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Endgames
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by states. In depression-ridden Michigan Richard Houdek rejected Mr. Reagan as an economic compro-
miser, and did particularly well in the devastated northern industrial cities. New York's Lewis Lehrman flatly re-
jected Mr. Reagan and boldly offered an even more radical plan of change — large-scale income tax reductions
and a return to the gold standard. Mr. Lehrman swept upstate, where the economy was the only issue.

Pollster Cadell thinks, "It is unfor-
tunate that there was no 'drastic
change' campaign waged from the
Left that could have served as a
comparative companion to these two
races." Clearly there are many Americans
who feel the need for drastic changes
to get us out of our economic quag-
mire. Back in the Northwest, Oregon,
a state that prides itself on visionary
progressive programs, found itself
with both gubernatorial candidates
talking all over themselves to prove

who would more passively ride on
our economy's busts. Not a single
original remedy was suggested for
our economic ills. And in Washing-
ton state, "Scoop" Jackson's proven
talent as a military porkbarreler
proved sufficient to bury his oppo-
nents, despite the fact that the state's
basic economy is in tatters. If we
want the Northwest difference to
mean more than the highest unem-
ployment in the West, we'd better stop
hoping that the Air Force goes to
wooden jets and start facing the up-
coming challenges with open and
receptive minds.

Meanwhile, the nuclear freeze
movement, both locally and nation-
ally, is missing a rare opportunity
to link up with a large part of America
ravaged by Reaganomics. Think
their only option is to brace for

at the Defense Department creates
roughly 48,000 jobs for every $1 bil-
lion it spends. The same $1 billion
spent in other public sectors would
create more jobs—76,000 in sewer con-
struction, 77,000 in nursing and
100,000 in education. We can't have
an excessive military budget and a healthy economy —
that is as clear as day and night. The
nuclear freeze movement, which is
concerned about how many days and
nights this planet has left, must link
up this direct correlation between
defense spending and a falling
economy, if we are truly going to
create a broad-based movement capa-
bile of ending this country's military
madness. The successful referen-
dums are an opening wedge, but they
must be followed up on.

Just think of the excitement that
could be generated by a clearly enun-
ciated conversion of nukes for jobs
program. If progressives misperceive
this opening, there are others on the
radical right with a far different agen-
da, who are ready to pounce on the
loose voter. Right now, they're up for
grabs.

Clinton St. Quarterly
I

Incexcit is the term given to sexual abuse in which the perpetrator is a significantly older sibling or parental figure and the victim is a child. Little girls make up 95 percent of all incest victims. Incest occurs among families of all economic, ethnic and social backgrounds. It's felt as unsafe, and is affecting up to 10 percent of all female children. The victims, often too young to realize the meaning of the abuse, don't have a language to explain what they're experiencing. And if the father or a parental figure is the perpetrator, they often don't know where to turn.

The sexual abuse of children by a parent or other adult relative begins before the age of 13 years before it is discovered, reported, or the child escapes the situation.

A Lifetime Reality

It's a horrible picture as the statistics concerning the number of incest victims become. for the individual, a lifelong reality. I am 38 years old. When I was 32 I started going to a therapist. I wasn't the first one — I had been in counseling off and on since I was 13 and tried to kill myself at summer camp. But it was the first I said, "I have this little boy and everytime I get mad, I am afraid to kill him. I love him but when I get angry and can't seem to control him I want to beat him and scream and yell and cry. He's I'm supposed to be an adult; I'm in charge of him."

She asked me how I had been treated as a child. I said, "Oh, like other children; I got beat a lot and my parents drank a lot." She said all children were treated like that and asked for more specifics. It was then I began to open some doors to my past.

I stopped being a child sometime between 2 and 6 years old — I'm not yet clear exactly when all happened to me or exactly when it all started. And it seems irrelevant now. But each time my mom went to the hospital to have another child, I had to sleep with my dad. He slept in only his undershorts and I had to rub his body under the guise of a "backrub." He made me sick to my stomach, but what could I say? I was only a child. I think the eldest child and at least it made him like me and be nice. I wanted him to be nice, but he wasn't nice at all, it meant beatings. I remember waking up one night when I was 6 or 7 and hearing my mom crying and falling down. I thought I was going to die. My dad was yelling and hitting her. I pretended I was asleep and nothing was ever said about it. I knew it happened because I saw her bruised and beaten that night. I had to go to elementary school and edging down the hall with my back to the wall so no one would see the welts on the at the and the battle for escape escal- ated. Simultaneously my dad's need for power and control made mew"deed and suggestive comments about my developing body and the clothes I wore to show his power and me in front of my friends, and male and female. The only affection I ever got from him was sexual — but it wasn't really sex, it was his expression of ownership.

At the end of the eighth grade I went on a camping trip. Churches and other organizations have all lost their social life so I was allowed to have a boyfriend. A friend brought me home from the hayride, my dad looked at me and saw that I had no straw in my hair. He was very hurt and made me pray on my knees in front of the mirror all night long.

Then I began coping in a different way. I had been well trained to believe that my only power to gain affection was my sexuality, and I began to use it. I hung out with older boys — my parents called them "hoods." In actu- ally, they were only lost children like me looking for a better situation. We drank, read and shoplifted. When I started sneaking out of the house at night and screaming back at my drunken mother and away me and all girls' high school. There I spent a lot of time going from weddings, girls and stores, drinking and sneaking out at night to be with boys. I wasn't being physically or sexually abused there, but I also wasn't get- ting any love. And I think we would have gone home the situation was still terrible.

One summer night when I was back at my parents' home I was talking on the phone to a boy after 11 p.m. When my father discovered me on the phone that late, he dragged me by my hair and kicked me all the way from the rec room to my bedroom. I was 16. I am a small religious women's college, where I spent most of my time doing speed, drinking, listening to music, playing bridge and sneaking off to school. Boys. They looked up to us; they thought we had the situation under control. I don't know if it was the speed, my mental state or the religious environment, but I had hallucinations, visions and wondered if I was falling apart again. I knew I had to escape. I took a train to New York. I spent the day and night in cheap movies. At night I earned a liv- ing working at a restaurant and dancing in Village clubs. It was sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll out of the classroom. At least 60 percent of rock 'n' roll the scene was drugs, and sex was plugged up and sex was my power- ful, Sex and manipulation were

ly and terrified childhood — and the resulting adult. I was afraid of inca- teration in prison or mental hospi- tal. Killing myself seemed more and more like the only viable alternative.

One night too many quas- itudes and beers, I almost did die. The next day I got up from the escape and his friends out and decided to start over. I stayed alone in the country for almost a year trying to figure out how to fix up my life. I couldn't, and didn't, do it alone.

Most of my revelations have come from talking to women who have had similar experiences. I have seen my- self reflected in their lives. There are millions of women like me. Some of us will spend most of our lives sorting out the pieces. Others who have the opportunity to do so sooner.

The young women whose comments are included here are also victims of sexual abuse, mostly incest. They are currently participating in a counsel- ing group for sexually abused teen- agers in the Seattle area.

"No One Will Believe Me"

I admitted to quite a few peo- ple that something was wrong, but I thought it was all part of and that's how I explained it to them, my dad's way of getting me to pass me and out and I got my dad in trouble for it."

Patty, 16

The discovery may finally occur when there is a change in some independence or can no longer toler- ate the situation. If a child becomes rebellious and gets into trouble, sen- sitive counselors or medical and law officials may discover the abuse. However it happens, the discovery outlines the problem. Reporting the abuse to au- thorities is a difficult but important step. For the victim, it means the be- ginning of a process in which she will get some badly needed support. She is believed, she will be protected. For the perpetrator, it means an end to indiscriminately destruc- tive behavior.

MacQuire, states, "Statistics show that offenders don't stop on their own accord. And the most pow- erful persuader for a person to get treatment is the arm of the law."

"For the child who is still in the home, the issue is whether they are at risk of being abused again," says MacQuire. "Often the severity means that either the offender or the victim may be put in a situation. First and foremost is assuring the safety of the victim, so you may have a whole legal procedure that comes in. If dis- closure, there is going to be a crisis for the family." The judge said I only have to say it once and I said okay. I ended up say- ing it five times in front of all those people, half of them I didn't even know.

Justina, 12

While it is required by law that the victim be entitled to coun- seling, and even have legal, it is often difficult to get charged filed

There are 4 Fortier Like me

Looking at Incest

I stopped being a child sometime between 2 and 6 years old. Each time my mom went to the hospital to have another baby, I had to sleep with my dad.

By Stella Dean Cummins

Drawing by Dana Hoyle

back of my legs, I was from a nice family — those things didn't happen in the beginning. But at least I didn't al- ready didn't get beaten naked with belts and hairbrushes. I retreated to a fantasy world of romantic novels and dreams of being rescued. But that world began to develop and no shining knights appeared, I became desper-

synchronous with love for me — flow- er power; free love and all that. If you hooked up, you would give you the respect, love and protection that you needed. And if he didn't give it, he would be responsible for what had happened to me and the teacher was telling the class about sexual abuse and I go, 'Wow, this stuff is happen- ing to me. It's time I should do

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ing 5 times in front of all those people, half of them I didn't even know."
because, for example, in Washington State, if the child is 12 or older, she must file the charges herself. Even if the victim does not choose to prosecute or the statute of limitations has run out on the offense, it is still essential to protect other children who may be exposed to the offender. It may take a direct confrontation with the abuser or could mean letting other family members know about the potential.

"These women have been holding a secret for a long time — so long that it becomes internalized oppression. No one has let them be children.

From Victim to Survivor

"It is hard for me to have a relationship. I have lots of boy friends but when it comes to getting serious with them, I'm scared." Nicole, 16

For many women victims, the effects of being sexually abused are far-reaching. Cathy Schmitz, a social worker with the Sexual Assault Center at Harborview Hospital in Seattle, says, "Trust is an ongoing issue when you've been molested by someone close to you. You have problems with touch, sometimes fears and phobias, low self-esteem, depression, poor body image, lack of assertiveness, learned helplessness — problems that females tend to have in our culture." The problem may compound into what is called victim psychology: The abused child thinks of herself as bad, so bad things are supposed to happen to her. She is helpless to change the situation. The result can be that the woman picks inaccessible, abusive men as boyfriends and husbands. They may even become prostitutes or be self-abusive through alcohol or drugs.

Therapist Vickie Sears, who counsels many adult victims, says, "Many victims don't ever talk about it until they are much older. These women have been holding a secret for a long time — so long that it becomes internalized oppression. No one has let them be children. I help them get it out, recapture that childhood, and eventually confront the offender. She may also engage the woman's partner and children in therapy because of the intensity in dealing with the past. Whatever the treatment may be, the goal is to become a survivor. Sears says, "survivors have recognized that it was not their fault. They reclaim their bodies. It's all right to be sexual, to realize that sex is not a tool of manipulation. They have control over their lives."

"I wasn't ashamed for everybody to know because my mom was so good about the situation; she told me it wasn't my fault. It's just a thing in the past, but I wish it wouldn't have happened to me." Justin

How do you prevent incest? Most therapists and authorities feel that education is the answer. Seattle Rape Relief does mass education through the schools and PTA's. Presentations are put on in the evenings for children and their parents. Parents are given information about incest, sexual abuse, and told what resources are available. Myths surrounding abuse are dealt with. Karen Bosley, Executive Director of Rape Relief, explains what they're doing with the children. "We talk and play games about good touch, confusing touch and bad touch. What if somebody touches you in a way you don't like; what can you do? Who should you tell? What if they don't believe you?" Bosley thinks that "positive sexual training is real critical for children. We need to teach kids about sexuality and then give them a language to describe what happens to them."

"My mom blames me. She tells me that I'm no good, I'm a slut. My mom calls me these dirty names instead of knowing that it was my dad's fault." Patty

Closely tied to mass education about incest and sexuality in general is exploding the myth of the molester. The public doesn't want to believe that a father, an established figure, would do these things because, Bosley explains, "for so many years we've been taught that it's the dirty old man in the black trenchcoat. We need to show people who the offenders are. Exploding the myths about offenders, defining them, educating children and parents are all essential to preventing incest. But there are also societal concerns that must be addressed. Many agree with MacQuhey that society's acceptance of violence is part of the problem. "One contributor to the sexual abuse of children, of people in general, is the acceptance of violence in our culture. For example, in the media, when sex and violence are legitimized, glorified, it normalizes that kind of thinking."

The use of women's bodies as a marketying ploy also ingrains a certain ideology about women. Bosley believes that this type of advertising "trains young men that what a woman is really about is to be an object for a product. That gets translated into 'She's there for me to do anything I want.'" The bottom line in preventing sexual abuse is that until we change how men view women in our society some men are going to take out their hostility, frustration and unhappiness on women and children.

What has happened to me and to other victims cannot be changed — we accept it; it happened. But we have changed. Our strength is in knowing that we are not to blame. And we know who is to blame — our fathers, brothers, stepfathers and anyone who confuses sex with power. We have survived. We are free from sexual bondage. We are free to protect ourselves, our children, and to demand a stop to these violations. The challenge we all face is to change the conditions in our society that allow incest to damage so many lives.
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I have arrived at the last week of picking varieties of Red Delicious. For half the crew, this was the end, although some would say to finish off the green Granny Smiths. Later that evening, inside the cramped quarters of his small trailer, Dave reassured me, "You don't have to pick, if you don't want to. Doyle says it's okay, though." With that, we joined the gang around the campfire. The pickers were bantering and talking. They were about the friendliest bunch of people I'd ever met.

