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<td>Any haircut</td>
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The media is full of bravado about Oregon being the most liveable state in the union. Well kiddies, it’s time to look behind the smokescreen and realize we’re losing our beloved state to a bunch of avaricious desperadoes bent on making a quick buck no matter what the cost.

The heart of our city is being anesthetized to make way for the newest plastic-fantastic chrome and holler. To help stop Cadillac-Fairview and Save Our Liveable Downtown, stop by the Looking Glass Books, grab a petition or two and get your friends and neighbors to sign.

Tired of putting your hard-earned bucks to work for utility companies that cakewalk in and out of rate hearings with increases to cover their bureaucratic bunglings and lack of foresight? Public Utility Districts would save us a bundle. Unfortunately, the utilities are going to use that bundle to spread fear of economic chaos. To give the utility execs an early retirement, call 287-8918.

Did you know that most of the animals in the vicinity of 3 Mile Island have miscarried or had stillborn babies since the accident of last year? Or that the Harrisburg infant mortality went up 600% in the four months after the radiation leaks? Find out this and more Saturday May 17th at a rally for a Non-Nuclear Future — noon — at Waterfront Park. Forelaws On Board and Citizens Allied for Responsible Energy (CARE) will be there with petitions to get measures on the November ballot that would ban construction of new nuke plants, prohibit the sale of power from existing plants — effectively shutting down Trojan — and call for a federal repository for nuclear waste before further construction could be considered.

Along with experts like Dr. Ernest Sternglass and Lon Topaz — Ex-Director of Oregon Dept, of Energy we’ll also get a chance to rock at Waterfront Park. Forelaws On Board and Citizens Allied for Responsible Energy (CARE) will be there with petitions to get measures on the November ballot that would ban construction of new nuke plants, prohibit the sale of power from existing plants — effectively shutting down Trojan — and call for a federal repository for nuclear waste before further construction could be considered.

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TIRED OF GET-RICH-QUICK SCHEMES?

You may be asking, "What's what I am going to share with you right now. EXCEPT FOR ONE THING: colored boats in the payments. Today, huge — they all exist! Actual GROW MOLD CULTURES IN YOUR OWN HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME! without major capital investment

The future is now. Enterprises

The bed and the wall, along with a couple of Parades, a red sock, and God knows what else. Pull that cup out of there! There's something in it, right? Turn it upside down. Go ahead. Does anything spill out? No! That's because it's encrusted. Encrusted mold! And it's alive and waiting for you to harvest it! WHAT'S THE GIMMICK?

"Wait a minute," you say. "I thought you said I could start earning big bucks now without a major capital investment. Coffee costs over three dollars a pound. What's the deal?"

Sharp thinking. We've thought of that, and that's why we're offering to you, for a limited time only, our special introductory MOLD STARTER KIT.

STARTER KIT

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UNAS PREGUNTAS

By now you may have a few questions. Shoot.

Q: Is Mel-mac the only dinnerware that I can use as a containment vessel? A: No. Any kind of hot drink cup will do, be it fine china or the handmade pottery that's so very popular these days. Even styrofoam can be used, although it tends to leak after a while and get all over the phone bill.

Q: So what do I do after I've combined the catalyst with hot boiled water? A: Nothing! That's the beauty of it! Just stick the cup over by the remnants of that burned macaroni casserole that's been soaking for three weeks, sit back, and wait for the profits to roll in. It's really as simple as that. No fuss, no bother.

Q: Sounds like a breeze, but you haven't said anything about marketing. Isn't that a big part of running a successful business? A: Sure. But with the MOLD STARTER KIT, success is as near as your phone.

Once you've set the kit working, check on it every few days, adding a little water if necessary. Then, when your culture has reached maturity, just go to the phone book and look up the names of pharmaceutical houses, medical laboratories, and the like. Call them up. Describe to them in detail what you've got in the bottom of your cup. In nine out of ten cases it's as simple as that.

If within the first week, a major pharmaceutical house hasn't signed a long term supplier's contract with you, go directly to the market you want to reach. Stop by the neighborhood pharmacy with your cup. Warmer clothes. If the pharmacist is not interested the first time, come back every day several times and show him what's in your cup. Call him up: at home if necessary. Disguise your voice. Talk through an old rag. Record your voice on a tape recorder and play it back over the phone at a different speed. You can make good thunder effects by twisting a large piece of sheet metal. Rain is accomplished by dropping BBs in an old pie tin! Don't stop there.

ALRIGHT, YOU'VE CONVINCED ME. I WANT TO START A MOLD CULTURE BUSINESS IN MY OWN HOME AND BEGIN CHANGING MY FUTURE NOW.

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THE FUTURE IS NOW ENTERPRISES

Baltimore, Maryland

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Please send me my MOLD STARTER KIT and HIGH FASHION BOW TIE. I enclose $14.95 plus $1.00 to cover the cost of shipping.

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Ad by Jim Blashfield

Photograph by Herb Ritts for The New York Times Magazine
“Before him, the volcanoes, precipitous, seemed to have drawn nearer. They towered up over the jungle into the lowering sky — massive interests moving up in the background.”

Under the Volcano
Malcolm Lowry

We are now living under the volcano — not the one we always thought was the one, but that conical mountain to the north that I daresay many Portland residents couldn’t have identified two weeks ago. Did you really know which was Mt. Adams? Do you now? A rend in the earth’s firmament quickly becomes news, easily digestible and disposable, we are lulled to sleep, there is business as usual on the mor. Eighty to 100 quakes per day rock the volcano, but our 50-mile remove keeps us calm. An intense earthquake occurs 300 miles southwest, on the heels of St. Helens’ first rumblings, yet it is not shut down. Anything that might happen there would be unrelated. Who’s kidding whom?

We’ve become so bound to the present that even Vietnam’s lesson has been forgotten. Nicaragua, Iran, South Africa erupt ... crisis ... sabre rattling ... people saying, “Where the hell is that?” and “Let’s get ‘em!” ... our lives bandied about in war game scenarios, electioneering, national malaise and the latest recession. Our history, so proudly hailed, so little examined, tells of prolonged U.S. occupation of Nicaragua since the 1850s, of U.S. and British involvement in Iran and South Africa that far predate the present personalities, however despicable they may be or seem. We momentarily need to look past the criminal behavior of a Pinolito, a Kissinger, or an Idi Amin.

The dominant New World, Eastern and Western cultures, have been relentlessly imperialistic and colonialis. And all overestimated themselves perilously as new forces came into play. Greed knows no limits. The frontier colonies bore the brunt of oppression and thus were all the more ready to revolt as opportunities arose. Cortez’ conquest of Tenochtitlan was only accomplished with the aid of thousands of flatlanders eager to unseat their Aztec overlords. The British Empire was as far reaching as any in history, though relatively short-lived, compared to its noteworthy predecessors ... the sun never sets clearly viewed in the present tense. Seen today as civilized and vaguely noble, it was plundering, viciously racist, and was overridden everywhere local forces could rise to the occasion. As the heir apparent, a fate sealed by the A-bomb, we extended our New World duchy into the far corners of the globe, screaming all the time about Soviet aggrandizement. We stumbled into unimagined power and drew on our Latin American experience to develop the repressive apparatus necessary to ensure the flow of raw materials and those tropical commodities (i.e., coffee, bananas, cocaine and cocoa) we’ve come to expect and demand. We seated and unseated military men (Somoza, Park, the Greek generals),

... that cracked parchment, as crisscrossed with veins, fissures and evidence of chaotic history as the back of your own hand. Our beloved Trojan — clearly a disposable commodity — lies on multiple fault lines and some 35 miles away from St. Helens, yet it is not shut down. Anything that might happen there would be unrelated. Who’s kidding whom?

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dynastic pretenders (the Shah, Hussein) and a string of cheap hustlers (Marcos, Batista) who could temporarily withstand the infrequent press and congressional scrutiny incumbent with the jobs they played for us. As years and decades passed, their link to the people from which they sprang — we always sought local talent — became more tenuous, the repressive apparatus more apparent and local resistance inevitable. The violence endemic in the Shah’s Iran or under the “democratically elected” military regime in Guatemala, with over 1,000 political deaths annually for the past 15 years, becomes a crisis, and thus newsworthy, only when U.S. interests are threatened or the local government is close to toppling. Our freedoms and standard of living have been resting on long over the shoulders of oppressed people worldwide. Unless the military and corporate foreign policy the U.S. has long pursued is checked and modified, no “leader” can save us from a decline like that of the empires who’ve gone before us. Let’s learn more of the volcanoes that surround us before the eruptions ... they’re “moving up.”

AlexisDegrossi

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Abortion continues to be one of the hottest issues of our national life seven years after the Supreme Court declared it to be legal, a matter between a woman and her physician. It is one of those issues that is always there, usually simmering just below the surface, and then bursting to our attention every election year, when pro-life and pro-choice advocates take to the hustings to竭力宣传 their cause.

In Oregon, a state where abortion rates are among the highest in the country, the issue has been particularly contentious. The state's population is divided on the issue, with pro-choice advocates and pro-life activists both fighting for their positions.

In a recent development, a court case has been filed challenging the state's abortion laws. The activists are hoping to strike down the laws as unconstitutional, arguing that they violate the right to privacy and freedom of choice.

The case has drawn national attention, with both sides mobilizing their resources to argue their case. The pro-choice advocates are supported by a range of organizations, including Planned Parenthood and the National Abortion Rights Action League, while the pro-life activists have the backing of religious organizations and anti-abortion groups.

The outcome of this case could have far-reaching implications for abortion rights across the country. If the court rules in favor of the pro-choice activists, it could set a precedent for other states to follow.

However, if the court rules in favor of the pro-life activists, it could lead to further restrictions on abortion access and potentially even the outright ban of the procedure in certain states.

As the case unfolds, the country will be watching to see how the court rules and what changes, if any, come from the decision. The issue of abortion remains a deeply personal one, with passionate advocates on both sides of the argument. The outcome of this case could shape the landscape of abortion access in the United States for years to come.
performed yearly in this state, and Oregon State Health Division statistics that one of every five Oregon teenagers is likely to have V.D. by graduation—as indications that Planned Parenthood is wast ing tax money and not doing its job. But deeper than this, it implies the real reason many pro-lifers oppose Planned Parenthood: they regard it as a symbol of sexual freedom, the core of decadence, of what one pro-lifer is just an offshoot. Illegitimacy, abortion, V.D. and venereal disease, in the schools are all symptoms of the sin of sexual freedom. By lumping them together, and consequently all pro-lifers use an extremely powerful tactic: they tap the vast store of sexual guilt which lies beneath our society's veneer of sexual liberalism. This is the idea Willis puts forth in a recent Voice article: "Patriarchal society, as its deeply antisexual ideology, has existed for some 5,000 years; the radical idea that people have a right to sexual freedom and happiness has been a significant social force for maybe a century; in this country, the changes we think of as the "sexual revolution" have all taken place within the past two decades. . . . It is hardly surprising that even among sophisticated liberal people, people's emotions do not necessarily coincide with their enlightened ideas. And sophisticated liberals who nonetheless believe that the desire for sex without consequences (i.e., children) is wholesome and childish, and that the ability to control one's passion is a test of character, are likely to feel that their support for abortion rights.

Willis has identified one of the pro-choice movement's biggest flaws: that a lot of people who intellectually abhor everything the anti-abortionists stand for are emotionally intimidated by their argument. Whether a fetus is a person with the same rights as those born is a moral question which has existed for some 5,000 years; it has been argued by theologians for centuries, and no consensus has ever been reached. Let's not condemn abortion as murder, pro-lifers are talking about a right to choose their own—and refusing to allow others the freedom of their own conscientious decisions, while claiming to uphold the highest standards of respect for human life.

Another tactic used by pro-life groups is the harassment of young women as they are entering abortion clinics. Willis claims that some do what they term "street counseling," claims Harrington, since once they "see these girls or people in the state, other groups came in and took over, and our supports and condones these activities. The March issue of Life Light has an article on Lovejoy; it says Willis is a political skills workshop to the campaigns of pro-choice candidates. Many pregnancy counseling "organizations" are really just the lovejoy surgical hospital, and Lovejoy staff—but this is not common. They do not see particular pro-life groups and talk to them in a different setting one could see their respect for concerned citizens who have been given a bad image by the press. "They call us psychological terrorists, and they chained one Shield of Ross member."

They may be concerned citizens, but their concern has been twisted and deformed by religious fervor. It is unlikely they clearly perceive what they are doing, or to the "respectability" of the pro-life movement and especially to the women they are so earnestly trying to save. Only a few of those statements made by various members of the group. About the pro-choice demonstrators who stand on the porch at Lovejoy to offer support to the women going in: "It's an abortion clinic—in order to belong, you have to kill your own baby first."

"We're pro-choice, too—a woman makes the choice to get into bed in the first place. And that she, she has to take the consequences. Abortion is a volun
tary: is it not a proper state of mind

Another thought that the troubles lie with our educational system. "Chastity, human decency, self-control are omitted from their education. Children are not taught that the sexual function has a purpose, which is to generate new life. They are learning the pleasure without the function. The satanist book is required reading in some schools, and the class courses in witchcraft in colleges.

Equally as heated as their rhetoric is their attempt to "educate" the women women who walk into Lovejoy to the realities of abortion. "They don't grab women by the arm and tell them they're murdering their babies so much anymore," says Tim Schuck, director of Lovejoy Surgical Hospital, "but they still say to women, 'Can we talk to you; you still have time to change your mind'?" Hicks explains. "We're pro-choice, too—a woman must take her life into her own hands."

The pickets' literature is also a wealth of information to the women who are unsure, Birthright could not be more helpful to them. They do not want abortions. But for women who are unsure, Birthright did not claim to be an objective counseling service. A look at their literature reveals their anti-abortion bias. There are some pamphlets on the dangers of abortion and others chronicling the various stages of fetal development. They use "children of the womb" and other such euphemisms. There are personal histories of women who have undergone abortions and suffered physical and psychological problems. Others have written about the horrors of abortion. For a confused, uncertain woman facing an unwanted pregnancy, the literature could be unerring and debilitating, certainly not a proper state of mind for a woman to make a rational decision in her best interests. If this isn't enough, there are photographs of babies in garbage sacks and bloody masses of tissue with discernible arms and legs.

