DOWN THE ROAD
WITH THE
HOEDADS
TOSING CANNED
YAMS AT THE
WHITE TRAIN
UP AGAINST THE
TELEPHONE WITH
LAURIE ANDERSON

SAY IT,
BUT NOT
TOO SPICY.
THAT'S CORRECT,
HOWARD. NOW WHERE
MIGHT WE FIND THE
BEAUJOLAIS?

SPICY, BUT NOT
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THAT'S CORRECT,
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roops fought an early version of counter- insurgency against the original Sandinistas. U.S. forces bombed hill sides and villages while running covert operations from nearby Honduras. The Sandinistas won the battle, only to find a treachery in peace, and Nicaragua had imposed upon it a brutal 45-year reign of terror sustained with U.S. arms and aid. The current U.S. administration has brought out the bogeyman of a Soviet-sponsored red menace soon to be on the banks of the Rio Grande unless we respond militarily. Once again, history teaches us some valuable lessons. From 1929-33, the Soviet Union backed unsuccessful indigenous uprisings in Brazil, Chile, El Salvador and Mexico. Since that time they have been exceedingly cautious in dealing with Latin America. Far more so than we have. Since WWI, the U.S. has invaded the Dominican Republic and Grenada, occupied large portions of Panama and Honduras, abetted the overthrow of countless elected governments (notably Guatemala, 1954; Brazil, 1964; and Chile, 1973), and maintained as many caudillos and right-wing regimes as deemed possible, all in the name of democracy.

In Cuba, the one that slipped away, the Soviet influence has proven to be a controlling factor rather than a stimulating influence. In the '70s, the Soviets refused to provide free military equipment or absorbing huge trade deficits for Allende's Chile. The '80s have brought an unwillingness to open wide the purse strings for a hard-pressed Nicaraguan government.

Unlike their bogged-down war in Afghanistan, the Soviets in Latin America have used a martial arts approach turning the weight of a more powerful opponent against them. We seem to fall for the trap again and again, wing up with genocidal right-wing governments, causing potentially deep divisions on the home front and the spectacle of Vietnam-like conflict.

Washington's paternalism won't let it believe that Latinas will withstand the blandishments of the Soviets. Yet the Pueblos in which we have not genocided towards Moscows in spite of arms sales, the farmers of the pampas have not made Argentina a Soviet agricultural satellite even though providing food for shipment and we have even been unable to make the Mexicans remain fiercely independent despite friendly relations with the USSR. With no sense of history, the U.S. is bound to repeat the mistakes of the past on a populace that still hasn't forgiven us for either our interventions or our forgetting that they ever happened. LD
An Open Letter to
Mayor-Elect
Bud Clark

By Lenny Dee

On Tuesday, May 15, Portlanders took a leap of faith beyond the gloom and
doom old-world triumvirate of Ivancie, Atiyeh and Reagan. The revelers that
evening represented a cross-section of Rosarians rarely seen at election­
night victory parties; from committed so­
cial activists desiring new programs to
old-time hippies reaping revenge for past
Ivancie indignities to assorted free spirits
yearning for a soulful new beginning.

No one I spoke with had any concrete
idea of what you might specifically have
in mind for our city. All, however, felt con­
fident that the art of the possible would
once again be experienced here.

Many of us grown cynical in an era of
militarism, avarice and fanaticism had
forgotten how wonderful it would be to
once again dream of a populace working
for the common good. In the days follow­
ing your election many a smile was
shared over the possible fortunes of our
burg.

Admittedly, in this fragmented society,
one would have to be a Solomon to as­
suage all the competing interests. I'm
quite sure that many of the most powerful
groups are already letting you know the
priorities on their agenda. Undoubtedly,
some of their proposals will bear close
scrutiny.

We will, however, suggest that there is
something afoot in this country outside
the traditional context of left and right.
Texas Agriculture Commissioner Jim
Hightower (a progressive populist who is
transforming this important office)
suggests that only 10 percent of the
people are liberals, another 10 percent
conservatives. "The rest of us are not
ideological. We have both conservative
thoughts and liberal thoughts, often at
the same moment. The mass of the
people are mavericks. They're just mad
about things all the time. They're looking
for change, for somebody who's going to
fight for the little people."

Across the country innovative prog­
grams are being initiated that reflect this
spirit. They don't fall into any easy ideo­
cological category, they just make common
sense. St. Paul, Minnesota's attempt at
a homegrown economy is a leading
eample of this can-do spirit.

In the early '70s, Oregon's land-use
planning act and bottle bill initiative sym­
bolized this state's commitment to a qual­
ity of life. We since have learned that bi­
ter economic lessons also impact the
quality of our lives.

Oregon's dependence on lumber has
left us in a quagmire which will be difficult
to pull out from. Yet the talent and wis­
dom is here to make Portland a national
symbol of effective, imaginative govern­
ment. A recent study discovered that
two-thirds of all new jobs were created in
companies employing fewer than 20
people. The top 1,000 firms on the
Fortune list only created 75,000 new jobs
between 1971 and 1978, in the entire
U.S. Clearly your priority of greasing the
wheels for small business would be of
great benefit.

Many at the party that terrific Tuesday
compared the emotions to the Blazer
euphoria of '77. Yet reality must tell us
that nothing close to 100,000 people
were out on the streets that evening. The
Blazer analogy does give us the idea of
trying to reach for concrete goals the
whole city could unite behind. Imagine
the party we could throw after a few suc­
cesses in our city.

Now that you're elected, many people
will suggest that you stay in the middle
of the road. To paraphrase Jim High­
tower, there's nothing in the middle of the
road except yellow stripes and dead pos­
sums. Get on out of there and be with
your friends.
The Future of a City: Ecotopia or Appalachia?

Economic Development in Portland

By Lynn Darroch

Drawing by Stephen Leflar

Ecotopia... Do you remember? The idea first gained national attention in 1976, when Ernest Callenbach used it as the title for his novel describing the secession of Oregon, Washington and Northern California from the United States. Callenbach's imaginative portrait of this new nation sold hundreds of thousands of copies and helped to spread the notion — given wide currency by then-Governor Tom McCall's famous "Come visit but don't stay" speech — that the Pacific Northwest was a maverick, progressive region where industrial development was subordinate to a resource that was then in great demand: quality of life.

Those were heady times. Portland and Seattle became national leaders in energy conservation with their home weatherization programs, and the state of Oregon was heralded for its bottle bill and nuclear waste initiative. New immigrants were flocking to the Portland area — the 1970s produced the greatest population increase in recent history — in pursuit of a better way of life. As the smaller of the two regional centers of Ecotopia and the military that surrounds Seattle, Portland was seen as a forward-looking place where culture, progressive politics and the magnificent natural world all favored an alternative to the corporate skyscrapers and street-level decay of many other cities.

As late as 1980, in fact, on the eve of the election of Ronald Reagan and the most severe recession since the 1930s, Joel Garreau, in his book The Nine Nations of North America; described the

progressive visions that seemed to characterize our area during the Neil Goldschmidt-Tom McCall years have been in retreat, their proponents limpid or powerless, while our environmental legislation and land-use goals are blamed for a faltering economy.

In Portland, the shift in agendas from the Goldschmidt administration of the mid-1970s, through the caretaker years of Connie McCreary, to the tenure of Mayor Frank Ivancie from 1980 to the present, has paralleled these social and economic changes. During the past few years, many people in business and government agreed with Frank Ivancie that the city needed to take significant action to stimulate the local economy, and attempted to accomplish that by luring multi-national manufacturers and land developers to the area. Ivancie — and

Portland was seen as a forward-looking place where culture, progressive politics and the magnificent natural world all favored an alternative to the corporate skyscrapers and street-level decay of many other cities.

"Portland is Open For [Big] Business"

T. Higgins, publisher of The Business Journal and former State Legisla-

tor as well as Carter administration official, is one of those recent immigrants to Ecotopia who chose Portland — when he could have found employment in a regional center — because he says, "this was the place where I wanted to live my life." Higgins, who moved here over a year and a half last winter, notes that economic development is a regional problem that the City of Portland cannot address alone. "Our economic destiny doesn’t stop at the borders of the city or the bor-

der of any of the counties or the river," he says. "This area is either going to

his development program too, one must assume — was rejected in his bid for a second term this May. One theory attributes the defeat to voter perception of his shift in allegiance from the little people to powerful developers and financiers. However, as City Commissioner Mike Lindberg points out, "Our financial condition has been done quite well at carrying out this agenda," the traditional industrial strategy based on providing the city resources necessary to get large manufacturers to locate or expand in our area.

Dare we depend on traditional approaches to economic development to save us?

We have moved dangerously far from the self-confident Ecotopia of the 1970s, even to the brink of becoming a Western Appalachia. Remember, Appalachia is a region where economic colonialism is practiced with a vengeance, and the loss of local control and resulting human misery are the costs of short-term job creation and industrial growth. Our region’s prime natural resources — fish and timber — have been plundered in a similar manner by distant corporations. Considering the diminishing quality of our public education, continued high unemployment, plant closings, towers of unrented offices, human service cuts, and the paralysis of our state government.

Portland is now in transition, with Mayor-elect Brad Clark and his different but as-yet-undefined agenda for development. City Commissioner Margaret Strachan feels, "There’s a whole new sense of goodwill in the city, a rebirth of the spirit that took hold of our community over ten years ago." Can a more progressive vision of Portland’s future now become a reality? To answer that question, let’s first look at the problems the city has faced over the past few years, then examine how our representatives have handled them, and compare that to one alternative being developed in St. Paul, Minnesota — their "Homegrown Econ-

omy Project." Instead of devoting their municipal resources to courting outside developers, they are nurturing small, local businesses and building a variety of services designed to open up new public-private partnerships within the community. In search of a model for development better suited to Ecotopia than Appalachia, we may discover how to get Portland not just "in business," but into the business of promoting a better life for its citizens.

Clinton St. Quarterly
It is their emphasis on a sense of place over the unhindered mobility of capital that stands behind St. Paul's commitment to retain as much economic value as possible within the city's borders.

Economic spin-off effect and thus creates jobs both directly and indirectly, as well as greater municipal revenues. Inter-

estingly, the PDC has no established process for assessing the net benefits to the city of their projects; there is no stan-

dard criterion, like the number of jobs produced, on which to evaluate the suc-

cess or failure of the industrial assistance services.

Another facet of the traditional ap-

proach to economic development is an-

nunciation of the so-called "ecotopian years.

Despite East County opposition, the largest annexations in the history of Port-

land occurred in the past year, and other large annexations are in the planning stages. One of those annexed pane-

ces is the Portland area to suffer from a reces-

sion that will be more severe than the one that came before it. The recession that began in 1970 was not as severe

The next level of programs go beyond that to the things we might do to encourage

the creation of new entrepreneurial and business-

ship in America. One of the problems that

businesses rather than from large man-

ufacturers moving in, the City of St. Paul

views itself as a resource for outside in-

dustry and a strong advocate of long-range

planning. In St. Paul, the City Council has

appointed to City Council by Mayor Goldschmidt in 1979. He has since twice been re-elected.

