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Clinton St. Quarterly
EDITORIAL

The sun came up in Portland on August 7th, it illuminated strange white figures painted on the sidewalks. They were outlines of people (a child with a teddy bear, a couple embracing, someone in a wheelchair, an infant, a person crouched) and they appeared on street corners throughout the city. People arising Sunday morning to find these unexplained appendages were perhaps puzzled. Some were angry. In at least one neighborhood, the faithful were out scrubbing them off the sidewalks in front of their churches before services began.

At 10:00 am, August 7th, Hiroshima Day, a group of Portland area artists appeared at a press conference to explain the significance of the shadows: they were intended to be reminiscent of ghastly shadows left by people whose bodies blocked the incredible light of the atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima 38 years ago. These painted shadows, however, were taken from live figures.

Over 200 people had spent the previous night stenciling, a large number of them artists. They had prepared carefully, gathering to learn how to invade the shadows. They were given sheets of a plastic material and were told how to use a light or the sun to cast a shadow that could be traced or to simply lay down and have someone else draw around the body. Then an impermanent mixture of chalk and latex was used to paint around the stencil. They attended a meeting in which the legal implications of their actions were explained to them. In fact, there were fifteen citations for vandalism and one arrest the night of August 6th.

There was some community outrage in the response to the paintings. A number of letters appeared in the press decrying this mischief, the Oregonian denounced it as defacement of public property and the Mayor said that even though he "understood," he did not approve, because it gives the city "a messy uncared for impression." But many of us were moved by the shadows, reminded each time we stepped over one how close we are to this possibility. Parents have been required to teach their children not to invite strangers into their homes. Or at least to be suspicious of them. The Portland Press shows that a group of people can put their lives at risk in an act to protect others.

Then there is the way people in the barrios of Latin America have been caught in the crossfire of the drug war. Some have been scapegoats for the town for their supposed involvement in drug traffic. Some have been killed because they thought too hard, said too much, or simply had the misfortune of being around at the wrong time.

And then we have the situation right here in our own backyard. The 13th amendment to the Constitution of the United States, it is hoped, finally and forever put slavery behind us. And, according to many historians, the next generation of Americans considered that the struggle was essentially won and moved on to other things. But not in the South. What followed was the Jim Crow of our own day — a system of official segregation and discrimination.

As we think about the civil rights movement, we think of a time when people came together and said, "We must deal with the past, we must deal with the present, we must deal with the future."

Our steady Pacific Northwest rain will continue to wash the remaining figures from the streets. There is a lot of work ahead. We want to thank those 200 for their good work.

PL
The sun rising over the Ramona mountains was waking me when I first knew of him. At least when I was first conscious of knowing him. I was sleeping on my back on the sun porch. My mother had said it would feel like faint little scratches from inside, very low, near the pubs, and when you realize it’s the baby moving, you’ll realize that you’ve been feeling it for several days. You just didn’t know what it was.

I call the being I knew then a "he" because I found this out later. At the time, the issue of gender was unimportant, it was the least of considerations, the least of the experience I was having. I certainly didn’t have a preference, though I think his father did. It was all too new for me. I felt so passive in that riverine light, in the enormity of the possession, the sense of being totally possessed. Maybe, because I was so young, still just a girl in my parent’s house.

Was it his legs, his arms, his fingers scratching at me from inside, so low? 4½ months along. I lay there in the ray of sun feeling the human being inside me, kicking, hitting, grabbing, pleading, holding. The beginning. Daniel.

**Rostrote**

My friend Tom Jay says "It’s very Homeric down on the line. Aaj in the hail is very much like a Homeric poem."

Frosty Bennet says ‘Football is one of the things that makes this country interesting.’ I think he is right. I feel this too, but it is a mystery to which I have few clues. How can I be interested in football?

I leave town hard. It is hard to get off to Utah, to leave this place. Port Townsend, Washington, where I feel at home, to leave the man I love, for the foreign culture and geography of Utah. Besides my son’s dorm number at the University of Utah where he is on a fifth year athletic scholarship, I have two addresses. One is a very old friend’s, a devout Mormon, and the other is that of a friend of Port Townsend friends, a gay man. Tony says he can get me a job as a bartender at the

The sun, the famous Salt Lake City gay bar, Mormons, football players, and gays. Where am I going? What am I doing?

At across the thousand miles. In fact through the whole season I will see in my mind’s eye the Port Townsend Leagues newspaper taped to Christina Pacozi’s refrigerator, a photograph of two local high-school football players. These Redskin are very much looking young men. Chris has written in an angry hand above the photo, "What is missing from this picture?"

And answered beneath it, "First and foremost, these boys learned to tell what is right and vulnerable and tender."

But Chris continues in another colored ind, indicating that this is an ongoing breakfast conversation. "She doesn’t like easy." And in still another ink, "Football. War. No much difference."

Most likely this would be my position on football if I didn’t have a football player for a son. If I had raised the boy who I swear was born an athlete. The similarity between war and football is real and cannot be denied. The large difference too — Tom Jay says, "It’s fun to hit other people with real strict rules. Good to know where you are." — and it is in this understanding, mixed with a lot of hunches and intuition, that I, a mother, who is also a feminist and a poet, attempt to hold my son.

Long ago I vowed I would not do what parents universally do to their children when they reach your adulthood; get out on the other side of them. I trust my son. I miss him terribly in my life. I want to see him. I hope he has done what he has come to be a man of 21. I want to see him play in his Senior year. I want him to culminate the season of his whole school career. After all, I was there at the beginning and all the way to the middle. I do want the pleasure and joy, his story, the intellectual and creative challenge. I want to see him succeed. I want to be around him, whatever he does in the end, and yes, to be an influence, at least a reminder of what might happen next. I said I would see him when he left home at seventeen. Because of the way I live I can do this. I will leave off to another state. I carry three cardboard boxes with stories, journals, poems, anecdotes, quotes I’ve collected since his birth when his extremely advanced physical capabilities made him seem like a superboy. Perhaps I’ll write a book about football.

Sterotype: I raised my son in the counter-culture. His first experience with war was when he was six, his sister four. The in 1968 we were demonstrating at Century Plaza in Los Angeles against Lyndon Johnson and his ongoing war in Asia. Helicopters screamed above us like flies with machine guns pointed at us. The crowd roared from the armed agitation of the police and I had never taken my children to a large public demonstration again. I felt it was important to protest their psychological theories of what they wanted to grow up to love, not out of reaction to war.

I raise him in a world in which the values were of non-competitiveness, non-sales, non-masculine, anti-racist, anti-sexism, anti-military, anti-war. I taught him on the third day of free schools, without television, without spankings or even discipline as it is normally understood, on food-stamps, on subsistence earnings, on welfare. The neighbors, we had them. Lyndon B. Johnson and in Plainfield, Vermont and Mendocino, California, were dope-smoking, long-haired communards and outlaws, political radicals, artists, musicians, poets, farmers, vegetarians, dropouts, nature lovers and revolutionaries — and utterly burned out. In this culture, fascism and greed, epitomized most clearly in its war on Vietnam. The man who helped to raise him, from five to fifteen, his stepfather in all but the legal sense, had served time for refusing induction into the army and for possession of marijuana.

Through all this, Danny’s longing was to be straight. Like the father who had disappeared when he was so young, like his grandfather with money, his big cars, his beautiful property in Ramona. Two days after Danny graduated from Mendocino High School, probably one of the most counter-culturally influenced high schools in the country, his sister and I drove him to Salt Lake City. They took him immediately into the weight room and did some tests. They found he was the strongest kid they’d ever taken off the streets, that is, one who had not had weight lifting training. They also said, "Dan, your biggest problem is going to be in getting your Mean together. You were raised by a hippy mom."

