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 Clinton St. Quarterly
EDITORIAL

Summer is the time when we, citizens of a great nation, pause to celebrate our political heritage and consider what it means to be free. Freedom as opposed to slavery, as opposed to tyranny, as opposed to unreasonable constraint. What inevitably results, however, as we cast our eyes on the skyward, in honor of the brave men and women who have struggled to create and defend that freedom, is the thought that in power it is up to them to reduce it to the level of jingoism. Freedom becomes prosperity, freedom becomes unassailable might, freedom becomes a military solution to every challenge, threat, plight or retribution as a nation experience. This year, as our economy sinks ever further into a morass of indebtedness, fueled now largely by defense spending, we are being challenged to enter into the space war, where once again we are assured we are far behind. Our national security of freedom becomes the rationale for even further plundering of the public's purse.

Part of the problem is our nation's obsession with and genius for creating new technology. It requires its own language, and ultimately its own way of thinking. Such language consists of precise scientific descriptions of a world that is totally mutable, whose essence is change. Or when such language proves inapplicable, euphemisms are substituted to cloud the bitter reality. Thus a garbage burner becomes a "resource recovery" plant.

One of the strengths of our culture has been its ability to adapt, to adjust constantly to the future in our present. But in many ways this has left us uncertain, confused, unsure of what things mean, what is right. Ronald Reagan and his cohorts have taken upon themselves to set us straight, to reduce all this confusion by a return to the "tried and true," however mythological, while they plunge further into the world of high-tech solutions to their concerns. We can never return, nor would we want to, to the simple world of our forebears, for behind the façade of peaceful streets and happy families lies another reality of sexual and racial oppression and colonialism we have been struggling to overcome these past 30 years. If things seem confusing now, it is because the old models no longer apply, and the new world is not yet a reality.

Confused or not, few of us are incapable of listing a long litany of problems that face us. But what we need now is a larger vision of freedom not limited to our shores, not limited to our time. The challenge of surviving into the next century is upon us. To make it, together, we must commit ourselves to long-term efforts which avoid the easy fixes or the idea that our freedom is possible at the expense of others on the planet.

Let us celebrate our freedoms, our hopes and opportunities. May we make them universal.
The scientific tradition is everywhere," says architect Michael Graves, "and while some things should look machine-like, others should not. Houses and offices are two of them."

Whatever else people say about Graves' remarkable building designs, he is never accused of creating structures that look like machines. Ancient temples perhaps, or buildings out of Flash Gordon serials — his work has been both praised and condemned. What Graves, who is also an interior designer, painter, and Princeton University professor, has done to create so much controversy among the professional establishment and people on the street alike, is to make buildings that challenge conventional ideas about what architecture should be.

With his recent work, such as the Portland Building, now nearing completion, Graves flies in the face of 80 years of architectural tradition. He rejects, in his work and his writing, the stagnation of the Modernist movement, the once-vital architectural rebellion that resulted in the glass and steel boxes that have become fixtures of the contemporary skyline. Graves feels that by turning the ideal of industrial efficiency into an architectural aesthetic, the Modernists lost track of human beings, the value of poetry, and the role that myth and archetype play in our lives.

In the following drawings from Michael Graves' sketchbook, we're given an opportunity to see this adventurous artist and architect's ideas develop, as he works his way toward a design that will soon become a landmark of the Portland skyline.
be afternoon in October, an elderly gentleman came into Ancient Currents Gallery (in San Francisco) and plumped a stack of color photos down on my desk. Why this venerable man would select this gallery, I don't know. For our era of international and modern artists influenced by the tropics, baffled me. Soon I made an appointment to see the work in person. There, sitting in a living room whose walls were crowded with works by Mr. Loewenberg, as well as lithographs by Chagall, Dali, Miro and Picasso, we sat comfortably downing rounds of schnapps while the artist, aided by quips from his wife, Lisbeth, conversed his way around nearly a century of creative living.

Suddenly, I realized the connection. I had been so busy looking into and gathering works that inter-relate modern and "primitive" art, I hadn't realized that here was a patriarch in the very same field, a fellow quite modern but also of a tribe a tribe I share through my mother, who like Bruno Loewenberg, is one of the few members to carry our heritage, as it should be, from ancient to current.

The Jews were the first tribe to decide to enter Western Civilization and still maintain their codes. It wasn't until the 1900s that the "middle ages" were lifted from the shoulders of European Jewry. There were still pogroms as late as 1920, but in Germany, the "Rights of Man" had finally filtered across the border and for a generation life seemed to open up. Jews could vote, hold office, and create their own world and art, which they did wholeheartedly, both in ethnic forms such as the Yiddish Theater, and as major components of the Expressionists, Dadaists, Surrealists and Fantastic Realists.

It is my conviction that this change in the arts, and its obvious symbolic effect on society, was instrumental in fueling the paranoid classicist backlash arch-typified by Adolph Hitler. More schizophrenic than the average politician, who generally condones all backroom debauchery, Hitler sported some of the most small-minded aesthetics in all of Europe. The cure he instituted for his ailing fatherland was severe cultural amputation, but imagine how enraged he must have been when his "Decadent Art Show," designed to indicate the degeneration of post-1900 art, was ignored among his fellow Aryans. What undoubtedly disturbed him the most in modern art was the tendency of the artists to express the two sides of things, equally and simultaneously (like Picasso's noses), a concept abhorrent to a schizophrenic for whom division is the basic nature of life.

As the noose of cultural control tightened around Middle Europe, the creative minds had to work faster and better. Some saw the "endgame" of such rigid cultural competition and fled; others, not so fortunate, survived through the strength of their inner vision. My personal need to understand how this could be done by sensitive souls and how they could maintain their awareness, led me to encourage Mr. Loewenberg to speak on such topics. It is a delicate subject that I wouldn't broach with everyone. Sometimes I did a beautiful painting and destroyed it.

Art is the preservation of our childhood: the world of fantasy, of myths and ceremonies. Art is the growth to manhood, to grow up into the computerized world of today. The symbiosis of both parts harmoniously is art. Everybody manages that more or less when playing with miniature railroads. The fantastic world of dreams is the nucleus of our artistic creations.

To walk into nature, to feel nature, to be nature provides us with the

golden star and the company insignia... I observed him always.

No one can say for sure what is the very source of his artistry. Courage of super-human dimension is necessary to present your own concept, free of all conventions. In the end art is freedom. It makes you free to think, to feel, to do your own thing. I did one of my best paintings in half an hour. Sometimes I did a beautiful painting and destroyed it.

Art is the preservation of our childhood: the world of fantasy, of myths and ceremonies. Art is the growth to manhood, to grow up into the computerized world of today. The symbiosis of both parts harmoniously is art. Everybody manages that more or less when playing with miniature railroads. The fantastic world of dreams is the nucleus of our artistic creations.

To walk into nature, to feel nature, to be nature provides you with the

essential means to create. Go and do it! The universe creates the music but the human heart performs it. There must be a sense, a meaning in a painting, or it is all craziness. Sure the artist is crazy... he must be crazy because he cannot accept everything he sees. He has to bend it into another creation. This is why Cezanne is so great, because he changed the picture of the world and of nature.

There is an intriguing similarity between a painting and human life. In life you move from place to place, according to your adventurous impulse. At each station you grow larger, on the way to each you destroy so many
It was a very beautiful time [the late Twenties]. People were coming in from all over Europe ... many artists. Some were very successful because Berlin had the quickest impulse.

had to learn for three years. Without these three years, you could not be a bookman in Germany, no. Here you can be a bookman from one day to the next.

IB: Were most of the people Jewish?
BL: No, everything Jewish was hidden.

IB: Did they know you were Jewish?
BL: Of course, they must have known; they only had to look at my name — Loewenberg. Do you know where the name Loewenberg comes from? In the Middle Ages the Jews were not permitted to live in a city, so to live somewhere they had to have

who is not anti-semitic?

IB: Oh, many! My first wife, she wanted to be Jewish. She kept telling me, but I had to tell her ... it's not a question of a little water or something. You just have to be born. My friend Tepper ... he is not only my friend but a bookman like myself. He was a bookman at one time in the shop where I worked. Then he opened his own shop and became very successful. When everything was over [the war] he became a supervisor of the city. We visited him and he led us to the various places of which he took care. There were some memorials erected to the memory of the people his say, he took his life. He did the right thing. He delivered mankind from one of the most horrible crimes there was. Fortunately mankind did not have to come up with a trick against him. He made the trial himself, by killing himself. That is enough for me.

IB: Did any of the artists know what was happening?
BL: No ... not until it was too late. They were very naive. This one woman wanted to introduce me to Goebbels, whom she knew, as if talking with me, a beloved friend of hers, a human being, would make a difference.

IB: Did you go?

BL: No.

BL: They thought they could change politics with art?

BL: Yes ... I want to tell you a story, a hat, or as we were having a party, everybody was drinking, on a side street in Berlin. And across the street, a small street, was a bookstore where arrived a truck of S.S. men and they rounded up all the people from the house. We continued to have our fun. Some of us made jokes even ... "where do you think you must have done something." Politicians were always very naive. They heard stories we didn't know; we thought they were political.

IB: But the art scene was still safe, even with the Dadaists or whoever?
BL: Sure, just like them. And we lived in the cities. When you were working in the bookstores amongst the people in the plebeians, flowering names, they are not dignitaries, a count who took care of my ancestors, was a fellow by the name of Graff ... Count Von Loewenberg. All the Jews living under his protection took the name. This is how we have all the Silversteins, the ale-piebaldus, flowering names, they are all Jewish.

IB: Was there much anti-semitism when you were working in the bookstore amongst the people in the shop?
BL: Don't ask too much, you see it opens a book for me. My life with anti-semitism is a special chapter; I don't know where to begin.

IB: Well, just tell us a few things to give an idea.

IB: How about the fact that she was a gentle woman?
BL: All my friends were Aryans. Nobody asked, like America ... a free country. Not until Hitler came; Hitler made an issue out of it and what an issue. He had his men working for that. Since I told you I was a person who is not politically minded ... a non-political person is a non-fighter ... I let it go. Hitler was there, he had to participate, his showing of decadence of the arts. The artists had one advantage; they were not Jews. I knew them all, from when I had the bookstore. Two things. I sold many of their works, engravings and lithographs by a very good Berlin publishing house. Everyone was buying them. They were reasonably priced, etchings by whoever was having a big show, the newest thing. I put up small exhibitions in my shop.

IB: Who?
BL: Schmitt-Rottluff ... Pechstein, Hofer, Otto Muller, Beckman.

IB: Who bought these works?
BL: Oh, business people with a high style, but they had a certain instinct, a nose for where they could find art. I once had a Teniers ... I think it was Rural Elder — a Dutch painter. So I took it to this guy, the owner of Lysol — you know it is a German company? He looked at it for a long time ... I waited. Then he gave it back to me. He said he couldn't buy it. And he told me then from on I should know that he never buys anything for less than 50,000 marks. So next time I come I should ... remember.

IB: How about the artists, how did they live?
BL: Well, we were in coffeehouses mostly. It was a big enclave, all these cabaret people were coming up from Vienna and opening theaters. Everyone was in the coffeehouses. Brecht was there. Always talking ... some of them were very poor. There was this one painter, a friend of mine ... Hoextner. A drug addict. His clothes were ruined. He used to go around in the cafes from table to table asking each person for ten cents ... ten cents until he had a dollar fifty, then he would run off to the pharmacy to buy coke. Cocaine. They used to offer it to me ... all the time. I never tried any but it was everywhere, in the cafes, at all the tables. The artists would either have to accept it or ignore it. Hoextner always had his equipment with him. He would inject himself in the leg, in the hand. The patrons, in the cafe, and continue talking all the while. He lived in a hovel; he took me there once. He walked in a stool with a wild look on his face. Sometimes we would go to the museums or galleries ... we would listen in on what people were saying and then say things to them. We had many arguments with the bourgeoisie. They would think we were crazy; we wore funny clothes. Everyone that one thing by one we always wore, one guy had these funny glasses on, or a scar on which one would depend.

IB: Sort of like hippies?
BL: Sure, just like them. And we used to go out all the time. I think we were sort of scared of ourselves all in a group. We used to go to the theater or to hear music. It was a very beautiful time. People were coming in from all over Europe ... many artists. Stories we didn't know; we thought it was political. Berlin had the quickest impulse.