Mike Lindberg: Specifically, existing businesses lack accessibility to capital; it's much easier for large

businesses to get loans than it is for small- and medium-sized business, and a lot of small businesses

need a balance in the program, we need to do much more to help existing businesses

operate with the private utilities and the Bonneville Power Administration to offer free

capital, in conjunction with a program to help existing businesses

urban community, the site of a disproportionate

of the three 3,000 acres known as Col-

umbia South Shore, will be made availa-

ble for development — federal money is declin-

ning, where the amount of goods imported

creates a large outflow of dollars every year,

and it is not the fault of the federal govern-

ment. We all have to do the best we can with

what the resources can be made to face these things happen: it's not a resource problem

so it could be done if the commitment is there. Basically, the obstacle is a lack of vision and a lack of commitment.
businesses, that create primarily skilled jobs, and that provide for a community or area to attract and retain businesses within the enterprise through profit-sharing, cooperative ownership or other means.

An example of this approach being put to work in St Paul is the "growhouse" operation bringing fresh produce within the city. Though located in the heart of a rich agricultural zone, the City of St Paul has been importing fully 86 percent of produce from outside the state—a clear economic and nutritional crisis. The growhouse venture addresses the need to decrease the city's costly food imports, and makes use of otherwise wasted renewable energy; hence becoming a prime candidate for the city's assistance under the criteria of its Homegrown Economy Program.

In their attempt to stimulate the local economy from within, the City of St Paul has created a support system of technical and financial assistance for local businesses that includes the following services:

- underwriting the training and placement of workers in small, local businesses through a McKnight Foundation Fund of $1.25 million, a subsidy those businesses are expected to repay;
- setting up a program by which large corporations can identify and utilize small local businesses as suppliers of products and services;
- helping small businesses get on bid lists with federal agencies and providing assistance in preparing contract applications;
- providing financing tools to assist entrepreneurs not able to get startup or operating funds from private banks;
- providing an "incubator facility" where new businesses can receive management and technical assistance from the city aimed primarily at cooperatives and worker-owned companies.

The self-reliant city views itself as a "nation," writes David Morris, a consultant to the City of St Paul for its Homegrown Economy Project and author of the book The Self-Reliant City (Sierra Club Books, 1982). And for emphasis' sake it has taken a sense of place over the unheralded mobility of capital that stands behind St Paul. To the city's leaders, self-sufficiency in economic value as possible within the city's borders. "Stop the Leaks," Morris says, "has become a rallying cry for those demanding local self-reliance."

Whether the leakages are raw materials dumped into landfills, or branch stores that take the majority of retail sales out of the community, or retired people who can't find places to offer their time and skills, the result is the same—the loss of valuable resources.

What It Means

The development program designed to transform St Paul's municipal services really does offer an opportunity to build new economic institutions which may well create the seeds of a better future. The problem is that the attempt is a completely new role for a city government. As Morris puts it, "the city must gradually assume a new form of public ownership, governance, and control, rather than merely ameliorate the effects of centralization and internationalism. This new role for the city, he points out, differs in kind from other political categories. "The liberal thinks people want services," he says, "the conserva-
tives believe in the market. There is no guarantee that the individual citizen is not the one in need of encouraging local self-reliance... the individual as a producer of wealth and an active agent in the local process of resource management."

Stripped of the abstract language that often surrounds these efforts, the issues are intractable to the layman, in effect leaving the populace with no moral or career government servants. St Paul's program for a Homegrown Economy may be, rather than looking outside their area for partners to remake the city's economy, they are asking what federal money is available and looking within to favor the local and the small.

CAN PORTLAND'S MAYOR MAKE A DIFFERENCE?

By Terry Hammond

The election of Bud Clark is the biggest upset in the entire 133 years of mayorally races here," asserts leading Portland historian E. Kimbark MacColl. "What difference will it make for the city? Portland is a giant, the largest city in the country with a "weak mayor" form of government, where the city's depart-
ments are portioned out to the autonom-
ous authority of several commissioners. In other words, Bud has a merely an equal fifth of a segmented political power base," if he is to be a real figurehead, representing an image of what Portland is, rather than one which his predecessors have found that personal-
ity and ceremonial decorum are the im-
portant locus of leadership in the office of
hizzoner the Mayor.

The popular George Baker (1917-33) began his first career in Portland working in theaters, finally owning the now-ru-
medicated Baker Theater. He was first known for the performers he brought to town and, during his second career, as mayor, he retained all the flair of the showbiz politician; a man who approached him he demonstrated his accessibility, and with his jovial na-
ture, he was a magnet to the newsreel in-
fluence. As the Oregon Voter put it in

during the police department from Baker's time, a decidedly crooked mayor didn't appear until Earl Riley took over on New Year's Day in 1935. Riley was the first, a judiciously chosen police force, one who approached him he demonstrated his accessibility, and with his jovial na-
ture, he was a magnet to the newsreel in-
fluence. As the Oregon Voter put it in

party at the Portland Hotel during his final
days in office in December, awarding him a $5,000 Packard.

When Dorothy McCullough Lee moved into the mayor's office January 1, she found it empty. The Oregonian's banner said "Fires Found Meant a Faded Mrs Lee that was simply how it was done and concluded that the affair was "much ado about nothing." Lee was trained in law, served in the Oregon legislature and was a Portland commissioner, was bright and energetic, and possessed a gift for articu-
lation. The press, however, continued to make Portland's first woman mayor look ridiculous. Her hats were editorial-
ized. Her health was questioned. But Mayor Lee insisted in a new Chief of Police and began to enforce the law. She put a hold on the "Hate Authority," and sought to end segregational practices. Although elected on a reform platform, the city wasn't prepared for her, said MacColl comments that Dorothy McCullough Lee had no peers. Backing along with her creation, retained the Department of Public Safety. Therefore, when the City-com-

MAYOR RILEY HAD A SAFE BUILT NEXT DOOR TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE ESPECIALLY FOR GRAFT MONIES, WHICH RAN INTO SEVERAL THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS EACH MONTH.

1924: "Mr Baker has supplied the color and the flavor of the office, but nevertheless efficient business, men might not possess." For growing little Portland, such political color was the substitute for the ad-

lic relations was just what the city felt a need for.

With union strikes, racial segregation, a thriving criminal element fed by the years of Prohibition, and a massive influx of people requiring housing and services, and the social and political climate of the re-

lished reputation. Mayor Baker was notorious for his checks and balances. His Councilman, Orson Lloyd, would, for example, drop a note to the mayor: "You have a job to do." Mayor Baker would have a similar interaction with his police force: "You have a job to do." Mayor Baker's mayoralty was finely nuanced by public sentiment. In August, 1934, there was a public meeting moving that people were avoiding him. Prominent Portland businessmen displayed a keen lack of ethics by honoring Riley with a splendid
to the vote in the 1922 election and lost to Fred Pillion by only 47 percent of the vote in November. Peterson (1953-55) had been around Portland since early under Riley. True to form, he spent his last days in office as mayor, along with Chief of Police, attending grand jury hearings.

 Corruption was being ferreted out of city government for a long time. The crime syndicates of the thirties moved out, but graft continued to permeate the layers of power. The vulnerable administration of Mayor Terry Schrunk faced a probe by the U.S. Senate and was indicted by a grand jury during his first months in office in 1957. The changes during his period as Multnomah County Sheriff, and the intelligence of Winter and Reed were, the local papers able to proclaim "Shrink Found Not Guilty." The city forget about it.

For 16 years Mayor Schrunk's style his integrity and sincerity, made him the most popular mayor since George Baker. His re-elections were no contest until fall-

health forced him to resign in 1972.

Dorothy McCullough Lee in her first Rose Festival Parade as mayor.

Reflectioning the progressive image of the city during his period, a good listener, a careful talker and hard worker, Schrunk is credited with strengthening the Portland, cementing relations with Japan, and being active in housing and mass transit issues. In December, 1966, he created a precedent for the mayor's role in Federal urban planning, when he put the Department of Public Safety into the hands of a commissioner. He took over the Department of Finance and Ad-

traditional now for the mayor, offering an opportunity to oversee the efficiency of a billion-dollar budget. Its current legacy, however, was a bulging weight of responsibilities and an era of large-scale services. In 1977 Mayor Neil Goldschmidt took the next logical step and gave away the Federal government's services to Portland and created a single bureau in the city. There have been problems with this idea, and the major has found it necessary to reclaim key functions previously distributed around the city, but in the long run the city will be better served by this new style of running a government. The mayor has found it necessary to reclaim key functions previously distributed around the city, but in the long run the city will be better served by this new style of running a government.

Goldschmidt, founded the city's first" the mayor was campaigning 17 hours a day. An-

lysts point out that McCready was a vic-
tim of the anti-第三者 vote which played itself out in two days. She was proud to have the support of the former mayor Dorothy McCul-

Can Portland's mayor make a differ-
ence? Today's Portland is not a good example of the outstanding role a mayor can play, but it is a start. The mayor can be active, outspoken, articulate, have a saving sense of humor, and be able to do something about the policies being pursued. Most of all, the mayor can not only lead, but listen and be a re-

perspective. Voters see these qual-
ities, and, in turn, they support the elected business sense. Especially in Portland, the mayor's office does not offer much opportunity to use his power. The mayor can be an arena where a local citizen may, for per-

vote his or her ballot. For example, a may-

Clintوي Clinton St. Quarterly
Economic Independence?

Why has Portland turned away from its progressive, 1970s reputation to pursue a traditional industrial model of development when other alternatives are available? Three factors have played a part in shaping this response to the challenge of the 1980s: the history of our whole region as an economic colony, the structure of our city government, unique among major U.S. cities, and the policies of our elected officials themselves.

A Resource Colony

The Pacific Northwest originally developed as a resource colony for outside interests, and the relatively few industries that have grown up here (the electronics field excepted) have been controlled by capital from outside the area and mainly devoted to harvesting, primary processing and transport of those resources, whether they have been fish, timber, or wheat. The arrival of Japanese industries may indeed be seen as a continuation of this process of colonial development.

Portland's position as a deepwater port, financial center, and communications and distribution focus for the entire region means that to a large extent it must reflect the economics of the region's industries, while at the same time it will necessarily have an economy greater than the sum of these individual parts. Its diverse manufacturing base, in fact, has made it at times appear to be "an oasis in the Pacific Northwest," as a consultant to Moody's Investor Services proclaimed recently. Portland has always been a city of small businesses with no "chief industry" comprising more than 26 percent of its economic base. Nevertheless, the fate of Portland cannot be separated from the rest of the region, where the 1970s stood out as a somewhat aberrant decade in which our "viability" (dramatically declining in other parts of the country) suddenly became more valuable than our raw materials, and spending by the federal government more than made up for the lack of investment by private industry.

