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#116 AUGUST 1996

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AGENDA

ANN ARBOR'S ALTERNATIVE NEWSMONTHLY

Clearcut ...Not So Clear Cut

Old-Growth Forests,
Spotted Owls,
Loggers,
Salmon,
Consumers.

By Elizabeth Clare

INSIDE:

MUSIC: •Shea on New Releases

•Goldsmith on Lisa Hunter

BOOKS: •Agnew on Crime Fiction

•Literary Events Calendar

SCREEN: Cantú on "Safe" and "Living in Oblivion"

ARTS AGENDA: Buck on Gallery News

Arwulf's Election Year Mantra

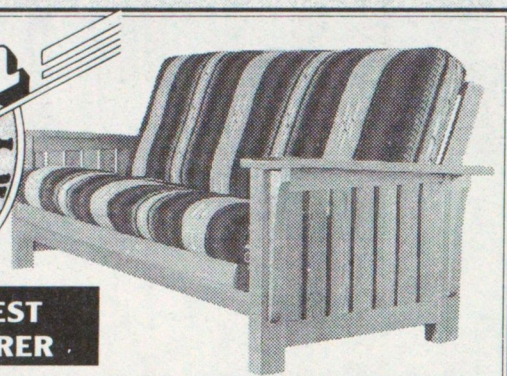
COMMUNITY EVENTS CALENDAR

BULK RATE
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Logger awaiting helicopter drop at staging area (Siuslaw River, Oregon Coast Range)

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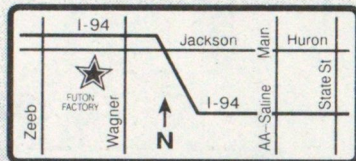
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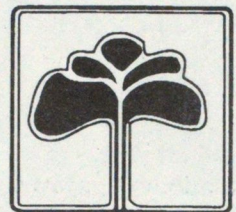


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Bananas • Avocados • Yams • Beets • Kale or Collard Greens • Gourmet Salad Mix

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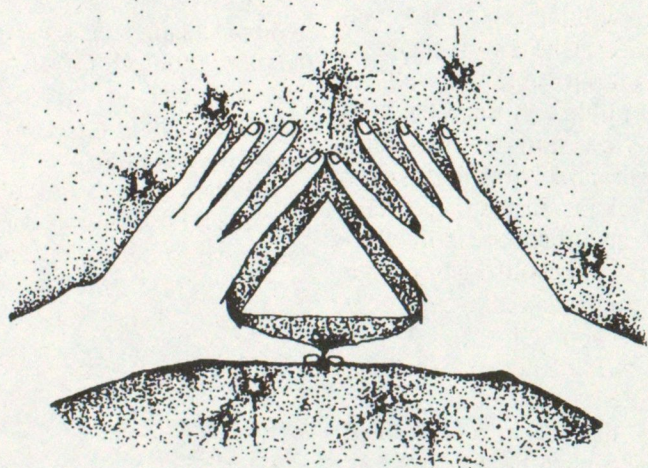
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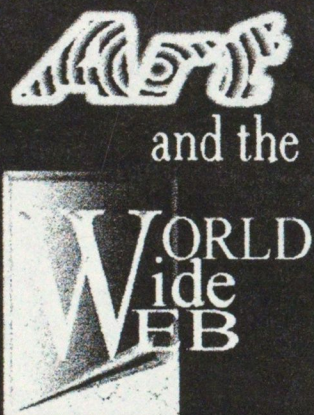


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from the poem,
“Mahler's Third Symphony”
Arwulf, February '96

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Questions for Mr. Dole

I am a conservative Christian who reads your paper out of open-mindedness.

In your July 1996 issue, as you attempt to depict Rush Limbaugh listeners as Klansmen, you attribute to him a statement which I'd bet my last dollar, if I were a betting man, he never made.

Regardless, I have no affection for Limbaugh. He is as much a humanist as you at AGENDA. To me, a conservative humanism is not better than a liberal humanism, and may actually be worse. But if you'd like to deal in reality, your paper might actually be useful to someone like me.

Why don't you try investigating the connection between the Ku Klux Klan and the Masonic Lodge? Since the apparent Republican nominee, Mr. Dole, is not only a member of the Lodge, but holds the highest rank in it (33rd degree), I believe the connection is relevant in this year of presidential politics.

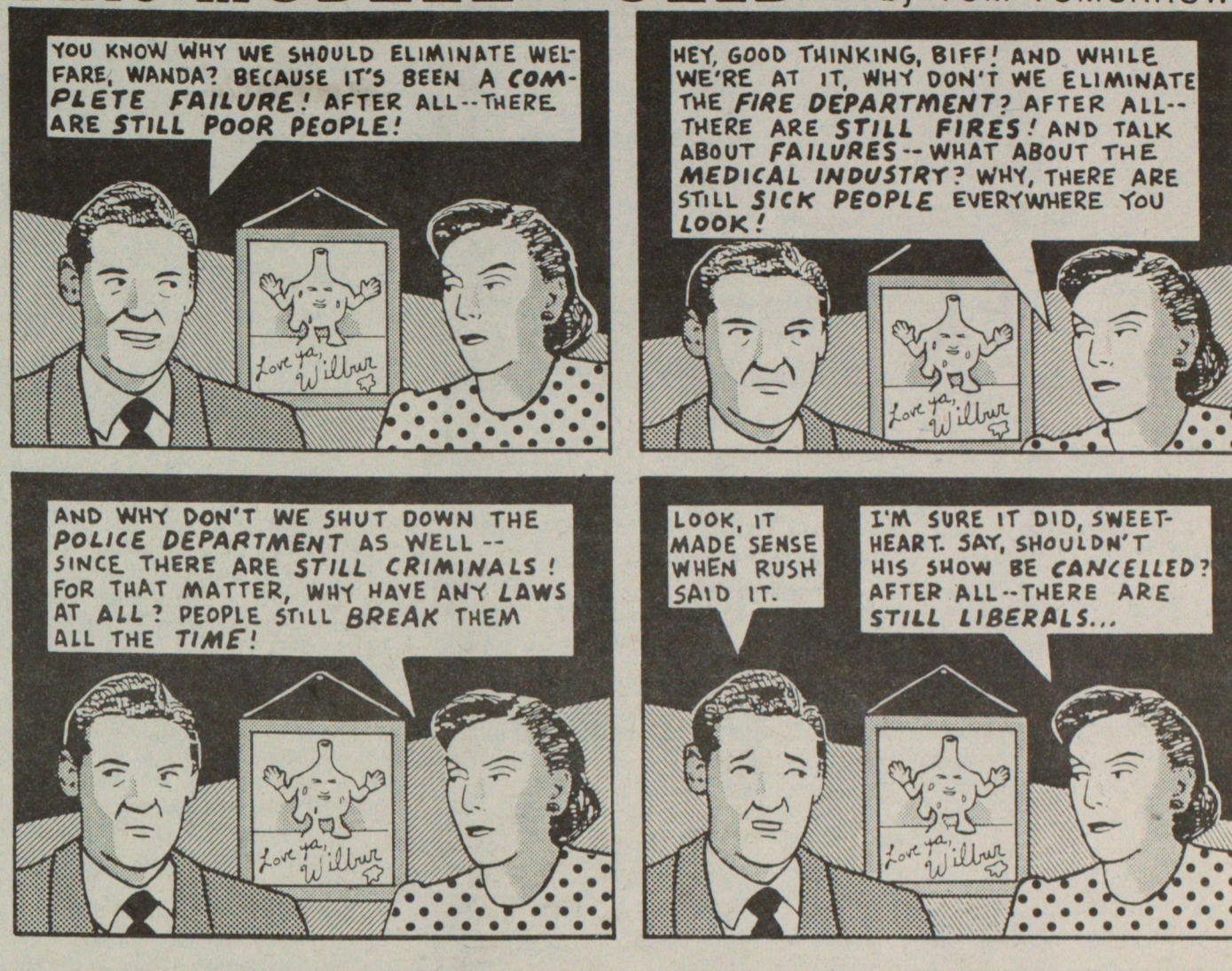
Should you, or any of your employees, or any of your readers wish to pursue this, let me clue you/them in on the connection: Albert Pike.

Go to the library and investigate Albert Pike. You will find that this Confederate Army General: 1) founded the Ku Klux Klan, and; 2) Wrote "Morals and Dogma," the de facto by-laws of the Scottish Rite (which uses the numbered degrees, and is the prevalent form of Masonry in America) is a whites-only organization, I think it would be an entirely fair thing to ask Mr. Dole: "Sir, since you want to be our President, could you please explain to us why you not only belong to, but hold the highest rank possible in the largest "whites-only" organization in America?"

Another good question: "Sir, given the secrecy of both the KKK and the

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW



Masonic Lodge, and the Albert Pike connection, is there really any possibility that the KKK is actually the militant enforcement arm of the Lodge?"

Let me state, however, that you should never expect to hear the mainstream media ask such questions. Many media outlet are owned, in whole or in part, by lodge members, that is why George Bush (another 33rd degree Mason) could run for Vice-President twice, and for President twice, and never hear such questions.

It would take an "alternative" paper such as your to ask such things. Furthermore, a commitment to truth, and intellectual honesty, are qualities I place for above ideology.

David M Divelbiss
DEXTER

The Turner Diaries & Censorship

The article entitled, "The Selling of the Turner Diaries" on the cover of your June 1996 issue seems at odds with the usual alternative belief that freedom is an inherent quality of life. When a book, however odious, is banned, the flames of curiosity are fanned. If the effort to ban this book is successful, then a new chapter begins in censorship.

"I may not agree with what you say, but I will defend with my life your right to say it," seems very appropriate in this instance. To promote a public campaign not to buy the book is another form of censorship. While I may find Nazism distasteful, racism indefensible and right wing militias fearful, they exist because

we have the right to be different and because society has not been able to convince their supporters of a better way to solve their perceived differences. Any form of censorship should be opposed for then we will all be more free.

James R. Carr
JACKSON

Shelter Story Follow-Up

I know it is much easier to go on uncritically trusting in professionals who appear to have your "best interests" in mind, my fellow homeless people, but you should at least be aware of views outside of this fashionable "cure-all."

I bid the gullible and unprepared to take a look at views and facts that don't label, categorize and solve society's most superficial problems. Instead, undertaking a self-instruction course in intellectual self-defense, you could organize your own support groups and take back your responsibility to yourself.

Once you whiff the lies and misinformation conducted upon you, you may be angry. Angry that such state-backed "forcers" can do what they do without telling/informing you of alternatives. Angry that these business people can then frame "reality" within the limited bounds that they've fabricated.

Sure it feels nice to imagine that such professionals have your best interests in mind, just like it's nice feeling to "know" that Joe Schmo politician "cares" about you, the lone voter, or that corporations have always cared about the environment.

Those interested, take a read of books

by Thomas Szasz, R.D. Laing, Aldus Huxley, Felix Guattari, and to a limited extent, Peter R. Breggin. What I like about Szasz is that since the 1950s he's drawn parallels between therapeutic medicine and the dogmatic "helpfulness" of the once state-backed church. In the old days, duped citizens could feel comfortably incapable as "sinners"; today they keep themselves leashed with such labels as "mentally ill." The whole thing conveniently distracts us from real issues, like the probability that in a insane society it will be the sane who will not be able to "adapt," and the truly insane that adapt without problem. Ah, but ours is not an insane society, right? If people won't see, it's not worth listing our society's insanities.

It's dangerous to understand how businesses and institutions work. Your not supposed to know. You're supposed to obey, conform, and be a good consumer automaton. Take your prozac (et al) and "be happy" that all your rights aren't yet totally taken away.

Chuck Dodson
ANN ARBOR

SEPTEMBER DEADLINES

CALENDAR: AUG. 15
DECLASSIFIEDS: AUG. 21
ADVT SPACE: AUG 23
ADVT ART: AUG 27

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

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AIDS MEMORIAL QUILT

The Ann Arbor Jaycees Foundation and the U-M Athletic Department will be bringing the NAMES Project AIDS Memorial Quilt to Ann Arbor in early February, 1997.

Preliminary approval has been granted by the NAMES Project Foundation, head-quartered in San Francisco, to display over 1,500 panels, sewn together in 12' x 12' sections of eight panels each. The display will be the third largest ever in Michigan and one of the largest in the nation for the coming year. The panels displayed will represent those people in our cities, towns and neighborhoods who have died from AIDS. Proceeds from the display will go to the HIV/AIDS Resource Center (HARC) in Ypsilanti.

HARC is the only organization in our area, who, for over ten years, has provided HIV related services through compassionate, direct care, prevention and outreach activities. Their services reach Washtenaw, Lenawee, Livingston and Jackson Counties.

The host committee will be conducting fundraising and promotional events over the next nine months to raise the funds needed to bring the display to Ann Arbor and to benefit HARC in providing HIV/AIDS related services to our community. "Quilting bees," beginning this fall, will be organized to help individuals or organizations create panels for loved ones lost to AIDS.

If you or your organization or business would like to know how you can become involved with sponsoring, promoting or staffing the display, or need any additional information, contact the Ann Arbor Jaycees at (313) 913-9629 or e-mail JCQuilt97@aol.com.

ARWULF'S ELECTION YEAR MANTRA*

Each woman has and must retain the right to make her own decisions regarding her own body.

* To be repeated at least 13 times

COMPUTERS CUBA BOUND

Pastors for Peace reports that the 94-day "Fast for Life" is concluding with a series of stunning victories:

(1) Four hundred medical computers, seized by the United States government in San Diego, were released on May 24 to representatives of the United Methodist Church. (2) Additional computers seized at the Canadian border were released on June 14. (3) At a May 2 press conference, Congressman Charles Rangel commended the Fast for Life for the formation of an historic coalition of Representatives, religious leaders, moderate Cuban-Americans, health-care leaders, unionists and grassroots activists that will modify, or possibly end, the embargo of Cuba during the next administration.

The fasters - Rev. Lucius Walker, Lisa Valanti, Jim Clifford, Brian Rohatyn and Seya Sangariare well on the road to full recovery.

The computers will form part of an on-line medical information system called INFOMED that will connect every hospital and clinic on the island. INFOMED is supported by the United Nations and the Pan American Health Organization.

A2 News Rated 9 of 10 Food, 7 of 10 Service, 7 of 10 Atmosphere
by Laura McReynolds, Ann Arbor News Reviewer, 6 June 96

Kai Garden

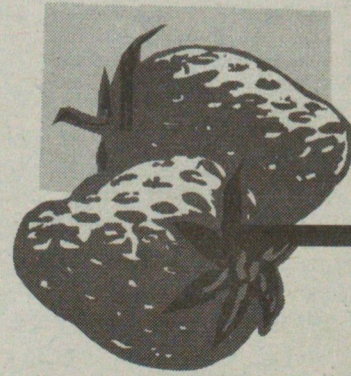
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Clearcut...Not So Clear Cut

The Complex Relationship Between Consumers and The Environment

BY ELIZABETH CLARE

Clearcut I: Explaining the Distance

1979. Each day after school I run the six miles from Highway 101 to my house. The road follows Elk River. I pass the dairy farm, the plywood mill that burned down three years ago, the valley's volunteer fire department station, the boat landing where recreational fishermen put their boats in during salmon season. I have the curves and hills memorized, tick the miles off, skin salty with sweat, lungs working a hard rhythm. I know most of the people who drive by. They wave and swerve into the other lane. The logging trucks honk as they rumble by loaded with 10 or 15 skinny logs. I remember when one or two huge logs made a load. Pushing up the last big hill, my lungs and legs begin to ache. Two curves before my house, I pass a yellow and brown sign. It reads: *United States Forest Service. Entering the Siskiyou National Forest.*

1996. I live in southeast Michigan on the edge of corn country. Book-browsing I happen upon *Clearcut: The Tragedy of Industrial Forestry* (Sierra Club Books & Earth Island Press, 1994). The book documents clearcut logging throughout the U.S. and Canada. I glance at the big full color photos of new clearcuts, second-growth forests, old-growth forests, and tree farms, read the captions and descriptions. The book is divided by state and province. I look for Oregon and suddenly find myself in the Siskiyou, the photograph overwhelmingly familiar. The ground is bare, heaps of branches, stumps, and half logs hanging to the slope. There are no standing trees, only snatches of green, the new sprouts of huckleberry, greasewood, gorse, and tansy ragwort.