Sterotype: the dumb jock. He has dyslexia. Five years at the University of Utah and he still can’t read or write well. Tom Jay: "It is a very intellectual game. It appeals to the mind. Dummies don’t play it." That’s right. If you could read, it is something else I will learn for myself, from watching the games, attending practices daily. That my son has great intelligence has always been obvious. Even so, because of his great difficulties in school, he has been given countless I.Q. tests. He always scores in the superior levels. Athletes, I have learned, are often dyslexics, to put it in very general terms, are non-linear. The perception — some studies say the vision — is "three dimensional." This is why syllables of words become switched, words are seen backwards from the line that was pushed down into the line being read. In fact, studies show that the mathematician works at a greater capacity than the constructive, restrictive linear mind, dyslexics a greater empathy for the right and left hemispheres of the brain; the creative, the unconscious, the intuitive, the unconscious brought more fully into the world. And the "three dimensional," right-brain access to the unconscious. The mind can hold the many components of a single play, it is not tied to the whole field in action at one time.

It must have been the New Mexico game that got him, the older of mine same sex. He read a postcard from Al-buequerque — it was the first time I’d known of his whereabouts — raving about what a great tight end Danny is. It is interesting that they may have had some influence on the kid.

By his fourth year, Utah had four tight ends and Danny was redshirted. (Kept on scholarship but not allowed to play, a preserved eligibility). The coach, Wayne Howard — Danny chose Utah over other schools that recruited him because he loved this man — resigned last spring. A new coach, a new position: offensive tackle. Danny went from tight end to offensive tackle. (He has been six foot five since he was fifteen).

The new coach, Chuck Stobart, a Methodist from Ohio, is of the "old school." There are disturbing signs that he is converting to Mormonism. "The mission- aire are visiting us regularly," his wife will put it during the Wyoming game. At any rate, the team is required to pray together before and after practice. Midway through the season I will ask my son what he prays, and how, knowing I never taught him.

"Well," he tells me "I remember what I learned in my philosophy class in high school. We hold hands in a large circle, the lights are turned out, we bow our heads and have silent prayer. I concentrate very hard, you know, like meditation." I say "I sense energy hitting me."

Mendocino. I see energy coming at me from everywhere. — a huge ball of energy. Do you see it coming at me from my Dad’s in Manhattan Beach. I see it coming at me from Port Townsend, even though I’ve never been there. I get bored with light shopping at me from all the places that love me and it fills me with powerful energy. Then, at last of it, I sense it coming at me from the place the team is from. Las Vegas, San Diego, Texas.

Then I’m ready. I’m stocky enough to stop me. I’m ready to go out there. And the game.

**Chord Reader**

I’m at a rest stop near Twin City, Idaho. A high school football team arrives. They circle in the parking lot a minute break from the long drive. This is
the first week of school, they are on their way to the first game of the season. Malad High. I have just crossed a river named Madison. My behavior and the names seem ominous to me, a serious hour. I am back in the car, the smell of alfalfa, the spit of little clouds onto the gold land of my nervous. The
song as I pulled into the rest stop by the B25s. Living in your own/ private Idaho. I could drive forever. But I have to stop myself to pee, to let Moonlight out, to exercise. The boys are wearing jerseys with large red numbers on their chests. The same colors as Utah, as Mendocino, as Vermont, as Malibu. My son's teams have always been red and white. The coaches, four of them, are young, with big smiles. Moonlight has already made their acquaintance, run up to me, against a very fat boy, number 64. He is wearing a red and white football uniform. I was twelve and first became alarmed at how large my thighs were becoming. Sweat trickles beneath my bobbing breasts. Behind me I hear loud, forced coughs. Forced as in poor pressure, is the team laughing at me? It is possible, in fact likely. I am no doubt, absurd looking. But I keep the ball in the air, I keep bending to the hot blowing wind, to a pur- ple turn. Moonlight is busily brushing his hair so near my face, down and around a mosquito whose breath is fresh but missing, as I take and plea, bounce and bob, do my own private cheer to the lone van ahead of me. I see the head on one foot facing me on the visitor's grill. Give me an M! Give me an A! Give me an L! Give me an A-D! whatisthesee, have I, MADAL! And let me tell ya, Mom. That's BAD! I hear the bell behind me and see the red lights, the bus leaving, the B25 Idaho-Potato punting back waiting back from the Inter- state.

I used to say to him, "Danny, if the American flag means anything, it means I have the right not to stand for it!"

Back in the van I study the map for Malad. An old Osmobile convertible painted with so many different colors. The couple in front looks hot, exhausted. There are three little boys in the back seat. Every now and then I get a glimpse of the man turns and wacks the oldest up-sided down. It is Monday, one of the days I remember Danny at three, just before I left for college. My first time in a barber shop. I remember the barber and his thick blond curls shaved off. When I went in to check him out he had the smell. The bristly stickers left on his head made me nervous. The first time I don't want to kiss him. But, of course, I did.

Looking For A Football Team
September 4
Mid Saturday afternoon

The girl behind the football dorm desk says the whole team went to the Hilton last night to see a show. She doesn't know where their location for them there for this afternoon. So I drive back on 73 wondering if it's okay if I show up. I wouldn't want to make new friends.

Running around the Hilton. How funny the place seems to me. So preposterous something so grand. I walked into the parking lot looking for a football team!

Finally an old car owner tells me they were checked in for the night. "Monroe catches the ball at the four, cuts against a very fat boy, number 64. Breaking from the mass. To each other except in the movies. What on earth do they want from each other?" Southern Idaho—10. The scoreboard, a marvel of electronic wonder. "The Bobcats could upset the heavily favored Utes if they
didn't make any mistakes."

Fourth quarter. 16-12. Utah Utah Utah!

Coaches Show
September 4

"Mom. Every Sunday at three is Coaches' Show." His grin is so large, "Yeah, one off the guys says. "Danny's the best quarterback in the state on Friday night when I pulled into town. "You mean gay bar?" I explain that and about the High School football team. She means so mature, so high and happy somehow. How of an athlete you're going to be." The mother I've been trying to tell everyone about. "First play of the season. So you'll see. For last Christmas I gave him and his sister large photo albums of their lives. I sent a picture of the three of us to show him. He didn't look at it. "Danny kept saying, "send me some pictures. Mom, so I can show Sandra on my background. Her father few jars over Vie- netm. I tell her I was a happy, rugby-wearing boy. How anti-Vietnam you were. She doesn't be- lieve me. Send pictures!"

"The Bobcats could upset the heavily favored Utes if they didn't make any mistakes."

The deep orange glow of the desert mountains. The Oquiri's. People are getting out of their hum­ mer. Some of them are resting in the sun, some are talking, sipping, smoking, some are sitting around. I try to concentrate but don't do well. I was a quiet, small boy. Some of the guys say, "Get me a picture!" I've never heard of a situation like this. First play of the season, a touchdown.

I try to concentrate but don't do well. I just want to look at Danny and I can't quit grinning at each other.

D

anny sits in the-passer­ by's seat. Gino one of the three largest men in the world. They look like a different species.

After the show I can tell him all about my trip and what happened yesterday, how I spent Friday night. Afternoon on Friday night when I pulled into town. "You mean gay bar?" I explain that and about the High School football team. She means so mature, so high and happy somehow. How of an athlete you're going to be." The mother I've been trying to tell everyone about. "First play of the season. So you'll see. For last Christmas I gave him and his sister large photo albums of their lives. I sent a picture of the three of us to show him. He didn't look at it. "Danny kept saying, "send me some pictures. Mom, so I can show Sandra on my background. Her father few jars over Vie- netm. I tell her I was a happy, rugby-wearing boy. How anti-Vietnam you were. She doesn't be- lieve me. Send pictures!"

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I try to concentrate but don't do well. I just want to look at Danny and I can't quit grinning at each other.

A blue and gold player slammimg his head into the turf.

How I can't help but for him. Hot beginning, hot ending, final score: 30-12. Utah Utah Utah!

D
the card says, “Happy Mother’s Day, Love, The Seattle Seahawks.”