Who's in Charge?

The second factor that has hindered the pursuit of a bold, alternative development strategy in Portland is the structure of the city government. Always susceptible to surges of populist sentiment, the citizens of Portland reformed their governmental structure in the early part of this century to limit the power of city hall political machines. Today, however, Portland is the only major city in the country that has retained the commission form of government, where the mayor is one of five equal members of the city council with but one vote and no veto. This system hinders the concentration of power in one official's hands, but it also diffuses responsibility and limits the mayor's ability to direct city policy except by force of his or her personality or vision, as Neil Goldschmidt's leadership demonstrated in the mid-1970s. "It requires," Tom Higgins believes, "somebody to fill the office in a fashion larger than life itself, where he or she uses the presence of the office to draw the major players together and to compel them to cooperative and coordinated action."

Responsibility for economic development policy, moreover, rests not solely with the mayor and the city council, but also with several quasi-public agencies like the PDC, whose commissioners set development policy but are not elected and jealously guard their independence from council oversight. Since the mayor appoints the PDC's commissioners, and the city council reviews the agency's budget, the council has the ability to direct PDC policy but has been less than zealous in doing so. Less than 1 percent of the PDC budget comes from city funds, however, with the majority tied to specific projects funded by federal grants or revolving funds controlled by the agency itself, and its projects often continue through a change in administration. The PDC, in effect, acquires a vested interest in a particular set of development goals, and a new mayor may need to consider a thorough housecleaning or the creation of a separate city office to carry out his own development agenda.

The Port of Portland, whose commissioners are appointed by the governor, is another quasi-public agency that controls vast amounts of land within the city and carries on its own development projects while remaining virtually accountable to voters. And one cannot ignore the influence of the state Office of Economic Development and the state's tax policies — or lack of such — on the city's programs. Even when Governor Alysheb and Mayor Ivanov have appeared to share a common set of assumptions about development, there has been a marked lack of cooperation between them.
Portland now finds itself at a turning point in history: it can let time and events pass it by, or it can address the changing conditions of this new era with a spirited and innovative approach to meeting the needs of its citizens.

land and other facilities available and go out and talk a company into moving here. These other strategies are more difficult to implement, people have difficulty grasping the concept, they’re more experimental, there’s probably more risk-taking involved, and public officials tend to shy away from a riskier venture.”

Elected with the hopes of Portland’s neighborhood associations and other progressive, localist factions, both Lindberg and Strachen have not been perceived as strong advocates of alternative development proposals. Although they have both worked behind the scenes to promote projects that would add another dimension to the traditional model rather than supplant it, they have had few notable effects. Strachen was able to establish (without the help of the lane-control (Bureau of Planning)) others concede that the political balance of power on the City Council, the prevailing mood of the times, and most recently Lindberg’s lengthy contested and expensive re-election campaign probably prevented them from taking effective action on an alternative agenda. In addition, neither want to abandon the types of business recruitment efforts that result from expansion of the electronics and other so-called “clean” industries. Both Strachen and Lindberg are looking forward to the inauguration of Mayor-elect Clark, an avowed partisan of small businesses who is expected to share some of their concerns and who repeatedly stressed the city’s responsibility to better meet the needs of its citizens during his campaign. They obviously believe that the new mayor will alter the balance of power in a way that will enable them to take a more active role in leading the city.

Commissioner Mildred Schwab has generally voted with Ivancie on these issues, and has never shown an interest in seeking out an alternative. Commissioner Charles Jordan, on the other hand, is certainly a potential member of this new progressive coalition, although he has to this point played no significant role in advancing development strategies and must remain a question mark.

Opportunity Knocks

At any rate, Portland now finds itself, along with many other cities across the country, at a turning point in history: it can let time and events pass it by, or it can address the changing conditions of this new era with a spirited and innovative approach to meeting the needs of its citizens. The potential for a progressive economic development policy does exist in Portland: our strong neighborhood associations and mature planning process are the envy of other municipalities, while the diversity of existing small and large businesses combines with a strong cultural base and a high standard of livability to give Portland the tools necessary to become the kind of self-reliant city that will restore it to a position of national leadership.

This is our opportunity. Large corporate capital — in its latter-day, bureaucratic, multi-national form — has shown itself unable to respond in a flexible and immediate manner to unique local conditions. In most cases, it has also been unwilling to play a socially responsible role in the communities where its branches are located. But if locally based, smaller and more responsive public-private partnerships are to replace it, a bold new vision of a self-reliant city-state must provide the direction and the motivation: “Only through attracting people to a vision of how things can be different can they enter the long period of change with optimism and joy and camaraderie,” David Morris counsels.

If the votes could be assembled to defeat Frank Ivancie and his approach to economic development, perhaps they can now be used to move Portland away from its colonial status toward some real economic independence. Quality of life has always been our strongest suit, and a self-reliant city would give citizens the control to keep it that way. Some people even believe we would thrive and prosper. The time is ripe.

Lynn Derroch is a frequent contributor to the CSQ whose favorite diet is jazz.

Stephen Leflar is a multiple award-winning artist for his work in the CSQ, and a past master at the Oujza board.

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I would think back on moments of happiness when my son was still here, and I would think of the moments of solitude when he was taken away, and I would translate all this into images in the *arpilleras*.

**Armilleras of Chile**

Translated by Margaret Thomas

---

Chile, where an infamous U.S.-sponsored coup in 1973 overthrew the elected government of Socialist Salvador Allende, has in recent years been absent from the news, despite the Pinochet regime's continued repression, and a dearth of human rights. Nearly every aspect of social and economic welfare has deteriorated in these eleven years. The people of Chile have been facing inflation, a severe lack of definition of the basic social services, unemployment and the suppression of unions. And, as people begin to act on their discontent, the government answers with more brutal repression.

Even the middle class, which had bitterly waged against Allende before his downfall, has lately taken to the streets banging pots and pans in protest against Pinochet, and the Catholic Church has been applying steady, unyielding pressure on the government.

In an attempt to stem this torrent of protest, the government has geared up their offense — raids, imprisonment, torture and the ubiquitous "disappearances." Out of this climate has grown an amalgam of politics and folk art, charmingly called *arpilleras* created by women whose families have suffered under the Pinochet regime — many are relatives of "missing" or disappeared persons. The effectiveness of this artistic expression may be gauged by the fact that these pieces of political handwork are outlawed and their export forbidden.

Two women brought an exhibition of these arpilleras and their personal stories to the U.S. recently. Valentina Bone Pedrazo originated the idea, and has worked with several groups of women in Chile. Anita Rojas is one of the group's participants. They were invited to the Northwest by the Council for Human Rights in Latin America.

Through long-standing boycotts against Chilean products have been called off, due to the difficulty of maintaining the Chilean issue before the oversaturated American consumer, it is important to be aware of what is happening there today.

**Valentina Bone Pedrazo**

I was born in Chile, a country of mountains, where 300 years of struggle did not free us from the conquista
dores, and where independence did not free us from Spanish domination.

My interest in art emerged naturally and I entered the School of Fine Arts. Through my contact with other students, and with student movements seeking community participation, I became involved in literary work in my free time. There, for the first time, I encountered the gratifying sensation of giving something useful to others: the ability to read and write.

This work helped me to define many aspects of my life. I was in direct contact with different social classes and options, different rights, different ideas of justice, but all equal in their belief in the right to life and love. Slowly, I entered a period of self-contradiction and questioning. In an attempt to be consistent, I first dealt with the fact that I am a woman, and I began to work with women in shantytowns.

Together we initiated an investigation into our cultural roots, the purest and least contaminated ones. They learned to be proud of their past and their indigenous origins when they showed their work, and thus they recuperated their self-esteem. We felt happy: it was the first step.

But roots aren't all that matter. Our history is also important, because we are the product of 300 years of struggle, we are the product of cultural influences and of the slow impoverishment of our lands, of the import of luxury goods which we do not need, of the propagandas which transform us into a consumer market for products we don't produce, of seeing ourselves as objects in a luxurious, exotic lifestyle which we try to imitate. Some women have been applying steady, unyielding pressure on the government. In an attempt to stem this torrent of protest, the government has geared up their offense — raids, imprisonment, torture and the ubiquitous "disappearances." Out of this climate has grown an amalgam of politics and folk art, charmingly called *arpilleras* created by women whose families have suffered under the Pinochet regime — many are relatives of "missing" or disappeared persons. The effectiveness of this artistic expression may be gauged by the fact that these pieces of political handwork are outlawed and their export forbidden. Two women brought an exhibition of these arpilleras and their personal stories to the U.S. recently. Valentina Bone Pedrazo originated the idea, and has worked with several groups of women in Chile. Anita Rojas is one of the group's participants. They were invited to the Northwest by the Council for Human Rights in Latin America.

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After the military coup of September 1973, I was left unemployed, as were so many others. The military government's repression forced the Catholic Church, together with the Protestant churches, to give legal assistance to the victims of torture and the Catholic Church was born the Committee for Peace. They asked me to develop arts and crafts work with women.

The first group assigned to me was that of the women relatives of disappeared prisoners: mothers, wives and sisters. After my first interviews with them, it was obvious to me that they would not be able to concentrate on anything else but their own pain, given the state of anguish they were in. I returned home with their anguish embedded within me, unable to believe what I had heard. Some husbands, brothers, all threatened and forcibly removed from their homes, their families unable to help them. Pregnant women were detained, couples with their children, all of them to disappear forever, and sometimes months without anyone knowing a thing.

Everything I thought of doing with them made no sense, because the future work which we would take on together would have to serve as a form of catharsis. Each one of them began to transfer their story into images, and the images into tapestries. But the work went very slowly, and their nerves were in no condition for that. Finally, a Panamanian mola [a tapestry made by the San Blas Indians of Panama] caught my attention. I also recalled a foreign style which was in vogue at that time: patchwork. The following day we began to collect pieces of cloth, both used and new, and thread and yarn. With these we quickly put together our themes and assembled them. It was important to see how, while weaving, these stories took shape. It was also enriching to see how somehow they also gave them happiness and the chance to release their pain.

But roots aren't all that matter. Our history is also important, because we are the product of 300 years of struggle, we are the product of cultural influences and of the slow impoverishment of our lands, of the import of luxury goods which we do not need, of the propagandas which transforms us into a consumer market for products we don't produce, of seeing ourselves as objects in a luxurious, exotic lifestyle which we try to imitate.
I told them that without my son I would not be able to survive; that I would die. I was crazy, sick, distraught. I would cry all day in the streets.

Middle-class women banging pots in opposition to the Pinocet regime.

we chained ourselves to the gates of the Ministry of Justice, and as a result I spent five days in the Correctional Prison. All of those who participated were arrested. The nurses at the Correctional Prison told us, “That is what you get for getting mixed up in politics.”

