, but not quite like Mark Puckett during fourth grade show 'n' tell when he surfaced with one of his Dad's drink coasters featuring a faded foto of a minuscule Marilyn Monroe, naked — bottoms up! Like any good Republican, our teacher, Mrs. Herbert, made all the boys stay after school. Unfortunately, I didn't have enough lunch money left to see the coaster up close. All moneys collected went to the girls' favorite charity — a foundation to change the name of our school from Wickliffe to James Dean Elementary. I guess we would have been the Rebels?

We now get *Teen Magazine* in the mail as a result of a rebate honored by a local fundraiser found to be fraudulent. Rather than wait until the class action is settled, we've opted for several hundred dollars worth of specialty mags. After reviewing the ad in *Teen* for a \$10 book on *How to French Kiss*, I closed the page and took a deep breath. What, no books on how to French Floss? What about the French Roll?

The Committee to Name the G-Rate Makeup Stamp what they named it should not pass go, but go directly to jail.

When wagering at the horse races in Vietnam, your bet is placed in "dong." The minimum unit of wagering is 1000 dong (about 9 cents). Vietnamese racehorses are a genetic mixture of French thoroughbred stock and Mongolian ponies. The horses are so small that races are classified by height, not age or sex. Jockeys are only 14 and 15 years because the horses can only carry between 64 and 96 pounds. Who needs bumper cars? Go to the track! Pool your dung, and win more dong! Aren't you glad I'm no longer on the board of directors at church?

Now that cigarettes are no longer allowed on planes, someone needs to look at the policy of women's perfumes. On a recent cross-country jaunt I was exposed to Passion, Opium, Relinquish, and Seduced. Rearrange those words in a sentence and you'll know why I got slapped at the baggage claim.

Sidetrackie J.W. reports Swatch the Beep, a combination watch/pager, as a practical way to keep tabs on your teen. Hopefully, all involved practice safe beeping... If you want a write-off for your tow-off, call the National Kidney Foundation's Car Contribution Campaign. If they saw Leo's place (in Freeland), they might hook his entire property to the back of the truck... As former Guv'nr Ann Richards says, "Life is like a layer cake. You get to put one layer on top of the other, and whether you frost it or not is up to you." Melvin likes his cake with red-eye gravy whether he's frosted or not.

Just once I'd like to get a holiday letter from a friend that doesn't make their kids sound like they never picked their noses. Is everybody out there an A-student lettering in tennis? We homeschool, so nobody knows how we are doing but Melvin. The way he passes out P's, I guess we're all passing... Enjoy the grayness. It's a power color. ■

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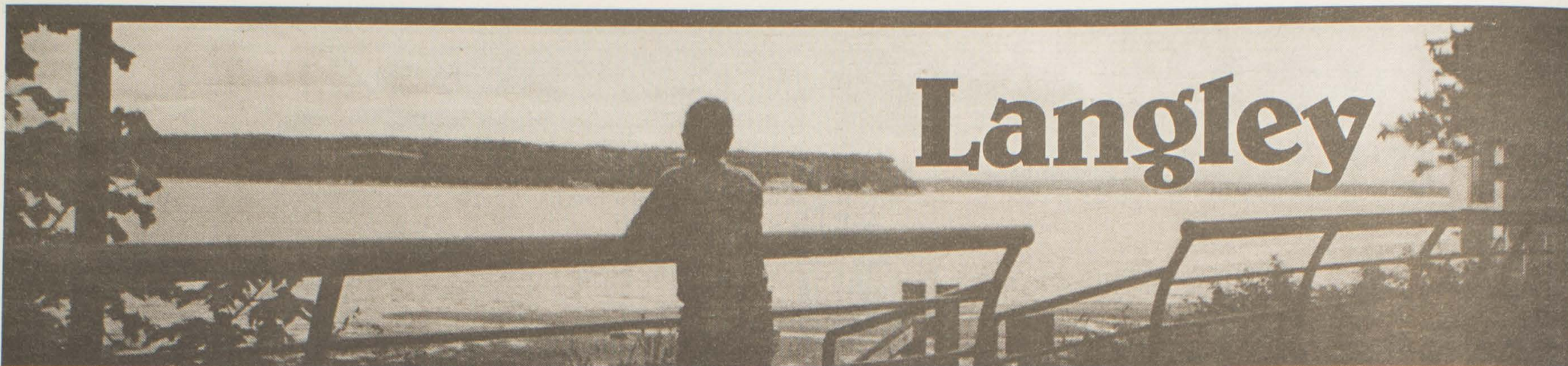
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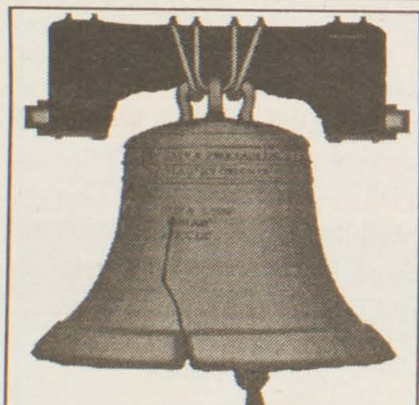
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Island Strings & Langley Methodist Church 10am-3pm
- Sat., Jan. 21 Benefit for KSER Radio Langley Methodist Church 8pm
Point No Point, Blue Grass Group
- Feb. 2-Mar. 28 Kites & Hearts Mueso Piccolo
Kites & Love Letters
- Feb. 3-5, 10-12 Music Man Langley Middle School
SWHS Winter Musical
- Feb. 11-Mar. 14 Kenneth Hassrick: Childers/Proctor Gallery
Figures Paintings
- Sat., Feb. 11 Romancing the Blues Pole Building, Island Fairgrounds 7pm
Blue Nectar, Concert & Dance

See Chautauqua for more information on these and other events

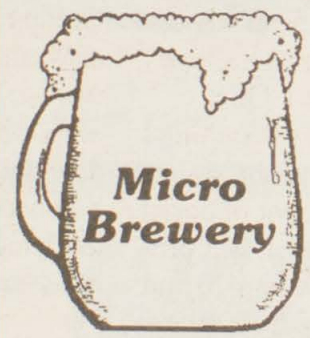
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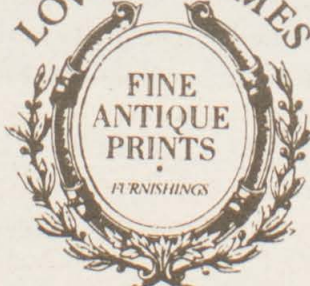

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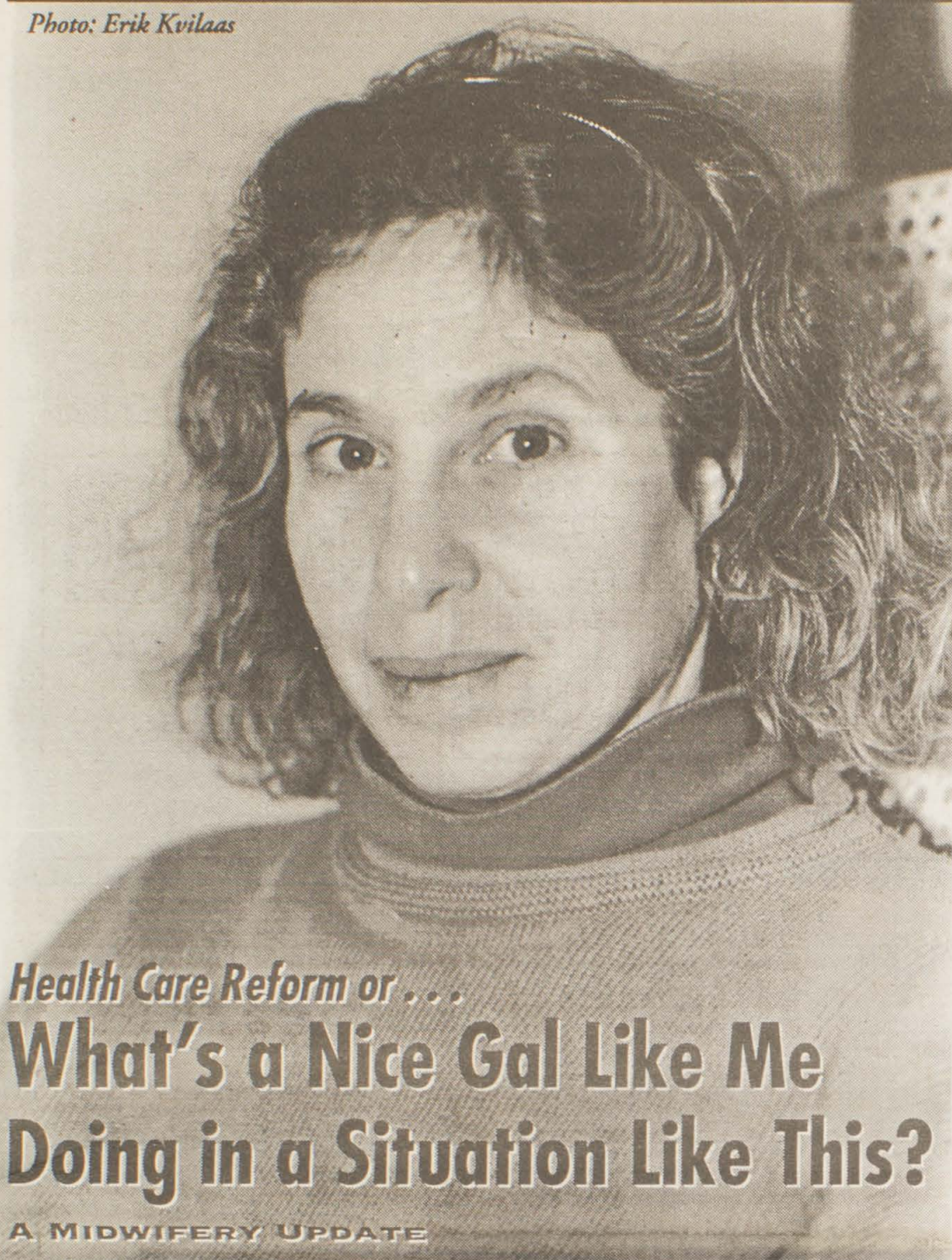
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Health Care Reform or . . .

What's a Nice Gal Like Me Doing in a Situation Like This?

A MIDWIFERY UPDATE

By Cynthia Jaffe

I am being forced to stop my midwifery practice. "What?" you say. OK, let me rephrase that. Soon, I will no longer be able to practice midwifery. "NO!" you say. Grab a cup of tea and a comfortable chair. Fasten your seatbelts for a tale of power, money, greed and, of course, sex. Let's start at the beginning.

In 1993, Washington State passed the Health Care Reform Act. The way it passed is a tale in itself. It involves lots of money, heavy wheeling and dealing (sex, I'm sure, had something to do with it, but I don't know what), and possibly an illegal act by Governor Mike Lowry. (Get the papers from 1993 and follow the story; it's too long to go into here, but it's worth reading.) Suffice to say that folks went to sleep one night, assured by politicians that nothing would happen while they slumbered, and they woke to find the Act a law (*really*).

We all scrambled to read what had been passed and, low and behold, it seemed we were all going to have to buy health insurance. It looked like we weren't going to have much choice in anything but which big insurance company was going to get our money. It seemed like the fox had been elected to guard the hen house, and we were told it was good for us.

Switch to the Midwives. The first thing we saw in the new order was a provision stating that any provider wishing to participate in the new health-care system must have . . . *more insurance!* Medical malpractice insurance to be exact.

This is a very controversial issue. There wasn't a medical malpractice insurance company around that wanted *anything* to do with home birth. Most of the Midwives wanted

nothing whatsoever to do with malpractice insurance companies. I, for one, had vowed never to buy insurance even if it was available. (Fortunately, no one remembers hearing me say that.) I felt the sad state of affairs we were in was due, in large measure, to insurance companies and that, like it or not, one practiced differently when the insurance companies were watching.

Well, here it was, our first act of prostitution. We tried for repeal. No way. We found we had a friend in Deborah Senn, the Insurance Commissioner. After months of wheeling and dealing, we were able to organize a Joint Underwriting Association for Medical Malpractice Insurance. A carrier was found and Licensed Midwives will begin paying premiums as of the first of July 1995. In fact, proof of malpractice insurance coverage will be required to renew our licenses. The base premium is \$2,400 for up to 24 births. For every birth thereafter, it's another \$100. For birthing centers, it's an additional 25% of the total yearly premium because, when THEY sue, THEY sue *everyone!* For many small practices, this is the end.

I will repeat myself for those not catching it: THIS IS THE END. There are midwives out there doing one or two births a month and charging what the client can pay. They do it out of love. There is no way they can pay those premiums and survive.

The next blow for the midwives came when it turned out that the Department of Social and Health Services was getting out of the health insurance business. Most midwifery practices have large numbers of women on medical assistance. DSHS would no longer be issuing medical coupons (Medicaid) and paying di-

rectly for services rendered. They have, instead, formed a new bureaucracy (more about that later). DSHS has contracted with . . . Guess Who? *The Insurance Companies!* . . . to take over for them. Ah ha! The plot thickens! Did that hit home? Have we come to the author's personal tale of woe? You're damn right we have.

My Personal Tale of Woe

I have a great life here. I get to meet all kinds of people. I become close with many of them; I become part of their family. I share in their joys and sorrows. I see "my" babies everywhere, and I love it. I have come to my door and found bags of fruit, vegetables, fresh crab, a hand-knit sweater, and once a beautiful new floor mat. I've done births for firewood, hay, and a new stairway. Since I began my practice, my client load has doubled each year. I am (or was) trying to convince my wonderful friend and assistant, Cindy Gardner, that she really *did* want to become licensed and work more. Things are going well and life is always interesting.

I Fought the Law and the Law Won

Here's what the law says in part:

RCW 43.72.005, Intent-1993 c 492 (2)(b)(c): "State residents be enrolled in the certified health plan of their choice that meets state standards regarding affordability, accessibility, cost-effectiveness, and clinical efficacy . . . [and that] . . . State residents shall be able to choose health services from a full range of health care providers . . . in a manner consistent with good health services management, quality assurance, and cost effectiveness."

Boy, it sure sounds good, doesn't it? But you know what they say, if it looks too good to be true, it probably is.

I offer a good service. I cost less than the conventional brand. I have as good or better results, and people feel happy with my services. What have I done wrong? (Drum roll, please.) I am doing births out-of-hospital. Oh no!

Back to The Beginning. The first thing I did when I got my license in my hot, sweaty hands was to call the Department of Social and Health Services and register as a provider. They were grateful. It was hard to find providers willing to work for their salary. (For awhile DSHS was paying providers \$950 total for maternity care when doctors were charging \$2,000.) I built my birth center to make it easier for women on medical assistance to have an out-of-hospital birth. I *wanted* to work with this population. I am *of* this population! I borrowed a lot of money to build the birth center. I had a dream and felt sure it was a good one.

I was right. Since opening my practice, I have always made my monthly payment to the Arise Charitable Trust. It is a matter of pride. About 75% of my clients are on medical coupons, 15% private insurance, and 10% paying out of pocket. I find that some insurance companies will reimburse Licensed Midwives, but many will not. Every month, I have one or two women who are paying me out of pocket because their insurance companies will not cover my services. They feel they cannot get the birth experience they want anywhere else.

On with the story . . .

Here comes the Health Reform Act of 1993. We knew that DSHS was pulling out of Health Care. Who or what was taking its place? Enter *Healthy Options*, the DSHS Managed Care Program. This program is run by

DSHS; they determine eligibility, and it is administered by . . . *the Insurance Companies!* Guess which population was the first to be enrolled in this new plan — the guinea pigs, so to speak? Women on Aid to Families with Dependent Children. If you need to ask why, take Feminism 101 and learn the answer.

DSHS will now pay a sum of money for each person on Medicaid to whichever insurance company that person chooses. The person is given a list of physicians and can choose one from the list for their Primary Care Provider (PCP). (Did you miss the part when we get "choice?" Look back a sentence; that was it.) The insurance companies will, in turn, pay each PCP a lump sum every month for the care of these patients; whether they are seen or not. The doctor must pay for all of the care for all of his or her patients from the monthly stipend. Hopefully, not every patient will come every month; that's how the money works (recognize the "odds"-type thinking? Guess who?). The idea behind this is that a PCP will only refer to an expensive specialist when the patient *really* needs it (but hopefully before they are declared legally dead). The PCP will become what is quaintly known as "The Gatekeeper."

An interesting note: The OB/GYNs decided as a group *not* to become PCPs because they would lose too much money; women are a high-usage group. I've heard a rumor that a woman can self-select for maternity care, but the provider must appear on the list of approved specialists given out by the insurance companies. Here was my mission . . . I needed to get on that list.

Switch to the insurance companies.

Who will be taking over in Island County for DSHS? Skagit County Medical Bureau, Group Health, and Community Health Plan of Washington. Here's the bad news for me: *Not one of those three companies cover license midwives.* (You fall over in a dead faint.) This does not bode well for our faithful midwife. You bet your shorts it don't. But, did I take this lying down? Did I try and hide my head in the sand and hope it was all a bad dream? Yes.

It didn't work. I started my CAMPAIGN to save myself. I began in the logical place (I thought). I called DSHS and spoke with a nice man named Rick Arnold. "Mr. Arnold? My name is Cynthia Jaffe, and I am a Licensed Midwife. I am the second largest provider of maternity care to women on medical assistance in Island County. I want to ask about Healthy Options."

Mr. Arnold: "OK."

Me: "Can I play?"

Mr. Arnold: "Gee, you'll have to ask the insurance companies. They're in charge now."

Me: "You mean, my years of service mean nothing to you? Can't you even put in a good word for me?"

Him: "Gee, we're sure glad you helped us out, but we can't do a thing for you. Call if you need anything!"

Me (in a tragic whisper): "OK. Thanks."

Next step: Mr. Roger Mercer, head of provider enrollment at Skagit County Medical Bureau. SCMB has this weird requirement in its provider contract; it says they will cover a Licensed Midwife, but only if s/he is also a Registered Nurse. Trouble is, less than 10% of all Licensed Midwives are Registered Nurses.

See Jaffe, page 24.

"If ever this vast country is brought under a single government, it will be one of the most extensive corruption, indifferent and incapable of wholesome care over so wide a spread of surface.

"This will not be borne, and you will have to choose between reformation and revolution.

"If I know the spirit of this country, the one or the other is inevitable. Before the cancer is become inveterate, before its venom has reached so much of the body politic as to get beyond control, the remedy should be applied."