Troublesome mon August 23

I wrote Chuck Knox a letter. I thanked him for the beautiful bouquet of flowers and told him he’d made a terrible mistake in cutting my son from the team. He’s a great football player. I said it was immoral of him to cut my son. I asked him to put my son in the position for (20) for (20) so he can’t be signed by other teams.

When I told Donnie to do this, after three starts, knowing I was going to be taken as a toll, I knew Donnie could not do things like that. ‘They’ll blackball me for having a troublesome mon.”

Where now? August 23

Danny is in Los Angeles with his agent. His spirits seem better. I have signed a contract with a Las Vegas team. I’ll be one of the most important players in the organization. I’ll be able to do things like that. I can’t do things like that. ‘They’ll blackball me for having a troublesome mon.”

Has Any Woman Ever Written About Her Son? August 22

Our son is the other tackle. He wants you to do things like that. You’re hooked on swearing, on using baby talk, on saying ‘f-ck,’ on saying ‘mother hate, of woman hate, of the man’s hate, of the male/female roles are. Males are no longer expected to be so. We freak to the depths of our own programming if our male spirit is encouraged to feel distaste for her. At all costs he must not be like her. He is my son. He is me, in another time, in a male society where I am a father. He is the love act personified, the union of father and me, the one of us that must never be undone, the one I love with all my heart.

In my son’s body I have the sense that my body dominates, as I think in our daughter the father’s domination. In my son’s body I see myself gloriously, all my cells given over to the phenomenon of the male. When I look at him I can feel my cells being fulfilled, that part of me I keep so hidden from being acknowledged, released to the world. His huge, hairless body. I wish I could be just that, huge, muscular, with no shame or reluctance or shyness or compromise or call that made me so peacefully pleasingly female.

Some men felt that the secret was that men’s only relationship with women was to their own advantage, contrary to everything believed at the time; i.e., divorce will destroy the child, participation with the wife who will be out of a role model. Now, on the other hand, I now find it as shocking as anything I can think of in our culture that so many men let go of their children and that have no role in their children’s lives. Men. The counter-culture of the past is the child’s love act personified, the union of parent and child, the maxim of everything opposite the male world, mechanism, mastery, control, abstraction, the intellectual propensity towards anti-matter (matter from mother, that is, mother).

It is time we mothers began to discuss the other women, the little hell-raiser, the honey, is a teen-ager. (mother.)

I love my son. I love my daughter. And so we are afraid. We are sick. We are afraid. We are afraid of the male, we are afraid of the man, we are afraid of the father.

Interestingly, many of my male friends have encouraged me to write this, while I delved into the phenomenon of the confusion, even despair. There is a real world of male experience that is not known to most women, and they are afraid, they would just add another reason to not trust me. They don’t trust me, or anyone, to be able to write about what I’ve been told. I don’t trust myself either. Am I just being one of those “typical women” who won’t let her son go? I remember my own mother “practicing” to let go of us.

Women know so much more than they can speak of. Women’s lives are the real subculture. Women are the largest and most secret subculture in our society. I have come to have their deepest convictions, their greatest confessions. I have come to have their deepest confessions, their intimate confessions, their hidden confessions, their hidden phenomena. I have come to have the secret of their lives, the secret of my life, the secret of their love for men, their secrets, you lose your secrets, you lose your secrets, your secrets.

My son. I love my son, he is the other tackle, he wants you to do his homework. I told him you would.

“Really?”

“Yeah, he’s a Libra too, like me. He has a Libra birthday. He’s a Libra too.”

“Wow, that was a great birthday, that was a great birthday.”

“Yeah, he’s a Libra too, like me. He has a Libra birthday. He’s a Libra too.”

And don’t say ‘fuck,’ you’re hooked on it, I have told him, you’re a smoker, you’re a drinker, you’re a drug addict.

I love my son. I love my son. I love my son.

Anna Winter, Jan 31. She wanted to get married.

I hitched up to Elko to get him rubbers, so afraid they’d get pregnant.

Do you really want to have special relationships with their mothers? Does your son, whom the mother is dominant, the killer motherboard, whom the child loves and knows, whom the man, it expenses in my male, were raised, were raised, were raised, were raised, were raised, were raised, were raised.

I love my son. I love my son.

It is time we mothers began to discuss the other woman, the little hell-raiser, the honey, is a teen-ager (mother).

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And don’t say ‘fuck,’ you’re hooked on it, I have told him, you’re a smoker, you’re a drinker, you’re a drug addict.

I love my son. I love my son. I love my son.
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Looking Behind the Headlines at THE REAL WAR in Nicaragua

By Patty Somlo

As a postwar boom baby, my experience with war has been through the eyes of the media. So I was little prepared for a visit to the heaviest combat zone in a country fighting a "covert" but nonetheless real war. Thus, when our group of artists, writers, filmmakers, musicians and others who were in Nicaragua to learn the inside story behind the conflicts in Central America was given the opportunity to travel to the town of Jalapa on the country's northern border with Honduras, I gave it little thought.

In the days that followed, I learned that the United States' covert war with Nicaragua is no secret to the whole of this small Central American country. The nearly 7,000-strong CIA trained and backed forces, made up almost exclusively of ex-Somoza National Guardsmen, are making regular incursions into the Nicaraguan border territories. From their bases in Honduras, the contras, as they are called, slip across the border into Nicaragua attacking women and children working in the fields, kidnapping entire families from their homes, and destroying crops and valuable equipment. While the contras have had no success taking over territory within Nicaragua, they have nevertheless created considerable human and economic hardship. To date, more than 500 deaths have been attributed to the ex-Somoza forces. The majority of those killed have been unarmed civilians.

The town of Jalapa sits on the front line of the war. At the center of a rich agricultural region, Jalapa has swollen in size as the contra attacks have escalated. Outlying farm families stream into refugee camps in the small town, since in their isolated homesteads they are sitting ducks for the type of hit-and-run war carried on by the U.S.-back Somocistas.

Like their outlying neighbors, the residents of Jalapa were expected by the U.S. government to abandon their homes and move further into the country once the contra attacks began. At the same time, the CIA plan was based on the assumption that some residents would join the ranks of the counterrevolutionary forces attempting to overthrow the Sandinista-led government. Since Somoza had settled a large number of National Guardsmen and supporters in the region due to his interest in controlling and protecting its rich agricultural resources, the U.S. expected many of these ex-Somoza supporters to be anxious to join with anti-Sandinista forces. It was also assumed that a sizable amount of discontent and opposition to the Sandinistas existed, not only in the Jalapa region, but throughout the entire country. It therefore seemed a relatively easy matter to swell the contra forces, establish a base in the abandoned Jalapa region and begin moving further into the country.

The residents of Jalapa, however, have refused to fulfill their part of the scenario. Trained and armed men, women and children have organized round-the-clock guard duty throughout the area. Popular militia forces recruited from area residents supplement the Sandinista Army forces and reserves sanctioned in the region. Farmers seen working in the fields hold a machete in one hand, a gun in the other. Jalapans, having dug themselves in more firmly, say they will stay.

Having heard this and more, and seen numerous photographs of the casualties of the war, I still had little fear about visiting the border. Hearing story after story about the heroic efforts of this town's simple people, it seemed a small act for me to travel there to hear their stories in order to return home and tell them. Some members of our group were less philosophical. There was much discussion about whether the contras would or would not shoot a group of U.S. citizens. On the one hand, we all agreed that the deaths of North Americans in Nicaragua could strongly shift public opinion against Reagan's plans for increased intervention. Yet, we also had the examples of the U.S. nuns and land reform workers in El Salvador to remind us that our "allies" do get away with murder, even of our own people.