The pro-life movement appears to be composed of a wide range of activities and purposes, but every group seems to have one goal: to prevent and to save a mother's life—should be outlawed. The most outspoken of the anti-abortionists also share a style, zealous and sensational, that gives them a high degree of visibility. Pro-choice forces, concerned about a volatile, nationally coordinated campaign for what is really a minority position, have no chance of ever being seen as a viable alternative. They tend to focus on what they view as a factor in the elective and legis
tative process. For example, the Oregon Improvement Action League (NARAL) has put together an "80, one of whose acti
vities is a political skills workshop to show women how they can contribute to the fight against abortion. But for women who are unsure, Birthright did it differently. They provided facts and figures that were not drowned out by the fanatical rhetoric of pro-life groups. They provided information that women could use to make an informed decision about what was best for themselves and their families. They provided support and comfort to women who were struggling to make a decision. They provided a safe place for women to talk about their concerns and fears. They provided a community of people who understood and accepted their situation. They provided a voice for women who were being silenced by the pro-life movement. They provided a platform for women to speak out about their experiences and their feelings. They provided a way for women to connect with others who were going through similar experiences. They provided a way for women to find hope and healing. They provided a way for women to find their own path forward. They provided a way for women to find their own voice.
The warplanes don’t stop all day long. There are hundreds of human beings who die daily. The bodies are fired for the vultures. If bullets don’t kill us we die from epidemic disease, villages completely destroyed... The genocide will be transparently obvious. Cambodia? Viet-Nam? Afghanistan? Eritrea? Biafra?... Have you ever heard of Timor? The Red Cross (ICRC) estimates that 200,000 people have died there. Since 1975 this island, north of Australia, has been under siege by the Indonesian military. The East Timorese have been tortured, starved, and massacred; they have experienced rape, murder and great suffering. "The mountains shake with the bombardment. The earth talks with the blood of the people, who die miserably..."

As heinous an act as this genocide is, it is being ignored by the 'free press' the world over. There is no shortage of coverage of the situation in Cambodia or that in Afghanistan. Coverage of these 'communist problems' is to a large degree embellished. It is with relish that these accounts of human suffering and the denial of human rights are reported, published and then devoured by a public which must face the whines of the monetized press. And how myopic our labeling of Cambodia as a 'communist problem'; had Dr. Kissinger's 'shock therapy' ever been applied the Khmer Rouge would still be in the mountains, like their Thai and Malay counterparts.

200,000 East Timorese can testify to the mortifying effects of Dr. K's eliksir. Administered by the Indonesian army, air force, and navy, this medical analysis: saturation bombing, napalm-ing, and defoliation, not to mention looting, rape, torture, and starvation.

Between East Timor and the island of Atauro lie the Ombai-Wetar islands, a waterway deep enough so that passing submarines need not surface. Use of this waterway shortens the passage from Guam to the Indian Ocean. The prospect of a progressive government in control of the Narrows chilled the Pentagon's spine. In Djakarta, the day before the Indonesians invaded East Timor, Kissinger told reporters that the US would not recognize the republic of East Timor. The Indonesian attempt to "stabilize" East Timor continues to this day.

Operations in East Timor show a remarkable similarity to other threats of US policy. Now in its 5th year, the task of protecting the East Timorese from 600 fierce Marxist guerrillas, is taking 30 Indonesian lives and $500,000 daily not to mention over 100 Timorese lives a day. The US supplies 90% of Indonesian arms, has had advisors stationed in Timor and US pilots have reportedly been flying missions there.

In 1977 a majority of members of the Australian Parliament petitioned President Carter to comment publicly on the atrocities committed by the Indonesian troops in East Timor. There was no reply. In its 1977 report on human rights that State Department did not even mention East Timor. This was corrected the following year when one paragraph mentioned that the killings took place before the Indonesian invasion! For its willingness to be a partner in US nuclear strategy Indonesia has been placed on Carter's not-to-be-criticized list.

Breaking a blockade in effect since 1975, one doctor and 2 nurses from the Red Cross were allowed into Timor last October. They report that the starvation there is comparable to that in Biafra or Cambodia. A massive military operation in April '78 destroyed the subsistence economy which has supported the Timorese for millenia. Saturation bombing of the agricultural zones forced people to flee. Now, unable to cultivate, they can only wait for the next raid or the onset of the gnawing pangs of hunger, malnutrition, and the subsequent starvation.

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A DAY IN THE LIFE

by Steve Myers

The first sound I hear in the morning is the jangling of the housemother’s keys in the kitchen door. Sometimes it’s something else like the night man coughing or shuffling cards. But usually, like today, it’s the housemother coming on duty. That means the day is about to start for real. Shit, I can’t get up for about another half hour, but it’s useless to try to get back to sleep. I wish I wasn’t here. More than any other time of the day, now is when it’s worst for me. Even though nothing bad is happening yet, I can’t figure that out. Why should I be miserable when I can just roll over and shut my eyes if I want to and think of anything I want. Try to remember that dream before I forget. It’s already gone.

It’s not gone. It’s about Lindy and me as usual. But that only makes me feel worse. I’ve got to get out of here. Before this place really gets to me and I lose control somehow and start screaming or w กering at anything that moves. Then I’d never get out.

Forget it. Roll over and pull up the covers and pretty soon everything starts rolling and I don’t have to think about all. During the rest of the day, when things are happening, the worst I feel like is googling off or arguing with staff or maybe getting in a fight. But now it gets almost unbearable, and I could scream or almost cry.

I wonder who the night man is tonight. What is it, Thursday. That means it should be the regular night man. Yep. Not that creep who works relief. He comes on shouting and pulling off covers like some sergeant in the army or something like that. This guy’s mellower, but if he gets pissed off at you, you’ve had it. He’ll bug you all morning until he leaves, and you’re bound to go off at him and get a pat on bad comments in the grade book.

12:00 Midnight

Almost got to sleep before the night man came on duty. Now it’ll be another 15 minutes or so until things quiet down again. Keys jangling in the door, a blast of cold air from outside. Pull the covers tighter, but don’t act like I’m awake. Standard B.S. between the night man and the 4-12 man about how damn cold it is outside, car trouble. Let’s see what the 4-12 says about as. Pretty good group, with the usual couple of exceptions. Got a bit rowdy after showers but no real problems, Good. He could have said worse, but he’s right: it wasn’t as bad as it sometimes gets. Night man reading the logbook says, “Looks like we’re getting back from D-1 tomorrow. Shit. Things were almost getting under control around here.”

“Could be he’s learned his lesson this time.”

“Could be. Didn’t seem to work last time, though, did it?”

“We can always hope. If he screwed up again just ship him out again. No more bullshit.”

“No more bullshit is right. Group’s been pretty good tonight. With the usual couple exceptions. No real problems, though. It’s all written down in the logbook and the grade book.”

“I’ll have plenty of time to read about it. What’s our count?”

“It’s in the logbook. Thirty-one. Thirty-two, one in D-1.”

“How they expect us to do anything with this many kids is beyond me.

“Shit, this ain’t nothin’. You should have been here a few years ago when we had girls on campus. Kids sleeping on the floor, kids out of control. Lucky we didn’t have a riot, it was that bad.”

“Could be. Thirty-two still seems like too many to me. I thought the union was supposed to get us an extra staff when the count went over thirty.”

“And two when it goes over forty. Sure. I’ll believe it when I see it.”

“Yeah. Better make my count.”

You can learn a lot listening to staff when they don’t know you’re listening. Night man turns up the lights a little, walks down the aisle counting out loud going past me: “Sixteen, seventeen…” Gets to the door at the end of the dorm, gives it a shake to make sure it’s locked, comes back counting the other side. Hope he remembers to turn the lights back down. Another blast of cold as the 4-12 leaves. You’d think they could use the kitchen door; it’s closer to their cars. Night man comes back to the desk, sits down without turning the lights down. Hope somebody else asks him. Shuffles his papers, gets up and turns the lights down. Now maybe I can get some sleep.

3:00 AM

Anon or blast of cold air and noise. The security man is relieving the night man for his break. Must have slept through the first one. Why do they have to make so much noise when they come in? Night man goes to the staff flats to take a leak. He could snap my fingers and get permission to get up so I could take one myself. Except it seems I’ve got a hardon. I could do something about that, but I’d better not get caught. You can get sent to detention just for beating off. Sexual conduct, alone or with others. I’ve never heard of it happening, though, unless it’s out in the open during the day. They caught one guy in the flats last week in another cot and sent him out. He had pornographic pictures with him, too, which is contraband. They could have got him just for that. I guess I’d better just let it go. All I have to do is remember where I am and it usually goes away.

6:00 AM

I hate it when he touches me. That’s what started it all that time I went off. Came close to punching him out. It happened later, after breakfast, but that’s when it all started. I was laying here just like I am now, pretending to sleep, and he comes along and calls my name along with the others who hadn’t got up yet. I don’t move, so he grabs me by the shoulder, not hard but gentle like, and shakes it. Boy. Lucky the covers

Illustration by Kim Hower
“There he goes bouncing out of bed like a jack-in-the-box as soon as his name is called, bright and cheerful like he really enjoyed breaking 60 eggs into a bucket. Fuckin’ brown-noser.”

Ha ha. Find something to laugh about. Get out of here and never see your fuckin’ face around here again, asshole. Don’t say it, don’t say it! Lucky I don’t have a bunked bed like most of the others. It’s hard enough this early without some other asshole tryin’ to climb all over you doing his own bed. Nice, neat square corners, not a wrinkle. See? Before someone runs his hand across it on the way out of the dorm. It’s happened once already, I’m sure of it. If I find out who, I’ll break his fuckin’ neck. Just kidding. A bad bed grade can make the difference between passing and failing your week, if there’s enough other things and you’re on the borderline. Some days they don’t even grade beds, and of course that’s when mine’s the best in the whole fuckin’ cottage. Leave it just once, though, and they’re sure to grade it. That’s the way it goes around here.

All right! Your beds should be made; you’ve had plenty of time. East dorm, into the flats. West dorm follow. Come on, move it!

Always the East dorm first. Almost always. Just because one or two aren’t ready; even if it’s not me, the other dorm always goes first. See? Like I said, no justice. Goddamn stampede is all this is. Try to get in line at the laundry room before all the good clothes in your size are gone. I’d never be laundry boy. Not that shirt, asshole, the one with the stripes. No, it hasn’t got my name on it, but I’m the only one ever wears it. Ask anybody.

The flats is sheer chaos. Everybody trying to get dressed in the same place in a few minutes. Grab my comb from a locker, make sure nobody’s ripped off my shampoo. Why do they call it a locker when it hasn’t got a door, much less a lock? Come to think of it, why do they call this room the flats? It’s just a bathroom, or more like a locker room at high school. Sinks, showers, toilets and urinals, lockers and benches. Kids everywhere. Somebody hops into me, bouncing on one foot trying to get his shorts on. I elbow him in the side, he goes bounding off into someone else. Staff yells out my name and his. Shit. “Sorry sir I didn’t mean to I forgot. Only he bumped into me.” “He hit me sir did you see?” The phone in the office rings so suddenly turns around to answer it and I flip him the bird.

What else can you do? Same to the guy who bumped into me. Staff gets back before he gets close enough to start swinging at me. Somebody sitting on the toilet taking a crap grinning like a skeleton. At me or at whom? Maybe just for the hell of it. Maybe he always does it that way; I never noticed. Sit down on my place on the bench before everybody else does. If you’re the last one, there’s never enough room and you’ve got to squeeze in. Make a face at the guy who bumped into me. He can’t do anything; staff’s watching. Tough shit, motherfucker, wanna make something of it? I’ll just have to look the other way. Yeah, some kind of problem in the laundry room. What’s now? Just sit here like nothing’s happened. See if the other guy goes off first. I’m just sitting here where I’m supposed to.

6:45 AM
OK, OK, let’s go. I’m ready. Sit down and shut up. So far I’ve been here about a month. If I pass this...
"I could have promised him a cigarette for his sausages or just said I'd beat his head in if he didn't give them to me. That usually works."
"Why they put little kids in here is something I don't understand. They're at least 13 or 14 but they look like kids, and in the showers you can tell they've got a long way to go before they grow up."

about making up his mind and the kid almost threw it at him but thinks better of it, just whispers "Mother-fucker!" at him and scoops up on the line without getting his sausages. My sausages, I mean. I could have promised him a cigarette for them or just said I'd beat his fuckin' head in if he didn't give them to me. That usually works. You can be written up for changing food without staff permission. You can usually do it without being seen, or sometimes if you ask permission they'll say OK. Not today, though, staff's in a bad mood and both me and the ankle-biter have already been in trouble today. Don't matter anyway now; he didn't even get his sausages.

Sit down and start eating. On silence until everyone's gone through the line. Then you can talk quietly on your own table; no talking between tables. But by then they usually start seconds, which is on silence again un-til that's done and maybe a couple minutes after that until they call "scrapper" and it's silence again. So you don't get to say much at meals. Except there's usually somebody who forgets and people start whispering things and pretty soon there's noise at almost all the tables and staff gets pissed off and starts writing down names.

I'm done with breakfast so fast I hardly notice it's gone. Seconds are called; the first table gets sausages and hot chocolate and hotcakes. Sec-ond table finishes the sausages and there's hotcakes left, only one each this time, and oatmeal and chocolate. Fuck it if I can't get sausages. Hot-cakes are cold and I never could stand oatmeal. Hot chocolate's OK, but why bother? Too late now, fourth table's been called. Just sit here on silence and wait for everyone to get their seconds. Nothing to talk about anyway. Ankle-biter pours sugar on his plate and starts drawing circles in it. That makes me mad for some reason, feel like taking a swipe at him but I keep it together. Let him act like a baby for all I care. Don't hurt me none. Why they put little kids in here anyway is something I don't under-stand. I mean, they're all at least 13 or 14 but they look like kids and in the showers you can tell they've got a long way to go before they grow up. No hair on their heads or under their arms and their voices more like kids than grown-ups. Every cottage has at least one, and if you've got two or three it can get out of hand. What pisses me off about them is that they can't sit still. Always getting in trou-ble, talking on silence all the time and running when they should be walking somewhere and pestering staff when they're busy or little games like the throwing spitwads that got the TV turned off. And some of them like to talk tough to you and get mad and then run to where the staff is.