IB: How about the thirties ... during the inflation?
BL: Ha ha ha ... you don't know what inflation is. I was afraid to sell a book. Today five hundred, then the next day it is worth a thousand and the next week a million.

IB: Did people help each other out during the inflation, or was there sharing of food or something?
BL: No, I really don't know how we survived. People left their houses in the city with a bag with whatever val-
If you come into a concentration camp or prison your mind changes right away; you are no longer the old person. Where do I sleep? Where do I get my food? These questions become no longer, in fact, all the other metaphysical questions disappear.

It is still my habit here in San Francisco. When we go to the restaurant I order a soup, wonderful clam chowder. Who thought clam chowder in the camps? Nobody. Now all this makes you strong.

many days? Almost 400 days to come up with metaphysical questions. Questions which have nothing to do with your whole life, these I call metaphysical.

IB: This fellow the politician, as someone in the German political structure, did he offer any reason or philosophy behind what was happening?

IB: No, we talked about living writers, poets and so forth. He knew under no circumstances he would come out of the camps alive. Because there he would die in the camp. There was a whole company of Viennese artists, actors, in the same part I was living. All the famous actors from Vienna were sitting there darning socks. One day I got horrible pain like sciatica, so they sent me to a place where I could sit. This was not great. They only sent me there because if I was not supposed to speak about it... This they told me as I was leaving.

BL: So there was absolutely no artistic expression amongst these cabaret people? Did they ever sing, was there any small theater? Any form?

BL: No songs, we had no orchestra. The birds never sang. We had an orchestra, a band. There were professional musicians among the thousands of prisoners, and they formed the band. And every afternoon they played when you came back from work; we came through the Big O, our various barracks where we lived, but before we went to our barracks, the whole camp had to be standing on the parade place to make roll call, every afternoon about 5 o'clock. There was music. On this side there were whistling posts, if you were marked for punishment, you were strapped in on a wooden horse on one leg, and there we stood an S.S. man with a big whip, and on the other an S.S. man would count one ... two till 25. If it happened every day, and during the punishment of the poor fellow who was very badly hurt, we saw their bottoms all out, and during their arrestation the damn orchestra played the famous band song, pope ple ... da ... die. There we had songs and we were not only suffering, he was

BL: In this case, was there anything amongst the people privately?

BL: No, there was no private con

IB: There were no services?

BL: No, there was no private connection, not even in discussion, not a connection. You see every body had blistered off, everybody had sick faces. And the concentration camp was never to recognize a person who comes out of the camps. An historically established U.S. court of law it was ruled that it is not an illusion. Those were camps. An historically established fact.

BL: And you should think that a story like Hitler's would be an atom bomb, would be a nuclear kind, somehow opposite the Jews. They were not particularly anti-semitism ... not a bit. You think we left anti-semitism? I have nothing against the Aryans. Nobody against the Nazis, my aunts, all my uncles, all my cousins there were all killed, all of them. They were all killed in concentration camps. I have nothing to represent my family.

IB: But your sister was the one who was killed.

BL: She got a ticket for me, and she was taken to the concentration camp.

IB: Why didn't she get out too?

BL: I think she was a good Catholic, she was never a question.

IB: Did you get out before? I was in the coffee shop, having coffee, the Berlin time or the time in the concentration camp.

IB: No, I think that is important for the young people of today to know these things.

IB: What good is it?

IB: Maybe the whole world can learn from the mistakes we are making as human beings...

IB: Is this from your own nature or a situation?

IB: No, my nature. To live in peace, it is an illusion. I have the illusion I live in peace, I don't want to know another thing. I don't want to know if he is Lebanese, or what. Leave me alone. Maybe it's illusion. I don't want to know if he is anti-Jew or what. Leave me alone. You know where I was living, Kurfursten Damm... pie... da... die. There we had singing, we could talk. Silently we were sitting there, we never talked, nor did we play any music. There was music. There was no connection, not even in discussion, not a connection.

IB: Who put that there?

IB: The Authorities — Hitler.

IB: Because they knew there were artists there?

IB: That nobody had the idea to sing. Could be that someone starts to sing, ah, ah, no such thing — only birds are singing. Ha, ha, I must laugh if I think about it. But I am sitting here telling you about the camp, I should smash the [tape] machine. I didn't have the idea to tell you about the camp. It was forbidden to me. They swore if I ever told anything about the camp they would send an undersea boat to catch me on the high seas. They would get me anywhere; I was not supposed to speak about it... This they told me as I was leaving.

IB: So there was absolutely no artistic expression amongst these cabaret people? Did they ever sing, was there any small theater? Any form?

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and if you are able to maintain these traits you stay young to create your own work ... independent of old age.

IB: One time during our conversation, you said you went into the concentration camp as if you were a "puppy." Somehow the same naivety and spontaneity you seem to feel carried you through them. Am I correct?

BL: Oh yeah, it has a lot to do with survival because the reality of things doesn't touch you. At least not as much as your own fantasies. Your own image of your own self, they are stronger.

You eat once a day in the concentration camp; you get a bowl of soup — no meat, but you eat this soup with great hunger, eager to have it, on long tables. If somebody died, the same moment he died everyone was grabbing his bowl. In the camp after this operation when they cut open my hand, you can still see here, and they took out the pus and then they threw me ... out of a back door into a field. There was no anesthesia, nobody had any. They operated as you were, in full consciousness ... they cut you up everywhere. As I came out into this field where everybody was sitting, I had to start work. Because in the concentration camp it is forbidden to have time to rest. This is the principle. They make you work even if you are drowsy. They gave me a basket of twigs and some sharp glass splinters which you took between your knees, and with your one free hand you had to shave the skin off the limb; this is what you had to do. There was another basket where you put the shavings. All this you had to do but all this kept you very healthy. I never was hungry.

I never was ... I never desired more than a bowl of soup. It is still my habit here in San Francisco. When we go to the restaurant, I order a bowl of soup. It's good enough for me, wonderful, clam chowder. Who thought clam chowder in the camps? Nobody. Now this all makes you strong ... if you want to become 91 years old, take a hard life on you. A life of a Spartan warrior. You have to take such a life, then when you become old you will never be sick ... for there is no reason to be sick because there is nothing unhealthy that you are doing ... working. If you are 91 years old, you have many thoughts of dying; everybody older thinks of dying. I am not willing to die ... to extinguish my consciousness. I'm not willing to give this up. But the question is, what ability do I have to influence this? Everyone wants to die in their sleep, a wonderful death. Okay, this is a book written by Michel Georges Michel; he wrote about all the artists of the twenties in Montmartre and about Vertes, a great German painter. Vertes was close to the circus. He made some studies of aerial acrobats. There was a young girl, he invited her up to his studio. They had the following talk, now I will tell you what life is, right away! "When you are up there suspended between life and death, I suppose it must be an exhilarating and terrifying moment in spite of your being used to it." "No," she said, "we are just used to it as you say." "But you talk to each other, don't you? I saw you talking last night when you stopped for a second." "Oh, that was nothing." "I'm sure you said something." "It wasn't anything. My partner said there is a coat that a woman was wearing in one of the boxes. He said it was fur, and I thought it was monkey. When we were on the ground again we found out which one of us was right." That is what life is! In a moment you are hanging between life and death. Which you always do. Any moment you are between life and death ... and you are having such conversations. I love this book.

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uses are boring to look at. They're big, they block your view. So when Tri-Met commissioned artist Scott McIntire to design the Zoo Bus, it was a promising beginning for turning those lumbering boxes into something interesting.

But what if a number of artists had their own buses to design, we wondered, somewhat perversely. So we contacted ten artists and entities, shall we say, each doing exciting individual work — some, painters with established galleries; one art collective who call themselves The Girl Artists. Eleven artists, others working in more experimental veins — some young, some older — to see what they would come up with.

The results, as you can see, are all over the map. We thank and tip our hats to all the artists who participated, for joining us in this scheme and for the contribution their everyday work makes to the artistic life of the city.

As for the rest of you, we suggest you gather up your shopping bags and attach cases and put yourself in the place of those passersby as around the corner rumbles the 26...
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91 AM RADIO
Post-Conservative America

In the article that follows, Kevin Phillips provides a thought-provoking, discomfitting look at the lineup of forces on the horizon as the Reagan troops begin their retreat. Not given to the easy fix, he describes a nation demoralized, disenchanted, and in search of a politics which can turn things around. He envisions an alliance "based not on nostalgias for free-market economics, but on a corporatist approach".

Yet, as Phillips so kindly puts it, "the future usually belongs to the optimists, while predictions of disaster are forgotten." This piece is a successor to recent articles in the CGO, in which William Appleman Williams, Derek Shearer, and candidates Jerry Rust and Joe Uris offered up a vision of hope and models for action. Let the disparity of resources, especially financial, tempt us into inaction, consider the alternative Phillips outlines. We bring it to you as a stimulus for action, as a counterpoint to the simplistic notion that being right is an issue is enough — being right is only a beginning.

Those of us concerned about social change, nuclear survival and equitable democracy must not surrender such visions, but instead must learn to target our appeal to those whose shared resentments toward the powerful in society can easily be subverted by forces on the far right. It is thus incumbent on us to bring forward more than critique — our job must be developing workable models of change which are meaningful to most people.

This article is based on Phillips' forthcoming book, Post-Conservative America, and is reprinted with permission from The New York Review of Books. Copyright © 1982 Lyons, Inc.

Post-Conservative America

By Kevin Phillips

The question for the political analyst is no longer whether Ronald Reagan will succeed or fail. He is failing, and attention must now focus upon the ramifications and dimensions of that failure. What kind of response can we expect from Reaganites committed to preserving a center-right political coalition? And will the present conservatism of Middle America, a conservatism that in my view already possesses a strong radical component, metamorphose into a radicalism of an extreme sort?

It didn't take a genius to predict on Inauguration Day that Reaganism would unravel. The omens were hardly bright for the nostalgic restoration of Reagan's ideology, or for the associated vulnerability and volatility of the electoral coalition subscribing to that ideology, or for Reagan's patent- ly contradictory fusion of monetarism and supply-side economics, or for a presidential regime announcing that it would combat the global currents of inflation with maxims out of McGurk- ley's Reader and Calvin Coolidge.

Any observer can see that both Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher have been trying to re-create the halcyon days of American and British expansion. But the electoral indignation that helped to elect Reagan in the United States was something quite different from what the British voters felt when they plunked for Thatcher, a Tory politician. In short — and the full genealogical details are available in thousands of political parish registers — the Reagan Revolution, the rise of the Religious Right, and the various tax revolts of the late 1970s were evidence less of conservatism than of populism in the fiscal and cultural tradition of Shay's Rebellion of 1788, the Whiskey Rebellion of 1794, the great religious revivals of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, not to speak of the presidential campaigns of Andrew Jackson and William Jennings Bryan.

For the White House to assume that there exists a popular desire to embrace the conservative economics of Adam Smith, Andrew Mellon, Milton Friedman, Arthur Laffer, and the Business Roundtable says very little for the Reaganites' understanding of American electoral politics and of its own mandates. The fact is that periods of economic turmoil in the United States have never thrown up a Tory or a conservative politics, but have produced instead politicians with nicknames like "Pitchfork Ben," "Sockless Jerry," and "The King Fish." A similar populism and socio-economic yeast now bubbles just below the surface of what is called Reagan conservatism, and if the current regime miscarries — in the wake of the liberal failure that preceded it — American party politics and perhaps even the American system could undergo very great change.

Bear in mind that in 1979 and 1980, poll after poll turned up 70 to 80 percent of the public believing that the United States had gone off on the wrong track: 30 to 45 percent expressed major doubts about the effectiveness of the U.S. political system; 50 percent favored a new party; 60 percent thought that we might need a leader who would bend the rules a bit; and 40 to 50 percent felt that it might be necessary to use force to restore the American way of life. Should a Reagan failure become apparent we may see a return to this disillusionment — economic, cultural, political, and institutional.

In my opinion, this renewed disillusionment will almost certainly pro-
The political antecedents of the New Right are more populist than conservative, and its fundamental political loyalties are to anti-establishment cultural and social values, not to the free market.

Reagan's surprise 10-point landslide of 1980 was quickly read as something it was not; a mandate for experimental conservative, pro-business, pro-upper-bracket economics.