For starters, I was told Golden Delicious pears are claims a bit, but they bruised easily, Red Delicious nine, and Grannies ten. A bin is four by four feet square, and maybe two and a half feet deep. It weighs about 800 pounds. Good pickers can pick six, seven bins a day. Maybe more. The season lasts three to a month. And you could earn up to a thousand dollars. or more.

How many apples does a bin contain? 15001? 2000? Well, that would depend upon the size of the apples. The farmer, the harvester, even the picker is called "gray," because the bin fills up easy. When encountered with a delighted picker, imitating comedian Steve Martin, will invariably yell, "Die, you gray-sucking pig!" The others in the orchard will take up the cry. After the first week, Dave saw apple patterns everywhere, even when he wasn't picking.

I realize you're not a picker until you fight those goddamned trees. But you can't harm the apples! You grab soft and make it seem mean. They gotta know who's boss!

Camp Life

Camp life is the bare bottom of 2-year-old Kalathin's; his name after the mountain in Maine) watching Chop, as he says, and mother, writing out clothes on the camp washing machine. Camp life is bright yellow seashells, the tinkle of water near your sleeping bag, looking for a place to hibernate. It's the blue pop of the propane gas flame when you light the stove to boil your food; it's orange and red rice and refried beans. The condiments are: El Pato (duck) hot sauce and cans of Schmidt beer, mallow (more ducks) on the label. It's dirty dishes stacked in the cold water sinks and dirty socks and T-shirts on the floor of Dave's trailer, because he's been so damn busy.

His trailer, a nifty one from the fits with wood paneling everywhere, even on the light switch, is a healthy
Bare-bottomed Kashaolin and friend another "Will." (PACIFIC PROPAGA-

Have I left anyone out? Tim the woodcarver from Seattle and his part-
nier the "Reverend" Jack Rogers. (Red-whiskered, bespectacled Jack has come up "for the cure" and twist-
ed his knee). Brian, who's been work-
ing at Grady Aubry's nearby, hangs around because he knows everyone from one year -- and he can get a hot shower.

Milk Them Suckers!

On Wednesday afternoon I get up
guts enough to pick. I am
ashed to admit it: I'm a little bit of
an "estate! Aren't the pickers the pro-
lletars? the journalist the bourgeoisie? the growers the bosses? When I joke about it with Dave, he says, "You

$10,000 each and have replaced
smudge pots. They blow the warm
air up-per air toward the freezing ground.)

Young Dave Brooks confidently
in his third year. "(Like greased
olives, you remember.)" He picks two
three of my struggling one. His long
lens elastic body flows with the
infused, liquid he is stuck in admiration. (Although he doesn't look like\nnorwegian hair and intense
brown eyes, tully is a dyed-in-the
wool apple-picking Washingtonian.

It wasn't always this easy for him.

Based on the text provided, the document transitions into various topics, including music, gardening, and a conversation about apple picking. The text then shifts to a discussion about the weather and its impact on apple growth. The overall tone is descriptive and reflective, with a touch of humor and personal insight. The text concludes with a reflection on the challenges and joys of apple picking, set against a backdrop of the surrounding environment and cultural references.
The What Pickers Had to Say

In "The Pig," while drinking Schmidt, I have a heavy conversation with the pickers about their concerns.

Ways to control the chemi- cals, Will says. "They blow right in a gale. Right now, right now." Then he'll say, "...or the kids or something? Is the chemicals really bad for you?"

Stop-Drop, a natural plant hormone, is used to overcome the abscisic acid in the stems. It keeps the apples from falling all at once. Pesticides, herbicides, and hormones are used. For exam- ple, Enderlin is used to kill mice. They can do a lot of damage. I saw poison signs up. It’s a story that cows wandered into an orchard with- out Enderlin on the ground and died Paraquat and 2,4-D-T are often used. Jim the nurseryman says they are similar to Agent Orange.

What are the long-term effects? To the pickers? To the ecological system? Chemicals leach into the Columbia. The pickers don’t know, and the growers don’t seem to care enough to get to the root of the problem.

The poison is a prob- lem, but you don’t know what to do about it? I ask. "You don’t know how it gets into the orchard?" If you just got a lot, you nuke it," Tim answers. "I feel the pickers know what to do, and the growers know."

The grower should say, This is what it uses and don’t. Then the picker has the option to go to another orchard.

"At least they’ll talk to us," he asks. "He wouldn’t do any serious action that one picker worked at — the spray plane went right over him. He was gone so low they could have shot him in the face.

The pickers say, "What is the worst part for the pick- ers, when they come to an orchard?" I ask. "Nowhere in the U.S." I say. My first year I picked there were three of us. They lived in tents, and I lived in my truck. We cooked on the tailgate in the morning over a funky war- plussurplus.

How often does that happen? They replied, "It’s everywhere around here, last places don’t have housing," Tuck said. "It’s scattered. In Yakima, no- body has housing! You go rent a room in the motel.

What would be a second bad thing? "The actual picking conditions. Poor- ly pruned trees, big trees, heavy lad- des, small fruit. From $8.50 to $10 a bin is okay if the fruit is plus. I would say $5.25 or $6 a bin," Tuck says. "A few places like that," Tim adds, "You can’t drop the fruit in the bag, in the bin. They don’t even check. You give them what’s paid for.

Most of the Little Owl pickers feel sympathy toward the Mexican pickers. (They often could be seen at the Ordo- no more, the little family food and home ties. Hanging out. It’s odd, however; neither the growers nor the Mexican seem to communicate. Possibly it’s the language barrier.) In the last five years, more than half of the pickers are Mexican. (Perhaps as high as 65 percent!) Better the workers who growers hire, he says, "These Mexican," because they can pay cheaper wages. And fire them when.

We drive by Lucky Badger for the here. I think he’s been a huge American for housing. It looked like a few pick- ers were sitting in the packing case, wrapped in black plastic! Did I see an American flag flying?

Tuck went into the office and asked for employment. They told him, Seven dollars a bin. Plus fifteen cents an hour. If you are a good picker. Twenty people were waiting in line for a job. "The way people used to go, the jobber told Tuck, "we might be able to put you out there, maybe two, three, show- ers (I), but no housing. Was it a bad idea there is a corporate opera- tion. It’s “imperialist”

(it is said at Lucky Badger last Thursday the 1st in tents, and I lived the last day of the season. Because this orchard is a mergers farm, he got fifty-cent per bin bonus, getting rid of the Mexicans saved them money.

We talk about how difficult it would be to change some of these condi- tions. For example, how are you going to organize Mexican workers, when they don’t have legal status? Tuck doesn’t see the need for a burea- ucratic union of any sort, for a matter of a few people getting together. "Tuck comments, “who are in- terested in the general welfare of all pickers. Not just one at an orchard.

As Tuck of information could be set up. With a mailing address. A mimeographed pickers newsletter could be started. It could contain ar- ticles about picking, hiking, how to get more money, how to get to where. We can talk about politics, and maybe even make a few people actually get- ting together. "Tuck comments, “who are in- terested in the general welfare of all pickers. Not just one at an orchard.

One of the running jokes goes: Somebody says they’re going to call in "well." In other words, you gotta be sick to pick apples.

The Payoff Party

Raw humor comes with hard work. David and all the rest who aren’t going to pick Greetings are tired of picking. "I hate blanking blank ap- ples!" I tell him. "I’m not even picking them! I’m sick of asking questions about them.“ "Now you’ve got it," he replies. One of the running jokes goes. Somebody said they’re gonna call in ‘well.’ ‘In other words, you gotta be sick to pick apples,” Tuck explains.

Thorsen isn’t anything, if he isn’t "lucky!" Both he and his sister have beans favorites in the camp. Dressed like a baker’s assistant — in his only clean white shirt and pants — Dave — perhaps the only one in the camp who didn’t walk the entire hike to the dark — wore a headband, carried a guitar, and was shining invitably. The kitchen and liv- ing room were bright with hospitality: "Dave" — the handcrafted tacos, cold cream, hard cider, pop and Schmidt bottle of beer. They were a little expensive. As Doyle used an adding machine.

Pickers relax at the end of the day. Small tickets and deduct- ions are local. Two of the local got made everyone feel at home. Lik- ewise, the pickers were asked to con- sider the ingredients for a "Green Border" show. Tuck tells me in a glass- toped with a maraschino cherry — anchovy instead of sardine — Dave did well. It was a very good and pretty. And wanted another! While someone stumped on the guitar, Bellingham Bob played the harmon- ica soulfully.

At the conclusion of this others parted, I couldn’t stop. "reporting," I took Thrya aside next to a "How the Band!" she said. "There were some small owls living on the property when we bought the place. It seemed like a good name.)

After going through the checks, Doyle came and joked with everyone. It was time for the season’s end "lottery." Bin tickets from each participant were placed in a basket and stirred up. At nine dollars apiece, 12 or 13 players, someone would be $110 richer. Was it rigged? Somebody’s 2-year-old reached in and drew out the name. Dave said, "I wanted to see the look on the winner’s face!" That would be impossible, but I don’t think he was "disappointed." WE WENT TO APPLAUSE AND good-natured "What are you going to do?" he said. "I feel bad Speech!" Complimenting him for the surprised look on his face, the other pickers somehow hadn’t have hap- pened to a nicer guy.

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stacked his boxes of Goldens and Reds in my station wagon, I noted that Tuck had fingered on the dusty back-end. "Picker Mobile." Dave jammed his pack and sleeping bag in, also. He asked me if I would read out loud the Yeats poem, "The Song of Wandering Aengus," that I had sent him in a letter. I did. This lovely poem tells of how the shimmering bear caught transformed itself into a glimmering girl with apple blossoms in her hair.

When Dave reached down to pet Gumpy (and she responded happily), I knew he'd return next season (he did). I don't know, maybe One-Bin Watt will too? Danny Rosato ran and brought us both a freshly baked cinnamon roll, chock-full of honey and raisins. As we munched away and drove away, we waved goodbye to friends, to "brothers and sisters" — to "the family of man."

Smelling the fragrance of the orchards wafting through the car window, I realized I had experienced many things "apple-picking." If you clumsily ram your wrist against the spur, you can gouge blood. We came from the dust, we worked in the dust, and we'll return to it. Where does it come from? Pesticides? Fruit sugar? Mt. St. Helens' ash? Alkal in the water? No one knows exactly. It's addictive. Your eyes get irritated with it. Your nose snorts and it sneezes it. It's like Jim Cook said to me, as we were leaving, "Next season you're gonna come back to get your dose of pickers' dust. It's time-released. Around September, you're gonna call Doyle up and reserve a trailer for the harvest."

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Two Days on the Road with JIM WEAVER

Photos and story by David Miholland

Congressional politics has largely become a bi-annual exercise in marketing those commodities known as political personalities. Surveys are conducted to ascertain what every man and woman is concerned about, and great sums of money are expended pumping out the most acceptable image through all available mediums. Votes are tallied, the generally predictable results are announced, we breathe a collective sigh of relief, and those few chosen souls leave our midst, cross the continent, and conduct our trillion-dollar affairs of state, largely out of sight and mind.

It's not a process that tends to yield up visionaries, or even leaders, and rarely does a person who does consistently against the grain stay in office.

In November 1974, sporting a new toupee, Jim Weaver won the seat of U.S. Representative from Oregon's 4th District in his third attempt. His opponent, Republican John Dellenback, stayed overlong in Washington, D.C., and when he arrived home, two weeks before the election, found himself buried in the tides of a depressed lumber industry, Westgate and Weaver's new-found torsional splendor.

As one of 435 members of the House, little should have been expected of Weaver in his first term. Yet by the end of those two years he had spoken out so strongly (and effectively) against what we've come to know as WPSS, focusing on its financial weaknesses, that he isolated himself from the entire Northwest congressional delegation, which at that time strongly supported the burgeoning nuclear industry. I didn't expect him to last for long. For he was bucking the cozy club, led by Sen. Henry "Scoop" Jackson, which

mill closures, and no end in sight, I traveled to Eugene to spend two days on the campaign trail with the candidate. I wondered what Weaver would be telling his constituents, and what they'd have to say to him. And I hoped to find out what motivated this man, in the face of such ridicule from the powers that be. His district is a crazy, mixed-up world of rednecks, Deadheads, gyppos and lumber barons, Birchers and peaceniks. In some way, he has to represent, and appeal to them all.

Day I

I get off the bus as Eugene is starting her day, with office workers and downtown types moving quickly through the light mist. I walk past the new Hult Performing Arts Center, which looks handsome and expensive in this moribund economy. Yet close by, in the public market, quaffing dark Java and a whole wheat sweet roll, I sense that this is still a "love city," where eco-politicians have yet to succumb to the "jobs or death" psychology which always threatens to permeate a depressed locale.

Two blocks away, in the otherwise morgue-like Federal Building, Weaver's office is a beehive of activity. Despite a headquarters nearby, this is clearly the epicenter of re-election activity. Staff members seem young, attractive, and in a hurry. I am no sooner in the office than I'm hassled out the door, and minutes later

His district is a crazy, mixed-up world of rednecks, Deadheads, gyppos and lumber barons, Birchers and peaceniks. In some way he has to represent, and appeal to them all.

campaign aids Greg Skillman and I are dropped at the Weaver place a few miles southeast of Eugene.