7:30 AM

Staff calls "Scrapper!" real loud and everyone gets quiet and sits still. A few who just got seconds hurry to finish eating. Nothing happens. Then about five people realize the guy who's supposed to do scrapper is in D-1 and they all want to volunteer for it. Let 'em, I've got my own job to do. So staff picks one and he goes up behind the counter. First table goes up; I get everything ready on my tray. Here we go, napkin in the waste-basket, silverware (show it to the scrapper he'll probably come anyway), and the meze of the soaking bucket and food in the scrapper can. Except I've eaten all my food. You'd be amazed at how much food gets thrown away in just one cottage, one day. They used to feed it to the hogs when they had hogs on campus out at the farm, but they kept getting bacon or pork fat into it and the hogs would go wild. I don't know what they do with it now; just throw it all away. I guess. I could have kept my knife if I'd known the scrapper was going to talk to staff. But then when they counted silverware after dishes are done, they would have put the whole cottage through shake-down and maybe not let the work boys go to work until it was found. What do I want a knife for anyway? Automatic D-1 offense if they find it on you and there's no way to hide it. It happens, though.

Out to the flats without saying anything to anybody or tripping or bumping into anybody. Brush my teeth, sit down and try to take a crap. Still haven't got used to this. No good, it just won't budge. All these assholes running around like chickens with their heads cut off and I'm sup-posed to take a crap. Maybe once I'm in school I can get permission to leave class and do it there. Oh well. To the mop closet for the broom, start sweeping the squad room and hall-way. Somebody else wants the broom when I'm done so I take my time. Somebody always screws it up after I'm finished anyway, so I never get a good grade for my job. Soon as jobs are done we get our cigarettes. Finish sweeping, give the broom to the guy who's supposed to sweep the dorms. Go sit down on the bench with the one who has cigarettes left in the cigarette drawer. I've got three packs, enough to get me through Hound. They only give you one pack a day anyway no matter if you've got a dozen cartons locked up in the office. Some kids around here are crazy about their cigarettes. If they're out they'll trade just about anything they've got for them. I once got a brand new mini-computer for a pack of cigarettes, but it turned out the guy had ripped it off from somebody else and I almost got in trouble for it. It was true I didn't know it was ripped off, but then I didn't bother to ask either. I was the one that got ripped off in the end because I lost the cigarettes and the guy got his baseball game back. The one I traded with, the one who ripped me off in the first place, he only got a comment in the grade book when by rights he should have got an incident report, I think. I'm not too sure about these things. They make you listen to a tape recording all about the rules when you first get in Reception, but I couldn't pay attention, kept looking out the window.

7:40 AM

Now I'm set. Full packs of cigarettes and a new matchbook. My turn next at the smoke table. OK. Don't even use a match, take a light off the next guy. Just sit back and enjoy. Goes down smooth; I don't feel like cough-ing like I used to. Mellowes me out. Pretend, just pretend that it's dope. Yeah, man, Mellowed out for sure. Except it's more than half gone already and there's someone waiting for his place at the smoke table. Oh well, enjoy what's left. After the first one mellowes out, there's usually a place open if you want to smoke. At 7:55 the work boys leave to go to their jobs. When they've gone it's not so crowded or noisy; all I'll have to do is smoke or play cards or pool or ping-pong or watch TV if they don't have the set on or just mellow out and look at the trees the out window until 8:30 when it's time for the school news. Once more, take a toke before the filter. Nice staff.

Steve Myers is a Portland writer who spent four months on staff at McLean earlier this year. This fic-tionalized account is part of a book-length manuscript entitled Going Off.
PORTLAND SATURDAY MARKET

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NORTHWEST ORIGINALS
SUNDAYS IN MAY

May 4  David Immel, mime artist
May 11  Arcturus, original jazz
May 18  Laura Stillwell dances
May 25  Cam and Jack Newton

1 p.m. On First Avenue under the Burnside Bridge

Coming soon: “From Mozart to Moog”

PSU CULTURAL AFFAIRS BOARD
CALENDAR OF EVENTS

May 1980
BROWN BAG CONCERTS
75 Lincoln Hall
FREE

WHITE GALLERY
located on the second floor of Smith Center

April 22 through May 16
Five Textile Artists
Ann Williamson Hyman
Faun Rae Hoeby
Maryjo Anderson
Joyce Reeman
Christina Sells
Also showing:
Ceramic Work by
George Cummings

DANCE COMMITTEE EVENTS
FREE

May 2, noon - 1:00, Brown Bag Lecture
Dance Critic Mandy Aloff will speak on: "The Critic's Point of View."
Room 207 HPE, 930 SW Hall
May 22, noon - 1:00, Brown Bag Concert
Dancer Zonnie Bauer will perform.
Room 207 HPE
May 30-31, 7:30, Student Performance
PSU Dance students will perform.
Room 207 HPE Every Monday 7 - 9:30 Recreational English and
Scottish Country Dancing, 212 Shattuck, 1914 S.W. Park
Every Wednesday, 7 - 10, Recreational Folk Dancing, 212 Shattuck

CABARET
CABARET — Portland Room,
second floor — Smith Center
FREE

May 2, Edgar Allen Poe comes back to haunt us in this two-act play. Starring
Michael Cadigan. Written by Michael Cadigan and Oregon Playwright
Dorothy Velasco. (co-sponsored by
Theater Arts Committee)
May 9, Outrageous Films. Director
John Waters at his best: Pink Flamingos
(X) & Multiple Maniacs (R).
May 16, Folklorist Cynthia Orr will present:
"Stories Mother Never Told You."
May 23, The Second Annual New York
Erotic Film Festival. (R). Need we say
more?
May 30, Swipesy Cake Walk Ragtime
Band; Piano, tromper, clarinet, tuba,
and drum music from the era of Jelly
roll Morton and Scott Joplin.

FILM COMMITTEE PROGRAMS
75 Lincoln Hall
May 2, The Loneliness of the Long
Distance Runner, Directed by Tony
Richardson, 1962
May 3, Daines, Directed by Vera
Chytilova, 1966; Short, Getting Clean,
Directed by Vaslav Bedrich
May 9, The Rain People, Directed by
Francis Ford Coppola, 1969
May 10, Report on the Party and its
Guests, Directed by Jan Nemec, 1966
May 16, The Cranes are Flying, Direc-
ted by Mikulal Kalandove, 1957;
Short, The Critic, Directed by Ernest
Pintoff
May 17, The Shop on Main Street,
Directed by Jan Kadar and Elmar Klos,
1965
May 23, Tomorrow's People, Directed
by Gene Dulber, 1973; The Quiet
One, Directed by Sidney Meyers, 1948
May 24, Closely Watched Trains,
Directed by Jiri Menzel, 1966

Showings are Friday and Saturday
evenings at 7:30; admission is $1 for
students, seniors, and children. $1.50
for others. Free parking at S.W. Mill
and Broadway.

Watch for 25th Anniversary Celebrations
AN INTERVIEW WITH TIM

Recently I had the good fortune to meet an intelligent, serious, and dedicated teenager. In every respect, except one, he seemed to be a typical American young person. Tim is gay and works on the staff of the Portland gay newspaper, The NW Fountain. Tim may be an example of the new gay person who wishes to open up about his identity yet is eager to be involved in the larger society.

Anyone interested in the gay scene in the Pacific Northwest ought to check out The Fountain. The free monthly newspaper challenges and develops how gays think and feel about themselves. David Porter, the editor and publisher, deserves praise for his efforts. The April issue, the second anniversary one, promises to be special. Look for it!

Walt Curtis

Roots

Walt: Where did you grow up?
Tim: I'm from Portland originally. I moved to Tacoma, invited by my older brother, who was 12. After I moved up there, he told me he was gay. He told me how it was, all these feelings he'd been having and shelving — through two wives and seven children.

Walt: Good Lord, what a sexy devil!
Tim: He made me realize I'd been having these same thoughts. Only I wouldn't admit it to myself.

Walt: When did you first feel that you were gay?
Tim: The old shower room brought out a few aspects. I could never look forward. I'd look up, then I'd have to look down really fast. I was constantly fighting with my feelings, myself.

Walt: You mean in junior high gym class?
Tim: Yeah. Or just walking down the halls. I forced myself to be more vigorous in finding a girl. That was the normal thing to do.

Walt: Didn't a teacher ever talk to you? Wasn't there any discussion of sexual identity?
Tim: No. I didn't know what a gay person looked like. What does a gay person look like? People were called gay, and ripped down the stairs and stuff. You always heard about it, but you never saw it. So it was just kind of like being alone.

Walt: When kids grow up, there is a certain amount of testing. A lot of joking. Among North-west kids, as I remember, and they still do it, even in elementary school — kids will use words like 'faggot' or 'nigger.' They will call others these names, but they won't really understand what it means to people who are gay or black.

Tim: Oh yeah. They have their social hierarchies.

Walt: When your older living in the gay community in Tacoma?
Tim: He was really just "coming out," too. He had a few months' head start at it, so he knew more than I did.

Coming Out

Walt: What does the term "coming out" mean, for the straight readers?
Tim: The realization that you have feelings to show for men. If you appreciate somebody — a man — then you can run up and hug him or kiss him. Without worrying about somebody saying, "Ah, look at these faggots!"

Walt: Doesn't the expression mean that a gay person has decided to show his or her true identity in public — in the gay community?
Tim: Uh huh. But not necessarily screaming. It's the release of feelings.

Walt: How did you feel coming out? Did you feel afraid? Proud?
Tim: I went to Tacoma — on purpose — well, not at first, because I didn't know I was gay. It was a great opportunity to adjust to being gay. When I came back to Portland — some of my friends and I parted ways. Others make their tacky little jokes, but we're still friends!

Walt: Unfortunately, there still is a great division between gays and straights. When you come out, you have to choose what part of society you're going to be involved with.

Tim: People are given that impression, but I don't really think you should have to!

Walt: In working for the newspaper, you mainly deal with other gays?
Tim: Yes. And I almost resent that. Being around gay people is just one side of the story. I'd like to be around more straights. Since we deal with gay people, it's all I ever run into mostly.

Walt: What have you learned working on the newspaper? You said you've gained some maturity. It was quite an opportunity.
Tim: I'm gaining a business mind. I guess. Before, I lived from day to day, working 9 to 5 in a restaurant. Here, I feel I can contribute something to the world.

Walt: You are a good business person. You know how to talk to people.
Tim: Are you kidding? I'm scared to death every minute! When people call, they don't know. When I talk to someone important and there is a message to get out of them — I get all frustrated and nervous. My face is hot, my hands get cold and sweaty.

Walt: But you've overcome that through experience? How long have you been working on the newspaper?
Tim: Three months. Up until last week, I was still apologizing for answering the phone. People would ask, "Is David [the editor] there?" I'd say, "Well, uh —" I was afraid of making a fool of myself.

Walt: One thing I thought about this interview was I didn't want to use your last name. We're simply discussing the condition of a young gay right now — one who is not neurotic. You seem to be ultra-normal, and very mature.

Walt: What was the ultimate goal of the council?
Tim: The goal is to prepare the youth for being older, I guess. There are a lot of queens out there who still don't know what's going on — hopefully, when we take on responsibility, we'll be able to handle it and make some changes.

Walt: Changes in what? In the way gays behave in the city? Mr. Groovy and the Empty contest, that kind of social scene?
Tim: We'd like to change the image of the gay person. I mean, the straight think they're a bunch of screamers and really nelly. Like the drag queens — they have their place. But people should realize that that's not the only or the main picture of the gay person. Gay people are normal, too. Only recently, the United States has quit classifying a homosexual as a person who is mentally ill.

continued
Walt: Strights seem to think that homosexuals behave outrageously. Don’t they?
Tim: When a straight sees a man and a man kissing, or a woman and a woman, they totally object! But then a man and a woman will do it. Neither one should be sexual in a public place.
Walt: People who are sensitive—intelligent or in control don’t. They have sex in private. A spontaneous display of affection on the street is okay.
Tim: Yeah, hugging is all right! French-kissing and the physical gyrations—some people really get into it. And I think it’s really disgusting!

**Mormonism**

Walt: Your religion is Mormonism. My God! What do the Mormons think of gayness?
Tim: I’d be better off dead! Suicide is a preferable alternative to being gay. I’d be cast out in the fields if I was found smoking dope and—no! I was still a virgin. I was called The Outer Darkness!

Walt: Did you dance? What do you mean by “sinful ways”?
Tim: It’s not called Hell. It’s called The Outer Darkness! (Tim mentions that the Mormon Church can excommunicate gays. He was going to be a priest. At 15, he was active in the church—but faltering. At 16, he moved to Yelm to get away from his sinful ways.)
Walt: What do you mean by “sinful ways”? Were you gay at 16?
Tim: My sinful ways were smoking dope and—not! I was strictly asexual at the time. Although those bitches will drag you off in the fields if you’re not careful!
Walt: Were you dragged off into the fields? Have you ever seen a naked girl?
Tim: Several. In Playboy! Yes, I’ve seen some.
Walt: No, I mean in real life! Was it easier to be around girls than guys?
Tim: It was easier to be around girls. In high school—in my yearbook—there isn’t a single guy who signed it. It’s all girls.

**In the Closet**

Walt: Traditionally, gays have hidden in the closet. In Portland, there have been prominent business people, maybe even politicians, wealthy or professional people—with prestige in the community—who have hidden their gayness. They have not helped the gay community become more mature or accepted.
Tim: Yes, this is true. They might as well admit their gayness now because somebody else finds out about it. As in the case in Olympia where several prominent legislators were arrested—in the restroom.
Walt: Right. And the president of Olympia Brewing Co.? It was sad. One guy just resigned! He totally checked out. Even after he was discovered, he still wouldn’t admit that he was homosexual. Don’t a lot of gay people still feel guilty about who they are? I mean, don’t you feel guilty sometimes?
Tim: Oh, yeah. There are a lot of head trips. My religion—jeez, it gets to me a lot.
The first time I ever went out—to The Monastery [the name of a gay club in Seattle]—I felt like I was in the devil’s hole! And the Lord was going to strike this place down at any moment. Just for being there. Although I loosened up later on—
Walt: Did you dance? What do people do at The Monastery?
Tim: They got me high! Without my knowledge! I mean, I walked in the door and they said, “Hello, come in for communion. We’ll give you this little wafer.” It was a marijuana cookie. I didn’t know any different.
Walt: Is it primarily a teen and adult place? It’s not a tavern?
Tim: It’s a “chicken pickup.” It’s quick food—fast-food restaurant!
Walt: What does that mean? Ha, ha. That’s where young males go to be picked up by older men.
Tim: It’s for you to have a good time. You can make it what you want.