In 1975, I began to make arpillerias. I made them based on my problems and my anguish. It was a way of alleviating my pain because we were able to convey our experience and at the same time we could denounce what had happened to us. I would think back on moments of happiness when my son was still here, and I would think of the moments of solitude when he was taken away, and I would translate all of this into images in the arpillerias. I felt happy when I showed the arpillerias to other people because they found them moving and beautiful and they understood what I felt.

Later, we also began to denounce other people's problems, not just our problems but also unemployment, the findings of secretly buried corpses in Tangos. Conditions in these shantytowns, the outdoor soup kitchens, the closing of factories, children who had to beg, so that the world outside could see how we live here. We have to be concerned about other people's problems, what other people experience and feel, and we also put that in our arpillerias.

With other arpilleras makers we discussed our problems, and we taught ourselves. There were other women who were there before I arrived and they were stronger and they helped me overcome the crisis of that first moment. Now I suffer, but I know how to compose myself. I have companions with whom to converse and feel that we share the same pain.

I am now living off my retirement pension which comes to about 9,000 pesos ($50) per month and from my work with arpillerias which adds up to another 1,000 pesos ($10) or so. I manage with very little but I'm always looking for something to do because when my son was detained I was left with nothing. I even had to sell my TV.

From the time my son was born I had him at my side until he was taken away from me. Today he would be 40 years old. I have the hope that my son will return and I will see him again. I want to know whether they are keeping him somewhere and that he is alive. I want to hear that they killed him. I think to myself, why didn’t they sentence him to 15 or 20 years in prison so I could visit him. Often I am ashamed I hear a voice saying to me, ‘Mami, Mami,’ and I say, ‘God bless you, my little son, may God take care of you and accompany you wherever you go.’

Nickolas Thomas is director of the Portland office of the Council for Human Rights in Latin America.
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Francis at St. Augustine
By Nancy Hoffman

Heat, like a kind of tourists' sauce, basted all the naked limbs of people ambling in the Florida sun into the Castillo de St. Marco outside St. Augustine.

Earlier that morning, we had been visiting the elegant city squares of St. Augustine, making our way from one to the next, admiring the graceful wrought iron, the idyllic peacefulness, that each square made in each neighborhood.

It was curious to proceed to the Castillo, this humpen, rather foolish looking fort. It is very like a lump of gray clay that someone has molded in a big hand and set down and put a thumb in to shape the fort's center.

Francis went a little way ahead, his camera swinging against his chest. He was enormous in the diminutive fort, the little fort, the silent space inside it. Francis peering delightfully through cannon holes aimed at the sea—Francis waving to me from around great barrels, filled now with nothing.

And when we stood before the small dark hole where prisoners were kept, and where the old chains still hung from the walls, and where severe soldiers once kept watch, Francis seemed a soldier, too, but of a different sort, with his yellow hair glinting like some helmet, and his camera, a weapon of joy.

It occurred to me that this defunct little prison room was but a chapel in relation to the real cathedrals of incarceration.

I thought of Dachau, and of Auschwitz, and of Bergen-Belsen, and knowing these gone and knowing these, like the little Castillo, are now but visiting sites for tourists, I thought of other prisons which still stand. They hold, not the killers and the thieves alone, but men and women whose crime was but a thought, was but a whole sentence voiced in a public place.

I thought of the beautiful and intriguing names of the prisons of the world:
of Hermannice in Czechoslovakia
of Christopol in Russia
of Bagardo Hill, Tanzania
of LaPlata, Argentina
of Fort Dimanche, Haiti
of Niko, Kimshah, Zaire
of El Seba, in the Amazon jungle, Peru
of Cabana, Cuba
of Southman, Seoul, Korea
of Moon Crescent, Singapore
of Jilova, Romania
of Ioannina, Greece
of the prison of Manizales, Caldas, Columbia,
of Kobor, Khartoum, The Sudan
of Mataewan and Attica
and their names made a chant within the fort, a chant accented by the hushed voices of the tourists who seemed reciters on this morning in St. Augustine, Florida, who seemed reciters to shout or to laugh too loud in the eerie emptiness of the Castillo de St. Marco.

But Francis was laughing. He was somewhere around a corner, laughing. It caught me, brought me back — a voice faintly Irish, faintly British, definitely Francis and I pursued it more than willing that the chanting and those prisons, too, should cease.

Nancy Hoffman is a Portland poet and human rights activist.
For more than a decade, the Eugene-based Hoedads and some thirteen affiliates of the Northwest Forest Workers Association (NFWA) have offered a working model of on-the-job democracy in action. At their height, the Hoedads were the Northwest’s largest worker-owned business, with 325 members controlling a two-million-dollar per-year company. Products of the idealism of the ‘60s and ‘70s, they rose to impressive economic and political strength, only to be dashed against the recessionary shoals of the ‘80s. Eight NFWA groups have perished. Others have been forced to retrace.

By Bill London
With David Milholland

Photos and Drawings by Forestworkers

Today, NFWA Executive Director Gerry Mackie is angry, and his language vivid, as he sits in his Eugene office, chainsmoking and twisting paper clips unrhymically.

Many factors have contributed to the forestworkers’ malaise: the economic downturn, a government forced reorganization, unfair competition, and decisions and squabbles within the co-ops themselves. Most important has been the economic recession of the early 1980s, a severe depression for the Northwest timber industry.

By 1980 the reforestation market had plummeted to 40 percent of normal, with increased competition for the jobs remaining, as unemployed loggers and other laborers crowded into the marketplace. Bid prices, in real dollar terms, fell to half of what they had been four years earlier. Then co-ops and private contractors alike, unwilling or unable to bid low enough, were forced into dissolution. Stable, fully financed co-ops with long histories of proven ability and sound management folded. Both Hardwaretown, a seven-year-old business and the largest private employer in Tillamook County, and the Marmots, a 10-year-old Seattle co-op, failed.

1984 may not be a substantially better year, but Mackie is cautiously optimistic. He predicts that all the co-ops that survived 1983 will be able to continue operations. “Everyone has cut their costs and everyone is dedicated to keeping their jobs and keeping alive the co-op idea.”

A Growth Industry Emerges

The Pacific Northwest, the last bastion of Old Growth timber in the lower 48, was so heavily cut through the mid-century that everyone involved could see the end of it all. Replanting had been haphazard, and no one was quite sure if there would be any marketable trees in fifty years. The industry, which had cut an immense swath across the continent, was poised to move on once again. Yet the cost of forest land, and the value of the remaining trees was increasing. For the government agencies, like the Forest Service and the Bureau of Land Management (BLM), the principle of sustained yield — guaranteeing that timber would not be overcut and that there would be forests in perpetuity — became their conceptually mandated foundation. Some of the large private timber companies joined in with federal agencies in massive reforestation efforts.

Treeplanting suddenly boomed.

Foresters had experimented with treeplanting for years. The science of tree- growing (silviculture) evolved into a college-trained profession, and the earlier methods of dropping seeds from airplanes or allowing natural seeding to occur were not proving good enough. The best way to ensure a new crop of trees was to plant young nursery seedlings at the site.

But that is, in itself, an incredibly difficult job. Trees are planted in the wet seasons for the sake of their survival, which is no help to the treeplanter who

must then fight the rain, street, snow and, of course, mud common to that time of year. Trees are generally planted in remote mountainous areas, very distant from some of the common pleasant touches of civilization, like hot showers and dry socks. The work itself is physically demanding. Planters outfitted in bulky rain gear with a minimum of 40 pounds of seedlings in waistbelt bags and carrying the heavy planting tool known as a hoehead, climb up and down steep and rocky slopes and over, under and around all the logs, roots and branches on that hill. At intervals of every ten feet or so, the planter jams the hoedead into the ground, opens a hole in the earth and drops in a tree. That is repeated hundreds of times daily on huge clearcuts that seem to grow larger, not smaller, with every passing day.

The foresters were having some difficulty locating workers willing and able to do the job. They usually relied on contractors who brought in crews of transient laborers, ex-cons, undocumented workers, and people found hitchhiking along the road to the worksite. Predictably, such workers often left soon after they arrived and, while they were on the job, took no interest in their task or in the survival of the trees entrusted to them.

Heirs to the Wobbles

Early in the 1970s, young, impetuous counter-culturalists were looking for a “clean” way of making a living, all while allowing them to do something healthy and ecologically positive. An ideal business would allow democratic management, be labor intensive and require a very low capital outlay. The match with the reforestation industry was made in heaven.

These new forestworkers were very different. They were energetic and responsible men and women, who shared the work equally and made their own decisions, without bosses. They were dedicated to the task of helping the trees grow.

These new forestworkers were very different. They were energetic and responsible men and women, who shared the work equally and made their own decisions, without bosses. They were dedicated to the task of helping the trees grow.
The Gravy Days

In Eugene, it was the Hoedads that decided to expand, and who, in 1973, issued a general public call for new workers. The recruitment drive brought in 60 new members, some of whom had never planted a tree and some experienced workers who joined along with their whole crew. New crews selected their own zippy names, including Thumb, Mud Sharks, Cheap Thrills, and Natural Wonders. By 1974, the more than 100 Hoedads had established their cooperative. Within three years they were grossing two million dollars per year and were operating 13 crews in forests throughout the West. It was the boom time, the "gravy" days for the reforestation industry, when making more than $100 a day freelancing was commonplace.

J.D. Opden, current Hoedad president, was in the late 1970s their corporate treasurer. He remembers those days with one of his characteristically laid-back, eyes-partly-closed smiles: "Our biggest problem in those days was dealing with our surplus." The Hoedads solved that problem by loaning or donating money to a large number of progressive causes or businesses sharing a similar philosophy. Eugene's community-owned WOW Hall, the feminist worker-owned whole foods distributor Starflower, Cascadean Farms in Washington and Zoo Zoos, a local natural foods restaurant, are among the surviving beneficiaries. Starflower Treasurer Jain Elliot, whose business has borrowed (and repaid) a great deal of money over the years, in $10,000 to $30,000 chunks, states that, "Hoedads are still finding ways to lend us money, even though their cash is tight. I'm impressed that cooperation among co-ops is still important to them."

And commitments were made to continue bringing untrained men and women into the woodwork. Female forestworkers were virtually unknown until the Hoedads established the goal that at least one-third of their workers would be women—a goal that was met or exceeded every year until 1983. The Hoedads funneled in an attempt to create an autonomous Spanish-language crew within their own structure. These workers, some of whom were illegal, found it hard to believe the bare-breasted women working a job near theirs were members of the same organization. Differing expectations, miscommunication, and a number of cultural and language difficulties made the experiment a short-lived one.

The Hoedads were also establishing industry standards for jobplace exposure to toxic chemicals. Their first fight was against Thiram, a deer repellent applied to the seedlings. After a long day of work with the contaminated seedlings, transplanters often found themselves getting sick following an after-work beer. An investigation revealed that Thiram was chemically identical to Anabuse, the drug given alcoholics that induces vomiting and nausea if mixed with alcohol. Their campaign—based on that undeniably All-American right to drink a beer after a hard day's work—was successful, and Thiram was banned.