Weaver, and his young second wife Jane, burst from the house, a low-key, ranch-style place that bespeaks comfort more than wealth, and we bundle into his 1978 Chevette, our touring car for the next two days. Hardly spa-
cious, I settle into the back seat with Jane, as Greg drives, Weaver riding shotgun. Introductions over, both candidate and wife hoist sections of The Oregonian and bury themselves therein.

It’s a lovely, crisp fall day as we move out of town toward the Roseburg Valley into narrower country town. Weaver glances up occasionally to comment on his reading: "Here’s an article on Wally Priestley (an iconoclastic Oregon State Representative); he’s anti-establishment and he’s always been on the mark. He’s terrific. And he’s never lost an election — they’ve tried to redistrict him out of it twice."

We slowly begin to construct a conversation, about beached whales, the Republicans’ "negative campaign" tactic, etc. When I mention fellow progressive member of Congress from Oakland, Ron Dellums, Jane Weaver raises the oft-mentioned issue of his effectiveness. Jim Weaver responds: "Democrats announce the issues. Then, as momentum shifts his direction, others take credit."

Before we know it, we’re entering the small logging town of Drain, our first stop, where a group is assembled to talk about the Nuclear Freeze. I was surprised, expecting economic issues to override any such lofty concerns. But here in City Hall are 75-100 people, many seniors, many students, watching a Haskell Weaver film on the Freeze. Weaver absorbs the film, soaking up information and impressions. As he takes the floor, at film’s end, the audience applauds loudly.

Weaver’s comments condensed: "This is the issue of our times — it could be the last issue. We need to stop the madness of the arms race ... it can be stopped, it will be stopped. Experts are the ones that have led us astray... Up to now, debates in Congress have been between proponents of different defense contractors. This year, Ron Dellums led the fight and made the case that we were weakening the U.S. by the arms buildup. He made a magnificent case. ... Last month 148 House members voted no on military appropriations.

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"I never told my three daughters about this. I’ve been acutely aware of this since Hiroshima — I didn’t want them hurt. But all of a sudden we were faced with the awful truth: That we will perish if we allow the politicians in Washington and the Kremlin to continue. I’m blunt; now I scare the hell out of people."

Many people ask follow-up questions, about arms to Israel ("I don’t think we should be selling arms anywhere. It’s awful, immoral, dangerous and shameful."); cosollescence ("My first flight in Congress was on MPV. We went ahead, and the Russians caught up in two years. You invent a weapon and it can be countered."); and about the Reader’s Digest articles calling the Nuclear Freeze movement communist ("Those articles are planted in there. I don’t think the American people are being fooled.")

Here in tiny Drain, Weaver is relaxed, greeting old friends and making them feel part of a larger movement. The mood is hopeful, not doomsday, and we leave the group feeling buoyed.

After our walk back to the car, we’re driven south toward Roseburg, a town where the right to keep and bear arms is as sacred as the right to fly trees. Weaver has no bones to pick with the former. He receives the unqualified support of the National Rifle Association (NRA) election after election. He’s got enough iron in the fire as it is, proabortion, pro-gay rights, a down-the-line environmentalist, that it’s not worth being picked off on such a deeply felt issue. In Roseburg, Weaver’s been targeted in the past by the John Birch Society itself, which advised voters in half-page ads that Weaver supported "The Federal Plan," "The Federal Money Machine," "The Federal Bulldozer," and "The Federal Police."

But it’s not just the reactionary Right that has clouded Weaver’s status locally. Only brief years ago, he was about as popular in Roseburg as the Tussock moth. The Douglas Tim-

ber Operators (DTO), chafing under the environmental restrictions Weaver was pushing through Congress, drew up in wrath against Weaver-sponsored RARE-II wilderness designation hearings being held locally. The DTO insisted that Weaver had destroyed the entire timber industry in the area. Yet, in Weaver’s words, the entire proposed wilderness would have "tied up about 3 percent of the timber in Douglas County." Even organized labor was turned against him. "Douglas County was the only one I lost in the last election... the only one Halfield [Boren, Mark... also a wilderness proponent] lost in the entire state."

After one hearing, at the height of the terror, Weaver exited Roseburg fearing for his life. The town’s streets filled with hundreds of logging trucks, beating their horns, while a crowd chanted, "Up Weaver’s ramp with a cedar stump."

Now, driving into town years later, Weaver reminisces: "I’ve been hung in effigy a number of times. They’re threatened to run me out of town on a rail." We go directly to KPIC, Roseburg’s TV station, where he’s greeted coolly. With a sideways go for lunch (Wendy’s), Weaver goes into the studio, and I wait in the obby, overhearing this exchange: Rosebud: "What do you think of Jim Weaver?" He seems shorter than I expected him to be." Visiting schoolteacher, whose class is on tour: "I wouldn’t vote for Weaver for nothing. I don’t know who Anthony is [Weaver’s 1982 opponent], but I’d still vote for him; I’d vote for Mickey Mouse if he was running against Jim Weaver." Passions die hard in Roseburg.

Weaver handles the lunch-hour talk show with ease, blunting questions that could have been written by his opponent with rejoinders that emphasize the positive. "I’m not going to be leading a trade delegation to China. This is a billion-person planet with no timber..."

Session over, we pulp down burgers and visit the nearby home of lumberman Sid Lycan and his wife Martha. Sid loves the Greeks, and Weaver settles in, clearly at home. A Louis Bunce painting sits on one wall. The entire feeling is tasteful, unpretentious elegance. It’s a reminder that Weaver himself was once a well-to-do contractor, with friends like the timber wealthy, liberal Democratic Lycans.

Conversation here is intimate, informal. It’s a place to recon, where comments about his opponent, the press, and other random issues can be discussed freely. Offstage, Weaver is witty, more conservative and more inclined to intelligent cynicism than he can be in public. He repeatedly attacks the fourth estate, and having

"The President vetoed the Housing Bill... it was vetoed because it took away from the M1 tank and all these military programs."

read the vitriolic slurs on his character and competence in Oregon’s major dailies for years and why he’s sympathetic. Some element of his attraction to Jane must be the fact that her life work has been journalism, and their give and take throughout the trip, though always friendly, is on the jousting side of chivalric. "Prove it," she says, to one Weaver statement. "I’d like to see it." She’s a spunky woman, pleasant to be around. Rejuvenated, we depart.

En route to our next stop, Weaver points out the site of a local exchange he tried to arrange for the Forest Service. Complications involving the Douglas County Commissioners ensued, and one of their relatives ended up with the prime parcel, which he al-
Weaver receives the unqualified support of the National Rifle Association election after election. He's got enough iron in the fire that it's not worth being picked off on such a deeply felt issue.

Day II

We awake to a drizzle. It's so damp, it's almost raining. Yet it's only been two days of rain it seems as though it has been raining since the world began. We have at Reedsport the High School, which was bright and early. Few are registered here but our partners, are just as eager to see these young people in the near future. Weaver introduces this group as a man of considerable courage, which is now to be testd by these still-immature young adults. He quickly throws the floor open to questions to find out if we're all thinking, to find out what's going on.

After several questions from the '90s Republican club's internationalists, he proceeds to embarrass Weaver, which he handles finesse, of course.

"Would you support a Constitutional Convention to deal with a balanced budget?" Weaver says he would. "I think Constitutional Convention is a very dangerous thing. Such a convention could cause turmoil, and these are already uneasy times for us economically. It could rewrite the whole Constitution. And I think the Constitution, the greatest thing ever written and adopted by any people, is not to be tampered with."

The talk moves to jobs and, given the setting, he emphasizes his commitment to quality education. "When we vote on appropriations bills, we vote against the big defense contracts. I vote for the education programs. That's getting to the heart of what we can do in a balanced budget.

As he mentions his pride in whom he nominates to the military academies, he points out, "You're sending money to defense."

"No," Weaver replies, "on the contrary, if we have to spend money on top military officers in our military, that means we don't need to spend money on top teachers." Do you know where the money is going? "You know how our military weapons are made?"

Here, to a now-wide-audience, he describes the weapon systems is much more detailed, a frustrating, frightening array, "30,000 nuclear warheads; the Reagan Administration wants to build 17,000 more. At a cost of $20-30 billion. Five more Cruise missiles. A number of Trident submarines; and one Trident submarine, that's being equipped in Seattle today, the Ohio, can destroy every Soviet city over the size of Hiroshima. One submarine have 852 bombers, and we're equipping them with 4,000 Cruise missiles; the Cruise missile is dropped out over the ocean, comes in low under the radar, and can't even be tracked. It destroys its target with a hydrogen bomb. I'm opposed to the President's cruise missile in Europe, which could destroy the city of Moscow over the size of Hiroshima. We both, with just a tiny amount of our weaponry, could destroy each other. The weapons we listen, intensively, occasionally getting or ut­ terly-baffled, too.

Then he brings it all home. "One of these tanks [the M1] could just about destroy a small foreign school district, the Reedsport Schools, ... the President would probably say I was out of my mind, that it would be wonderful for us; it gave us a chance to put some people to work in the shipyards. It was valuable because it took away from the M1 tank and all these kinds of military programs.

The young people who crowd around him after the session are concerned about the future of our farm policies. They're unemployed, with all benes cut, are employed, with all benes cut, yet they're given this information. And they're given the results. Jim Weaver, builder ("I'll take a building any day."") a man who was once entitled to observe the President's office. Both, but you see, I did find it difficult to accept his raw side. Pierce, "Who owns the land? The corporation; the possession to the land upon which we walk is theirs. We have no power over the land. The right to harvest the trees in any manner they see fit?"

Or was that Weaver?
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Clinton St. Quarterly
As technology enters nature's domain, do we have the wisdom to stop for a moment and consider what it might all mean?

**RETHINKING NATURE AND OTHER MATTERS**

Jeremy Rifkin is a thinker who has been exploring our future. In a time of public confusion about where we're going, and legitimate concern about the problems we face, what we're most frequently offered are stop-gap solutions from leaders who themselves have little time to explore alternatives. Rifkin suggests neither the quick fix nor the easily accomplished. What he proposes requires a complete rethinking of the way we view the world. But then, who said it was going to be easy.

Early an activist again the Vietnam War, Rifkin now serves as a consultant and advisor to many Presidents, Congress, the AFL-CIO and many state and local governments. He provided expert testimony on future options for the U.S. economy for President Carter's "Com-

mission on the Agenda for the 1980s."

In the past four years, he has also authored (or collaborated on) six books, which include: Who Should Play God? an examination of the social, moral, political and economic issues raised by genetic engineering and the artificial creation of life; The North Will Rise Again, an analysis of the confrontations between labor unions, local and state governments, banks and corporations for control of the vast pool of pension capital; and Entropy: A New World View, an analysis of the relationship between the first two laws of thermodynamics and economic, social and political development.

His advocacy of the stewardship of our energy and resources is predicated on an understanding of these two laws. The first is the conservation law: "While energy can never be created or destroyed, it can be transformed from one form to another." When we burn fossil fuels, for example, their energy becomes our power. The second law augments the first: "Every time energy is transformed from one state to another, a certain penalty is exacted...it's called entropy." When we burn a piece of coal, the energy remains but is transformed into gases that then spread out into space. "Pollution is just another name for entropy. Entropy is the measure of the amount of energy no longer capable of conversion into work."

Recently I had an opportunity to visit with Jeremy Rifkin. Much of his brilliance lies in his reformulation of the basic issues facing our civilization. Turning the format on its side, as he frequently does in examining things, he posed the first question to all of us.

Jeremy Rifkin: Knowing what you know now about the splitting of the atom, both its benefits and its detriments, I would like to take everyone back to the University of Chicago, Stagg Field, 1942, with all the scientists sitting underneath the football field in their laboratory, and they have to make the decision in one day, do we split the atom? Knowing what we know now, how many people would vote to split the atom? That's the big question. A lot of people, even though they are opposed to nuclear power, have a hard time saying that they are opposed to splitting the atom.

Our world view of scientific and technical progress, the mechanical world view of Bacon, Descartes, Newton, Locke and Smith is our faith. And people say to me, "You can't stop splitting the atom. It's curiosity. It's the human mind. It's progress." The flag of Galileo gets waved up the pole. "It's freedom of inquiry. If we don't do it, the Russians will." And the major argument they will use is if the human mind can think of splitting the atom, this must be the next stage of evolution, and therefore the bomb is a part of evolution and it is futile to reject evolution because that's the law of nature.

This is one of the things that I'm pointing out in my new book Algeny. This is the ultimate deception of consciousness in Western Civilization. It turns out that every time the human family changes the way it goes about organizing the environment, whether it is inventing fire or agriculture or the industrial revolution, about that same time, concepts of nature change. And the new concept of nature always bears a striking likeness to the way people are appropriating or exploiting their environment. We know nature by the way we interact with it. Up to this point in time, we interact with it in an order to appropriate it.

What we do is project our own organizational experience onto the cosmos, creating an entire context which we call a concept of nature, and then look at that context and say, "Damn it, we must be doing the right thing because the way we are interacting with the world adheres to the natural order of things." That natural order is just a projection of our own experience, whether it be Darwinian or Newtonian, to which was a congenial companion with the industrial age, or the great chain of being. It was a very limited concept of nature for the 1300s in medieval Europe.