— Thomas Jefferson, 1821

A Fire In The Lake

By Paul Montgomery

Call me Ishmael. No, read the book called *Ishmael* and call me Virgil, and I will take you on a journey—a short one, though endless. The journey for me begins when I grab a copy of the brand new *Millennium Whole Earth Catalog*, which just the day before had arrived at the bookstore. I walk down to meet my companion and the ferry that will carry us on the next leg of our trek to the Oregon coast for several days of rest, beach walks, and autumnal reflection. My friend is worn a little thin by a summer of catering to the tourist trade, and I have yet in my life to meet the Pacific Ocean. This trip is something she promised me several years ago with the added allure, "Just wait until you smell it!" So, side by side, nestled in a booth on the ferry to the mainland, a catalog—which on its back cover says, "Live smart. Think for yourself. Transform the future."—open across our shared laps, we are off. An auspicious beginning.

We decide without hesitation to travel down the inside of the Olympic Peninsula instead of the I-5 corridor, which would take us through Seattle, Tacoma, and Portland. I have a strong aversion to cities and had no intention of christening this trip with visions of industrial wasteland and the interstate. A good choice. Another short ferry ride across sparkling water, chopped and sprayed by a brisk, fall breeze, and we are soon on an uncrowded road that lazily winds its way through a forest beside the lower Puget Sound. The sun is bright somewhere above us, and its light, filtered golden and many shades of green, plays among the moving shadows of swaying trees and branches dancing on the road. In the rhythm of alternating light and dark, the flutter of yellowgold leaves, the cool of deep green and shadow, I become calm. It feels good, and it is reassuring. I am silent as I watch, breath, and expand. My uncommon stillness prompts my companion to ask, "What are you thinking?" I can't say.

Further along the road there is a sign, an immense sign, a billboard that announces, JESUS CHRIST IS LORD. Above these words is a radiant golden star set like a jewel against a background of painted forest greens. A good sign, or so I think. Soon after, the clearcuts begin.

I have heard about it. And read about it. And even seen the pictures. And I have seen it up close and personal, done on a very, very small scale. But nothing has prepared me for the impact of the butchery to which I am now suddenly and unexpectedly a witness. Endless acres of once primal forest, slashed down to stumps. Exposed, dying, soil. Large swaths in

various stages of recovery. Weathered, gray stumps still standing, four, six, eight feet or more in diameter, bearing witness to mindless, heartless destruction, yet holding for us a bit of the story of what these forests once were, what they are meant to be.

We pass a road sign that says, "Help Keep Our State Clean and Green." One fissured old stump, the remains of a great tree long dead, well on its way to rejoining the earth from which it grew, has another stout tree growing up and down through it—long ago a seedling took root in its decaying body. It was an act of regeneration, of natural recovery, perhaps an act of courage and faith, if a seed can be thought to possess such virtues, more commonly attributed to human beings. It too has been cut down. Long before it matured.

Another sign on the road says, "Be A Good Citizen; Don't Litter." Further on, in the midst of an expanse of tangled shrubbery, there stands a hollow, gray and coal-black vestige—a survivor of fires, taller than the rest, half a tree high, its two charred limbs outstretched like an angry Hopi *katchina*, a reproachful spirit, a testament, a guardian, a warning, an apparition.

Driving on through a broad valley choked with the smoke of burningslash piles on distant hills, we pass through a small town. The main road is lined with boxlike houses, a few new pickup trucks cluster in front of a small lawn where several young men toss a football and wait on a barbecue; the road is named after the timber company. The smoke hides the devastation surrounding the little town.

Sometime later a very long sign says, TREES FOR TOMORROW, and for a stretch the road enters the shelter of sturdy, living trees. It is dark and soft beneath the canopy; the trees are healthy, thick and tall. Alas, this remnant of real forest too soon ends and the road cuts for miles and miles through patchworked clearcut and replanted terrain. The planted trees are all of a kind, all the same size, all in rows, and none look too tall or too strong, despite signs that say, "Planted in 1968" or "Planted in 1974." When they mention the deed at all, the signs prefer to use the word, "Harvested." Then another big sign says, "Now Leaving America's First Industrial Tree Farm."

For many miles we pass oncoming trucks, their trailers loaded full with large logs. Some carry thin scrawny trees as if to hide the single trunks of great diameter hidden in the center. They pass us at a rate of one every minute or minute and a half. A sign off to the right warns, NO TRESPASSING. VIOLATORS



WILL BE PROSECUTED.

The sky, which all afternoon has been slowly gathering clouds, now darkens with approaching night and storm. When the rains finally comes it is a mercy and a kindness that blankets and obscures the painful vision of the wounded landscape, narrowing my focus to the road ahead and allowing me to draw, for a while, within. Dark thoughts of holocaust (a word that means *the burning of the whole*) carry along with them freshly etched, still tender images of the stacked bodies of trees on truckbeds, drifting through the sharp smell, taste, and bitter memory of smoke that yet lingers.

It seems that we post-modern humans, Western Civilized, have lost our connection, our sympathy, and our ability to identify with the living world and now respond with gut-level repulsion and outrage only when confronted with the violation of human (or perhaps animal) life. If even then.

I feel a chill and damp awareness that we are in the midst of a Great Holocaust and that those human tragedies, outgrowths of its logic, that we have learned to label with the word *holocaust* are but small chapters in its written history, chapters that speak of final consequences and an unspeakable destination.

My friend asks if I know where we are. I look outside for a clue. There's a white sign on the bank of a narrow lake that parallels the road. After quick-blinking my eyes, shaking my head, and looking again, in red letters it reads NO WAKE. Yes, that's what it says. NO WAKE. When I looked the first time, through a thin mirage of flames, I thought it said HELL.

Just before dark, a sign suggests we visit America's Largest Living Sitka Spruce. We turn off the road and find an empty, muddy parking lot beside a gathering of moss-covered, old-growth trees—a small stand of primal forest spared the blade and set aside by the timber company that controls the area. A short footpath leads to a sign that says, "Tallest Sitka Spruce In The World." It is a little sad to think that the entire world has been poked, probed, mapped, measured, and inventoried in such fine detail that this is now

established as a fact.

The sign proclaims that the tree is 216 feet tall, 52 feet-6 inches in girth, its branches 93 feet across at their widest spread when last measured. And, as if in self-congratulation for showing such admirable restraint, the sign proudly displays the numbers indicating that this tree has been calculated into board-feet of lumber and translated into a hypothetical number of two-bedroom houses. The tree is estimated to be 700 years old.

It is magnificent. I walk the well-worn path around its base, where its massive roots plunge into the earth, and I think for a brief moment of my friend Marty Gold, a carpenter and woodworker who lived in an old mill, the last one left in town... lived without electricity by choice and shied away from the use of power saws, who did his work by hand with care and time and well-loved tools. A few years back, on a walk through a New England woods, Marty pointed to a mossy, twisted root that connected an oak tree to the ground with a somehow pleasing curve, and he declared that *this* is what people needed to see, to be surrounded by, in order to be healthy, to be happy, to be sane. And he was passionate and adamant about it. I listened, but I didn't really understand, not then. Not many people in town understood Marty Gold. His work was slow, inefficient, not what was wanted. But his joinery was tight and solid, and what he repaired, what he built, would endure.

There is a smaller sign that says, "Do Not Cut Trees Or Shrubs In Park."

I reach out with both hands, lean my weight against the tree, and look up as the first rain this drought-stricken region has had for a long time falls like teardrops from its distant branches. I close my eyes, opening myself in wordless exchange, letting the sadness, the shock, my fears and feelings of helplessness be known. I stay that way for some time, with a need for comforting, perhaps seeking forgiveness from this ancient creature, whose family and home, once so rich, have been so thoughtlessly taken, who is now left a prisoner, in isolation from her natural companions. A fellow traveler. In words, like prayer, I ask her—this old tree—"What can I do?"

As we pull back onto the road, feeling less frazzled, a little more composed, I have no

clear answers to my questions, but I am aware of something like a tingling in my hands and forearms and a vague feeling in my chest that the communication has flowed both ways, has indeed been mutual. I begin to think about the view of things from the top of the tallest Sitka Spruce in America, the perspective from an altitude of 216 feet and 700 years.

Night closes in. The rains come down harder and harder. The wind is furious. My weary, still patient traveling companion remembers a hotel she's heard about, not too far away, where the rooms are done on book-lovers' themes, each one named for an author. It is on a beach. We can go there, find shelter from this storm, and in the morning the Pacific Ocean will be waiting right outside to welcome us. It is off-season, the rates have gone down, and there are three rooms for us to choose from.

Dr. Suess is not at all the right room for this particular sojourn, on this particular night. Stevenson would do, but inside the room with the hand-carved wooden sign bearing the name Meridel Leseur is something like a Native American battle shield. It is circular, made of leather, with large hanging feathers and a poem written in the center.

*The ancient woman guards
the human tribes of seed.
The tribes who are water
we rise, we rise.
In the deep well of the heart
we rise higher than the wild rivers.
Over the banks of tomorrow
we rise flooding the future
with children who are water.*

Safe for a while from the muffled fury of the wind and pelting rain in the Meridel Leseur room, the bed is heaven and the dreams are long.

For two days and nights, while the rains continue, we stay in the haven we've found, reading, talking, napping, venturing out only for food and walks along the beach. The Pacific Ocean is wonderful. As I walk toward it for the first time, in greeting the sea sends forth a sneaker wave that introduces itself right into my boots. The smell I have been anticipating for years is not worth the buildup, however; in fact, it reminds me a little of a wet and dirty old dog.

In the cafe across the street, where several energetic young people hand out buttons in their fight against the latest hate measure on the Oregon state ballot, I read a clipped and thumb-tacked letter to the editor complaining of the massive and odoriferous chemical dumping offshore by one of the paper companies in the area, which probably accounts for my disappointment.

Born in 1900, the same year as the 20th century, Meridel Leseur, now 94 years old, has spoken up about things at times when few seemed to be concerned. As an author, she was blacklisted during the witch hunts of the McCarthy era. For three years she had the FBI camped on her doorstep. There are portraits of her on the walls. The lines weathered into her face tell tales of many roads traveled; they hint at the breadth of vision. Her clear eyes speak of wisdom. Among her books, papers, and poems that we browse, I find these words:

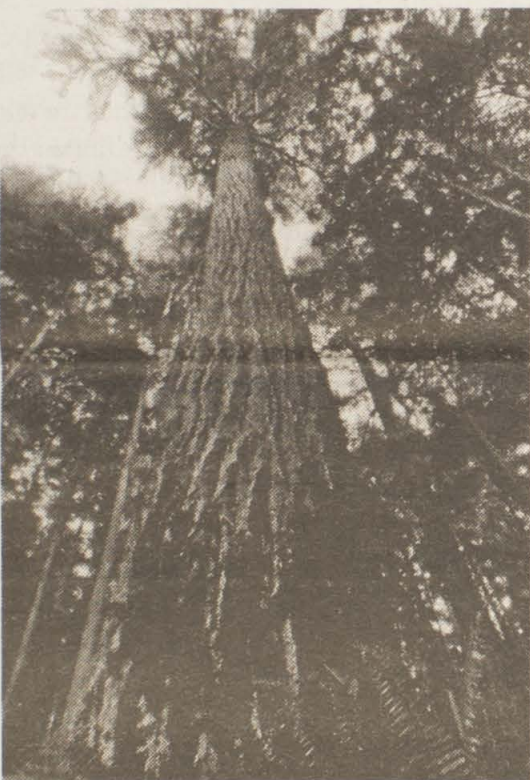
"They looked upon me as a woman who wrote and who strangely and wonderfully insisted that their lives were not defeated,

trashed, defenseless, but that we as women contained the real and only seed, and were the granary of the people. This should be the function of the so-called writer, to mirror back the beauty of the people, to urge and nourish their vital expression and their social vision."

And: "We must somehow find how to be committed to others, how to express that love which is an act of courage, not of fear, . . . and see the liberation in each other that makes us proud and human."

And these words: "Nature returns all wounds as warriors."

Somehow we found our way to this room, and I know that the old tree is trying very hard to answer my question. When I try on the perspective from the top of that 700-year-old tree, what I can see is not pretty, but it is clearer to me now. The senseless, wicked, utterly wasteful drama of Cowboys and Indians that grew out of the European patterns of empire, set in motion on this continent over 500 years ago, has never ceased. The identities of the players continue to shift, but their character, tactics, and motives remain discernible and relatively constant.



From the tree I could see the people, isolated from each other, traveling enclosed in their cars on asphalt and concrete roadways, narrow corridors that cut across the surface of a land they no longer truly inhabit, kept in line by endless road signs and dotted lines, programmed to stop and go by flashing lights, by bells, pulling off only at sanctioned rest stops and approved roadside attractions, like the trees on tree farms, kept immature, prevented from becoming what they could grow to be, living in small cluster towns and stacked in sprawling concrete cities, kept distracted by colored neon, video screens, and carnival lights that promote the business of the day, kept divided, bickering over unimportant differences, fighting just like tribe against tribe, tricked into wasting precious water on scattered, single-issue brushfires, while the whole thing is being consumed, following with blind obedience the tales they are told by the governors of their labyrinth, and believing with murderous fervor in the myth of their freedom.

And while we look straight ahead and keep our eyes on the road before us, the Living Earth — which in the past has made possible a genuine freedom, more widespread and equal, the Living Earth, which supports our very lives, which subtends even this civilization that has declared war upon it — is cut

down, chunked up, turned into gold, the lion's share run through the swelling accounts of the relative few.

It is fool's gold. The death, suffering, pain, and inestimable loss of beauty, diversity, possibility, and meaning never even appear on the books. Today (or if not today for some, then soon thereafter), we are, almost all of us, "the Indians" as we retreat from beneath the treads of a vast industrial machine that is out of our control, running on unchecked greed, feeding at an ever-accelerating pace on the living body of our only home. The industrial project is killing our world and no one will escape the final accounting.

But the record has been kept more honestly in other books. The lessons and wisdom of the human past, gathered by many generations and cultures, has been kept for us. Much of it has thus far escaped the Great Holocaust and is stored safely, not yet lost to us. It rests and lives and travels in the form of stories. Stories both very old and very new. Written and unwritten. Spoken and beyond the spoken word. The stories reside in many places; their repositories are everywhere, and they are ours to hear for the asking, for the listening. They may come from a book that somehow catches an eye on the shelf of a bookstore or from the mouth of the next neighbor encountered on the street. They can rest in places like an old hotel room by the sea, or within the spirit of an old tree.

The natural world has been holding these stories for us forever, for Nature has been the learning ground, the school in which humankind has studied its lessons since birth. But that repository is diminishing under an assault that is unprecedented in history. Places like healthy, natural forests are packed with far more information than our libraries or databases; they contain much of the guidance, the potential strength and insight, many of the tools, the instructions, the inspirations, and the stories that we desperately need to halt the attack.

In the *Millennium Whole Earth Catalog* (itself filled with descriptions of many valuable tools, ideas, and alternatives for peaceful, necessary change), I come across this quote that expresses an important, even critical understanding: "Natural despoliation is not just a result of economic pressures; it is also a political action aimed at removing a source of subversion." (*Notes On The Underground*) In the beginning of the *Millennium Catalog*, it is also written that, "We are as Gods, so we might as well get good at it." (Stewart Brand)

On our last morning in the Hotel, I copy something into my journal from a children's book called *Sparrow Hawk*, written by Meridel Leseur. The story, as told to me by my friend who reads it in our room, is the tale of two youths, one an Indian, the other from one of the few families of white settlers in the region. The boys became friends, blood brothers, and together began a project to breed a hearty strain of corn that would feed all of the people of both cultures and help ensure their continued peaceful coexistence. Their dreams and almost all of their seeds were destroyed when a plan was launched by business interests in alliance with the government in Washington, DC, to take the land of the Indians and swindle it away from the settlers. Of *Sparrow Hawk*, it said, "He knew that the vision hunters can be shot by no bullet, conquered

by no enemy, that they are the singing sons [and daughters] of Earth, who Manitou [the Creator] loves."

On our last evening, with some unsettling thoughts stirring unsorted inside us, and a new perspective glimpsed but yet unmastered, we walk the beach together after dark. The rain has nearly stopped though the wind is strong and steady to the north, the direction of home. Dry sand, picked up by the wind, is being blown low over the wet beach in fast, winding patterns, reminiscent of a light snow on the road when pulled in the wake of a fast-moving truck. Walking with the wind, through the dark night, it is easy to forget about size and lose the feel of the hard beach beneath our feet. The swirling sands, lighted by the distant street lamps of the town, trace out the patterns of galaxies, and we are walking through the cosmos, walking through time.

Upon return, I consult a book (which I had, in my haste, forgotten to pack for the trip) called *I Ching*, the ancient Chinese *Book of Changes*, and it says, "Heaven together with Fire . . . Fellowship with Men, Community. True fellowship among men must be based upon a concern that is universal. It is not the private interests of the individual that create lasting fellowship among men, but rather the goals of humanity."

There is also a changing line that offers reassurance: "At this stage, the ultimate goal of the union of mankind has not yet been attained . . . but we need not reproach ourselves." The changing line was in the sixth place of the hexagram. ■

Photos: Erik Kvilaas.



Bibliography

A few books to read and use on the journey:
A Reasonable Life, by Ferenc Mate
Human Robots and Holy Mechanics,
by David T. Kyle
In the Absence of the Sacred,
by Jerry Mander
The Millennium Whole Earth Catalog,
edited by Howard Rheingold
I Ching, translated by either Wilhelm or
Wing

Paul Montgomery lives in Friday Harbor. This essay was written on Wednesday November 2, 1994.

Education & Democracy, Part II

Free at Last!

100% Trust

Each child is born to be the author of her or his own life.

By Naomi Aldort

Children learn and mature best when self-directed — while immersed in real life. The need to control children is unfounded in reality.

To understand this statement and the rest of this essay, it is essential that you read part one in the former issue. The reason is that it takes a shift in paradigm. It takes being at ground zero — empty of all knowledge, assumptions, and convictions on how children grow, learn, and behave.

The discoveries I am about to share with you didn't come to me (or to anyone) overnight, nor was it an easy process. To start with, let me explain what is a self-directed, respected, and trusted child. This is a child who is treated in the same way, and with the same respect, as you would treat an adult (an appreciated one). We don't tell a self-directed and self-respected child what to do. We don't patronize, seduce, bribe, or manipulate toward some end result we perceive as important. The child is trusted to know what is important to them and to pursue it and ask for assistance only if and when needed. When asked to help, we follow the child's instruction on what help they need — we don't jump on the opportunity to sneak in some more. The child will not be harassed, and they are safer for it.

When my oldest son, Yonatan, was six — self-directed and respected (and never attended any school) — he asked to attend summer classes in art and music. The teacher had divided each two-hour art class into 20-minute segments. Yonatan's ability to concentrate has not been stifled by schooling, and he wanted to go on drawing when the teacher wanted to change activities. He refused and was sent to the office. When I came to pick him up, he was delighted. "I don't need the art class, the teacher disturbs," he told me. "I'll paint at home as long as I want."

Music class was fun the first time. It was circle games. The following week, Yonatan chose to step out of one of the games. The teacher

couldn't convince him to join. He wasn't interested. She forced him to sit in her lap; his shocked response was to successfully kick his way out and back away to his observation place, from which he watched the game quietly, disturbing no one.