**The First Time**

Walt: Who were you close to? You must have had “boy” friends.
Tim: I guess it was my sophomore year. I met him in photography. I never really thought much about him—until he called me up one day—one hot summer day. The type of day—well, we went swimming and afterwards we had gone to his house. We were upstairs and his brother came home.
Walt: And caught you two naked?
Tim: No, no. I sneaked out the upstairs window, walked across the roof, and I got down by way of a swing set which was close to the porch.
Walt: Well, what happened there? (laughing) You’re not being very specific!
Tim: I found out what “mooning” was. I wasn’t too enthused about that. I saw him a few days ago. He’s still there.
Walt: Here in Portland? Is he gay?
Tim: Oh yeah. It’s run into a few—very few—people who went to my high school and they’ve come out.

**Suspicious**

(Tim went to Utah to get away from smoking dope two summers ago to work with his uncle, a good Mormon. He kicked his habit there.)
Walt: I guess it was my sophomore year. I met him in photography. I never really thought much about him—until he called me up one day—one hot summer day. The type of day—well, we went swimming and afterwards we had gone to his house. We were upstairs and his brother came home.
Tim: I moved back home, missing my mother. I felt really close to my mom. Mom bugs me a lot about getting a steady, about going out with girls.
Walt: Does she begin to suspect something?
Tim: No. Although she does begin to suspect my sister—who’s been living with a girl-friend.

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Walt: She's gay too? The whole damn family is?
Tim: My brother and my sister — yeah. She's been living with Jamie, by now, for at least six years. And Mom is beginning to wonder. She's beginning to really think about it. Shortly thereafter my brother Steve came out. Last summer — and then I came out in the fall with him.
Walt: Not incestuously, I hope!
Tim: Oh, man! It was definitely believed so by the Tacomites! It sounds like Termites.
Walt: Were you two together a lot? It's a wonder he didn't get murdered or something!
Tim: We went skiing together, to movies — Steve's lover is a real fuddy dudy! He's a homebody. He likes to read the paper, Oh, yeah. There were so many stories going around. But then — they have to have the stories to make their lives interesting, I think.
Walt: Straight people? I agree! Bored people, unsexual people.
Tim: The more they talk, the more I can ignore them. It was ridiculous! I just looked at — I know the truth. Nobody else really needs to know it.
Walt: In a way, you're really not that normal. You're one of those individual types who stands out, on his own two feet.

Being a Parent of a Gay

Walt: All this is going on — what does your family think?
Tim: First of all, they reacted to my brother. They figured that Steve was having his fling and would soon grow tired of it. Which may be the case. He and his lover are breaking up. Steve may just enjoy being a homebody. He likes to read the paper, Oh, yeah. There were so many stories going around. But then — they have to have the stories to make their lives interesting, I think.
Walt: Straight people? I agree! Bored people, unsexual people.
Tim: The more they talk, the more I can ignore them. It was ridiculous! I just looked at — I know the truth. Nobody else really needs to know it.
Walt: In a way, you're really not that normal. You're one of those individual types who stands out, on his own two feet.
Tim: When did you talk with your father or your mother?
Walt: I don't discuss it.
Tim: Parents of Gays [a real organization] helped me realize that parents don't like to think of their children as sexual persons!
Walt: True. That's in general. But it's worse if you're gay, because a parent is probably heterosexual. Most parents are! They feel alarmed that you may not have a family, later on.

Walt: Did we tell that story? How — when the family went hunting, she, gut-shot the deer [and cleaned it] and all that stuff? She was the one who went out and shot the buck! Dad would try. She gave him — his pride. Which is very basic and needed by everyone.
Tim: I hate to use this metaphor, but — in a sense, she wore the pants in the family? Didn't she?
Walt: She wore the muumuu in the home!
Tim: I have two fathers. Charlie is my real dad. I never knew him till I was about 12 years old. He walks up on the porch — well, first he drives by in a clunker. And I look out — and see this prune-faced old man? Didn't he?
Walt: He came into the picture when I was 3 or 4.
Tim: It's just — I never really knew the wall? [Tim uses both hands to tape it.]

Latex Rubber

Walt: Life-like in every way!
Tim: She took it home with her! Ha, ha. (Blueboy, Mandate, In Touch, Playguy, and other gay mags are distributed by The Fountain. Some are standard porn. Others like Chris­ topher Street, Gay Sunshine, Body Politic, and The Advo­ cate are highly literate and intelli­ gent reading material.)

Walt: She was the one who went out with them — and she wore the pants in the family? Didn't she?
Tim: She was the warmness — that warmness — if I can find it, that's precious enough to hold onto whether it's with a man or a woman.

Walt: Do you think we might go through phases as people? That's what we ought to be al­ lowed to do? We ought to be allowed to be who we are, and to explore that.
Tim: Yes, I agree with that. Just play it by ear.

Blown Thesis

Walt: Is anybody really "normal"?
Tim: I'd hate to be normal! I would really hate to be normal.
Walt: So what? I mean, the normal person with the medium-brown hair — just basic features and no personality — why is it so great to be normal? Why shouldn't people be off-the-wall? [Tim uses both hands to squeeze his entire head.] Like John Belushi popping a sit? Have you seen the picture Animal House?

Walt: No, I haven't. Thanks, Tim!

Walt Curtis

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My Catholic education taught me never to trust a priest — under or over 30. They had given up their lives in the service of God, got up at five every morning to say Mass, wore lousy black gabardine slacks that itched, and had tossed their sex lives in the wastebasket...

I. Ransoming Pagan Babies

There is something to be said for the disadvantages of Catholic education, at least as it was in San Francisco of the foggy fifties. For one thing, in grammar school I learned about ransoming pagan babies. We had to save our dimes to ransom the poor unbaptized creatures of China. To facilitate the financial aspect of this spiritual transaction, we purchased savings certificates — watermarked in the fuzzy purple of the nuns’ hectograph machine and resembling somewhat Blue Chip Stamps — which were popularly known as “Pagan Baby Stamps.” When we had accumulated sufficient markers, we were assured that a yellow pagan of our choice would receive a Catholic baptism. We also got to name it, with a saint’s name, of course. It cost five dollars to ransom a boy, and three dollars for a girl. The good Sisters explained that girls came cheaper, since the Chinese routinely drowned girls at birth, like baby kittens, because there were so many of them. This led to considerable discussion about the relative value of boys and girls, and provoked a compromise, arranged by the nuns, which was widely considered a bar

CATHOLIC DIRTY TRICKS

gain: for ten dollars we could ransom one boy and two girls.

The Catholic umbrella under which I grew up shaded a vacuum-sealed, middle class and unflinchingly white ghetto. We all went to Catholic schools and our parents paid their dues and regularly received the sacraments, as did we kids, but it was more routine than a leap of faith. The Church seemed everywhere, Authority incarnate, yet it didn’t really connect. It was authority largely without terror. The Church I knew was not the Church of Savonarola, nor of James Joyce — it was too settled and comfortable to summon the fire and brimstone for Stephen Dedalus-type retreats. The priests who were stuck in the confessional box on Saturdays put on Pendleton sport shirts and went off to play golf at the Irish Catholic Olympic Club. Our confessors did scare us a little by warning we could lose our minds and maybe even our hair if we touched ourselves, but suggested that if we pulled hard on an ear it would dispel temptation. Naturally we tugged our ears, but otherwise the operating principle was to accept everything the Church taught while paying as little attention to it as possible. Thus we went to Mass on Sundays and sinned on Mondays and went to confession on Saturdays so we could receive Communion on Sunday and be in a state of grace to sin again on Monday.

Illustration by Bob Gardiner
rum of rebellion, and we fought on in the not unpleasant expectation of losing. Changing the Church was no more real than changing the ocean. This background ill prepared me for the liberal Catholic reformers with whom I became involved in the early sixties. I was astonished to find that there were Catholics abroad who actually thought that unyielding institution was going to improve itself and thereby improve the world. Most of the reformers I encountered had not endured sixteen years of Catholic education as I had, but had escaped to prep schools and secular colleges far removed from the bad breath and pimplies of the workaday Church.

I found it difficult to believe that these earnest people were attempting to make a blasphemous bride of that fine old whore, the Church. While these reformers were shocked to discover how materialistic the Vatican really was, I had learned in grammar school that profitable money-changer was the natural condition of the priestly calling. Our pastor used to stand in front of the altar during collections at Christmas Mass and exhort the faithful to "make it a green Christmas." The reformers were freshly aglow with the illuminating theological proposition that the Church was as much human as divine; I knew that was the truth back in the third grade the first time I heard a nun fart.

II. Catholic Reform School

My Catholic education taught me next to try a priest—under or over 30. They became quite vicious if one threatened their sense of authori
ty or in any way profaned their pride, which I was constantly doing. Here they had given up their lives in the service of God, got up at five every morning to say Mass, and wore lousy black gabardine slacks that iched, and had tossed their sex lives in the wastebasket, and, goddammit, they expected the laymen-servs to click their heels and pay proper respect.

My four years in Catholic high school were a boot camp in guerilla warfare against overwhelming authority. I served my sentence at Riordan High School, a Jewish cement-walled institution that served as sort of a respectable Catholic reform school for the children of lower-middle-class San Francisco Italian and Irish families and was otherwise distinguished by having been named after an Archbishop who had been killed by a train.

The student body was a monstrous assembly of traitors who enjoyed committing benediction on the men who had consecrated their bodies to God. The unenviable title of the worst of our bad lot was generally considered a tupaw between myself and another student who had the unpleasant habit uponboarding a streetcar of unzip-ping his pants and urinating in the fare box. In the World War II epic popular at the time, John Wayne always painted tiny Japanese suns on the fuselage of his plane each time he bagged a Zero. Similarly, the lads at Riordan maintained a running box score on how many religions we were able to send down in flames.

Our teachers were the Brothers of Mary, an unimpressed religious order whose ranks held the usual number of failed hedonists and sexual malcon-
tents. The brothers, who preferred double-breasted black business suits to the more traditional clerical robes, were on the spectrum of religious vocation between the full gray of the consecrated eunuch and the purple glory of the priesthood. In addition to the vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, they took an additional vow, that of special devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, an inamorata they referred to with some intimacy as the "BVM." The order was like a religious displaced persons camp for grade four and lower civil servants.

The all-male Riordan student body was warned about the physical dangers of public high schools, not the least of which was the hazard of bloody Koets that shameless Protestants and Jewish girls were said to drop carelessly on dark stairways. Our contact with the outside world was largely limited to mandatory special pleading to the Lord to free Cardinal Mindszenty from an atheistic holding cell in Hungary, and reading about contemporary events in the brown pages of a jejune publica-
tion called the Junior Catholic Mes-
senger, which featured front page photos of the eminent Catholic junior Senator from Wisconsin, Joseph McCarthy, buzzing about the Senate subway doing God's work in Wash-
ington.

Catholic high school proved an ex-
cellent place to learn the nature of bureaucracy and the fine art of barm-
boozling. I gained access to the school sherry supply and discovered the wonderful world of banquetts and cocktail parties, the entrance to which could be gained by creating sundry committees, letterheads, and other artifacts of eunomous boodwink-
ey. And my childhood buddy, a kin-
dred musketer named Gerry Dav-
los, got happily drunk every Saturday afternoon excepting Advent and Lent by putting on our good suits and dressing up like members of organiza-
tions in the Catholic catering halls of the Sunset District, where we pretend-
ed that we were the groom's relations to the bride's people, and vice versa.

While thus being educated, I dis-
covered that I was a print junky. I made the school newspaper my per-
sonal field to indulge my insati-
able craving; or the joys of printing plants — clacking type fonts spitting out words of metal, Ludlow machines creating veritable milky ways of head-
lines in type fat and thin, hissing steam readers, and ill-timed printers cursing instructively. For me, no secrets of science or metaphysics were comparable to that miraculous
process whereby words were transported from your head through a typewriter to a typesetter into metal artfully arranged, which produced a printed page. If there was a heaven, it had to have a composing room. The printing plant over which I first presided was a squat green building on the wrong side of Market Street called the Garret Press, which produced shop- pers and dreyer house organs. (I began putting out newspapers there when I was 17 and was still at it nearly two decades later at Ramparts, which, to keep me amused, published two newspapers, one of them a daily.) I had found my place in the sun in this dark, dingy printing plant which I thought of as King Solomon’s Mines. I would stand bent over the makeup forms for hours on end, drunk with the ordeal. I became ecstatic when, in violation of all union rules, I was allowed to handle a piece of hot type. The hours I spent in the company of printers came to exceed those in the classroom, and gave me quite a different view of the universe than that afforded by the Brothers of Mary. I spent my spare time and money on pilgrimages to the out-of-town newspaper stands, which were located between skid row and the red light district. I would step obtusely over the bodies of winos and dodge around hookers to reach the delicious racks of stale newspapers, and come away burdened with as many copies as my money could buy of the New York Daily News, the defunct Los Angeles Daily News and its also dead-and-gone successor, The Mirror; at the time I had a crush on tabloids.

Often at night I traveled to Mecca, which was the rundown sports department of the San Francisco Examiner, where a kindly, drunken old Hearst deskman would let me stand around and drool over the telotype machines. My traveling companion in these excursions was my high school

sports editor, a burly football player named Jim Clifford, who had the reasonably balanced view of our journalistic calling that it came somewhere after football and girls. One evening as we stood watching the teletype pound and ring in the news a slight inc- cident occurred that was illustrative of where my head was at this point in my manhood. A copyboy bumped off several copies of the advance "bulldog" news section of the Sunday paper, printed early to be trucked off to the boones and filled with un- dated features about trout fishing in Alaska and publicity stills of aspiring Swedish starlets with their sartings.