So I think that what we need to do is take a look at how we conceptualize nature in the first place. Now, this splitting of the atom is very interesting. We think it's evolution at work. Well, maybe it's just a projection of our own needs. The reason we can't say no to splitting the atom is because in our world view of science and technology, to say no to a technological revolution is unthinkable. That would be like capitulating our faith. We would rather say yes to our own extinction in 20 minutes than say no to the world view that until we can entertain the question of saying no to a technological revolution, that we have not yet become aware and conscious of our responsibilities.

We would rather say yes to our own extinction in 20 minutes than say no to our world view. We have not yet become aware and conscious of our responsibilities.

**An Interview with Jeremy Rifkin**

By Lenny Dee

Drawing by Ron Shepherd

Clinton St. Quarterly 17
Clinton St. Quarterly: Where does space end?
JR: It doesn't fit in anywhere as far as I'm concerned. First, on an energy level, it is absolutely ridiculous. We can't afford the energy cost of transporting something from the Imperial Valley in California to Washington D.C. How are we going to finance the energy and material costs on this planet to catapult a tremendous amount of machinery and material up in outer space and use it as our resource base to feed four billion people on this planet? It cannot be done.

CSG: What about trying to communicate with other life forms?
JR: Well, that's fine. It will give us a little bit of humility from our hubris if we can do that.

My feeling about the pioneering mentality in space is that it is the ultimate delusion. It basically says that this planet is just a launching pad, just loose material. Once we have raped it and destroyed it and used it up, we can now move on to somewhere else. I think that's a particular philosophy of life that leads nowhere, because it assumes the ultimate alienation; that we are not part of a larger community. We are just alone in the universe.

If we had that we are not a part of a community here, there's no more of a community when we go to outer space? What I'm suggesting is the ultimate alienation, and we can never reject the fragility of life as long as we think we're invulnerable and separate and detached. I think that this planet was designed as an entire framework. We are part of that design. It cannot decline. It is part of a larger matrix, the solar system, and that it makes a lot more sense to see this planet as nature's own organism and see the larger solar system as the community that organism functions in.

Now that would require that we take our proper place in the "natural order" as well can experience it in our day-to-day life. If one were to adhere to that particular approach to life and existence, one would not even think about exploiting other systems out there.

CSG: With the decline of a religious point of view, that there is life after life, space provides an option that there is an alternative out there.
JR: I found when people read Entropy, they have two options, They either hate it or it confirms some basic experience. And that experience is duration, finitude, mortality, limits. There has been a long history in Western consciousness, I don't know much about the East, but in the West, at least, we believe that there are no limits, that we can come and time and space, that we can use our technology to expand ourselves beyond our natural limits.

For that mentality, not only do we never get a sense of how we belong, because one can only belong within a certain community where there is mortality, and there is duration and there is finitude, not only do we estrange ourselves from life by not accepting its ultimate end, but we estrange ourselves from community and from continuity.

As long as we maintain the idea that there is always an alternative or substitute or reversal for everything we experience in life, then no experience has any cherished moment. It everything becomes a throwaway along the long march to find some improved thing to replace it, then I suspect that those of us who experience life that way never respect any moment and never really enjoy it itself. That's the mentality in our civilization as well.

CSG: Bringing it all home, what do you think we can do to turn things around in our state and region, which is rapidly becoming the Appalachia of the West?
JR: My own feeling is that the industrial age is moving into its final stages over the next few decades. We're running out of non-renewable resources in the sense that it's becoming too expensive to locate and process a dangerous resource base. Once realizing this, there are many options open. One is to ignore the fact and try and re-chalk the old industrial engines. It will be more expensive, both to locate resources and to absorb the waste of past economic activity. That's a no-win course.

If one decides to embark on a new course, it would have to be moving from a non-renewable to a renewable resource economy. There are two choices available for long-range economic planning for a renewable resource economy.

One is an ecological approach, in which a state or region develops an approach to its local resources so that they can be sustained for future generations. The ultimate proposition for an ecological approach would be what I call the "big balanced budget." The big balanced budget is always between society and nature. What the state or region would have to do is decide that society could not consume faster than nature can reproduce the goodies, and if consumption grows faster, then it's a big deficit and a collapse in the local resource base for the economy here.

The ecological approach to a renewable resource base would put a premium not only on self-sufficiency but decentralized living patterns, cities that were smaller in scale, more emphasis on labor-intensive skills, an introduction of organic and bio-organic farming methods, development of a whole host of appropriate technologies that will allow the state to use its material resources and energy resources commensurate with nature's own rhythms so that the technologies were in line with the environment.

There is another approach that could be taken for developing a base for a renewable resource economy. It's called genetic engineering. Senator Hatfield recently told me about a group he calls the "Ariat Democrats." They're the people who are thinking about renewable resources, obviously, because that's all that's left. But they feel that they are technological architects, it is too slow. They would require sharing our resources, redistributing our wealth, living a more frugal lifestyle, slowing down the pace of life, and thus, kinds of costs, according to some people in this country, would probably be prohibitive.

So the idea behind a genetic engineering approach is to engineer the biology of the local resource base in order to convert it into utilities faster, not necessarily overcome temperature limits, but bring engineering technology into all living organisms and create a cornucopia of biological utilities.

These two approaches are dia-

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metrically opposed. Ecology is stewardship, participation, fragility, and it’s basic premise is to sustain resources for future generations. Genetic engineering is controlling, dominating, turning nature into pure utility for expedient ends. It’s basic purpose is the quick-fix in the marketplace to provide for the present generation. I think if one were to put sexual symbols on each, the ecological approach would be very heavily weighted with the female symbol, stewardship, nurturing, and genetic engineering would be very much attached to the male symbol, dominating, controlling.

I think that those are the two major options available for every person on the planet. I emphasize this because many environmental leaders are not yet aware that these are two different choices. We all assume that once a state or regional economy moved to renewable resources, it would automatically mean the ecological approach. What we didn’t take into consideration was genetic engineering.

Now, let us assume that one chooses not to go the route of the high-tech, Atari school. If one chooses the ecological approach, there are many ways that capital can be raised to finance it. In the book, The North Will Rise Again. We explain that there is a new form of social capital which has become prominent in the last few years — pension funds. Pension funds are now worth over $700 billion, and they own 25% of the total market in the United States. At the end of this decade and will basically control the finance markets of this country. They already do.

Well, this is interesting and ironic, because this is the workers’ money. So in a sense, millions of workers own this country. They just don’t know about it and have no control over their funds.

What we said in The North Will Rise Again is that state governments are beginning Washington for a hand-ful of financial privileges or they’re buying Volkswagen to locate a plant in their state economies and will give up half the treasury to gain any jobs. At the same time, they might have billions and billions of dollars of public pension funds that they generate from their local tax base which is flowing right out of the state. In other words, a handful of banks in San Francisco and New York will be controlling these funds and investing in jobs in Taiwan or Atlanta, Georgia or whatever.

What would we like to see is these funds being used to generate a transition to a renewable resource economy, to begin developing economic initiatives through the state or region from an ecological approach to bio-logy. It is a question of how to make the 1995-1996 state budget create a new appropriate technology, new institutional change, new distribution systems for production, all based on using social capital. I don’t believe the funds should be used indiscriminately. There is a prudent policy rule which says that these funds must maximize the investment of the beneficiaries. We think one can maximize the beneficiaries’ investment and at the same time create a multiplier effect by investing in economic initiatives that help the local economy. It’s one of the most ironic and critical to generate money on pension funds for public employees and then have that money invested out of state which deteriorates the local tax base and the ability to pay public employees. The same is true with private pension funds. There needs to be a relationship between the unions and the state government for long-range economic planning, so that union pension funds in the private sector can be used for economic planning in the local state economy, so that those funds are not only being used to get a maximum return on investment for the benefit of the public.

For most of Christianity’s long sojourn on the planet, dominion has meant subdue nature, harness it. Now a younger generation of theologians are saying that dominion means stewardship.
Genesis and do a better job than the original creation did.

CSQ: Still, you’re asking for a tremendous change. You’re talking about cities of 100,000 people. You’d have to lead seven million New Yorkers out of New York City. Rockefeller Center and all the huge office buildings would stand empty. That’s an enormous movement of people and philosophy. That is almost like what went on in Cambodia.

JR: What we need to do is take a look now while we still can, before this tremendous crisis and catastrophe occurs, and look at a reasonable, humane approach to make the transition. There are a lot of people that say, “Well, we should just give up the big cities,” or, “Let every worker fend for themselves.” I don’t agree with that philosophy. I think we need to make a transition to decentralized, self-sufficient economies, but in doing so, we have to mitigate the suffering in the transition period of millions of American workers. I would like to see the remaining base of renewable resources used to buffer that transition, to develop built-in safeguards for re-employment opportunities, built-in safeguards to guarantee income.

There are many people who say, “Well, let’s just abandon the old industrial project and go on from there.” Well, that’s a very cavalier way of looking at peoples’ everyday experiences in the world. We can’t afford that because if we are talking about a nurturing approach to the ages experiences in the world, we can’t allow ourselves to be insensitive to the way it goes. It’s just not compatible.

Yes, it is a revolution that goes far beyond the state revolutions. Because we’re talking about changing 300 years of the mechanical world. That’s not going to be an easy battle. I think it is first and foremost a conceptual battle we’re talking about here. Second, we need action as well. I don’t think conceptual change by itself will mean much.

I would encourage a green movement for the United States of America. There is a growing group of ecofeminists emerging out of the women’s movement. There is the stewardship movement emerging within the Christian community. There is, of course, the burgeoning environmental community. Then also a community involved in appropriate technology, working to develop self-reliant lifestyles. What we need now is some kind of green movement, long term, that can bring this into political focus. Now, I didn’t say a green party; I said a green movement. And how it will manifest itself politically is an open question, but there needs to be some form of green movement in the United States just like we’re seeing in Europe.
Fortunately, there are still some Candies who insist upon telling their truths these days, even in the notoriously corrupt world of musical entertainment. “If you can keep your calm in this noisy business,” says the incredible John Davis, “and if you can get over being scared of looking silly, then you can follow many rhythms going on at once.” When John himself learned how to do just that, he became a one-man band and invented boom chuck.

“Boom chuck may sound like a silly word,” says Davis, “but no sillier than jazz or rock and roll. Boom chuck is your heart beat... squeeze, relax, squeeze, relax. It’s not just the down beat... boom, boom, boom... there’s also the up beat... boom, chuck, boom, chuck. It’s bouncy, it’s binary, it’s like walking down the street,” says incredible John Davis.

With a floating bouncy rhythm something like reggae or a mellow rocking back to Portland’s Kingsmen doing ‘Louie, Louie,’ boom chuck’s got a tracer element to it. You can always identify it, which is why both incredible John and pat Billy Rancher think alike about boom chuck.

Says Billy Rancher: “For Johnny and me, boom chuck means getting back to basics, simplifying. The idea of boom chuck is already of local importance. I do think people will refer to this period as the boom chuck scene when they write about Portland music in the 90s. Boom Chuck Records is the name of our record company, so the industry will recognize it that way too.” For awhile John Davis even published a one-sheet newspaper called Boom Chuck News, which was entertainingly idiocywrangcratic and always wildly promotional of boom chuck.

Thinking he ought to lay out some of the possibilities for the sound he named, John Davis has now written, performed, professionally recorded, mixed and released a cassette called Generic Boom Chuck, available at most record and cassette outlets, as well as at Portland’s Saturday Market from John himself.

Listening to John’s full sound, you can’t help but take great delight immediately in the whole one-man band idea. There’s no over-dubbing on the songs, no laying down instrument tracks one by one and making a sound later. Davis is playing all the instruments himself at once. Lead guitar in his hands, harmonica strapped around his neck, his right foot on synthesizer, playing a kind of combination bass drum and bass guitar (the boom), left foot on a cut-off high hat cymbal (the chuck), voice on top. Davis’ songs are recorded live... whole, all of a piece. On one song, “Ruby Rhubarb,” John even miraculously gets his giant dog Ruby to bark on cue! Live! The song’s a winner, a happy rollicking celebration of personal technology, a virtuoso one-man band and his dog.

If “Ruby Rhubarb” makes you laugh and bounce around, jumping up and down, each of the other cuts on the six-cut, one-side-only cas-

nette has a different purpose and effect, each one a different possible approach to boom chuck. “There’s room for lots more kinds of boom chuck besides what I do,” says John Davis. “It’s just a language we speak here in Portland.”

Appropriately, Generic Boom Chuck starts with a personal, vulnerable self-introduction by the artist called “Over Qualified.” It’s the folksy Davis, earnest and wistful, “Space Ship,” a kind of hopeful fantasy (written before E.T.) about a space ship that comes but doesn’t make the hero away, is good dramatic storytelling with elaborate space ship sound-effects worked into the song. “Rock Star,” on the other hand, is pure social commentary about the craziness of media-created image and stardom, told with cynical disillusionment. The song screams for an MTV visual and it seems John Larue at KPPV agrees, as that’s the song Incredible John performs in Larue’s show on Portland music featuring Davis, Billy Rancher, and the Confidential.

“Dance Class” is the cassette’s best dance tune with the bonus of a wry, memorable lyric: “Shake your bean Gliderstein/shut your eyes and dance/You too Rosenrantz/Get off your ass — Dance Class.” “Belushi” opens with the sound of bullets flying past your head, the sound you hear when o.d-ing on cocaine, followed by a classic two-minute guitar wall boom chuck style. The cut’s all guts, pure, domineering, hard to listen to. Still, “Belushi” is neces
child, but I have thirty other students, blah, blah, blah. So I started doing a lot on my own. A one-man band even then.