I used to cut firewood on clearcuts like this one. Upriver near Butler Basin and Bald Mountain after the last logs were driven away, loggers bulldozed the remains—branches, shattered logs, trees too small to buck into logs, stumps—into one enormous pile. Rather than burn these piles, the Siskiyou National Forest issued firewood cutting permits. My father and I would spend the whole month of October on these clearcuts, cutting our winter's supply of firewood.

I turn from the photo to the caption: Bear Creek, north of Bald Mountain. In 1993 thousands of tons of rock, mud, and logging debris caved off this clearcut into Bear Creek, washing downstream from Bear Creek to Bald Mountain Creek to Elk River to the Pacific Ocean. Elk River: river of my poems, real and metaphor; river of my childhood where I swam, skipped rocks, watched heron and salmon, learned to paddle a canoe. I read and reread the place names and the explanation. On steep slopes trees literally hold the earth in place, and thus, clearcutting can

destabilize whole mountainsides, inviting catastrophic slides called blowouts. I know all this but can't stop reading.

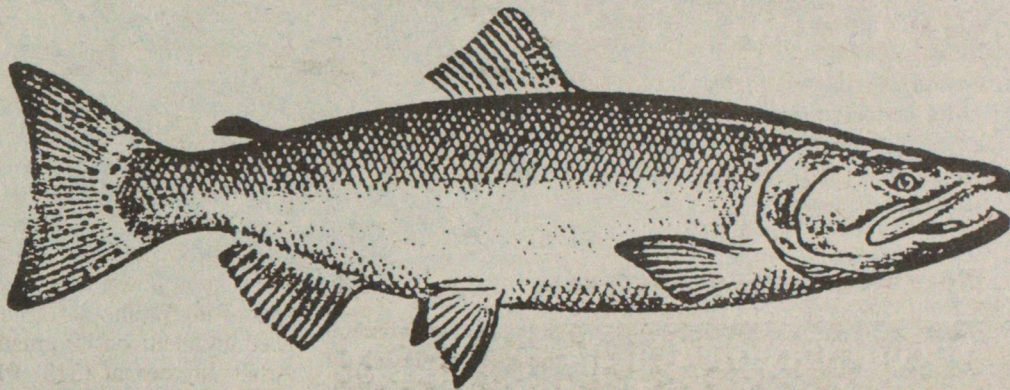
Later, I tell a friend about finding this photo. She has never walked a logging road, listened to the idle and roar of a chainsaw, or counted growth rings on an old-growth stump, but we share a sensibility about environmental destruction. I describe the photo, explain blowouts, talk about watersheds. What I don't say is how homesick I feel for those place names, plant names, bare slopes. I don't say this because I can't explain the distance between my politics and my homesickness. She asks, "If you went for a walk along Elk River now, what changes would you notice?" I try to describe the images that have rumbled around my head in the days since that afternoon of book-browsing. Winter '93, the river must have run chalky brown as it flooded storm-high

over the gravel bars. Summer '94, the kids who live on the river must have found different swimming holes, the deep pools shallower, the current faster. I describe spawning season at the confluence of Elk River and Anvil Creek. Salmon flounder into the creek, thrash up the shallows, dig nests in the gravel, flood the water with spawn. They are almost dead, bodies covered with white rot, the gravel bars littered with their carcasses. The following summer the river teems with Chinook fingerlings, three inches long, as they head downstream to the ocean. I can barely register that the spawning bed at Anvil Creek might be silted in with rock, mud, and logging debris, might not exist anymore. My friend expresses dismay and sympathy, then we move on to something else.

For years I have wanted to write this story, have tried poems, diatribes, and theories. I've failed mostly because I haven't been able to bridge the chasm between my homesickness for a place thousands of miles away in the middle of logging country and my urban-created politics that have me raging at environmental destruction. I have felt lonely and frustrated. Without the words for this story, I lose part of myself into the chasm.

I am the girl who grew up in the Siskiyou National Forest, in second-growth forest that won't be logged again for a long time. The hills weren't replanted in the '40s when they were first clearcut and so grew back in a mix of alder, tan oak, myrtle, and madrone, trees the timber industry considers worthless. I played endlessly in this second-growth forest. I followed the stream from our house uphill to the little dam where we siphoned water off to the holding tanks that supplied our house with water year-round. I loved

taking the covers off the tanks, listening to the trickle of water, watching the reflection of trees waver in the cool dark surface. I drank big gulps straight from the tanks, my cheeks and chin growing cold and wet. Then I continued uphill, kicking through the alder and tan oak leaves, scrambling up slippery shale slides. I pulled the bark off madrone trees in curly red strips, crumpled myrtle leaves to smell their pungent bay leaf odor. I knew where the few old-growth firs still stood, their bark rough and brown. I walked out onto rotten logs to inspect the moss, liverwort, lichen, and shelf mushrooms, tried to name the dozen shades of green, tan, and brown, poked at the snails and banana slugs.



In the summer the hills were hot and dry, the sun reaching easily through the trees. I scrambled across clearings tangled in berry brambles and gorse, through and around undergrowth, uphill to the rock out of which the stream dripped.

I grew up with chainsaws, the high whine of a logging operation the next ridge over, the clatter of the plywood mill. When the warning whistle squealed through the valley, I knew that logs were being pulled up out of the gullies toward the loading areas where empty logging trucks waited. I grew up to the sweet smell of damp wood chips being hauled north on Highway 101 to the port in Coos Bay or the paper mill in Gardiner. I watched for hours as gigantic blowing machines loaded mountains of wood chips onto freighters bound for Japan. I reveled in plant names: huckleberry, salmonberry, blackberry, salal, greasewood, manzanita, scotch broom, foxglove, lupine, rhododendron, vine maple, alder, tan oak, red cedar, white cedar, Port Orford cedar. I wanted a name for everything. I still have a topographical map of the Elk River watershed, each quadrant carefully taped to the next.

I am the backpacker whose favorite trails wind through old-growth rain forest, the trees standing so tall I can't find their tops. The sun barely reaches through the canopy, leaving small pools of light on a forest floor layered inches deep in fir and spruce needles. Everything cascades green, moss upon moss, swordtail ferns sprouting from rotten logs. The trail bends again and again around Sitka spruce, their roots sticking up high above ground, knobby and twisted. There is no undergrowth, only a thousand shades of green.

I am the activist who has never spiked a tree but knows how. The activist who has

never spent a night in the top of a Douglas fir slated for felling the next morning but would. The activist who has never blockaded a logging site or a logging executive's office as I have military complexes. I am the socialist who believes the big private timber corporations, like Weyerhaeuser and Georgia-Pacific, are corrupt, and the government agencies, like the U.S. Forest Service, that control public land are complicit. I am the adult who still loves the smell of wood chips, the roar of a lumber mill, who knows out-of-work loggers and dying logging towns. Living now on the edge of corn country, I am the writer who wants to make sense.

In the white, Western world view that I learned as a child, trees, fish, and water were renewable resources. Only fifty years prior, they were conceived of as endless resources, a myth white people brought west into the "frontier." Sometimes when I hiked upriver toward Butler Bar and saw ridge after ridge covered with alder and tan oak, mixed with Douglas fir and Sitka spruce, I believed trees were endless. Or when I went to the cannery

and saw a day's catch of Chinook, I thought fish were endless. Particularly in the middle of winter when rain drenched the valley every day, I knew water was endless.

But in the 1960s and '70s, the powers-that-be in the public schools, government, and

industry taught us that trees and fish, rather than being endless, were renewable. If clearcuts were diligently replanted, we would never run out of trees, paper, or lumber. If the salmon runs were carefully maintained by hatcheries, we would never run out of salmon. No one even bothered to explain about water.

Clearcuts, our teachers said, were good. They encouraged the growth of fir and pine, the so-called good—meaning profitable—trees that as seedlings need direct sunlight to grow. The practice of replanting and the superiority of tree farms were placed at the center of these lessons. But our teachers went far beyond trees in their defense of clearcut logging. Clearcuts, my classmates and I were told, provided bountiful browsing for deer and other wildlife. Hunters and their supporters quickly added that because this abundance of food caused a cycle of overpopulation, deer hunting was not just a sport but a necessity. And so our world view developed, layer by layer. How did the forest and its wildlife ever survive before clearcutting, replanting, and sports hunting? We didn't ask because we were children taught not to question. We believed the propaganda.

No one told us about old-growth forest. They didn't say, "Understand, a tree farm differs from an old-growth forest." We didn't study the 300-year cycle of an ecosystem that depends upon rotting logs on the forest floor and a tree canopy hundreds of feet high. I knew big old trees existed. I remember the winter my favorite fir blew down. After my father cut it into rounds for firewood, I hunkered down by the stump and counted its growth rings, one for every year of its life. It was 400 years old. But I didn't know about

(SEE NEXT PAGE)

(FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

thousands of acres of big old trees. Nor did I know about animals, like the northern spotted owl, that live in old-growth forests, that can't make do with a tree farm. No one told us, and the logging industry had quite a stake in the silence.

1979. I am part of the Youth Conservation Corps, a summer work program for teenagers. All summer we have made trails, picked up trash, maintained campgrounds, and built fences in the Siuslaw National Forest. This week we are camped east of Mapleton, near a ten-year-old tree farm, thinning the trees. Each morning we fan out into the woods to cut down all the trees less than four inches in diameter. The remaining trees will grow faster and bigger. In thirty or forty years the U.S. Forest Service will bid these acres out to some private company to clearcut and then replant. I am learning to swing an ax, to know what angle to start a cut at, when to stop chopping and let gravity do the rest, how to pull a tree all the way down to the ground so it won't lean against neighboring trees and kill them. It's hot, dirty work. A girl on my crew went back to camp early yesterday after she stumbled into a bees' nest and was stung thirty times. Hardly anyone likes this job. At lunch I sharpen my ax, the file flat against the beveled cutting edge. The sun is hot against my hard hat. Sweat collects under its band. I love the way the woods smell.

Along with trees, I studied salmon, fascinated with their three-year life cycle from spawning bed to ocean back to spawning bed. Most of what I knew came from the salmon hatchery two miles upriver of my house. In the winter I stood at the fish ladder waiting for a fish to come leaping up the cascading stairs of water, then go count the big scarred fish in the holding tanks. Sometimes I visited the lab where they held the spawn and incubated the fertilized eggs. In the summer I rode my bike around the holding ponds and watched Glen and Paul feed the fingerlings, their hands dipping into five gallon buckets of feed, sweeping through the air, water coming alive as the fish jumped to catch the pellets. Other times I went across the river to the spawning bed at Anvil Creek. I knew two kinds of salmon existed, hatchery salmon and wild salmon. I thought they were the same, just as I thought a tree farm and an old-growth forest were the same.

I didn't know why hatchery salmon needed to be grown in Elk River. I knew dams on the Columbia and urban pollution in the Willamette had nearly destroyed the salmon runs in those rivers, but there were no dams and minimal pollution on Elk River. The propaganda that passed as outdoor education didn't speak of the effects of clearcutting on salmon habitat. No one explained that as spawning beds silt up with logging debris and disappear, fewer and fewer wild salmon can spawn. I never heard that if the trees shading a creek are cut, the direct sunlight warms the water, raising the temperature of all the streams in the watershed, endangering the salmon runs, which require relatively cold water to survive. Nor did the propaganda speak of over-fishing. The commercial salmon fishermen who made their livelihoods fishing the summer salmon runs off the coast of Oregon, Washington, British Columbia, and Alaska hadn't yet heard of sustainable yield. The salmon runs seemed endless.

The powers-that-be didn't teach us that hatchery salmon differ from wild salmon, that they are genetically more homogeneous, more susceptible to disease, and less hardy once at sea. To raise salmon year after year in a hatchery, biologists use formaldehyde and other chemicals each summer to combat recurring diseases that kill thousands of hatchery fingerlings. The continuous pumping of water from the river into the hatchery's complex of tanks and back to the river washes these chemicals into the ecosystem. And each winter when hatchery salmon don't return to the hatchery in large enough numbers, the biologists go to the natural spawning beds and net wild salmon, taking them to the hatchery to augment the supply of spawn. Soon wild salmon might not exist. The propaganda neglected these details.

My classmates and I were taught by teachers who worked for schools funded largely with timber taxes, by U.S.

Forest Service rangers and their brochures, and by industry-supported textbooks, displays, slide shows, and tours. The point isn't simply that we, like schoolchildren across the country, were taught half-truths about trees and salmon. Rather we learned even more fundamental lessons, that trees and salmon are endlessly renewable commodities. This view of the natural world, which puts clearcutting, replanting, and hatcheries at its center, conveniently supported the two industries, logging and fishing, that sustained the towns we lived in.

Not until I left Port Orford did I come into contact with other world views. Living in a city for the first time, I met people who knew salmon only as frozen patties, who used paper but had never been to a paper mill. For them trees were the tall skinny maples, oaks, and beeches that grew along sidewalks. They navigated the seemingly impossible parking structures and bus stops with ease and comfort. Some of them didn't believe that trees and salmon were simple commodities.

They created a fuzzy, romanticized version of nature, combining memories of Walt Disney nature movies with their occasional summer vacations to overcrowded National Parks. Or they believed in a white urban version of tree spirits and Mother Earth. Either way, my new acquaintances held trees and fish in an awe-struck reverence as they talked about the dangers of nuclear power and the destruction of rain forests in Brazil. I simply listened. Surrounded by concrete and highrises, I slowly stopped taking the familiar plants and animals of the Siskiyou National Forest for granted. When I returned home to visit, I caught glimpses of what was beautiful and extraordinary about the place I grew up and what was ugly and heart-breaking. I started to believe that trees and salmon weren't just harvestable crops. I read Sierra Club literature, the *Earth First! Journal*, and Dave Foreman's ecotage manual; learned

about Love Canal, Three Mile Island, the Nevada Test Site, Big Mountain; and started to turn from a Libertarian-influenced childhood toward a progressive adulthood. I never grew into the white urban reverence of tree spirits and Mother Earth, a reverence often stolen from Native spiritual traditions and changed from a demanding, reciprocal relationship to the world into something naive and shallow that still places human life and form at its center. But I did come to believe that trees and fish are their own beings and that I—as activist, consumer, and human

being among the many beings on this planet—have a deeply complex relationship with them.

The people in Port Orford who had known me since I was born—Les Smith, the retired logger who ran the Port and Starboard Pizza Parlor; Venita Marstall, the cashier at True Value Hardware; Gerla Marsh, the teller at First Interstate Bank—no longer really knew me. I treasured the anonymity of the city and relished the multitude of cultures, ideas, and differences I encountered there. But still I ached for the trees, the river, the steep, quiet Siskiyou.

1989. I am backpacking alone on Washington's Olympic Peninsula. I have spent the last three days camping on the beach near Hole-in-the-Wall, reading and writing, letting high tide and low tide control my life. Now I am camped at a state park, amidst new clearcuts. I replenished my food supply at Forks, a familiar little logging town, five or six one-ton pickups parked outside the chainsaw shop. I caught a ride to this campground with a man who works as a hoedad, replanting clearcuts. I am planning a three day hike in the old-growth rain forest before I head back to Seattle.

In the morning I set out for the trailhead. The logging road I'm on follows the Bogacheil River, winding through rolling pastures and second-growth forest. I hear chainsaws idle and roar the next ridge over. For a time I hear the logging trucks on Highway 101 downshift as they chug up a hill. I hear the high whine of the warning whistle. I haven't heard these sounds in years. They mean home even as I remind myself about Weyerhaeuser, their union-busting tactics, their language of timber management, their defense of environmental destruction. A great blue heron startles me as it lifts off, flapping downstream on dusky blue wings. Home is also the damp, rotting log smell, the fog lifting to broken sun and wind. I am climbing steadily now, the two lane shale road becoming one lane.