"Loe-zus, look at that!" Clifford said, staring at a large front-page photograph of a girl with a cleavage as deep as the Grand Canyon. But all I noticed was the unusual red head- lines in a typeface the conservatively madeup Examiner normally reserved for world wars.

"Wow, that’s really something," I replied to the salivating Clifford.

"That’s beautiful! Can you imagine running 60 point Cheltenham italic in red ink?"

Clifford gave me a very strange look, and all the way home on the streetcar that night he read the sports section in silence, occasionally glanc- ing up to stare at me as if I were some sort of nut.

The Brothers of Mary were so de- lighted to be rid of my person that they made me the valedictorian, a gesture they had to regret when I delivered an X-rated speech. I took at least one of them over the wall with me. He was a beanstalk-tall and scarecrow-thin friar with a mordant sense of Christianity, one Brother Nunes, a high-speed talker with a clapped-out sinus that occasioned his voice to come out his nose with the pitch and whine of a jet engine. Brother Nunes was constantly taking

hits off a Vicks Inhaler, a habit he claimed I drove him to by my didos on the school paper, which he had the unwelcome detail of moderating. He described himself as hounded by the furies of Irish Catholic teenage jour- nalists. My co-conspirator in driving the good Brother to burn his black gabardines was Dan O’Neill — who in the sixties became the enfant terrible cartoonist at the San Francisco Chronicle, the creator of

the comic strip Odd Bodkins, syn- dicated in some 300 papers while he was still in his early twenties. He was fired at the peak of his popularity for outrageously inserting Morse code obsequies and recruiting messages for the Irish Republican Army in his strip, and thereafter went under- ground in Belfast, where he drew pro- paganda comic strips for the IRA. After letting the two of us loose in the world, Brother Nunes quit.

III. EYEBALL TO EYEBALL WITH THE JESUITS

At various times during the check- ered decade past I have been called licentious, profane, an ab- turner, a sensationalist, a wastrel, a capitalist guerrilla, a boomer, a corpo- rate wrecker, a degenerate, a wheeler, dealer, and a pirate, among other things.

There exist sufficient grounds for most of those appellations that they could be regarded as faint praise unto the truth, which is that all I am now or may be considered to be I owe to the Jesuits.

Jesuit college education was a con- tinuing Congress of Wonders, at times approaching the delirium of a mushroom sect. One Jesuit spoke confidentially of undertaking scien- tific experiments in support of the little known theory of Justinian that homosexuality was the cause of earth- quakes. Theology units were earned by becoming versed in the finer points of religious etiquette, such as if one’s gums were bleeding one could swal- low the blood and still receive Communion without breaking one’s fast, but if one cut one’s finger one could not suck it, finger blood apparently being of a different theological type than gum blood. The instruction con- cerning women seemed peculiar even

in that insensitive time of the mid-1950’s — women were worthy to receive Communion on their tongues, but no other part of their anatomy could come into contact with the Host; the rules were different for men. If a woman lay dying and for some ungodly reason had to be anointed on the mouth, her lipstick must be first wiped off or else the sacrament of Extreme Unction, like vaccination under the wrong condi- tions, might not take.

Seniors were required to take a Last Chance course in the Catholic dog and dos and do notes about sex; when, on occasion, a married student, as none other would be allowed to speak on the sub- ject for fear of scandal, would raise a practical objection to the explicit in- structions, such as how could a priest know what gives with sexual fore-play, the answer would invariably come, in the manner of the Jesuits, in another question: Did a doctor have to endure cancer in order to treat it? Sex seemed to be the only exception to the general principle of plasticity characteristic of the Jesuit approach to moral and religious absolutes. Their Hard Line on carnality led them, historically, to some extremes, such as removing the stairs to

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France.

In addition to such mandatory in-
struction in theology, the Jesuits in-
stituted a human being at the Uni-
versity of San Francisco, locally
known by the call letters USF, learn
about the processes of digestion.

This study came under the academic
category of political science, and ev-
eryone agrees that this is a problem.

The text for this periodical, J Edgar Hoover's "Masters of Deceit,
and the House of Cards," was
designed to yield toward the Jesuit
Fathers for unleashing so many
thoughts. The Jesuits are right there in
the USF bookstore.

The ringmaster of Political Science
141 was hounding his Feely to play-
building-faced padre known as the
"waterfront priest" for his activities in
the 1930's on the labor-strike-torn
San Francisco docks in the cause of
anti-communism and realizable
Catholic unionism, a phrase some of
Fr. Feeley's critics translated as:
meaning pro-management.

Fr. Feeley was a tough man, said to
have single-handedly tossed several
Rooftop political chums, and he was
San Francisco Bay. He started a good
deal when in the classroom, constantly
pointing out situations, halting on
wooden chairs as if he expected to
find a red herring underneath. He
called the audience role in a way
that made you feel you should answer
"Not Guilty" instead of "guilty.

We took to a scratchy rec-
cording of the "confession" of Whit-
talk Chappel. The four profs who
are prominent in this field of
Intelligence jails called "Red Squads"
in metropolitan police departments.

We were also subjected to the blood
of bolshevik history. He established a
peculiar sense of authority refer-
ing to the great figures in Russian history by
their common political names, rever-
ting the commonest of all the original
names, enunciating each syllable as if it
were a book in itself.

Not Stalin, but Joe-see Vor-ton-no-
ich, Down-yi, but Vla-dar-ri in Rick
U-ly-yon.

Those four ivory Tower years were
therefore remarkable for the ac-
trition of a certain "irony wit" and
of Chaplin waltz, learning what I was to
learn to stay in the plane,
the celestial phenomena of
celestial sources. Those academic activities
I carried on in my spare time, most
of them accompanying my reading of
with the school newspaper, the
Foghorn, and its necessary corollary of
therapy in the prevailing warfare
against the Jesuits. I had but one eye
so that I became the object of the
Reserve Officers Training Corps
known otherwise as ROTC. (My left
eye being destroyed by a "beneficent"
mobile accident when I was eight.)

I, nevertheless, received plenty of
missiles in active combat with
the Jesuits.

When you are on the offensive
against them the Jesuits work man-
ner: they are employing a zone de-
fensive. The Jesuits were in the
Rev. Francis A. Moore, the
Dean of School of Arts and
Cobra-Eyed Jesuit with the stock smile
of a hired ass.

One day I left the class, possibly be-
cause of an unfortunate incident in
Corvallis, in Oregon, in 1957 when I
thereby established that not only a college freshman can get,
waning aimlessly in the bowls of a
basketball stadium, when two sports-
men from the rival college asked if I
wanted some crème de menthe; I
thought that was terrific of them and
the Dean of Students and me as that
of Cardinal Richelieu of D'Artagnan
—but if the truth be told we were better
both

Foghorn. The Jesuits especially held
against me the matter of the Jesuit
President's niece, a flower of Irish
Catholic girlhood whom I dated dur-
ning my stormy career as Case
Chaplain. My wife wept, and I left
ship Fr. apparently assumed it
made more difficult to whip me at
the pilory lines for me; I
was outraged, wrongly considering it
a high card of knavery on my part,
refusing to accept the relationship for
the coincidence of honest affection that
it was. His loathing rose to a new
boldest point on the occasion of the
births of an especially dull null week,
when my friend Brennan Newsom
and I burned down a wooden guard
house protecting the entrance to the
campus, and I asked for the
thing to headline in the Foghorn
which I then edited.

Preparation for inflammatory front-
page editorial denouncing the ar-
saint as having no respect for private
property foisted upon us by
Students to get off his ordained
duties for the reason that he could
"root this evil from our midst,"
recommended expulsion for the
guilty party, I knew, by instructors
and student pigeons, that I had done it,
but he had no proof; the San
Francisco Chronicle after receiving
fed fuel to his slow burn when, at
his suggestion, they asked me my where-
abouts at the time of the crime, and
replied that I had spent the night with
the President's niece.

At the age of 18 I fell into the prac-
minds the more notorious, for it.

The Jesuits recklessly struck down
a technical improvement I had ordi-
nered as the inauguration of a
telephone extension from the uni-
versity switchboard to a bar I fre-
quented some times blocks distant.

I retaliated by seeing up Fr. Moore's
favorite table, a round roost of
plunge woods that the Foghorn, with
kangoor court judgment of ward
students, fashioning from the re-
tone a horn from the get-up I had
for the Foghorn office. I was indig-
ant that these black pinners of
the Pope would deign to be holy
than thou about my right to drink. I
vowed to spill as much Jesuit as I
was humanly possible, and
launched a blazing fire against tempes-
ture by a series of soirees, confer-
ces and dinners on campus to
which I invited important citizens of the
city. I would not have cared
the fathers could not but ac-
cede to the conviction of drinking
water. The result each time was that the staff of
the student paper got thoroughly
sick and I had to be relieved of
for a month. Such activities led us
being known, in an analogy not
always used in a completely compli-
mentary sense, as a "real Climbing
USF.

The grandest party of all was host-
led by first of his kind. I turned the
Foghorn into a daily newspaper. It
was a surprise party for the Jesuits, as
they did not know I was inspecting
it, had laid cunning plans to make the
paper a daily, keeping them strung
Foghorn on Devil's Island an escape plan. This was a magic thing for even as many
minority Jesuits favorably disposed

to consider me a young Dr.
Strangelove of journalism.

Moore walked belatedly into
campus, asked me to pass on the
ground as a Breughel people-scrape with drunken newspa-
permen, eminent cases of
romantic politicianism, and fat cat alii-
mini now raising tents and singing hos-
Foghorn emblazoned across the front
— and otherwise skimpily costumed
in the back, and the back page of the
next morning's edition of the Fog-
horn, with red headlines across the
THIS CITY'S FOURTH DAILY IS BORN.

I proceeded to dance and handed him two telegrams of con-
gratulations — from Vice President Johnson and Mayor
Kennedy. He looked pale and I sus-
gested he break his fast and have a
drink.

The next day the San Francisco
newspapers all carried editorials con-
gratulating the Foghorn on its
grand journalistic leap forward. It
was a great victory for the doctrine of full accomplis-

Excerpted from If You Have A Lemon, Make Lemonade by permis-
sion of Ramparts Magazine, former editor of Ramparts Magazine.
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MEMO

You call Mildred and Frank. I'll call Connie, Charles and Whatchamacallit. I'm sure we can find a place for it somewhere.

B. James
Isaac Shamsud-Din is close to events that reveal the nature of our society. As a child he knew the terror of Vanport in the flood; then a whole city of the poor was buried under the brackish Columbia backwaters; buried with the complicity of most of Portland. Vanport and its people were once valued defense workers. By '48 they were not needed. Through a child's frightened eyes Isaac captured the event for us in the colors of memory. His work in Smith Center at Portland State and the Albina Service Center on Alberta and Vancouver Avenue does not allow the viewer to forget the promises that died with Vanport.

In the sixties Isaac Shamsud-Din was in the South, in San Francisco, in Portland. His memory and actions reflect those times. A civil rights worker, an educator, a man on the streets in a time of rage and occasional hope. His work records the pain and excitement of that era. His vision raises high the pride and grace of his people. And in the process, Isaac Shamsud-Din elevates all of humanity.
Now then, he heard them say, "Oh goodness, a fine girl! Her hair is right to the ground, it is yellow-brown." He told his slaves, "Take me tomorrow. I am going to buy her." "Very well," they said.

On the following day they got ready, they took him along, they laid him upon his canoe, they went, they got to the place where the girl's village was. The villagers said, "They are bringing Tia'pe Xwxs Xwxs to come buy the girl." The next day then, they gave them her bride price. Her villagers said, "Where shall we find something that has lots of blood?" Then they sought it near. The sea found them a monster.

The boy went to the mountains to seek guardian spirits. He returned, he told her, "Mother, the five Thunders and Lightnings have given me their strength." His mother said, "That is not enough." He went again, he came home the fifth day, he said, "I have the strength of five bands of Grizzly Bears." "That is not enough." He went a third time, he gat five bands of Grizzly Bears. He brought them to the place and made them dance before the girl. The girl was pleased and said, "Give me the five bears."

Now, he heard them say, "Where will he be sleeping tonight?" "Yes," the slave replied, "Tonight he will sleep at Redhat's platform." "Indeed," he said. His son stayed there. The next evening he went, he entered the house, he went to where the dead were and he took one to look at her side. The woman accepted him. She had a son who had not returned. He returned. He arose the next day, he went back home. In the evening he went to Redhat's and he said to him, "Have you seen him? He said to her, "How long before he will be getting to you?" She replied, "There is no telling. But if he does not return in the morning, it will not be until he has gone clear around his wives before he gets back home.

Now, that is the way they were doing. He would go to each evening in the meaning, until he got back home.

Then soon after he made his footprints visible. He said to one of the slaves, "Show him my tracks tomorrow." He looked up at the tracks, he informed Tia'pe Xwxs Xwxs. "Indeed," he said, "Take me, I shall go see them." He stood in a footprint. It was somewhat longer than his own foot. Then Tia'pe Xwxs Xwxs began to walk down. He lay down for two days. Then he rose up and she said to the woman carried away a male child. He sent five slaves. "Go, Go see what she took when she went away long ago." Five slaves went. They reached the place where the son of Tia'pe Xwxs Xwxs was. The son said to them, "Do not go back home. Remain here."

On the following day the headman said to the five slaves. "You go! Go where they went to and did not return from." They went, they arrived, they saw the other five slaves. The son said to them, "Re-

Then he said to his people, "We shall go tomorrow. We shall fight." They took him, they carried him, they laid him in his canoe. Now they went in his canoe. The next day the son's village said, "Now Tia'pe Xwxs Xwxs is on the move."

He called out, "Give me back the slaves." They called to him, "Your son said no. He will not give them to you.

Then so far they were, and they found one of his people fled, some others of them took the son's side by doing nothing. His son shot the people. He hit a canoe and it burst. He hit another, it burst. He killed Tia'pe Xwxs Xwxs's people. The father and son fought in the water, hand to hand. As the old man's strength began to fail, he began to sink in the water. He called to the boy and told him to hold up any longer.

He said to his people, "Sure enough. You are my son! Now you may take everything, my name and all, I will not be like them."