T\n
The political antecedents of the New Right are more populist and Jacksonian than conservative, and its fundamental political loyalties are to anti-establishment cultural and social values, not to the free market. This accounted for the New Right's support of Reagan's candidacy. And
and the converging issues affected not so much the elite but the "Middle Americans," from farmer to insurance clerk, were unhappy about the shape and direction of the society and politics. Little in our past suggested that such frustration would fine expression in traditional conservatism. Movements of alienated groups had usually been populist and radical, though sometimes the radicalism veered to the right (as with the nativists of the 1950s, the Ku Klux Klan sentiment of the 1920s, or McCarthyism of the 1950s). The notion of popular frustration breeding conservatism seemed hardly credible. Only a small number of commentators saw that once again the nation would turn to the right and this time might become the most important such wave in American history.

It now seems beyond dispute that inflation, cultural and moral revolution, the first American wartime defeat and consequent frustrated nationalism — later complicated by humiliation over the hostages in Iran — produced a change toward the right in the late 1970s. And as that happened, many old radical constellations were swept up in the same reaction. Skeptics have only to look at the old electoral statistics and see how the East Side and Brooklyn Orthodox Jewish neighborhoods, once strong for Socialist and American Labor Party strongholds of the 1930s or 1950s, in 1980 and 1984 voted for Ford and Reagan. Those were the first electoral constituencies on which Reagan impressed with his conservative values, and where he scored 30 to 40 points better than Ford is the core of Farm Belt values, traditional in the South where he was the most popular Democratic candidate since World War II? The arch-Catholic counties of the Midwest that supported the liberal Reagan in 1980, heavily supported Bush in 1988. The Tea Party in Tennessee, the New Right in Illinois, the Coughlinite splinter party candidates for President in 1936. Ronald Reagan was not alone well in the middle-class radical precincts of Manhattan, Cambridge, Aspen, and San Francisco, but he did extraordinarily well for a Republican in a region with genuinely radical populists.

One wants to understand the radical nature of the Reagan coalition and the growth of the right between the early 1970s and the late 1980s, several theories and generalizations have been advanced. The first is Seymour Martin Lipset's notion of "Center extremism": the idea that a shift toward political extremism takes place when traditional politics breaks down and the people turn toward radical beliefs that do not fit conventional ideas of "right" or "left." Lipset argues that in practice "center extremism" — the radicalization of the electoral middle — has been closely linked to various degrees of fascism, communism, or nationalism. A second theory, closely related, is Donald Warren's notion of "American Radicals," who make up, in Warren's words, the "third tradition" within American electorate — men and women whose anger is directed at rich and left. According to this notion the American electorate breaks into three groups: the Working Group, which is formed of all the people who have been affected by the industrialization of this country and the cultural revolution; the Liberal Group, which is composed of all those people who are discontented with the political system, with the economic system, with the cultural system, and who feel that there is something wrong with the way things are going; and the Right-wing Group, which is composed of people who feel that things are going too fast, that things are changing too quickly, that the government is not doing enough to control the economy, that the corporations are too powerful, and that the minorities are not being protected.

By calling attention to these differences, I mean to be provocative. Well aware of the dangers of compar- ing American political developments to those in Europe, I would like to suggest that there are at least four rough parallels between the United States of the late 1970s and early 1980s and Weimar Germany in the late twenties. First, the impact of inflation and the resulting frustration of the middle classes; the second is the trauma of a nation's first defeat in war — World War I for Germany, Vietnam for the United States. Third, the antipathy of the German Volk and much of Middle America toward the ensuing postwar "lib- eration" of moral, cultural, and sexual standards; and fourth is the pervasive erosion of faith in rationality, in the belief in the fairness, responsiveness, and effectiveness of political institutions as such. Within a nation, such frustrations accumulate only slowly — and rarely. Obviously, the traditionally Germanic forms of reaction would have no place here; yet it seems quite reasonable to suggest that a kindred sense of debility could, and indeed already has, expressed itself in indigenous forms of radicalism. During the late 1960s, one of the biggest mistakes made by most polit- ical sociologists was to assume that the dominant alienation, radicalism, and poli- ticians of the period were en- compassed and defined by the left. Social studies of American antinor- mativist demonstrations on antwar demonstrators, on the activ- ists led by Ralph Nader on marijuana lobbyists, and other pre- dominate, a middle-class radical group, which I shall call the "middle-class radicals" or the "middle-class radicals" -- a group of intellectuals who attacked the institutions of secular liberalism and called for the reassertion of values of tradition and nationalism. Of course, the European precedents will not apply neatly to Walch, Levi- town, or South Boston. A significant point made by Lipset and Warren is that a powerful movement can flow from the great economic and cultural depression that we are experiencing today. And as that kind of movement gathers force in an atmos- phere of economic and cultural depression, it will usually rally around programs and policies that are similar to those of the left-wing movements that have been - and are - historically. They have probably been obscurantist, statist, and nationalist. The political theories of the radicalized "middle" tend to respond to cultural nationalism and to reject the liberal individualism and the moral radicalism, and to believe in the need for a nationalistic pride and grandeur, and in a people's right to protect their national security. Its slogans tend to be along the lines of "Work, Family, Homeland," and "The people." The middle-class radicals also in the past have been quite successful in the electoral arena. During the past fifteen years, the political revolt of the lower-middle and lower-middle classes have been at work in two elections, 1972 and 1976, and have been successful in both elections in 1980 and 1984.
Wallace supporters and New Right (voters) are hostile to the rich and to big business at the same time as they dislike minorities and the liberal politi-
cicians who seem to favor minority in-
terests over those of the white work-
ing class. By hitching his political future to the fiscal theories of Calvini
about a party realignment; but this prospect crumbled after Watergate and with it the possibility of a rela-
tively restrained New Majority coali-
tion. Diverted from realignment by
Watergate, both the Republicans and
the Democrats lost their coherence and
creative direction. And in the
total vote, with substantial strength
across much of the Bible Belt. Or it
may happen that the Middle-American
right could once again be part of a
broader, conservative coalition under
a resurgent Reagan or another charis-
tmatic figure.

Those who find a Helms candidacy
implausible, in view of the pressures
of the two-party system in a presidenti-

diary, have yet another factor
— or rather three factors — to con-
sider: the small but potentially signif-
ificant strength of the Citizens Party
(under whose banner Barry Com-
morner ran for president in 1980),
the continuing nationwide organization of the Libertarian Party, and the near
certainty that 1980 Independent can-
didate John Anderson will run for
president again in 1984. If three splinter
parties, why not four, or even
more?
The larger trend of politics in the
Western democracies is compatible
with such a splintering process. From
Canada and Britain to Belgium and
Germany, fragmentation is taking place.
In a post-industrial time minor
parties are feeding on the breakdown
and increasing irrelevance of old par-
ty loyalties fashioned during the era
of industrialization. And the process
seems to be gathering force as the
ideologies of the left and right prove
unable to solve contemporary eco-
nomic difficulties.
The trend in post-industrial areas of
our country — university towns, high-
technology centers, "gentrified" ur-
ban brownstone neighborhoods, envi-
ronmentalist centers, prosperous
resort areas, and so forth — provides
a fascinating "progressive" counter-
point to the populist "conservative"

trend in so many Southern fundamen-
talist counties and Northern blue-
collar neighborhoods. If the relevance
of the existing party system is being
relishedly undercut on the one hand

The present two-party system is
coming to resemble a sinking ship,
battered and increasingly weakened
in each Presidential election by
angry constituencies and interest
groups that seem like loose
cannons on a deck.

Coolidge's and Herbert Hoover's trea-
sury secretary Andrew Mellon and by
making the White House notable for
its West Coast millionaires, mink
coats, and Cadillac Fleetwoods,
Reagan, too, has offended these frus-
trated Middle Americans.

If the two-party system were vital
and resiliant, it would be tempting
to ask where else the Middle-
American Radical can go. But the pre-

tent two-party system is coming to
resemble a sinking ship, battered
and increasingly weakened in each presi-
dential election by angry constitu-
cies and interest groups that seem
like loose cannons on a deck. My own
view is that the two-party system was
gravely weakened in the first half of
the 1970s. In 1972 the Republicans
seemed capable of solidifying their
gains in the South and of bringing

meanwhile, economic and political
dissillusionment, fragmentation, and
Balkanization of the parties took on
dimensions that grew by 1980 to a
level unmatchted since the days
before the Civil War.

At the moment, I would say that
there is a 20 to 30 percent chance
that either the radicalized New Right con-
servatives will take over the Republi-
can Party by 1984, driving out many
others, or the New Right will be look-

ing for a new party vehicle of its own
because of antipathy toward the
GOP's hie apparent, Vice-President
George Bush, who is seen as tied to
the "establishment." Senator Jesse
Helms of North Carolina, a leading
spokesman for fundamentalist moral-
ity and anti-Wall Street economics,
is probably the most plausible New
Right splinter candidate; if circum-
cstances were favorable Helms could
probably draw 10 to 15 percent of the

by the populist-conservative volatility of "Middle-American Radicals." It is being simultaneously undercut on the other hand by the opposite cultural tendency. One can almost see the basis of a major new antagonism that could help to disrupt the current party system: "double-knit" populist conservative fundamentalists versus what some politicians refer to as "wine-and-cheese" neoliberals. The Republican-Democrat system, with its roots in the social and economic patterns of the Civil War period, may be unable to encompass these new alignments.

So if the populist "conserva-
tives" represent, as I think they do, a 20 to 25 percent slice of the electorate, with a heavy geographic bias to the Sun Belt, the Farm Belt, and the Rocky Mountains (not to mention a differ-
ent, by the way, from the earlier popu-
list geography of William Jennings Bryan), the distribution of the splinter
vote for the new liberal parties and candidates of 1980 is also fascinat-
ing. Taken together, John Anderson and the Libertarian and Citizen's Party
nominees drew roughly 8 percent of the national vote two years ago, but
that number spans a broad regional
parity. Across the heart of Dixie, from the Rust Belt to the West Texas Bible Belt, these three candidates had very little support — no more than 1 to 2 percent. But from Down East Maine and Cape Cod to the Pacific Northwest, with major in-
termediate concentrations in Mid-
west university towns and the new high-tech industrial suburbs of Min-
neapolis, Miami, and San Francisco
and Albu-
querque, the three campaigns drew a respectable 10 to 20 percent of the presidential vote.

Even more significant, there was a strong correlation between splinter-
party voting in post-industrial areas and concentration of high incomes and advanced education (to say noth-
ing of the title but very real correla-
tion with passive solar houses, ski resorts, executives, and graduate students). In 1984, the three dissent-
ing elements together — assuming Anderson could attract 10 to 15 percent of the total U.S. presiden-
tial vote.

The splinter-party tendencies of U.S. presidential politics are always worth taking seriously. They have often served to predict the change that one can only at least one of the major parties shifts ground to em-
brace a new pivotal theme or constitu-
ency. An important exception to this pattern occurred in the years before the Civil War, when the abolitionist movement and the Free-Soil splinter party threatened a new, dominant party based on shared ideas and regional interests — the Republican Party. Intriguingly, the 1960 Anderson campaign was the first time since then in which a splinter party made an impressive showing in the most affluent, best-educated, and most technologically advanced sec-
ctions of the country. Something im-
portant is taking shape, and Reagan-
ism may fuel its emergence by spur-
ing further moderate GOP break-
aways.

Tough positions on economic policy are still evolving on both sides, the Dixie and New Right funda-
mentals and the post-industrial neoliberal voice are polar opposites on most issues — certainly religious, environmental, civil libertarian, and military foreign-policy matters. To underscore the large significance of post-industrialism, we are seeing the emergence or growth of splinter par-
ties in other countries: the Social Democratic/liberal alliance in Britain, the Free Democrats in West Ger-
many, the Greens in Germany and Belgium, and the New Democratic Party in Canada. All draw heavily on university communities, environmen-
talists, and middle-class professional-
als, people whose cultural and eco-
nomic attitudes are often at odds with those of blue-collar workers, union leaders, or old-style politicians like U.S. House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill (whom one politician has called a "paleo-liberal").

The trend to a populist lower-
middle-class conservatism — a con-
servatism that may not be conserv-
ative at all — is also increasingly ap-
parent elsewhere in the West — in the British conservatism of Margaret Thatcher, the French Gaullism of Jacques Chirac, the German Christian Democratic Party wing run by Franz-Josef Strauss, and the militant popu-
list/nationalist religious attitudes of Israel's Menachem Begin. Is this, in turn, the influ-
ence of both "Old Right" establish-
mentarian conservatism and paleo-
liberalism has been on the wane.