By the time we piled on the buses, the members of our group had decided to take their chances. For most of us who had grown up with the media version of the Vietnam War, many late-night World War I and II movies, and the weekly Western shoot-outs, this would be our first unmediated look at war. The blackness of the nighttime countryside in Nicaragua is broken only by small stars and the silver of a moon. With no streetlights, it's difficult to make out the small peasant huts scattered here and there among the hills. Occasionally, the bus lights flash on a bony ox slowly chewing along the side of the road. More often, a simple white cross marking in the passing of a son or daughter in the struggle that engulfed the nation prior to Somoza's fall on July 19, 1979, reflects the glare of our
war against Nicaragua is not solely confined to military activity. In every aspect of daily life, the United States is waging a war against the Nicaraguan people. Through the cutoff of all aid, loans and import quotas, the U.S. government is attempting to virtually strangle the Nicaraguan economy. The recent closings of the Nicaraguan con­ sulates and the imminent blockade of the country are further attempts to iso­ late Nicaragua from needed communi­ cation and trade with the rest of the world. In other covert operations re­ vealed by the Nicaraguan government, the CIA has plotted to kill nearly every top Nicaraguan official, beginning with the CIA’s attempt to assassinate the foreign minister Father Miguel D’Escoto. And in the ideological arena, CIA-run radio stations in Honduras broadcasting daily counterrevolutionary propaganda loud and clear to the Nicaraguan people.

Pulling into the parking lot of the Frontera Hotel in Ocotal, Nicaragua, a small northern town situated at the end of the paved highway, we are greeted by a large contingent of Sandinista Army personnel. They have been waiting for us through the night, since we had been scheduled to arrive for the pre­ vious night’s dinner. The commander of the region, a young ex-university physics professor, is here to greet us. He is joined by the newly promoted sub-commander of the region, a friend­ ly older man who enjoys having his picture taken. As the two soldiers pre­ pare us for what’s ahead another hundred-plus miles north in Jalapa, a member of our group asks the sub­ commander whether we are permitted to take pictures.

As we slowly make our way up the sometimes washed-out mud road, we pass hundreds of identical red-tile roched houses decorated with red and black FSLN (Sandinista Front for National Liberation) flags, posters and banners proclaiming their continued support of the Sandinista Revolution. It is as if the entire nation has been told of our journey, since whole families are out on nearly every porch, smiling and waving to our camera-laden group. And far off on the distant hills we see the

"For people with money, life isn’t better. But the majority of Nicaraguans are very poor and very small people. It’s their revolution. Revolutions aren’t for rich people."
The Nicaraguan government and people are keenly aware that the U.S. government and media are painting a bleak and distorted picture of this country and its popular revolution. And while the preparations for our visit emphasized the positive, what we heard and saw stands in marked contrast to the grim reality of life elsewhere in the Latin America.

While we have read at home about the "turn to totalitarianism" of the Nicaraguan leadership and the subsequent disillusionment of the people, the majority of Nicaraguans are very poor and very hard. The country has been hit by the same economic difficulties—higher cost factors, such as oil, and lower prices for exports—as every other third world nation, with the added stress of recent US aggressions. At the same time, the Sandinista government must try to meet the needs of the majority, who fought for a better life.

"I don't like waiting in line for gas," said a taxi driver when we asked his opinion of the Sandinistas. "But I guess it's okay, because now at least more people have a chance to get some." In general, the Sandinistas have attempted to minimize the difficulties while explaining the causes, working toward solutions and asking for the support and participation of the people. By and large, they have succeeded. There is, nevertheless, some discontent, and it is this that the Reagan Administration exploits in trying to drum up support for its covert war.

"One must not forget that we Sandinistas did not make fundamental promises to the United States, to whom we never made any type of promises, not to Nicaragua's privileged groups," said Sergio Ramirez, a member of the Nicaraguan government junta of national reconstruction. "The basic promises were made to the country's poorest people, the promises that they have defended with weapons and their heroism. The original project is still there, growing and being multiplied for those people, in the cooperatives, schools, health centers, land, dignity and sovereignty. There was never any other revolutionary project besides this one; this was the original project.

Reagan maintains that the Sandinistas, through arms shipments and heavy Cuban and Soviet backing, are exporting revolution to El Salvador and eventually to the rest of Central America. While the Sandinistas readily admit their support for the FMLN forces fighting to overthrow the repressive Salvadoran military dictatorship, they also vehemently deny ever providing any military assistance to those forces. Such support would not only be an economic drain on a country already struggling to meet its basic needs, but would also constitute the justification the Reagan Administration is looking for to militarily invade Nicaragua.

"We export the news that in Nicaragua the revolution has brought with it literacy, agrarian reform, an end to polio, health care, the right to life and hope," says Sergio Ramirez proudly. "How can one prevent a peasant from another Central American country from hearing, from finding out, from realizing that in Nicaragua land is given to other poor and barefoot peasants like him? How can you avoid his realizing that here children are being vaccinated while his children still die of gastroenteritis and polio?"

We are standing in a large soccer field amidst numerous Sandinista Army and popular militia battalions who are being decorated for their valiant efforts here on the war's frontlines. To our left is a soccer field on the front line. To our right is the end of the soccer field is being guarded by Sandinista soldiers. The Sandinistas admit their support for the FMLN forces fighting to overthrow the repressive Salvadoran military dictatorship, but they also vehemently deny ever providing any military assistance to those forces. Such support would not only be an economic drain on a country already struggling to meet its basic needs, but would also constitute the justification the Reagan Administration is looking for to militarily invade Nicaragua.

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The Tempest

By Ronald Netherton-Johnson
Drawing by Dana Hoyle

There were only a few clouds in the sky, and except for that it was clear and hot. Lea Potock walked out from the hooch through the dust and sand over to the gravel road that circled the compound. He walked past the studio building. It was an unusual building, simple, but difficult to identify. It looked secretive. It was slightly raised from the ground with three steps leading to the front and only door. There were no windows, though an air conditioner jutted through one wall. One had to be very close to see the sign, "Armed Forces Vietnam Network."

A smaller building that housed the transmitter. Behind the buildings and far above them loomed the radio tower, an antenna both immense and fragile. Its sections of triangular tubing were painted in alternating red and white stripes for visibility. Red lights along the tubing blinked to alert low-flying aircraft. Partly exposed ground wires and out from the base like rocks through the yellow sand.
The dunes looked like bleachers, and the swaying palms across the bay looked like spectators seated in a vast arena. Pollock imagined he was nowhere near a war zone, but was performing for the Emperor by special request.
The storm was worse. Pollock was surprised. He didn’t think it could get much worse. Now the jagged bolts of lightning from the thick black clouds continuously flashed yellow into the green-greyness of the surrounding hills. Pollock nodded, threw on a coat, and followed him out.

Pollock. Fred grinned.

"Okay, we've got a signal. We're going on the air."

Music came up slowly over a speaker in the corner of the room. Then it was faded down and Brown in his DJ's voice came in over it.

This is AFN radio coming to you from Cam Rahn Bay. We're back on the air again after a short shut-down due to a Tropical Storm. Harry, who blew the roof off our transmitter shack a little while ago,

"We've got our backup system going now, but I tell you it ain't nice out there, so you just stay safe and warm in your room and stay tuned." The music from Saigon came up again. It was 'My Sweet Lord' by George Harrison.

"Who-ee-1!" Pollock heard over the phones.

"Who-oe," Leo replied.

"Leo, he hung up the headphones and walked out of the shed. Let Brown watch the station for awhile, he thought. The sheet had caught Fred in the taut for the hootch out of the rain. After awhile he went to the studio and told Brown and they called the medics. The medics came and got him and took him to the infirmary.

The next day Leo went up there to check, but the body had been driven over to Cam Rahn Air Base. It was put into an aluminum coffin and piled with others on a pallet. Then they flew it home.

Not long after that Brown got orders to close the detachment. He was sent down to Cam Rahn Air Base, and Pollock was sent to the detachment in Nha Trang. The wind was winding down.

Ron Netherjohn-Johnson is a Portland writer. Dana Hoyle is a Portland artist.
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I remember the day that I first met Tim Page. It was May 22, 1977, early in the season of Gemini. I didn’t know then that Tim Page was the greatest combat photographer who’d ever lived. I found out all about that later on.