So from then on his son became headman. Now Tia'pe Xwxs Xwxs himself lived on the sides of what such slaves anymore. Now he walked about, no more did they carry him around. He went to his land. He lived there, the son was his headman, his wife was Redhat herself. He had taken her as his wife. He said to the other wives, "If you choose to stay, you may."

Now it was that what they did, some of the women went back to his father. Another he sent his wife gave birth to two sons. Now Tia'pe Xwxs Xwxs's wife was old and infirmed. He made arrows for his grandson, and they shot their grandfather, and after some time he was dead. Then Tia'pe Xwxs Xwxs's son had many sons.
By Bill Bakke

The salmon and steelhead stocks that use the spawning tributaries above McNary Dam on the Columbia River are now being studied for possible listing as Threatened or Endangered species. It is also these fish that the Indian tribes rely upon to support their treaty fishing rights. The salmon’s habitat has been altered so that it is less productive, and the dams on the Columbia and Snake rivers kill vast numbers of both the upstream migrating adults and the juveniles moving downstream to the sea. The ancient pathway of the salmon and their nursery waters have been reshaped and ruined by development to a degree that some stocks have been completely lost and others face extinction. Ed Chaney, a consultant on Columbia River fishery problems, says, shaking his head in dismay, “Why are people not outraged by this?”

I have been fortunate to tramp through the beautiful watersheds of the Clearwater and Salmon rivers in Idaho and see the magnificent salmon and steelhead spawning habitat that exists there. The Salmon and Clearwater are the last two salmon spawning streams left in Idaho, and considerable portions of those watersheds are now in wilderness protection. The habitat rests there, productive and beautiful, unlikely to be changed by man; it awaits the salmon’s return. A game warden on the Clearwater told me that last year he saw two salmon spawning, and that was at the peak of the spawning season.

The Indian tribes that have treaty fishing rights on the Columbia River fish the great river and its tributaries above Bonneville Dam. Yet these rights — granted to the Indians as sovereign nations by the United States — are rights to nothing if the salmon disappears. The four Indian tribes, the Warm Springs, Yakima, Umatilla, and Net Perce, are in a tough position because they rely upon strong runs of salmon, runs that have a harvestable surplus that can be safely fished. These tribes constitute the terminal fishery; that is, as the runs are now managed, they are the last to fish the salmon resource, the last to receive their share.

Sport and commercial fishing at sea from California to Alaska take the first slice from the runs as they mature in the ocean fishing grounds. Then the in-river fishermen below Bonneville — gillnet and sport fishermen — take their share. The sport and Indian fishermen above Bonneville Dam get what is left, which, for many years now, is very little or nothing. Although conservation management of the salmon begins at the river mouth, the ocean fishery cannot be regulated to the extent that certain stocks are protected. If the runs entering the river are poor, the in-river fishermen, Indian and non-

What value have Indian fishing rights if they are rights to nothing?

CATCH
300,000
The Five-Year Plan

In February, 1977, the federal district court signed into law "A Plan for Managing Fisheries on Stock: Originating from the Columbia River and its Tributaries above Bonneville Dam," which became known as the "Five-Year Plan." The plan established a management scheme directed at providing viable fisheries in the Columbia River and created formulas for sharing the salmon resource between the Indian and non-Indian fishermen. When asked how the Indians feel about the Five-Year Plan today, a biologist for the tribes said that the "Indians have gained nothing; they have only lost." He doubts that there will be any further agreements between the Indians and the states concerning salmon allocation in the Columbia.

It is the opinion of some biologists that the states knew that they could not deliver on allocations for spring chinook to the Indians. The allocation formula for spring chinook is 60 percent for non-Indian fishermen below Bonneville Dam and 40 percent for Indian fishermen above the dam after a spawning escapement of 120,000 is subtracted. The escapement goal for spring chinook is 250,000 adults into the river, but the spring chinook run has been so poor that no fisheries were allowed in 1976 and 1977. The spring chinook fishery below Bonneville Dam is in better shape because of intensive hatching rearing on the Willamette and Cowlitz rivers. Few spring chinook are reared in hatcheries above Bonneville Dam — in spite of promised compensation for lost habitat due to dam construction — and the success in raising these difficult fish is poor. When losses have occurred, the states have decided to compensate, in many instances, by releasing juvenile salmon below the dam rather than where the losses have occurred; for example, The Dalles and John Day dams. Furthermore, an area has been set aside under the Service hatchery on the upper Columbia last year killed 700 adult spring chinook from the lowest run in history.

The summer chinook are unique to the Columbia River. Their numbers have been low for so long, however, that they were not included in the Five-Year Plan. Many target species, however, the Indians are permitted to take commercial fisheries (ocean) average 34 percent of the catch. On the other hand, in-river Columbia net fisheries account for 22 percent of the catch, and in-river sport fisheries account for the remaining 1 percent.

It is not my purpose here to drag the reader through a collage of data — much of which the biologists are unable to explain — but to show how one aspect of salmon management affects the Columbia River salmon stocks, that of ocean harvest. The Indian Tribes said in 1979 that they no longer wanted to take their treaty catch from the spawning escapement. They maintain that the ocean and in-river fisheries have to be managed so that there are enough fish to satisfy the treaty fishing agreements and provide for spawning.

In-River Salmon Problems

The most pressing environmental problems facing the upriver stocks of salmon and steelhead are inadequate passage at the dams and the lack of adequate flows through the reservoirs. It has been well documented through research that dam-related mortalities for juvenile salmon and steelhead are 15 percent per dam, but under some conditions they may go as high as 30 percent. In 1973, a low water year, the estimated loss of juvenile salmon and steelhead migrating from the Snake River was 97 percent. The cause: in low flow periods the water goes through the turbines, and where the water goes so does the juvenile salmon. To the fish biologists, turbines are known as "the grinders."

Contrary to what some people might think, the juvenile salmon do not swim downstream to the sea but are carried there by the river's current. Because the Columbia and Snake rivers are now dammed into reservoirs, and since there is increased water storage in the upper basin, the river no longer flows as it did when the salmon were evolving, genetically fitting themselves to the rhythm of a natural river. The juvenile salmon must reach the estuary of the Columbia when they are physiologically able to adjust to salt water. If they are delayed — and they are delayed by the slack water reservoirs — they are unable to adjust to salt water and so they die. If, as in 1977, flows are inadequate to move the salmon downstream, the juvenile salmon stop moving in the reservoir behind the dam and perish from predation and thermo-pollution. It isn't enough to transport the fish by barge or truck around the dams — like in 1977 at Lower Granite Dam on the Snake River — as some fishery agencies insist, because in low-flow years the fish don't reach the transportation collection sites. Consequently, the salmon and steelhead resources of the Columbia and Snake rivers will require adequate flows at the right time for the fish and adequate passage facilities around the dams if they are to be restored to their former abundance in the upper basin. However, we are now in a time of water shortage, for at normal and low flows there is not enough water to meet the irrigation, power and fish needs of the river.
group trying to maximize its own benefits, oftentimes at the expense of others’ benefits, economic or cultural. The concept of multiple-resource management, ecological planning, or basinwide watershed planning have not entered into our everyday decision making. The fishery agencies came closest to operating with these concepts, since the whole watershed is needed to produce a fishery. They have failed to the extent that politics shapes biological decisions and to the degree that the hatchery has displaced natural salmon production.

Less than 50 percent of the Columbia River system that was once available to the salmon is still in production, and that which remains is producing below its potential. As the salmon and steelhead runs decline, arguments for protecting streams become weaker. There is a constant struggle to prevent damage to streams from road construction, logging, overgrazing, urban development and toxic sprays, but when the fish are no longer using the streams, those who want to protect streams have less influence and power.

Competition becomes more intense when a resource is in short supply. Increasing the salmon resources of the Columbia Basin will help to solve some of the intense user-group wars now being waged on the river and at sea. Wilderness has taught us to practice restraint in the way we treat the land; we are asked to go lightly out of respect for the land. The same is true for the management of a river like the Columbia. Its complex interrelated problems require that we all share its bounty and its shortages; certainly we must all share in the conservation of the resources that support our way of life.

Mr. Chip Greening, executive director of the Public Power Council, recently spoke out against fish protection language in the pending Northwest Power Bill. His statement illustrates the kind of thinking the fish are up against. While conceding that fish runs on the Columbia face the danger of extinction, Mr. Greening warned that the Northwest also faces a power shortage by the mid-1980s. He called for a “transition period” in which fisheries preservation would be phased in (slowly) even if it were at the risk of some runs. “It would be possible,” Greening said, “for the fish to re-establish themselves once they’ve been run off the Columbia.”

It is fashionable to make statements like that today, for there is a growing lack of support for environmental quality. As a consequence, when state fish and game agencies take issue with positions such as Mr. Greening supports, or become too active in their attempt to protect the salmon streams, development-oriented legislators have a habit of attacking budgets and refocusing the laws that game agencies operated under. A shell-shocked department of fish and game without public support will back down on issues that they think might cause them trouble. Since they are the only state agency that stands between development and preserving fish and game habitat, the public is then the loser. It is groups like the Indian Tribes and a few under-funded environmental organizations that have to do all the fighting for the resources.

The pressures to eliminate the salmon resource in the Columbia Basin are very diverse and intense. Bureaucratic inertia, provincialism, a misinformed public, and a singular lack of imagination are contributing to the decline. User-group wars focus on the “other guy” catching the fish and never prepare he various fishermen to face the larger problems of water shortage, passage problems, and habitat loss. New coalitions need be formed among people that use water, rivers and fish, if the problems of the salmon — especially the natural runs of salmon in the Columbia — are to be solved.

The Indian tribes that have treaty fishing rights are the last to get a chance to fish, and they sit in the middle of a vastly altered river. They, and the salmon, are facing the same fate, for as the salmon die, so does the Indian culture. The Indian’s religious and cultural tie to the salmon puts him in a unique role with regard to the preservation of the salmon. He has a spiritual reason for seeing that the salmon runs become abundant and a commercial investment once again. Because the treaty rights exist, the federal government is obligated to protect the fish, which is the foundation of the Indian fishing rights.

The treaty fishing rights, however, are only as secure as the salmon runs, and they are being studied for endangered status. It remains to be seen if the Indian Tribes are able to be come politically unified enough to make an important difference in current salmon and river management problems. The four Indian tribes that have fishing rights on the Columbia River have formed their own fishery agency, the Columbia River Inter-Tribal Fish Commission. They have hired biologists to work on and off-reservation Indians, offering technical assistance to them while protecting the upriver runs of salmon which the Indians depend on. The Indians can give the salmon back its future and, for their own sake, they must.

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7
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14
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15-17
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18-20
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21-24
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25
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Mid-September 1979th we went to blockaway Esquire, a No Smoking Anywhere cinema with goodwill admission fares and lobby ashtrays as planters. It's a great neighborhood movie house, nearing landmark or tear-down age, and even today it features state-of-the-art shorts like home-style reel changing, projection blackouts, pre-military-school ushers who ask you if you'd do THAT at home (my longago indiscretion was leaning against a lobby partition with a shoe heel touching the wall), popcorn with enough unpopped kernels for another batch, and seats which induce rare and exotic coccygeal strains.

I love the place. It seems to be a last clean-air, and therefore somehow decent, proponent of child labor: half the times I've been there, the kids salivatingly manning the candy counter has been too young, according to code, to watch the films being shown; great, I figure, salivation can be pro- voked by many different stimuli.

I love the place. One needn't fear skid­ ding down the aisles because the floor is too sticky for any potentially dan­ gerous movement past I mp snow­ shoeing. I mean, were it not for this place I wouldn't have this story now: it is odd that they didn't usher this tale into print before me, but it's that very restraint, that very 3-moviedom place I wouldn't have this story now; it is odd that they didn't usher this one Southwest Third (corner SW 3rd & Burnside)

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Illustration by Alan Brewster
the better part of my days hiking up
causing my unbelted trousers a hip-
who was aiming a rifle at me; two
the box office and pointed overstat-
without my indestructible cape; I was
adequately intimidating. Stupid me,
volver directed towards some part of
No kidding. "Put your hands on your
homicide-hooey appeared, his badge
polished. I put my hands on my head,
hanging fight for decency (I spend
my right elbow tightly; I turned; he
other spatial wars, suddenly grabbed
said some blend of "Don't move, do
would just pass by and wander on to
someone near the outside poster dis-
acclimate; all the lights above the
shut-down box office were glaring. A
1 opened the door to the lobby with
staircase to a men's adjacent to above
home (a block and a half away). The
don't remember what, but probably
in the devil's playground, reinforces my
ego-centric preference for a non-swim-
mer's swim over fashion's fascistic
fasettes, and makes me smoke fewer
cigarettes by providing an optional
(twiddle for my grubby mitts). I was
nonplussed, but acutely alert to my
trousers' edgings toward a career in
slapstick.
Blondie frisked me, unpocketed my
eyelashes. I tried to say something (I
don't remember what, but probably
something equally profound) but was
told to just do as told to do in order to re-
main okay, so I tried not to say some-
thing and looked around.
There were people across the street,
across both streets, across to the other
corner, bunches of people watching.
And there were squad cars all over.
Tricia was being gingerly restrained
and interrogated. There were law-enforcement agents, back-up
scruffy, dots, tags, gun-
nozzles, nightmares, inept
who should be cuffed and canned.
So much so fast; unlike winning a sweep-
stakes and microphones begging your
future, it's inverted, a prize-catch day
with you as victim, the buck at large
shut down.
They asked me who I was and I
told them who I was and that I lived
only a block and a half away and they
asked me for ID and I told them I
didn't have any ID (I mean, knowing
who I was, why would I need it?) but
that I could go home and get some.
More bright lights stung my senses
from a TV camera team. I had no
idea what I'd done to create such an
uncommon interest in me, but I sus-
pected it must've been something
a wee wackier than my usual reper-
toire of crimes against nature poems
and still-life lives. My mind raced.
 vyrooommmm, vyrooommm; maybe
my nightwalking self blacked out and
killed someone and I just can't re-
member who they were or
member and scream OhMyGod I Did
believe; I'll have to undergo years of in-
situtional mashed potatoes and witch
doctor treatments thereafter. I can re-
member and scream OhMyGod I Did
it and bet I'll be for a damn good rea-
son, probably because of an all-strings-
attached personality test being handed
to me by an acme-chewing evangelist
downtown; or maybe, during my
travels, I've been unwittingly used as
a pawn by government agents
affixed sensitive microfilms to my
briefcase and then couldn't find me
for a transfer because we got o ff in
the unpredictable likes of Bozeman,
but now they've caught up with us
with a cover in-
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CLINTON ST. QUARTERLY
33
Tricia was talking with a cop behind the kneeling cannon; she looked like an accomplice, saying the sorts ofsize-up characteristics for terminalnits); every facial feature was com­pletely different. But, I was told, thetip-off had been apparently almostunstarted arm lowerings. Guns stiff­ened on all levels); out of fear ofhood for over seven years and neverhazardous waters, quickly slippedthrough this territorial infringement busi­ness; glasses which even on filmdidn’t seem to be my impeccablyunblemished bridge until darkness falls. But this night I had put them on at home, a block and a half away, out ofsome never-before-experiencedrationale of letting them go for a ride.