This is a boy who looks adults in the eye and knows to say "No" when that's what's so for him. (And so you can also count on his "Yes" to be authentic.) A self-respected child is not intimidated by adults. He knows what he wants and takes responsibility to furnish the needs that will enable him to move on through life's mazes and climbs. He needs no praise; he is not doing things for impressing anyone — only for his authentic self-driven interest. In society, he behaves as an adult — because that is how he is treated. He plays with children joyfully and fairly; he expresses all his emotions freely and fully; he is a considerate and caring human being; he is not dependent on adult evaluation, and therefore he has the freedom to source his life and know himself.

At home, however, we are limited as far as giving a child a chance to be in charge of his life. That's where the democratic school comes in — to give a child a powerful position of equality and ownership of her life in a children's society that is a model of the adult world.

The Result Is Guaranteed

What we are committed to for our children is guaranteed, as long as we don't get in the way.

Let's look at what it is we wish for a child to grow into. Most importantly, we want our child to be, and to grow into, a satisfied, happy, healthy, self-esteeming human being. We want him or her to become successful.

What is success? Success is our sense of fulfillment and accomplishment in what we are most interested. It is also the ability to live joyfully and meaningfully with other people. How does a human being know what she is most driven by?



There is only one way: *total freedom to know oneself.*

When children are free to experience life, they find out who they are and what they want very quickly and clearly — on their own — and they pursue it with unstoppable vigor.

What character traits do we want the young adult to arrive at? To be driven for success; self-motivated; able to take initiative; creative; imaginative; curious; able to overcome difficulties and failures; loving; communicative; able to think for oneself; responsible; able to learn; independent; etc.

How do we get these characteristics? We don't know unless we know what the raw material is. And looking at the "material" — the young human child — the awesome realization must come that *all* these qualities are already there!

Because we assess them too young to really learn, we don't intervene with the very young ones — toddlers and babies. So they show us the natural human qualities. The toddler is taking charge from the moment she rises — so curious, creative, imaginative, self-directed, and driven to success that we are constantly on our toes to prevent destruction. She takes the road of *most* resistance, falls and gets up; she's able to face difficulties, she makes choices.

But responsible? Yes, more than most adults. Have you ever seen a two-year-old spill juice and then blame someone or something else for it? It's *initiate* all the time, *persistent* — we can't stop him. Try to help this self-directed toddler and he'll cry or stop. He acquires knowledge all the

time, concentrating for hours, forgetting to eat, refusing to sleep . . . expressive, communicative, assertive, loving . . .

Children are born with all the qualities we want them to "acquire."

The breakthrough demanded of current adults is *letting go of control*. If children were not naturally driven to success and able to acquire it, we wouldn't be here today. Evolution is the proof of something much greater than the mere sum of classroom lessons. The drive to learn, succeed, and conquer is so miraculous that even our stifling classrooms haven't totally killed it (for some anyway). Evolution does work and has worked, for most of human history, without schools.

These strong natural qualities are easy to observe in the very young, but somehow not ordinarily available in older children whose natural traits have been distorted by an authoritarian upbringing. However, in the respected, self-directed child, these qualities are observable. (So, too, with the adult who grew up self-directed.)

These children pursue their interests intensely and persistently. They know what to learn, when (at what age), and how. They know when and if to seek assistance, and they are assertive in asking for it.

Let's look back at what we hoped for in our successful adults. Success means fulfillment, happiness, well-being, enthusiasm for life. How can we be satisfied unless we pursue *our* own interests, which manifest in self-knowledge? Since self-knowledge can only flourish in freedom, it follows that our capable children need a safe

When children are free to experience life, they find out who they are and what they want very quickly and clearly — on their own — and they pursue it with unstoppable vigor.

Photo: Robert Davis

environment, without intervention, if we actually want to guarantee their success.

Each human being is the most qualified to decide what interests to pursue and how. This is naturally in accord with respecting and trusting the child. Each child is born to be the author of her or his own life.

Practicing Life

The only difference between a child and an adult is experience. The child has all the qualities and very little of the experience. She needs to practice.

Practicing to be a human in a democratic society is best achieved in a democratic setting. This way students practice democracy itself, while enjoying its benefit of individual respect, rights, and freedom, all of which enable them to actualize themselves.

Sudbury Valley is the first such school in the USA. It opened in the summer of 1968 in Framingham Massachusetts, near Boston; 26 years later it is thriving and growing and has been the inspiration for the creation of similar schools in this country and around the world. (There are 14 of them with more soon to open.)

It works! It works! It works!

People used to tell me, "But it can't work because..." or "It's not for everyone." But it does work, and it works ordinarily for everyone because each student makes it work for himself in his own way.

So the issue isn't whether trusting children to direct their lives in a democratic setting works, it's how will it operate day to day, and what do students and graduates say about it?

Happily, the account of students and graduates is already compiled in videos, cassettes, and books, as well as in real living people. When you look at the statistics, you stop and wonder, when will the establishment catch up?

Some of the statistics are very exciting (consider that the school is open to all, and many high school dropouts end up here): No crime; no drugs; no theft in school — *and nothing is locked*; no suicide; every graduate proceeds to his or her first choice of university training or occupation; no learning disabilities — *zero in 26 years*; and 100% literacy. All these successes with no curriculum, tests, or grades — and no one telling students what to do — just 100% trust!

So What Do They Learn?

Children are *masterful* at knowing *precisely* what, when, and how to learn — they are *masterful*. If not interfered with, they retain this mastery for the rest of their lives.

Let's look again at the toddler; does she get up in the morning and run straight to her first project, be it cereal, bathroom, or a toy? The young one moves with exuberance and de-

termination from one goal to another. Try to stop him; crying or rage will ensue. Do we have to structure the day for the toddler? No! She'll be busy constantly when we do nothing... only let us know what she needs us to do for her.

Children who grow up without adult intervention never lose this innate ability and drive. They are driven to succeed, to conquer, and they challenge themselves all the time.

And what is the period of the speediest learning in humans? The first few years — before intervention occurs. And what do these young children do that produces the fastest rate of human learning? *They Play!* Nature's way to learn is *play*.

Indeed, at Sudbury Valley, children play all day. This is the hardest thing for the parents who can't trust. Their children play in this free environment with seriousness and gusto. They mingle with all ages — like real society, which stretches their goals and challenges them. Mixed ages creates a reality like life itself. It results in a noncompetitive atmosphere; the children care for each other. Older ones take into account the limitations of the younger. There is a constant *exposure* to new possibilities.

At Sudbury Valley, every child brings in his expertise and interests, whether they play music, make art, or love science, math, or photography — the exposure is constant and the choices are each child's own. Mixed ages is one of the greatest advantages of these schools. In fact, segregation by age may be one of the greatest obstacles to learning — and most distant from the reality of life.

In play and social interaction, these children learn too much to mention. Just a sample: discipline, following rules, creating rules, social behavior, tolerance, overcoming obstacles, rehearsing life's realities (as in pretend games), and handling emotions (a lot). There is no error in the burning desire of the human child to play — it works — socially, intellectually, and emotionally. A child who has played all of her childhood will confidently learn anything she needs on her way to pursue her interest... in the shortest possible time. Our anxiety about the timing is just that — ours. It is not reality. There is no rush to read or to know history — at the expense of emotional and personal growth and well-being.

Every child who is granted the freedom to direct his own learning will acquire all the skills that he needs to get him where he wants. The human child is driven to success; she learns to walk and talk in order to succeed, and nothing will stop her (if we don't) from acquiring the skills that serve her purpose. Graduates of SVS are 100% literate. These children generally read

between the ages of four and 11; they learn to read on their own, asking help of an older child or an adult if and when it's needed. In the process, they learn to learn and to be resourceful.

Reading arises for these students as a basic skill they need for their progress. So what is *basic* is an individual decision. Math is not any longer so much needed as a real, basic skill. Some kids learn it anyway, for the challenge; some love it, and some find that they have to learn it to get from here to there. Not everyone learns math, but all learn enough to handle life's necessities. Whatever their *personal* motivation is, they are in charge and can do it at eight or 18 with no difference at the end of the road.

This leads to one of the most important things children learn in a democratic school — *responsibility*. Here it is *their* show. There's no one to rescue a child from the result of her actions — failure is faced in its full educational magnitude, along with success. The child can't blame anyone, because he made the choices every step of the way — including the very environment and rules of the school. It is real life with real relationships and responsibility for self and for others.

Since the "school meeting" runs the school and students are the majority (there are some adult staff), rules, activities, hiring, firing, money, etc. are all in their hands. They are responsible, and in being responsible they have the opportunity to learn parliamentary process, management, debate, public speaking, and leadership.

Children also learn a variety of domestic skills, like carpentry, cooking, painting, gardening, and many more skills that are part of the school's maintenance.

Each child gets involved with whatever interests them at the time. Without bells ringing to interrupt them, students stick to one project for hours, days, months on end. The natural span of attention of a child who is pursuing their own interests is almost endless; they don't want to go home. One of the most important differences I notice between SVS or "free homes" graduates and the graduates of other schools is self-knowledge. They know what interests them and who they are. They didn't spend their youth pleasing authorities, but in learning to know themselves in the context of real life. Often they leave the school already working or studying the profession of their choice.

Freedom doesn't mean doing anything you want; there are others to take into account in a natural setting — therefore rules and justice involve the children of a democratic school. The Judicial Committee is

comprised of students, one of each age. Complaints are filed in writing and handled with fairness; children have their turn on both sides of justice.

The school door is opened at 8:30 a.m. and closes at 5 p.m. Students are free to walk in and out. The gate is open. Often students want to stay after hours and come on weekends; special arrangements can be made to accommodate them.



Here are some of the common questions and *objections of adults*:

Don't they break all rules?

No. They make up the rules for needs that arise — it's their rules.

Don't they just misbehave, hurt each other, mess up everything?

No. Misbehavior is an expression of anger and frustration due to oppression and lack of freedom. When children's lives flow freely, no suppression of emotion happens. This is, of course, not an absolute. When breaching of rules or well-being occurs, children file a complaint.

But children need structure and limits.

They'll create it to fit their needs — if they need it. The reality of sharing space with many others leads children to create and follow limits all the time.

Are children free to do whatever they want?

They are, but in regard to their own individual activities affecting themselves only, not otherwise. Sudbury Valley is real life, and the basic rule is that you can do anything you want as long as you don't disturb another. That means rules, created over the years by the school meeting (students), and limitations created accordingly.

How does school effect the child's home?

In every way. A respected child expects to be respected at home, too. Conflict between school and home doesn't work.

What about pursuit of excellence and success?

It is pursued with vigor. Each child pursues their own interest. They pursue it until they are fully successful and end up in their choice of occupation... and succeeding in it.

What about acceptance to college?

100% of Sudbury graduates are accepted to their college or school of first choice. By now, after 26 years, universities are asking for SVS graduates.

How do they assimilate in real life?

They have been in real life all along (not incarcerated in age-segregated authoritarian classrooms). It's a smooth continuation in the very familiar.



The democratic school and equality homes are what's coming next. Evolution requires that we abolish all discrimination, and discrimination by age is our last frontier.

When children grow up in a democratic society from day one — respected and trusted, with freedom, rights, and responsibilities, and self-directed in their growth — we will see the fading away of crime, drugs, suicide, and dysfunctional families. Equality for children is the necessary next step toward a community of healthy and happy people.

Naomi Aldort is a parenting counselor and educator; she leads parenting workshops, is published nationally and internationally, and has appeared on radio and TV talk shows. She lives with her husband and three children on Orcas Island and can be reached at 376-3777.

Practicing to be a human in a democratic society is best achieved in a democratic setting. This way students practice democracy itself, while enjoying its benefit of individual respect, rights, and freedom, all of which enable them to actualize themselves.

NOTE: The *Island Independent* challenges school districts to explore and discuss the funding of pilot democratic schools in the region.

KID'S PAGE

Great Balls of Fire

By Josh Mulholland

Is there a gun in your house? If there is, how do you feel about it? And why is it there? For hunting? Or for defense? Or is it an old family heirloom? Even if there isn't a gun in your house, you probably know somebody who has one. For better or for worse, there are guns all over the world. Maybe you have never even touched one, and never will. But like lots of other things in the world, it's good to know what they are for — and what they are not for.

The history of guns begins with the Chinese invention of gunpowder. The first kind of gunpowder was named after its color — black powder. It was pretty easy to make, but the explosion was difficult to control. So, at the beginning, the Chinese mostly used it for fireworks.

But once the invention became known, people started tinkering around, trying to find ways to control the power of the explosion. And it wasn't long before the first guns were being made.

The first guns were very clunky and primitive. Instead of using bullets that just snapped in, you had to cram a bunch of things down the barrel. First came powder, then wadding (a little ball of paper or cloth), then shot (like balls of metal), and then you had to stuff it all down with a rod. On top of all that, they fired very slowly, so you had to keep your aim for a long time. They were heavy to carry, slow to load and shoot, and not very accurate. But despite all that, they were the best thing you could use if you wanted to kill something.

Now, after many centuries of being used for war and hunting, technology has produced those crazy things you see in Arnold Schwarzenegger movies. Nowadays we've got the deadliest, coolest, most terrifying guns you could ever imagine. And we have all the problems that come with them.

There is a great amount of debate over guns today. Many people feel that guns are too dangerous and should be completely outlawed. Others insist upon their constitutional right the "bear arms" (own and carry guns). And some consider both sides and say that only some guns should be legal, or that there should be more laws regulating buying and owning them.

Questions, Questions

What do you think we should do? There's a huge problem here — one night of TV news will tell you that. But will outlawing guns change anything? Or will it make the problem worse? Think about it — if you are nuts enough to shoot somebody, you're probably nuts enough to find a way to get a gun illegally.

Of course, there is another problem. Accidents. Every year, many people are killed or injured in firearms accidents. These usually happen in the home and result from some kind of carelessness by the guns' owners. Gun should be kept unloaded and locked up. When they're not, or when people who don't know about firearm safety get their hands on them, that's when accidents happen.

Like most problems, guns won't go away just from passing laws. Problems are solved by sharing ideas, discussing, caring. Problems are solved when people teach and learn and talk. That's where you come in: You can talk to people about it — your parents, your friends, your teachers. Even though you didn't invent the problem, it's *everybody's* problem now. And we are all part of the solution.

Greek Guns

Here in Greece, almost every household has at least one gun. But there is much less of a problem here with crime and accidents. Why is that?

My guess is it's because Greece requires two years of military service (women are allowed in the military but don't have to go). So every household also has a person in it who knows how to use and store guns safely. Education!


All the same, road signs in rural Crete are full of bullet holes, and Greeks bring their pistols to weddings, parties, and celebrations and shoot them into the air. They are safe, but a bit too jolly, perhaps.

Must run. Being chased by Zorba, armed.

Josh Mulholland is living on the island of Crete in Greece and would love to have lots of pen pals (he's got quite a few already). You can write to him c/o the Island Independent, Attn.: Josh, Box 853, Langley WA 98260.

PROFESSOR GOODS' Science Corner

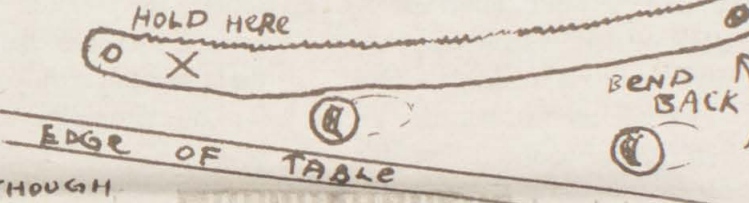
LOUD NOISES & BAD SMELLS FOREVER!



IF YOU SHOOT A GUN & DROP A SLUG SIMULTANEOUSLY FROM THE SAME HEIGHT BOTH BULLETS WILL HIT THE GROUND AT THE SAME TIME! HORIZONTAL VELOCITY DOES NOT CHANGE GRAVITY.

GUN HEAD LEVEL OVER FLAT GROUND.

YOU CERTAINLY DON'T NEED A GUN TO INVESTIGATE THIS. PLACE 2 MARBLES NEAR THE EDGE OF A TABLE & SHOOT THEM OFF WITH A FLEXED HACKSAW BLADE LIKE THIS.



ALTHOUGH THE MARBLE FARTHEST FROM THE HELD END OF THE BLADE FLIES FARTHER, THE SIMULTANEOUS CLICK OF THEIR FALL SHOWS THAT BOTH HIT THE FLOOR AT ONCE.

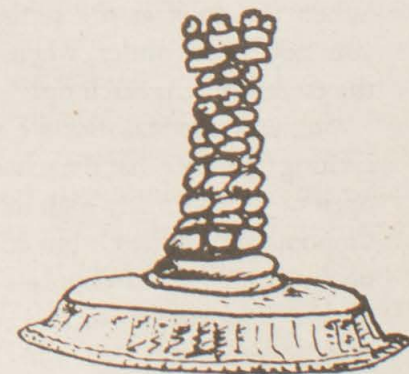
DON'T SHOOT AT THE AQUARIUM? PLEASE.

Things To Do

Pebble Towers

Materials:

- smooth pebbles
- white glue
- pie tin (recycled)



Turn the pie tin upside down and press a dent into the middle of the bottom. Fill the dent with a puddle of glue. Place a large pebble into the dent. Let the glue dry completely, then put glue on the bottom of the smaller pebbles and start building your tower. Be sure to let the glue dry completely before you start on the next row of pebbles. Continue adding drops of glue, drying, and adding layers of smaller pebbles, and drying completely between layers. This process will take a long time, so don't plan on this being the only event of your day.

Variations: When dry, you can paint your tower or use a painted layer of glue for a glossy finish. Glue glittery things or anything at all to the pebbles. Make many sculptures and create a fantasy land or undersea world!

— Adriana

Video Junkie

Lucy with a Whip and a Multitude of Mermaids

By Chris Crotty

As kittenish dancers slink and swirl, a red-haired dominatrix wields a nasty whip and dances along in time. The face looks familiar, but the scene is absurd. Wait a minute, is that Lucille Ball in the feline get-up? Well, we all have to start somewhere.

Lucy and the bevy of beauties playing cat women were all part of the stable of starlets at MGM; during the heydays of the forties and fifties, glorious Technicolor showed off their many... er... attributes. The Hollywood musical was in its prime and twirling, posing, and winking were the marching orders for hundreds of young women at the film factory. The overdone, overblown spectacles were just what the country needed and Busby Berkely came in to create some of the most brilliant kaleidoscopes of frolicking females that anyone could ever imagine. If this could be done on stage, just imagine what could happen in and under water. Enter Esther Williams.

In extravaganza's such as *Million Dollar Mermaid* (1952) and *Dangerous When Wet* (1953), Williams, a teenage swimming champion, took her athletic skills to amazing heights and won the hearts of America. More was better in those days, and audiences were thrilled by the sheer numbers of splashing, dancing, swimming girls that turned Esther's dippity-do's into gigantic water fantasies that were technically brilliant and beautifully photographed. Special effects played a part in *Dangerous When Wet* as Williams cavorts underwater with the animated comedy team of Tom and Jerry — and how she managed to keep smiling underwater has always amazed me.