I was sitting in my friend Bill Cardoso’s tiny apartment on Sutter Street, in the section of San Francisco that Cardoso referred to as “Palookaville.” The buzzer on the wall sounded, indicating someone at the apartment house door downstairs. Cardoso picked up the phone, listened briefly, and then pushed the button that unlocked the door to the street. “It’s Tim Page,” Cardoso informed me. “Today’s his birthday.” Cardoso, a long-time newspaperman and journalist, told me that he’d known Page for years. “Get ready,” Cardoso cautioned me. “Page is something else!”

The door to the apartment burst open and a tall, disjointed guy with grey streaks in his brown hair and a wild look in his eyes lurched into the room. “Happy birthday, Page!” Cardoso greeted him, opening a king-sized can of Foster’s Lager. “Have a beer!” Cardoso introduced us, and we shook hands. Page spoke with a pronounced British accent. I looked into his face and observed that his eyes pointed in different directions. Page moved about like someone who’d been in a bad accident and had never fully recovered. When he walked, he hunched over slightly and shuffled his feet a little bit. One leg was pointed out at an unusual angle from the hip, and he placed his weight very carefully when he walked and sat.

Page spoke loudly and completely dominated the conversation. There was a raw, manic quality to his voice. I liked him instantly. Page asked me if I’d been in Viet Nam. “No, I skipped that one,” I told him. “Were you in Viet Nam?”

“Part of me still is,” Page said. He

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laughed, long and hard.

It didn’t take us long to polish off the rest of Cardoso’s refreshments. Then I made a suggestion that proved to be less than popular with the others. “Listen, Page,” I said, “we’re running out of beer. Let’s go over to Clancy’s place.”

By Clancy’s, I meant John G. Clancy, attorney at law, and “Clancy’s place” was his posh apartment on Telegraph Hill, overlooking the Embarcadero. Clancy was my employer at the moment. He had a glibly fast-lane law practice, and paid me good money to handle his para-legal chores.

“Sure,” I told him. “Clancy would yell as he handed me a stack of sub-poops. “We must serve the people!” Clancy had radical clients, and he loved to terrorize the North Beach bars and stay up for days at a time. A lot of people thought that Clancy was totally insane, but that was what I liked most about him.

Page didn’t know Clancy, but when he heard about the well-stocked bar at Clancy’s apartment he decided to come along. The three of us piled into a taxi and made the quick journey to the crest of Telegraph Hill.

Clancy was home, and he was feeling festive. “So you’re the famous war photographer!” he blared upon meeting Page. “Happy birthday! Have a drink before you go!” Page was more than happy to fill us in. The truth was that the party started, and Page began talking about how he lived and times. His stream-of-consciousness rap gradually swelled into a nearly hysterical rant that filled the room.

This was the gist of it: Tim Page was born in England in 1944, and was adopted in early infancy and raised in Orpington, a sleepy suburb of London. Page had nothing to do in his spare time, and was 19 years old, drifting along the hashish trail that defines the people!, China-Middle East and North Africa before it dissipated into the nether corners of the Third World. He decided to visit South- east Asia, and then into Laos just in time to catch the 1965 Laos uprising. Page took a few photographs of the fighting in the streets and sold them to a United Press International reporter that he met in a bar.

UPI liked Page’s hell-bent attitude. They hired him as a free-lancer and packed him off to Viet Nam to take pictures of the action there. Page took his lens cap off and never looked back. Before his self-imposed tour of photo-journalistic duty was terminated in 1969, Page had been to every corner of war-infested Indo-China that he could get into. “I had 80 pages of photos in Time and Life,” Page said with matter-offact pride, popping open another can of Foster’s. “I’ve got so many slides that I’d need a bloody semi to haul them about.”

In Viet Nam, Page rapidly became the wonderkind of the press corps combat photographers. Maybe it was the death wish that did it. Page seemed to have no fear of being killed in live combat situations; he admitted that he felt “protected” by the well-crafted Rolleiflex camera that he peered through as he slugged along with the Special Forces and ARVN troops through the rice paddies and swamps. Page went to all of the places where the Steel could never have been, and he came back with some amazing pictures.

And he was wounded, several times. 27 times, according to Page, “if you could all the little holes.” Page would get shot on the job, make a quick visit to the nearest hospital to get patched up, recuperate in miserable, decayed Saigon for a few days and then hop a gunship back to the front to snap more pictures. Page was hooked on the war, );rung out on the lottery of death that he was playing with the sudden, indis- criminate dangers of Viet Nam.

Then Page caught a stiff one. “There was an explosion, and a big piece of wire cable went into my head,” Page told us, pointing to his forehead. “It pierced my brain and came out here,” he said, indicating a spot on the back of his skull. “Some Army doctors operated on me, and they didn’t expect me to live. They removed about a third of my brain, it was a chunk the size of a grapefruit. Then they filled him up the hole in my head with silly putty.” Page paused and took another hit on the joint he was smoking. “You mean you’ve only got half a brain?” Clancy shouted, tears in his eyes, pounding his flat on the table. “That’s right,” Page said. “But that means I can get twice as stoned on the same amount of dope... and I’ve got half a mind to do it.” He howled with laughter.

Page would get shot, get patched up and then hop a gunship back to the front to snap more pictures. He was hooked on the war, strung out on the lottery of death that he was playing.
Page moved like someone who'd been in a bad accident and had never fully recovered. He hunched over slightly and shuffled his feet. One leg pointed out at an unusual angle and he placed his weight carefully when he walked.


"Please," Page said. "Parrott’s Beach, 1969. Good joke." As usual, Page was passionate and detached.

We kept sorting slides for 12 hours, with occasional breaks. Most of the slides we finally selected were from 1969-68, when the war had reached a fever pitch of madness and brutality. Finally, we finished with the last box of slides. "That ought to do it," Page said. He seemed exhilarated. The voyage through the carnage of Southeast Asia had really perked him up.

By now it was early morning. I was napping disintegrated into Cahill's bathroom and vomited my guts out, but that didn't make me feel any better. I had a sharp, bitter headache that stayed with me for several days.

We drank coffee and sat at the dining room table while the dust of death settled in our minds. It had been a particular agony for me, generated by the specter of Saigon past. I was looking at Page through new eyes.

Then Page brought out a special collection, which he kept in a waterproof envelope. There were about a dozen pictures, mostly of loved comrades who had been killed in action. There were a few others, though, and one really struck me. It looks like a disfigured, amputated Buddha with strange growths on its head and body. "What's this one?" I asked Page.

"That Buddha was carved from a tree trunk in Cambodia," Page said. "See where the stump came back to life and sprouted twigs and leaves? And see that wall behind the Buddha? That's the outer wall of a deserted city that used to have thousands of people living in it. Then sweet peas started growing inside the city. To the Cambodians, sweet peas represented the souls of the dead. They let the sweet pea grow and abandoned the city. No one went there, not even the Gongs. We used to sleep there at night. It was the safest place in Cambodia."

I had a rare chance to watch Tim Page at work a few days later. We were walking along Fulton Street in San Francisco, next to Golden Gate Park. An unshaven Page had his chipper and scarred camera loaded with film, hanging on a strap around his neck. Suddenly we heard a horrendous noise in the street as a car went out of
control and smashed into a concrete railing, then flipped and overturned into a ditch. My first reflex was to duck away from the noise, but the moment that we heard the first sound, Page flew into action. He automatically put the camera to his eye and started walking towards the careening auto, focusing the lens and snapping pictures as he went. Page shuffled across Fulton as car brakes screamed and horns blared; he was oblivious to the traffic and could easily have been run over. He made it to the upturned auto and awkwardly bent down to peer in through the window and get a couple of good close-ups of the unconscious driver.

"I don't think he's dead," Page said, standing up. "Good wreck, though."

I moved away from the Bay Area not long after that, and I haven't seen Tim Page for years. I've followed his adventures, though. It was a treat to pick up a copy of Dispatches, Michael Herr's inspired memoir of press corps experiences in Southeast Asia, and discover that Herr had devoted a good-sized portion of the book to Tim Page. Herr also wrote the screenplay for Apocalypse Now, and based the character of the deranged photographer played by Dennis Hopper in the film on Page's legend.