I round the next bend and am suddenly in a new clearcut: stumps as far as I can see, the great heap of tree parts left behind, bulldozer tracks frozen into the dry mud. I don't want this to mean destruction but rather to be home. I strain toward the memories of happy,

exhausting trips to Butler Basin to cut firewood, sweat-drenched days east of Mapleton learning to swing an ax. Instead I see a graveyard, a war zone, the earth looking naked and battered. I imagine tree ghosts as real as crows. Whatever metaphor I use, this is what white people have done to North America for 500 years, laid the land bare in the name of profit and progress. I walk two, three, four miles, knowing I am seeing for the first time, seeing not as an outsider, a tourist horrified by some surface ugliness, but as someone who grew up in this graveyard. I climb up onto a stump and count its growth rings, trace the drought seasons marked by tight rings wrapped close together, the wet seasons marked by loose rings spaced farther apart. I want to rage and mourn, but instead I feel ordinary, matter-of-fact. I walk, waiting for my heart, my bone marrow to catch up to my politics, round another bend, and am suddenly back in second-growth forest.

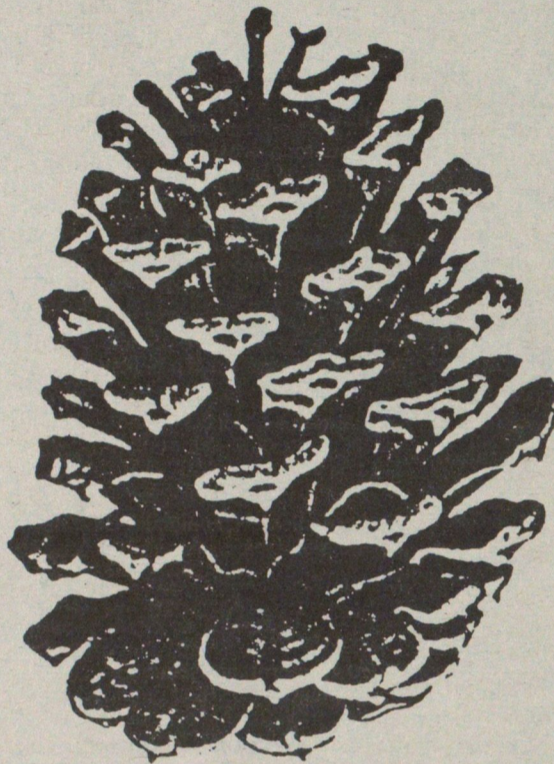
I find the trailhead. These trees are marked every fifty feet with neon pink ribbon. Markers for a new road? A profit assessment? I tear the ribbon off each tree, stuff the plastic into a pocket, raging not at the impending destruction but at the audacity of neon pink amidst all the green. I cross a stream on a narrow moss-grown bridge. And then I am in old-growth forest, National Park land, the lines between old growth, second growth, and clearcut sudden and unmistakable.

I live in a very different landscape now. The land is flat and open. The trees lose their leaves in an explosion of red, yellow, and orange every fall; regrow them in a burst of green every spring. In winter the snow comes wet and heavy, lining all the trees, or light and dry, drifting in billows. The green here isn't layered and shaded in a thousand varieties. Often I hunger for the ocean, the spawning beds, Douglas fir, rain that blows horizontally across the hills. I have filled my house with photographs, maps, stones, shells, sand dollars, fir cones, and wood to remind me of that landscape I still call home, a landscape that includes the sights, sounds, and smells of logging and commercial fishing.

Clearcut II: Brutes & Bumper Stickers

The northern spotted owl is a little brown bird that lives in the Pacific Northwest. For years environmentalists and biologists in Oregon have known this bird is in trouble. It is a solitary creature that lives in pairs and nests in old-growth forest. Each pair of owls needs thousands of acres of old growth to survive. As more and more of its habitat has been cut, the owl has neared extinction. In 1991 after much pushing by environmentalists, the federal government declared the spotted owl a threatened species, protecting not only the bird under the Endangered Species Act but also some of the remaining old growth in the Northwest. This move created an uproar, which caught the attention of the national media. All of a sudden the spotted owl and clearcut logging became a story in *Time Magazine* and on the AP wire, in the *Utne Reader* and on the cover of *Backpacker*, as if this crisis were brand new.

I was already living in Michigan and hungrily read the articles, looked at the photos, recognized the place names. The journalists, both in the mainstream and progressive press, seemed fixated on a certain bumper



sticker they found on loggers' pickup trucks. It read "Save a logger, kill a spotted owl." Depending on the political viewpoint of the journalist and the publication, this favored detail led to one of two analyses. The first focused on unemployment and economic hardship, and the logger became a victim of impending environmental regulations, which would put him out of work. The second scrutinized the big timber companies, their timber management and profiteering; and the logger became an accomplice. Both analyses were easy enough to document, and in both the logger was a brute. As a victim, the logger is a poor dumb brute lashing out (rightly or wrongly) at the environmentalists. As an accomplice, he is a loyal brute aiding and abetting the timber industry.

Take for example an article in the *Earth First! Journal*, the newspaper of radical, in-your-face, direct action group Earth First!, describing three non-violent blockades of road building operations and logging sites in British Columbia. The activists involved in the blockades write of the violence and harassment they encountered at the hands of loggers. Throughout the article they use language and images that turn the loggers into dumb brutes. The loggers are described as "neanderthal thugs" and "club-wielding maniacs," likened to the Ku Klux Klan, and quoted as saying, "People like you are gonna die." To clearly and accurately report unjust, excessive, and frightening violence is one thing; to portray a group of people as dumb brutes is another. After the description of the blockades and the response to them, Forest Action Network (FAN) then analyzes the logger violence:

The anti-environmental movement has been created and funded by the [timber] corporations and FAN holds the corporations responsible for the growing atmosphere of violence and hostility between loggers and environmentalists in British Columbia.... Forest workers [are] indoctrinated to believe that we, in our "quasi-religious zealotry" are trying to take away not only their jobs, but their entire "way of life...." After a decade of layoffs due to increased mechanization and overcutting, the forest industry is playing on its workers' fears about job security and using them to fuel the fires of hostility against us, the new enemy, the dreaded "preservationists."

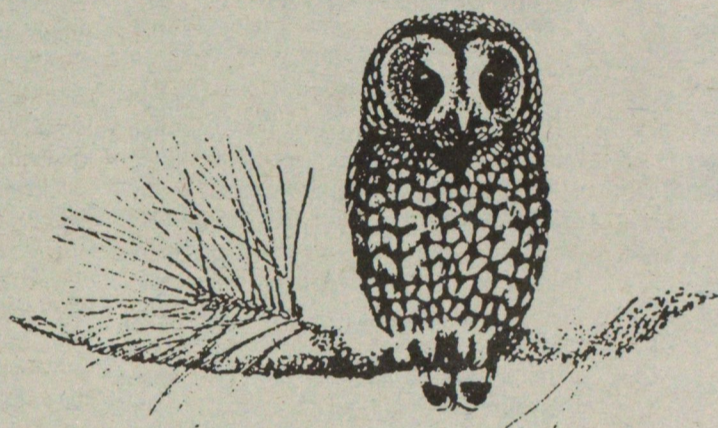
This analysis is more articulate than most in outlining corporate responsibility, but the change in language is remarkable. Loggers are no longer neanderthal thugs but indoctrinated forest workers. FAN wants it all three ways: they want dumb brutes, complicit brutes, and dominating corporate interest. This article is unusual in the environmental press only in that it embraces all three at once.

Complicit brutes, dumb brutes. I sit at my computer and imagine you, my reader. You have never seen a clearcut, or if you have, you were a tourist. Regardless of your analysis of the timber industry, you believe loggers are butchers, maybe even murderers.

Perhaps I'm oversimplifying. Maybe your people are coal miners or oil drillers. Maybe you're a logger or fisherman. Or maybe, like me, you grew up among them. If so, you will understand my need to talk about complicity

and stupidity, although our understandings may differ dramatically. Maybe you're intimately involved in Native American land right struggles: forced relocation at Big Mountain, fishing rights on the Columbia River, preservation of sacred ground in the Black Hills. If so, you will know white people are butchers and murderers. You may get lost in the jargon but understand the politics or vice versa, or you may understand both and wonder why I'm wasting paper. Whomever you are, let me tell you three stories.

1977. My family is building a big wooden house. This summer my father and I are framing the walls, putting the roof on, pounding 2x4s into place, and cutting beams to length. We get our lumber from Tucker's



Mill, a one-family sawmill 20 miles north of us. Most of the other mills have closed permanently; the Siskiyou National Forest is nearly logged out. I love the lumber drops. Mr. Tucker comes driving up our logging road driveway in his flatbed truck loaded high with wood. I know the dimensions—1x6, 2x4, 2x6, 2x12, 4x8—by sight, some rough cut, others planed, the 2x4s and 2x6s stained red on both ends. The wood slides off the flatbed with a crash. After Mr. Tucker leaves, we cut the steel bands that hold the load together and begin to stack the lumber. My hands turn sticky and rough from the pockets of sap oozing from the fresh-cut wood.

Then one day we stop. We don't have the lumber we need. Dad grumbles about Mr. Tucker. We need the support beams—the biggest 4 inches thick by 16 inches wide by 24 feet long. They have to be free of heart center, sawed from the strongest part of the log, avoiding the central core. We wait for two weeks before Dad finally calls the mill to complain. Mr. Tucker explains he hasn't been able to find logs big enough or long enough to cut a 4x16, 24 feet long, free of heart center. A week later the beams arrive. Mr. Tucker has obviously found the logs he needed.

Unless you're a carpenter, house builder, architect, logger, mill or lumber yard worker, you probably don't know how big a 4x16 beam 24 feet long is or how big the log from which it comes has to be. The trees felled, bucked (delimbed and cut into sections), and milled to make the beams that supported our roof had to be gigantic Douglas firs, undoubtedly old growth cut from small stands of trees on privately-owned ranches. My father and I never questioned our need for beams this big. I never truly connected those beams to trees. This is complicity. Now stupidity.

1991. This is my first visit to Port Orford in four years. Three of us—my sister, a neighbor from up the river, and I—bask in the sun at Butler Bar, the river cold and green, the rocks we sit on warm, speckled gray and white. Ian tells us about the environmental battles that his stepfather Jim has won in the

last few years. Elk River is now classified a Wild and Scenic River, providing a certain level of protection to its spawning beds. Grassy Knob will remain a roadless area, protecting thousands of acres of old-growth forest. Both have been won through protracted struggle against U.S. Forest Service policy and practice.

I think about Jim, a timber cruiser turned environmentalist. A timber cruiser goes into an area targeted for clearcutting, looks at the lay of the land, estimates the board foot yield per acre and the costs of building roads, marks trees, and reports back to the Forest Service or the private timber company about feasibility and potential profit. Jim knows the hills well, a mountain man who believes in Bigfoot, a bird watcher who built his house with a chainsaw. He and his family live across the river from the salmon hatchery. To get to their house, they wade the river, take a canoe, or hope the gas-powered cable car is working. Not an easy way of life but one that certainly suits Jim. The spawning bed at Anvil Creek borders his land. I remember the winter drunk teenagers tried to snag spawning salmon from the creek, an illegal but common source of entertainment, equaled only by shooting seagulls at the local dump. Jim heard the ruckus and appeared with his shotgun, ready to shoot. After that, snaggers left Anvil Creek

alone. I ask Ian where Jim is this summer, thinking I'd like to see him. "Oh, in British Columbia, making good money that'll last all year, cruising old growth." Ian explains, "He's made too much trouble here. The Forest Service won't give him contracts." The man who fights to save the Siskiyou and the Elk River watershed prepares the slopes in British Columbia for clearcutting.

Jim's work as an environmentalist is that of an insider, a logger whose relationship to trees and fish is complex. They are both resources to be used and beings to be respected and protected. The ecosystem of an old-growth forest is neither the untouchable, romanticized forest of many urban environmentalists nor is it the limitless raw material of North American corporate greed. For Jim and others like him, the woods provide sanctuary, home, and livelihood. What takes Jim to B.C.; why is he willing to cruise timber in any state, province, or country? The answer is simple: money, food on his table, gas in his truck, so he can be a hermit, a mountain man, and an environmentalist during the long rainy season.

Is Jim the dumb brute you expect a logger to be? Probably not, but you don't like the ambiguity. Or maybe you're feeling tricked. Did you expect a story about a working-class redneck, a faller or choker setter, a buckler or truck driver, or maybe the man who pulls greenchain (pulling the fresh-cut lumber off the saw) at the mill? That's my third story, but these men are no more complicit than the 13-year-old who loved lumber and helped her father build a big wooden house, no more stupid than Jim.

1986. My mother teaches composition and literature at the community college in Coos Bay, a logging town that almost collapsed when Weyerhaeuser permanently closed its big mill. Every quarter she teaches out-of-work and injured loggers and mill workers. If these men had their druthers, they'd still be in the woods, but because of work-related disabilities—either permanent

(SEE NEXT PAGE)

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DAVID MILLER

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(FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

ortemporary—or mill closings and the depletion of timber, they need to find other ways to put food on their tables. They have spent years working in the forests and mills. Some started as choker setters, working their way up the ladder to become fallers or foremen. The most dangerous and lowest paying job on a logging crew, a choker setter wraps chain around each log as it lies helter-skelter on the slope so it can be pulled up to the loading area. Others own their own logging trucks, know how to navigate the steepest, narrowest logging roads carrying tons of logs behind them. Still others have fed logs into the roar of the sawmill, pulled lumber out the other end. They know logs, trees, the lay of the land, chainsaws, and forklifts as well as urban folks know the criss-cross of streets in their neighborhoods. If you want to see a marbled murrelet, a bird—like the spotted owl—almost extinct because it's losing habitat to clearcut logging, ask one of them. They'll know where to look, even give you directions if you're lucky.

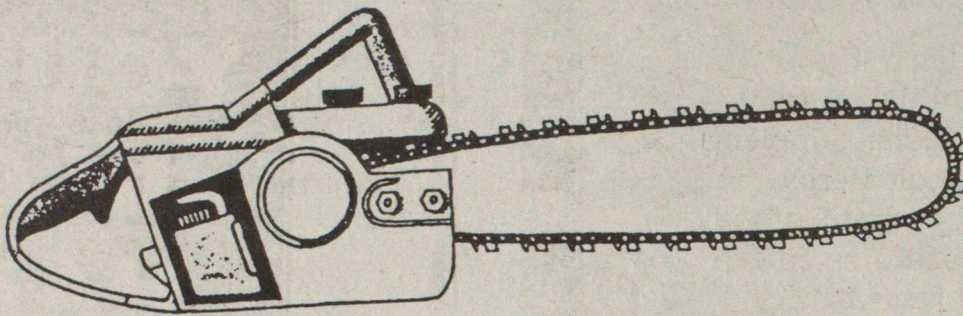
Some of these loggers and mill workers write about their work to complete assignments my mother gives them. She says some of their essays break her heart, essays written by men who love the woods and the steep hills of the Siskiyou, who fell and buck the trees, and know the tension between their work and their love. They also know that the two aren't diametrically opposed. Their long days outside, their years of trudging up and down impossibly steep hills, chainsaws balanced over their shoulders, bolster their love. And their joy at the morning fog lifting off the trees, the sound of woodpeckers and gray squirrels bolster their willingness to do the dangerous, body-breaking work of logging. Other essays make my mother grind her teeth: pieces about conquest, the analogy between felling a 300-year-old Sitka spruce and raping a woman only thinly veiled. Trees are jobs; trees are endlessly renewable resources; trees are lumber and paper.

All these loggers and millworkers are fighting poverty, struggling to pay the rent, the mortgage, the medical bills on a paycheck that has vanished. There are no unions in the logging business. The timber corporations all have long histories of union-busting. The last time the mill workers tried to unionize at Weyerhaeuser's Coos Bay mill, the company threatened to pull out completely if organizing efforts didn't stop. The mill workers wouldn't back down, and Weyerhaeuser did in fact shut the mill down for months. In Coos Bay when people can't find timber or fishing jobs, they work the tourist season May through September and earn minimum wage. So these loggers and mill workers enroll at the community college and sit in my mother's classes, maybe hopeful but more likely consumed by anxiety.