Davis' childhood was nearly nomadic. His father was the American Consul General in Argentina where John was born. After Buenos Aires came Panama, then John's first home in the states with his father's assignment to Washington D.C. Next came four years in Italy, five years in Brazil and then Hong Kong. "Every few years my friends all suddenly disappeared," remembers John. Again the stuff of future one-man bands.

As a kid, John spoke Spanish or Italian or Portuguese as often as he did English. "I discovered both the culture and the harmonica when I was eight. I went into the PX there bought my first harmonica—A German Hohner. I was amazed at the incredible instrument that I could play all by myself."

A career diplomat, John's father quit the foreign service in 1972 because he was appalled at its corruption. "The appointments were becoming totally political," explains John about his dad's beliefs. "President started sending their friends as Ambassadors...guys who knew nothing about the notion of diplomacy. So Dad retired to Arizona." In the meantime, John was sent to school in the United States, his parents' efforts to Americanize him a little. They picked San Francisco and the year was 1966. Of course John Davis immediately became a hippy and a musician.

Soon after San Francisco, Davis came north to study at Pacific University. He's stayed in Oregon since then, making Portland his first real home. "I've played in bands here with other people," he explains, "but they were never as far into it as I was... or they didn't hear the same sounds I heard." So the one-man band was inevitable. "For it to work," says John. "All the different guys have to get along. The manager, me, says 'let in the other guys' practice,' so I do, and if the band, me, says, I'm tired of playing all the time, it's time for the writer, me, to write a new song. And we don't have to wait for the guy who's always late.

Being a one-man band is an incredible physical feat, like complex juggling. John trains for it, juggling backwards for one of his three miles a day, so as to work the foot and leg muscles needed to keep each limb playing a separate instrument. The challenge of playing solo and live is part of the show with him, just like it was when he mastered hang gliding at the way to winning the 1979 U.S. Nationals. "Hang gliding is nothing more than a way of making things simpler, more direct. It's one guy... flying. I think there's some sort of correlation between the two. The pureness of an idea and its ability to thrill people. Both hang gliding and being a one-man band are extensions of your own abilities with the right personal technology."

The concept of a one-man band is not brand new at all. There was Wilbert Harrison doing "Go!" to Kansas City. "And Jesse Fuller, too, was a one-man rock and roll band, with "San Francisco Bay Blues." And if you haven't heard of those guys it's because they got passed over because of low technology... didn't have a full sound. Now the technology makes it possible for a one-man band to have a full sound. It's like pushing an abacus through some electronic chips. Rawness and technology meet in the modern one-man band.

Aesthetic theory aside, Davis didn't slough off when it came to making his art available to the public. The giant entertainment corporations, structured to grind slowly forward (even more slowly now that recorded music sales are down), are neither equipped nor likely to plug a John Davis right into his specialized market, but that's not the only way to go. "I feel like the music industry and real people are pulling further and further apart, because they have no real contact with each other, just dollars. The public is being cheated," says Davis. "But there's still room for the little guy who can become his own mini-corporation and release a cassette. Why shouldn't I compete on the market when I have something to say, a good idea, and an original product?"

It was Island Records and the reggae industry that originally introduced Chris Blackwell's One-Plus-One concept, where the same album appears on both sides of a cassette, tacitly inviting re-recording on one side. Artistic anarchism that it is, John Davis has gotten right to the point and left side two of Generic Boom Choo almost completely blank, for your own use. "I was going to put a stress-relief rap on side two, but I decided blank was a neat idea," says Davis. "Doing a cassette instead of a record is perfect for someone like me, because it's much cheaper than a record when you're doing a smaller quantity, like five hundred. People will be doing it much more in the future. The industry gets more conservative in hard times, but, ironically, the art gets better. The art's gonna get better and better in Portland. I'm trying to do my part. So whether people like my cassette or not, nobody can take my technology away from me." Amen.
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WRAPPING UP DECEMBER AT LA BAMBA 6 pm-2:30 am
A Dialogue in which
Ursula K. LeGuin, Elaine Spencer, David Kabat, Johanna Brenner & Janice Haaken, Maureen McGuire and Katherine Dunn respond to an article by Melvin Konner

She and He came our way recently. In examining this issue, a subject of continuing fascination to all of us, Konner raises questions and offers hypotheses that are likely to be interesting and perhaps even provocative. We feel that it will be valuable to have a number of people who are interested in the subject, some of their questions, about Konner's article. Though no one can have the last word on this subject, at least not at present, at least not at this time, we can see other ways of looking at things.

The Article
A line like this, in the first part of a sentence. These women are doing a balancing act of formidable proportions. They continue to struggle, in private and in public, for equal rights and equal treatment for all. She has been treated with equal respect by the men who brought her into this world, who care for her day by day, who demand that she take her place in the family, who see her as a woman.

Without exception, they have been told, that all this is not a reassuring validation of their existence. For all their successes, there is still something different, something that is grounded in biology.

In all her cultures there was human behavior, and at all, that violence occurred at the hands of men. Today, men may have been affected in part by the violence that they experienced in early childhood, in the womb, in the presence of their fathers. In some women, who had been affected by their own experiences, there was still something different, something that is grounded in biology.

This may be traced in a line manner through all the world's thousands of different cultures. In every culture there is at least some hint of it. In the context of war or ritual in the context of daily life, and in every culture men are mainly responsible for physical violence. In all of these, there is also weak evidence that girls are more compliant than boys and less involved in notable differences. In the realm of cognitive abilities, there is good evidence for superiority of girls and women in verbal ability and of boys and men in spatial and quantitative ability.

But the strongest case for gender differences is made in the realm of aggressive behavior. Out of 34 comparisons in 87 different research studies, 87 comparisons showed statistically significant sex differences. Four of the 87 studies that showed differences showed boys to be more aggressive.

Macy Morley and Jackie have not reported on studies of norturnance per se, but in an earlier book, published in 1989, Macy Morley summarized 53 studies in a category called "norturnance and aggression". In these studies, which covered a wide range of ages, sex differences were more of it than boys and men, while in only two did make score higher, with five showing no difference.

These women report evidence that the sexes are irremediably different — that after sexism is stripped away, there will still be something different, something that is grounded in biology.

For most of these dimensions it is true that there is no consistent pattern of gender difference. For example, at some are at least some studies that find gender differences, in other studies, there are many studies that find no difference. Indeed, the main issue is whether these differences are small after the differences between boys and girls, men and women. There is no evidence that girls and women are more social, more suggestive, have lower self-esteem, or less achievement motivation than boys and men, that boys and men are more analytic. In the realm of tactile sensitivity and fear and fearlessness there is weak evidence of sex differences. In the realm of tactile sensitivity and fear and fearlessness there is weak evidence of sex differences.

These observations were made. In all of these, boys differed from girls in the direction of greater stress and/or greater aggressiveness, usually both. The difference varies greatly from culture to culture, presumably in response to different degrees of incorporation of gender roles in different cultures. In some cultures, one culture may be more aggressive than the other. But the direction of the difference within any culture is always the same. In other words, studies of children who are...

Excerpted from The Tangled Wing. Copyright 1982 by Melvin Konner. Reprinted with permission from Holt, Rinehart & Winston.
The community of scientists working in this field concluded that the basic plan of the mammalian organism is female and stays that way unless told to be otherwise by masculine hormones.

Still, we can go younger. Annelise Korner has spent many years studying newborn infants, and one of her central interests has been sex differences. She, as well as other investigators, has found that at birth boys show more muscle strength and greater head lift in the prone position, for example — while girls show greater skin sensitivity, more reflex smiles, more taste sensitivity, more searching movements with their mouths, and faster response to a flash of light.

But before we resort to this indirect accounting, it behooves us to consider another category of evidence: the sort of evidence that comes from studies of hormones, behavior, and the brain.

The idea that humoral factors secreted by reproductive organs influence gender differences in behavior is very old; castration has long been used in attempts to reduce aggressiveness in animals and men, and systematic experimental work demonstrating that this works has been available since 1849. The question is no longer whether hormones secreted by the testes promote or enable aggressive behavior, but how, and also: What else goes on in a like manner?

The principal male gonadal hormone in mammals is testosterone. It belongs to a chemical class known as steroids. The steroid class includes the two principal female reproductive hormones: estradiol — the key estrogen in humans — and progesterone, the gestation-promoting substance secreted in massive quantities by the placenta, and in lesser quantities, in the nonpregnant woman, by the ovaries. Estradiol and progesterone, together with the pituitary hormones that regulate them, participate in the determination of the monthly cycle. Although nothing so fabulous as that exists in males, there is much in common between testosterone’s mode of action and that of the two female sex steroids.

The brain is the main regulatory organ in behavior, and behavior is that organ’s major output; for a molecule to affect behavior it must generally first affect the brain, or at least the peripheral nerves. Sex steroids are no exception. Giving a rat a systemic injection of estradiol (radioactively labeled for tracing) will produce a high concentration of this hormone in certain brain cells — specifically, in their nuclei — within two hours. Twenty-two hours after that will be a correspondingly massive increase in the tendency of the rat — if female — to respond to stimulation with sexual posturing. What happens in those 22 hours will tell a tale that may very well change the way we look at cell biology, but, the tale cannot be told without at least a few more years of research.

Meanwhile, we know, as children like to say, for sure, that sex steroid hormones affect behavior, and we know they get around quite well in the brain, using radioactive labeling, it has been very easy to show not only that they pass from blood to brain, but they concentrate selectively in certain brain regions. That is, concentrations occur in brain regions that play an important role in courtship, sex, maternal behavior, and thing to say that this hormone probably influences sex and aggression by acting on the brain; it is quite another to find a major nerve bundle deep in the brain, likely to be involved in sex and aggression, that can fire more easily when testosterone acts on it than when it does not. A key link in the story has been formed.

But we don’t even need to reach so deeply into the brain. Peripheral nerves have now been shown in several experiments to concentrate these hormones. In songbirds in which the male of the pair is the singer, testosterone is concentrated in the motor nerves to the syrinx — the bird’s voice box — and this is almost certainly part of the reason testosterone promotes song, which is a male courtship pattern. In female rats, injection of estradiol increase the size of the region of sensitivity of the nerve to the pelvic region, even when that nerve is detached from the brain; this is presumably part of the mechanism that makes the female susceptible — some of the time, any way — to male advances.

Such is the view of the physiologist, which, is not surprisingly, pretty unrelenting. What is a bit surprising is that someone like Alice Rossi has accepted it. Rossi is a family sociologist. After years of distinction in her field, she became dissatisfied with 19th-century sociologist Emile Durkheim’s dictum that only social facts can explain social behavior — for example, “in parenting — is attributable to causes in endocrinology.

In reviewing the well-known sex difference in nurturing behavior — obvious particularly within the family, and in all cultures — Rossi has accepted the possibility that it may have its roots partly in hormonal differences. She has defended this viewpoint in several recent articles, in the scholarly as well as semipopular literature.

From a hormonal perspective, nurturance has not been as well studied as aggression. For some, there is the antithesis of nurturance. In many studies of humans and other animals, testosterone at least clearly raises and perhaps directly increases aggression. If that were not with any experience in this field thinks that there is a simple relationship between testosterone and aggression, most people now accept that some such relationship does exist.
To take an example, although repeated studies of aggression and testosterone in male innates have produced a confused picture, one intriguing discovery stands out: Among male prison inmates, in one very good study, the higher the adult testosterone level, the earlier the age of the first arrest. That is, the men who had the highest levels had been arrested youngest, in early adolescance. In another study, the level of testosterone in male juvenile delinquents was correlated with their level of observable aggression in early childhood.

This finding brings us to one of the most central facts about the gonadal hormones: They rise very dramatically at adolescence. From very low levels during early and middle childhood, testosterone (especially but not exclusively in males) and estradiol and progesterone (both especially but not exclusively in females) all rise to adult levels over the course of a few years, and the female monthly cycle is instituted. Few studies have measured hormones and behavior in the same individuals, but it is likely that adolescent behavior — and its gender differentiation — is influenced by these massive hormonal changes. Gender differences in fat, muscle mass, and the pitch of the voice, all of which contribute to gender-specific behavior, are determined in large part by the teenage boy's rise in testoste
ton.

One could conceivably leave the picture here, stress the similarity between the sexes in reproductive plans and speculate that evolution made a single beast with a single twist: an inflation of the male hormones for mating, and gonads, just at the moment of reproductive maturity, just when we would expect the genders to begin to be more different. That difficulty with this neat picture is that we have overwhelming evi
dence that the sexes differ in their behavior long before puberty, when we previously had thought that there were not enough circulating sex steroids to make the difference. There is increasing evidence that the testis may lie deep in the brain. In 1972 it was shown for the first time that male and female brains differed structurally. In the most for
dward portion of the hypothalamus, the arcuate nuclei, the natural home to male hormones. Furthermore, castration of males just after birth would leave them with the female brain. A few years later, Dominique Toran-Allerand did a tissue-culture experiment —

Men are more violent than women, and women are more nurturant, at least toward infants and children, as men.

With brain slices in petri dishes — in which she watched the process in action. She made thin slices of the hypothalamus of newborn mice — of both sexes — and kept them alive long enough to treat them with gonadal steroid hormones, including testosterone. Her brief paper, published in Brain Research, shows the stunning results in photomicrographs. The cells in the slices treated with testosterone showed more processes and faster growing neural processes with than the testosterone-free controls. In short, she was able to watch as testosterone changed the newborn brain. Her work did not imply that the faster, more florid growth made the testosterone-treated animals any better — only different.