I started to lower my arms. "Don't make any moves," I was told, and Iunstarted arm lowerings. Guns stiff­ened as if they’d been caught cooping. A cop studied my face closely, thenstarted to lower my arms. "Don'tmake any moves," I was told, and Iquit the Simon Says and hiked up my pants while they showedmee a picture of whom I wasn’t — itdidn’t look anything like me pastusual height advantage. And I remem­bered, having worn my goddamn eye­glasses into the theater. Glasses whichI hardly wear for any phenomena other than movies or spectaculardisasters; glasses which even on filmdidn’t seem to be my impeccablyunblemished bridge until darkness falls. But this night I had put them on at home, a block and a half away, out ofsome never-before-experiencedrationale of letting them go for a ride.

I look at the slips, which had been, like the unarresting arrest whichhad just occurred, completely non­solicited but force-fed by snake­heads, scared eyes, punk and junk­souls who want no feedback past "praise be," and it was not unlike looking at Biblical tracts that one isalways given outside of Newberry'sdowntown. It was two passes, thisslippery apology, to the Esquire thea­ter, good anytime.

I wanted to get up and corner themanager and unceremoniously shove these passes up to his clerically non­solicited to outward bound program.But I didn’t.

(These healthy, crime-stopping,good-sense-prevails people are di­seased by virtues unang; they’re the right crowd, the "well, I did the rightthing" crowd, the people who can chalk off harm to others by finding
Okay, frantic fingers passivated, I'll return to the story. A pass for two. A payoff, but probably really a gesture, another fleable stab. I figured that two times regular admission equals $3.50 and for a five-minute walk-on, completely unrehearsed, what the hell. I put the apology away and felt my gulli-fuddled eyeglasses cringe. I was still too mowed to realize how scared I had been. Tricia said that one of her thoughts was that we had gotten into trouble because she'd brought her own popcorn.

We left the lobby to an unlilt marquee and empty sidewalks; everyone had left because I wasn't the same thee. The squad cars had split and the guns were cold showering somewhere and the bunches of people had gone their ways because I wasn't an anybody anymore in terms of viewable drama. We walked towards the Lovejoy Market to get a quart of beer because I wanted, as per Dr. Trust's words of wisdom, "give the shit something to float in." I felt molested and rabid and wrung out, an I LOVE OREGON T-shirt without aipple Braille but with soggy greggy erosion of every thread. A cab came up and he said he'd called the camera crew because he'd seen the forces gather and strategically position themselves over 30 minutes before the show was scheduled to end. That people had begun to watch and wait. That things looked weird. That he felt the presence of media might keep police behavior in line. I was shuffled to stack a correct thank you; "Huh," I hush-ed.

Tricia wondered why the police hadn't apologized in front of every-one. She felt that, immediately upon seeing their error, they should've slipped their brows, groaned, and turned to all bystanders with sheepish mumbles and shrugs.

We bought a quart of beer and fared into the night.

In following weeks we had to hear everyone's arrestrальный story when ever the incident was mentioned. I have arrest-in-series and have long ago promised never to tell mine again (tules of southern nights) because, heck and gosh, we've all experienced lit's little lousy lunes and there's Joan-swag fever that comes with the recountings which I find depressing. But we sat through a new series of suchballads whenever the bout with Rocky II came up. I kept trying to inject what I felt were critical points about our no-arrest-no-trial story and that's what I'll do here to tidy up:

1. There was no arrest; and though I certainly had grounds for initiating rescissions, I didn't feel the police had done anything wrong in intent to apprehend a dangerous person instead of doing the sorts of goofball gad-abouting which seem to create all those aforementioned arrestarstal stories from the same synthetic weft; the fact that they ended up with me instead of a dangerous person was probably as distressing to them as it was to us.

2. Objects and coincidences are mighty puns; the tip-off here came down to a reliance on someone's junior-crime-stopper detections of eyeglasses and a height difference which could've been easily dismissed with a bother to check-for boots (I understand many people own these things).

3. What if I'd gone to the bathroom inside the theater, up that narrow staircase to marquee-access? What if I'd angrily turned to Blondie, whose behavior surely warranted recap, and told him, inside the theater, to drop dead? What if I fumbled through Tricia's purse in the lobby for a mint? What if I'd been merely frightened and not shocked by the reception committee and respond- ed to them with a fair-play attitude of abusive challenges and active gesticula tions? Could I have been that weird? Did I blow my chance at martyrdom? What if I'd urgently hiked up my guns to a more secure level out of embarrassment caused by the attention? I think I was luckily so-normal enough to have avoided doing any natural thing, because any one of them could've voided my pass; as those bumper-brains say, "when guns are outlawed, only outlaws will have guns"; well, shit, maybe they'll need them.

4. I hope that in heaven we'll be told that it was the popcorn, an old god joke.

5. Old Irish should've bought me that quart of beer and hung around and told me how many stories there really are in the Naked City and what a life it's been.

And now, in deliberate retrospec tion for sake of muffing further tirades and pass-blottings, I've told my story. As the great humorist said, "It is written." It is fragile material at best but meant well; a cautionary tale that shouldn't make going to a film yet another feed for paranoia, but should at least make it clear that going to a film is a type of escapism that can spark subsequent capture. If I've been at all malicious herein, I hasten to inform the reader that it was only out of malice — and a bid for reprieve.

"In Decatur, red-haired lanky, led dorm vespers, had unthinkable skills in palm, he was frat city, upperclassman, and dead serious quad mom; in a criminology class, topics affair in an eager-eyed innocence, he called to be called and he stooched and he spoke and he spoke: 'anyone who gets in trouble with the law deserves it, even if he didn't do what it was that he was caught for, or even convicted for, deserves it, because we've all been guilty sometime, somewhere, we've all passed the path and paved the path and paved the path and paved the path and paved the path and paved the path and paved the path, and we've seen guilty and God knows, God knows that, and that's a right too right for you to see but that's a fact and evidence and stories and all this and particular innocences have nothing, not a solitary thing, to do with it."
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WHEN WILL IT ALL END?
Blazermyopia

The recent Blazer trades recall the William Westmoreland school of destroying a village in order to save it, and the press has failed to understand the essential nature of this folly.

By Lenny Dee

The recent Blazer trades recall the William Westmoreland school of destroying a village in order to save it. The wailing of the locals has activated the normally complacent media into a series of half-hearted screeds that attempt to fix the blame for the Blazer demise. But this can serve only to come to grips with the essential nature of the Blazer folly: the team's lack of a dominating center.

Since Bill Russell was a raw rookie in 1956, only the Rick Barry-led Golden State Warriors of '75 have won an NBA championship without an All-Star center. The man in the hole is on the axis which is the round ball turns. The pre-eminence of teams led by the likes of Chamberlain, Reed, Russell, Cowens and Jabbar is no accident. No matter how solid you might be at the other four positions — without a strong pivotman you can just kiss your championship chances by bye. For years, Oscar Robertson and Jerry Lucas led a fine Cincinnati team into oblivion when they didn't have a center. The Golden State draft pick (either this year's or next) might have been the anode for an ailing franchise. The pathetic Warriors — who don't even have eight players worth protecting in the upcoming expansion draft — will surely be one of the worst teams in the league for a long time to come.

One of the top two or three collegians of this year or next might have been able to turn the Blazers around. Instead, they will do it for New Jersey. As all half-decent centers are snapped up tour de suite, the chances of the Blazers finding help for their weak middle are small.

The Blazer trade especially hard to understand is George Pasero's claim in the Oregon Journal that the Blazer management became disillusioned with Luke during his mediocre playoff series against Phoenix. Yet Owens was probably against Alvin Adams and had to yield to the inexperienced rookie. Clem Johnson on too many occasions. In the three games against Phoenix, while averaging 10 points apiece, Luke out-rebounded Owens 32 to 19 and dished off 18 assists while Owens had only five.

Clearly if the Blazers are going to get disillusioned, T.O. would be the one to fill. Through an excellent shooter, Tom just doesn't create the defensive presence...through rebounding, blocked shots and defense — necessary for a contending ball club. He is just not in the class of Jabbar, Sikma, Cowens, Lanier, etc. He is also not up to, doesn't claim and is content to have a regular job. Lucas, on the other hand just happens to be arguably the top power forward in the game.

If lack of performance was the criteria for Lucas' and Hollis' dismissal, what of Bobby Gross? He just received compensation for bravery in the line of duty, but, in all fairness, he is just not up to snuff anymore. Maybe a trade to San Diego to be united with Big Bill would revitalize his career, and we could get some outside shooting from Freeman Williams in return. What of battered Dave Twardzik, who constantly appears to be playing in pain and has talked of retiring before becoming a cripple? Why wasn't he put on the open market like the Train? Could Hollins' outspoken comments in the beginning of the season have something to do with his removal? After Hollis destroyed the Blazers with 25 recently, Ramsay was quoted as saying that if he played like that for us we wouldn't have traded him. Well, why couldn't Ramsey draw that kind of performance out of Lionel?

In essence, the Blazers' anxiety to trade Lucas and Hollins left them easy pickin's for the NBA vultures. Everyone in the league knew how anxious Portland was to get rid of Luke and Lionel; so of course their market value went down. A little patience would have brought better results. Our crystal ball peak at the draft tells us that Natt went for Lucas plus the equivalent of Portland's Joe Carroll and Washington State's Don Collins, a front line that'll do in the Blazers 9 times out of 10. Oh well...even if they kept the Golden State pick, it would probably be wasted on LaRue Who of Wahabi U.

Kevin Krutner — Best back-up center in the league.

Calvin Natt — A super start.

Jim Paxson — A good young Geff Petrie. Sees the court well, but needs to work on defense. Confidence will improve 40% shooting.

Jim Brewer — A good back up power forward.

Abdul Jeelani — Good shooter — needs to work on rest of game.

T.R. Dunn — Plays within limitations. Needs to be more aggressive.

Billy Ray Bates — Raw talent that needs to be refined into the Ramsey system. A lot cheaper than Lionel Hollins.

Stu Inman — Best general manager in league.

Jack Ramsay — Best coach in the league.
Wet Whistle

The Catbird Seat

Man Root Press, Box 627, Pacific Univ., Forest Grove, OR 97116. The editors, Bob Davies and Mary Barnard, said about T.S. Eliot, "The academics screwed up American poetry. Too dry. Too clever. Like cunnilingus. Did I spell it right?"

They call us "street poets." Horse-play. Our job. Doug Spangle. A Mutual Admiration Society. And a lot of the academic poets didn't have — and still don't — guts to join us. They call us "street poets." Horse-play! We create the legends, and they get paid. Off.

Why mention the academics? Oh, well... The Portland Review this year is a translation issue, 55 countries, 504 pages. Quite a job! Due at the Portland State Bookstore, about May 1, price $5.95.

A personal note: John Shirley leaves for NYC! Sci-fi writer, poet, punk performance artist. Man Root Press will work for Heavy Metal Comix. He is sci-fi novelist, Transmogrification, and four Zebra books. The Portland "artist drain" continues. Portland doesn't treat its local "genius" well, does it?

Marty Christensen in San Luis Obispo, Marjorie in Nepal, Barrels in Eugene. Where's Mike Marsh? Or Marshall Bump? Some Oregon pulp-dealer cougars have a green hunger, the size of an oyster, at the steps leading to Sambo's. Which made me consider. Is there more brain damage in Oregon, due to the moisture? Why are Portland citizens so goddamn Walter Mitty? For ten bucks — if you had a brain or a heart — you could have on any of the above small-press works.

I'm growing sentimental... over you, all of you. How many — a handful? — can honestly say they miss the Portland-Astoria poet Marty Christensen? He and I would paradoxically rave about the infamous Portland State Bookstore, the MAC and CETA nepotism... Dissect the pimples of the local art mafia. Great fun. I miss them. Can't say I've read any of the above small-press works.

Well, almost... "never to have learned / about the mountain, / men and women, / the mellow spirituality of the old Christian Science / building prevails. And the mellow, witty, deadpan, slapstick style — with lots of allusions to time — of the poet himself was touching, generous, civilized. He's a good ole trooper!

Actuals, the Beats had something — a sense of humor, playfulness, free love, political commentary, existential erudition. And F. personifies them — the cracking voice, the San Fran sophistication. It was a benediction of hipster culture. B.J. Seymour taped it for "A Spell of Word Sound," her regular 6 p.m. Sunday poetry program on KOAP FM. If a poet can't be extravagant, or offensive, what's left? There's too much controlling-middle-class sensibility cropping everything. Even the little buds of spring wine at vina raincoats. "Go fuck yourself with your arsn worm!" Allen Ginsberg said it best ca. 1963? He still says it! "Plutonium Ode" on tape. KBOO 90.7 FM plays tapes of Ginsberg, Bly, Keesey, Ann Waldman, others... local poets, The Talking Earth, Mondays 9:15. In April, tributes for Mary Barnard and William Eberman.

Mary Barnard's Collected Poems is available locally, published by Breitenbush Press. She is a fine North-west poet, Sappho scholar. Seventy-one years old, she lives in Vancouver, Wash., and deserves very much recognition.

Mr. Cogito magazine is the other local poetry mag. It looks like a menu, publishes many translations — needs good American poetry submittings. Send a buck to: Mr. Cogito, Box 627, Pacific Univ., Forest Grove, OR 97116. The editors, Bob Davies and John Gogol, have contributed much to the poetry scene, as well as having published their own work.