You, my reader, maybe I am imagining you wrong. Rather than believing that loggers are murderers and that logging is rape pure and simple, maybe you place loggers on some sort of pedestal, as the quintessential exploited worker in a capitalist economy. Maybe you believe that logging is ugly but somehow romantic. But make no mistake: there is nothing romantic about logging. It is dangerous work, fraught with hazards. Mr. Rodgers, the father of my best friend in junior high and high school, lost his left arm to a sawmill. Jim Woodward, who lived upriver from us, could barely walk, his back broken in a logging accident years before. In addition to the catastrophic accidents, there

is the routine hearing loss, the nerve damage caused by chainsaw vibration, the missing fingers. Nor are loggers romantic, larger-than-life characters. Some of them hate my lesbian, socialist, feminist, tree-loving, fish-loving self, but their hatred isn't unique. They share it with many people in this country.

They are not brutes by virtue of being loggers. Or if they are, then so am I, so is Jim, and so are the journalists who write about the



bumper stickers they find on loggers' pickups. Do these journalists ever look for bumper stickers on logging executives' sedans? Do they ever wonder why the sticker, "Save a logging exec, kill a spotted owl," doesn't exist? What story would they write if they stumbled across the bumper sticker I fondly imagine, "Save a logger, save the owls, kill a logging exec?"

Clearcut III: The End of the Line

I have lived long enough with my current politics, long enough away from the ordinariness of clearcuts, to believe clearcut logging is a crime. At the same time, I am still the girl who lived on the edge of a logged-over national forest and understand the anger behind "Save a logger, kill a spotted owl." Who is going to save the logger? Is this country—or more accurately white people—finally deciding after five centuries of cultural and environmental rampage across North America to save the spotted owl and fragments of its attendant ecosystem? If so, the whole country needs to be accountable for the people who will be unemployed, possibly homeless and hungry, because of that decision. To not take responsibility is to act as if loggers and logging communities are more complicit with environmental destruction than the rest of us.

In truth every one of us who is not poor benefits materially from the belief that we live in a country of endlessly renewable resources. We not only benefit, we perpetuate it. Most of us recognize, in this era of recycling, how we use paper in endless quantities: paper napkins, paper plates, paper towels, toilet paper, newspaper, paper and cardboard packaging, paper bags, xerox paper. But do we know the true cost of a sheet of paper, not the mere cents we pay at our local copy center or office supply store, but the real price? Would we be willing to pay 50 cents or a dollar a sheet? Think about the lumber from which our homes—if we have homes—were built. How many of us know where it came from? If our houses are new, were old houses torn down as they were built? Was the lumber reused or thrown in the dump? Are we prepared to never buy another new piece of wood furniture? If we use fireplaces or woodstoves, can we commit to never cutting another tree down for firewood, to only burning already downed wood? The point isn't to feel guilty but rather responsible, to recognize how our out-

of-control consumption creates the logic and need for clearcutting. In order for trees and salmon to become truly renewable resources again, we will need to consume much less for a long time. The life-cycle of an old-growth forest is three hundred years. If we value old-growth forests and the life they give the planet, we will have to leave the Siskiyou and other logged-over areas alone for at least three centuries, probably much longer.

Of course this analysis is far too simple. It ignores capitalism and free market trade. At the expense of the environment, loggers, and mill workers, Weyerhaeuser and the other big timber corporations have made billions of dollars of profit in the last decades. Today they are making big money by cutting old-growth trees as fast as they can and exporting the unprocessed logs to Japan. Their profits are not only reaped off of private land owned by the timber companies but also off of public land, bidded out by the U.S. Forest Service and Bureau of Land Management. Who is complicit and how? The net reaches far and wide, and many of us want to duck.

Part of the answer lies inside capitalism, that economic system we've been brainwashed to accept as inevitable, a system that insists upon profit as the supreme value. Working within this framework, logging executives and stock holders in the timber industry are only doing what capitalism expects when they destroy the last of the old-growth forest to make a buck. Still to blame the system without also holding individuals accountable is to leave the system untouched. The question of complicity follows twin paths, one tracking the course of capitalism and the other tracking the people who sustain and benefit the most from capitalism. To end environmental destruction, we have to acknowledge who becomes rich and who pays the price for the destruction. And then we must make the accrual of wealth based upon that destruction impossible. In short we need to dismantle capitalism and replace it with an economic system which doesn't place profit ahead of people and the planet.

Blame is easier. Often when middle-class urban environmentalists start talking about the spotted owl and environmental destruction, loggers get blamed. Like most working-class people doing the dirty work—whether it be oil drilling or coal mining or logging—loggers are easy, accessible symbols. In contrast logging executives, like middle- and upper-class corporate America in general, spend much time, energy, and money on being more slippery and less accessible. Middle-class activists so easily forget about the bosses, the rich white men in suits who run the world, when they face the workers, the working-class men in caulk boots and flannel shirts who run the chainsaws.

Loggers' livelihoods are threatened. Many environmentalists skillfully use statistics to argue that overlogging and mechanization dramatically reduced the number of timber jobs ten to fifteen years ago. Concurrently

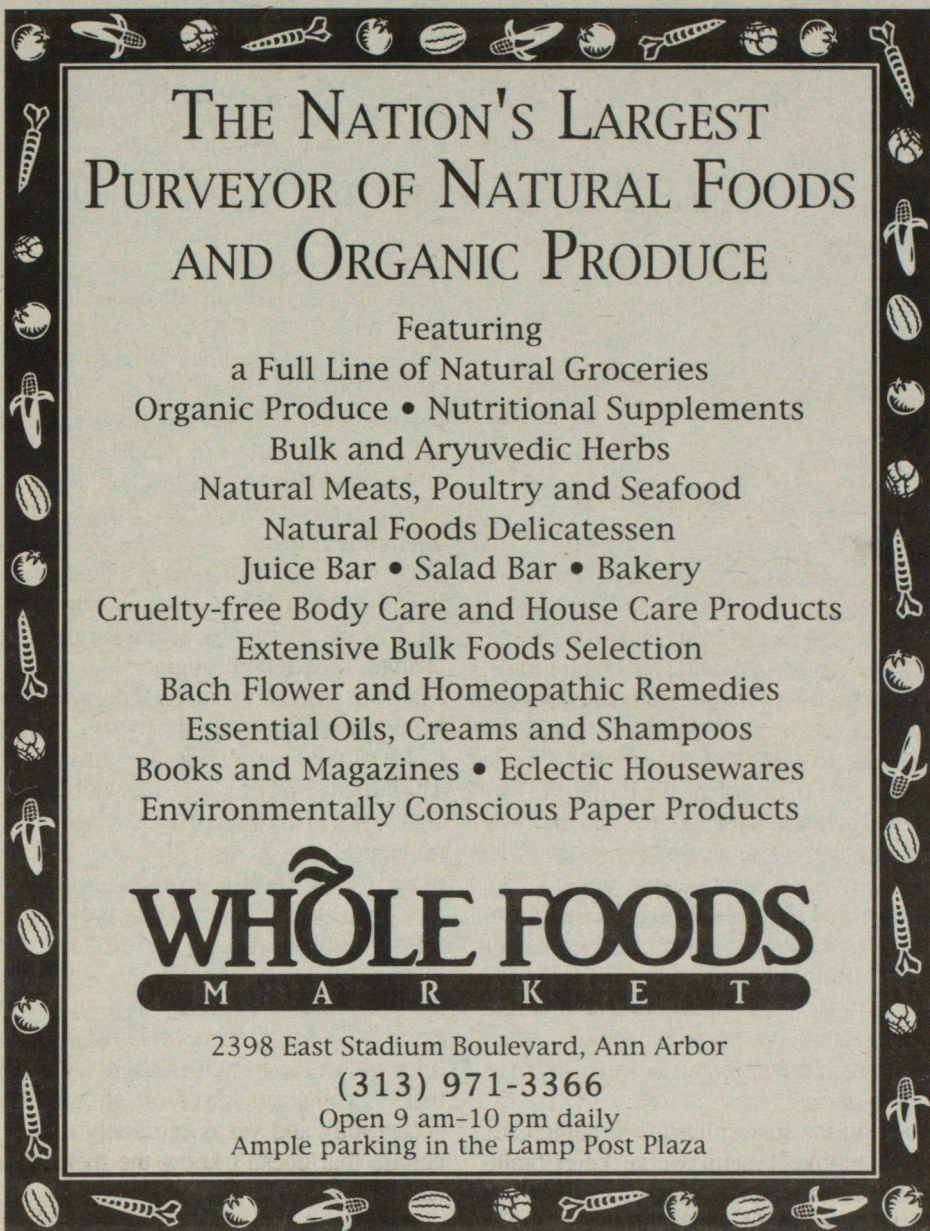
they argue that the recent legislation to protect the spotted owl and fragments of old-growth forest won't really affect the availability of timber jobs. But the bottom line is that loggers' livelihoods are in truth being threatened. Fifteen or twenty years ago when the jobs in Port Orford dried up, loggers and mill workers moved to Coquille, Bandon, Myrtle Point, and Coos Bay and found other logging and mill jobs. Now when timber jobs dry up in the few towns that still have meager timber economies, there is nowhere to migrate. The people most intimately affected—those running the chainsaws and forklifts—see the end of the line, and so up go the bumper stickers, "Save a logger, kill a spotted owl." Just as loggers are easy, accessible symbols for the anger of middle-class urban environmentalists, so is the spotted owl an easy target for the unemployed or soon-to-be unemployed logger.

At stake are small, rickety logging towns like Port Orford. Cars sit in every third front yard, waiting for new spark plugs, an oil change, or a rebuilt engine. The trees on Main Street, mostly scrubby shore pine, grow leaning north, shaped by the southerly storms that beat the town during the rainy season. The buildings all need new paint jobs. Loose signs bang in the wind. At stake is the fabric of a rural white working-class culture. I never carried a house key; we simply didn't lock our house. No one at the bank ever asked me for identification; all the tellers knew me by name. It is a culture that believes in self-sufficiency and depends on family—big extended families not necessarily created in the mold of the Religious Right. A culture that has a huge amount of tolerance for local eccentricity and yet is extremely racist. A culture that doesn't know the meaning of anonymity.

I remember in second grade when the plywood mill closed for the first time, half my class moved out of town. Those families simply migrated to Bandon, where they found similar work. Fifteen years ago when a salmon season was tight, commercial fishermen knew the next season would more than make up for it. Today there are no logging jobs in Port Orford and no logging jobs in Bandon or anyplace else in southwest Oregon. Today salmon don't run in the hundreds of thousands, and a small and flourishing drug trade, not the fishing fleet, keeps the cannery open.

Today Port Orford is a tourist town, a retirement town, and a hippie artist town, barely hanging on. To thrive in its new makeover, Port Orford would need to be fairly accessible to an urban area, have pleasant warm beaches, and attract rich people ready to spend their money. In reality it's a remote backwoods town that people pass through on their way north up Highway 101, not a place where the rich come to vacation and buy funky art. It's a town with wild, rugged, chilly beaches that tourists admire briefly from their cars, not a resort teeming with people dressed for the sand and sun. Its biggest employer is the public school district. The loggers and mill workers have left, gone back to school, or make a living by piecing together odd jobs, brush picking (collecting ferns by the pound to sell to florists in the city), and welfare. The fishermen have left, lost their boats and gone bankrupt, work the drug trade, or struggle by, catching dungeness crab, red snapper, and ling cod. Schoolteachers, ranchers who own land free and clear, and people who retired to southwest Oregon seem relatively unaffected. In short Port Orford is dying and has been for a long time.

(SEE NEXT PAGE)



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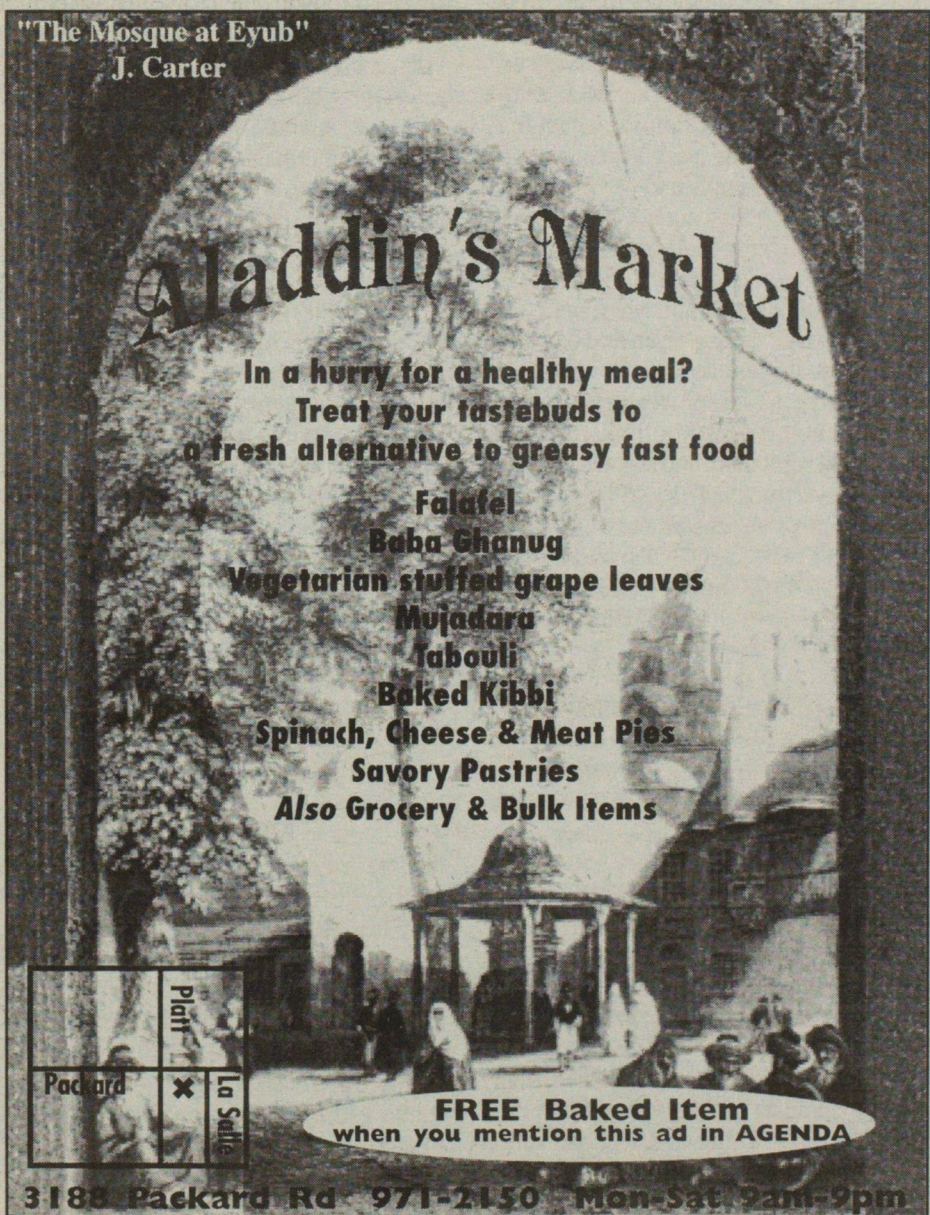
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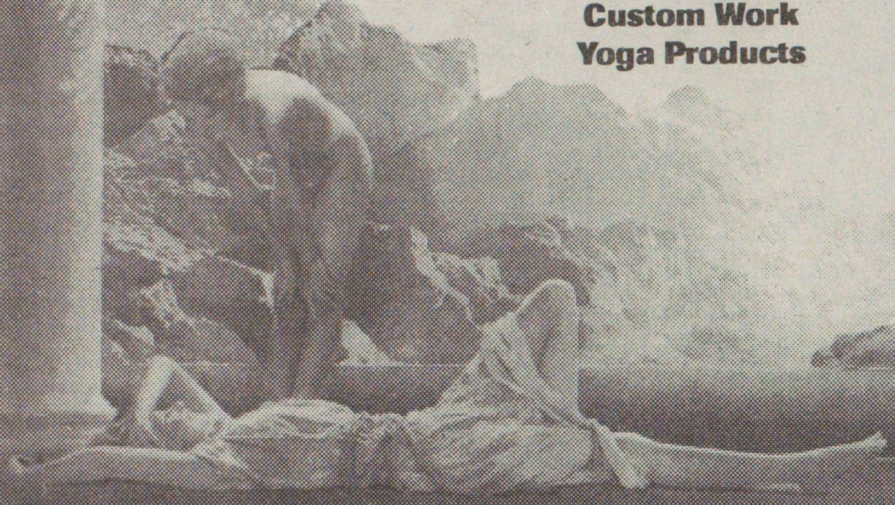
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(FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)

This story of slow death and abandonment has repeated itself in many Northwest logging and fishing towns, and the alternatives offered these towns are disgusting. In July, 1994, I heard two reports on National Public Radio about dying logging towns, one about Aberdeen, Washington, and the other about Weed and Crescent City, both in northern California. In Aberdeen the reporter went to the construction site of a Walmart store, where the reporter's guide went on and on about how this site represented the revitalization of town. In Weed the reporter explored local reactions to the possibility of building a maximum security prison nearby. The California state government specifically pushes the placement of new prisons in towns with failing economies as a way of creating new jobs. After the reporter had toured Weed, he traveled to Crescent City, a coastal logging and fishing town where one prison has already been built and a

second one has been proposed. Yes, Walmarts exist across the country. And yes, with the current overcrowding of prisons, the astounding rates of imprisonment, and the "three strikes and you're out" legislation, the government will build more prisons. But Walmart and maximum security prisons as solutions—even partial ones—to the economic crises in fishing and logging towns? I don't think so.