Their next fight was against herbicides, the chemical weedkillers commonly used to kill bushes that foresters thought were competing with trees. Hoedads feared that the chemicals in their air and drinking water were physically harmful, and blamed the instances of nausea and other ailments which occurred while working in or near sprayed areas on exposure. In 1975, the co-op contributed money to Citizens Against Toxic Sprays, in the first Oregon case that challenged a public agency's use of herbicides in forestland. The president of Hoedads also testified in the case, presenting the idea of a manual alternative to herbicides—employing people to cut brush with chainsaws.

Hoedads have continued their commitment to pesticide reform, persuading the Forest Service to test manual alternatives and helped develop other non-chemical methods of brush control (thus developing a new category of forest work that still offers employment opportunities throughout the Northwest). Groundwork Inc., a Hoedad offshoot, was formed in 1978 to test agency claims about the need for brush control. Hoedads also helped establish the Northwest Coalition for Alternatives to Pesticides (NACP), the nationally known pesticide reform group based in Eugene; and two of its members, Fred Miller and Norma Grier, became the first and current directors of the organization.

As forestworker cooperatives throughout the Northwest grew and multiplied during the 1970s, the Hoedads remained the largest, most well known, and militant. In its heyday, Eugene Central kept track of crews working throughout the entire region, including Alaska and Montana. Hundreds of thousands of acres were planted and, due to the strenuous work, and resultant high turnover, more than a thousand workers passed through Clinton St. Quarterly 17
Excerpts from the Hoedad newsletter, together

I want to get back to the crummy
I want to get off of the slope
My lunch has been waiting for hours
Somebody might smoke all my dope
My body is spinning out of control
There's snowflakes riding the breeze
I've got to get back to the crummy
But first I'll plant fifty more trees!

Jill C.
Cheap Thrills

Oregon is known as one of the cleanest legislatures in the USA.
This is true, but not very satisfying when you get close to this bought-off zoo.
Big-money lobbyists scurry around like a multitude of cockroaches.
We all heard the story of one legislative "leader" playing poker with a lobbyist and continually winning.
And that's just the tip of the iceberg.

Gerry Mackie

I'd like to see Hoedads move more in the direction of balancing out sexually and every other way.
The different experiences and viewpoints of men and women alike make for a broader and less naive approach to new situations.
I'm talking about sharing ideas on everything from rebuilding the national childhood, sex machines, and the proper way to run to first base.
I dig learning from people who have experienced trips that are much different from mine.

John Hakanson

After six years of frustration with Hoedads' lack of political/ cultural leading within the community and the state, I have finally realized there may be more value and influence in perfecting Hoedads as a tool for catalyzing other people's lives.
I'm trying to apply what I'm learning to other areas and people.
I wish you all high times and valuable struggles.
The revolution is our lives.

Chris

What's the difference between a stumpy and a treeplanter?
A stump is dead.
A treeplanter is too dumb to die.

M. J. Ogden and the rest of the Hoedad leadership, their idealism would have to be sacrificed to give the co-op a chance for survival.
"We had compromised our economic well-being with too much emphasis on political emphasis on political social goals —like involving women or having too much tolerance of poor work habits," Ogden explained.

According to Jack Viccardi, the president of another Eugene forestworker co-op, Second Growth, "The Hoedads have always been very political and fighting for social justice. For example, they were more committed to recruiting women than anyone else."
"Viccardi explained. "Second Growth has always been very different from Hoedads, with fewer workers and forming more stable homogeneous crews of generally older and more established males. Second Growth does hire women now (about 15 percent of its workforce) and uses support progressive policies (they were the first to begin a multi-year long campaign to recognize women for their priority is economic."
"Our mission," Viccardi noted, "is to create a successful worker-owned business — which is a fairly lofty thing to take on."

Second Growth recently decided to amass capital with the long-term goal of diversification and strengthening.
Their restructuring meant that the co-op will retain more of each individual's earnings, intending to use the money to purchase tools and a building for an office and shop.
"We purchased the building for the benefit of those who stay — too often co-ops reward transactional workers. We had recruited women who were new to us, but got all the benefits of membership," Viccardi noted.
"It was easy to see that the open door was a mistake, but it sure worked then."

The Hoedad leadership has been trying to develop that long-term perspective in its long labor force, but too often at a considerable cost.
Faced with declining income due to depressed market conditions and with the costs of the new bookkeeping system, the Hoedad management suggested a reduction in pay.
The membership vetoed the plan in April of 1983.
In the end, the efforts of the Hoedads, weakening, sometimes tearing apart the forestworker groups, and others around restructuring the co-op, marked the final victory.

From NWFWA's Executive Director J. R. Ogden and the rest of the Hoedad leadership.

Jill C.
Cheap Thrills

"We found contractors who hired illegal aliens and ripped them off mercilessly... It amounted to slavery.

Los Illegales

Some private contractors responded to the problem by paying lower wages and a narrowing (or non-existent) profit margin by legally cutting their labor costs.
The practice of hiring illegal aliens, paying them less than minimum wage, abandoning them when they become ill and both the generally male Hoedad leadership and other crews. Their approach to work were very different.
On the woman's crew, the emphasis was not just on work and discipline, but on nurturing our crew, hugging, combing each other's hair, making music together," she explained. "But eventually there was just no room made for a female voice in the Hoedads.

With the organizing restructuring and new bookkeeping system that was...
Chips off the ol’ Block

NCAP (Northwest Coalition for Alternatives to Pesticides) has its roots in the forestworkers’ struggle against Thiram and later 2,457. Several forestworker groups were in attendance at a meeting in 1977 in the Oregon Coast Range. When 17 organizations got NCAP off the ground, current NCAP Director Norm Grier joined Hoedads about that time. “A lot of people attracted to pesticide issues went into Hoedads. Many were women who wanted to work with other women. They were brand-new skills for most of us. . . operating a chain saw on a production basis.” While working in the Coast Range, a co-op became it from Silvex. That led to testimony in the 2,457 cancellation hearings.

For several years legal success was limited, but in January 1984, Federal District Judge James Burns ruled against the federal agencies using Thiram and ordered them to write “worse case analyses” before again applying the chemicals. NCAP filed the suit, based on previous litigation, along with the Oregon Environmental Council and the Portland Audubon Society. When Burns was informed in March that none of the agencies involved had complied with his request, he issued a full injunction against herbicide spraying, until the issue was resolved, and threatened to throw both the Secretaries of Agriculture and Interior in jail. The precedent set by the case has far-reaching implications, and there is now a case being tried to curb clearcutting on the Mapleton Ranger District near Eugene, calling for a worse case analysis due to the impact on fish habitats.

Needless to say, the federal agencies involved are scrambling to find a way to avoid compliance with Judge Burns’ requirements. But it’s a major victory nonetheless, and Grier happily asserts, “It has given us a lot of credibility. Our morale is very raised. We can make a difference.”

In 1979 when the Northwest Forest Workers Association was formed, a health insurance program was created as a concrete benefit for the member cooperatives. Successful from the start, some 450 members were enrolled at the program’s height. Then the Administration hit implanting, remembers Rick Koven, the first NFWA director and current president of Workers Trust, Inc.

In October 1981, the NFWA board ceded off the program, urging Workers Trust to go national, to help ensure the survival of the critical insurance program for its members. Two and a half years later, Workers Trust is a totally autonomous health insurance company, with 3200 member owners representing 400 organizations in 40 states. Membership is currently limited to worker-owned businesses and self-employed individuals. Koven is interested in “acting outwardly as a stimulus for transforming American business in a democratic fashion. We believe the workplace should be democratic. Insurance is just a product. It’s not ultimately what we do.” Future plans includes expansions into group buying, telecommunications, networking and pension plans. Koven sees Workers Trust as both the beneficiary and second generation of the forestworker co-ops “No one in the Hoedads could see past tree planting. And the conditions of the time pass by. In order to create economic institutions to make a lasting contribution to communities, they need to be sustained. Here we want to create a lasting economic institution.”

Though his years in the woods are happily behind him (Koven was a member of Great Nolita Co-op), he feels the experience was valuable. “What about the thousands of people who went through, picked up something and carried it elsewhere? We’re not doing too badly for ex-tree-planters.”

forced on the co-ops, the Hoedads decided to eliminate the autonomous crews. That meant the “right of the separate women’s organization. The women accused the leadership of bowing unnecessarily to government pressure. “In the past, Hoedads was more willing to make a stand. Now they aren’t bothered with issues, only money,” Reeves stated.

She also cited the rift between treeplanters (generally men) and those crews that preferred other types of forestry work, like timber stand examinations and cone collecting (generally women). The Hoedads largely believed that the women’s crew was the cause of major financial losses. But in fact, Reeves said, it was the treeplanting crews that incurred 70 percent of the losses, and the work that the women’s crew performed actually made money. Whatever the case, the percentage of women in Hoedads dropped from 35 percent in early 1983 to the present 15 percent.

Back to Basics

For reasons good or bad, the Hoedads and the other surviving Northwest forestworker co-ops have tightened their operations to withstand the current economic and political pressures. There are those who can envision another period of growth. Genny Macek foresees a NFWA again composed of 14 co-ops. “We’ve learned from this experience, and we’re growing with a stronger footing and in a more businesslike manner.”

Yet there aren’t many 40-year-old treeplanters. The work is so physically demanding. Many have moved on, in their involvement with these worker-owned businesses a watershed experience in their lives. With revascularization efforts throughout the rest of the region, the J.R. Ogden muses, “The founders are getting old; the gypsy days are behind us. If we get through this year, we will have to recruit new people and educate them to continue this idea.” Though in their darkest hour this winter he gave the Hoedads only a 75 percent chance of survival, they have rebounded this spring. Both Hoedads and Second Growth garnered large contracts planting in the ashes of Mount St. Helens. Rekindles one of the phoenix.

Bill London is a free-lance writer living in the North Idaho woods who writes on forestry and environmental topics.
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Parents have to sign a permission slip for their children to attend and class is held in the evening. Boys go on one night, girls on another. On the boys' night, everyone files into the cafeteria for the lecture. The cafeteria smells of milk and disinfectant. The man who lectures uses the empty salad bar as a lectern. He peeks over the cash register. It's a little like a doctor's examining room, all those empty stainless steel trays usually filed with vegetables and cheese, sunflower seeds and dressings. Only now they're empty.

The teacher puts his notes and visual aids down. He's got transparent models of different parts of the body — the head, the heart, the midsection, the genitalia. When he sets it down, the head rolls into the lettuce tray. The heart rests where tomorrow there will be ranch dressing. The midsection stands facing the students. It is very quiet in the room as the teacher picks up the transparent genitalia, a disembodied penis and testicles supported by a steel rod and mounted on a wooden base. There is a nylon string in the rod and a hinge on the penis. When the teacher pulls the string down, the penis lifts up on the hinge.