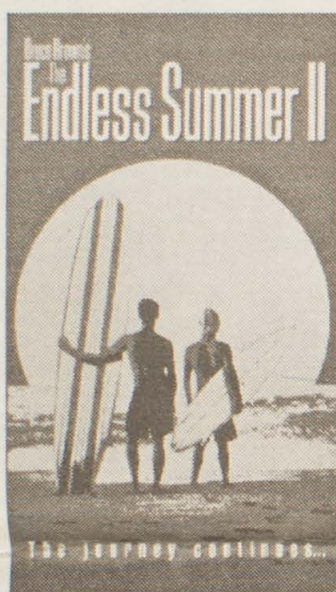
These gems and many more of the old MGM musical highlights are in the new *That's Entertainment III* (1994). With dance numbers and out-takes by the likes of Fred Astaire, Gene Kelly, Cyd Charisse, Lena Horne, Mickey Rooney, and Judy Garland, this one is even better than the previous two. It's a real treat for old movie buffs and a good movie history lesson for those who've never heard of some of these bigger-

than-life stars. Rent all three for an evening and see if you're not smiling afterwards. ***

Now, what else is out there on video?

The Client

(1994, R) Susan Sarandon, Tommy Lee Jones, Brad Renfro Mary Louise Parker; directed by Joel Schumacher



A kid from the trailer park (Renfro) and his little brothers sneak off to the woods to have a smoke and come upon a guy trying to kill himself with a hose attached to the exhaust pipe of his car. Trying to prevent the suicide, Renfro gets caught by the would-be victim and becomes an unwitting ear to a tale of mob connections and murder. After the kid

escapes, the guy offs himself anyway, and the kid now knows more than he ever wanted to. His little brother becomes comatose, and the FBI and the local prosecutor are on him like a cheap suit. Meanwhile, the mob has him under surveillance too, so he seeks out an attorney (Sarandon) to keep the cops at bay. Based on the John Grisham novel, *The Client* has enough suspense and plot to keep it moving, and the performances are good all around. The mother, played by Mary Louise Parker, is a standout, and the kid and Sarandon play well off each other in fine Southern form. **½

Renaissance Man

(1994, PG-13) Danny DeVito, Gregory Hines; directed by Penny Marshall

The tale has been told before to better results, but in the end, this sort of *Dead Poets Society* in *Boot Camp* is mildly entertaining. DeVito plays a fired ad man who takes a job teaching a bunch of army misfits how to pass the intelligence end of the program. All the students are okay as soldiers, but lack the brain power to make it through training. So, he decides that Shakespeare's the way to go, and he gets the gang tuned in to *Hamlet*. DeVito underplays the role to a likable result, and he predictably works magic with the students... and the story that they ultimately get into — and understand better than

you and I. A bit slow going, but it had its moments. **

Endless Summer II

(1994, PG) Robert "Wingnut" Weaver, Pat O'Connell; directed by Bruce Brown

The sixties original was a thrill in its time, and here Brown tries to update us on the surfing scene and capture the magic of the first effort. It succeeds on some level. The visuals are really meant for a big screen, so on video the impact is lessened. The story of the "Oscar/Felix" duo of O'Connell and Weaver is cute and corny with narration to match, but you can't beat the surfing! The long board, the short board, surfing in Alaska, surfing all over! It makes you want to crank up Dick Dale and the Del-Tones. Okay outing. **½

The Wedding Gift

(1994, PG-13) Julie Walters, Jim Broadbent, Thora Hird, Sian Thomas; directed by Richard Loncraine

From England comes this very heart-felt tale (based on a true story) of a woman (Walters), who is stricken with a debilitating disease that no one seems to have the answer for, and her husband (Broadbent), who is a champion companion, a funny sidekick to an even funnier wife, and the passage they travel toward her ultimate death. The dialogue between these two people is a humorous facade for the reality of what's happening. With the visits to hospitals, the suicide possibility, and the downward turn she takes, she still manages to engineer an amazing feat — finding her husband a new wife. The hilarity thrown into this sad and touching story, comes in the form of the husband's mother, played by Thora Hird. She's a nutty old bird with a heart of gold and an off-the-wall answer to everything. Her phone calls, her cat, and her "ironing board" method of weeding the garden kept me in stitches. A very good film, with a lot of heart. ***

Coming Soon — *True Lies*, *The Mask*, *Wolf*, *Natural Born Killers*, and *The Shadow*. Hey, something to look forward to! □

Ratings:

- * If you must
- ** Snack food required
- *** Hey! Not bad!
- **** Knox yer sox off!

Antique Reproductions

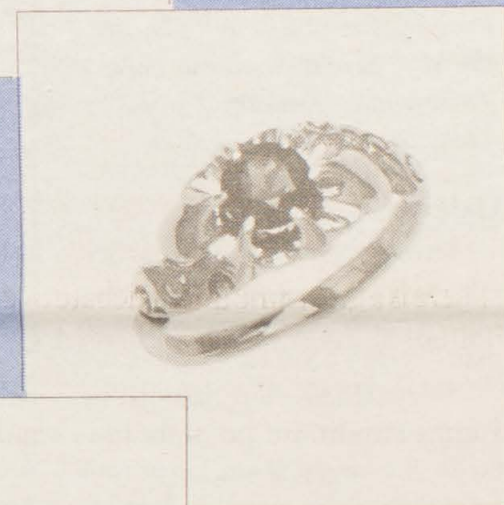


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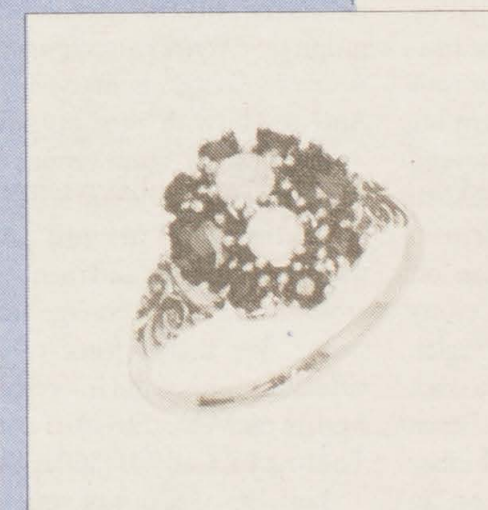
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Chautauqua

An educational, recreational, and enlightening assembly.

To list an event, write the Island Independent
Chautauqua, Box 853, Langley, WA 98260.

Edited by Jessica Warren

"I have my dead, and I have let them go, and was amazed to see them so contented, so soon at home in being dead, so cheerful, so unlike their reputation. Only you return..." This is the beginning of poet Rainer Maria Rilke's tribute to his friend, the artist Paula Modersohn-Becker, who died suddenly from complications stemming from the birth of her first child. Rilke's "Requiem for a Friend" serves as the narrative for a compelling video poem about a woman, who, from the shock of her dying, splinters into three versions of herself — artist, mother, and the soul torn between. This work by Antero Alli will play at the Max Grover Studio in Port Townsend on January 27. See "Theatre & Cinema" below.

Field Trips

Through Jan. - The Pacific Science Center presents "The Secret Life on Earth" — the big picture on man's "green contract" with nature — a new IMAX film narrated by Patrick Stewart. Images of the tiniest to the largest living organisms trace the development of plant life through billions of years. Times and prices vary. Dial 443-IMAX to straighten this all out. **Seattle**

Jan. 21 - The Samish Flats off Chuckanut Drive in Skagit County is a premier site for wintering eagles, hawks, and falcons. Bring a sack lunch to the Oak Harbor City Beach parking lot at 9 am and join Whidbey Audubon Society members on an outing there. If you're not a member (you don't *have* to be), it only costs \$20 to join. Call 678-2264 or 678-5239 or 221-7402. **Skagit County**

Jan. 24 - ParaTheatrical

Point No Point Runs Point for KSER

Once your ears have lightly grasped onto the style of Point No Point, there's no turning back. It's a familiar feeling — relaxation. Once adjusted to this rediscovered state, you're can listen and appreciate the intricate complexities, interwoven with exceptional grace to create some of the most mesmerizing jazz improvisation, rhythm and blues, rock 'n roll, and folk music — yeah, it's eclectic. Point No Point is comprised of four skilled, intelligent artists whose combined efforts and incredible abilities result in completely fascinating improv guitarist Scott Weiskopf and violinist Michael Gray — who often perform together as a duo with as much intensity and magnetism and strength — plus drummer Will Dowd and bassist Arne Livingston.

Though it is quite apparent that this group is in high demand, they still make time to do special stuff for local folks. For instance, Weiskopf and Gray, who often play as a duo, will perform a benefit concert for KSER-FM (90.7) Radio at the Langley United Methodist Church's Fellowship Hall on Saturday evening, the 21st.

Weiskopf has performed and recorded with local groups Arms Akimbo, Tough Mama, and Highwire, and guitarist Orville Johnson. He has shared the stage with Michelle Shocked, Joe Louis Walker, and the Neville Brothers. Violinist/fiddler Michael Gray has been a member of the Cornish Chamber Orchestra and has performed for the Empty Space Theatre and the Bellevue Repertory Theatre. He is a frequent performer at festivals such as the Alaska Music Festival, Bumbershoot, Seattle Folklife, the Boeing Flight Festival, and at many colleges throughout the West.

Weiskopf and Gray's Point No Point benefit performance for KSER comes to Langley United Methodist Church's Fellowship Hall on Saturday, January 21, at 8 pm. Tickets are \$6 at the door or can be picked up in advance at the Raven cafe on Second Street in Langley (fabulous refreshments from the Raven will be served at the concert). Don't miss this unique event! To find out more, call Fraser Mann at 579-8578.

— QUA



Michael Gray & Scott Weiskopf

ReSearch Presents Archaic Community, *Ritual Technology for Self-Initiation*, a documentary video by Antero Alli with the "purpose of stimulating an autonomous subculture to find out how much people already know about ritual process without realizing it and then, how a group unity might emerge from a strong, yet shared force of individual autonomy and integrity." At 8 pm in the Velvet Elvis Arts Lounge Theatre; \$5. Call 781-5691. **Seattle**

Jan. 29 - Get out of your dripping house and get into a kayak on Padilla Bay with Rich Lindstrom of Northwest Sea Adventures of Anacortes. No experience necessary, and he provides a basic paddling

lesson, safety review, life vest, and stable single and double sea kayaks with rudders! Call Northwest Sea Adventures at 293-3692 to register and arrange payment. Fee: \$30/person, \$25/group. Meet at the Breazeale Interpretive Center Lobby at 10 am and then drive to the Bayview State Park Beach (10-2 pm). **Mount Vernon**

Jan. 29 - Breazeale Interpretive Center invites you to join naturalist Libby Mills on a filed excursion into the Skagit Flats around Padilla Bay to look for the birds that frequent ponds in farm fields and seek prey from lofty perches on telephone poles and wires. Call 428-1558. The trip is from 9-1 pm. **Mount Vernon**

Feb. 11 & 25, Mar. 11 & 25, April 8 & 22 - As spring approaches, the lure of the wonders of Protection Island, at the mouth of Discovery Bay, increases daily. Home to breeding, nesting, and flyway populations of numerous bird species, the island also plays host to numerous marine mammals. The Port Townsend Marine Science Center will operate boat tours around Protection island on six Saturdays. Tickets are \$35/person (\$30 for PTMSC members). Don't wait! Call 385-5582. **Port Townsend**

For Kids

Ongoing - Grab the kids and head on over to the Breazeale Interpretive Center Saturday mornings at 10:30 to watch the hungry crabs,

salmon, and barnacles eat breakfast (and get yer taste buds ready for lunch!) Mark Olsen gives a rollicking 15-30-minute spiel about the saltwater tank inhabitants while waking them up with tasty morsels. Dial 428-1558. **Mount Vernon**

Jan. 21 - Get your mom or dad to call 428-1558 to sign you up for a fascinating foray into madcap adventure with the Breazeale Interpretive Center! There are two sessions but space is limited so hurry! **Mount Vernon**

Community Events

Ongoing - San Juan Sustainability Group meets on the second & fourth Thursdays of the month at the high school cafeteria in Friday Harbor at 7 pm. Contact Elise Jensen 378-2824. **San Juan Island**

Ongoing - The Working Dogs of Island County is looking for new members; all medium to large breeds (and their owners) are welcome. Juniors (up to age 18) are encouraged to join in. For info, bark at Nancy (678-4974) or Kathleen (679-0612.) **Island County**

Jan. 19 - This is College Planning Night, and all students from the high schools on Whidbey Island are invited. There's so much to learn! Get involved with this spectacular event! Call 678-7647 to find out more! **North Whidbey**

Jan. 21 - It's the Port Townsend Miniatures Show and Swap Meet! See model cars, Ferris wheels, 1890

machine tools (stuff capable of operation!), and doll houses with many accessories. 10-4 pm at Fort Worden State Park. \$4/adults, \$2 under 12. Call 385-1904. **Port Townsend**

Jan. 22 - The first public informational and organizational meeting to create, Lahari, a hospice-like home on Orcas Island, which will be a non-profit community service project of Circle of the Spirit, a non-denominational church founded five years ago by Francis Racey of Deer Harbor. His home, which is nearing completion, will be a place where anyone in the last stages of terminal illness, regardless of religious orientation or financial status, will be welcomed and cared for with dignity and peace. Participation is welcomed by anyone interested in any aspect of this endeavor. The meeting take place at 2 pm in the Madrona Room at Orcas Center. Info: 376-5328. **Orcas Island**

Miscellany

Now - Applications for 1995's two \$250 Music Scholarships are available at the office of the Whidbey Island Center for the Arts in Langley. The deadline is March 15! The award will be given to a student with proven musical commitment and dedication plus genuine financial need. No age limit! This year students are asked to submit a performance tape of one piece with their applications for the judges. Also, anyone interested in helping on the



"Love Hurts" (14" x 30" watercolor) by Julia Eastberg, featured at the 1004 Gallery in Port Townsend, opening Feb. 4. See "Art & Galleries."

Chautauqua

Music Scholarship Committee please contact Linda Good at 221-6439. **South Whidbey**

Jan. 26 - You're invited to the Economic Development Association of Skagit County annual meeting at SV College Pavilion. Social hour 5:30-7 pm, dinner 7-8 pm, entertainment at 8 pm — Trish Hatley/Hans Brehmer Quintet and Two Sophisticated Ladies (Joan Penney and Trish Hatley), singing the "Great American Song Book." Tickets \$30-50; call 336-6114 to see where you fit in. **Mount Vernon**

Jan. 29 - Opening of new location and Chinese New Year Celebration all at once! Incredible! But of course, that's because it's for Julie M. Leichtling, C.A.D.A.C.L.A.C. It's at the Oriental Healing Arts Building at 742 Camano Ave., Ste. 201, Langley. Find out more by dialing 221-3933. **South Whidbey**

Community Service

Jan. 26 - From noon-6 pm you have an opportunity to be a life saver! Donate your blood at Whidbey Hospital and feel good about yourself! Call 292-6500. **North Whidbey**

Jan. 30 - Last chance this month to be a hero! Get rid of some of that blood and give it to someone who can use it! Stop by the Emmanuel Baptist Church in Mount Vernon anytime between 2-8 pm. Call 292-6500. **Mount Vernon**

Self-Improvement

Ongoing - Tai Chi classes in the long form of the *yang* style with focus on health rather than the martial arts. Individual instruction in small groups, Mon. & Fri. at 10 am, Mon. & Thurs. at 7 pm at the Dance Studio in the Pole Bldg. at the Island County Fairgrounds. Cost is \$25 per month. For info, call 221-8484. **South Whidbey**

Ongoing - Immunizations available every Mon., 9-11:30, 1-3 pm at 410 N. Main in Coupeville and at the South Whidbey Specialists Center (call for dates), and the first Wed. of every month at Terry's Corners Fire Station on Camano Island. Also, HIV/AIDS counseling and testing is available by appointment only, Mon. and Tues. at 410 N. Main in Coupeville. For details, dial 679-7350 or 321-5111 or (on Camano) 629-4522. **Island County**

Ongoing - Integral Yoga TC offers daily classes in Hatha Yoga for beginners, intermediate, pre-natal, senior yoga, and gentle yoga for those with injury or illness. For info, call 579-3735. **South Whidbey**

Ongoing - A one-hour meditation devised by Zen Master Osho is offered every Wednesday at the Chinook Learning Center's Dodge Building in Clinton at 5:30 pm. Celebrate and relax (ommm . . .)

Cost is \$2. For info, call Cedar Kelly at 579-6398. **South Whidbey**

Ongoing - Join in the first Saturday of every month for Sufi Dancing at the Dodge Building in Clinton. Be there by 7:30 pm. Suggested \$5 donation. Call 579-5427. **South Whidbey**

Management and Communication," a women's therapy group facilitated by Caroline Teal, MA, will meet Fridays from 10 am-12 noon. Skill building for identifying, focusing, and respectfully communicating anger. Time for individualized problem solving. \$240. Info and registra-

the Wildlife Rescue Coalition, and the avenues for citizen involvement. Free. Call 385-5582. **Port Townsend**

Jan. 24 - "Defending Our Lives," a lecture on the issue of domestic violence by Stacey Kabat, a self-described daughter and granddaughter of battered women. Kabat will share

Jan. 27 - Skagit Valley College's Women's Program presents "Confronting Your Learning Fears," 11:30-12:30 in Ford Hall, room 120, at the Mount Vernon campus. Learn how to identify constrictions that can interfere with your ability to progress into new areas. (One is excuses! No excuses! This workshop is free and open to the public!) For info, call 428-1107. **Mount Vernon**

Jan. 30 - "Career Exploration and Job Search" is a free three-week series of daily classes offered to homemakers who have been widowed, divorced, separated, or whose spouse has been disabled. 9-noon at Skagit Valley College's Bayview campus. Call the Northwest Displaced Homemaker Center at SVC: 679-5346 or 679-5319. **South Whidbey**

Jan. 30 - Coupeville Community Education's 1995 winter quarter offers a variety of new classes from (kids) dancing, cheerleading, and friendship skills to (adults) Chinese, Mexican, French, and herb cooking, herbal medicine, piano, basket weaving, growing fruit trees, controlling your anger, and so much more! Call for schedule and free info: 678-6222. **North Whidbey**

Feb. 4 - The Service Corps of Retired Executives (SCORE) and Skagit Valley College are cosponsoring a seminar for owners and prospective owners of small businesses. This one-day class, "Starting a New Business," focuses on the basic considerations involved in owning or operating a small business. This will be held at Coupeville High School from 8:30-4:30 pm. There is a \$25 registration fee. Dial 428-1298. **North Whidbey**

Feb. 7-Mar. 28 - Chi Kung and Tai Chi beginning classes are offered Tuesdays at 7 pm at the Island County Fairgrounds dance studio. The instructor, Cedar Kelly, aka Amiteshwar, has been practicing Tai Chi, Chi Kung and a wide range of meditation arts for over 15 years. The fee is \$60. Questions have you? Dial 579-6398. **South Whidbey**

Feb. 7-July - The Northwest School of Earth Medicine's "Quest for the Sacred," presents an experiential study of four spiritual paths — integration of Western and Eastern spiritual disciplines, reclaiming the feminine as divine, mystical experience, and artistic creativity. Share a six-month-long journey with Macy Brader. Women meet Tues. eves 6:30-9; men meet for Power and Drum Circle Wed. eves 6:30-9; and Crones' Call to Power (women 50 and older) Thurs. afternoons 1-3:30 pm. All cost \$65/month. Call 437-0876. **Port Townsend**

Feb. 17-25 - Women of Wisdom features its Third Annual Conference in Feminine Spirituality, "Remembering Who We Are" a week of lectures, performances, and



Cellist Peter Wyrick joins prestigious colleagues in the intimate Fort Worden Theater when Centrum's 1995 Chamber Music Port Townsend celebrates the finest in classical music under the direction of pianist William Doppman, Jan. 27 & 28. To celebrate the festival's 20th season, the musicians will play selected pieces featured in the first festival. Works by Mozart, Arensky, Britten, Ravel, Schubert, and Martinu will be performed. Don't miss this phenomenal cultural opportunity! See "Music & Dance."