Despite the weakness of Reagan-
omics and the instability of the Reagan coalition, the basic geopoli-
tical tilt of the United States toward the ever-expanding Sun Belt — still favors the right. Hither to, the populist movements of the South and the West have generally been a force for innovation, growth, and reform, however much their manners and methods might have elicited some groans in New York and Boston drawing rooms. There are some who claim we are witnessing a re-creation of the same historical pattern today. Richard Wirthlin, Ronald Reagan's polling expert, has described the Sun Belt as the seat of national optimism, and assumes there is a strong corre-
lation between optimism and support of Reagan's programs. The San Diego Union has published editorials about a Sun Belt-centered "America II emerging from the diminished prom-
ise of America I." In the eyes of such enthusiasts, this "America II" is a frontier of national renewal — of in-
novation and restored entrepreneur-
ism and self-help. Such a new fron-
tier could make populism work again as an innovative and progressive force, or so the argument goes.

Perhaps. But the Sun Belt is no longer an insurgent, even reforn-
mist, national periphery. The region is now the major axis of national power: in an age in which technology has long since replaced mining camps, cattle ranches, and cotton fields. The implications are less Jack-
sonian than they are Orwellian. Back in 1966, when I coined the term "Sun Belt," my assessment of the region also anticipated a new culture.

The persons most drawn to the new Sun culture are the pleasure-seekers, the bored, the ambitious, the space-age tech-
nicians and the retired — a super-slice of the rootless, socially mobile group known as the American middle class. Most of them have risen to such status only in the last genera-
tion, and their elected officials predictably embody a popular political impulse which de-
plores further social (minority groups) and regional (northeastern) consolidation of the last thirty years' gains. Increasingly im-
portant throughout the nation, this new middle-class group is most powerful in the Sun Belt. Its politics are bound to cast a lengthening national shadow.

This paragraph has stood the test of time. During the intervening years, however, the Sun Belt has gone from an idea and a developing trend to be-
come perhaps the most powerful

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The most popular politician in the "liberal" state of New York is the Democratic mayor of New York City, Edward Koch, who supports the death penalty, uses anti-minority imagery, and has deployed police dogs to guard subway cars.

Instead of being a reformist force in the mold of the old frontier, then, the rise of the Sun Belt may intensify and further a quest for order in the United States. Moreover, that will wave with greater frequency and over more parades; in America authoritarianism — apple of Social Darwinism, entrepreneurialism, high technology, nationalism, nostalgia, and fundamentalist religion, and any Sun Belt hegemony will have become postconservative as well as postliberal.

such a combination would have a consequence of some political sociology in the Sun Belt but throughout the country. Walter Laqueur, the distinguished historian, has already projected somewhat the same development for Western Europe. In A Conti­nent Astray: Europe 1970-1978, he an­
ticipated a swing toward regimes of strong leaders and policies bordering on authoritarianism. "The reassertion of authority may be brutal, far-reaching, and costly, but it is equally possible that societies facing a crisis of survival will voluntarily surrender some of the freedom to which they have become accustomed and that gradually a new equilibrium will emerge between the rights of the individual and the interests of society."
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POST-INDUSTRIAL PORTLAND

It surprised everyone in the city, including the Walmo family — Harlan and Doris and their children Raleigh and Debbie Jr. — when China, the United States, the Soviet Union and Libya all exploded underground nuclear devices on the same day, setting off a chain of volcanic activity which caused a shift in the earth's axis, precipitating the unexpected advance and subsequent melting of the polar ice cap.

The result was chaos, of course. For a time, herds of awoken mastodons descended upon the populace and it was not unusual to see sabre-toothed tigers roaming through the aisles at Thriftway.

Before long, however, everyone adjusted to their new circumstances and life again became routine.

**TEXT BY JIM BLASHFIELD**

**Drawings By Dana Hoyle**

At home in their fifth-story apartment near McCormick Pier, the Walmes enjoy a quiet Sunday afternoon. While Dad cooks up his favorite stew, Mom heads down to the river for water. Of concern to all residents, especially at night, are gangs of advertising executives and attorneys who meet near bush at the former site of Jake's Crawfish and roam the streets looking for mischief.

On one of their frequent trips together, Dad takes young Raleigh to visit the place where Grandfather used to work. On this trip they come across a group of suburban squatters having a religious experience.
Saturday afternoons are a time for entertainment and boating for the Walmos. After an outing to nearby Dental School Falls, the family takes in a show.
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Warming to the Freeze

15,000 meet on the U.S.-Canada border
to send their message to Washington

By Martha Gies
Drawing by Matt Wuerker

Canada-USA border, Blaine, Washington, June 12, 1982. The singer stepped up to the microphone and introduced the name of his group: Ash Street. They were all young, white and Canadian and they were there, according to the program, to present "songs with audience participation" to the 15,000 people who sat serious and hushed on the grassy park beyond the makeshift stage.

"There haven't been such large numbers of people together here at the Peace Arch," the young singer began, "since the great singer Paul Robeson sang here."

There was a quiet shifting in the audience as the people old enough to remember the Robeson concert looked about and acknowledged that memory amongst themselves.

"Thirty years ago last month, Paul Robeson sang here," the young singer continued. "Today we are going to begin by singing for you the song that he began with on that day."

He moved two steps back, in line with his fellow singers, and together they sang a verse of a Negro spiritual that Robeson made known to all of Europe and North America:

"No more auction block for me."

Pausing in the lyrics, the young singer announced that they would now sing the version that Bob Dylan wrote and, without changing the chording, they sang:

"How many roads must a man walk down?"

He gestured hopefully for his listeners to join in, and there was a low humming in the audience as the people young enough to know the Dylan lyrics began to sing.

Two weeks earlier Joan Fox, a blonde, middle-aged woman from West Seattle who is president of the Local 19 Longshoremen's (ILWU) Federation of Industry, called to reserve a bus to the event. The plans for June 12 were still in limbo: The Washington State Parks Department, which has jurisdiction over the United States side of Peace Arch Park, had denied the rally a permit. A petition had been filed in federal court for the right to assemble, but at the time Joan had to guarantee the bus, that decision was still pending.

"I called, assuming we would go," Joan said.

The rally had been scheduled to coincide with anti-nuclear rallies all over the world, including the big one in New York City. The Seattle office of the Nuclear Freeze Campaign told people who called in for rally information that nobody knew anything yet.

"They originally denied the permit because they were afraid we'd ruin the flower beds," said one volunteer. If the irony struck her, she didn't let on.

"It's pending in court," she said. "Call back next week."

Seattle keeps turning up in the national press in nuclear-related stories. One of the most visible income tax protestors is none other than the Catholic Archbishop of Seattle, Raymond Hunthausen. When he decided to withhold 50 percent of the federal tax due on his $9,000 salary, Hunthausen wrote in a pastoral letter to the people in the archdiocese:

"I am saying by my action that in conscience I cannot support or acquiesce in a nuclear arms buildup which I consider a grave moral evil."

"I am saying that everyone should think profoundly and pray deeply over the issue of nuclear armaments."
Seattle will be in the press again this summer when the Navy installs the USS Ohio, the first of 10 Tridents planned for the submarine base on Hood Canal. So awful is the power of the nuclear warheads on the long-range missiles that the Trident subs carry, that the 6,000-acre submarine base, Bangor, has become the arena for many affirmations of peace. Here ministers gather to pray outside the gates; here Buddhist monks keep trying to build a pagoda; here a two-year "peace walk" to Bethlehem began at Easter; and here a fleet of small craft will await, with defiance, the 560-foot missile-bearing sub.

On Tuesday, four days before the rally, Joan Fox learned that the permit had been granted. Some of the overflow from the two buses rented by the Quakers was channelized onto the Longshoemen's bus, which departed promptly at 9:00 a.m. on Saturday, June 12, for the 112-mile drive to Blaine.

The bus driver, an enormous man named Doo, kept in radio contact with drivers of other buses belonging to the Associated Bus Service. Along the way two people were seen struggling to hoist a banner over one of the freeway exit signs. A couple on a another bus was stopped and two Washington State Highway Patrol cars were there with it. Don braked, changed lanes, pulled over and stopped. He got out, as did several of the men. "Goodyear cop's writing us a ticket," one of the men announced.

An elderly woman with golden-rimmed glasses allowed as how it was a trick to stop the rally, and a few people laughed. Conversations got started. "He wasn't going that fast," two women agreed. A regular Trailways bus streaked by in the fast lane without arousing the interest of the police.

A man wearing a "Reagan is a Union Busting S.O.B." button shook his head and sat down. Don came aboard and pulled the bus back on the road.

He stopped at a rest area just south of Blaine, and the women lined up for the restroom. The first eight women happened to be standing black, white, black, white, as if somebody arranged them that way, all headed for the same restroom, as they have for 20 years now. Three more Associated Buses pulled into the parking lot. The new arrivals wore buttons of the Seattle Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador. One of them, a beautiful young woman, cut into the restroom line and scooped a woman wearing a stylish black hat into her arms. "Mother," she shouted. "I didn't know you were coming today!"

The woman kissed her daughter and adjusted her hat. "We came on the bus with the union," she said.
The Peace Arch stands at the far western side of the continent on the seam between Canada and the United States, just where it meets the sea — here represented by Boundary Bay and the Georgia Strait. The 67-foot arch is made of steel-reinforced concrete. It was built in the early '30s to commemorate 100 years of peace between the two nations, inscribed across the U.S. side of the arch is “Children of a Common Mother”; the Canadian side, “Brethren Dwelling Together in Unity.”

Although the arch straddles the border, the surrounding park is treated as international territory; the border stations are positioned in such a way that citizens of both countries may enjoy the park without going through the formality of “crossing the border.” And as a result, the park has been a popular spot for international gatherings over the years.

The largest gathering by far was the concert which Paul Robeson sang on Sunday, May 18, 1952. The circumstances of that concert are no tribute to the harmony between the two countries, however.

Robeson, it will be recalled, had his passport taken away from him in 1950, a month after he spoke out against the Korean War at Madison Square Garden. (“The Negro people . . . will know that if we don’t stop our armed adventure in Korea today — tomorrow it will be Africa. For the maw of the warmongers is insatiable. They aim to rule the world or ruin it.”)

In early 1950, the Mine, Mill & Smelter’s Union of British Columbia invited Robeson to a convention at Deer Park Auditorium in Vancouver. No passport is necessary to get into Canada, of course, but Robeson was stopped at Blaine by U.S. authorities: Truman had signed an executive order forbidding him to cross the border. The Canadians were outraged. Robeson then invited the Mine, Mill & Smelter’s Union to come and hear him sing at the Peace Arch on May 18. They came.

As did 40,000 others.

Noon, Don discharged his passengers, and the Longshoremen took their place on the grass next to lawyers, artists, postal workers, nurses, students, carpenters, miners, fishermen, office workers and physicians. Altogether, 146 organizations endorsed the border rally.

A message was read to the rally from a demonstrator across the country: “The police estimate there to be one million here today in New York.”

Michael Pentz, a representative of the British peace movement, took the stage. “Last Sunday I stood in Hyde Park,” he said, “and there were half a million there. I’ll read the resolution that we passed, and if you people here support it too, I’ll take this back to England.”

The crowd bowed low and stood as he read.

“We reject, altogether, the use of nuclear weapons or any weapons of mass extermination.”

The crowd approved and cheered — as much in celebration of their half-million British counterparts as for the wording of their views.

“After a nuclear war there is no more nationalism,” one of the speakers observed.

Canadians and Americans spoke alternately on the rally program. Frank Kennedy, president of the Vancouver & District Labor Council, presided:

— Canadians called on both governments to halt testing of the cruise missile at the Cold Lake Test Site in Alberta.

— University professor Jessie Chin announced his candidacy for the U.S. Senate against pro-eradictry Henry Jackson, whose Jackson-Warner resolution attempted to make a mockery of the idea of a nuclear freeze. Chiang teaches at Seattle Pacific University and is actively involved in the Union of Concerned Educators.

— It was announced that, the day before, the British Columbia legisla-

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ture had voted unanimously to condemn the nuclear arms race.

— Delegates from the Hiroshima Association against Nuclear Arms were introduced. They were among the 318 pacifists attempting to attend the NYC rally who had their visas denied under the McCarran-Walter Act. The entire crowd rose in a standing ovation to welcome the Japanese men in orange T-shirts who linked arms and saluted their North American friends.