For these and a variety of other reasons, the community of scientists working in this field concluded that the basic plan of the mammalian organism is female and stays that way unless told to be otherwise by

high male level but something roughly

in between.

For these reasons, investigators had, before 1973, begun to talk about a change in the brain by male sex hormones around the time of birth to put it crudely, masculini
tation of the brain. But the involve
ment of the brain was only speculative until the report of Raisman and Fischman which then gave the phrase its first genuine meaning.

That, as it now appears, was only the beginning of the story. A few years later, Dominique Toran-Allerand did a tissue-culture experiment —
different samples and even with different syndromes that amount, hormonally, to much the same thing. Taken together with the increasing animal evidence, these findings suggested to Ehrhardt and her colleagues — and to many others as well — that humans too could experience psychosexual differentiation, affecting both behavior and the brain, as a result of masculinizing hormones acting near or before birth.

This possibility received stunning confirmation in a series of discoveries made by endocrinologist Julianne Imperato-McGinley of the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center. These had to do principally with the analysis of a new syndrome of abnormal sexual differentiation that defied all previous rules. It was confined to three intermarrying rural villages in the southwestern Dominican Republic and, over a period of four generations, afflicted 38 known individuals from 23 interrelated families. It is clearly genetic but has arisen only recently due to mutation and intermarriage.

Nineteen of the subjects appeared at birth to be unambiguously female and were viewed and reared that way. At puberty they first failed to develop breasts and then underwent a completely masculine pubertal transformation, including growth of a phallus, deepening of the voice, and the development of a muscular masculine physique.

At puberty they first failed to develop breasts and then underwent a completely masculine pubertal transformation, including growth of a phallus, deepening of the voice, and the development of a muscular masculine physique. Physically and psychologically they became men.

The physiological analysis undertaken by Imperato-McGinley and her colleagues revealed that these individuals are genetically male — they have one X and one Y chromosome — but lack a single enzyme of male sex-hormone synthesis, due to a defective gene. This enzyme, 5-alpha-reductase, changes testosterone into another male sex hormone, dihydrotestosterone. Although they lack dihydrotestosterone almost completely, they have normal levels of testosterone itself. Evidently these two hormones are respectively responsible for the promotion of male external sex characteristics at birth and at puberty. The lack of "dihydro" makes for a female-looking newborn and prepubertal child. The presence of testosterone makes for a more or less normal masculine puberty.

But for present purposes, the most extraordinary thing about these people is that they become men of their culture in every sense of the word. After 12 or more years of rearing as girls, they are able to completely transform themselves into almost typical examples of the masculine gender — with family, sexual, vocational, and avocational roles. Of the 18 subjects for which data were available, 17 made this transformation completely, the other retaining a female role and gender identity. The 17 did not make the transformation with ease. Imperato-McGinley reports that it cost some of them years of confusion and psychological anguish. But they made it, without special training or therapeutic intervention. Imperato-McGinley and her colleagues reason that the testosterone one circulating during the course of growth in these men has a masculinizing effect of their brains.

What are we to make of these extraordinary facts? For the immediate future, at least as far as I am concerned, nothing. It is simply too new. Given present knowledge, for instance, it is not beyond the realm of possibility that the observed differences between the brains of the two genders serve only physiological functions. The brains must be different to exert different control over different reproductive systems, having nothing at all to do with behavioral subtleties. But I think this unlikely. If not now, then in the very near future, it will be extremely difficult for an informed, objective observer to discard the hypothesis that the genders differ in their degree of violent behavior for reasons that are in part physiological.

The work of scientists whose work and knowledge are relevant should come to agreement on this point, then it seems to me that one policy implication is plausible: Serious disarmament may ultimately necessitate an increase of women in government. Some women are as violent as almost any man. But speaking of averages there is little doubt that we would all be safer if the world's weapons systems were controlled by average women instead of by average men.

I think it appropriate to end where we began, contemplating the women who have helped unravel these facts. Visualize them in their offices and laboratories, trying to sort out what it all means; how do they handle the dissonance their findings must engender? I suspect that they do it by making a reconciliation — not a compromise — but a complex difficult reconciliation between the idea of human difference and the ideal of human equality. It is one that we must all make soon.

The Responses

Ursula K. Le Guin

In Dr. Konner's informative, interesting and responsible article there's one point that worries me a bit. At the beginning and end of the piece he speaks of the difficult intellectual reconciliation and the "formidable ... balancing act" required of woman scientists who favor equal rights for women and men and whose research indicates irreducible biological-level differences between women and men.

Why, I wonder, did Dr. Konner choose to speak only of woman scientists? Given the tremendous male-dominant hierarchy of the scientific establishment, there may not be a whole lot of male scientists whose interest in equal rights is intense enough to make them aware of such problems, but to imply, by speaking only of women, that there are no such men, is unfair, surely. And
worse: misleading for the impression is that the problem concerns women only, and is no concern of men. This said, I have to admit that I don’t think it’s much of a problem for either men or women. Sexual oppression, Dr. Konner says, has been “bulkwarked and bas-
tioned by theories of ‘natural’ gender differences.” This, God knows, is
true. But it doesn’t mean that an op-
ponent of sexual oppression has to want to deny that there are gender dif-
f erences. There’s a difference be-
tween a fact and a damn fool theory that distorts the fact; to despise the theory isn’t to fear the fact. It was not
only the great egalitarians of the Left and of feminism, but the scientists, too, who have taught and shown that to be different is not to be inferior, not to be superior, but to be different. And that difference is the engine of evolu-
tion and the most enterprise device of sex, as well as the essence of in-
dividuality. Quite unaided by scientists, people
have noticed differences between women and men. Awareness of the
fact that men generally have a penis and women a vagina isn’t going to
hinder the cause of social justice; igno-
rance of the fact might set us back
a good bit. As for the subtler distinc-
tions of physiology and behavior dis-
cussed in Dr. Konner’s article, offered as testable or verifiable observa-
tions and hypotheses, they are very inter-
esting and possibly useful. They do
not in any way justify injustice. Injus-
tice is not justified by facts: only by
power, fear, and the lie.

It was not only the
great egalitarians of the Left and of
feminism, but the scientists, too, who
have taught and shown that to be
different is not to be inferior, not
to be superior, but to be different.

Elaine Spencer

Many animals have very stereo-
typed sexual behavior re-
sponses to specific sexual stimuli. The effects of hormones on the re-
sponses of these animals is relatively
easy to study. The human animal is
not nearly so simple.

The extent to which biological
function determines social function
is a totally unsolved problem in
human society. The mechanism by
which the physiological and psycho-
logical manifestations of sex are or-
chestrated and carried out in simpler
organisms is the only question ele-
mentary enough to be investigated at
present.

Reproductive behavior does have a
psychological component. The origin
of that component must be in the
chemistry of the hypothalamus, for,
acting as a gland, it secretes the stim-
ulating hormones that trigger sexual
development and function. The hypo-
thalamus is also the seat of the
emotions.

It is true that in animal studies
testosterone has been shown to pro-
duce aggressive behavior. There are
also studies showing that men who
complain of weakened interest in sex
or of impotence tend to have high
blood prolactin concentrations.

Usually high prolactin in men is cor-
related with low testosterone. Prolac-
tin inhibits milk production follow-
ing childbirth. It is, there-
fore, remarkable that the sow bear
with cubs is one of the most aggres-

sive and ferocious of animals. Thus,
nurture is an

Even more nebu-

lous and

indefinable quality

than aggression,

is the female turtle

who buries her

eggs and leaves

to the sun to

hatch less

nurtrant than

the female hamster

who nurses, but

sometimes eats

her young?

In this case, a co-existence is shown
between aggression and nurture, stim-
ulated by a hormone that de-
creases the hormone stimulation of
aggression in the male. Many such
paradoxical occurrences are found
in animals. How much more complex is
the physiology and psychology of
man.

Nurture is an even more nebu-

lous and indefinable quality than ag-

gression. Is the female turtle who

buries her eggs and leaves them to

the sun to hatch less nurturant than

the female hamster who nurses, but

sometimes eats her young? How

about the male pigeon who all

through the Antarctic winter night

crashes his precious eggs on his feet

while his mate restores her cephalic

body protein before taking her turn?

Pigeons of both sexes secrete milk
to feed their nestlings. The male go-llia

runs an establishment similar to that

of a sea lion bull while some opos are
as monogamous as the whooping

crane. The female Bellings’s ground

squirrel participates in a social order

from which all males are excluded.

Feminine cooperation stretches the

average life of the female ground

squirrel to 13 years, while males live

an average of two years.

If humans must learn about their

own normal sexual behavior pattern

from animals, they will certainly re-

cieve mixed signals. Every possible

variation occurs above the most prim-

itive of animals.

David Kabat

H
tory has demonstrated that

we must be wary when anthro-
pologists strive to interpret science
to the lay public in an empathetic
manner. Such an approach formerly
gave us the myths of the superior
“white” and of the “great Aryan super
race.”

Consider just a few of the sexist
errors in Konner’s article: (1) Konner
implies that only female scientists
have made important contributions to
this field. Totally false. (2) He asserts
strongly and repeatedly that: these
female scientists were forced to
reach their conclusions against their
innate female-oriented wishes or
prejudices. He has no evidence for
this whatsoever, thereby maligning
the humanity and objectivity of these
scientists who happen to be women.
(3) Konner asserts that Margaret
Mead is the originator of the field in

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which these female scientists work and that they follow their footsteps. This is as wrong and demeaning as would be the suggestion that all black scientists walk in the footsteps of George Washington Carver. (4) Konner must realize that a select subset of female scientists agree with him, we should conclude that the evidence is very strong and that we should be convinced. Actually, there is no unanimity in this field and one could just as easily list brilliant female scientists who disagree with him.

We do know that a loving consistent environment especially in childhood can ameliorate aggressive tendencies in all humans.

Johanna Brenner with Janice Haaken

Hiding behind the skirts of several women scientists and waving an invitation to the corridors of power, Konner appears to make us an offer we can't refuse: admit that men are naturally more aggressive than women and we will let the women rule the world. Surely, those of us women who continue to be shaken by the claims of "natural" differences between the sexes in personality attributes or intellectual capacities ("right brain/left brain" is the latest form of that one) are terrible ingrates. However, we must refuse Konner's invitation to jump on Mother Nature's bandwagon. In our culture, where adult male and female roles differ markedly in the degree of expected aggression and dependencies, socialization into sex-typed behavior begins with the baby's first cry. Mosse's study of mother-infant interaction, for example, found that mothers handle their boy and girl infants differently even at three weeks old. Goldberg found that mothers touch, talk to, and hold their infant girls more than boys. By thirteen months, girl children had learned to reciprocate their mothers' attention: they talked to and touched their mothers more often.

The Writers

Melvin Konner is Chairman of the Department of Anthropology at Emory University. His specialty is biological anthropology.

Usama K. LeBlanc is a Portland writer of science fiction, fantasy and poetry. Her many award-winning works, which include The Left Hand of Darkness, Malarena and The Dispossessed, make her pre-eminent in her field.

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David Kabat is Professor of Biochemistry at the Oregon Health Sciences University. His recent research is in the role of steroid hormones in control of breast cancer.

Johanna Brenner and Janice Haaken are, respectively, Associate Professors of Sociology/Women's Studies and Psychology at Portland State University.

Maureen McGuire is Director of the Oregon Program for Sexual Health at the Oregon Health Sciences University.

Katherine Dunn is a Portland writer whose novels, Attic and Truck are available from Avon and Bantam. Her column (with Peter Fritsch) on boxing appears regularly in Willamette Week.

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through New Years
is Margaret Thatcher, wife and mother, some kind of genetic anomaly? Is Indira Gandhi, who regularly jails her political opponents, "masculinized" hormonally?

The solution to our problem may not lie in putting the average woman into government because we are more gentle, more nurturing women to be far more aggressive in fighting for the fundamental changes necessary to create a more just and humane world.

Maureen McGuire

I have no argument that sex hormones affect the developing brain pathways of the human fetus. My concern is that Konner implies that this affects many things although he never commits to what those many things are.

His argument smacks of sociobiology which would like to explain the inequities between men and women in our society and others on the basis of biology. Men are more aggressive, more powerful, because of their range in testosterone, while women are more nurturant and therefore should stay home and take care of men and babies. The problem with sociobiology is not that there are no biological or hormonal differences between men and women, but that these differences are not sufficient to explain the status of men and women across cultures. Margaret Mead said once, quite aptly, that in all the cultures she studies, the tasks that were assigned to women were considered less important. I recall specifically her example, which was that she actually found a society in which men sat in the corner of their little houses and carved wooden dolls while women farmed, gathered and provided sustenance, as well as doing the building. In that society, too, men's jobs were considered more important. Men were more powerful. This example had little to do with the range in testosterone. However, it has a lot to do with the lack of power women have across cultures.

Until recently in our country, it had been suggested that a physician should be a male because of the kind of work, the trauma in being exposed to death and involving the sick bodily and in the fact, "that patients wanted father figures not mother figures when ill." There are some who may still say this. When I visited Russia, I was thrilled to find that the majority of physicians were women. That is, until I found that in Russian society, doctors, unlike in our society, don't have high status or high salaries, scientists do. Therefore, in Russia, the attributes of the physician, nurturing, healing, and so forth, are considered feminine. Women can do it and they are paid very poorly for it. I guess from my point of view, economics is a major determinant in the ascension of many things to either male or female.