Jan.-Mar. - The Coupeville Arts Center announces their next series of classes: "Let's Begin" visual arts workshops on weekends. Needleworks offers workshops in knitting, quilting, needlepoint, doll making, polymer clay and more, March 7-12. For a comprehensive catalog contact the Coupeville Arts Center, Box 171, Coupeville WA 98239 or 678-3396. **North Whidbey**

Jan. 20 & 29 - It's all around you! The Dances of Universal Peace are coming to the Palindrome Theatre in Port Townsend Jan. 20 at 7:30 pm for a celebration of "Joy in the Winter." \$4 donation is suggested. Info: 385-6328. Then, the 29th, the Dances are coming to the Guemes Island Community Center from 4:30-6:30; suggested donation \$4. Info: 293-9469. **Port Townsend, Guemes Island**

Jan. 20-April 7 - "Effective Anger

tion: 385-7073. **Port Townsend**

Jan. 21 - Building rich, friable (crumbly) soil for successful gardening will be the subject of a roundtable discussion sponsored by South Whidbey Tilth. The program is open to the public; experienced and inexperienced gardeners and growers are encouraged to participate. Representatives from the Seattle Compost Hotline and Island County Waste Warriors will be on hand; 1 pm in the Freeland library community room. Refreshments! Free! Call 331-2428. **South Whidbey**

Jan. 22 - The Port Townsend Marine Science Center Speaker Series presents "Washington's Wildlife at Risk: Planning for the Next Oil Spill." Sara LaBorde, Wildlife Rescue & Response Coordinator and member of Fish and Wildlife's Spill Response Team, will be at the Public Library at 7 pm to discuss this issue,

her story and bring better awareness to this often hidden issue through a powerful message. Skagit Valley College's Student Programs is sponsoring the 11:30 am event in the student lounge of the Mount Vernon campus as part of the ASSVC Program Board lecture Series. Free, call 428-1147. **Mount Vernon**

Jan. 27 - "Self-Esteem/Assertive Communication," a one-day workshop to teach self-esteem and assertiveness skills to displaced homemakers, will be held from 9-3 pm. Free and open to the public. Skagit Valley College's Bayview campus. Learn skills to help overcome past failures and start building feelings of self-worth and success. Practice ways to deal honestly with others in an assertive, not aggressive manner. So, um, maybe you should call 428-1116. I don't know, it was just a thought. **South Whidbey**

Chautauqua



Jennifer Tilly co-stars in Woody Allen's refreshingly witty/wildly funny "Bullets Over Broadway," at the Lincoln Theatre in Mount Vernon, Jan. 19-22. See "Theatre & Cinema."

a new and innovative society of women interested in working in the dark shadow and light essence of self. This goes from 10 am Sat.-3 pm Sun. in Lilith's house in Port Ludlow. Cost is \$45. Call 437-0876. *Port Ludlow*

Theatre & Cinema

Jan. 19 - Tim Burton's intriguing, original biopic, *Ed Wood*, is about the passionate maker of truly awful movies, starring Johnny Depp, with Martin Landau as his friend Bela Lugosi. Catch it at the Clyde Theatre in Langley at 7 pm for \$4. Call 221-5525. *South Whidbey*

Jan. 19-22 - Woody Allen made a funny movie, imagine that one! Don't look so surprised! He's hysterical and you know it! Catch some *Bullets Over Broadway* at the Lincoln Theatre at 8 pm, (matinee Sun. 3 pm. \$3.50) Admission \$6/gen., \$4.50/snr. & students. Call for info, 336-2858. *Mount Vernon*

Jan. 25 - As part of the Lincoln Theatre's Classic Film Series, Hitchcock's spooky *Dial M For Murder* will show at 2 pm (seniors! Gen. adm., \$1) and 8 pm. All evening seats are \$2. For answers, dial 336-2858. *Mount Vernon*

Jan. 27 - *A Winter's Tribute to Rainer Maria Rilke* will be presented by ParaTheatrical ReSearch at 7 pm in the Max Grover Studio in Port Townsend. Readings by Seattle actors Kristen Kosmas and Rudra Bach of Rilke's poetry, joined by cellist

Kara Amundson and dancer Camille Hildebrandt, culminate in a special screening of Antero Alli's 44-minute video poem of Rilke's "Requiem for a Friend." The director will be present. You too for \$5, a benefit *Talking Raven Quarterly*. Dial 379-8610 or 781-5691. *Port Townsend*

Feb. 1 & 2 - *Ciao, Professore* is an Italian comedy in the *Cinema Paradiso* vein about a new teacher who's no match for the ruffians in his class. Shows at 7 pm in Langley's Clyde Theatre; \$4. For recorded info, call 221-5525. *South Whidbey*

Feb. 3-5 - Ooh! It's the psycho needle-pokin', no-jokin', totally-smokin' flick, *Pulp Fiction* from Quentin Tarentino (*Reservoir Dogs*). I hear it's good, so I'm going to the Clyde Theatre in Langley for the 9:15 showing either Fri. or Sat. (no early shows those days) or the 7 pm showing on Sun. Oh, and I'm bringing \$4. And if I have any questions, I'm calling the recorded info line, 221-5525. *South Whidbey*

Calls and Auditions

Ongoing - Barbara Dunn's open mike nights at the Raven are proven fun for everyone, so they'll be held the second Saturday of every month! At 8 pm! Bring some songs or a spiel! Come early for dinner! Call 221-3211 for info! *South Whidbey*

Music & Dance

Ongoing - That W.T. Preston "Hard Aground" Jazz Band is left

with no other choice than to return to Slocum's Restaurant in Anacortes on the third Sunday of each month from 5:30-8:30 pm just like you demanded! You know the band plays red-hot Dixieland jazz for listening, dining, and dancing like you'd never ever seen before so tell a friend! Call 293-3865 (eves.). *Anacortes*

Ongoing - American Legion, Post 141, of Bayview features live music Friday and Saturday evenings from 9-1 am — dance music from the '50s-'90s by local rockers, Phase IV, and guest vocalist Melissa Craven, whose vocal range of Janis Joplin to Robert Plant has made her a well-known performer in the Seattle area. Call 321-5328. *South Whidbey*

Jan. 20 - Come to Everett Community Theatre to witness the power and beauty of the newest stars of American dance! The Alvin Ailey Repertory Ensemble has consistently remained one the most exciting young companies on the American dance scene! Tickets are \$22.95 and \$18.95. Dial 259-8888. *Everett*

Jan. 20 - If you're at the Courtyard Bistro in the old Majestic Hotel in downtown Anacortes from 8-midnight, you'll likely catch the swampy, jazzy-bluesy sounds of Cowheaven. No cover, Excellent food and drinks. Don't miss them! Can't see them there? Don't fret, they're everywhere! For schedule info, call 873-4122. *Anacortes*

See Chautauqua, page 22.

experiential workshops, with presenters from diverse ethnic and spiritual backgrounds exploring the Divine Feminine. For a schedule and cost info, call Seattle Unity Church

at 622-8475, ext. 142. *Seattle*

Feb. 25 & 26 - The Northwest School of Earth Medicine invites you to join Macy Brader and the Society of Lilith for the creation of

"God's Country" in Anacortes

By Grace Carlson

Anacortes High School students have found meaning and a local history lesson in *God's Country* by Seattle playwright Steven Dietz. The play, based on the life, crimes, death, and punishment of white supremacist Matthews and his followers, will be presented to coincide roughly with the Martin Luther King, Jr. holiday and the 10th anniversary of Matthews' death in a fiery standoff with federal agents at his hideout near Greenbank.

"I know there's racism" at the high school, said senior Molly Robbins, who plays the prosecutor in the trial of ten members of The Order. She and other student actors have seen intolerance among other students. If nothing else, they say, presenting the play is important for them to increase awareness that such attitudes still exist.

"It's really sad" that racist attitudes and people continue to survive in the Northwest, said senior Yani Berkshire, the only African-American in the cast. "I like the message in this play."

The play's documentary style lets the people and events of 1984 speak for themselves. It relies on actual court records, newspaper accounts, police reports, and the pledges and writings of Matthews and members of The Order. The action follows the movement from the execution-style murder of Alan Berg, the outspoken Jewish talk-show host in Denver, to the flight of Matthews to Whidbey Island and the trial of his followers.

"It's really an intense play," and an unusual selection for a high school to produce, director Scott Burnett acknowl-

edged. "This is all about Northwest people, and in the Northwest, we really have to be clear about this issue." That's because years ago, Matthews identified the Pacific Northwest as the least racially integrated area in the country and a haven for white supremacists—or "God's Country."

The cast includes 13 high school students, most of them with several years of acting study and experience. All have put a lot of time and research into their parts, Burnett said. He and several students drove down to Greenbank for a prayer vigil on Dec. 8, marking the 10th anniversary of Matthews' death at the site of the standoff. The vigil included some prayers, but was low-key and little-noticed, Burnett said. "There were more policemen there than there were white supremacists."

Students also looked up old newspaper articles about the events and read books and watched videotapes of white supremacists espousing their separatist beliefs, including a film of a group celebrating Hitler's birthday with a cake.

"It's so comical, all the bizarre things they believe in," said Robbins, who also plays a white supremacist who walks through a graveyard taking down the names of dead babies to be used for fake IDs. "One guy in the movie looked like someone who had nothing else to do, so he became a white supremacist."

No matter how foreign such people may be to them, the students are serious about portraying them. Ben Jones, who plays Matthews and a skinhead, even shaved his head and pierced his ear for the part.

"Ben looks and acts the part; he scares you," said cast member Jennifer Johnson, who plays Alan Berg's widow, Judith. While investing so much intense emotion in rehearsals, students also try to lighten the mood with backstage jokes, she said, "or else you'll get too depressed."

"God's Country" plays at 7:30 p.m. Jan. 19, 20 & 21 at Brodniak Hall at the high school. Admission is free, but donations will be accepted at the door. More information is available by calling 293-2166.



Four members of the youthful but excellent cast of "God's Country" (l. to r.): Jesse Stoddard, Scott McKinstry, Ben Jones (who plays Robert Matthews and a skinhead follower of The Order) & Luke Pinnow. Photo: Carlson.

SOUND BITTEN

Jason Goes Walkabout

By Jason S. Squire, Esq.

You gotta get to the bottom before you can get to the top. Health, for example. Sometimes a person's gotta be on their death bed before they realize that, yes, they are dying. A kick in the butt to snap out of it. Now, in the case of cigarettes and lung cancer, well, if you get lung cancer, chances are, it's too late. Reagan's approach to the Greenhouse Effect was the same, "Green house? What green house? I don't see no green house. You show me a green house, and I'll show you some money to research it!" God bless us everyone.

America is strange; ask anyone who doesn't live here. Guess that's why we all fit in so well. Rumor has it that most folks thought election day was on the 9th. Let's get it right next time, 'kay?

So, I'm gonna ride my bicycle and shed the pounds and get the cardio-blood flow back up to par cuz I is slumping as of late. As for diet, well, I have a poor one. I can change, though; I know I can. Think greens. Eat them peas, spinach, and sprouts. No, not the sprouts, I gotta draw the line somewhere. If you ever want to find common ground with someone, ask them if they like Brussels sprouts. Chances are they will not. If they do like 'em, well, don't flinch; they can smell fear and have a vertical leap of up to 12 feet and they, it, will land on you and bite your head off and eat it. Just a warning.

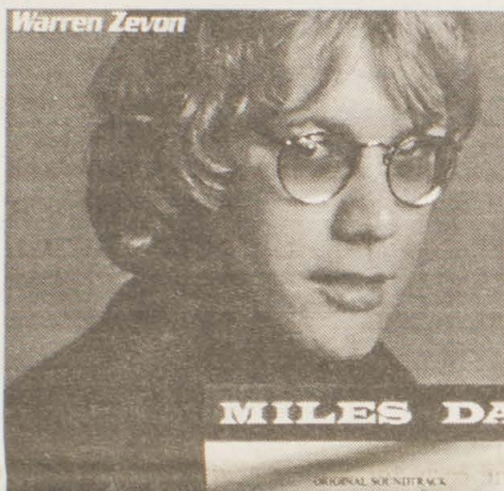
Speaking of scatter brains, or should I say scattered brains? Piece of mind. Pieces of mind evenly distributed. "What's on your mind?" "I don't know but, it's really heavy. Give me a hand, would ya?" My mind's on the blink. Wink, wink. Mind's eye winked.

Warren Zevon

Excitable Boy (Asylum, 1978)

Okay, so you've heard it before, you'll probably hear it again, so I might as well say it. This is one of my favorite albums ever. The classic, "Werewolves Of London," is

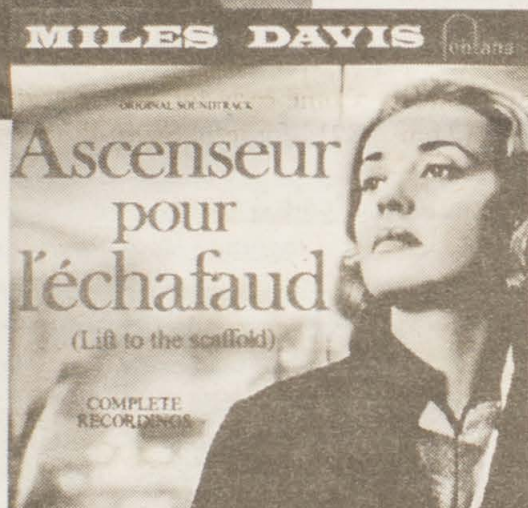
by far the best-known Zevon tune and one of the great rock songs of all time. Did you know that John McVie and Mick Fleetwood of Fleetwood Mac laid down the bass and drums on that track? I just read it. Other guest artists include Linda Ronstadt and Jennifer Warnes doing harmonies on the Doo-Wop-like ditty, "Excitable Boy." Karla Bonoff helps out vocally on a track, and Jackson Browne's voice appears throughout. Oh yeah, Browne produced it too. So let's see, great song writing, great production work, great musicians doing a great job musicianizing, and great vocals. Well, if it weren't for all that, this disc would suck. But, it's got the goods, so it sucks not. Mr. Zevon pens two tunes by himself and co-writes the rest with various others. Zevon's finest work. 65 mph



Miles Davis

Ascenseur Pour L'échafaud/Lift To The Scaffold (Fontana, 1958/1988)

Has anyone out there seen this flick? Miles did a three-week tour of Europe in 1957. A total of five concerts were played, which I guess classifies it as a flop of a tour. At the end of the road, Miles' agent had arranged for Mr. Davis to lay down the tracks for a



movie by Louis Malle. Miles and company (Barney Wilen on tenor sax, René Urtreger on piano, Pierre Michelot on bass, Kenny Clarke on drums) showed up and for the next four hours the group recorded 16 tracks. On this disc, the first 16 tracks are these session recordings, in sequence. The names and musical foundations of the tunes

repeat, but the songs are never the same twice. Tracks 17 through 26 comprise the soundtrack, as it was finally cut. This entire piece can be seen (and heard) as the evolution of a soundtrack.

So I'm driftin', man, and I got this horn going through my mind, blowin' like a breeze comin' off the subway up from the grill in the sidewalk through a steady downpour on a street in Paris, hot strong coffee flowin' through the jet stream of my body mingling with the steady beat that might as well be my heart, and a bass that goes in and out with my breath like steam fogging up the night sky with piano notes fallin' in step with anonymous feet ringing on cobblestone.

So, yes, there is a bit of repetition here and some may tire of it. On the other hand it is a great chronicle of a four-hour jam session with a modern musical genius. Not his best, but I love it. 55 mph

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Chautauqua, cont'd from page 20.