The teacher begins to explain an erection. Like a tic, he pulls on the string so the penis goes up and down as he talks. That swinging penis looks like a railroad warning gate gone crazy. The teacher mentions sessileous glands that secrete a substance of very peculiar odor. The students hear about the integument, the erectile tissue, the corpora cavernosa and the arteries, branches and capillary network. It's not very sexy. Matter of fact, it's unpleasant. Some students say the teacher is a sissy, the practical penis going up and down.

Before discussing the testicles, the teacher explains surgical anatomy of the region. He says the penis occasionally requires removal for malignant disease. If this becomes necessary, the operation can be performed by cutting off the whole of the anterior part with one sweep of the knife. The teacher makes the sweeping gesture with his left hand and in the next moment stands holding the severed penis like a cucumber in his right. In the room there is an audible gasp. The teacher laughs and reassembles his model. It's a joke. He's a jerk, some students think. The rest of the evening is uneventful.

Riding home on his bicycle, it occurs to one student that through he's never thought of it before, his penis is in the way. And the narrow seat slices into his testicles like a dull knife. As the days go by it proves impossible to shake this feeling.

Next week he rides to his second sex education class. This time he hears about the minus venetis, the labia majora and minora, the clitoris, the meatus urinarius and the orifice of the vagina. The teacher again shows transparent models but plays no tricks. Riding home the student notices the beam his bike light throws onto the road. There preceding him lies a pattern of light and dark that looks like a vagina, the light's hesitant rings around a narrow vertical opening. The student switches off the light and rides the dark familiar street home. Convinced not to fall in a pothole or hit a curb, he forgets the week-long discomfort in his crotch.

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Put Quality on Your Table
There was no one behind the counter at Meats & Dead Things. Mrs. Gittleman banged on the counter with a can of Veg-Glop.

"Well? Is anyone at home? So help an old lady already."

She dumped several rolls on his head.

"A smart shopper you'll never be. Paper towels are far more absorbent."

Mrs. Gittleman critically surveyed the selection of breads on the shelf marked "Breads & Inert Elements."

"I've got a choice upright Yamaha. It's the piano famine, you know." Mrs. Gittleman hit the counter top with a can of Veg-Glop. "You see, Mrs. Gittleman, I have no Steinway. I haven't had one for a week."

"With me you know you're eating the right thing, Don't care about being fat."

Arnie peered closely at the grandson in the cart. "Are you okay?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Gittleman, I have no Steinway. I haven't had any for a week."

"Grandma, I don't want piano, I want bananas." Mrs. Gittleman maneuvered her shopping cart down the Frozen Plant Sap aisle and into Breads & Inert Elements. As she filled the cart with food, the pianist said, "But nothing is what they feed you at home? Junk they feed you at home!"

"Junk they feed you at home!"

Mrs. Gittleman rolled a two-pack of Squeeze 'ems against a rack of salami. Mrs. Gittleman picked up a large cotto salami. "A holster on her belt. Miriam of the Kosher Patrol leaned her cart against a rack of Cellobioid Party Snacks and came toward them. A holster on her belt held a large cotto salami."

"Grandma, I don't want piano, I want bananas." Mrs. Gittleman hit the counter top with a can of Veg-Glop. "All right already! So help an old lady already."
what you want, you should live so long.”

Arnie weighed out two pounds of fresh
Yamaha. “Do you like bass strings?” he
asked.

“T’ll be very nice. I’d like a leg, too.”

Arnie gave him a neatly wrapped two-
pound package of Yamaha piano. “Here
you are, Mrs. Gittelman.”

She sighed. “I never thought I’d have to buy Yamaha to feed my family.”

“You don’t have to,” Mendel said.

“Mendel, my love, if you don’t behave,
I’ll let the Pac-Man into the house tonight
to eat you.” Mendel crowned behind a
day of Chip Chunkies, the Cookie with
More Chip to the Church.

Goodbye, Mrs. Gittelman,” Arnie said.

“Interesting blender you have there.

“I’m not a blender,” Mendel corrected
him.

“That’s right,” his grandmother said.

“He’s a banana head.”

They were rolling into the Take Your
Chances Bake Shop when they heard a
siren behind them. It was a two-wheeled
shopping cart equipped with flashing red
lights, pushed by a woman in a blue and
white uniform. The woman was making
this siren noise by screeching through a
carboard tube.

Mendel recognized her from his read-
ings in various comic books, “It’s Miriam
of the Kosher Patrol!”

“Oh, hell,” said Mrs. Gittelman.

Mendel of the Kosher Patrol leaned her
cart against a rack of Celuloid Party
Snacks and came towards them. A hol-
der on her belt held a large cotto sallows.

“Identification, please.”

Mrs. Gittelman opened her purse and
extracted a small square of cardboard.
She handed it over.

“Mrs. Ruth Gittelman, second base.”

Miriam had. She studied the data on
the back of the card. “Too many strikeouts
last season, Mrs. Gittelman.”

“Excuse me for living.”

“Is this the blender, Mrs. Gittelman?”

“I am not a blender!”

“Mendel, stop yeling! You’ll never
catch a husband like the way you’re going.
Officer Miriam, this is my grandson. Men-
del the banana head.”

“I see.” Miriam returned the card and
began searching the contents of Mrs. Git-
telman’s cart. “Ah,” she said, holding a
loaf of Alt, “Thin-Sliced Foam Roll!”

“Do we have to put it back?” Mendel
asked, hopefully.

“No,” Mrs. Gittelman said. She grab-
bed another loaf and read the label aloud.

“This product has been ritually slaught-
ered to conform with the strictest
kosher standards.”

Miriam consulted her handbook, frowned, reluctantly tossed the bread
back into the cart. “It’s okay.”

“Maybe you think so,” Mendel said.

Mrs. Gittelman whacked him on the head
with a package of Two-Ply Wipe Ups.

“A shot!” Miriam cried.

“My foot is in that,” Mendel said.

“Would you please hurry?” Mrs. Gitt-
elman asked. “I don’t want to miss my fa-
vorite soap opera. Leslie is going to blow
off Bruno’s dog on Life’s Tender
Moments.”

Miriam yelled in triumph. She had
found the package of piano. “Is this
Yamaha piano?”

“No,” Mrs. Gittelman said. “It’s a dou-
ble-rock Strabcoster with reverb. What
difference does it make what it is?”

“Mrs. Gittelman, Yamaha piano is not
kosher. I’ll have to read you your rights.”

Arnie the Meat Man wouldn’t sell me
piano if it wasn’t kosher,” Mrs. Gittelman
said.

“Yahmat! Fei! I should feed Yamaha
to my only grandson who is eating out
dw home and house! Please
let me have two pounds of Steinway like
always.”

“You have the right to remain silent. If
you do remain silent, we’ll make some-
thing up.”

“I was only thinking of my grandson!”

“Stop thinking of me,” Mendel said.

“You have the right to representation
in court. If you cannot afford it, the court
will appoint an Orthodox rabbi to repre-
sent you.”

Mrs. Gittelman hefted her can of Veg-
Glop. “Get out of my life, Miriam, or I’ll
tattoo your teeth.”

Miriam backed off. “I’m reporting this
to Central,” she said. “You can’t get away
with it. And as for your grandson or bren-
der or whatever, he can just forget his
Bar Mitzvah.”

“You’re too late,” Mendel said. “I’m
thirty years old; I’ve already had my Bar
Mitzvah.”

“We can make it retroactive!” Miriam
yelled, pushing her cart at too speed
over the Piss & Vinegar aisle. Mrs. Gitt-
elman’s can of Veg-Glop sailed after
her. Scratch one can of Veg-Glop,” Mendel
said.

“Scratch two pounds of Yamaha piano,” Mrs. Gittelman wheeled the cart
around. “I’m trading it. It’s not worth the
aggravation.”

“What are you planning to trade it for?”
Mendel asked, fearfully.

“Guitarophone,” Mrs. Gittelman said.

Mendel climbed on a sack of Noetic
Burger’s “Abandon ship,” he cried, drop-
ning over the side. “Miriam, wait for me!”

Mrs. Gittelman stopped the cart.

Choosing a Magna Crayola from her
purse, she armered her shopping list to
read “Stop dept. store home way — buy
blender.” And she continued on her way to
Meats & Dead Things, and the smiling
assistance of Arnie the Meat Man.

Steven Bryan Bieler is a Seattle writer
who has just finished a two-year adventure in self-publishing.

T. Michael Gardiner is a Seattle artist who
is designing this year’s Bumbershoot
poster.
“A Bitter Bug

An Excerpt

By Carol Van Strum

Excerpted here is one tale of many that activated an unaware populace to resist the drift boom in our region. Strum chronicles this struggle in the forests, homes and courtrooms of our region.

In an important new book, A Bitter Bug, author Carol Van Strum chronicles this struggle in the forests, homes and courtrooms of our region.

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November 9–December 7
Anne Hughes is offering prizes to do something to her pantry back stairs. She felt a contest would be the most appropriate way, to not only get the job done, but to have an art show and a get-together all in one shot. Actually, there will be two categories to the contest. 1. An idea that would be executed by the artist and: 2. Impossible Dreams or Pie-in-the-sky-creations strictly for viewing, discussing and laughing at (if they happen to be funny).

The Prizes: Category 1. $100 cash along with $50 for expenses in executing the winning idea, plus one week of bed and board at Anne Hughes Guest House complete, first cabin.

Category 2. One week of bed and board at Anne Hughes Guest House complete, first cabin.

The rules: All entries must be rendered using the diagram furnished in the ad below in any medium so desired, in the middle of a 12" x 12" surface.

Deadline: August 11, 1984 and will be judged by a distinguished panel of internationally renowned judges (one even as far off as Scappoose). All entries will be exhibited at Anne Hughes Guest House from August 18 through September 21st. Winners will be announced at the Wednesday breakfast at Anne Hughes Guest House, August 22, 1984. A gala opening will be held August 18th 5:30 till.

Here is a diagram of the area for you to use in creating your rendered entry piece.

For further information call Anne Hughes at 227-4440. An on-site viewing of the actual pantry back stairs may be arranged by appointment if so desired.
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Throw a party July 29th.

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Give the kind of party you’ve always wanted to have...always. Oregon Freeze Voter ‘84 is inviting a number of celebrities to appear as mystery guests at some of the parties. Your party could be one of them.

PROVE George Orwell wrong.
PROVE we don’t have to drift toward militarism.
PROVE we can take a giant step toward real arms control.
PROVE we can elect a congress whose first priority is a nuclear weapons freeze.

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Martin Luther King, Jr.

HERE’S how to have a FREEZE ‘84 PARTY!

• You host a fundraising party.
• Invite your friends and decide how much to charge them.
• Guest donations and your costs count as a tax credit. Ideally, each party should raise between $100.00 to $150.00.
• Send the money to Oregon Freeze Voter ‘84.
• Be wild. Be imaginative. Give a party no one will ever forget.

Here are some great parties already planned:

• Tea and croquet and chiffon on the lawn for 100 guests.
• Twenty break dancers on the patio with Perrier and Baby Ruth candies.
• Delicate deserts and strong coffee for ten.