Rather than talking about Walmarts and prisons, we should be considering forest and watershed restoration projects, alternative sources of paper and ways of utilizing existing paper and lumber mills, truly sustainable logging using techniques that don't destroy entire ecosystems, and so on. I don't know how the working-class culture I grew up in will negotiate the changes that must happen in order to save the old-growth forests, but after watching Port Orford struggle for twenty years, I do know there isn't one simple answer.

In the meantime, I have a modest proposal. I suggest that environmentalists turn their attention to timber companies and logging executives. Radical, direct-action activists: go plan non-violent, confrontational blockades of Weyerhaeuser's corporate offices. Find out where the CEO lives. Picket his house. Heat his life up. Disrupt board meetings. Monkey wrench logging execs' cars. Among the demands: all the profits made off of old-growth trees in the last century be returned to a coalition of logging towns. Passionate, committed lobbyists: spearhead legislation that makes exporting logs a crime, that outlaws making a profit off public land and old-growth forest. Work the electoral system. Find the working-class politicians-to-be who understand environmental destruction and rural working-class culture, and get them elected. Logging towns: use the blood money from Weyerhaeuser and its ilk to figure out what's next.

As citizens of the most powerful imperialist, resource-greedy nation in the world, as white people, as consumers who have forgotten the meaning of sustainable yield, are we now serious about changing our relationship to the planet and its resources? Are we changing our attitudes toward trees, fish, water, and land? Will we change our assumptions about profit made at the expense of the environment? If so, we need to be equally serious about what happens to the people and towns that arose from the old belief system. Towns like Port

Orford have their history rooted in the European-American westward conquest of the U.S. For a long time even the land was perceived of as an endless resource, was used as an endless resource. White people killed millions of Native people—are still killing them today—to claim ownership of this piece of the planet. White men came to the Northwest greedy for resources, looking for good farm land, gold—the goldrush being one of the major resource frenzies of the 19th century—and timber. Additionally they came to convert Native people to christianity. Rich industrialists latched onto the market for timber, setting up logging camps that were worked by the same men who had come looking for gold and land. Small towns grew up around the logging camps, around the ports and rivers used to transport the logs, around the missions and army outposts. They were towns built upon a certain world view about resources, a certain unquestioned greed, a certain racism,

a certain set of convictions about christianity. They wouldn't exist if capitalism hadn't created a gold frenzy, if wood hadn't been in great demand and hugely profitable, if trees hadn't been conceived of as endless raw material. And today these towns still rest upon the same beliefs. If we are serious about protecting the remaining old-growth forests, about saving the spotted owl from extinction; the beliefs, policies, and practices of the U.S. have to change. We have to be accountable for the towns and people who will be shaken to their roots by these changes.

If we are not serious, then to put the spotted owl on the Endangered Species list and protect, at least in the short-term, a mere fraction of old-growth forest, is to in truth pit loggers against the spotted owl. It is to apply a band-aid to a mortal wound. I don't believe that progressive people in this country truly want a band-aid. I know that I—the girl who grew up in the Siskiyou National Forest, the writer who now lives on the edge of corn country, the activist of multiple loyalties—I want more, much more, than a band-aid.

I find myself reaching toward a bigger context. The crisis of trees and fish in the Northwest is only one example of a global environmental crisis. It is a crisis about resources, the use and abuse of the environment for profit, and our collective and individual relationships to the planet. The connections between coal mining, oil drilling, uranium mining, clearcutting, agribusiness, whale killing, and so on are vital. The planet is not a playground for our greed but a being with whom we have a complex relationship. We must question our use not only of paper, lumber, and salmon meat, but also of cars, non-renewable fuels, asphalt, concrete, bombs, and pesticide- and hormone-laden food to name a few in a seemingly endless list. I am not advocating a return to hunting and gathering, a dismantling of the urban technological world. But I do know that saving old-growth forests in the Northwest is far more complicated and revolutionary than putting the spotted owl on the Endangered Species list. I ache for those complicated and revolutionary solutions in the hills and towns, among the trees I still call home.

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Self-Publishing Seminar: Borders Bookshop 7 pm, 612 E. Liberty. The International Small Press Publishing Institute will hold a free seminar on how to publish oneself, get published by a publishing house or start your own publishing business. 668-7652

2 Friday

Reading: Galerie Jacques 8 pm, 616 Wesley. Open mic from 9-10 pm. MAURICE GREENIA, JR. will then read his poetry and present a puppet show. 665-9889

4 Sunday

Rabbit Ears Radio: WUOM 7:30 pm, WUOM 91.7 FM. Classic children's literature read and accompanied by big stars! Tonight "The Velveteen Rabbit" is told by Meryl Streep. Music by George Winston. 764-9210

Feed the Poets Group Series: Del Rio Bar 1:30-4:30 pm, 122 W. Washington. Enjoy the poetry of STEVE LEGGETT and BRENDA CARDENIS. Open mic readers welcome. 761-2530

6 Tuesday

Ann Arbor Poetry Slam: The Heidelberg Club Above 8 pm, 215 N. Main. VIEVEE FRANCIS won this year's Grand Slam and will co-represent A2 along with STEVE MARSH, KIM WEBB and SCOTT KLEIN in Portland, Ore.,

Aug. 21-24. Poet and musician KEN CORMIER will perform for one of his last times before moving back to Connecticut. His new book of songs and readings, "Goddamn Doghouse" will be available at the show, \$3 cover. 426-3451

10 Saturday

Reading: Borders 7:30 pm, 612 E. Liberty. Journalist LEGS MCNEIL and poet GILLIAN MCCAIN will read from their new book "Please Kill Me: The Uncensored Oral History of Punk." 668-7652

11 Sunday

Rabbit Ears Radio: WUOM 7:30 pm, WUOM 91.7 FM. Stories "Brer Rabbit and Boss Lion" are told by Danny Glover. Music by Dr. John. 764-9210

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Rabbit Ears Radio: WUOM 7:30 pm, WUOM 91.7 FM. The story of "The Emperor's New Clothes" is told by Sir John Gielgud. Music by Mark Ishum. 764-9210

20 Tuesday

Reading: Borders Bookshop 7 pm, 612 E. Liberty. Ex-local, DR. JEANNIE BREWER will read from her new novel, "A Crack in Forever." The book is about couple Alexandra and Eric coming to terms with Eric's HIV-positive diagnosis both on the emotional and political level. 668-7652

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Reviewed by Jamie Agnew
Owner of Aunt Agatha's

It's probably too good to be true, but I think I remember Kenneth Clarke talking about America on one of his PBS specials and sniffing "Civilization? I think not." Well, we may not be civilized, but we sure have grown a pow-

erful culture, one that's infected the whole world. Like most germs of idea, most of our little bullets doux are merely mutations of pre-extant European or African strains, but now and then we come up with something that stands on its own so righteously that it's a brand new thing, an original. We usually devalue it at first, and even left it up to the French to come up with a name for one of our most virulent riffs, the Noir novel.

Like one of our other cool and groovy cuts, Jazz, the Noir crawled from devalued popular culture, from the tawdry dime novels and pulpy pulp magazines men had in their back pockets as they listened to hot licks in the whore house. In the same way that lowly popular musicians were suddenly discovered to be geniuses, Dashiell Hammet took a semi-scum, the private and organization operative, and made him the hero of, gasp, a work of literature which was actually fun to read. Chandler took the private eye and made him into a Hero, a real live heroic knight caught in a de-based wasteland. James M. Cain isn't quite as revered today, but he was just as good, eschewing the private eye's

occupation, but taking up his dark visionary shades. Together with a few collaborators they created a Noir paradigm that now seems to be in harmony with the dominant chords of modernity: black humor, irony, irreverence, paranoia, violence, disillusionment—all that good stuff.

Unfortunately, just as jazz devolved into big band blandness to accommodate it's wide transmission via radio, Noir lost some of it's potency when it was Hollywoodized. Once it gets formulated, the formula tends to take over, and Noir writers began writing novels that came from movies or better writers' books, and Noir became a genre rather than an art form.

However, now that in the '90s the Berlin Wall between genre and art has been pulled apart, writers are making great Noir things again. It may be facile but fun to equate Chandler to James Lee Burke and Hammet to James Ellroy, but anyone who reads "Miami Purity" by Vicki Hendricks has to see a good dose of Cain in it. It's hyped-up for the modern world however - while "The Postman Always Rings Twice," "Serenade," and "The Butterfly" still have the un-

DR. JEANNIE BREWER will read from her new novel, "A Crack in Forever." The book is about couple Alexandra and Eric coming to terms with Eric's HIV-positive diagnosis both on the emotional and political level. 668-7652

23 Friday

Story Time: Borders Bookshop 11 am, 612 E. Liberty. Detroit area storyteller Corinne Stavish will present a participatory program called "Things Wonderful and Wise: Stories about Rainbows, Gardens and Wisdom for the Entire Family." 668-7652

25 Sunday

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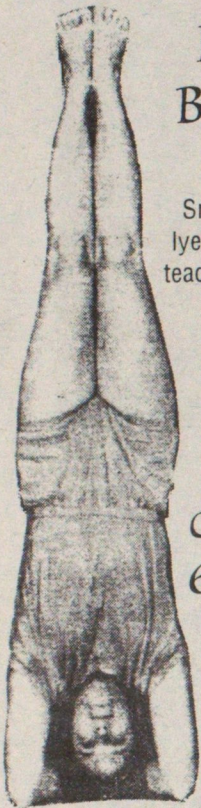
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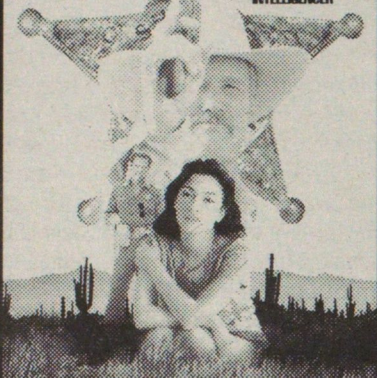
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SCREEN SCENE

By John Carlos Cantú

LIVING IN OBLIVION

[1995. Directed by Tom DiCillo. Cast: Steve Buscemi, Catherine Keener, James LeGros. Sony/Columbia Home Video. 90 mins.]



Pop quiz. Hands up and time out for a little self-centered honesty.

Okay, show-biz hangers: How many of you aspiring Hollywood hyphenates out there in serious movie-movie wonderland are willing to bite off Tom DiCillo's *Living in Oblivion*?

Time's up. Try a simple concept: It's a nightmare.

Living in Oblivion is one of those wickedly whacked-out, tongue-in-cheek black comedies that vividly lives out its acerbic fantasy. After all, who could possibly resist Nick Reve's sardonic daydream of standing in front of a fawning movie awards audience as he graciously accepts his award as best film director for ... yes, you've got it: *Living in Oblivion*.

The afterlife should be like this?!

Think about it. Every second of any film (this one runs 90 minutes) has to be planned, blocked, and practiced ... preferably sometime in advance. In a business whose conventional wisdom says 20 set-ups a day is the industry norm, every shot will probably be done no less than a half-dozen times.

It's therefore no wonder DiCillo has given his film the title he has. His view of independent cinema has to be living in oblivion. Remember the twenty furious set-ups a day? That's the norm on a routine budget. Independent filmmaking is a no-frills sort of cinematic experience.

Built around three diabolically temperamental set-ups, the film lampoons the frustration of close-to-the-bone filmmaking. From narcissistic actors to malfunctioning equipment, Reve has to muster his reserves to survive yet another of a horrifying never-ending miasma of future blown takes. The fact that his assistant director and cinematographer are in the midst of a spat; his one-eyed leading man wants to bed every female

in the crew on sight; and his players insist upon upstaging each other left and right, only increases the pressure.

Thankfully, *Living in Oblivion*'s sharp-edged humor neverfalters. But as with all satire, there's a kernel of uneasy truth at the bottom of this shaggy dog of a bag of popped corn. For making movies is (despite the supposed glamour) very hard work. And in a business where money is burned reflexively — indeed, almost obliviously — working on the fringes can be a sort of living hell.

As anyone who's attempted these sorts of projects well knows, the bottom line is what ends on screen. So try sitting in the eye of the filmic hurricane for a few minutes. Buscemi's daffy-ducked incredulity fuels the wild-eyed pathos surrounding writer/director Reve. Long a favorite of independent real-life filmmakers, Buscemi is perfectly cast as a strung-out starving artist who's nearly ... not quite, but very nearly ... at the end of his celluloid rope.

Still, as you double-feature week-end cinema warriors might dreamily sigh of the balmy west coast: What price Hollywood?

If DiCillo's response is perhaps a little less acidic than Robert Altman's earlier *The Player*, it's only because he's a younger man and he hasn't been critically boxed around the ears for the last couple of decades. The obvious gauge will be for him to revisit the topic in twenty or so years.

The kooky and fragile optimism of *Oblivion* should serve as a warning for any future "players" out there. At the very least, it should definitely serve as mandatory viewing for any Hollywood neophyte who confidently points to the silver screen and says, "I can do that." Guess again.

SAFE

[1995. Directed by Todd Haynes. Cast: Julianne Moore, Xander Berkeley, Peter Friedman. Sony/Columbia Home Video. 118 mins.]



Todd Haynes' obvious borrowing from Chantal Akerman so thoroughly permeates *Safe*, his film could be called the half-baked stateside sister of Akerman's legendary 1978 *Les Rendez-vous d'Anna*.

As with most polemic revisions, Haynes' film popularizes its source by broadening the earlier film's intent. In this instance, Akerman's feminism is being reshaped to make it palatable for American audiences. Yet by shifting the central premise of that earlier film — a relentlessly detached clinical study of *ennui* — Haynes has smudged the meaning of his film's message.

This not-quite-so-deft sleight of hand seemingly makes *Safe* and *Les Rendez-vous d'Anna* superfluous complementary narratives. They share a similar psychology and they commensurate over roughly the same issues. But in his attempt to smooth over Akerman's fingerprints, Haynes' off-beat investigation into feminine self-identity weakens the earlier film's *raison d'être*.

The existential dilemma of Akerman's masterwork lies in its penetrating investigation of an outwardly successful professional woman living an equally unsuccessful interpersonal life. The psychic unraveling of Akerman's *Anna* carries an understated schizophrenic wallop that haunts its viewer for some time afterward.