Bob Davies' Timbre, poems of an abandoned logging town, is a classic of Northwest regionalism. It compares favorably with Stafford or Snyder! Price $2.50 from Mr. Cogito Press. (If you like Oregon, get this book.) John Gogol is a superb translator, expert on NW Indian art and culture. His Native American Words is a gem ($).

What is Spit in the Ocean? It is Ken Kesey and merry pranksters' fit mag from Pleasant Hill. Six issues with the "Neal Cassady" issue coming, edited by Ken Babbs. Babbs is Keesey's sidekick, a fine short-story writer and solid editor. The guys and gals have done a tremendous job with this small-press effort! Send for a copy. All are on sale separately, each Cassady issue, $5. (SPT, 85829 Ridgeway Rd., Pleasant Hill, OR 97401.) For example, Keesey's trip to the great pyramid in Egypt, Spit 5. Good writing and photos. Or Spit 3, edited by Dr. Timothy Leary, "Communicating with Higher Intelligence," UFOs, cyborgology, a fascinating issue. (Leary will do stand-up comedy at The Earth April 21.)

They call the Cantay issue "A Spit Spectacular." It is a memorial issue celebrating the legendary Beat hero Neal Cassady. Features writing by Keesey, Babbs, Mountain Girl, Burroughs, Wavy Gravy, Ed McClanahan, Ginsberg, Corso, Orlovsky, etc. A collectors' item! I'd send for it right now.

On Thursday mornings on KBOO listen to Don Manning's Jazz Program "Changemaker." All the greats from NYC in the '40s and '50s. He reads some Kerouac. The sweetest sincretist teaching jazz program in the U.S.

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Making a successful record requires more than musical talent — it takes money, sophisticated recording equipment, and experienced sound engineers.

In addition, promotion, radio airplay and record distribution are necessary to ensure strong record sales. The music industry is a multi-billion-dollar business in America, yet national record companies are increasingly cautious to sign new "unproven" acts because money is tight and record sales are dropping. Also, critics say that corporate record companies care less that the music is good or artful — they're interested in selling a product, and lots of it.

In response, more and more Portland-area musicians are ambitiously taking matters into their own hands by producing and recording their own records locally.

"There are definitely more local artists making records," comments Jay Webster, manager of Recording Associates in Portland. "It's a viable alternative and a positive step for artists who believe in themselves."

Most regional artists interviewed agree. "We considered several good reasons for making our own album locally," explains bassist Michael Kearsey of Upepo, who produced that band's first album, International Ties. "We've worked around this area for a long time and we know we've got a lot of fans who will buy our records. We haven't been able to get the attention of a national record company, and maybe putting out our own album will help."

"Also, a record is an effective promotional device and gives the band some prestige," Kearsey adds. "We expect to do most of the promotional work ourselves, and we're optimistic that we'll sell successfully."

Recorded at Desitrek Recording Studio on the Nebula Circle record label, International Ties was released in March.

"Making an album is clearly an advantage for musicians seriously building careers," confirms Desitrek's Doug Durbrow, sound engineer for Upepo's album. "A record lends stature to an act and puts artists in a better bargaining position with national recording companies." Durbrow speculates that because the national economy is unstable, record companies may be "more inclined" to buy locally recorded, well-produced master tapes.

"In the recording function alone, artists progress," he adds. "They learn to analyze their sound, make it better and do it more efficiently."

"On a local level, producing an album is not generally a big money-making venture," suggests Bryan Cole Darby, leader of Everything's Jake, a Portland group which recently recorded its first album at Sound Smith Studios in Portland. "Although we sold 1,000 albums in the two weeks following release, an impressive number for a local band, we still don't expect to make much money when all the costs are figured up. Still, the album is getting us some recognition, and it's a great way to present our act to booking agencies, club managers and big record companies."

"Portland recording studios are mostly second rate, and most engineers are not real experienced," says Jeff Lorber, a national recording artist who made his first album locally. "But that's only logical to assume, since this region doesn't have the big money and super-technology of areas like L.A. and New York."

Lorber made his first album, The Jeff Lorber Fusion, at Ripcord Studios in Vancouver, Wash., for "about $1,000 and the keys to my '64..."
Ford Cortina."

"In 1979 he signed with Arista Records and recorded Water Sign, which sold nearly 100,000 copies nationally.

"I consider myself fortunate to have gotten as far as I have, in this area," continues Lorber. "The only advantage living in Portland is that local clubs, to a pretty good extent, support live original music."

"Conversely, Jay Webster stresses the advantages of making a record locally. "I think Portland facilities can cover 95 percent of the recording capability of million-dollar studios in L.A. or New York," he states. "There's no doubt in my mind that Portland studios can create hits."

"There are several important considerations that affect sound quality," adds Bob Stoutenburg, also an engineer at Recording Associates. "How much money an artist can spend making a record determines that. Also, the personal attention an artist receives is important."

Kevin Mullay, a Portland rock musician who plans to release an album of original music in the near future, illustrates a similar point of view. "I was paying $120 an hour for studio time in Seattle, plus making the drive up there on weekends to record," he relates. "But Heart was in one studio next to me and Chuck Johnson, they were making the record in one take. I knew the other was special, I received very little personal attention of support."

"After spending nearly $10,000," Mullay continued, "I checked out Desierrick in Portland and found the sound quality to be just as good and the personal attention far better," Mullay concludes. "A local recording situation is real valuable to me."

Bob Jenkel, producer of the Wipe "S first album and founder of Park Avenue Records, comments.

"Despite some technical limitations, there is a variety of adequate studios locally which are designed to meet different budgets and needs.

"A few years ago, there was a big difference between studios in Portland and L.A., but now the equipment is getting better and the engineers are more skilled," says Allan Wachs, a Portland musician who recorded his album of original music entitled, Mountain Roads and City Streets, in Los Angeles in 1979.

Roger Sauer, leader of the group Shock, likes the "relaxed atmosphere" he finds recording locally. "We care about making our record..."

Although total costs vary, the average locally made album requires between $5,000 and $10,000 to make.

"After a record is completed, it has to be vigorously marketed to sell successfully. While some record distributors will assist, most artists with records to sell say they do most of the marketing work themselves."

Paul Chasman, a Portland guitarist who is putting final touches on his second album, Modern Art, recorded at Rex Studios, prefers to direct his own marketing procedure. "I go into the record stores to make sure my albums are displayed, I sell records at my gigs and through mail orders. I generally make sure the albums are available to record stores."

Furthermore, Chasman promoted good reviews in music magazines like Guitar Player and Pretz - reviews that attracted mail orders from around the country.

"If a record is promoted properly, it can sell well, we'll play it," offers Les Sarnoff, music programmer for KINK Radio.

"Whether the music is national or local, the radio airplay can assist record sales. However, most local albums do not sell enough records to excite distributing companies, which make most profits from top-selling national acts."

"If we really think that a local group or artist is commercially promising, we'll stock their records and take them on consignment," says Bruce Chimbilo, vice president of Downpour Distributing. "But we're not in the promotion business. We're interested in helping selected local acts, but we're not planning to make much profit from their record sales."

Bob O'Neal, president of Omega Enterprises distributing firm, offers similar services. "If we really believe that a regional album can sell well, we'll promote it," he adds.

The Portland band Howling Gael is an exception among local bands. Recorded at Grass Roots Studio in 1978, the group's Rani and Roar album has sold nearly 5,000 units.

"We did most of the promotion work ourselves," explains Howling Gael founder Bob Kotta. "And we were quite successful at it."

"We found the financial backing we needed and chose to make the record in Portland because it was easier, less expensive, and less intense than in L.A."

Radio airplay can assist record sales tremendously, but many local album makers are frustrated at the point that areas stations play little local music.

"Portland radio stations rarely support local recording bands with airplay," he says. "I'm not saying that it's not what people want to hear, but if they played the stuff, they'd be a lot more interested."

"We're a commercial enterprise and our business is playing the hits. We have a very limited playlist and our research inclines us to play popular, highly publicized national acts. Even though a local act may be every bit as good as those we play on the radio, they are still unknown."

"As long as the music is good, we will play it," says Michael Wells, station manager for KQ. "As long as the music is good, we will play it," says Michael Wells, station manager for KQ. "We have more freedom and flexibility to do the commercial stations."

Pleasure, the nationally successful Portland band, has rejected radio airplay in Philadelphia and Washington, D.C., than they do in their home town. "It's hard to figure out why," says Pleasure leader McClain. "I guess we just have more support elsewhere."

Pleasure made their first album in 1974 for Fantasy Records at an approximate cost of $15,000. The band's fifth album, Future Now, cost about $70,000 to make and has sold out completely.

"I suppose the best advice I could give to aspiring regional recording groups is to stick together, make the best music you can, and make contacts with people who are offering the recording services," offers McClain. "I remember taking demo tapes to national acts when they came to Portland, and they were written to our material," he recalls. "That's how it happened for us. The people had a lot of stuff and liked it and eventually we got a recording contract."

"The music business is tough and competitive almost anywhere you go, " confirms Jeff Lorber. "You just have to make the best music you can under the circumstances, work hard, and keep on pushing."

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In 1970, when Kent State happened, we were at the end of our stint at Portland State with the American Theatre Company, which is another story. We had known we were being severed from ATC the summer before, much to our naive surprise. Were we too radical doing The Gladiator with a black Spartacus, were we simply too political at all doing Robert Lowell’s The Old Glory, were we too risque doing Camino Real, was there not enough support, since nothing we did seemed up to the Olympian standards of Portland’s movie reviewer? In any case, we didn’t fit into academia and were at the end of our rope, so to speak, and loathe to leave Portland for many reasons, including the school where our younger kids were, MLC, Portland’s Summerhill. A few months before, we had rented a storefront across the river with the idea of experimenting with theatre in whatever way we wanted, and we first used it that week to rehearse street theatre when we went on strike in sympathy with the students. We had been rehearsing our final production, The Cherry Orchard, another play about the dissolution of a culture. Only the week before we had done a production of The Balcony, you know, the Genet play where the revolution is happening outside the brothel, and inside men are acting out their fantasies of power, and women are deriving their power from helping them get off on it. And after the strike was supposedly over, at midnight on Friday, we were to start business-as-usual. The Cherry Orchard was supposed to have opened on Friday night, but we postponed the opening 24 hours and began rehearsal Friday at midnight. It was eerie because just the previous week we had been on stage in the brothel while a revolution raged around us outside and that night while we were rehearsing trucks were ramming barricades outside, there were rumors of guns, and I don’t know if I really remember it, or think I do, there were occasional loud reports. Anyway, everyone was very excited, and while rehearsing the party scene sometime toward early morning, we found ourselves dancing around a very drunk Indian with a metal hand in a business suit who had wandered in and sat down on a chair in the middle of the classroom that we were using for rehearsal space. I was worried because Nicholas, who was 14 at the time, was out in the middle of it and close when the hardhats were cracking skulls, and the following day or sometime soon after there was a huge parade down to City Hall with my mother somehow in front, having been pushed forward, everyone being really delighted to see a little-old-lady-with-white-hair in the front lines, and there was a demand for the mayor to show his face and be accountable. He didn’t, but his aide did, a large, overweight, pale, puffy-faced excuse in a grey business suit, and the whole thing was on TV with Terry right next to him, saying very clearly, “You’re making a fool of yourself.” And the next thing we did at the Storefront was a really gross production of Lysistrata. Well, we actually never performed it at the Storefront because it was commissioned to be done at a private rock festival, and later we did it in Bellingham at the college, and still later at the Old Church, where Lannie was so upset because she had worked so hard to save the Old Church for cultural
events and besides she herself had played Lysistrata years ago and it wasn’t like this production with Peace at the end coming onto the altar nude with a dove in her hand, although that’s what Aristophanes calls for. I played Lysistrata in silver mylar with a dime-store shiny white wig, and the best part of the preparations was the cockmaking party where the men made their cocks in their own images, although they all had help. Jim W. made that papier mache one with a navy blue shaft with stars, a gleaming red head, silver tinsel pubic hair, and khaki balls. His was probably the most political. Or patriotic. Joe’s was the most gory and realistic, being a yard-long tube of foam rubber covered with a silk stocking, gross realism being Joe's style, at least at the time; actually, for the Political I guess Flooney, our Mad Black Actor, having a spotted panther shaft, was definitely in the running. But we rehearsed it at the Storefront and that was our first production.

It was a huge success at the rock festival and established us as Portland’s People’s Theatre, and with class. I mean, when older professionals in various professions dropped out in the ’60s and ’70s and assumed a position of leadership, well, that was the shape of some alternative culture in that place.

And as luck would have it, an extra playing a beggar in The Balcony was a cook at Portland’s macabre restaurant called The Wayfarer, and he was having trouble making chaupati. What a happy coincidence that his director was born in India, had a passion for chaupati, was an expert maker of chaupati and an excellent Indian cook, and invited Frank over for an Indian meal along with his boss, a long-haired New Yorker who followed Meher Baba, who immediately or soon after offered Tom the opportunity to run the restaurant on the weekends when it was closed for some mysterious reason. So by the summer of ’70 we were running a restaurant on weekends, a restaurant being a long-standing fantasy, serving exclusively Indian foods on those days, and putting together theatre the rest of the time, often while chopping vegetables or slaving over a hot stove. Following the political disenchantment of the times with hierarchy and its apparent corruption, and the trend toward collective decision of the late ’60s and early ’70s, Tom and I struggled to teach and lead and manifest theatre while creating a context for everyone to contribute, grow, and take responsibility. Difficult. The old putting-your-head-rubbing-your-stomach trick. Anyway, Tom directed Lysistrata and played the Magistrate in a construction-site black plastic cape leading the Old Men’s Chorus, who wore Tac squad helmets and colored long johns with huge coiled rope donuts concealed inside, which landed on the ground when produced, with an ineffectual thud. And Henk designed his first set for us, painting white pillars which we had found somewhere, in appropriate phallic fashion, one of which was used as a battering ram by the men to storm the white plastic temple of the women, the opening of which was constructed in appropriate labial fashion in pinks and reds. High on the hillside of the Barr Farm in Banks it made a graphic and wondrous sight, I imagine, to the collected youth of 1970.

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