Francis Ford Coppola, Apocalypse Now's producer-director, used Page as a technical advisor on the film. "You aren't making it realistic enough," Page told Coppola. "You need more blood, more corpses." When the Oscars were handed out for his help.

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In 1981 Page was awarded $125,000. These Delicious Gourmet Foods

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Now Tim Page has published a book. It's titled Tim Page's NAM, and it contains 83 of Page's photographs of the Southeast Asian conflict, with an introduction by William Shawcross and a heavily ghost-written narrative. This is probably the definitive photobiography: work on the war that ravaged Indo-China and drained America's spirit. It's all there: stunned Marines hurling through the air at the moment of their deaths; com-fed Air Cavalry kids trudging into the Chu Phong jungle's grisly maw; ghastly white lime-covered cadavers rotting beneath the Agent Orange sun.

Page's photos hang in art museums now, and the BBC does documentaries of his exploits. Lately, Page has become a foreign correspondent for a British news agency. The last I heard of him was an incomprehensible postcard from Sri Lanka. That makes perfect sense; there's a vicious new war heating up in Sri Lanka, and Page never could quit while he was ahead.

Still, when I think of Tim Page I like to imagine him peacefully snoozing away, sprawled out in an endless floral graveyard of soulful sweet peas in a deserted Cambodian necropolis, while the Buddha of regeneration guards him from the ravages of the nearby war. It might have been the safest place in Cambodia, but Page had to go through hell to get there.

Ike Horn is a Seattle writer and journalist.

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Tim Page is much more than a fool-hardy photographer who chose the stench of war as his muse. I have come to believe that Page is a great artist whose work is destined to haunt the rotogravures of history, and that his impressions of the war are the last word on the horror show that was Viet Nam.

Page's photos hang in art museums now, and the BBC does documentaries of his exploits. Lately, Page has become a foreign correspondent for a British news agency. The last I heard of him was an incomprehensible postcard from Sri Lanka. That makes perfect sense; there's a vicious new war heating up in Sri Lanka, and Page never could quit while he was ahead.

Still, when I think of Tim Page I like to imagine him peacefully snoozing away, sprawled out in an endless floral graveyard of soulful sweet peas in a deserted Cambodian necropolis, while the Buddha of regeneration guards him from the ravages of the nearby war. It might have been the safest place in Cambodia, but Page had to go through hell to get there.

Ike Horn is a Seattle writer and bonevivant.
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Clinton St. Quarterly  23
I Call On
CLAUDIA CAVE-SUMNER

BY JIM BLASHFIELD

But that's what draws you to someone's art, isn't it? It's the ability to show you something you haven't seen before. We're all aware of the idea that you give me a brief history of your life?

Claudia Cave-Sumner: It would be very
brief, because there's been that involved.
I was born in Salem and went to Salem
schools. After I graduated, I went to Ora
ton College of Education (in nearby Mos
touch) and decided I wanted to be a
teacher. When I was a little kid, I was the
youngest kid in my garage and teach
them things—things I didn't know, but I
would teach them anyway. Another
reason is because I was always involved
in art and I didn't know what else you
could do with it. You can't be an artist
That's not a real job.

I taught for three years, and then married
and then went back to school. We decided
we wanted to go back to school, and moved to
Monroe, to attend graduate school at the
University of Idaho. All my professors were
artists, who couldn't relate to what I was doing and I
couldn't relate to them. And so I spent a
lot of time thinking about what I was doing.

But I found when I left that all that
illustration that I was dealing with at the time
was the main focus in what I'm doing now.
I really focused on what my direction,
my reasons for doing what I'm doing,
my images, it changed my goal.

CS: Are you drawing for yourself, or are you
cooperating with someone else
in order to create something?

CC: I think both. Of course the ideas
tend to start with me. Because I think I have more
power in what I do if it's coming from an
emotional base. I can take your emotion
and do a piece from it. I have to take mine.
And I try to kind of display it to a
concern, so it won't be so justified up
as important things that it makes me
feel that I'm just doing it for myself. I'd be
to just poppping it all these things
that are coming to my mind. Because
people do wear it. I think about what some
one will see and how they will see
it.

CS: What is your attitude toward the content
of these drawings?

CC: I think that's one of the reasons why
I think this is so important now.

Above: Hollow Ween. At right: Night Life

I think there's a humorous side to
this. There's a sort of a clever way of
looking at things that are too serious. I don't
know what's important in life. I haven't
found that out. But on the other hand, I'm
totally immersed, and for everything
is important. I'm a person with a lot of
And I think my drawings show that, they’re humorous and kind of light, and on the other hand there’s the underlying tone of seriousness, maybe some foreboding at times.

CSQ: Do you ever get frightened when you’re doing drawings?
CCS: No, never.
CSQ: Do you know the experience I’m talking about?
CCS: When I do a drawing of something, I’ve already faced it. When the drawing comes out, it’s no longer frightening. I think it’s frightening to other people, attimes, but not to me.

CSQ: What are you referring to?
CCS: I think that some of the imagery, especially the dogs, are frightening to people. Sometimes they look violent to people. Maybe it’s because they can’t understand, then it becomes frightening. I think people want to feel comfortable and want to feel safe. Sometimes my drawings are not safe... a lot of artwork is not safe. Safe in that it’s easy to look and know exactly what you’re seeing.

“I THINK THE WORLD, RIGHT NOW, IS A VERY UNSAFE PLACE, AND I THINK THAT IS REFLECTED IN THE ARTWORK. I KNOW THAT I’M AFFECTED BY IT.”

CSQ: How come the dogs figure so prominently in what you’re doing?
CCS: Originally they had to do with the relationship I saw between dogs and women, in this society. You’re either the pet or the worker — there to please men, or work for men, but never quite the equal. Originally the people weren’t even in the pieces... they were just dogs. And then as time progressed, I saw the dogs more as something inside of myself... a part of myself that needed to be expressed but that as a person I found difficult to express, verbally say. So I put a human being in the drawings as myself, as my physical self, and then the dog became that which was being expressed.

CSQ: Earlier, I was trying to pin you down on whether the dog meant something different in one place than in another place. In this drawing, the dog doesn’t seem very beaten down at all.
CCS: I don’t think of myself being an unequal person, and the dog being an unequal entity. I really don’t mean my existence as a woman at all. I think sometimes it’s difficult. And I think that being a man is difficult in many respects too. I’m not trying to portray the downtrodden at all. And you’re right, in each drawing, the dog and the person, in their reaction and interrelationship with each other is different from the next piece.

CSQ: To what extent are these dogs also just two dogs... that are part of your life?
CCS: That’s part of it too, because a lot comes from watching my own dogs react, to myself, people around them, or to each other. Dogs cannot hold back their emotions. The way they feel is always out there. If they love you, they’re all over you. We are conditioned to inhibit. So I see that in my work, it is the part of me that can be expressed without any inhibition.

CSQ: Your drawings that I’ve seen all seem to relate to domestic activities. At least they take place in a house... lots of floors and walls.
CCS: Originally I did that because I wanted to work with my background
as a female person. Being at home is really comfortable. It's where I can feel, in a sense, safe, where I can do what I want to do. But also, I think the interior of a room has a lot to do with the interior of a person, with feeling and emotion or something happening in my life.

CSQ: These drawings have a very contemporary quality to them, a kind of spikiness, and a kind of opressed or threatening quality just to the way you draw things sometimes.

CCS: I think the world, right now, is a very unsafe place, and I think that is reflected in the artwork. I know that I'm affected by it. When I see something that I can react to emotionally, then it's going to show back through when I'm drawing.

CSQ: There was a time, not too long ago, when someone dealing with recognizable subject matter would have been just a total outcast, absolutely.

CCS: That's true, about ten years ago. That's been changing, and I'm not sure why, except I know that people are real concerned about dealing with more personal ways of expressing themselves through art.