We no longer live in a culture in which men need to be big or stronger or more aggressive to hunt and to defend their homes and to ward off saber tooth tigers. No more are infants厮abre tooth tigers. No more are infants.

Konner's gushy little montage reinforces many things to either male or female.

Katherine Dunn

Myself, I was brought up on Kipling... "The Female of the Species is more Deadly than the Male..." and my mother's stern mandate that, regardless of provocation, I must never kick my brothers in their navel-secs.

Konner's gushy little montage reminds me of a recent study of adopted children aimed at discriminating between inherited and environmentally developed traits. The central findings were that (A) verbal ability is inherited, and (B) attitudes toward authority are linked directly to verbal ability in inverse relation. Thus, the higher the measurable verbal ability, the more negative (and resistant) the attitude toward authority. If, as "She and He" states, "There is good evidence for superiority in girls and women in verbal ability..." we may speculate that females as a whole have less respect for authority than males. How many moms would take their favorite child to the top of a mountain and slit its throat just because God told them to? We don't consider them heroic figures like Abraham with Isaac. We consider them totally barmy.

I have a hunch that, on specific levels, women are every bit as fierce as men. Men are abstractly and generally fierce just as they are abstractly and generally honorable. Ideas (insert Authorities) govern males to a

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remarkable degree. Certainly their aggressiveness is a trait necessary to the survival of the whole species if also dangerous to the whole species. Women on the other hand, are ruthless, dirty fighters, unaffected by rules of sportsmanship. But, women's violence is triggered by a more limited set of stimuli, the "Family Unit" is their turf. As long as my children, my mate, my home, my own flesh are safe, then all the rest can go up in smoke. This nurturing stuff is bursting with potential for violence. If we don't use it much it may be because we've arranged for males to handle most of our defense for us. When they turn on us it's like a missile exploding in its own silo.

There are South American villages in which boxing is the primary sport as well as cheap substitute for small claims court and civil suits. The rules of sportsmanship. But, women's aggressiveness is a trait necessary to the survival of the whole species if also dangerous to the whole species. Women on the other hand, are ruthless, dirty fighters, unaffected by rules of sportsmanship. But, women's violence is triggered by a more limited set of stimuli, the "Family Unit" is their turf. As long as my children, my mate, my home, my own flesh are safe, then all the rest can go up in smoke. This nurturing stuff is bursting with potential for violence. If we don't use it much it may be because we've arranged for males to handle most of our defense for us. When they turn on us it's like a missile exploding in its own silo.

You'll find over thirty different varieties of breads available, sugar free, salt free, and high protein, to name a few. Our breads are available at Survival Foods. Pick from our original, peanut or because a bell rings, says Dorothy M., "But I bet they were all fighting the past three years alone I've seen half a dozen cat fights on dance floors, a case of attempted mutual murder under the grandstands at the Sidewinders motorcycle track, a slim, satin-garbed lovely who cold-cocked a bar maid with a full bottle of Heineken Light, and a middle-aged heavyweight heedlessly snagging her sup­pose outside the White Eagle as she dragged her featherweight opponent across a rain black sidewalk for greater convenience in banging her head against the curb. While I'll grant that they all lacked tact in skill and experience I insist that there was no dearth of fighting spirit in any of these females. "Yeah," says Dorothy M., "But I bet they were all fighting over men."

"Naturally," says I, "What of it?"

"Men will fight over a beer or a peanut or because a bell rings," says Dorothy M.

But somehow I doubt that we've heard the last word on these sex dif­ferences studies. Before we women get too smug about our angelic gentleness and too sanctimonious about the violent and aggressive nature of males; before the fellas beg us compassionate, nurturing females to take over the entire control of the planet's military matters for the good of the race as they're certain to do, the darlings, we might as well go on poking and probing for a while.
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Little Ckoon, the Vernon, would be pig thief, had a narrow nose and for that matter a whole pinched-in narrow face that would never know the use of a handkerchief as long as his shirtsewels had cuffs, but it was his eyes, those little washed-out too-close-together grey puddles, that marked him a Vernon.

I climbed into or just had tattooed on, and she switched that body of hers around and I received a phenomenon I spoke of, and it was like being actually thrown around and killed the racehorse, which was a crime he wasn't even charged with, and not for killing young Blaine Harrison, whom I'm sure in a fit of self-defense as clear as the blue Oregon sky.

And it left me puzzling what kind of a rematch Royal Cullen had in mind, whether it was pride taking or just dumbness from being good and mad. Because we had told me to stay out of it, Malone. This is a private fight. This is a personal thing.

Family's what it really was about. It wasn't about Melva Vernon, bluejeans or not, but that damn thoroughbred black race pony of the Harrisons. They ner nor me about this: that means I paid in the six figures for it, but they went and re-named it Big Isaac after the most famous historical fact of being a girl.

I'll tell you this, I was military police when I got called back for Korea and I had no use for that male discharge and took myself as far away as I could, which was Umatilla County. I've been deped here in Meeker Valley for twenty-five years now, and a quarter of a day's work doesn't make me settled-in Oregon, not to the old families.

Because they'll still said, if you tell of a Vernon, that it was Big Isaac Harrison that actually built Meeker Valley, who made peace with the hunters and dug oven-rig and ditched the trail for the cattle. He had a slogan then, "Big Isaac do it," which you'll still hear once in a while up here, more than likely from someone who doesn't have the steppiest idea what it means. I try to keep my handkerchief pure and very far.

So you see, it wasn't Melva Vernon at all, except three days later Royal Cullen got out of it with nothing seriously broken so that didn't make it anything I could stick my nose in very far.

Anyway, Royal Cullen came out of the Vernon Valley that I'm about of an age to re-tire, which is truer than I care to think about. The Vernons I probably tell you're your basic easy-going Santa Clause kind of a breed. I want to think twice before you arm wrestle me. And I suppose that's true, too.

Anyway, Royal Cullen came out of the Vernon Valley that I'm about of an age to retire, which is truer than I care to think about. The Vernons I probably tell you're your basic easy-going Santa Clause kind of a breed. I want to think twice before you arm wrestle me. And I suppose that's true, too.

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OF BIG ISAAC

FICTION

BY
RON ABELL WRITING UNDER THE PEN NAME OF
JEFFERSON DESCHUTES

DRAWING BY MARY ROBBEN
The head of Big Isaac looked gruesome and it looked forlorn, too, and when you consider the kind of sleek hot-eyed animal it had been when it was alive, you can understand why Blaine Harrison wanted revenge against Royal Cullen.

Hand or practically in your BVDs. Cullen could have had it in his back pocket or even in the top of his book. It just plain wasn't the kind of sidearm you look for a rancher to carry, nor even an Ivy League gentleman rancher, but he wasn't planning any sharp-shooting Royal Cullen with carrying a concealed weapon, which I argued for, but the sheriff and prosecution had decided how they would do it, and I nodded him himself from the sight back of him. I was the last time when Doc was patching him up. And I got Cullen's statement which was the same as his on the witness stand.

What described an act of self-defense as pure as a Blue Mountain snow? They could have changed the name and it slip, after one thing led to another and we were losing a horse. But isn't Royal Cullen after all, but it was Cullen himself and his daddy and some other brothers killed the horse Big Isaac. He told me matter of fact that he had gone out to the Harrison one night in the pickup and cut through the horse's neck so it bled to death and after they amputated him they made him cut off the legs and they went on the way home like the way they wanted to. C'mere, and we'd gone home.

This that stopped me cold. "Young button," I said, "as long as we're getting along so fine here, would you mind the way such a thing would happen?" And while they dead I heard the steps of the men. They couldn't find him. The head, not just that Cullen killed the anima, but the way he slaughtered it, and the fact that it wasn't just any horse but was a six-figure thoroughbred. So the jury sent Royal Cullen down to the joint. Not for murder, which would have been too outrageous, but for manslaughter which they knew he didn't commit but would give him a year in the pen, which was just what about what they figured he'd come.
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Alive!
"We’re Doing It From The Inside Out."

By Lynne Darroch
Photo by Paul Diener

"It’s a everything each of us has lived and loved and learned, And for lack of a better word Call it Jazz..."
Janet Small, “Call It Jazz”

In October, the five women of Alive! made a tour of the Pacific Northwest that included engagements at Ernestine’s (formerly Parnell’s) in Seattle and at Delevan’s in Portland. They call themselves “a jazz quintet,” and their collective approach to composing and performing produces a unique and tightly disciplined group sound that is important not only for its purely musical values, but also because the way they make their music illustrates so convincingly how the fruits of a feminist perspective can bring hopeful new dimensions to the male-dominated field of jazz.

With Carolyn Brandy on percussion, Barbara Borden on traps, Susanne Vincenza on acoustic and electric bass, and Janet Small’s percussive approach to acoustic piano, this group excels on Latin-based and other rhythmic numbers. When lead vocalist Rhiannon’s strong, wonderfully supple and superbly controlled voice is added, they become a complete and highly charged jazz unit capable of delivering a wide variety of music — from Miles Davis’ boppish “Four,” which opens with snare and voice cooking along in precise articulation, through Ida Cox’s famous “Wild Women Don’t Get the Blues,” to “Without A Song” from The Student Prince, which Rhiannon delivers in a Betty Carter style that also draws on gospel roots. But their musicianship is not all, because the lyrics themselves — originals by all the band members as well as tunes by Gil Scott-Heron and June Millington on Call It Jazz — serve notice that their material has substance to spare. A strong, personal substance, as Barbara Borden points out: “We just play who we are.”

Janet Small. “And who we are is the product of five really different backgrounds. All of us have classical training, but classical isn’t quite what I want to play. What distinguishes what I’m doing now is the whole rhythmic element, which came from Africa rather than Europe. That rhythmic element, and the improvisational element — composing and not just interpreting — means you can say things about your life and about the world now. Maybe because I went through the ’60s and was involved in politics and was concerned about the world, I want that to come out in my music. That and the rhythm thing are really why I’m playing what I am.”

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Alive! at Delevan’s

That’s What Music Is All About, Breaking Down the Barriers.

But make no mistake. This is a musical group, not a political faction, and their real significance is not to be found in the lyrics nor in their individual convictions, but in their unique approach to making excellent jazz. As Carolyn Brandy says, “Sometimes reviewers like to put us in little categories, like ‘Feminist Band’ or something. Well, we are feminists, but we’re not up there saying ‘Da-dah, da-dah, feminism, hey huh!’ We just do our thing. From
the inside out." The band began playing initially on the "women's music circuit," first in coffee houses, and soon at women's music festivals. They joined Holly Near, Chris Williamson, Sweet Chariot and others playing concerts produced primarily by and for women.

"At a certain point," says Carolyn Brandy, "we began to realize that we wanted to play to the general public, and that wasn't happening enough because we were primarily playing before a group of people with political viewpoints who weren't there for the music but because of the Movement. We decided that we needed to play more types of situations."

Recently, they found a producer for their second album, Call It Jazz. Helen Keane not only fits in well with the group, but has the contacts (she's managed Bill Evans, Kenny Burrell, Joanne Brackeen and Paulito De Rivera) that will open many doors for Alive!

"And Helen has been influencing us to do more material by others as well," Brandy adds. "The first album was all originals, but Helen feels that it's very important for us as musicians to do more standards, and important also because the listener likes to hear tunes that are familiar." Barbara Borden continues: "We feel strongly that we're a real bridge, and that our music could and should be heard by many people. And that's what music is about anyway, breaking down the barriers that people feel."

"We Are But The Tip Of An Iceberg"

It is their astute combination of a dense rhythmic pulse, a magnificent vocal instrument, and a clear-sighted commitment to integrate humane and egallitarian values into a musical context that makes Alive! such a moving and dynamic group. They complement each other well on stage, playing to the strengths of each individual and communicating so well among themselves that this camaraderie extends to the audience, drawing them into a real community of spirit.

So when Orin Kopinek, in his liner notes to Call It Jazz, says he doesn't "know how Alive! came into being, and actually, I don't care . . . (because) . . . they make good music and that's all that matters," he is missing something very important about this group. For their music represents something as valid socially as it is effective musically. "We are but the tip of an iceberg," they write in the notes to Call It Jazz, "hopeful to be - the reflection of a many-sided rainbow! Aspiring toward a new dream / not built on prisms of idyllic fantasy / but on hard and honest work / the slow and often painful attainment / of harmony and light.”

Their "hard and honest work" is reflected even in their approach to the

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music business. As Carolyn Brandy says, "There's so much business, it's endless. We do as much as we can, but it's always a family kind of group thing. We're doing it; we don't have big record companies doing it for us. We take it one step at a time. Betty Carter talks about this same thing." The women of Alive! are members of a generation that was concerned about the world, that struggled against the war in Vietnam, that burned for social justice, and today they are still the kind of believers and doers who led the way almost twenty years ago. Today they are jazz musicians on the rise, sure of themselves, and capable of offering insights that relate not only to music — the arena in which they excel and have chosen to work — but to all forms of cooperative human endeavor. Carolyn Brandy sums it up: "The way we're doing it, you don't make it overnight. It's much slower. Not that we don't want to be "out there"; we do. But it takes years, especially as a band. We're lucky in that we've committed ourselves. And that's very rare, extremely rare. Bands do not last long, but we'll have been together for six years this January."