Or... if your heart is filled with romance and chance, set the table for two, light the candles, and wait for a mystery guest to knock on your door (but don’t forget to send Oregon Freeze Voter ‘84 the $800.00).

While in Portland on May 11, 1984, Dr. Helen Caldicott stated: "The next six months are all we have. We must elect a President and a Congress who will make a nuclear weapons freeze their first priority. This election is the most important election in history.

Please promote peace...the most essential cause on the planet.

House a year ago. I met his daughter, Patti; she heard me talk. I was speaking at the Playboy mansion and she said, "I want you to speak to my dad. If there is one person on earth who can change his mind, it's you." So we went. I said to him, "You probably don’t know who I am." He said, "Yes, I do. You’re an Australian who read On the Beach and you’re frightened of nuclear war." And I said, "Yes, that’s right." And he said, "I too believe in preventing nuclear war but I believe in building more bombs." Then he told me the Russians were all totally evil godless communists—exactly the same way, incidentally, that he used to speak about the Chinese—and I asked him, had he ever met one? And he said no, he hadn’t.

When I read my psychiatry books 20 years ago that was the definition of paranoia.

Then we went flat out for an hour and a quarter. He started out telling me about weapons systems. He didn’t want to talk about the medical or scientific effects of nuclear war. Just the numbers of bombs—missile envy it is. And so it was just as if he had learned his data on it by rote for the teleprompter. He had absolutely no background knowledge to debate any point with me at all. I’ve rarely met such an uninformed person who was in a position of high office.

And as I moved in to correct him (and I was pretty tough with him; there was no animosity though), his eyes just glazed over.

To give you an indication of his lack of knowledge, there was an article in the New York Times several months ago stating that he was meeting with a group of congressmen, and he told them that, until recently, he hadn’t realized that the Soviet Union system of heavy land-across the nation and in every city in Oregon, people are throwing terrific parties to benefit the Nuclear Weapons Freeze.

Give the kind of party you’ve always wanted to have...always. Oregon Freeze Voter ‘84 is inviting a number of celebrities to appear as mystery guests at some of the parties. Your party could be one of them.

PROVE George Orwell wrong.
PROVE we don’t have to drift toward militarism.
PROVE we can take a giant step toward real arms control.
PROVE we can elect a congress whose first priority is a nuclear weapons freeze.

"If you are not part of the solution then you are part of the problem.

Martin Luther King, Jr.

HERE’S how to have a FREEZE ‘84 PARTY!

• You host a fundraising party.
• Invite your friends and decide how much to charge them.
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To give you an indication of his lack of knowledge, there was an article in the New York Times several months ago stating that he was meeting with a group of congressmen, and he told them that, until recently, he hadn’t realized that the Soviet Union system of heavy land-based missiles were concentrated on the land.

But what shocked me more than anything else, apart from his lack of knowledge and his paranoia, was his lack of empathy. Both Patti and I were deeply distressed at the end.

It’s very frightening because Einstein said that the splitting of the atom changed everything, save man’s mode of thinking. Thus we drift to unparalleled catastrophe.

Now a President like this wouldn’t have mattered 40 years ago. He would have been a nice guy, everyone would have liked him, everything would have been fine. But now he can actually blow up the world and kill 4.5 billion people. I think he is the most dangerous President this country has ever had, because he practices pre-nuclear thinking with absolutely no understanding of what he is doing. • Peace activist Helen Caldicott recently published Nuclear Madness and Missile Envy.

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Once per customer.
Fred Hopkins knows his stuff, and Fred's stuff is primarily the youth culture mementos of the 1950s and 1960s: the records, posters, publications and films that chronicled and accompanied young America's long-term rebellion, romance and even rebellion's death-grip with the powerful tods of surf music, pinball machines, motorcycles, underground-on-the-road elements, the British rock invasion and OZ glamour. Fred, an alcoholic by profession, spends his afternoons processing over the inessentials of the sport of field hockey in Seattle's University Village. The store abounds with records by groups of the same Fontana and the Monkees besides to Dick Dale and the Deltones. Not satisfied with this inventory of just the hippest and most active...<br/>

Potentially, it was probably the least psychedelic night of the year. Business was slow, a film was overdue from my Hollywood distribution, and most of all, the weather was persistently pouring down. Most of my mental safety levels had been exceeded, and when an anamnestic and perpetually Jeff Simmons burst through my door yelling something about a mentalist in Tacoma, it nearly pushed me over the brink. Jeff isn't the type to be interested in mentalists, instrumentalsists certainly. He's one of the most talented musicians that I've ever met, a multi-instrumentalist who grew up in Seattle, played bass and guitar with Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention for a few years, toured with the likes of Dion and Maria Muldaur, then returned to his home town to study keyboard and play in several local bands. And he shares my passion for the great sounds that issued forth during the post-Beatles era. Of The Rain," his only post-Beatle hit, released in 1969. Since then, Gary Lewis has faded into almost total obscurity. "What if he's not the real Gary Lewis?" I asked Jeff. "Maybe he's just like those guys who call themselves 'The Archies' and just keep doing gigs until somebody buys them out." "He's real," Jeff shot back, and "he's got his Playboys with him!" I still had my doubts. "If he's the real Gary Lewis, why isn't he appearing in Seattle?"<br/>

Eisenhower years and kept coming throughout the turbulent 60s. I'd known him to get excited about a weirdo-unheard beach party movie soundtrack for a subterranean b-side, but I'd never heard him express any interest in mentalists. "I'm not into mentalists, man," I told him, turning over the copy of Bobby Vee Meet the Crickets that was playing on the turntable. "Kneak, Geller, whoever — I've got no use for that." "But this one's opening for Gary Lewis!" Jeff explained. "And I've gotta see Gary!" Gary Lewis? The former comedian Jerry Lewis's son; the guy who hung out at the top of the charts for years in the 60s with hit after hit. My Gary Lewis fan was brimming with copas of 'This Diamond Ring,' 'She's Just My Style,' "Everybody Loves A Clown" and "Sure Gonna Miss Her," and I had at least one copy of 'Green Grass,' 'Girls In Love,' "My Heart's Symphony," "Save Your Heart For Me," and "Count Me In" — all released before Lewis joined the U.S. Army and served a hitch in Vietnam. I had even hung onto a copy of 'Rhythm
thing about being with the press and wanting to talk to Gary, he yelled, "Hey Gary! Come on over here!"

"Very intense, man," Gary answered me. "Very intense. Hey, you want me to sign pictures or something?"

"Sure!" I replied, thrusting a handful of records he wanted from my grasp. Gary thanked us and ran out on stage to the strains of "Everybody Loves A Clown." "What a pro, man, what a pro," we both exclaimed, and went to sit down right in front of the stage. Gary looked great, he had the right moves, and he sounded fantastic. The years hadn't done a thing to him or us.

I was drifting again. Meeting Gary Lewis had given me a lot to think about. Suddenly, Jeff was nudging me. "He's crisp. He's good, he had the right moves, and he sounded fantastic. The years hadn't done a thing to him or us.

As we entered the room a tuxedoed man on the stage was asking the crowd if anyone in the front row had a last name beginning with the letter "K." "This must be the mentalist," I told Jeff. "I'll be right back." I searched for and found the men's room, an extremely hygenic-looking lavatory.

Tres really took me back, and as I came out a few minutes later my mind was a million miles away. Jeff grabbed my arm. "I saw Gary backstage, man!" he blurted. "I've gotta talk to him!" That's what we were really there for, and it seemed natural to walk right through the stage door. We were met by the stage manager, and after we mumbled something about being with the press and wanting to talk to Gary, he yelled, "Hey Gary! Come on over here!"

With virtually no fanfare we were face-to-face with the fair haired boy of '60s American dreams, the man who sang the soundtracks of at least ten other youthsurf movies which were never released.

While I speculated on what kind of a sick world would leave ten beach movies moulting and forgotten in some sorry-looking abandoned warehouse. Jeff volunteered his services as a keyboard player for the rest of Gary's tour. "We're covered on that one, but thanks," Gary told him. "Hey, do you guys want some pictures or something?"

"Sure!" I replied, thrusting a handful of records into his hands. "Yeah, Gary," I continued, as he scribbled his name on the jackets, "I saw this old Jerry Lewis movie where he was an airline pilot and opens a luggage compartment and you guys come out singing 'Little Miss Go-Go' and he slams the door on you."

Gary nodded his head. "Yeah," he said. "That was heavy."

"I told Gary how difficult it is to get a reference to one of the platters that I was clutching in both hands, and I had been so lost in my post-adolescent reveries that I'd missed it. Now the spotlight was on me. I fumbled to my feet and stumbled onto the stage, as Gary plucked the records he wanted from my grasp. "Wow! I remember this one!" his amplified voice roared, as he held the record up for the audience to see. "Leon Russel and I wrote it in 1965! It went to the Top Ten in most cities ... I hope you like it."'

Gary handed the disk back to me and I returned to my spot on the floor, as the Playboys eased into the opening strains of "Sure Gonna Miss Her" and I was back into the world of Gary Lewis, back in my comfort zone.

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They brought that White Train through town again the other day. Don't ask me why they keep bringing it. We stopped it the first time back in '84. A bunch of people lying on the tracks, primitive but very effective. Three hours in the rain, the cops peering at us and us peering back at them with bread and raincoats. The Department of Energy called up the FBI, they did a big investigation, lots of headlines. They never convicted anyone. Had a photo of Ronald Reagan glued to the screen and he was saying things all those teevees. Glass and plastic product."

"As they left, the locals blew up the track. So they routed the train up north through the Gorge. Figured they'd sneak it through Vancouver and then up to the submarine base. They got it through Vancouver all right, but up around Castle Rock they ran into trouble. They decided, forget about Portland. So they routed the train up north through Yakima, over the Cascades. Problem was, the train derailed in six feet of snow. The folks up in the mountains were not too pleased about having a couple hundred nuclear missiles just lying there in the snow, waiting for spring. Once the train got out, the locals blew up the track. Now that's what I call direct action."

Next time they brought it down the track, they started making splits me a little wider. A wall of dead television sets. Hundreds of 'em, all shapes and sizes. Ancient Philcos with round picture tubes, Magnavoxes, Sonys, you name it. Each one had a photo of Ronald Reagan glued to the screen and he was saying things like, "Progress is our most important linament?"

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WHILE YOU WERE OUT: A huge and awesome pink slip from an office message pad is illuminated over the stage. A successive scramble of strange and silly notes appears, like a journal of missed communications, miscommunications, and slipped dial tones. "Time: noon. Caller: no one. Message: none." "Was that extra cheese you wanted on your pizza?" "Of, was it anchovies?" "Tried to deliver pizza. Will try again tomorrow."