There are not the real movements like there used to be, like Cubists. I don't see there is a movement happening, except the women's movement has had a lot of influence on the art world. It's kind of opened up imagery...made it ok to do a lot of different things. And maybe that is the movement, I don't know.

When I was in undergraduate school I was led to believe there were certain subjects you didn't use, certain colors you didn't use, and those were directly related to whether they were masculine or feminine. If they were feminine, you didn't use them because they were tripe. And unimportant.

I never used a pink, I never used butterflies. I never used flowers...oh boy, there was a whole list of things I wouldn't deal with in imagery. And then there came a point, right before I graduated, when I realized that I was just denying all this stuff that was inside of me that was important. I remember this being almost an explosion inside of me, and I thought, what am I doing ignoring all this stuff? So I started stuffing my paintings so they would be more sensual, more feminine, and I started

"IF YOU'VE LIMITED YOURSELF TO PARTICULAR SUBJECT MATTER AND PARTICULAR IDEAS YOU'RE DEFEATING THE PURPOSE OF ART.

using pleated colours, a kit. And when I paint, I still use pastes a lot. pink, everything was pink, for a long time.

That whole era was one of real awakening for me, as far as realizing that art could be just about anything, and that if you've limited yourself to particular subject matter and particular ideas then you're defeating the purpose of art, which is to expand. Art should be expanding, there's no limits to art, supposedly. We've limits to a lot of things but not to art. Now I just use whatever is there, and if it happens to be feminine, I don't even think about it...it's ok. Or if it happens to be a masculine usage of something, then that's ok. There's no limit anymore.

Jim Blashfield was last seen "on location" of Pillars of Portland, talking with his dear friend Ethyl Lombard.
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Clinton St. Quarterly
“N ow’s the Time,” Charlie Parker titled one of his revolutionary new tunes in the 1940s. But in American popular music, now is always the time, and in late 1962, a number of Portland’s younger jazz players were just looking to find an outlet for music they were only hearing in their heads.

Tall, red-haired and bearded, Rick Mitchell, who had become a fixture in Portland music circles over the past 11 years as a critic, editor and radio host, was bored. His job had vanished that fall along with the Oregon Journal, and he was in the mood to see some bridges burn. In his head, too, Mitchell was hearing music that seemed much newer and fresher than what he’d been listening to around town. Mitchell needed an opportunity to express what he had absorbed as a critic, needed a reality to test his ideas on. He needed a band.

Mitchell’s deepest roots were in the rock and roll of the 60s, but his years as a listener had taught him the virtues of the jazz attitude and its respect for good craftsmanship. Yet he was still looking for something a little more out there on the edge, and, in the playing of a few younger jazz musicians, he sensed what he was looking for: guitarist Dan Balmer, who appears with David Frissell and the Tom Grant Band; bassist Dave Captein, a young jazz vanguard force with the Jack band Nu Shooz; drummer Carlton Jackson, late of Dan Singer and currently with such polar opposites as the Woody Hite Big Band and rockers Johnny Koonce; jazz trumpeter John Jensen, with one foot in the mainstream and the other in the avant-garde, always working with a number of groups at once, including Years of Sweet; and Jim Pribenov, a young alto-ist who can express himself in all styles with vigor.

Mitchell talked to each one in turn about putting together a punk-funk band along the lines of legendary free-jazz innovator, Ornette Coleman’s current electric group, but with their own collective style and approach.

“You want to do that?” John Jensen asked. “You think you can do it? I’ve wanted a band like that for 10 years!” In February of this year, Mitchell brought the instrumentalists together, and Le Bon was born. He labeled the music “Future Funk” but their native language was rock and roll. They still needed a singer. Enter Billy Kennedy, whose own band, Special K, performs weekly for its own hipster audience at the Mediterranean.

“The idea wasn’t to do this music in jazz nightclub,” says Mitchell, “but in New Wave clubs. . . I was looking for a punk singer, but I envisioned him singing almost as a joke, so we could get over in those places. But Billy turned out to be much more talented than that.”

. . .

After opening for local dance bands for several months, Le Bon played its first full show at Chuck’s Steakhouse in July. The lounge was filled with a dancing, sweaty crowd, fresh from Neighbor Fair and loose enough to try anything.

“How many people here like Ronald Reagan?” Mitchell asks. The audience mumbles. “How many people like Miles Davis?” They yell approval. “Just wanted to make sure we were among friends,” he laughs, and the band grows into “Disappearing,” using Miles’ tune as a springboard for wild somersaults of their own design. When Le Bon covers someone else’s tune, whether it’s jazz or Jimi Hendrix, the groove is always there, the original riffs recognizable, but they do it in their own way, sometimes honking and balking in cacophonous rut; some-

times melodically tilting the funk rhythms, but with a hungry, gnawing dissonance at the edges of every song.

“The last thing I’d do is listen to records to cop shit off the tunes,” says guitarist Balmer, his eyes wide apart and almond shaped. “In this band, you listen to a record once, get the general idea, and then put your whole self into it; we’re just using the germ of the tune, and then we take off from there.”

Balmer’s throbbing guitar announces “Jumpin’ Jack Flash,” a 60s rock and roll anthem. Billy Kennedy squawks 1980s-style, one hand on out-thrust hip, the other wagging in the air; a foot stamps the floor, his shoulders shake loose. He declaims in falsetto, he bows his head back. The words are distorted, fractured, syncopated and howled; Billy’s voice joins the horns and guitar as they rage along on top of the groove.

“I’m much more interested in the rhythmic meter of the words and the way they come out as a horn than I am in the actual message they manifest,” says Billy. His soft speaking voice carries; I Fort Smith, Arkansas, twang. He improves many of his lyrics in performance, matching the controlled hysteria of his delivery with bursts of spontaneous poetry.
"I don't wanna ever have to sing about a meltdown, I don't wanna have to quote Allen Ginsberg. Plutonium Ode... Who was it first broke that atom into little bitty pieces anyway but Edward Teller. You can eat my jelly roll.

"If we were an instrumental band," Balmer says, "we'd just be standing up there playing weird music. But when Billy comes up and all hell breaks loose, that allows us to bring out a whole different aspect of ourselves." Billy: "My style of singing is built around playing in the street and catching people by surprise. In the street, you have a totally alive audience.... A lot of the antics I use come from being a mediocre Willie Nelson-Bob Dylan singer, and out on the street everybody would pass me by. So I just started screaming at people, 'Hey, gimme a quarter, Oohoooohowow!!'

"I haven't heard any band in this country that can cop a groove similar to what Miles is doing and then have Billy K. come in and improvise on it," Mitchell asserts. "Conceptually," says Billy, "that was the thing that interested me most about joining this band: I'd always wanted to learn to sing on top of Miles Davis."

"It's nice playing loud, real loud," says the 25-year-old Balmer. "There are 13 million people in America who own guitars, and most of them started under the impression they would be playing totally loud at gigantic rock concerts, jumping up and down for ten thousand screaming teenage girls. I've always wanted to play loud, wailing music."

"The more you increase the volume," Billy says, "the bigger truck you've got to turn around, the quieter it is, the quicker Jesus can be here. But this band can work at a loud volume and do real well, because everybody has more freedom. You can just shake your head and go loose, and when you come back in, you know that it'll be there...."

"I don't want to give the impression that we're these caged animals waiting to break out," Jensen says. "Yes, we do have more freedom in this band, but we don't play aimlessly, we play intentionally, even though at times it is very out. 'What we're after is an audience that will say, 'Yeah, there's another kind of energy up there, and yeah, we can dance to it, and yes, they are crazy...'"