By contrast, *Safe*'s underdeveloped conclusion diffuses its meaning in a far less subtle fashion. Julianne Moore is featured as Carol White, a San Fernando Valley housewife, whose domestic day to day is inexplicably shattered by an unnamed allergic reaction she's developed to her entire physical environment. Descending into despair, Carol finally finds an alternative community where she can be shielded from the chaos and germs of modern life. She fitfully comes to the

conclusion that she must somehow learn to care for herself.

After Haynes' prior pyrotechnics of *Poison*, *Safe* is remarkably restrained. But perhaps it's too restrained for its own good. For at the very least — and despite Akerman's determined glacial pace in *Les Rendez-vous d'Anna* — that prior film made a virtue of Anna's disintegrating self-identity. *Safe*'s Carol goes through a similar numbing psychological process, but Haynes' cinematic style detaches our sympathy from her and instead forces us to study her travails at an antiseptic distance.

There's no question but that the film gains a welcome tension once Carol moves from her home to the Wrenwood estate where she — like its other hypersensitive members — retreats for a much needed convalescence from society. And there can be no question but that for the numbers of men and women who suffer from allergic illness, *Safe*'s comfort zone is serious indeed. But Haynes plays his characters in this film so hermetically, no one — including Carol herself — comes fully to life. Moore's Carol is a heroic acting effort, but empathetically elusive nonetheless.

Perhaps it's not accidental that the most vivid personalities in the film are her husband, Greg (Xander Berkeley), and Wrenwood counselor, Peter Dunning (Peter Friedman). Serving as subliminal bookends to Carol's nearly indiscernible warring conscience, Greg and Peter wage silent battle over her exceedingly limited sense of self-understanding. Nothing is seemingly lost or gained over a weekend visit Greg makes to Wrenwood to explore her new home. But the die is cast between the many casual conversations we overhear during this pivotal sequence.

At the very least, Akerman's *Anna* is trapped in a psychodrama of her own making. But by leaving us guessing as to the sense of personal and social responsibility Carol feels for herself in *Safe*, Haynes forces us to his work for him.

The result may be a safer theme. Yet it also comes at the expense of narrative clarity. There's no defining sense of personal autonomy in Haynes' Carol. *Safe*'s uncomfortable netherworld depicting a reactive, other-defined femininity — as opposed to a proactive, self-defined female existence — says more about Haynes' view of women than any other statement he could make.

RATING KEY

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- 🌸 Cinematography
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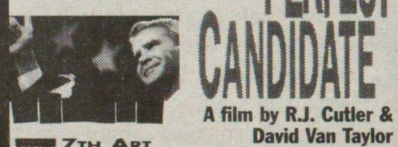
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By William Shea

"Planet Squeezebox," Various Artists, Ellipsis Arts...Recording Company

The accordion has been part of popular music long before recorded music. Developed in Vienna during the 1820s, its portability, ease of operation, and unique sound quality quickly made it the instrument of choice for itinerant travelers and immigrants. People may think that its heyday in American popular music revolved around the polka craze of the 1940s. But such current popular groups as U2, Paul Simon, The Band, Brave Combo all have incorporated the accordion sound into their rock music.

Recently Jeff Charno, president of Ellipsis Arts...Recording Company, asked Michael Shapiro to produce an accordion music compilation with music from around the world. Charno and Shapiro came up with the wonderful 3-CD set entitled "Planet Squeezebox." Featuring torrid tangos, merengues, rollicking polkas, jigs, plus zydeco/cajun two-steps and waltzes, free-form jazz, country laments and hard rock, this compilation is a rare gift. It seeps with virtuosity, energy and just plain fun. With the 56-page booklet — filled with a brief history, tons of pictures and a run-down on each of the performing artists — you'll learn more about the world-music of the accordion than you'll ever imagine (for instance, the difference between a chromatic piano accordion versus a three-row diatonic button accordion). This 52-cut, 3-hour plus compilation presents music from every corner of the world: from Bali to Bulgaria, the Bayous to the Pampas.

Some highlights include Gus Viseur's 1938 jazz and gypsy musette "Jeanette." The subtle tone control, indicative of the most expressive accordion players, is expertly demonstrated by this "Django Reinhardt of the accordion." Mario Salvi plays a dissonant tarantella reflective of the new Italian folk revivalists. Tony MacMahon plays the brilliantly melodic "The Dear Irish Boy" and Steve Riley and the Mamou Playboys the rollicking "Amedee Two-Step." These cuts only hint at the other treasures within.

The real versatility of the accordion lies in the control the performer has over the bellows. Like a harmonica, the harder one blows the more expressive the tone. But unlike the harmonica, the buttons or keys increases the accordion's range to over three octaves (sometimes even higher). The result is an instrument and sound that is unmatched.

This veratility is heard throughout this recording. One truly remarkable exhibition is Alice Hall's jazz-tinged standard "What Is This Thing Called Love." Recorded live in 1949, Hall plays as though she has 20 fingers, making the listener reel from her lightning-fast technique. Pauline Oliveras demonstrates a startlingly different technique. Her classical excerpt "The Beauty of Sorrow" clearly shows that the accordion is possibly the most expressive of all musical instruments. She makes the instrument weep.

Fred Gregarich's version of the Slovenian-style polka "Soldier Boy Polka" is representative of the accordion music I grew up with, plenty of oom-pa. But it was in the playing of the late Argentine master Astor Piazzolla where the the instrument opened my ears to its larger range of music. His tango "Milonga Loca" is exquisite — slow, moving, simply beautiful.

Similarly, the Ivory Coast music of Le Zagazougou clearly demonstrates how the accordion is used to express the cultural heritage from virtually any region of the world. This notion is probably most clearly heard in the renown Klezmer Conservatory Band's "A Yor Nokh Mayn Khasene" and the Chinese Miao artists Yang Zhangping and Wan Jingui's

LOCAL MUSIC

The View from Nowhere Lisa Hunter: On Solid Ground

By Alan Goldsmith

Oh what the hell. The new Lisa Hunter CD "Solid Ground" is out (Swing Sister/Thursday Records) and it's such a heart-touching, artistic triumph of American pop music (not to mention the best Ann Arbor release in months) that I can't help but babble on about its poetic grace, the way it moves the soul and how damn sweet all the goings-on sound to the ear. Even though (if you were paying attention last month) I did preview three tracks from this twelve-song collection, even I had not a clue how the final deal would turn out.

For starters, Lisa Hunter is coming from the singer/songwriter scheme of things. Her voice is quiet, soft and has lots in common with Suzanne Vega — at times she sings/talks, others she varies her range over three or four notes, while still other times she lets go with a breathtaking soar of sounds and tones. Hunter sings every song like a lullaby — not in the sense of putting you at ease, but more like a love letter from an old friend. Smooth her voice is not. There are just enough blue notes, things slightly on edge to not make this easy pop radio listening.

The voice is cloud-like and drifting and shines when Hunter plays with a song hook or a chorus. Whether it's the "ah hey ha ha" on "The Day," the 1990's do wop-isms on the acapella "This Road" or the "I know I know"

"Huanle de Miaojia."

Given that you'll find recordings here from the 1930s through the 1990s, the production is somewhat spotty. But on the other hand, you won't find any screaming guitars on this first-rate compilation. With the expressive range, power and breadth of the accordion found throughout this remarkable collection, they won't be missed. This recording is a must-have for any popular music aficionado. Seek it out today.

"No Sweat! Live," Big Dave & the Ultrasonics, Schoolkids' Records

This is one hot live CD. The production is great. The material is strong. And the feel propels the listener to dance and wiggle. Slow blues, fast blues, jump blues, rare blues, new blues, this rock-solid collection has them all plus tinges of swing, jazz, and boogie. From this exhibition, there is little argument that this ensemble is still one of the best in town.

There may have been some question about this with the recent re-vamping of the group. Rhythm guitarist David Farzalo and bassist Todd Perkins both left. Farzalo was not replaced, but the rock steady 6-string bass player, Jim Rassmussen, took over without missing a beat. Although the group has a slightly less-full sound without the additional guitarist, it seems that Dave Steele on lead guitar, Dave Morris on harmonica, Ben White on keyboards and Piet Struyk on drums merely stepped things up a notch. The result is great listening.

Especially strong songs are Steele's "No Sweat," label-mate Steve Ferguson's "I Stand Accused," and Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson's "Hold It Right There." This is not to imply that the other material is somehow weak. On the contrary. You'll find more than a lick or two of exceptional musicianship on any cut. Add this one to your collection!

rift on "The Party," Ms. Hunter is a class vocalist who knows exactly what she wants to do as a singer.

The foundation for this vocal is low-key folk pop guitar from Hunter and a rhythm section from Will Osler and Sonya Baker on drums and Rich Griffith on bass that fits perfectly with the voice. An all-star cast from the Ann Arbor New Folk Underground show up to make this not just a document of Lisa Hunter's talents but a roundup of some of the what is happening on this scene. You get vocal colorings from the grand master Dick Siegel, Jo Serrapere and Chris Buhalis, nifty slide guitar on a couple of tracks from Rollie Tussing III, a visit from Odd Sox Kevin Allison and a laid-back mandolin from K.C. Groves to boot, not to mention guitar and background help from ex-jane doe bandmate, the equally important and talented Audrey Becker (but that's another artist for another column...).

So, there are lots of nice voices in town and loads of good playter, right? True. But...

What makes Lisa Hunter stand out, what makes "Solid Ground" a wonderful, if not classic work of musical entertainment, is the artist's sense of herself. It's the same dark territory of the soul, the trip and stumble down the ROAD OF LIFE and how there are good days, there are bad days. But, while these themes and occasions are boring as sin in the hands of a BAD artist, Hunter doesn't fall into this angst-filled quicksand.

On the title track, on "Breathe" and "The Day," the search for figuring-it-all-out is almost like a Buddhist meditation. There's this air of "I'll be fine" on the path to the light that is almost religious. Hunter sings "I've got the Colorado River singing chorus to my tune," blending her musical art, the natural world, and the search. And when the "ah hey ah ah ah" chorus hits (this sounds way better on the tune than it does in print, trust me...) it takes you into her heart and into her world.

But while Lisa Hunter seems to have it nailed sometimes, on tracks like "The Party" or "Fade to Black" the flash of enlightenment isn't to be found. For example, a line from "The Party" — "I am groping in a dark, secluded room" — could be referring to life or sex or fear of facing the world.

It's the quiet reflection, the sense of understanding the human soul (mostly), and the calm and peacefulness of Lisa Hunter's work that makes it a keeper. It's such a personal work that Hunter doesn't have to plunge a knife into the heart of the listener to make you pay attention. It's a subtle seduction and like all great pop music, you can't tell it's hit you until it's too late to resist.

It's 1996 and where does this leave Lisa Hunter and "Solid Ground?" There is absolutely NO REASON why this CD can't be played on local rock radio. It matters not if it's WIQB-FM (who rarely play local stuff anymore) or CIDR-FM/The River. The songs, the voice, the recording quality are all first class and would fit in nicely with any hip, thoughtful radio format. I'll save my local-music-directors-are-idiots speech for another time and place. But one sure way to disprove this universally held belief would be to give Lisa Hunter — and her potential listeners — a shot in the regular rotation.

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The bad news is that **Alexa Lee Gallery** is closing this month. Its last show (listed in the calendar below) is closing August 3. In the last year sales have been too low for Lee to consider signing a new lease on the Nickels Arcade location. She is looking at other options for presenting fine art to the southeastern Michigan public. Many in the art world agree that hers is the last true fine art gallery in Ann Arbor, selling original works from a storefront location for the last three years with a plain museum-like setting focused entirely on the art.

The good news is that fine art is succeeding in Ann Arbor despite low sales in traditional galleries. Looking at new galleries that are successful, what seems to work in the 1990s in Ann Arbor is a mixture of traditional fine art with other art, including newer media, performance media, crafts, American cultural artifacts like t-shirts and postcards, and cappuccino.

The **Arthouse** benefit for the new magazine **Do Or Donut** July 4-13 was a huge success—except at the end the Fire Inspector closed down the gallery because it wasn't up to code for big crowds. Arthouse was successful in selling paintings with its additional attractions such as the tea bar and live performances. Krysta Ahn and Adam Leemon are opening a new version of their club/gallery in the sub-level of the building where the old Ark is still located at 637 S. Main St. The new name is **6:37**, a "6livmusik3fineart7lounge" and it will open around the middle of this month. The Ark is moving soon to its new location on Main near Liberty, so there won't be conflict between the two music venues. Ahn says she is getting lots of help with the new project from people who became involved at The Arthouse. With more space for art and an eclectic mix of music that includes newer forms like acid jazz and ambient, 6:37 might be a raving

success.

Art and the World Wide Web, down the hall from the deceased Arthouse, didn't appreciate Arthouse changing from a traditional gallery into a nightclub/gallery, but its own growth is in its business of designing Web sites. A hacker ambiance and glowing computer screens lit up with Web pages belie the traditional feel of Art & the WWW's gallery space. The latest accomplishments are **AGENDA's** Web site, and a new site for **The Ann Arbor Artisan Market** (the organization for the artisans that sell their arts and crafts at the Farmers' Market next to Kerrytown) at <http://mendez5000.com/artisanmarket/>

The new **Yribar Gallery** on S. 4th Ave., with its fairly traditional gallery approach, hopes to get enough support from the community to keep it open in its spacious, high-traffic location. Live music and poetry events have brought crowds, but not many art buyers.

Bruise Gallery in the Kerrytown Shops at 5th Ave. and Kingsley has been succeeding with its mix of fine art, folk art and artifacts (including a big collection of African drums) for a year now despite obstacles that have nothing to do with sales. In contrast with Alexa Lee's pure white temple of art, the large abstract biomorphic oil paintings of Adam Scott that cover the walls merge in with all the other offerings, from furniture decorated by folk artist Sam McMillan to local primitive artist Steve Amick to jewelry and other handcrafted items from here and around the world. Scott's smaller paintings have been selling for \$2,400.

While Bruise's neighbors in Kerrytown have come to appreciate the steady stream of customers drawn by the gallery, according to co-owner Josh Moyer Kerrytown management recently subjected Bruise to pressure similar to that which led to The Golden Age Showcase being kicked out of the mini-

mall. The Ann Arbor News reported that Kerrytown "told the crafts cooperative to leave its second-floor shop to allow another store to expand." (July 15, '96) and offered it a closet between two bathrooms as a replacement space. Bruise didn't succumb to similar pressures because world-wise Moyer was able to fend off the management's tactics.

Even more distant from the traditional gallery are the cafés displaying art for sale. In addition to **Sweetwaters Café**, where **Matrix Gallery** displays art more regularly than in its own space, and the various cafés supplied with art exhibits by the **Ann Arbor Art Center**, there is now the **Gypsy Café** (214 N. 4th Ave.) and **Café Zola** (112 W. Washington).

The **Gypsy Café** offered its back room entertainment space for a recent opening by Ernie Rogers, and is interested in providing exhibit space to Ann Arbor artists of all kinds, either for sales or just for display.

Berman Pelletier Gallery and Lighting Studio (Kerrytown), which supplied the stylish lighting for **Café Zola**, has now provided the new downtown café a whole exhibition of collages and large abstract paintings by Karen Izenberg. With more wall space than Pelletier Gallery, the only big disadvantage of Café Zola I can see is that there is no salesperson on hand—but at the well-attended July 19 opening a painting was sold for \$2,800.

My request last issue for arts publications turned up **White Crow**, currently at V.2, #3, published quarterly and available at **Main Street News** and by subscription. Send poetry, fiction, essays, and high-contrast photos or drawings to Osric Publishing, P.O. Box 4501, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. An on-line version is under construction at <http://www-personal.umich.edu/~cherdt/crow.html>

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AUGUST 1996 Visual Arts Calendar STILL SHOWING

Gallery Artists: Paintings and Sculptures Alexa Lee Gallery, 201 Nickels Arcade. Christopher Campbell, Vincent Castagnacci, Laurie Halbritter, Martha Keller, Jane Kent, Cynthia Nartonis, Sharon Que, Jennifer Reeves, Stephanie Sailor, Lincoln Schatz, David Shapiro, Greg Simons, Nancy Stokes, Lois Teicher & Elaine Wilson exhibit thru August 3.