"One of the reasons," Barbara Borden says, "is that we communicate among ourselves on a personal level as well as when we play music. Some people will play together but never clear things up on a personal level that can get in the way of the music."

"When it comes right down to it," Carolyn Brandy continues, "we have a lot of faith in what we're doing. We have a lot of faith in the music — that it's good and that it's saying something. And it's important to play this music. It's important for us to do this at this time. It means a lot in our lives as well as to the people who are our listeners."

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The World according to Napoleon
as seen by Abel Gance

BY JAMES GREENBURG

Fashionably dressed women and men out of Gentleman's Quarterly decorated the lobby of the Kennedy Center as they often do on a Saturday night. Only this time they were here to see a four-hour silent movie about the life of Napoleon. The twelve day run had been sold-out for weeks and the 225 tickets were one of the hottest items on the cultural circuit. What could make this unlikely crowd turn out for a movie they would pay little attention to at a regular movie house? The presentation had been turned into an event rivaling the grandeur of its 1927 premieres and the man behind it was Francis Ford Coppola. Abel Gance's Napoleon premiered on April 1st, 1927 at the Théâtre National de l'Opéra in Paris before a wildly appreciative audience of Charles de Gaulle and Andre Malraux. In six months time, with the advent of sound, Napoleon was a forgotten masterpiece. Unseen in its original form for over fifty years, the reconstruction of the film is a fairy tale worthy of Napoleon himself.

Several previous attempts had been made to bring Gance's chef d'oeuvre up to date. The first time was by Gance himself in 1934 when he reedited a shortened version with sound. Years later Gance shot some new film scenes and assembled it with rediscovered footage and released it as Bonaparte and the Revolution at the 1971 New York Film Festival.

Kevin Brownlow, English film historian and devoted of Napoleon since childhood, though Bonaparte and the Revolution a dismal failure. Several years earlier he had begun the dedicated task of reconstructing the 1927 silent version of Napoleon. Gance gave him access to all his negatives and fine art and the call went out to film archives around the world. In twelve weeks he had assembled a rough version of the original with the exception of several missing reels and material destroyed by Gance. Even now footage continues to resurface and a French presentation last year will feature twenty-two minutes of "new" material not seen in the American revival. The turning point for Napoleon came at the Telluride Film Festival in September 1980. Gance, then 90, journeyed from his home in Paris to witness his return from obscurity. The five-and-a-half-hour film (it was projected at silent speed) was shown by his father.

Original plans called for a travelling road show in which Maestro Coppola would perform his score with local orchestras. The film played several cities like that before the good intentions ran aground. The logistics of the road show, which may have been feasible during the silent era, proved prohibitively expensive and Zoetrope agreed to a deal with Universal to distribute the film with the new soundtrack prerecorded.

For sheer excitement nothing can surpass the experience of watching the conductor's shadow on the ceiling of a grand hall with thousands of people in attendance. Also gone is the three screen projection at the conclusion of the film. It is now shown in 70 mm from one projector. At the end, the image simply expands to fill the full width of the screen for the famous triptych segment. The recording in Dolby stereo is good but doesn't begin to approximate the presence of a live orchestra.

Some of the glamour of the 'live' production has rubbed off on the theatrical release, but the burden of the evening now falls back on the film itself. Fortunately the film is more than a hype. The power and originality of Gance's vision has aged surprisingly well. Cinematically, Napoleon was years ahead of its time and even today there is nothing quite like it.

Significantly, Gance's original production was entitled Napoleon Vu Par Abel Gance, (Napoleon Seen By Abel Gance) and it is Gance's vision that counts here. Gance is not impressed with whether Napoleon is right or wrong, virtuous or deceitful, but by the scope of his achievement and the way he claimed an era as his own. For Gance the story of the revolution and its aftermath is Napoleon's. He takes an uncharacteristic attitude to his politics while embracing his nationalism and heroic dimensions. What viewers see is not a part of the film, but rather the image to see and present the fullness of the period. "Napoleon is Prometheus" wrote Gance in the program to the premiere presentation of his film. The life of Napoleon for Gance is not a matter of morality or politics, it is a work of art. This is to say that the authenticity isn't there, but Gance is more concerned with rendering the total texture of the times. His reading of the French revolution is as a chaotic disaster France had to give ground in order to get to Napoleon. History is treated not as the action and reaction of events but a complete canvas that has already been drawn and remains to be revealed. Like a medieval tapestry, all action seems to be going on at once with Napoleon at the top of the inevitable hierarchy. Napoleon is the consequence of all action in the film. "I am the revolution," he says before he has even won a single battle. Napoleon is like a shaggy dog flying and propelled through space at a target we can see a mile off.

The film starts with a brief look at Napoleon's days as a student at Brienne Military College and even as a boy he possessed the qualities of the general arrogance, aloofness and self-assurance. He is the same at the beginning as at the end, only the way
Everywhere Gance gives us striking images: a hand sinking beneath the mud after a battle scene, a severed head on a spike passing in front of Napoleon's window, the English fleet on fire in Toulon harbor.

"I am the revolution," he says before he has even won a single battle. Napoleon is like an arrow let fly and propelled through space at a target we see a mile off.

Gance created the three impressionist shots of Napoleon moving towards his destiny. He used them as if it had been written for him. The camera literally jumps from face to face, assigning each individual his part in the larger drama. The light pouring in through the window is a sign of the divine correctness of the moment. Napoleon, naturally, is present and congratulates the author on the anthem as if it had been written for him.

For the final realization of his vision Gance devised Polyvision. (He had actually used it several other times in the original version, but that footage has been lost). The tripod contains the totality of Gance's vision, as Napoleon looks out across Italy and the forces he commands. The succession of images celebrates his arrival at the summit. As Napoleon literally rides through his troops, he sees "the richest and strongest torrent of human power ever unleashed in history." Or in cinema, Napoleon is proof of the power of the imagination to transform history into art.
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Little Richard
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"I gave up rock and roll for the Rock of Ages. If God can save me, an old homosexual, He can save anybody."
—Richard Penniman, aka Little Richard

October 8, 1982

Little Richard is in Portland. He and his long-time manager, Bump Blackwell, have rented the Northwest Service Center for three days to conduct a crusade for Christ. This is his life now, traveling from city to city testifying about how the Lord has made him into a new man. Co-hosting the event are Portland’s Youth Retreat and pastor Moses Brown.

By 7 p.m., the Service Center (a converted Church of Christ, Scientist) has been filled with a curious mix of mostly black church-goers and mostly white rock and rollers. The former are here presumably to honor the Lord and listen to the testimony of a reformed sinner. The latter have come to find out what’s happened to one of the legendary Founding Fathers of their music.

While my respect is greater for the worshippers, my heart is with the rockers. From 1955 to 1967, Little Richard helped define what rock and roll is all about in an unforgettable streak of hits beginning with “Tutti Frutti” and continuing through “Long Tall Sally,” “Big Gill” and “Good Golly Miss Molly.” These records broke out of the small town “chitlin circuit” and rocketed Little Richard and Chuck Berry back to their native soil, to a national venue, the Cadilac of rock and roll. He is still playing his old hits, but the music has become little more than a backdrop for his singing and dancing and display of effeminate plumage.

The King of Rock and Rhythm

Richard’s outrageous screams and moans contained a barely concealed sexual excitement. His lipstick, mascara and six-inch pompadour gave him a sweet but maniacal look. He praises Goldie’s performance and points to Blackwell, who crossed Little Richard and Chuck Berry back to their native soil, to a national venue, the Cadilac of rock and roll. He is still playing his old hits, but the music has become little more than a backdrop for his singing and dancing and display of effeminate plumage.

On his return to America, Richard enrolled in Oaklawn College, a bible school in “Huntsville, Alabama, to begin a new career as an evangelist.

October 8, 1982

Do you like country music?” asks Richard. There is a muted response. “Well, you gonna hear some tonight,” he laughs. Someone clicks on a tape of pre-recorded back-up music. “Here’s a song I sang on the Grand Ole Opry. I’ve always loved country music, ever since I was a little boy in Nashville. I was singing it before Charlie Pride.”

Little Richard’s voice rises to begin the song and swoops down through the first verse, “One day at a time, sweet Jeeee-sus . . . He still sounds good, I think. Before long, the crowd is clapping in waltz-time and singing along. Richard’s big, raw voice dips around the notes with a touch of his famous yodel. He ends with one of his best known songs, “Tutti Frutti” and the audience is euphoric.

Richard’s world of rock and roll, his fame, is on tour in Australia. He awakens from a terrifying dream of the Apocalypse and his own damnation onboard a flight to his next concert. Richard becomes convinced the plane is about to crash and prays to God to hold them in the air. When the plane lands in Sydney, he throws his jewelry in the harbor and vows to cease his evil ways.

Once a young guitarist in his band appeared onstage in a fine, ruffled shirt, Richard got mad. “I am Little Richard,” he screamed. “I am the King, the King of rock and rhythm. I am the only one allowed to be pretty. Take off those shirts!” The guitarist’s name was Jimi Hendrix, and he left the band shortly thereafter.

October 8, 1982

Have you ever made so much money you didn’t know what to do with it?” Richard rhetorically inquires. “No!” answers someone in the audience, “I didn’t.” He yells, “I just threw it in the trunk of the car and drove off. I didn’t even

Clinton St. Quarterly
know how to count it. See, I never finished school.”

The Rev. Little Richard begins his sermon. “I was sitting out in Hollywood wood one night with Stevie Wonder, Diana Ross, Michael Jackson. . . . I was sitting there with um, Alice Cooper, when I realized that rock and roll was not satisfying my soul. For the bible says, ‘What shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?’.”

The crowd reacts, “Go on and preach it!” He needs no encouragement, pacing the stage with that mincing, short-legged walk of his. “I was just living to have a good time. I was taking cocaine, heroin, all this dope. I had needles in my body! I was a drug addict. I was so lonely sometimes. I had all this money and I would just sit alone and cry.”

The revord is getting into it:

“I am the King, the King of rock and rhythm. I am the only one allowed to be pretty. Take off those shirts!” Jimi Hendrix leads the band shortly thereafter.

His act now, he rattles off stock quotations of scripture faster than one can follow. “No man serves two masters. If you have sin in your life, He can not dwell there. I’m telling you that rock and roll music is pulling people from Jesus!”

October 10, 1982

Beware when men speak well of you!” Rev. Little Richard exhorts the folks at the Northwest Service Project’s “Go for Good” dinner. “People gonna say you’re still the same thing you used to be. How they gonna know if you’re still down to yourselves?”

Little Richard has started off on fire tonight. The place is even fuller than it was Friday night, with lots of children in attendance. “I was a famous homosexual,” he declares, and suddenly the microphone goes out. Richard has wandered too far toward one end of the stage and it’s not quite cold has come loose. The crowd is hushed. “Ain’t that funny? Just when I said homosexual, it went off! Must be the devil doesn’t want me to tell the truth,” laughed Richard, and then he repeated the joke several times to nervous giggles from the A-men corner. “But I’m not afraid to tell the truth, because God has changed me from being a sinner and made me a man. For the first time, He made me a man! Say Amen!”

Summer, 1982

Little Richard has come back to Harlem, twenty years after his last big shows at the Apollo Theater. He is speaking at the Mount Nebo Baptist Church. He tells the pious and the pitiful, “You know, ladies, some of your husbands are homosexuals. I know, because I’ve been a homosexual all my life. There are a lot of women that are feminine and beautiful and have children, and they’re homosexuals. Some fellows say to me, ‘I’m not really gay.’ They’re talking about them.

“I’m not here to down gay people. I’m not like Anita Bryant. Gay people are the nicest people I ever met in my life. We all sinned, so don’t point your finger at nobody else.”

Near the end of the service, Little Richard requested that every one file down the aisle to make an offering to defray the costs of his visit. A local pianist played it “It’s No Secret What God Can Do” while Richard told us, “I think of all my friends that have died—Evel Presley, Buddy Holly, Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin—and I know that God has kept me here for a purpose. Do you know how did I am? Still looking good! Some of you the same age I am — look at you!”

Well, in some ways, he hasn’t changed.

Information for this article has been obtained from The Village Voice, illustration by Rick Mitchell, "Crusade Photos by Paul Diener, "Hallelujah, I’m not what I used to be.”

It’s true. This is obviously a much happier, more dignified person than the demented e-rock and roll star who babbled his way through late-night talk shows during the ’70s. Richard’s conversion is not simply a publicity stunt designed to keep him in the spotlight now that his rockin’ days are over. Nevertheless, he’s still a star. Although he prays that, “Since only Jesus can turn a man around, only Jesus will receive the glory tonight,” as far as the audience is concerned. It’s Little Richard’s show all the way. It’s safe to say that nobody wants to sleep during his impressive three nights of church here in Portland.

No one walked out, even when Richard announced that “I’m not here to down gay people. I’m not like Anita Bryant. She didn’t show no love. Gay people are the nicest people I ever met in my life. Sin is sin whether its fanaticism or homosexuality. And we all sinned, so don’t point your finger at nobody else. There were any Moral Majority types in attendance, they kept their uplifts to themselves.

In 1970 Little Richard was making another one of his many comebacks. The previous ones have all ended in frustration, with nothing how emphasis, and most of them except several inferior albums of oldies re-makes. But this time it looks more promising. He has a

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