The inclusion of this familiar stationery in Laurie Anderson's Sunday, June 3, concert at the Hult Center in Eugene strikes me with some private irony, since less than a week before I got a message from one 'Lois Anderson' (sic). 'Ok. Who is this really?' I wondered.

My introduction to Laurie Anderson had been in 1981, when a friend in New York sent me a tape of what was his favorite music at the time, and it included her hit single, 'O Superman,' and the flip side, 'Walk the Dog.' Ward music, I thought, but I liked it. That single sold more than 300,000 copies and was on pop charts around the world. By the time the Big Science album came out on Warner Bros. I was listening to the lyrics. I was already tired of discussions about whether she was a musician or a performance artist, a wizard, an actress, a comedian, a poet, a feminist or a filmmaker, because I didn't really care. She had so much to say and she spoke in the voice of a close friend — she was funny, but her words made a lot of sense. What's amazing is that I felt this connection with her music without ever having seen her in performance, and now I was going to talk to her.

After four or five more interchanges of message chatter, electronic reproductions of our voices met up for a telephone interview.

CSG: In the Musician interview you said, "When I'm onstage I'm definitely looking at the audience. I like to see who comes to those things. 'Well, who does? How would you characterize your audience?'"

LA: Laurie Anderson: 'I'm never able to predict. It's always a little different. It depends on the city and who was promoting the concert. Sometimes it's people who've just heard this record. If an art organization has supported the concert, it's more of an art crowd.'

The Hult Center is sick, and still brand new. If it were a car, it would still smell new. It's hard to imagine a better facility for the kind of show Anderson does. Ironically, it wasn't the art crowd that put her there. Although Portland Center for the Visual Arts, her sponsor on two previous occasions, also supported this year's production, it was presented by Bill Graham and Double Tree Promotions. The backing was commercial and music-oriented, but the audience still represented a somewhat artistic milieu. Hundreds of Portlanders were sent on a cultural pilgrimage to Eugene.

Her performances have special requirements, since they often include props, film, light projections, and complicated sound systems. She uses a Vocal-o and a Synclavier, and plays a special tape-bow violin. Her own invention, it's a violin that has been reftilled with an audio head mounted on the body of the violin, which plays a tape on the bow — backwards and forwards — as the bow is rubbed back and forth across it. Anderson has an 'electronics designer' to create gadgets like this from her specifications.

She played a real violin quite seriously at one time but gave up practicing it when she was in high school. She still plays occasionally, during concerts, alternating it with the tape-box. And at one point during the Eugene concert three ghostly voices, painted white, were lowered down to the performers. The instrument has gone through so many metamorphoses for her that it's turned into an independent visual icon.

In her hands, the telephone has undergone a similar transformation, and I find it hard not to be self-conscious talking to somebody whose whole scheme is language. Somebody who's been relentlessly satirizing collisions between humans and machines since her hit, 'O Superman.' "Hi. I'm not home right now. But if you want to leave a message, just start talking at the sound of the tone." Who repeats the theme of missing persons on her latest album, Mister Heartbreak, with the song 'Sharkey's Day.' "Mr. Sharkey? He's not at his desk right now. Could I take a message?" Whose Eugene concert includes a ski where she's talking on the phone and the talk gets to be a kind of expectant patter, 'Lunch? Next week? OK, Bye bye. Unhuh. Take it easy. Take care. All right... Bye bye.'

CSG: I like the way you used repetition and ambiguity on the Big Science album [1982], in lines such as, 'Isn't it, isn't it just, isn't it just like a woman?' The lyrics for Mister Heartbreak are a lot more narrative, and yet it's harder for me to tell what they're about.

LA: 'One day. I suppose you could call that narrative. Pause. Dramatic, actually, was my goal. Big Science was clay. It was more of a film. Mister Heartbreak this year's attempt to respect the form of the record. I was shooting for what you might call a depth of field in sound.'

CSG: I have a hard time visualizing Sharkey, for example. Or did this have a number of possible ways of triggering him. What's he supposed to look like?

LA: 'This was the first time I tried to write fiction in the third person. I was always suspicious when writers said, 'This character just writes itself.' After all, they couldn't really put themselves anywhere. But once you give the character a name, it's a lot easier... I don't particularly have a visual image for that song. I guess I connect it with the video that goes with it in the concert, it's related to the masks that everybody wears.'

These masks turn out to be rather inscrutable. The expressionless features are primitive, reduced to minimal, geometric shapes. The look could be horror, ignorance, or just the common denominator of human emotion. Sharkey resembles a blank, a missing person. I think of predatory salesmen, politicians, pool sharks looking for a sucker, greedy businessmen calculating profits, and the genuine stern's both I keep in a box as a kid. Arm flinching in the wind when he sounds like a bad guy.

The Hult Center is massive and, coincidentally, the galleries outside the Clinton St. Quarterly.
I was already tired of discussions about whether Laurie Anderson was a musician or a performance artist, a wizard, an actress, a comedian, a poet, a feminist or a filmmaker, because I didn’t really care; she had so much to say and she spoke in the voice of a close friend.

Anderson is a musician or a performance artist, a wizard, an actress, a comedian, a poet, a feminist or a filmmaker, because I didn’t really care; she had so much to say and she spoke in the voice of a close friend.

The concert has just begun, but the storytelling is well under way. My puzzle about the lyrics to Mister Heartbreak is abating as they are supplemented by Anderson’s anecdotal style, the gestures of the backup vocalists, props that float down from the ceiling, and the new album is the musicality of it. The show is carefully synchronized; parts of it are pre-recorded. Despite the pre-arranged program, and the fact that the Eugene concert is a step in a new direction. Peter Gabriel, Phoebe Snow, David Van Tieghem, and Nile Rogers are also on the album, and there is a whole spectrum of exotic instruments — electronic corn, Cameroon double bass, lyres, flutes and trumpets — as well as the surprisingly standard guitar, bass and drums.

Before I saw the performance, this scared me: I was afraid that instead of gaining a band, we’d just a rake. CSQ: Mister Heartbreak is more musical than documentary, so isn’t something lost, some of you?...
right now. Visually, it’s film. I like Peter Greenaway for his very, very odd camera angles and odd narratives. He’s best known for his film, The Draughtsman’s Contract.

CSQ: What about painters?

L.A.: I’ve tended to change a lot depend­
ing William Burroughs, “Language is a

AA: When I’d heard it on the album,

Patti Smith, and lyrics in French and

Mister Heartbreak,

meaning. When I’d heard it on the album,

...). The video pauses in the middle, at

zles, tongue-in-cheek, since, after all,

the Japanese language

stuff with words. The “falling snow” could be TV

static or some kind of atomic rain, and

future, I close my eyes.” The hand-held

paper fans on stage are mirrored in fan

shapes on the screen above that suggest

“this is the picture, you connect the dots,”

I am withdrawn but not exhausted. The rain is beating down on the

side. In two film sequences, an enorm­

ous cold. She’s willing to get very close to the

habitual twitch, every nuance of expres­

sion. It’s supposed to work.” Or she gives us

infantile,” she laments. Her face is cor­

mance of “Walk the Dog,” which she did

at about 1:00, and now I feel like a modern girl

who’s out tonight”; I feel like a modern girl

to go back home: “Now you know she

knows she’ll never go back

duces these longings for the good old

core. One of the lines describes Dolly

herself with talent — and forcing us to do

whole experience: she made us leave

living in the present, and forcing us to do

mater Heartbreak.

So I asked her about her future projects, she replied that in fact she was working on a video disk and a film of several short stories set to music for release later this

The rain is beating down on the

windshield as I drive back to Portland

after her performance. When I tucked

away from me past me. I’m blinded for a minute

or so by the blast of water and can only

see their red tail lights. My friend is silent,

and I am withdrawn but not exhausted. Laura Anderson’s images and phrases are

mixing in my head in a dialogue with

impressive pieces of piano music that I am

enjoying on the radio. “The satellites are

out tonight”: I feel like a modern girl

speeding along the autobahn. Ordinarily,

I don’t drive. This is a rented car; it turns

out that it was a lot cheaper to rent a car

than to take the train or even Greyhound —

by some mystery of American trans­

port, I’m thinking of the closing solo perfor­

mance of “Walk the Dog,” which she did

when the audience demanded an en­

core. One of the lines describes Dolly

Parson singing about how she just wants to

go back home. “Now you know she
doesn’t wanna go back home, and she

knows she’ll never go back there.” It’s a

nostalgia like Shary’s that pro­
duces these longings for the good old
days. Anderson’s personality and intel­

gence contrasts so sharply with the

nostalgia of her music, and yet she’s just as rooted in America. She’s

living in the present, and forcing us to do

so too.

Anna Schmidt writes on visual arts and
edits the calendar for Williamette Week.

Tim Braun is a Portland artist who recently

retained in Evergreen State University for

Olympia.

At one point, she plays her own body like an instrument.

She hits herself in the head, slaps her knee, her shoulder

and various other parts; she coaxes out a whole percussive

symphony. But nobody’s sure how she does it. Its always

she’s full of tricks.

It became dull and stupid to be ‘happy as

a clam.’

Communication is no longer separate

from technology, as Anderson is always
telling us. There are new ways to misun­

derstand each other. And embedded in

all these modern signals inevitably is a

sort of warning, a few threats of nuclear

extinction. The song “Excellsior! For

example, seems to be about military plaines.
The “falling snow” could be TV

static or some kind of atomic rain, and

the warning is there...” — when I see the

future, I close my eyes.” The hand-held

paper fans on stage are mirrored in fan

shapes on the screen above that suggest

the pattern of radioactive waves spread­

ing out after an explosion. The victim of

Heichroms and the nuclear weapon are

linked through this one Japanese symb­

ol. The words warn, “watch out,” then,

“this is the picture, you connect the dots,”

as through the song had a linguisticentalia

She rendition gives the song a whole new

meaning. When I heard it on the album, it

was a cute and possibly naughty story. Now

it seems she’s reinvented the myth.

Original sin isn’t phallic or sneaky myth

tongues, it’s the Big Lie. It’s the way

words get twisted and communication be­comes a matter of reading between

the lines. It is the important tool the story

of the snake, or is it the distracting little

words she uses so deliberately and that

look so spontaneous? What really: not us

kicked out of paradise was when the

man and the woman contracted the language

bug and stopped communicating, when

another side of Sharyke — is nostalgia.

Anderson hasn’t thrown love out the

window, and her performance is far from

cold. She’s willing to get very close to the

audience, to let us see her vulnerable

side. In two film sequences, an enorm­

cous close up of her face reveals every

habitual twitch, every nuance of expres­

sion. This could easily have come across

as an Orwellian Big Sister — instead its

effect is intimate. Slowly and sheepishly

she explains. “When I talk, I always try to

appear more intelligent than I really am. It’s supposed to work.” Or she gives us

her interpretation of dreams. “The color’s

— by some mystery of American trans­

port, I’m thinking of the closing solo perfor­

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As Anderson sings this

“uh. . .anyway. . let’s see. . .OK.” It’s as

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image of American trans­

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