"The Caine Series" and "Destructions and Constructions" Matrix Gallery at Sweetwaters Café, 123 W. Washington. Julie Bedore White's paintings and Sabrina Wolfe's acrylic on paper thru August. 663-7775

Karen Izenberg Café Zola, 112 W. Washington. Paintings & Collages thru Aug. 30. 769-2020

"Sol LeWitt: Five Wall Drawings" U-M Museum of Art, 525 S. State. Conceptual art drawing by founder of conceptual art in the Museum Apse. Exhibit thru Aug. 4. 764-0395

"Albert Kahn: An American Architect Abroad" U-M Museum of Art, 525 S. State. Drawings by designer of Hill Auditorium, Burton Tower, etc. thru Sept. 8. 764-0395

"Beaux Arts Visions: Renderings by Herbert W. Johe" U-M Museum of Art, 525 S. State. Drawings by ex-U-M professor thru Aug. 25. 764-0395

"Common Ground: African Art and Affinities" U-M Museum of Art, 525 S. State. Juxtaposition of African artifacts with artifacts from other continents thru Jan., 1997. 764-0395

"Music, Art and Politics: Presidential Campaign Music, Caricatures and Portraits" Ann Arbor District Library, 343 S. 5th Ave. Part of Presidential Memorabilia show, thru Sept. 994-2333

"Auto Show" Cranbrook Art Museum, 1221 N. Woodward, Bloomfield Hills. 26 Mich. artists assess impact of automobile on our culture. Exhibit thru Sept. 1. 810-645-3323

"The Original 37th" U-M Hospital Taubman Lobby, North 1st floor. A selection of artists from the 37th Annual Street Art Fair thru Aug. 22. 936-ARTS

Summer Show of Gallery Artists Galerie Jacques, 414 Wesley. Exhibit thru September 7. 665-9889

Nudes by Harvey Yribar Gallery, 210 S. 4th Ave. Exhibit thru August. 665-5740

"It's Not Art-It's Not Fair" The Anti Art Fair Art and the World Wide Web, 106 E. Liberty. Group show of artists committed to art as expression, not commerce. Exhibit thru August 18. On-line catalog at http://mendez5000.com/not_art/ 213-1650

The New American U-M Museum of Art, 525 S. State. Installation by Detroit artist Carl Demeulenaere. Exhibit thru August 18. 764-0395

6 TUESDAY
Summer Salon Clare Spittler Works of Art, 2007 Pauline Ct. Abbey Pachter, John Balsley, Brigitte Kranich, Victoria & Dodd, Joyce Malm show thru Aug. 31. 662-8914

9 FRIDAY
"Open Book" Reception 6-8 pm, Ann Arbor Art Center, 117 W. Liberty. Artist's Books by Pati Scobey, Sue Hensel, Margo Mensing, Steve Magsig & Lisa Steichman curated by Lynn Avedenka.

showing Aug. 1-Sept. 3. 994-8004

15 THURSDAY
Artrain at Ypsilanti Heritage Festival Riverside Arts Center, 76 N. Huron, Ypsilanti. Group & individual tours of "Art in Celebration!" over 30 works from The Smithsonian Associates collection thru Aug. 18. 480-2787

Opportunities

Artrain Seeks Volunteers Training session 5 pm Thurs. Aug. 15 for guides. Also seeking local artists who wish to demonstrate their skills. Call Riverside Arts Center, 480-2787

Do or Donut Local Ann Arbor literature and art magazine looking for submissions. Mail: D.O.D., 500 Packard, Ann Arbor MI 48104. Call: 665-3462, 995-9264, 662-1722

Submissions wanted for Generator Ypsilanti literary & art magazine. Submit stories, articles, poetry, photos, drawings & cartoons. Include SASE & phone #. Materials returned on request. Generator, P.O. Box 363, Ypsilanti MI 48197. 487-5174 or 482-2895

Entity An emerging computer artist coalition based in Ann Arbor. Email: entity-list@umich.edu. Web page: <http://www.umich.edu/~ego/entity>

"New Media Fridays" Fourth Fridays, 6 pm, location t.b.a. Network with fellow computer multimedia workers. Arborlaw@aol.com

"Gifts of Art" program of U-M Hospitals soliciting slides from Michigan artists for approx. 80 art exhibits every yr. in 9 galleries. All media considered. Info: Gifts of Art, NI-5B01, NIB, 300 N. Ingalls, Ann Arbor MI 48109-470. 936-ARTS

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AUGUST

LITERARY EVENTS

BOOK & POETRY READINGS, PUBLICATION PARTIES, WRITERS GROUPS, ETC. ARE LISTED IN THE LITERARY EVENTS CALENDAR (PAGE 11).

VISUAL ARTS

ART EXHIBITIONS, WORKSHOPS, ARTIST OPPORTUNITIES, ETC., ARE LISTED IN THE VISUAL ARTS CALENDAR (PAGE 14).

To publicize September Calendar events, send information by August 15 to AGENDA, 220 S. Main St., A2, MI 48104.

Unless otherwise noted, all events listed in the CALENDAR are free and open to the public. All locations are in Ann Arbor unless otherwise noted.

1 Thursday

Magic with Ming: A2 District Library 2-2:45 pm, Loving Branch, Creek Dr. near Packard & Platt. Family show with Ming the Magnificent. Registration required. 994-2353

Meeting: Homeless Action Committee 5:30 pm, 802 Monroe. Group organized to address the problems of poverty and homelessness. 930-0601

Meeting: Shining Lakes Grove Druidic Group 7-9 pm, Common Language Bookstore, 215 S. 4th Ave. Pre-ritual panic. 665-8428

Family, Friends, & Caregivers Support Group: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 7:30 pm, meets alternate Thursdays. Group addresses the emotional needs of individuals who care about/for people living with HIV/AIDS. 1-800-578-2300

"Middle Aged White Guys": Performance Network 8 pm, 408 W. Washington. Satire directed by Anthony Caselli about 3 guys whose task it is to save middle-aged white guys from death at the hands of an angry goddess, \$12/\$9 studs & srs. 663-0681

"Damn Yankees!": Croswell Opera House 8 pm, 129 E. Maumee St., Adrian. Pennant-winning musical about a middle-aged baseball fanatic who abandons his wife to the Devil for the chance to become a powerhouse slugger and defeat those damn Yankees, \$5-\$15. (517) 264-7469

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm, 137 Park St., Chelsea. New comedy from Kalamazoo native Michael Grady about an Indiana housewife who says she gets regular visits from space aliens searching for the "codes" to human existence, \$15-\$20. (313) 475-7902

II-V-I Orchestra: Soup Kitchen Saloon 9 pm, 1585 Franklin, Detroit. Big band jazz, \$2. 313-259-1374

Johnny O'Neal & Friends: Bird of Paradise 9:30 pm-1:30 am, 207 S. Ashley. Virtuoso jazz pianist, \$7. 662-8310

Bubblicious: Heidelberg 10 pm, 215 N. Main. Acid jazz DJ, \$3. 663-7758

2 Friday

"Friends" on Friday: LGBPO noon, LGBPO Lounge, Mich. Union. Re-runs of television show "Friends." 763-4186

Women's Spirituality Group: Druids of Shining Lakes Grove 7 pm, 507 Pearl St., Ypsi. 485-8632

Meeting: Lesbians, Gay Men, & Bisexuals' AA & Alanon 7:30 pm, Rainbow Rm (AA); Upstairs Lounge



"MIDDLE AGED WHITE GUYS" will be at PERFORMANCE NETWORK thru Aug. 11 (see 1 Thu)

PHOTO: GLENN BERING

(Alanon), St. Andrew's Episcopal, 306 N. Division. 665-6939

Discussion: Older Lesbians Organizing (OLO) 7:30-9:30 pm, Common Language, 215 S. Fourth Ave. Topic TBA. Nancy, 769-4750

Meeting: Queer Asian/Pacific Islanders 7:30 pm, call for location. 763-4186

The Savoy-Doucet Cajun Band: The Ark 8 pm, 637-1/2 S. Main, \$12.50. 761-1800

"Middle Aged White Guys": Performance Network 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"Damn Yankees!": Croswell Opera House 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

Swimmers: A2 Queer Aquatics Swim Team 8:30 pm, call for location. Kelly 663-0036 or Charley 482-2450

Lazuli String Quartet: Cafe Zola 9-11 pm, 112 W. Washington. Live music. 769-2020

Jeremy Shaver, Audrey Becker, Brian Lillie: Gypsy Cafe 9, 10, & 11 pm, 214 N. 4th Ave. 3 musical performances. 994-3940

Johnny O'Neal & Friends: Bird of Paradise 9:30 pm-1:30 am (see 1 Thu)

Grizzly Peach: Heidelberg 10 pm, 215 N. Main, \$3. 663-7758

3 Saturday

"Healing Hair, Skin, Nails and Teeth with Food & Herbs" 9-10:30 am, Community Room, Key Bank, 2300 E. Stadium. Class led by Cindy Klement, \$12. 665-0383

Free HIV Antibody Testing: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 10 am-2 pm. For gay and bisexual men. Confidential. 1-800-578-2300

Potluck: Gays & Lesbians Older & Wiser 11 am-1 pm, Turner Clinic, 1010 Wall. 936-5962

Mustard's Retreat: The Ark 8 pm, 637-1/2 S. Main. Evening of song, storytelling, and laughter with traditional ballads and contemporary sounds, \$10. 761-1800

"Middle Aged White Guys": Performance Network 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"Damn Yankees!": Croswell Opera House 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

Drum Talk, Ken & Billy King, Patrick Patillo, The 3/4 Heads: Gypsy Cafe 9, 10, 10:30 & 11 pm, 214 N. 4th Ave. Four different local musical performances. 994-3940

Johnny O'Neal & Friends: Bird of Paradise 9:30 pm-1:30 am (see 1 Thu)

4 Sunday

Swimmers: A2 Queer Aquatics Swim Team 9:30 am (see 2 Fri)

Shubhangi Deshpande: Upstairs at Borders 1 pm, Borders Books & Music, 612 E. Liberty. Traditional North Indian Classical music. 668-7652

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 2 & 7 pm (see 1 Thu)

"Damn Yankees!": Croswell Opera House 3 pm (see 1 Thu)

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Sunday Jazz: Del Rio 6-9 pm, 122 W. Washington. Live music. 761-2530

Services for Lesbians, Gay Men & Bisexuals: Tree of Life Metropolitan Comm. Church 6 pm, 1st Congreg. Church, 218 N. Adams, Ypsi. 677-1418

Meeting: Huron Valley Greens 6:30 pm, 548 S. Main St. Discussion of Ralph Nader and Gaia Kile campaigns. 663-3555

II-V-I Orchestra: Heidelberg 7 pm, 215 N. Main. Big band jazz, \$3. 663-7758

"Middle Aged White Guys": Performance Network 7 pm (see 1 Thu)

Meeting: Ypsilanti Lesbian, Gay Men, & Bisexuals' AA 7:30 pm, downstairs (back entrance), 1st Congreg. Church, 218 N. Adams, Ypsi. 721-2081

A2 Bluestage: Blind Pig 9 pm, 208 S. First St. Guest musicians join house band, The Terraplanes, \$2. 971-2469

Jazz Jam Session: Bird of Paradise 9 pm-1 am, Bird of Paradise, 207 S. Ashley. With Paul Finkbeiner & Friends. 662-8310

5 Monday

Women's Support Group 5 pm, LGBPO Lounge, 3116 Mich. Union. Open to all women. 763-4186

The Science and Practice of Iridology, Part VI 7-8:30 pm, Community Room, Society Bank, 2300 E. Stadium. Seminar led by Cindy Klement, \$12. 665-0383

HIV & Recovery: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 7:30 pm, meets every Monday. For HIV-positive men and women who face the complex issues of being both HIV-positive and chemically dependent. (800) 578-2300

Meeting: 22+ Bisexual Women's Meeting 7:30 pm, Aut Bar, 315 Braun Ct. 763-4186

Monday Night Out Group: LGB-PO 9 pm, Lord of Light Lutheran Church, 801 S. Forest. A social for lesbians, bisexual people, and gay men. 763-4186

Bird of Paradise Orchestra 9 pm-1 am, Bird of Paradise, 207 S. Ashley. 12-piece big band jazz, \$3. 662-8310

6 Tuesday

"Downtown Sounds" Concert Series: A2 District Library 12:10-1 pm, Main Library Multi-purpose Room. With dulcimer player Kim Murley. Recommended for ages 6 and up. Listeners welcome to bring their own lunches, coffee and tea provided. 994-8513

String Finger Fun: A2 District Library 6-7 pm, Main Library Multi-Purpose Room. Learn how to make a cat's cradle and more. For ages 8 and up. Registration required. 994-2345

Free HIV Antibody Testing: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 6-10 pm. For gay and bisexual men. Confidential. 1-800-578-2300

Tenant Talk: WCBN 88.3 FM 6:30 pm. Call-in radio show with Patrice Maurer of the A2 Tenants Union. 763-3500

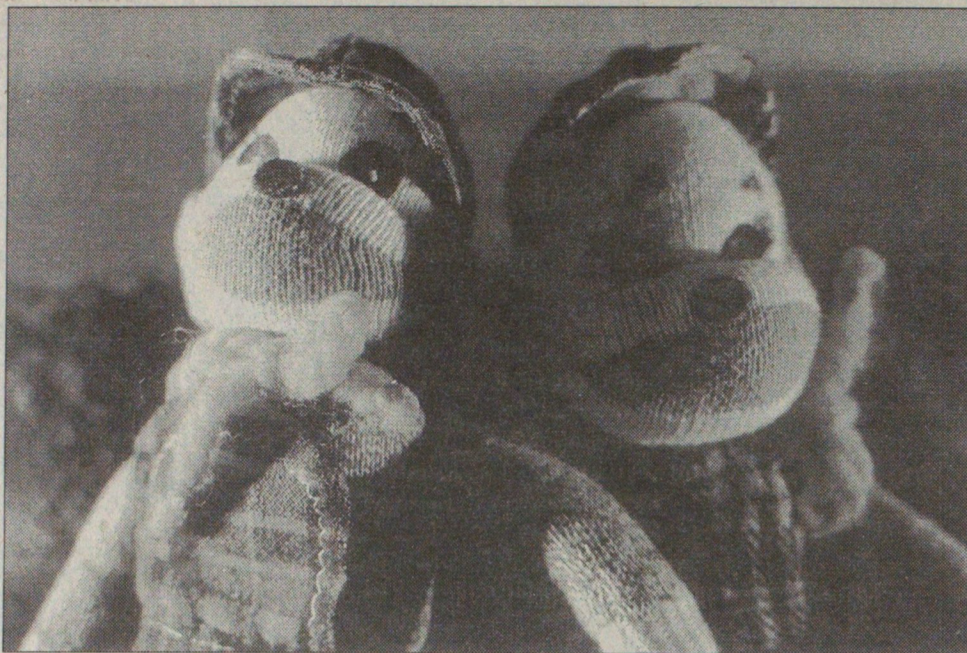
Meeting: Teen Les/Bi/Gay Support Group 6:30 pm, call Alan or Marion for location. 662-2222

Living With HIV: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 7:30 pm, every Tues. Support group for men and women. Call HARC for info. 1-800-578-2300

Swimmers: A2 Queer Aquatics Swim Team 7:30 pm (see 2 Fri)

Video Planning Meeting: Peace InSight 8 pm, Espresso Royale Caffe II, 214 S. Main. Help produce shows for local cablecast on peace and social justice issues. 761-7749

Portuguese Rodeo Clown Co.: Gypsy Cafe 9-10:30 pm, 214 N. 4th Ave. Improv comedy, \$6. 994-3940



NOIZE-A-PALOOZA 5— a visual and aural experience, will be at Natural Science Aud. (see 9 Fri)

Acid Jazz Night: Prism/Bird of Paradise 9 pm-1 am, Bird of Paradise, 207 S. Ashley. DJ spinning hip-hop and acid jazz favorites, \$3. 662-8310