Chautauqua

Jan. 21 - Point No Point at the Langley United Methodist Church's Fellowship Hall at 8 pm—a benefit for KSER-FM (90.7) radio! Who'd pass up such a wonderful opportunity to help out the only local, non-commercial station daring enough to play good music? Bring your \$6 donation to the door and proceed! (Or get them in advance for \$5 at the Raven Cafe on Second St.) In

(cello), and Willa Doppmann (piano, guest artist!) performing music of Mozart, Arensky, Britten, Ravel, Schubert, and Martinu at 8 pm both evenings and also at 2 pm on Saturday, in the Fort Worden Theater at Fort Worden State Park. For ticket info or any other info, call 385-3102. **Port Townsend**

Jan. 28 - Winning critical acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic,



Essential angst and poetic epiphany are the grist for Antero Alli's videopoem, "Requiem for a Friend," part of "A Winter Tribute to Rainer Maria Rilke" at the Max Grover Studio in Port Townsend, Jan. 27. See "Theatre & Cinema" for details.

shock? Need confirmation? Call Fraser at 579-8578 for the whole skinny. **South Whidbey**

Jan. 21 - The Balafon Marimba Ensemble opened for the Grateful Dead's Mardi Gras concert! They must be good! Their music combines the traditional popular music of Zimbabwe and Zaire. Communal celebration, exuberant spirit, exciting physicality! 8 pm at Everett Community Theater; \$13.95 and \$11.95. Call 259-8888. **Everett**

Jan. 26 - Turtle Island String Quartet perform arrangements of jazz classics from Cole Porter to Miles Davis and original compositions. They've garnered a Grammy nomination and Top 20 placement on the jazz charts! Join them at Everett Community Theater at 8 pm! Tickets are \$14.95 and \$12.95. Call 259-8888. **Everett**

Jan. 27 - India Burke plays piano classics in "All Love Songs Gone Solo" at Sirens, a new night spot in town. Entertainment most evs. Thurs.-Sat. Great variety, no cover. Call 379-0776. **Port Townsend**

Jan. 27 & 28 - Centrum is back for a new year of excitement! Their 20th Annual Chamber Music Festival will have internationally-renowned artists like William Doppmann (piano and artistic director), Theodore Arm (violin), Toby Appel (violin, too!) Toby Hoffman (viola), Peter Wyrick

the all -female Lafayette String Quartet will play Haydn, Janacek, and Beethoven on matched Amati instruments at 8 pm in the Everett Community Theatre. Tickets are \$15.95 and \$12.95. For info, call (206) 259-8888. **Everett**

Feb. 5 - Big Band fans will get a double-barreled blast of jazz and swing when the Skagit Valley's popular Wind Machine shares the Brodriak Hall stage in Anacortes with the Bellingham-based Roadkill Jazz Orchestra. These two dynamic organizations promise an unforgettable afternoon of big-band music. Concert admission is \$6. Seniors and teens \$4, kids under 13 free. Tickets available in many places throughout the area and at the door. For info, call 293-3589. **Anacortes**

Art & Galleries

Through Jan. 29 - Recent works by world-renowned Tacoma-native Dale Chihuly at the Port Angeles Fine Arts Center. See what he's been up to! Admission is free. Hours are 11-5 pm, Thurs.-Sun. The Center is located off Lauridsen Blvd. near Jones Street in ... **Port Angeles**

Through Jan. 30 - The Clarion Gallery in Eastsound presents "A Long Winter's Nap," a group exhibit by island artists which includes beds, quilts, handmade night shirts, robes, and unique items for winter! Gallery hours are 11-5 daily, closed

Wed. & Thurs. Questions? Call 376-6040. **Orcas Island**

Through Jan. 31 - Museo Piccolo Gallery in Langley welcomes 1995 with a strong group show of works in oil, pastel, watercolor, collage, photography, glass, and mixed media by such well-known regional artists as Robert Adamson, Angie Dixon, Jo Finley, Betty Gwinn, Gail Gwinn, Peggy Juve, Barbara Nickerson, Ellen Reichart, William Self, and others. Open 11-5 daily. Info: 221-7737. **South Whidbey**

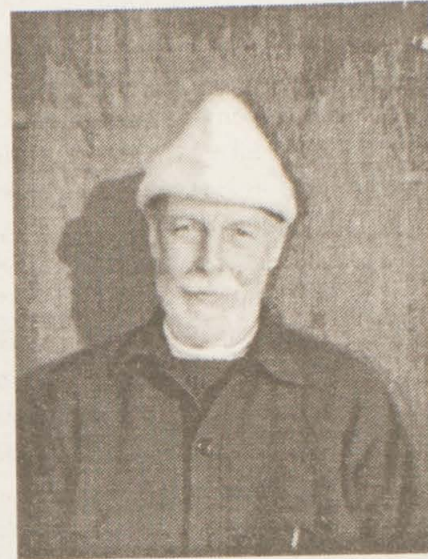
Through Feb. - "The Salal Cafe will be featuring the works of Jim Alden. Jim does oil paintings." Call the cafe for more true gritty details — 385-6532. **Port Townsend**

Feb. 4-Mar. 2 - The 1004 Gallery of Port Townsend presents recent work by Julia Eastberg, native of Index, Washington. A consummate artist in both oils and watercolor, Ms. Eastberg offers an exhibit of recent narrative works she calls "My Lascaux" — stories of childhood innocence and the intruding complexities of adulthood, male/female relationships, fears, and friendships. Opening & reception for the artist 5-8 pm, Feb. 4. Regular viewing hours are 11-5:30 pm Wed.-Sat., or by appointment. For info, call 385-7302. **Port Townsend**

Feb. 5-Mar. 19 - "The Double Portraits of Ryurik V. Tushkin" is a retrospective exhibit of paintings by the Siberian artists — 27 works drawn from over a decade comprise an extended meditation on the mythological theme of Janus, the two-headed god. Surreal and playful, these curious images are drawn from Russian life and lore. Call

457-3532. At the Fine Arts Center in ... **Port Angeles**

Mar. 7 & 10 - In conjunction with Needleworks workshops in quilting, knitting, needlepoint, doll making, appliqué, clothing, paper making, and polymer beads, the



Francis Racey of the Lahari home on Orcas. First meeting Jan 22. See "Community Events."

public is welcome to the following Keynote Addresses, "Mother Plays with Dolls" by Elinor Peace Bailey; "Ethnic Embroideries of the Eastern Bloc Countries" by Peg Laflam, both starting at 7:30 pm. Call the Coupeville Arts Center for info, 678-3396. **North Whidbey**

Through Mar. - "River Folk — Voices of the Skagit" traces the diverse cultural impact of the Skagit River through photographs, artifacts, and first-person accounts, at the Skagit County Historical Museum. Open Tues.-Sun., 11-5 pm, admission to the museum is \$2 adults, \$1 seniors, \$5 family, and kids 6-12 \$1. Kids under 5 and

members of the Skagit County Historical Society are admitted free. Call 466-3365. **Mount Vernon**

Literary

ASAP - The New Society Publishers want you to "Remember-the-Clayoquot" Gift offer! What's that?! It's the discounts you can receive when you order the *Clayoquot Mass Trials: Defending the Rainforest* books in bulk quantities, perhaps to give as gifts to people you know who would enjoy learning more about the destruction/protection of the world's rain forests and the individuals responsible for that destruction/protection. Prices vary when you get certain amounts. Get some by calling 800-567-6772. **B.C.**

Jan. 20-22 - Women's Working Writers' Retreats at Brown Couch, Lopez Island offer a simple Space, Hearth, and Sanctified Time to write for working women writers. The Sharing Circle at night will be open to both ongoing projects and new work. Group wisdom and professional feedback available. Delicious vegetarian food to fuel body-brain-soul, which may also revel in the hot tub, beach hikes, drumming, singing, and other celebration. Limit 8! Call 221-2347. **Lopez Island**

Jan. 28 - In an all-day workshop with Gary Lemmon and Susan Zwinger, you are invited to bring five short or two long poems to be critiqued (or just heard, your choice), followed by great food and poetry readings by Lemmon and Zwinger at the Raven Cafe in Langley. Cost for workshop is \$30 and benefits the Island Arts Council. Dial 221-2347. **South Whidbey** ■

A Most Earnest Ernest

Contrasting social behavior and underlying motive, moving protagonists toward surprising ends with the skill of a chess master, Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Ernest* has arrived at the Key City Playhouse! Here is upper class England, with Wilde in all his glory, taking potshots at the manners and hypocrisies of the Victorian era.

David Carruthers plays Algernon (with humorous relish!) trying to manipulate Cecily (Nancy Israel), whom he loves. Cecily is Jack's charming country ward; Jack (James Patterson) is a comically dignified suitor to the stylish Gwendolyn (Kate Bessey) who lives in town.

However, Jack and Algernon lead double lives. In town, Jack is called Ernest, for personal reasons. Algernon, on the other hand, poses as Jack's brother Ernest in the country. Algy also has a fictitious

elderly friend, Bumbury, whom he visits when it is convenient. So it goes. You get the picture.

Lady Bracknell (Catherine McNabb) controls daughter Gwendolyn and nephew Algernon. Cicely and Gwendolyn are attached to the Ernests, which



Kate Bessey (Gwendolyn) & Nancy Israel (Cecily) — attached to Ernests.

leads to confusion (of course) and dénouement. Jo Ann Alber as the German tutor and Elliot Watson as the Rev. Chausuble are both

terrific; butlers Lane (Charles Duncan) and Merriman (Steve Lewis) add levity to delightful theater. The Key City Players have come a long way since they began in 1958. They are clearly in the realm of professional theater.

The Importance of Being Ernest is ably directed by Susan Abraham with Pat Spaeth and Kere Presnal assisting. The play runs through Jan. 28, with evening performances Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8 p.m. and one matinee performance Sunday, Jan. 22, at 2:30. Admissions are \$7 general, \$6 senior and student, and \$5 children (under 12), except all Thursday performances are specially priced at \$4. The Key City Playhouse is located at 419 Washington St. in Port Townsend. Tickets are available at Quimper Sound and at the Playhouse. Call 385-7396 for information.

— Eleanor Nelson

To Your Health!

Silent Night

By BRADFORD S. WEEKS, MD

I remember what I was doing when it happened. I was sitting with my family listening to Yo Yo Ma's rendition of Bach's E-Flat-Major Partita [Suite No. 4, BWV 1010] for cello. The elegance of his interpretations always nurtures my soul and I was particularly soothed that particular evening amidst the frantic holiday season by the timbre and resonance of his cello. I later learned that a good friend was watching a favorite nighttime soap on TV. Another was working on his computer. A third remembers exactly when it happened because he had just ground fresh coffee beans, filled up the electric percolator and settled down to wait out the five minutes until the pot was filled. He was looking at the digital clock on the coffee machine when it happened. *Ping!* and all of south Whidbey was enveloped by the sound of silence and embraced by uncontested darkness. No more Bach. No more evening soap opera. No chance to save the computer work. And no fresh coffee. No more electricity. Welcome to island living.

(I'm just now beginning to understand why there are no traffic lights on South Whidbey. Why, it would be a public health and transportation hazard with them failing all the time due to frequent power outages! Especially with the volume of traffic unloading from the ferry every 20 minutes!)

The first thing I noticed was the quiet. The silence was lovely. It overwhelmed us like an old friend. My experience was similar to how we all feel when we finally take a vacation and after two or three days turn to our companion and sigh, "I didn't realize how much I needed a break." Certainly our appliances offer us convenience, but at what cost? Only when finally muted did I notice how loud — let's face it, intrusive and obnoxious — is my refrigerator. Why do we tolerate such dissonance? And that infernal pellet stove. Would not an extra sweater and a throw rug be preferable to its rattling pellets and relentless, noisy fan?

We are assaulted by noise in our culture. Malls with programmed music, cars with radios, TVs left on yet unwatched "for company," "cocktail" conversation. Opportunities for silence thwarted at every turn. It doesn't have to be this way. I remember a dozen years

ago Christmas shopping in England. No white noise there.

The second thing I noticed was that the loveliness of our candles' warmth and light were exceeded only by my amazement that we don't use them more often. I wondered whether my family might agree to having one night a week lit only by candles. It was precious.

When the lights did not come back on immediately, I decided to venture out into the wild and unplugged night. I went for a walk and felt marvelously refreshed by the stillness. I especially delighted at the lack of buzzing from those irritating streetlights. Lacking interference from electric lights, I was not surprised to marvel at how bright shone the stars. No need for a flashlight. In addition, whereas before on my evening walks I would catch glimpses of families sitting mute and incommunicative in front of TVs, what I now observed as I passed along darkened streets were family members working together to solve various problems. Engaged and cooperating with each other. They seemed to be having fun.

The third thing I noticed was the sense of peace. It felt a bit like grace. Thrust upon us was a pause that wrested us off our schedule. Without warning, we were tossed into a period of uncertainty and of indeterminate length during which we were all excused from our appointed tasks. It felt a bit like childhood. Like recess. Like, for once, the dog really *did* eat our homework. We were thrown back upon a pre-industrial revolution pace of life which felt wonderfully unfrantic. Did you see it? Did you look out your window and see no light save for the modest (and adequate) flickering of candles? What a profound way to relax into the evening; as if to take our cue from the sun who plainly says, "This is enough light for you today." as she sets behind our majestic Olympic Mountains.

I had recently been to the malls and felt overwhelmed by the bright lights, the noise and the frantic pace of good people distracted into trying to buy Christmas Cheer, charge Peace on Earth, and bargain for Joy to the World. The irony of Silent Night's lyrics wafting over the shopping frenzy was disheartening. It brought to mind how sardine fishermen hunt by the dark of the moon. Only in this darkness can

the lookout person spy the shimmering pools of phosphorescent light created by the dance of fish and plankton. Slowly and quietly the fishing boats encircle the school with the purse seine net. Then, as the net is drawn close around the sardines, they — realizing they are caught — accelerate from wall of net to wall of net, frantic for escape. But, alas, to no avail. They are trapped. Many of us were so trapped in the feverish holiday activities. Stress, not joy, was on the face of most holiday shoppers.

How many times have we moaned, "Give me a break," over the past year? How many time over the holiday preparations? And here it "came upon a midnight clear," because of the loss of one kind of power, the rare opportunity to cultivate another kind — an inner or spiritual power — through pausing and reflecting in the silence.

Were it not for the electricity failing, I might not have had a silent night, a holy night. I might have not had the clarity of vision and purpose to create the requisite inner stillness to appreciate the reason for the season.

The loss of electricity may have amounted to nothing more than an inconvenience for many residents, but for me it was just what I needed for Christmas: a pause from the hectic pace, a recess, a silent night. A night that made room for what is holy. If ever the hosts of angels would deign to sing again from on high, I suspect that they would wait for such an opportunity, when they wouldn't have to compete with MTV or rattling pellet stoves or buzzing street lights.

I don't recall there being much in the way of wind that night the electricity failed. The usual reasons for loss of "power" didn't apply. I like to imagine it was some angel's wing that toppled the tree, but I can't know for sure. What I did notice though, was the fourth thing. And the fourth thing I noticed was that we, devoid of our usual distractions at the end of a long day, went to bed early — 'nuff said. **E**

Bradford S. Weeks, MD, is a physician practicing in Clinton. In addition to psychiatric problems, he treats chronic illnesses such as allergies, PMS, chronic pain, arthritis, auto-immune illnesses, and neurological problems. For more information about his practice, please call 341-2303.

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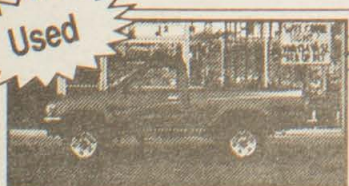


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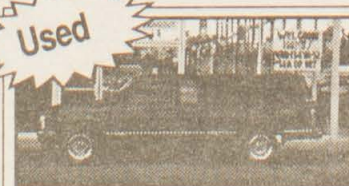
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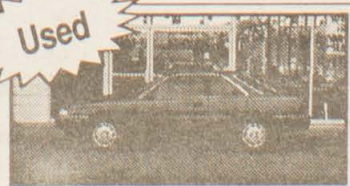
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Locale Cuisine



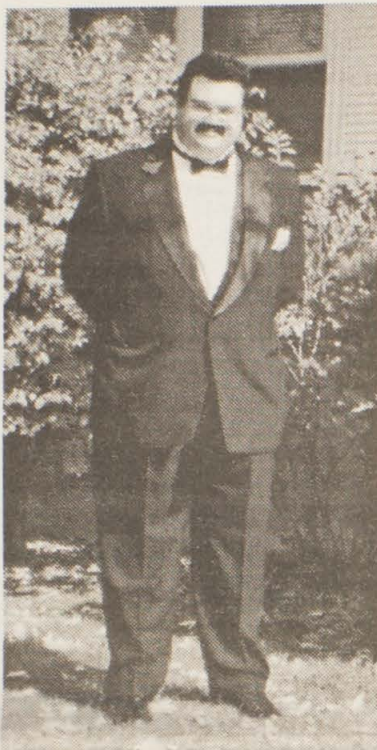
Uncle Brian's Famous Biscuits *Manie*

By Barton Cole

I've been hanging around the food scene for a long time, and I've encountered some culinary luminaries along the way — I can drop some names. Here's one for you: Brian Nelson. Until now, nobody knew who he was, so I'm going to fill you in.

I worked with Brian at the Mirabeau restaurant in downtown Seattle, high above 4th Avenue ("The Mirabeau: Where the people down below look like ants . . ."). What talent! I consider myself a pretty good *saucier*, but I'd always have Brian taste my work, to ensure that it squared with his refined palate.

Now and then, Brian would fix breakfast for the kitchen crew early in the morning, and we'd push a couple of marble-topped tables together in the dining room and enjoy an unobstructed view of the city, the Sound,



Uncle Brian

and the Olympics (we'd always breakfast together preceding the family holidays of Thanksgiving and Christmas. Brian would cook, and I'd provide a bottle of homemade wine. We'd sit, relaxed, and share stories, then go into the kitchen and get back to work. Imagine a buzzed and giggly pastry chef stumbling into the bakery to contemplate her *gateaux-in-progress*!). Polenta appeared frequently on Brian's breakfast menu, topped with plenty of parmesan, but if we were really lucky, he'd make his famous Biscuits *Manie* and Gravy.

These biscuits were rustic: bumpy and brown-dimpled (the unsophisticated might even call them ugly — but then, I suppose I consider anyone who hasn't tried them unsophisticated) and light as a feather. Brian made the gravy on the rich and heavy side just to keep them on the plate. Do they sound too good to be true? Well, you're right.

Brian freely shares the recipe with anyone who requests it. In a recent letter (he has since moved to Wisconsin, where he is surrounded by dairy cows and chirping crickets), he graciously permitted me to share it with you.

Uncle Brian's Famous Biscuits *Manie*

The *manie* in the title (pronounced *monyay*, a French word, meaning "by hand") refers to the technique — everything is done by hand; the butter is mixed in by hand, no rolling pin or biscuit cutter — all *manie*.

4½ cups all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar (may be omitted if used for a savory, rather than sweet, dish — but I don't)
4 tablespoons baking powder
2 teaspoons salt
½ pound butter (2 sticks)
2 cups buttermilk (substitute whole milk or 2% only if someone has a gun to your head)

Mix the dry ingredients together in a large mixing bowl. Rub the butter in by hand until the mix resembles coarse cornmeal, then add the buttermilk and mix by hand until just mixed (the mix should

appear to be quite moist). Drop by small handfuls onto a lightly greased baking sheet and bake in a 400° oven for about 20 minutes, or until golden brown on the bottom and starting to brown on the top. Serve with strawberries and *crème fraîche* (see *Locale Cuisine* in No. 33) in the summer, slice and butter them for breakfast, or, if you have chores outside in the cold, cover them generously with country gravy.

Sausage Country Gravy

This is heavy stuff. We eat healthy food at my house, but my wife, who heads the IILCR&D (figure it out) staff, said, after sampling the recipes for this column, "Now and then, biscuits and gravy are good for you!" She's absolutely right.

¾ pound seasoned pork sausage
6 scallions, chopped, white and green parts
4 cloves garlic, chopped
6 tablespoons flour
1½ cups chicken stock
1 cup heavy whipping cream
½ teaspoon salt
Tabasco
1 teaspoon cider vinegar
1 teaspoon fresh chopped sage
freshly ground pepper

Brown the sausage in a heavy skillet over medium heat, breaking it up with the back of a spoon as it cooks. Drain off all but 2 tablespoons of the fat, stir in the flour, and let it cook for a minute or two. Stir in the scallions and garlic, cook them briefly, and add the chicken stock, cream, and salt. Raise the heat, and stir while the mixture comes to a slow boil and thickens slightly. Lower the heat, stir in the Tabasco, sage, and vinegar; simmer for a minute, and serve over biscuits.