— at 2:00, a procession of 50 people, led by the Masters Kung Fu Club and a dancer in a huge colorful dragon mask, arrived through the columns of the Peace Arch. They had left Vancouver the day before to walk the 32 miles to the rally.

— Dr. Christine Cassell, from Portland, Oregon, spoke. Her organization, Physicians for Social Responsibility (PSR), has played a noble role in the peace effort: they have been outspoken in their prognosis of the devastating physical effects which will attend a nuclear blast; they have embarrassed the conservative American Medical Association into making a statement about the inability of the medical profession to heal the effects of a nuclear holocaust; and in many areas of the country, as individual physicians, they have helped bankrupt the entire anti-nuclear movement.

Dr. Cassell began her talk with PSR's now-notorious disclaimer: "We doctors will be impotent to help anyone after a nuclear attack," she said in her quiet and dignified voice. "But we are not impotent now."

A subdued crowd listened as she described a post-holocaust scenario which includes cholera, typhoid, and starvation — for those not immediately incinerated or irradiated.

After her talk, a line formed at the bronze drinking fountain where — miraculously — the water still bubbled up clear and cold. The grass, too, was none the worse for the visit of 15,000 people, and the flowers thrived intact.

Frank Kennedy asked that there be two minutes of silence. "Ask yourself why you came here today," he suggested.

A photography by Robert Bagur Sunday, June 13, 1982. The city's major daily, The Seattle Times, carried a terse account of the rally on page four. The photo they ran is of two young girls dancing, spaced out and ecstatic; no adults are distinguishable in the photo; the scene could be a rock concert. The headline is set in modest 42-point type.

In the same edition, same section, The Times devoted a full page to the first of four excerpts from a book about the possibility of "meaningful life after nuclear war." Set in banner 60-point type, the headline, "How to Survive a Nuclear War," gives the appearance of a major news item.

While protestors may be dismayed by the newspaper's apparent attempt to degrade and belittle the local peace movement, they may take consolation from the fact that although the same newspaper never carried a word of the 40,000 who gathered to hear Robeson, the paper's silence did not succeed in rendering him invisible; even on the ILWU bus, 30 years later, there were people who remembered his songs that day and remembered his words:

"I stand here today under great stress because I dared, as do all of you, to fight for peace and a decent life for all men, women and children wherever they may be. ... You have known me through the years. I am the same Paul, fighting a little harder because the times call for harder struggle."

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GARBAGE: THE BURNING ISSUE

They're not exactly bullish on the "resource recovery"/garbage burning industry. Even that venerable business publication Barron's called it "a great big flier". Proponents of the technology like to call it "resource recovery" — an answer to our garbage problems, an aid to our energy problems. But whatever you call it, garbage burning is a concept that's probably as old as civilization itself. What's relatively new is using the energy from burning plastics, glass, wood, metals and just about anything else that gets thrown away to generate steam for electrical production. Plants are in various stages of development for facilities in Oregon City, Salem, Douglas and Union counties, Seattle and other parts of the country which share a common problem: What to do with all that garbage?

On the surface, "resource recovery" sounds like an alternative energy dream. Proponents like to talk of fuel oil saved by an industrial customer who substitutes the generated stream energy and doesn't have to site. But serious problems, mechanical and environmental, have plagued the "resource recovery" industry. An explosion has shut down the Eugene facility. The Saugus, Mass., plant, a prototype of the bulk burning proposed for Oregon City, suffered severe corrosion problems, and it has required millions of dollars in repairs. A considerable amount of material is left over from the burning process — some of it highly toxic — which has to be disposed of in landfills or toxic waste dumps.

The plants, most everyone agrees, are "incompatible" at a considerable area. Oregon City, the fifteenth largest city on the planet's footprint, has some of this with the budget stress and city council, "a considerable area" of power plants found in Woodburn, Lebanon, 24, and the Vineyard defunct Agent Orange.

Much of the debate on the Oregon City facility has centered on the dioxin issue and smoke pollution concerns, although the coalition of neighborhood groups and Clackamas County environmentalists opposed to the plant question the use of tax dollars and garner jobs to build and finance ongoing operation of the facility.

Metro, the intergovernmental agency charged with solid waste disposal, has been the driving force behind this proposal. Metro's plan calls for the installation of a DGM (annually) of unsorted garbage from all over the Portland area to a site in Oregon City across the street from

IT SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA, BUT...

As Sonoma County, Calif., reported, it's "the false panacea". Proponents of the technology like to call it "resource recovery" — an answer to our garbage problems, an aid to our energy problems. But whatever you call it, garbage burning is a concept that's probably as old as civilization itself. What's relatively new is using the energy from burning plastics, glass, wood, metals and just about anything else that gets thrown away to generate steam for electrical production. Plants are in various stages of development for facilities in Oregon City, Salem, Douglas and Union counties, Seattle and other parts of the country which share a common problem: What to do with all that garbage?

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Drawing by Steve Winkenwerder

There are about 30 different types of dioxins, including one whose only known source in the environment is the fly ash of garbage incinerators. Dioxin is the most toxic substance known to mankind.

Rossmann's Landfill, adjacent to the Park Place exit of Interstate 205. Steam from incineration of the garbage would be piped approximately a half mile along the Willamette River to Publishers Paper Company for use in electrical generation and the paper-making process. Metro and Publishers contend the plant will not harm the local environment and will generate up to 80 permanent jobs and 250 temporary construction jobs, while displacing part of the 25,000 gallons of fuel, which Publishers uses daily to operate their plant.

Gershman, Bricker and Bratton (GBB), a Washington, D.C., solid waste consulting firm contracted by Metro and Oregon City, contends that even in the areas of highest impact — the Sunset area of West Linn and the Canemah, Park Place and Mt. Pleasant areas of Oregon City, there would be "no significant health impacts."

GBB also questions finding of dioxin at the now-closed Hempstead, N.Y., resource recovery plant, saying dioxin was found during tests for other substances. GBB said "on a molecular basis it [dioxin] is perhaps the most poisonous synthetic chemical" but concluded "present data on dioxin emissions are not sufficient to curtail the proposed [Oregon City] source recovery project."

A recent report from the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) admits dioxins have had "adverse reproductive and carcinogenic effects at very low doses" on laboratory rats and other animals, but states "information with respect to human exposure is less conclusive."

"EPA's policy for quite some time as a general statement is that resource recovery is the preferred alternative for waste disposal," said Randolph Christmon, environmental protection specialist with the Washington, D.C., headquarters of EPA. The report notes the report concludes garbage-to-energy facilities "do present a public health hazard for residents living in the immediate vicinity."

The citizens of Hempstead, N.Y., who generated enough local opposition for a $40,000 damage suit and a short time on profile. "Now Metro, the Joint government agency for the Portland area, faced with an immense solid waste problem, and no easy solution, is planning to build one of the world's largest utility facilities in Oregon City."

The following three articles examine some troubling aspects of the garbage burning issue from the environmental, financial and recycling perspectives.

Oregon officials have been largely relieved about some of the garbage burning/other pollution problems. Most of the urban area hugging the Willamette River from Portland to Oregon City is presently listed by the Department of Environmental Quality (DEQ) as "a non-attainment" and "a non-attainment area in violation — of state and federal standards set to control monoxide and lead, as well as the soot, dust and other airborne debris as particular."

The proposed plant, with its 25,000 ton smoke stack, would discharge another 80-100 tons of particulates a year, the maximum allowed under the specifications issued by MDQ, though some feel the figure is unattainable and would be revised upwards if the plant became operational.

DEQ's Lloyd Kostow raised a few eyebrows in West Linn when he told the city council "a considerable area of the Portland area exceeds particular standards."

"As a matter of fact there already, but you're talking about adding more?"

Kostow replied. Kostow later said that if the plant is built, DEQ and Metro would have to come up with ways to "offset" the plant's pollution. He mentioned further restrictions on emissions, "and other situations on woodsmoke as possibilities."

"It's a mess," said Kostow, "fruited by the sad fact that garbage plants are the only way to get rid of toxic dioxides which react with sunlight in the atmosphere to form acid rain. Wheeling believes that 210 tons of sulfur dioxide, 1505 tons of nitrogen oxide, and 209 tons of hydrochloric acid would be generated annually by the Oregon City plant. By comparison, all other transportation sources combined total 1200 tons annually of nitrogen oxide."

By Steve Dodge

Clinton St. Quarterly
The Cascade problems. He stated that the Cascade percent of the rainfall monitored in the nation of Oregon's once-pristine Crater Lake and 1,500 lakes in southern Norway, a serious threat to North America's forests, fish, wildlife and man. The magazine noted the Northwest is particularly susceptible to acid rain ... 70 percent of the rainfall monitored in Seattle was acidic, as were 24 of the 68 lakes sampled in the Olympic Mountains and Cascades near the city.

Acid rain, the article continued, has destroyed fish life in 5,000 lakes in Sweden, 2,000 in Norway and 1,500 lakes in southern Norway, usually by leaching toxic heavy metals from soil into fish habitats. Oregon officials admit acid rain breaks favor on aquatic ecosystems, especially microorganisms and young fish. Yet Fish and Wildlife biologist Irv Jones shrugged off the problem. "There could be some acid rain as mostly an East Coast phenomenon." Dr. Leveque told a legislative committee recently. "The problem is complicated by the advent of synthetic chemicals or plastics which have been incorporated into almost all materials we use and things we throw away. Some of these things are virtually indestructible. In the past, paper, natural rubber, cloth fiber and even 'tin cans' in trash dumps would eventually be destroyed by the natural action of bacteria, etc. This is no longer the case." Leveque later told the committee: "A large trash-burning facility in a heavily inhabited area will be a crime to future generations."

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the typical patterns of cost overruns in constructing these facilities, there are unreasonable burdens placed on rate and taxpayers because of the mechanical and pollution control equipment failures which plague them.

Three of the seven very large waste-to-energy plants built to date in the U.S. (1.0 tons of ash per day or the first have ceased operating. A manufacturer of ‘resource recovery systems’ indicated recently in testimony before a House subcommittee that the American industries ‘has probably lost in excess of $300 million trying to make resources work. The public sector has lost at least as much.

Because sales of energy and recovered materials rarely equal the cost of resource recovery systems, a substantial tipping fee—a charge per garbage truck—is charged to defray costs. Since local municipalities must deliver a remediated quantity of waste, they make it required, whatever the fee. And in turn this is passed on to the ratepayer through higher collection fees.

The garbage burners proposed for Oregon City would have to triple handle most of the garbage because of the use of garbage transfer stations, and the need to do something about the tremendous amount of ash residue. (One-third of what goes into a garbage burner comes out as ash). The cause of heavy metals, dioxins, PCBs, and other toxic chemicals that the bottom ash and fly ash be collected separately, and that when the fly ash is found to be dangerous (because of heavy metals, dioxins, PCBs, etc.), it is mandated to place the ash in sealed steel containers and deposit them in permanent hazard disposal sites. This alone may prevent a financial burden of tremendous proportions.

In addition to the burden placed on ratepayers, taxpayers would assume a significant burden upon the slinging of any garbage-burning facility because of the state and federal tax credits that would make it possible for the owners of the facilities to avoid tax payment. Benefits in the case of the Oregon City plant include energy, pollution control, and Crude Oil Windfall Profits tax credits totaling more than $300 million in the first 10 years of the plant’s existence. They are a major incentive for such construction and ultimately have to be made up by those who do pay taxes.

Don’t expect it to come from the plant’s employees. CPA Edward Kulawiak puts it well: ‘The issuing of

WHO'S WHO

The Metropolitan Service District (Metro, MSD) is the regional government body charged with a wide range of responsibilities, including transportation planning, the zoo, and the challenge of problem of solid waste. Metro has been the driving force behind the garbage burner proposal.

Publishers Paper is a subsidiary of the Los Angeles-based conglomerate Times-Mirror.

Wheelabrator-Frye, the contractor chosen for the Oregon City garbage-burning plant, constructed a similar plant in Saugus, Mass.

Steve Dodge is a freelance writer interested in energy and environmental issues who lives in Gladstone.

Jim Johnson, currently an Oregon City commissioner, is a long-time environmentalist and an early opponent to MSD’s garbage-burning plants.

Stan Kahn, a long-time member of Sunflower Recycling, is currently a finalist for Metro Councilor, Position No. 8.