On a tune by Bill Laswell called "Work Song," all instruments except bass, drums and Mitchell's congas lay out while Jensen raps. "A man is standing in the doorway, it's too dark to see his feet, but we can guess at his intentions and quite soon we'll have to meet. And he'll say, 'Give me all the money, hey, give me all the money, hey, give me all the money.'"
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They glory in the beauty of the Canadian north woods as they stroll back. They inhale the loamy forest air. Now Wildcat shrugs the canoe to his shoulders, and trots off up the path. At the first canoe rest, a log nailed high up between two trees, he drops the bow on it and steps out from under. "Look, Coyote, they have places to lean your boat in this wilderness. I am testing it." "I will test the ground itself," pants Coyote, and lies down.

Now Coyote takes the canoe. He gets beneath it, he struggles to lift it. It shifts on the crossmember a little. Now he lifts it with all his might, and staggers away. "Coward he falls forward, step by step. Now he is breathing hard. Now the sweat rolls down his angular nose. Now he pants openly. The boat is heavy! Why are their canoe rests so far apart? Wildcat disagrees.

Wildcat carries with him all the comforts of home: changes of clothes, canned goods, whiskey, melons, a large wooden kitchen box, a rifle — which park regulations strictly forbid — and ammo enough for a war.

"Take the gun back," Coyote tells him. "Oh no, there are bears in these woods."

"You fear bears?" "In my house we speak of little else," says Wildcat.

Wildcat builds the fire, and has a smoke. He glances over at Coyote an open gaze, the canoe rests so far apart? Wildcat disagrees.

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Wildcat cooks their dinner after a couple of drinks. Wildcat puffs on a cheroot, Coyote watches with thunderstruck expression.

“Don’t be a G.I. bill student and Coyote lived by his wits and his art. Later Wildcat went off to San Francisco and made a name for himself. He went back to Necked Stilt, a tall bird down from Utah. He was the Straight, the Caricature, the Caricature who an­erect the San Francisco skyline. He was the weekends. They are in a great hurry, and he learns nothing.

The next morning Wildcat decides he has to go. Coyote电话 Stilt,_leaves the bill for the canoe surprise her. He carries a few unnecessary things back with him. “The Chute is next, where Isaac Lake goes over a rock ledge and becomes Isaac River. Pretty young birds go through without difficulty, but Wildcat decides they will portage their baggage. “Oh, Wildcat, you make me tired,” Coyote thinks aloud. They pack their goods to the lower end of The Chute. “Maybe we should carry the canoe around,” Coyote suggests. “Humph,” says Wildcat.

The Chute is so easy they carry back up and run it twice, but while they are doing so, the bear reappears in camp. Coyote sees near rear tall man with glistening teeth and musky odor. Fisher is frightened, solely on Chippum’s account, of course, and wants them to stay close. The four reload their guns below the Chute and speed down The Roller Coaster, a series of fast riffles, then put hard for shore. Below are The Cascades, a cascading rock step lined with huks of wrecked canoes. No one makes it

but coming round the lower end of the island they encounter shipwrecked Wolves. Three tall, rawboned young pats, summer busboys and desk clerks at Banff Hot Springs, have gone off on a lark, rented a canoe, and hurried The Bowron. The right-hand passage looked fine until the Wolves saw the log am approaching the channel. They hit it sideways and the river sucked the canoe under. Loupe jumped up, but Coyote was dumped in the water and was nearly pulled under. Those two stayed to sal­vage what gear they could, while Wildcat trottled on ahead seeking help.

Wildcat and Coyote make sure that Canis and Loupe have food and clothes for a day or two, then hurry off for act. Several miles farther they find Wildcat stalling along, in shorts and tank top, without food, knife, matches or extra clothing. They take him aboard.

With three paddles working, they fly like black, blue-billed ducks, rega­lled by sandy tales of sex and recrea­tion. Harual dogs at Banff resort. Glace-dep­ pled peaks tower close by. Lamee Lake becomes Sandy Lake, and they climb upon the tents of other campers, who tell them there are ranger 5 km. ahead. Coyote stays to set up camp, while Wildcat and one of the others hurry Wildcat tells them, “We shall find better safe from those murderous bloodsucking backwoods wildcats.”

The next morning Isaac Lake stretches ahead into blue haze, a shooting star between the mountains. At noon, Wildcat invites Coyote to scrap up the moun­tain and they can see how Coyote expecting the trail. “This is no San Fran­cisco mountain!” says Coyote. Wildcat stays below to sketch. When Wildcat returns his face wears some concern. He has left the canoe! Coyote says, “You are expecting the trail.” Wildcat notes, “That was my house key.”

While they are talking, the canoe returns with the last bag. “When I told them not to bring everything he said he would bring only the extra canoes,” says Wildcat. “Oh no, there are bears in these woods.” “Your dreams are high, my house key sounds of little else,” says Wildcat.

The next morning Wildcat gets up early and Cortex carries his goods across the next portage. Indian­Lake reflects the jagged Canadian Rockies. Other are travelling light with one pack each and the canoe belongs. Coyote goes back for another load.

Four persons rush past in the wrong direction. Fisher gets up and shouts at Fisher, who shrieks a warning at his scampering son Chippum, while thicketed Ox piles sullenly behind. Coyote greets them, but the canoe is in a great hurry, and he learns nothing.

Wildcat finally returns from civilization, and Fisher is left with a fabulous pile of wood. Coyote sets up camp. “Oh no, there are bears in these woods.” “You are expecting the trail,” says Wildcat.


Wildcat and Coyote have not gone unob­structed. “Wolverine, after much wild talk about Fisher and Chipmunk have only one sleeping bag now. Wolverine took to high iron work, and helped Hand at the sauna in Wells, B.C., enjoying the yarn.

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The voyageurs have passed several attractive campites. “Why do we hurry?” asks Wildcat. “I am not hurring,” claims Wildcat. They pass a splendid campsite. “The wind blows this camp free of mosquitoes,” Coyote observes. “We shall find better safe from those murderous bloodsucking backwoods wildcats.”

In the morning, Coyote sees a dark shape rising from the canoe, a moose. It is indeed a bull moose. Never mince words. “The young rangers paddling canoes more paddled more carefully. To the moose it must seem a curiously shaped log floating speedily closer.Eyeball to liquid brown eyelash at 50 feet. Wildcat cracks off snapshots. The moose lifts his big nose from the rich grass only to be more inquisitive.

The voyageurs paddle down Spectacle Lake and Swan Lake to Bowron Lake, then head toward Babcock Creek. There are these man and woman, but they are also cow moose across a marsh hardly in­terested. They stop to look as they pass with the lake on the back, and pull up smartly at the dock, a couple of hungers barge and car 11 days before. They have paddled 106 km. The Bowron forms part of a bottle of brandy remains intact in the neck of the bottle. He has his rifle at Park Headquarters, but he doesn’t have to pay anything. Indeed, Wildcat claims there is a small amount of money he would like to dispose of in order to prove his skill. “We shall find better safe from those murderous bloodsucking backwoods wildcats.”

The next campsite is already loud with mosquitoes. Too bad he was not able to find his dog, who tried to turn back, they douse themselves with repellent, and cook dinner. They sit on the beach and enjoy the landscape, and they discuss each other’s faults at consid­erably length. They climb carefully inside and are at last safe from those murderous bloodsucking backwoods wildcats.

“Wildcat makes bear at the lower end of the portage. Most of their goods and food are spread out around Wildcat. The bear rears, flexing its claws. Wildcat digs for his rifle. The bear shows its teeth and circles closer. He finds it. The snorting bear keeps coming. At last he finds it. Bear drops it like a log floating on the air. Bear edges closer. He flies into a tree alongside its head. The bear drops to all fours and scampers off.

Wildcat and Coyote are at the end of the portage he hears about from Wildcat. “I miss all the excitement,” Coyote com­plains. Fisher is uinformed. Wildcat makes return for his goods without an armed guard from his canoe. Wildcat tells Coyote to sit on the coffin. “Hey, you fat ugly bear,” Coyote shouts. “We are in the woods,” says nothing. “I eat bears like you for lunch.” Nothing. Coyote realises that he was hot and dry and bought Puddle Jumper doesn’t need to come to rainy places in summer, he grows at Wildcat.
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