We hold Brian Nelson in such reverence at our house that our young son has Brian as one of his middle names, elevating Mr. Nelson's status to "Uncle Brian" (my cat also became Uncle Figaro, but that's another story). Hopefully, Uncle Brian will give me some more recipes to share. Enjoy! **■**

Barton Cole is chef at Cafe Langley on Whidbey Island.

Jaffe, cont'd from page 11.

That's the whole idea behind Direct Entry Midwifery — you don't need to be a nurse to be a midwife. Great, I thought. I'll just let them know about that and things will be fine.

I wrote, I must say, a lovely letter. I explained about myself, my birth center, my statistics. I even talked about money. (I let them figure the sex part out by themselves.) I wrote that every time a woman has a baby with me, I save the State of Washington at least \$2,500 per birth (the hospital charges). That doesn't even take into account that my cesarean-section rate is 7%, while the local hospital is 23%. Isn't that great? I told Mr. Mercer that nurses didn't deliver babies and that I did nursing as part of my education. I sent Mr. Mercer a copy of the Midwifery Law



and a copy of the Seattle Midwifery School catalogue. I also quoted the new law to him — the part that talks about guaranteeing a wide range of providers; the part that talks about opening provider rolls to all licensed providers who wish to participate. I couldn't see how he could refuse me. I received a terse note in reply; the Contract Committee would review my request. I was happy. How could they turn me down? (Are you getting that feeling in the pit of your stomachs yet?)

I wrote anyone with a lot of letters behind their name and urged them to write SCMB and tell them to let me in. I wrote to Sue Karahalios and Mary Margaret Haugen. (Well, one out of two ain't bad.) I let that burner simmer; meanwhile I turned my attention to Group Health. I wrote to JoAnn Webster, head of the Northern District. Since I had a very nice letter in my computer already, I simply changed the names and fired it off (complete with law and catalogue). Same thing with CHPW. I went and testified before the Health Services Commission. I wrote letters to the local papers. I was moving!

Last Friday at 4:55 p.m. (traditional time for bad news), I got a call from Mr. Mercer. He was sorry, the contract committee was going to recommend to the Board not to "change policy or enlarge their provider pool at this time." Why? He seemed a bit apologetic. "Well, the committee is made up of physicians, and they don't believe women should have babies outside of the hospital." We talked a bit more. I quoted from the *New England Journal of Medicine's* study on Birthing Centers that looked at over 11,800 births and found that women liked having babies there and their babies liked

being born there and showed it by being healthier than their counterparts born in hospitals. I told him how Whidbey General Hospital was a Level 1 facility, which means they don't have Operating Room staff in the hospital 24 hours a day. I told him if an emergency happened right smack dab in the middle of WGH at 2:00 a.m., there wouldn't be any chance of getting an emergency cesarean section any quicker than half an hour "from decision to incision" (I didn't make that up) and that I'm 12 minutes from the hospital. He was sympathetic. "You know physicians," he said. I tried again: "I have great back-up. The doctors know me and respect me." BLAH BLAH BLAH. I stopped talking. I had run into too many closed-minded doctors to badger Mr. Mercer any longer.

I consider it a matter of pride that the doctors on the insurance board could not understand what I am doing or why. I'm in good company. After all, almost every new (and this one ain't so new) idea in science was greeted with derision, scorn, and outright anger by the majority of doctors. Poor Dr. Semelweiss ended up nuts because the doctors of his time refused to believe his theory that they were killing their patients by going from the embalming table to the childbirth bed without washing their hands. (One doctor is supposed to have said, "We are gentlemen and gentlemen have clean hands.")

Well, I've fired off another letter, but I'm less hopeful now. I still haven't heard from the other two companies, but I'm not holding my breath. Healthy Options starts February 1, 1995, in Island County. I'm running out of time. I see a drastic decrease in the number of

clients I can care for and a drastic increase in my expenses (malpractice insurance). I saw the Primary Care Provider list for Skagit and Whatcom counties. All MDs. Nary an alternative provider to be seen. Who's on the list of specialists? It's a secret. But I'll bet my malpractice insurance there isn't a chiropractor or a naturopath among them.

I've heard they need midwives in South America. I hope I get there before the insurance companies. Maybe I'll go to Dr. Patch Adams in West Virginia. He has a "pay what you can" clinic and thumbs his nose at insurance companies. Dr. Adams refuses to take money from them. Or maybe we should "just say no" (thank you, Nancy). Or maybe: "No, thanks, we'll take care of our own." What if we offered health care for free? What if we gathered together a group of health-care workers and took care of people the way we believed was best? It would knock people's socks off.

Or we can try to get the insurance companies to work with us. There's always hope when belief is strong. We are powerful. **■**

If you want to follow up:

Community Health Plan of Washington
Provider Contact: Dennis Braddock
1-800-957-9696

Group Health Cooperative
Provider Contact: JoAnn Webster or Bob Moore
1-800-542-6312 (x4176)

Skagit County Medical Bureau
Provider Contact: Roger Mercer
1-800-659-7229

Left: Jaffe in Greenbank. Photo: Kvilaas.



A forum for sustainable goods & services in the Maritime Rainshadow.

Got a source? Got a tip? Planning a related event? Send info to: The Green Page, Island Independent, Box 853, Langley, WA 98260. Fax or advertising info for this section: 221-4737

Edited by Marian Blue

Plugging in to Independence

For many in the Northwest, chosen homesites present power problems, either because none is available or because the cost of bringing power lines into the site exceeds the lifestyle carrying capacity of all but the rich and famous. Jean Steinbrecher, a registered architect in Langley, has reminded us that bringing independent power on our homesites isn't as complicated, or as expensive, as it once was.

For instance, she points out, propane generators are a power source that's quieter and safer than the gasoline or diesel units. Whatever other independent power sources are used should include a generator for backup.

According to Steinbrecher, the sun delivers an energy supply that's valuable, even in our Northwest; we can use it to "at least pre-heat domestic hot water regularly. Today's solar technology can use a few elegant glass solar tubes or small photo voltaic cells... a far cry from the ungainly rooftop arrays of the '70s." Wind and hydroelectric power-generation options depend on the site, and Steinbrecher suggests getting an expert to evaluate your particular possibilities.

According to Claudette Connors of the Power Company, a Seattle outfit specializing in off-the-grid systems, adequate storage is the key for an independent system. Much of the existing storage technology has been developed for boats and RVs and is therefore clean and quiet.

Your final needs will be an inverter to change the power you generate from DC to AC, plus controllers, monitors, cables, brackets, and jumpers. Steinbrecher suggests finding a power specialist to put together the package unless you happen to have extensive expertise in the field.

Total costs can vary from \$4,000, to run a "cabin power system" (lights, tv, microwave, and other small appliances), to perhaps \$20,000 for a system that will handle any power you require.

Information sources Steinbrecher recommends include *Home Energy*, *Mother Earth News*, *Solar Today*, and *The Real Goods Catalog*.

"Any home," Steinbrecher counsels, "on or off a power line, should include energy-efficient appliances; compact fluorescent lighting; propane refrigerators, stoves, clothes dryers, and heating systems, as well as tankless water heaters."

Vibrating Your Water Well

For many, water is more of a problem than power because, even if you have it, taste and smell can take away the pleasure of using it. Joy's Inn on Orcas Island recently discovered a way to vibrate the iron and hydrogen sulfide (rotten egg smell), as well as calcium and magnesium, from their well water after a standard water softener had failed to do the job.

The method involves the Grander Living Water System, provided by Keeton Fisheries of Denver and EcoLife Technology of Reno. The system transmits high vibrations to re-energize and revitalize water, a technique imitating water running over pebbles in a stream bed. The treated water has increased resistance and decreased ability to absorb and transport microscopic matter. The unit is about six inches long, weighs about ten pounds, involves no filters or replaceable parts, never needs replacing, and requires only 15-30 minutes to install to existing home plumbing.

After installation at Joy's Inn, the bad taste of the water disappeared. The discoloration (from hard water) in the tub, sinks, and toilet bowl disappeared, too.

For those who find themselves disliking drinking water they encounter while traveling, Grander Living Water Technologies also makes a "Penergizer." About the size and shape of a ballpoint pen, this gadget revitalizes water and makes other liquids (coffee, tea, etc.) taste better. At Joy's Inn, a taste test determined that the Penergizer even gave cheap wine a "smoothness and taste to the palate one would expect of a much more expensive wine."

Anyone who would like more information about the Grander Living Water System, can call Joy's Inn at 376-4292 for a tour, or just for information.

Direct Democracy

Philadelphia II/One World initiative petitions might well come to your attention in the near future. This initiative, to appear on the next Washington ballot, must have 250,000 signatures

by June first. The Philadelphia II initiative creates the United States Electoral Administration (USEA). The goal is to have the initiative ratified within other states and to eventually "empower people, individually, as citizens of their nations, and globally, as citizens of the world." Eventually, the hope is to have a World Meeting on January 1, 2001 for "People of the world... under a process of Direct Democracy to take up global problems." The impact could be substantial on worldwide environmental concerns. Mike Gravel is the current president of One World, a non-profit corporation dedicated to the education of global citizenship and sponsorship of Philadelphia II; Gravel is a former US Senator from Alaska.

To learn more about this initiative, contact One World, 665 Munras Avenue, Suite 226, Box 2566, Monterey CA 93942; (408) 646-0300.

Upcoming

* The Fish Policy Advisory Group will be accepting nominations for people to serve on the board; through January 31. Call 902-2329 for information.

* *Silent Spring*, based on Rachel Carson's book, will be shown at Skagit Valley College, Ford Hall, Room 101, in Mount Vernon on January 18 at 11:30 a.m. Call 428-1116 for information.

* Winter Birding Adventure — Two trips: one to BC on Jan. 21 and one in Skagit County on Feb. 4. These day trips run from 8 a.m. to 3 p.m. and cost \$13. Call 733-5921 for information.

* Water, Nitrogen and People — An international conference in Everett, Feb. 23-24. Call 676-6736 for information.

* Remember — Washington State Energy Office's (WSEO) Feb. 3 (postmark) is the deadline for the 1995 National Awards Program for Energy Efficiency & Renewable Energy. Applications may be submitted by any individual or non-federal organization in Washington which has implemented an outstanding energy efficiency or renewable technology measure since Jan., 1990. Projects must be located in Washington and operational for at least a year. There are five categories: Building Technology, Industrial Technology, Transportation Technology, Utility Technology, and Energy & Environmental Sustainability. Call WSEO at 956-2221. ■

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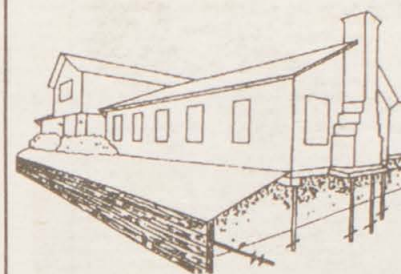
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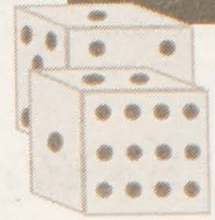
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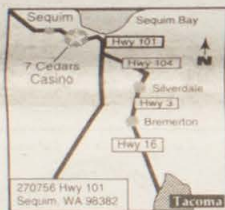


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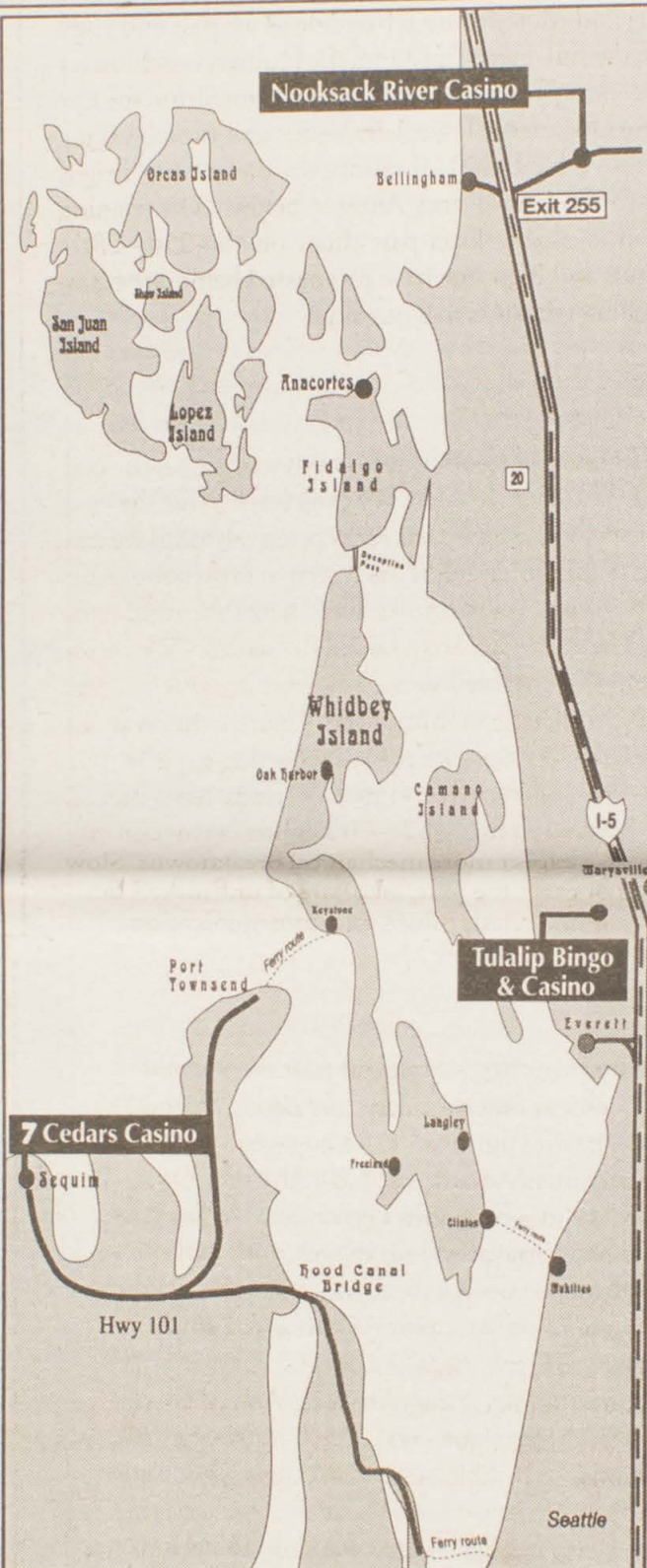
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The Play: Players lay their bets on the layout in such a way as to indicate what number, color, or group of numbers they select to win. When the wheel stops, the ball will be resting in one of the sections and the indicated number will win. Bets on its color will win. Bets on the dozen, the column and a range of numbers, including that number, will win.

The Odds: A winning bet on red/black, high/low, even/odd pays even money. Winning bet on the dozen pays 2 to 1. A group bet, including the winning number, pays the following: group of 6 numbers pays 5 to 1; 4 numbers pays 8 to 1; 3 numbers pays 11 to 1; 2 numbers pays 17 to 1; and the number alone pays 35 to 1. If 0 or 00 is the winning number, only bets on the 0 or 00, or a group that includes 0 or 00, wins.

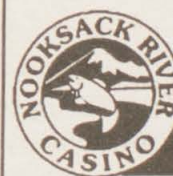
— General Rules of Hoyle



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Current Astrological Patterns — with Leya L. Heart

JANUARY 19 — FEBRUARY 1, 1995

Anyone honest will tell you that possibility is far more frightening than impossibility, that freedom is far more terrifying than any prison.

—Julia Cameron

The Winter Sky

The vast, twinkling clarity of the winter night sky personifies the futuristic world view of the fixed air sign Aquarius. But as the days get longer, it seems that the sky just gets cloudier. The darkness we see is simply earth's shadow, and the knowledge that millions of suns continue to blaze beyond the clouds helps us remember that the guiding Light burning deep within ourselves can never go out. When we do get a glimpse of the evening sky, watch for golden Saturn and faint low-riding Mercury sinking into the evening twilight in the

Wanting to reform the world without discovering one's true self is like trying to cover the whole world with leather to avoid the pain of walking on stones and thorns. It is much simpler to wear shoes.

—Ramana Maharshi

The Sky Within

The sun is moving into independent Aquarius, but until the moon joins it at new moon, we're still winding up the earthy, disciplined Capricorn lunation. (A rare thing is happening—the 29½-day lunations and our calendar months will closely coincide for a while.) The hard-won commitment to personal change and emotional honesty of November's eclipses is activated now—we're challenged to bring both our deepest feelings to the inventive, crisp air of Aquarian vision. Thinking globally is not enough; we need to *feel* globally as well. This has been the gut-wrenching work of Pluto in Scorpio the last 11 years, and as we align with Mars we must all take another good hard look at our own aggressive instincts. Blocked energy will make

SW as rust-colored Mars rises with Regulus in the SE. Mars and Mercury are retrograde as we pass and align with the sun. Familiar Orion, the Hunter, watches over the evening from the South with brilliant Sirius, the Eye of the Dog, to the lower left. Venus and Jupiter (along with invisible Pluto) announce the dawn, with bright stars Spica above and Antares below. The waning balsamic moon floats past them on the 25th–28th. Uranus and Neptune have just passed behind the sun, travelling with it across our sky.

itself known—a good time for bodywork. Beat the bed with a stick if you need to. We can't learn to use the vital self-assertive life energy of Mars positively until we can face the full potential of its negative expression. O.J. Simpson and Susan Smith are still here to remind us of what Marshall McLuhan said in the sixties, "We are the television screen... we wear all mankind as our skin." Few people understood him then (maybe he was an Aquarian?), but now we're finally starting to get it. The three-week Mercury retrograde periods have moved from water to air for awhile—it's lighter, a true comedy of errors—expect more mechanical breakdowns. Slow down, confront the past, take care of unfinished business, examine relationships and communication.

Turning Points

Full Moon phase winds down in Virgo on Thurs. Reality bites and we chew—*examine your motivations carefully* in the recent light of security and status. (Oh, Lord, won't ya buy me a Mercedes Benz...) Drop everything that lacks integrity; it won't be worth the price you pay if your heart's not engaged.

Disseminating Moon phase begins in Virgo on Fri Jan 20th. Sun enters Aquarius at 5:01 AM that day, Moon enters Libra on Sat, and Mars squares Pluto just before it slides back into Leo on Sun. What you know to be true for yourself is coming into greater focus, and self-betrayal will no longer work without dire consequences. Find ways to embrace your courage and independence without judgment of others' ways, ask for help if you need it, convert anger into fuel, and be willing to do your part. When asked what motivated her great hospital work, Florence Nightingale replied simply, "Rage."

Last Quarter Moon phase begins in Scorpio on the 23rd. Mercury stations retrograde at 22 Aquarius on Wed the 25th at 5:16 PM, and the moon enters Sag 20 minutes later. Montaigne said, "What is firmly believed is least known." Endorse your experience rather than your opinions, be flexible, and quit hanging out with anyone who doesn't respect you.