$262 million of industrial Revenue Bonds will create only 60-90 permanent jobs, which is an investment of approximately $3,575,000 per job, based on 80 permanent employees.

$171 million. At present, MSD believes it will be necessary to issue bonds for $262-$282 million to build the plant. And those figures are unlikely to be the final word.

None of those estimates covers such elements as the several garbage transfer stations located throughout the metropolitan area, the purchase and operation of dozens of garbage transfer vehicles (currently 220-250,000 each), or the cost of a landfill to dispose of the 500,000 tons of partially hazardous ash produced each year.

The financing involved is strikingly similar to the sort used in the development of the WPPSS nuclear power plants that are proving to be such economic disasters to the public. Interestingly, the same firm that put those financial packages together, Smith Barney Associates, is proposing the leveraged financing for the Oregon City project. The interest alone for the $362 million bond issue could easily be $491 million.

An economic impact of this project could be severe indeed. If, for example, the MSD/Publisher’s facility was on the line right now, it would clearly be the most expensive environmental disposal system in the world. Looking at the costs we see: $262 million for the plant (not to mention the interest). $??? million for the ?? number of garbage transfer stations (where?). $??? million for garbage transfer vehicles. $??? million to remove 600 tons of ash a day, 365 days a year. $??? million for long-term storage of hazardous ash residue. $??? million for cost overruns for the plant, pipeline or garbage transfer stations.

AND THE REAL COSTS TO THE CITIZENS OF OREGON $??? million in lost tax revenue due to state and federal tax
project already, all taxpayers' money, pay their property taxes. The principal proponents are the Metropolitan Services District, Publishers Paper (Times-Mirror, Inc.) and Wheelabrator-Frye, Inc. WFI built the only similar facility in the U.S., in Saugus, Mass., and though considered a model for the industry, it had millions of dollars' worth of problems. And that plant was built for only $50 million. WFI has been involved in a long legal battle with the town of Saugus, which is trying to get WFI to pay their property taxes.

One perspective is further sharpened when viewing MSD's presentation of the project to the public and their actions. MSD has spent millions of dollars on their garbage-burning project already, all taxpayers' money, and yet they continue to hand out literature saying NO TAX DOLLARS WILL BE USED TO FINANCE THE PLANT. There is frankly no simple cure-all for the problem of solid waste. We need to turn our attention to the viable, safe, productive, economically sensible alternatives that must be pursued or we'll all reap the unfortunate results of the myopic decision making that has led us to the brink of "resource recovery."
I told Jagger, half kiddingly, half scared, that he was drifting away from his blues roots, and he shoved me down on the couch. It pissed him off.

I used to think that Seattle was a graveyard for musicians. Jimi Hendrix is buried in nearby Renton, and I imagined that to be the ground zero of a vast bleak columbarium where tired players go to lay their ruptured septums down; a ghostly place with rusty trombones jutting up from a lost-chord landscape, disjointedly strewn with chipped guitar picks, bent and rusty coke spoons, and scratched B-sides...

Now I understand that Seattle is a jet-age frontier town perched on the Pacific Rim of Fire and fairly simmering with talent, both old and new, from the corniest hokum to the state-of-the-art flash. Seattle is a killing-floor, a place to get your chops down.

It's all here: heavy metal, stone country, retreaded bar bands, belly-dancers, urban rappers, Elvis imitators, post-punk angry young bands, bluegrass, lounge-muzak, funky blues, earth-shoe coffeehouse crooning, classical extravaganzas, creamy jazz, experimental music, gospel... everything that you can think of.

One aspect of this musical morass that has always intrigued me is the way that established musicians will suddenly pack up their gear and load-in to Seattle for an extended stay, then unexpectedly pop up in the rock clubs with the local talent and just blow you away. I'm talking Julian Priester, one of the monster trombone muthas of all time, casually sitting in and recording with Jr. Cadillac, a veteran Seattle rock band, trading dreamland horn licks with Les Clinkingbeard, Cadillac's superb saxman. I'm talking Buddy Miles, one of the hottest drummers to ever perform, chugging into town to play trickle-down funk with the Reputations, the local R&B kings. And I'm talking Louis X. Erlanger.

Louis X. is a blues-oriented guitarist with a passion for the experimental. He came to prominence a few years ago when he played with Mink deVille; toured the world, recorded four albums, headlined all the hot spots... in general, rock star-dom. Then Louis X. abruptly switched, dropping out of Mink deVille to join the Toru Oki Blues Band, a big name in Japan but virtually unknown to American audiences, a strange change for a big-money mainstream rocker. Suddenly Louis X. was playing the blues to all-Japanese audiences, filling the major rice-bowl rooms and recording with Toru Oki and Albert King. Finally he moved to Seattle, formed a band called the Slamhound Hunters with harpist Kim Field, and proceeded to
CLINTON STREET QUARTERLY: I've never understood why you left Mink deVille right at the height of their popularity and went into Japanese blues music.
LOUIS X: It just happened. Toru Oki, who was the only major Japanese blues singer, was in New York City, and he came and saw Mink deVille. We just hit it right off, I went down and jammed with his band, who are all black musicians (or were they?) — they used to back Evelyn "Champagne" King and Stephanie Mills and Yolanda McCool — and we all had a real good time, and so all of a sudden, I was in Toru Oki's band. I always wanted to see Japan.

CSQ: What's Toru Oki like?
LX: He's got this long wavy black hair, with a wisply Japanese mustache, and he wears a white suit, white shoes, and a big white hat, and carries a white pipe... the first time I saw him I came into TRAX like that, and he looked like an old distinguished guy, even though he's young and all I could think of was: "Wow, this must be the Colonel Sanders of Japan!" He's really soft-spoken, and he's into the blues.

CSQ: Are many Japanese people into the blues?
LX: Most of them are. The blues are very big in Japan. I've toured there twice with Toru now, and he sells out the major halls and appears on all the TV music shows. What blues singer could do that in the United States? It's complete culture shock for me. The first time especially, I couldn't even read the signs to find out where I was going. It's a beautiful place, though. The United States could learn a lot from Japanese culture.

CSQ: When did you get into the blues? You're from New York City, aren't you?
LX: Yeah, Manhattan. My sister used to listen to the blues. She had some Jimi Hendrix albums that's how I got into it. I started trying to buy some blues records, and there were all these record stores that sold that stuff real cheap, like two dollars. I started listening to it, and now I can't do without it. What a curse.

CSQ: When did you start playing it?
LX: I started playing it on the piano when I was about seven years old, and then I got on it played on the guitar. I used to go to the Cafe au Go Go where they used to have these "Blues Bags," and hear the blues guys. I heard Muddy Waters there when I was fifteen. Otis Spann was playing with him, and James Cotton too, along with Howlin' Wolf and Big Joe Williams, who had a big piece of sweat hanging off his nose the whole show. It was what you call the blues.

CSQ: Did you ever sit in?
LX: Yeah, I went to see John Lee Hooker one night, and he had this band called Rhinoceros backing him up. I was doing it very well, and this friend of mine who was a real aggressive guy went up and told Hooker: "Hey, this friend of mine here, he can play guitar better than that." And you and Hooker said: "Hey, bring your guitar tomorrow night if it's good you'll get right off." I went back the next night, and me and my friend who played harp, we wound up playing with him. It was pretty amazing. Hooker liked it... he got up and danced. I was like sixteen years old and I didn't know exactly what to do, so I'd spend the day before planning notes to play that wouldn't get in the way.

CSQ: So then you played in bands around New York City?
LX: Yeah. Whitfield, Rick and the Hoochie Coochie Man was one. Actually it was the Hoochie Coochie Man, but it was a two-man band and I was the other guy. I was in a band called the Stingrays with Kim Field, who met at Columbia University. We played CBGB's before it was a punk club. When Pati Smith and Television were the main regulars, but we were rhythm and blues.

CSQ: Is that when you joined Mink deVille?
LX: About then Mink deVille came to New York from San Francisco, and this guy called me up and asked me if I knew any places where a band like theirs could play, and I told him about some. Later on I saw them playing and I thought the band was kind of O.K., but the singer was great. I thought that I'd enjoy getting into a band with a great singer, and then I got a call for an audition with them one day and when I went down it just came together. You just kind of had that feeling the whole time that anything could happen, because Willy could really sing. The band is still good, although they need a guitar player. No, really... I saw them on TV the other night, and they were great.

CSQ: How long were you in Mink deVille?
LX: It lasted about five years. Touring and recording is a lot more draining than I imagined. The money these record companies used to throw around was incredible. Now they're just talking 'cause they've never had it done, and the artists suffer. The critics didn't really jump behind us until our Paris album came out, and as long as Rolling Stone liked our first album, I've still got my Rolling Stone varsity sweater, which I wear every where it's called for. Mick Jagger and the rest of the old rockers are used to come and see us fairly often.

CSQ: Did Jagger ever perform with Mink deVille?
LX: No, when he'd come to our gigs he'd say hello and pinsing a couple of the assers and just generally try to weed people out with his big eyes. He knew our songs, though. The way I found out was I ran into him once in New York. He was next door to a party I was at, staying with John Phillips of The Mamas and The Papas, and he heard that he was there I knocked on the door. Jagger invited me and my friend in, and he was real nice. He has all of these record albums that I've always liked. He played us some unreleased stuff from Some Girls and asked us what we thought, he was totally gracious. He had several guitars lying around, none of which had six strings, but he saw me fiddling around with them and went upstairs and got me one. I started playing blues stuff, and Jagger was singing Mink deVille shit over them.

CSQ: It makes sense. Both the Rolling Stones and Mink deVille are based in the blues.
LX: I told Jagger, half kiddingly, half scared, that he was drifting away from his blues roots, and he shouted me down on the couch. It pissed him off, cause you can tell he still loves the blues. I think he's doing good stuff and always will. I saw him around after that... he used to come to TRAX all the time.

CSQ: For some reason that reminds me of a story that Frank Zappa told about meeting Mick Jagger.
LX: What's that?

CSQ: Zappa said that he was at home in Laurel Canyon once, and Jagger was there expectedly crawled up and picked a splinter out of his foot.
LX: See? I told you he's gracious!

CSQ: It looks like you've made Seattle your home base. You live here, play with the Slamhound Hunters...
LX: Right, when we're working...

CSQ: ... hit the road whenever you hear from Toru Oki...
LX: Yeah.

CSQ: ... and spend the rest of your time playing the blues.
LX: Yeah, that's fun. I'm pretty glad that I moved to Seattle, but I don't know how much longer I'll stay. It's such a small scene, it can be discouraging. Whenever you play people want to hear their favorite songs, so it's hard to do anything on your own. The thing about the Slamhound Hunters is we do all our own tunes. We're one of the few bands around Seattle that does that. You can't categorize us as a blues band, because we do all kinds of music, but we love the blues tunes.
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By Lynn Darroch

Drawing by Susan Gustavson

On Tuesday, May 18, it was still light outside the big windows behind the bandstand at Delevan’s when Eddie Harris walked on unannounced to begin the first set of a three-day engagement. The bar was only half-full as he unconsciously launched the first tune, a swinging, straight-ahead number around which the Ron Stein Trio (with George Mitchell on piano, Phil Baker on bass and Ron Stein on drums) could finely tune their sound. Harris stood solidly, silhouetted by the last light from the windows, his cheeks sagging. His expression was deadpan and immobile except for the curious eyes that roamed through and assessed the crowd.

Physically, Eddie Harris looks much the same today as he did in the mid-60s: the same sloping shoulders, high forehead, and lowbrow jutting out to support his bits on the mouthpiece. He assembles his stoic body behind the tenor to deliver a distinctively sharp, slightly metallic sound that could belong only to him... Yet from that unchanging platform of personal style that gives every performer his or her own recognizable stamp, Eddie Harris has followed his curiosity through one of the most varied and innovative careers in contemporary jazz.

“I'm an experimentalist... I like to get into new things, to break new ground. My mind is always probing for different sounds... You've got to keep growing... If I didn't experiment with music, it would mean nothing to me. I would go into another field, because experimenting is what it's all about.”

Born in Chicago in 1936, Harris’ first instrument was the piano. As a youth he sang with choirs and gospel groups, played the vibes, and studied clarinet and tenor sax. After a hitch with the U.S. Army Symphony in Europe in the late 1950s, he made his first record for the Vee Jay label, a jazz version of the movie theme, “Exodus,” the first jazz single to sell over a million copies, he's made over fifty albums since. While still in Chicago,

he led small groups and composed, arranged and played for the Experimental Band, a group of avant-garde musicians that later became the Association of Creative Musicians and produced the current members of the Art Ensemble of Chicago.

In 1965, he started a long recording association with Atlantic, and in 1967 (two years before Miles Davis legitimized fusion with Bitches Brew), he began using the electronic Vari tone attachment on his tenor sax, a departure for which he received a lot of criticism from jazz purists, and later developed a reed trumpet and other electronic devices to amplify and alter his sound. In the early 1970s, he began singing through a synthesized saxophone and made E.H. in the U.K. with British rock guitarist Jess Beaud and Stevie Winwood. All the while, however, he maintained a "serious" jazz reputation with works like the widely played "Freedom Jazz Dance" and other late-60s-post-Coltrane improvisations. "Really, I'm so bad I come out of any bag," he said. Harris also authored several books, including The Intervalistic Concept for All Single Line Instruments, and a pamphlet titled Do You Want To Be a Musician?

Significantly, Eddie Harris was having a certain amount of commercial success with his experiments, using the popular soul and R&B sounds of the day to create early fusion classics like "Listen Here" as well as the seminal track he recorded with Lee Mack Cann ("Gold Dust" and "Compared to What").

The music business does not quite know what to do with me. They accept me because I'm supposed to be a jazz musician. I'm a musician's musician. Consequently, I'm not supposed to be doing the things I'm doing. I can't play funk, I'm not supposed to be talking, singing, and smiling up on the bandstand. I'm supposed to look serious and upright with the world. Well, I play music for enjoyment, I'm up there to have a good time.

There seemed to be no "bag" big enough to contain Eddie Harris, who - while going deeper into an R&B vein with albums like Eddie Harris Sings the Blues, I Need Some Money and Bad Luck Is All I Have - always managed to include some mainstream jazz on his records. And yet in recent years he has been plagued by the "funk player" label that has grown with albums like That Is Why You're Overweight, How Can You Live Like That? and I'm Tired of Drinking, which some critics have called "commercial dross."

After the first show at Delevan's, Eddie Harris was congratulated by a fan in the back hallway.

"I really enjoyed your show," the young man said. "I have a bunch of your records, and I was kinda hoping you'd play that "is it true?" tonight... I don't play funk anymore," Harris replied. "I've been trying to get away from that for more than two years.

In 1979, on Playin' With Myself, Eddie Harris definitively stepped outside the funk bag to offer what Downbeat magazine called "an exemplary pure jazz offering," and in 1980, on his first record for an independent label (Sounds Incredible on Angel), he demonstrated again what a strong, unique player he has been all along.

I myself have enjoyed Eddie Harris' sharp-edged sound for years, through all the changes he usually manages to sound good, play seriously, and be responsive to the contemporary. "One guy I really admire as Miles," Harris said a couple of years ago. "His music spans many eras, yet even now he's in tune with the new music... he's broad enough to open his mind and accept change." I admire Eddie Harris for some of the same reasons, but for the past couple of years there has been nothing about him in the national music press except record reviews. I looked forward to discussing his recent turn to a small, tight, and more mainstream jazz. After the first show I introduced myself while he waited to use the pay phone.

"I don't do interviews anymore," he said. "I haven't done any for over two years now. It's nothing personal," he added when I started to protest. "I've always spoken to us directly or announced when he wasn't blowing — he hadn't been playing for some time. You should go ahead and write about what you heard out there tonight; just write about the music."

Could this be the same Eddie Harris who once told an audience, "I don't think because you caught one show, you caught me. " Well, what I heard that evening at Delevan's was indeed different from the time I caught him almost a year ago when the house was packed, I had to push forward to even see, and the crowd was loudly appreciative and not excessively dressed. A year ago there was no cover charge, but all Tuesday's first show this year, with a cover charge and minimum, Harris closing evidence on a ballad early in the set was accompanied by the jabber of all the house talking. On the next tune, "Shadow of Your Smile," he turned his back to the audience when he wasn't blowing — he hadn't spoken to us directly or announced the tunes — and instead encouraged the band, loosening them up and in the process wondering if he felt a little better himself. Maybe he was tutoring the relatively jazz-unsophisticated audience by example; they seemed to need direction, and appeared uncertain when to applaud — after every solo, they wondered? Meanwhile, the
maintaining the melody and chord structure but frequently breaking it in-
to squawks, blops and whistles. Later, Ron Steen turned in another im-
pressive drum solo that kept a steady rhythm on bass drum while following
the chord changes on his finely tuned traps.
Harris had been playing for well over an hour. Tightening up his chop,
leading the audience into the spirit of his music, and emphasizing the blues
feeling, even on a musing, scapella in-
troduction he stayed rhythmic with
accents that gave it an R&B beat. His
everyod were pumping for emphasis,
and during a piano solo he clapped
and nodded, encouraging the crowd
to clap and whistle: the blues rarely
fails to move the people. And then he
spoke:
"This tune I call '34s Miles'
because it's my own version of Miles
Davis' All Blue" only played in 34
time with my own melody because
I didn't like the one he used. It's on
a recording I have coming out in several
weeks. If you dig it, holler, yell and
whistle: if you don't dig it, holler, yell
and whistle... bullshit me... Are
you ready?" And he was off into a very
nice tune that would have been my
favorite had it not ended so quickly,
serving as the closing number during
which he introduced the band and fin-
ished with, "And the tenor says... Brother
Eddie." He left the crowd cry-
ing for more and stood waiting with a
quarter in his hand besides the lonely
pay phone to place a collect call to his
daughter in L.A. The fluorescent light-
ning and high ceilings in the narrow
room seemed to diminish him,
bringing back the uncommercial,
empty feeling I'd had at the begin-
ing of the set.
Yes, it was indeed a quieter and
more inaccessible Eddie Harris that
Tuesday, playing an all-acoustic set
even though his pre-amps and
special mouthpieces were set to
ready to be plugged in. Portland has been
a pretty good town for him, and he's
played electronic and acoustic with
equal success. Jazz fans here have
consistently turned out to enjoy Eddi-
Eddie Harris because he has the con-
dience, experience and plain old jive
foible to please an audience and still remain
emphatically his own man. "An impro-
viser comes up with new things, new
ways of playing the notes. People
stop and say, 'Hey, let's listen to the
cat, he's different.'"
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4 La Bamba
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17 & 18 Billy Rancher
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Now to burn off those calories — how about some hot and sweaty, down and dirty blues with B.B. King playing like you've never heard him before; or catch a 200-pound stage prowler and blues shout-er named Etta James, white local faves Walter "Wolfman" Washington, Johnnie "The Tan Canary" Adams, and Lil' Queenie and the Percolators wait in the wings.

Feel like sashaying across the fair grounds to groove to Percy "Superfly" Mayfield and the queen of N.O. soul Ms. Irma Thomas? Be careful because you may never make it once you hear the infectious zydeco rhythms of West Louisiana's reggae Cajuns — Rockin' Dopsie & the Twisters, Belton Richard and the Musical Aceis, the Ardoin Family Band, and Clifton Chenier. Having such a good time that maybe it feels like heaven on earth? Then a stop at the packed gospel tent is in order! Over 50 choirs make the goings-on so hot that the 90-degree temperature outside is like a sudden cool breeze.

Once you've found religion, it might be time to look for Jax with the hypnotizing rhythms of Rita Marley, who seems to be taking reggae music to unforeseen heights.

An afternoon in New Orleans makes the mind wander to days of yore when Huck Finn watched paddle wheelers roll up and down the Mississippi. The festivities conclude each evening with the pleasures of an era long-gone by when the Riverboat President slowly makes its way along Old Man River. While the likes of Dr. John, David Fathead Newman and Hank Crawford engage in an audacious "swamp jam," everyone else seems to be looking for a barefoot boy along the shore.

If your toes can still wiggle, how about carousing through New Orleans' countless 24-hour bars, and if you're lucky you'll find the premier N.O. band, The Neville Brothers, who embody the history and promise of the varied musical traditions that make up the N.O. sound. Descendants of the Wild Chouquotouls, a black Indian marching band that parades through the city during March Gras garbed in resplendent headdresses and feathers, the Neville Brothers have fused the city's diverse elements (Caribbean-flavored R&B, jazz, salsa, reggae, funk, doo-wop, pop and syncopated rhythms) into a new sound alive with the color and pulse of the Crescent City.

In many ways the Neville Brothers could be hangovers of a return to a music that has identifiable roots, rather than the plastic fantastic...chrome and holler coming out of L.A.

Their recent album, Fiyu on the Biyou, has received raves all over the land (Rolling Stone and N.Y. Times top 10, Keith Richards' fave of the year). Only time will tell whether the Nevilles will lead the locals to a wider following. In the interim, if the opportunity arises to catch the Nevilles on an infrequent tour, by all means do so. It's like nothing you've ever heard before.

If you, too, want to one spring experience the cross-pollination of Cajun, Spanish, French, Indian, Caribbean and black cultures, write the New Orleans Jazz & Heritage Festival, P.O. Box 2530, New Orleans, Louisiana 70176.

There's a marvelous attempt to begin a great musical festival in Oregon with the upcoming first annual Mt. Hood Jazz Festival. They have an outstanding lineup, with such luminaries as Betty Carter, Richie Cole, Freddie Hubbard, the Persuasions, Sonny Rollins, Airto and Flora Purim.

If we want to develop our musical tradition and have a dandy time each year, this is one good place to start.
E.T. and Beyond

By Penny Allen

Drawing by David Kline

Steven Spielberg, as do many of us in 1982, likes video games. When we play them, we’re being trained in a new language whose patterns have implicit values. Successful play reinforces certain values ... values which are first pressed upon a video player through the choices of action, whether to eat or be eaten, or in the more complex games to sidestep, finesse, segue out of or otherwise transcend confrontations, thereby prolonging and enlarging upon the game. More important as though, are the rewards for the player’s ability to physically and mentally synch up with electronic circuitry. The strongest value implicit in the latter is the love of electronic communication (even or especially the foreignness of it) which helps to eliminate fear of the future.

Many imaginative video games simply forge their multi-dimensional possibilities in favor of the two-dimensional conflict forms of the past (like kill or be killed) in pretty much the same way George Lucas’ Star Wars saga shortens the excitement of both the future and of special effects for sure genre forms of the past (cowboy adventure). This is very much like not wanting to grow up, where one denies available emotional breadth or ambiguity, choosing instead to stick with a psychological structure of an earlier developmental age.

The greatest video games teach you to love change, or process, or synthesis, or transcendence of universe. It may well have been some of these games which opened up Steven Spielberg’s view of the possible ways in which events unfold. Whatever, with the movie E.T., Spielberg certainly unfolds a vision of the future, new values in tow, that plays differently from the old winlose, hold-on-to-your-territory-or-die games. And with countless millions seeing the movie worldwide, many of them more than once, Spielberg’s actually helping to shape a future of new values. Millions of people will be able to imagine the language of communication with those of ‘higher intelligence’ because E.T. has placed value in communicating with outside forces rather than repelling them.

Like Laurie Anderson, who is also interested in building new images for the future, Steven Spielberg believes that electronic circuitry assures evolved communication. In E.T., once we know the basic fact that there’s some kind of rather small outer space creature wandering around the little boy Elliot’s house, and Elliot knows this too, the movie’s and Elliot’s first impulse is to communicate with the creature. Elliot has no fearful thoughts of escape or death, nor has he a defensive/aggressive impulse to overpower or destroy the little Extra Terrestrial. Make friends with it! Of course! Learn from it! And right below the surface of Elliot’s experiences — leaving a trail of mum’s in the forest to get the E.T.’s attention, then straining to find a level on which to talk with the E.T., and then finding himself synched up to E.T.’s actual make-up, his electronic circuitry — just below the surface of all that lies the hope that E.T., and all the other E.T.s, are going to come to our rescue and get us out of this century alive. They obviously know so very much more than we know.

E.T. could never be called a new-fangled boy-and-his-dog movie, dolled up with futurist special effects. Dogs never advance beyond a certain point; movies about them have to be about loyalty, obedience, or primitive heroism, where we marvel at the animal’s performance of task supportive to the humans in control. With the creature E.T. comes knowledge that we need in order to survive, and thus there is hope, because access to it has been depicted as a possibility.