Balsamic Moon phase begins in Sag on Fri Jan 27. Moon moves into Capricorn that evening. Reflect on the past month, let go of what didn't work. What you learned is the seed of the next cycle, which will germinate at new moon. Can you distill the essence of it into one sentence? Take time to do some long range seed-dreaming.

New Moon phase begins at 11 Aquarius on Mon Jan 30th, 2:48 PM. The 31st is Chinese New Year—the first new moon after the sun enters Aquarius, or "The Great Cold." Open to the creative power of Mind this month—*think for yourself* as you tap into the larger circuitry. Where do you have the experience to be an innovative agent for social change? **I**

Leya Heart is an astologist based in Port Angeles and Port Townsend. For consultations, instruction, or charts, contact Leya at Box 224, Port Angeles WA 98362, or you can call her directly at (360) 385-0370 or 452-4575.



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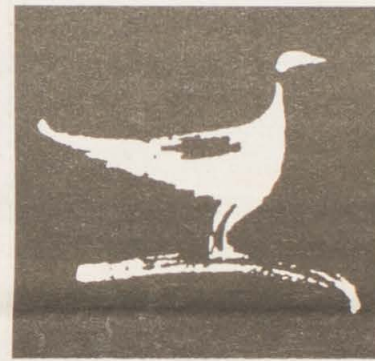
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Cook-Dinner, PT, one year experience, \$6+ per hour DOE, WA0472375
Electrician-Apprentice, nine months experience, Whidbey Island, \$7 per hour DOE, WA0472371
Caregiver-Evenings, PT, no experience necessary, \$5.75 per hour, WA0472332
Cook-Breakfast, PT, one year experience, \$7+ per hour DOE, WA0472275
Electrician, two years experience, \$13+ per hour DOE, Whidbey Island, WA0472114
Teacher-Infant/Toddler, no experience necessary, \$6 per hour, WA0472099
Cabinetmaker-Apprentice, no experience necessary, \$5.75+ per hour DOE, WA0471948
LPN-Health Service, PT, one year experience necessary, \$10 per hour, WA0471723
Truck Driver-CDL-A, three years experience, wage negotiable, WA0471645
Laborer, Poultry, PT, no experience necessary, \$5 per hour, Whidbey Island, WA0471626
Electrician-Apprentice, two years experience, \$9+ per hour DOE, Whidbey Island, WA0471535
Ad Sales Manager, six months experience, \$1200+ per month DOE, WA0471529
Journey Mechanic, five years experience, \$15 per hour, WA0471505
Support Specialist, Clerk, PT, no experience necessary, \$6 per hour, WA0471470
Cashier/Waitperson, one year experience, \$5 per hour, WA0471465
Carpet/Vinyl Layer, six months experience, WA0471459
Bartender/Server, PT, one year experience, \$5.50 per hour, WA0470859
Teacher-Head/Support, no experience necessary, \$5.50 per hour, WA0470859
Cook-Breakfast, one year experience, \$7+ per hour DOE, WA0470693
Journey Plumber, four years experience, salary DOE, WA0470533
Painter, Lead, four years experience, salary DOE, WA0470529
Framer, Lead, four years experience, salary DOE, WA0470524
Customer Service Salesclerk, PT, no experience necessary, \$5+ per hour DOE, WA0470352
Sales Associate, PT, six months experience, \$5 per hour, WA0470347

Help Wanted (ctd.)

Nurse Aide/ Assistant, PT, no experience necessary, \$6.25+ per hour, WA0470345
Electrician, two years experience, \$10+ per hour DOE, WA0470258
3rd Key Sales, PT, no experience necessary, \$5.50+ per hour DOE, WA0470204
Saute Cook-Lead Evening, two years experience, salary negotiable, WA0470030
Telemarketers, PT, no experience necessary, \$5.25 per hour + bonus, WA0469874
Cleaner-Restaurant Equipment, no experience necessary, \$5 per hour, WA0469805
Sales Rep-Restaurant, three years experience, \$5 per hour, WA0469803
Electrician-Lead, two years experience, \$8 per hour DOE, WA0469657
Short Order Cook, one year experience, \$6 per hour DOE, WA0469637
Journey level Welder/Fabric, two years experience, \$12 per hour, WA0469441
Laborer-Student, no experience necessary, \$4.25 per hour. Whidbey Island, WA04369413
Laborer-Forest, Temporary, one year experience, \$8 per hour, WA0469407
LPN, no experience necessary, \$9 per hour, Skagit & Island County, WA0469406
Sewer-Canvas, F/T, three years experience, \$6.50 + per hour DOE, WA0469340
Registered Nurse, three years experience, \$2,690 per month, Whidbey Island, WA0469293
Waitperson, F/T, one year experience, \$4.90 per hour, WA0468758
Salesperson-carpet, two years experience, salary DOE, WA0468540
Mechanic/truckdriver, two years experience, \$10+ per hour DOE, WA0468357
Log Truck Driver, five years experience, \$12+ per hour DOE, WA0467585
Maintenance-Building/Grounds, one year experience, \$6.50 per hour, WA0467322
Fabric Bundler, one year experience, \$5.59 per hour, WA0467313
Fabric Spreader, no experience necessary, \$5.59 per hour, WA0467308
Raw Material Handler, one year experience, \$7.50 per hour, WA0467297
Service Person, one year experience, \$7.50 per hour, WA0467274
HVAC Installer, two years experience, \$7+ per hour DOE, WA0467120
Auto Body Painter, eight plus years experience, \$13+ per hour plus commission, WA0466797
Merchandise/Display, two years experience, \$7+ per hour DOE, WA0466699
Shipwright, five years experience, \$10+ per hour DOE, WA0465832
Boat Fiberglass Repair, five years experience, \$10+ per hour DOE, WA0465828
Receptionist, PT, no experience necessary, \$5 per hour, WA0460376
Maint/Plant Electric, five years experience, \$10.50+ per hour DOE, WA0466539

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Day phone: _____	Ad number: _____ 5.00 \$ _____
Home phone: _____	
MasterCard: <input type="checkbox"/> VISA: <input type="checkbox"/>	Total: _____ \$ _____
Card #: _____	
Expiration date: _____	Multiply by: _____ issues \$ _____

[illegible]

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advertising!



Backwash, cont'd from page 5.

I'm your neighbor, friend, and, as a fire fighter, more than once we jumped in our Zodiac in the dead of winter answering a distress call while the Coast Guard flew the point watching over us as we searched through windy waters off your beaches. We fire rockets at each other on the Fourth of July — you've been likened to a big brother.

Now lately you've gotten too big for your britches!

On Camano, the lights are on late into the night while folks ponder how to deal with unnecessary development, zoning changes, and, of course, the number-one issue of water. You see, the [Island County] Planning Commission is made up of nine members, seven from Whidbey and two from Camano. When the votes are counted on development and growth issues affecting Camano Island, it's seven to two — we lose.

Planning commissioners are appointed by our three Island County Commissioners — they volunteer their services to our community, we are force fed to accept their decisions on issues that affect a fragile and cherished way of life on Camano Island.

We are suspicious of the motives of the two Whidbey Island county commissioner as much as their appointed planning puppets as to their inability to say "no" to developers and campaign contributors who buy their influence. Let's just say something stinks in Coupeville, and we can smell it over here! Island County is a pushover for developers because county government is only too happy to accommodate their rezones and PDRs. Are they told to do so?

Lines are drawn! Shots have been fired! Who are these people who buy and sell our islands — does it make sense that there is no school on Camano Island due to water and sewage problems, that water meters are required on all private wells for the last three years, that there are building moratoriums in planned developments due to insufficient supply of water, that there are already 3,000 place to build a home that are for sale on Camano and these Whidbey gun-slinging planning commissioners walk in hand-in-hand and approve another mega-development and rezone because, and I quote Rufus Rose, volunteer Whidbey-appointed planning commissioner: "Duh! We've made Dr. Harman jump through the hoop, and it's only fair to him that we approve it. Duh!"

"What about what's fair to the community of Camano Island, Rufus?" Great! Who are these people? Are they, pray tell, real estate agents? It scares me that these so-called "public servants" with no credibility can vote against the best interest of Camano Island on such critical issues.

Yo! Whidbey, there is a fire and you can't see it — your satellite colony has grown up, and we want control over our own destiny. You want to sell it to the highest bidder!

You can't reason with politicians and their puppet planning pals who have sold out to developers and have no self-esteem and care nothing about future generations of islanders. Their recipe for greed and short-term gain is as easy to read as a ring in a bathtub.

Can you Whidbey Islanders help your friends and neighbors get rid of this foul smell? Can we all bring integrity and the democratic process back to local

government? Can a ten-foot Livingston with a 7-horse Johnson make it through Deception Pass at a minus 2.0' tide? Is Ken Behring Santa Claus? Yo! Move Whidbey!

Kip Goozee
Camano Island

A New Year's Reminder

The December 31 diesel spill of 26,000 gallons caused by a rupture in a tank of an oil barge in the San Juan Islands and the battering the container ship *Hyundai Seattle* has took after losing its tow in gale force winds off the Washington coast recently are important reminders to lawmakers who oversee state and federal agencies responsible for preventing oil spills. There is still plenty of work to be done. While there was a flurry of attention paid to oil tankers in the wake of the *Exxon Valdez*, considerably less attention has been paid to oil barges and deep-draft cargo ships, which constitute a much larger percentage of traffic in Washington State, carrying millions of gallons of oil as cargo and running fuel.

These issues need to be kept in mind while the State of Washington continues its aggressive promotion of Far East trade. The Port of Seattle's 20-percent growth in container traffic since 1993 and Seattle's unique positioning as an APEC center are very positive indicators for our trade-dependent economy. However, we also have other interests to consider such as fishing, tourism, quality of life, and ecosystem integrity. But rather than being proud to promote Northwest ports as a great place to do business without incident, a coalition of maritime interests led by steamship operators and the ports, have opposed improvements to oil-spill prevention and responsive efforts off the Washington coast. Instead, they have chosen to expand their efforts to reduce their requirements.

Furthermore, these same interests are attempting to weaken the status of the state Office of Marine Safety (OMS) by placing it within the Department of Ecology (DOE) where it will become deprioritized among the long list of environmental programs DOE oversees. Not only would this not make sense, given the levels of growth in maritime traffic projected for this region, but there would be no savings to the state's budget since OMS is funded on the nickel-per-barrel tax put on oil imported and used in this state.

Rather than being directed by maritime interests to sunset to OMS, lawmakers should be trying to figure out how to fix the 25% shortfall in the funding projected for this critical program when the legislature created it in 1991. There are two obvious places to look. One is the nickel per barrel refund oil companies are given for every barrel of oil that is exported from the state, regardless of how it is transported. Another is the fact that oil companies are the only sector of the maritime industry which pays the tax, despite the fact that tankers comprise less than 15% of the traffic. Given the cutbacks federal programs will be facing in coming years, it is critical that the state maintain its vigilance on maritime safety in cooperation with the Coast Guard so that we may be able to prosper from trade-related jobs without further depleting our maritime environment.

Fred Felleman
Seattle

Reality Check

By Sue Ellen White-Hansen

Life after Office?

Probably the most interesting former officeholder on the American scene today is Jimmy Carter. His post-presidency has broken new ground. In fact, history is likely to remember him more for this than his tenure as 39th president.

But how are the region's "former finest" using the experience public office generously provided? Here's a reality check on the recently retired: Al Swift (16 years in the US House), Dwain Colby (eight joyful years as an Island County commissioner), and Tom Cowan (12 years as a San Juan County commissioner).

Swift's back in DC again, now in the common ex-public-official role of lobbyist. He's vice-president for government affairs for Burlington Northern. With children and grandchildren on the East Coast, the five-year contract he signed looked good, and his \$60,000 per year House pension definitely wouldn't go very far in the high-priced capital. The best thing about his new job? "Having the ability to spend a day at work without constant interruption."

Colby's on the road in a camper van somewhere between here and Mexico; he plans three months away. Imagine a Tecate with lime on a sunny, surf-washed shore... beats the basement of the courthouse. Jan Ford of the commissioner's office quipped, "He didn't leave us a number where he could be reached." Maybe he's learned enough in office to stay out of it. With retirement benefits from the county and the Marines, he won't need to find some way to pay off those gas cards upon return. Jan said he's written to the gov about an opening on the Puget Sound Water Quality Authority Board. It's a volunteer position and one Dwain would be well suited for, though with his training up in Coupeville, he's probably qualified to be a commando in Bosnia or a middle-school teacher.

I talked to Tom Cowan on the first morning of his new job as assistant director for external relations with the Puget Sound Water Quality Authority in Olympia. If this were a private-sector job, he'd be a lobbyist. But since the government doesn't lobby the government, he's a legislative liaison whose job is to make lawmakers aware of the concerns of his agency. "A lot (of the legislators) are new and will be anxious to learn. My job will be to educate them... on water quality and environment," he said. Keep your eyes on Cowan — his years of experience ought to serve us well in advocating for the PSQUA — we could reap big benefits for our tax dollars. Cowan has also paid into the public employees' pension fund as commissioner and will continue to do so with his \$53,616 per year salary. ■

Independent Crossword Puzzle

Answers to this issue's puzzle (from page 8)

N	A	S	U	S		E	D	E	V		S	E	I	P
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T	I	A		L	A	G		E	E	L	D			
S	G	N	I	H	L	I	L		D	E	R	A	O	R
			O	G	E		S	U	I	T	A	N	G	I
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E	G	N		R	E	W	O	P	M	E		L	I	T
S	G	A	R		E	E	L	A		H	T	O	L	S
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O	M	L	E		E	C	C	E		U	E	I	D	A
D	A	E	H		R	A	E	D		O	B	R	A	G

More Insights

Regarding "A Small, Wild Place" in No. 47, you invited readers to let you know of similar projects [to the Padden Creek Lagoon Revegetation Site]; the following are brief encounters of the third kind.

Texaco has invested the expertise of one of their geologists in a controlled experiment that will continue over the next several years. This involves wetlands restoration using indigenous plant species and assessing soil conditions from a different perspective than other similar efforts. That material is available upon request through Texaco and the site is located at the turn-off to Texaco en route to Anacortes.

Recently on a visit to Orcas Island, I met Joe Bullock, whom I have long admired for his efforts to introduce permaculture concepts to the Northwest. He has just returned from the former Soviet Union (CIS) where he spent a year and engaged a Soviet bride. While on Orcas I noticed buffalo and llama. According to *National Geographic*, buffalo hooves enhance soil conditions, while cattle create desertification. Llama are easily trained to protect sheep and other livestock. Disadvantages for both are startup costs (\$4,000/llama) and fencing for buffalo.

At a dramatic monologue in Bellingham regarding forestry issues, I met Michael Pilarski, who has just completed an exhaustive 528-page review of sustainable forestry practices. He has been endorsed by Bill Mollison (permaculture) and Chris Maser (forest scientist). [For information on Restoration Forestry, contact Friends of the Trees Society, Box 1064, Tonasket WA 98855.]

In conclusion, these recent encounters seemed more than coincidence until I chanced to read *The Celestine Prophecy* as a lark over the holidays. The last insight refers to restoration of wild 500-year-old forests. I wonder...

Peter Kelly
Bellingham

Splintering of the Vessel

Splintering

breaking free

growing to a point of no return.

Birthing the universe

is a metaphor for living

only alive only alive.

The vessel expands . . .

splinters from the force

of timeless growth

Love will not allow us

to sleep late

every day.

The fruit of existence

must be conceived.

Expanding, we must be with people, rugged individualism is death
smiling as lemmings head for the sea.

We evolved through cooperation.

We evolved with love.

The splintering of the vessel reminds us

there is no place to hide.

The World follows you home

and even gets in bed

with you.

Social saturation pushes us to limits

unimagined.

The splintering takes its toll.

Splintered live we our lives,

paradox piled on top of far too many choices

with hardly time to pause for one moment,

one easy breath, to savor, to enjoy, to play

in this beautiful garden.

(Every moment is a miracle,

every second an incredible gift.)

Splintered from the vessel of community we bump

and hurt and miss the deep bonds

that protect, nurture and love us.

Being alone is never enough.



The splintering of your mind grows deeper,
waiting for the vessel that will contain
the paradox.

You cannot connect these dots.

The logic is a letting go of the pretense of knowing.

Splintering of the vessel 40 times

he kept waiting for the fear to subside,

shedding skin like a snake too new to know.

A snake growing into a new life as the moon beckons

and waits for the Sun to cry.

The tension becomes unbearable, splintering the vessel.

"Be not afraid, my friend.

It is efflorescence smiling of its own accord."

The sound of the splintering is the sound of a scream

coming from the depths of your soul.

The scent you smell is your own dried blood.

The fear you taste is joy waiting for new vision.

Deep in the dark womb of the Earth the tension
of birth is all around me.

God birthing Himself/Herself.

On the surface the envelope has been so wounded . . .

my heart hurts realizing how many think

the earth, the rock is inert . . . dead.

The vessel splinters giving birth to ever more love,

ever more beauty.

The vessel of my fear splinters.

I open my arms.

I open my heart, once again.

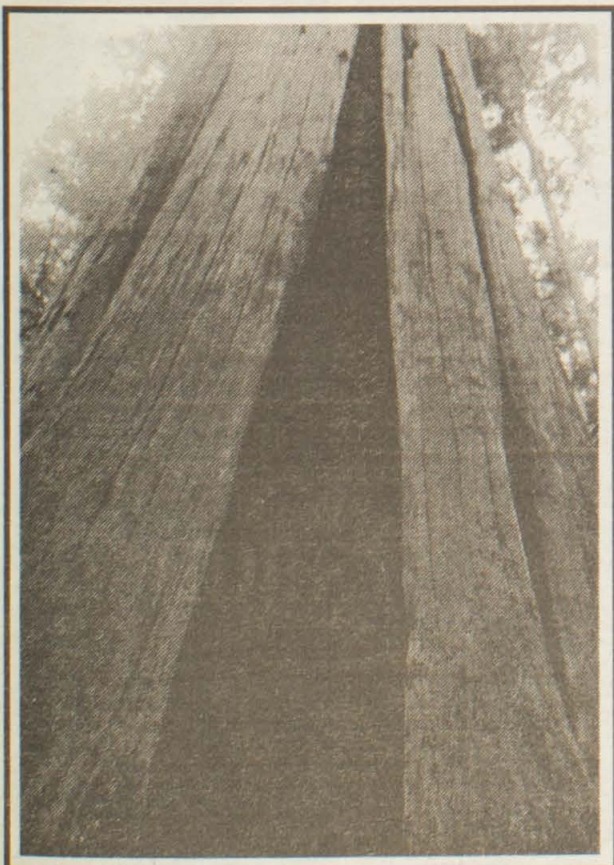
Love Hurts.

Love Heals.

Love Hurts.

Love Heals. . .

— Robert Francis Johnson



Photos: Erik Kvilaas

Poet, sculptor, counselor, and classic underachiever Robert F. Johnson lives in Clinton.

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