If it were the Extra Terrestrial’s land we needed rather than his knowledge, we’d have to call E.T. a strange twist on Turner’s frontier theory (Turner maintained that the existence of the western frontier literally and psychologically made it possible for people to escape the past, or even a rotten present). But the idea that ‘out there’ holds solutions other than the ones we’re mucking around with on Earth in 1982 is not romantic escapism. It has more to do with the language of video games than with Turner, more to do with the adding of a dimension to reality than with the conquering of unknown territories.

Speaking of side stepping the conquering of the world, the most extraordinary structural element in E.T. and Spielberg’s system of new values is the axing of dead. Dad is gone in E.T., the character bores absence is internalized to open the possibilites for the son, to use Freudian thinking, Elliot’s father abandoned mom and the kids somewhat before the movie takes up the story; in one fell swoop Spielberg’s choice erases, within Elliot’s immediate family, the archetypal male responses of fearful or defensive or protective aggression towards the Extra Terrestrial as well as the likelihood of an adult male (the father) taking control of a ‘threatening invasion’ (which is exactly how all adult males behave in the movie). Is Spielberg trying to say that certain behavior patterns have to be altered, elimiminated, or transcended? Probably he wouldn’t cop to that, but with E.T. his work sure has gotten interesting.
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JULY
15 THURSDAY
The Creative Spirit — 8 pm
Elizabeth Schneider: The Gift with the Inevitable Feeling, The Life and Death of Frida Kahlo and Martha Clarke: Light and Dark.
17 SATURDAY and 18 SUNDAY
Burden of Dreams (1982) — 8 pm
Les Blank's documentary is the saga of the production of Handys Far Westward, and is one of the most remarkable and absorbing studies of the creative process ever filmed.
The Making of Raiders of the Lost Ark: 9:45 p.m.
21 WEDNESDAY
An Evening with James Broughton — 8 pm
San Francisco poet and teacher, author of many books and plays.
22 THURSDAY and 24 SATURDAY
Women's Animation — 8 pm
25 SUNDAY
Boomerang (1947) — 7 pm
The Naked City (1948) — 8:45 pm
28 WEDNESDAY
1930s Euroswing (1947) — 7 pm
To the Ends of the Earth (1948) — 8:45 pm
29 THURSDAY
Explanations — 8 pm
Annapurna: A Woman's Place chronicles the heroic expedition which put the first women and the first Americans on the tenth highest mountain in the world.
30 FRIDAY
Experiment in Terror (1962) — 8 pm
31 SATURDAY
The Wobblies — 8 pm
Rare footage of America laboring in the 1930s, With Louie Bens and Hugh Hefges harsh.

AUGUST
1 SUNDAY
An Evening with J. Hoberman — 8 pm
Jan Hoberman, the judge for this year's Northwest Film and Video Festival, is a film and video critic and a filmmaker.
5 THURSDAY
Older Women — 8 pm
Love Me Like a Fool is a biography of Malvina Reynolds. With Portland filmmaker Elaine Velazquez's Some of These Days.
7 SATURDAY and 8 SUNDAY
Clarence and Angel — 8 pm
Robert Gardiner's Clarence and Angel is a moving and humorous story about two boys in a Harlem high school.
12 THURSDAY and 14 SATURDAY
Christopher Strong — 7 pm
Dorothy Arzner was the only female director in Hollywood in the 1930s. With Katherine Hepburn, in her second starring role.
Tell Me a Riddle — 9 pm
The documentary debut for across Lee Grant.
18 WEDNESDAY
Movies by Moonlight — 9:15 pm
Join us in the amphitheater in Washington Park for our second screening of new short films by Northwest filmmakers.

Tenth Annual Northwest Film and Video Festival
August 20-27

NEW LIGHT ON WOMEN FILMMAKERS
by Peggy Lindquist

In 1914, early film director Alice Guy Blaché pondered why more women were not filmmakers and wrote, "It has long been a source of wonder to me that many women have not seized upon the wonderful opportunity offered to them by the motion picture art to make their way to fame and fortune as producers of photodrame. Of all the arts there is probably none in which they can make such splendid displays of talent so much more natural to a woman than to a man."

She directed over two hundred films and established and operated her own production studio (Solax). She conceived her success as "made very difficult by a strong prejudice against one of her sex doing work that has been done only by men... but believed that "this prejudice is fast disappearing." Quite the opposite was true, of course, and most of the handful of productive female directors who took part in the burgeoning motion picture industry in the teens of the Twentieth Century were fast disappearing from the scene in the twenties. This included Madame Blaché herself, who directed her last film in 1920 and could not find work in the film industry by the end of the decade.

Blaché's wonder at the dearth of women producing films then seems ironic in light of the situation today: there are no women directors working regularly in Hollywood now. In fact, there were more women directors at work in the film industry prior to 1920 than during any other period of its history.

This does not mean that there are not working women filmmakers, however, and a series of films presented by FILMA: A Portland Women's Film Forum and the Northwest Film Study Center happily prove this.

Cindy Schumock of the Media Project formed the idea of a women's film festival after seeing handbills from exciting-looking programs in other cities come across her desk. "It seemed that Portland was somehow left out," she says. "Also, I personally felt a need to see women's films; to see what women were saying about their own lives instead of what men say about women's lives." To this end, she began talking to women filmmakers and those interested in film, and in November they gathered for the first FILMA meeting.

"We did a lot of research," said filmmaker Elaine Velazquez whose Some of These Days is included in the festival. "We had no money to pay for previewing the films, so we had to go on what we heard from people who had seen them." The series, titled Woman's Eye View, was incorporated into the Northwest Film Study Center's ongoing summer program, and a listing of the films is available from them. The series began appropriately with one of Madame Blaché's few remaining films, A House Divided (1912), described as a domestic farce; and The Smiling Madame Beudet (1923) by French avant-garde filmmaker Germaine Dulac. Although Dulac was extraordinarily innovative in her use of the camera, her work is seldom seen in showings of early experimental films.

Women have played a major creative role in the production of all the films shown, and many of the films are about women as well. Rosie the Riveter, Malvina Reynolds, Mexican artist Frida Kahlo, the first Americans on Annapurna, and a 1930s aviation played by Katherine Hepburn are among them. Dorothy Arzner, the only woman director to make the transition to talkies, directed Hepburn's second starring role in Christopher Strong (1933).

FILMA's core of organizers are all involved in film in one way or another. Most are filmmakers, and a good part of their motivation in putting the festival together was for their own encouragement and to provide a needed historical perspective for their work. Rose Bond, an animator whose Gaia's Dream appears in the program, explains, "It's like taking art history. You know the Janus [art history] book? Not one woman artist in the whole book, and that's not very encouraging. So I think we have to show these films, make a big deal of it, to break through."

For the most part, the organizers of the festival have concentrated on seldom-seen, recent, independent works by American filmmakers, the wealth of films made by women beyond these borders of time and place. FILMA is already making plans for next year's festival to include more early works and films by women in West Germany, Japan, Africa and elsewhere.

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NORTHWEST ARTISTS WORKSHOP FINDS A NEW HOME

By Leslie Tose
Portland's iconoclastic alternative gallery takes a new lease on life.

Northwest Artists Workshop has recently reopened after an eight-month hiatus without a gallery or office space. It was a challenging period for the group — uncertain and introspective. They have long thought of themselves as a forum for contemporary arts and alternative to the attitudes and format of museums and commercial galleries. This time without a space was a real test of their identity and adaptability. For eight months, they searched for a space, negotiated for a space, several times were on the verge of having a space, and in the meantime dealt with the logistics of coordinating temporary spaces. The Workshop went underground; having no central office, day-to-day affairs were conducted by phone out of people's bedrooms and living rooms.

Yet there were highlights, as director Darryl Clegg recalls: "We did a traveling show literally; a traveling show — called 'Suitcase Full of Art,' where we had artists submit work in a suitcase. We took it around to places like the U.S. Bank Plaza, Pioneer Square, the Lloyd Center, the library, Union Station, even Mail 226. And the reaction was, 'What is this? A garage sale?" There were people who saw that show who probably never would have come to a gallery. I don't think there are any sidewalk art exhibitors like that in Portland. I think this was the closest thing to it. We contacted close to a thousand people who would have never gone to a gallery.

In spite of the insecurities of this time, the good feedback about the exhibition program reinforced some of the Workshop's most basic philosophies. They seek to subvert cultural standards that always hang on walls, that it shouldn't be touched or that a person has to pay a lot of money to see it. They want to de-mystify art; to dissolve the aura of elitism that surrounds it. Access is the name of the game. The process of creating is just as important and stimulating as the finished product. Variety and interdisciplinary expression are as important as the single works of art. The Workshop, he is the limit pusher; one of the Workshop's values is the fact that generally has to have things all planned out so that I know things are going to run smoothly. When I first started working with this group of people, I got very upfront, very never is flourishing in a number of cities around the U.S. A recent event resulting from this networking was an exchange show with Roscoe Louise Gallery of Seattle.

One of the Workshop's assets for movement toward these goals is director Darryl Clegg, whose personality seems to set the tone for the Workshop's current phase of success. He is a man who seems to be performing a balancing act. Working both as the director of the Workshop and as publicity manager for Cirque, he is that rare combination of administrator and artist: organized and aggressive, yet tactful, open to new ideas and accessible to people on both sides of the fence. With the Workshop, he is the limit pusher; board members sometimes vacillate around an issue until Darryl pushes them up to it and beyond. Institutions of such "open spirit" as the Workshop must remain viable. They reflect the interests of their communities: work space, show place; clearinghouse and crashpad; somehow always in transit, sometimes collapsing like a house of cards, but then, spawning alternatives in their wake. It is really the un-expected, the sidelines, that grow full-fledged and autonomous. It is these aspects that complement and confirm the Workshop's existence. Poetspace and Friction Gallery are two such examples.

Poetspace was started by the Workshop with the idea of increasing the audience for poetry while giving poets a much-needed place to perform. Poetspace has its own coordinator and in the position to offer honorariums to readers, enabling them to draw in poets from outside the immediate Portland area. While Poetspace was planned, Fric-
The impact the Workshop has had in this community is undeniable, in giving artists in Portland a place to show and a reason to stay. There are the effects we can document, such as the exposure and support of local and unknown artists, as well as the spin-offs like Poetspace and Friction Gallery. There is also the more subtle and pervasive ripple that happens in a community when artists have a rallying point and focus; there is a formative spirit in the air that thrives on people, new ideas, and new solutions. Northwest Artists Workshop feels like a survivor.

Northwest Artists Workshop is located at 522 NW 12th Ave. and is open Tuesday through Saturday 12 to 5 p.m.
Splendid Film on Folk Heroes

"Oh, get up and go. Run out of bed. In spite of it all. I'm able to grin and think of the places my get up has been."

By Judy Stone

The deep bass and the dry wit belonged to Lee Hays, diabetic and a double amputee, but he borrowed a funeral limousine and got up and went to his farewell concerts with the Weavers at Carnegie Hall two years ago.

The outpouring of love that greeted those veteran folk singers might have unsettled Samson, but Hays keeps a firm grip on his emotions in "Wasn't That A Time!" the splendid documentary opening today at the Surf, which records the preparations for their last reunion and recalls a bit of the long road traveled together by Hays, Pete Seeger, Ronnie Gilbert and Fred Hellerman.

Hays' tart tone refuses to sentimentalize the past that skyrocketed them to fame in 1950 with a single record ("Goodnight, Irene" and "Tzena, Tzena") and dumped them off the airwaves two years later, casualties of the entertainment blacklist.

The Weavers formed in 1950. Nudging what Seeger described as "two low baritones, one brilliant alto and a split tenor," the band launched Carnegie Hall reunion concerts in 1955 and inspired new performers to join the folk music movement.

Three musicians who attended that concert formed the Kingston Trio in the documentary, Don McLean, Mary Travers of Peter, Paul and Mary, and Arlo Guthrie tell what the Weavers meant to them.

There's reciprocity in the warm scene between Holly Near and Ronnie Gilbert. As a very young girl, Near said, she had been inspired to hear Ronnie's voice "soaring over the three men's.

Ronnie, now graying and buxom, and with a still powerful voice, confesses that "Holly's songs opened me up to my identity as a woman." When Gilbert belts out Holly's number, "A Woman Disappeared in Chile," it was a moving affirmation that the Weavers could still get up and go with the best of the young ones.

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