7 Wednesday

Magic with Ming: A2 District Library 2-2:45 pm, Main Library Multi-Purpose Room. Family show with Ming the Magnificent. Registration required. 994-2353

Gay Radio Hour: WCBN 88.3 FM 6-7 pm. Closets R 4 Clothes (6 pm) shares the hour with Radio Q (6:30 pm). News and more for the Les/Bi/Gay communities. 763-3500

Services for Lesbians, Gay Men & Bisexuals: Tree of Life Metropolitan Comm. Church 6 pm, 1st Congreg. Church, 218 N. Adams, Ypsi. 677-1418

Picnic Pot-Luck: Vegetarian Information Network & Exchange (VINE) 6:30 pm, Burns Park Warming Shelter (rain or shine). Bring a vegan dish, tableware, your recipe, a blanket, and \$1—or come without for \$5. 426-8525

Lesbian Survivor Support Group 6:30-8 pm, SAFE House, 4100 Clark Rd. For lesbian survivors of lesbian battering. 973-0242 x201

Final Family Camp-In: A2 District Library 7-8:30 pm, Main Library Multi-Purpose Room. Bring a blanket and join in crafts, song, refreshments, and stories. With musicians "Roots & Wings." Registration required. 994-2345

Men's Support Group 7 pm, LGBPO Lounge, 3116 Mich. Union. Open to all men. 763-4186

Living With HIV: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 7:30 pm, every Wed. Support group for men and women. Call HARC for info. 1-800-578-2300

Shamanic Journeys: Magical Education Council 7:30 pm, ICC Ed. Center, 1522 Hill St. Simplified approach to shamanic traditions. 665-3522

Meeting: Latin American Solidarity Committee 8 pm, Mich. Union. Group organized around human rights in Latin America. 663-0173

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"Damn Yankees!": Crowell Opera House 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

Portuguese Rodeo Clown Company: Mainstreet Comedy Showcase 8:30 pm, 314 E. Liberty. Improvisation comedy, \$6. 741-0022

Ron Brooks Trio: Bird of Paradise 9 pm-1 am, 207 S. Ashley. With Bassist Ron Brooks and friends, \$3. 662-8310

8 Thursday

"Freaky Friday" (The Movie): A2 District Library 10 am, Main Library Multi-Purpose Room. Story of mother and daughter who switch identities. For ages 6 and up. 994-2345

Meeting: Homeless Action Committee 5:30 pm (see 1 Thu)

Hiroshima Day 51st Anniversary Commemoration: Interfaith Council for Peace & Justice and others 6 pm-dark, Gallup Park. Bring bells to "Ring-Out for Peace." Peaceful activities for children, teens, and adults begin with a potluck picnic. 663-1870

Christian Single, Mix & Mingle: Christian Singles Network 6:30-10 pm, A2 Community Center, 625 N. Main. Spades and billiards contests, network and socialize, gospel music, \$3. 481-1753

Meeting: Shining Lakes Grove Druidic Group 7-9 pm, Common Language Bookstore, 215 S. 4th Ave. Monthly business meeting. 665-8428

"Freaky Friday" (The Movie): A2 District Library 7 pm (see 10 am listing)

Free Concert: Summer Symphony 7:30 pm, West Park Bandshell. Featuring John L. Henkel, Bass, sing Vaughan Williams, "Songs of Travel." Also on the program is Holst's "The Planets." 971-3089

Positive Women's Group: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 7:30 pm, meets alternate Thursdays. Group for HIV-positive women. 1-800-578-2300

"Middle Aged White Guys": Performance Network 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"Damn Yankees!": Crowell Opera House 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

Meeting: Queer Unity Project 9 pm, every other Thu, Mich. Union

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(meet at C/C desk area). Campus group working to overcome discrimination against lesbian, gay, and bisexual people. All are welcome. 763-4186

II-V-I Orchestra: Soup Kitchen Saloon 9 pm (see 1 Thu)

Ron Brooks Trio: Bird of Paradise 9 pm (see 7 Wed)

Bubblicious: Heidelberg 10 pm (see 1 Thu)

9 Friday

"Friends" on Friday: LGBPO noon (see 2 Fri)

"Home-Grown Science": A2 District Library 7-8 pm, Northeast Branch, Plymouth Mall. With A2's own "Science Wizard," David Mastie. Register 996-3180

Meeting: Lesbians, Gay Men, & Bisexuals' AA & Alanon 7:30 pm (see 2 Fri)

Meeting: Queer Asian/Pacific Islanders 7:30 pm (see 2 Fri)

Noize-A-Palooza Five 8 pm, Natural Science Aud., U-M. A2's only multimedia festival showcasing artists and bands who experiment both visually and aurally. Performers include Rohm Technologies Inc., Hearing Trumpet, Gravatar, and Church of God Vision. 769-7787

"Middle Aged White Guys": Performance Network 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"Damn Yankees!": Croswell Opera House 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

Swimmers: A2 Queer Aquatics Swim Team 8:30 pm (see 2 Fri)

Firebird Balalaika Ensemble: Cafe Zola 9-11 pm, 112 W. Washington. Live music. 769-2020

Psychic Night: Crystal Clear Expressions 9 pm-midnight, Gypsy Cafe, 214 N. 4th Ave. Visit Nanci Rose Gerler, \$20 per session. 996-8799

Paul Vornhagen Quartet: Bird of Paradise 9 pm, 207 S. Ashley. Vornhagen sings, and plays sax and flute, \$5. 662-8310

Jeffrey Steiger, Stray Toasters, Mezzanine: Gypsy Cafe 9, 10, & 11 pm, 214 N. 4th Ave. Three different local musical performances on the hour. 994-3940

Dave Dale & The Blue Control: Heidelberg 10 pm, 215 N. Main. 6-piece Lansing blues band, \$3. 663-7758

10 Saturday

"Weight Management—An Herbal Approach": Seminar 9-10:30 am (see 3 Sat)

Free HIV Antibody Testing: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 10 am-2 pm (see 3 Sat)

Open House: Washtenaw Rainbow Action Project (WRAP) 11 am, Common Language Bookstore, 215 S. 4th Ave. 995-9867

Basic Witchcraft: Magical Education Council of A2 6 pm, ICC Ed. Center, 1522 Hill St. Informal discussion of the Old Religion of Europe. 665-3522

Guy Clark with Danny Britt: The Ark 8 pm, 637 1/2 S. Main. Texas songwriter extraordinaire, \$13.50. 761-1800

"Middle Aged White Guys": Performance Network 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"Damn Yankees!": Croswell Opera House 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

Psychic Night: Crystal Clear Expressions 9 pm (see 9 Fri)

Paul Vornhagen Quartet: Bird of Paradise 9 pm (see 9 Fri)

Penny Ruggirello, Lisa Waterbury & Joe, Ken Cormier: Gypsy Cafe 9, 10, & 11 pm, 214 N. 4th Ave. Three different local musical performances on the hour. 994-3940

A2 Bluestage: Blind Pig 9 pm (see 4 Sun)



WOLFSTONE, all the way from Scotland, will be at The Ark as part of a three-day "Green Linnet Festival" (see 13 Tue-15 Thu)

11 Sunday

Just For Women: A Day at the Challenge Program 8:30 am-5 pm, Radrick Recreation area. Part of the U-M Dept. of Rec. Sports "Outdoor Adventure Series." No prior skills needed. Games, activities, low and high ropes course elements, \$56. Janet 998-6766

Swimmers: A2 Queer Aquatics Swim Team 10 am (see 2 Fri)

The Banquet of Music: Upstairs at Borders 1 pm, 612 E. Liberty. Local early music ensemble. 668-7652

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 2 & 7 pm (see 1 Thu)

"Damn Yankees!": Croswell Opera House 3 pm (see 1 Thu)

Free Concert: Summer Symphony 4 pm, Pease Aud., EMU. Featuring John L. Henkel, Bass, sing Vaughan Williams, "Songs of Travel." Also on the program is Holst's "The Planets." 971-3089

Services for Lesbians, Gay Men & Bisexuals 6 pm (see 4 Sun)

Sunday Jazz: Del Rio 6-9 pm (see 4 Sun)

Meeting: Amnesty International Community Group 7-8 pm, Guild House, 802 Monroe. 662-5189

"Middle Aged White Guys": Performance Network 7 pm (see 1 Thu)

II-V-I Orchestra: Heidelberg 7 pm (see 4 Sun)

Meeting: Ypsilanti Lesbian, Gay Men, & Bisexuals' AA 7:30 pm (see 4 Sun)

Jazz Jam Session: Bird of Paradise 9 pm (see 4 Sun)

12 Monday

Women's Support Group 5 pm (see 5 Mon)

Meeting: Labor Party Advocates 7 pm, Wooden Spoon Books, 200 N. 4th Ave. Organizing on behalf of the U.S. Labor Party. 913-4691

Herb Garden Gifts: Whole Foods Market 7-8:30 pm, Key Bank conference room, E. Stadium at St. Francis. Participants will learn how to make herbal slaves and lip balms using herbs. With Cindy Clement (Miller). Call to register 971-3366

HIV & Recovery: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 7:30 pm (see 5 Mon)

Group: Monday Night Out 9 pm (see 5 Mon)

Bird of Paradise Orchestra 9 pm (see 5 Mon)

13 Tuesday

21st Michigan Womyn's Music Festival thru 18 Sun. Nation's oldest and largest outdoor women's music festival

featuring a program of 42 concerts, a six-day women's film festival, and 300 workshops on 650 acres of secluded country land. Performance artists include Dorothy Allison, Marga Gomez, Hattie Gossett, Tish Hinojosa, Phranc, and more. For info. write WWTMC, P.O. Box 22, Walhalla, MI 49458, or call (616) 757-4766

Tenant Talk: WCBN 88.3 FM 6-6:30 pm (see 6 Tue)

Free HIV Antibody Testing: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 6-10 pm (see 6 Tue)

Teen Les/Bi/Gay Support Group 6:30 pm (see 6 Tue)

Origami Demo: A2 District Library 7-8 pm, Main Library Multi-Purpose Room. Learn paper folding projects for the whole family with Don Shall. Registration is required. 994-2345

Meeting: Amnesty International Group 61 7:30 pm, Mich. Union. Local chapter of independent worldwide movement. 668-0660

Swimmers: A2 Queer Aquatics Swim Team 7:30 pm (see 2 Fri)

Living With HIV: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 7:30 pm (see 6 Tue)

A Green Linnet Festival: The Ark 8 pm, 637-1/2 S. Main. 3-day festival of Celtic music. Wolfstone—the new wave of Scottish music—opens tonight, mixing the old with the new, \$12.50 (\$30/series). 761-1800

Acid Jazz Night: Bird of Paradise 9 pm (see 6 Tue)

Portuguese Rodeo Clown Co.: Gypsy Cafe 9-10:30 pm (see 6 Tue)

14 Wednesday

21st Michigan Womyn's Music Festival (see 13 Wed)

Library On-Line Catalog Instruction: A2 District Library 8:30-10 am, Northeast Branch, Plymouth Mall. Workshop for beginners, especially those who mourn the loss of the card catalog. Registration required. 996-3180

Services for Lesbians, Gay Men & Bisexuals 6 pm (see 7 Wed)

Gay Radio Hour: WCBN 88.3 FM 6-7 pm (see 7 Wed)

Lesbian Survivor Support Group 6:30 pm (see 7 Wed)

Men's Support Group: LGBPO 7 pm (see 7 Wed)

Shamanic Journeys: Magical Education Council 7:30 pm (see 7 Wed)

Living With HIV: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 7:30 pm (see 7 Wed)

A Green Linnet Festival: The Ark 8 pm, 637-1/2 S. Main. 3-day festival of Celtic music. Tonight's band: Moving Cloud, considered to be Ireland's best traditional band, \$12.50 (\$30/series). 761-1800

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

Meeting: Latin American Solidarity Comm. 8 pm (see 7 Wed)

Portuguese Rodeo Clown Company: Mainstreet Comedy Showcase 8:30 pm (see 7 Wed)

Ron Brooks Trio: Bird of Paradise 9 pm (see 7 Wed)

15 Thursday

21st Michigan Womyn's Music Festival (see 13 Wed)

Educational Program: Washtenaw Rainbow Action Project (WRAP) 11 am, Common Language Bookstore, 215 S. 4th Ave. Topic: lesbian health. 995-9867

Meeting: Homeless Action Committee 5:30 pm (see 1 Thu)

Family, Friends, & Caregivers Support Group: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 7:30 pm (see 1 Thu)

"Some Things You Need to Know Before the World Ends": Performance Network 8 pm, 408 W. Washington. Irreverent send-up of organized religion that suggests that one has to suffer to find salvation. Produced and directed by Annette Madias, \$12/\$9 studs & srs. 663-0681

A Green Linnet Festival: The Ark 8 pm, 637-1/2 S. Main. 3-day festival of Celtic music. Tonight's band: Sharon Shannon Band, \$12.50 (\$30/series). 761-1800

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

II-V-I Orchestra: Soup Kitchen Saloon 9 pm (see 1 Thu)

Ron Brooks Trio: Bird of Paradise 9 pm (see 7 Wed)

Bubblicious: Heidelberg 10 pm (see 1 Thu)

16 Friday

21st Michigan Womyn's Music Festival (see 13 Wed)

Living History Encampment: Ypsilanti Heritage Festival 10 am-11 pm, thru 18 Sun, Riverside Park, Ypsilanti. Voyageurs, tradespeople, fur trappers, mountain men, Native Americans, wives of officers, and campfollowers all in authentic costumes doing special demonstrations and crafts. With musical entertainment, cannon firing demos, fashion show, and fife and drum corps. 480-2787

"Friends" on Friday: LGBPO noon (see 2 Fri)

Folk Music Festival: Riverside Arts Center 6 pm, 76 N. Huron, Ypsilanti. Featuring musicians from the Ypsilanti Heritage Festival Living History Encampment. 480-2787

Meeting: Queer Asian/Pacific Islanders 7:30 pm (see 2 Fri)

Meetings: Lesbians, Gay Men, & Bisexuals' AA & Alanon 7:30 pm (see 2 Fri)

Jimmie Dale Gilmore: The Ark 8 pm, 637-1/2 S. Main. West Texas psychedelic blues-rockabilly, \$16.50. 761-1800

"Some Things You Need to Know...": Performance Network 8 pm (see 14 Thu)

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

Swimmers: A2 Queer Aquatics 8:30 pm (see 2 Fri)

Laurel Federbush: Cafe Zola 9-11 pm, 112 W. Washington. Harp performance. 769-2020

Psychic Night: Crystal Clear Expressions 9 pm (see 9 Fri)

Ben Miller, Andie Russo, Timothy Monger: Gypsy Cafe 9, 10, & 11 pm, 214 N. 4th Ave. Three different local musical performances on the hour. 994-3940

Ron Brooks Trio: Bird of Paradise 9:30 pm-1:30 am, Bird of Paradise, 207 S. Ashley. Live jazz, \$5. 662-8310

Grizzly Peach: Heidelberg 10 pm, 215 N. Main. Local acoustic/electric band, \$3. 663-7758

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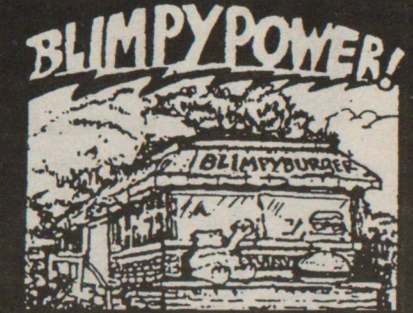
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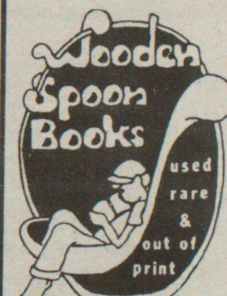
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17 Saturday

21st Michigan Womyn's Music Festival (see 13 Wed)

Children's Herbal Health: Seminar 9-10:30 am (see 3 Sat)

Living History Encampment: Ypsilanti Heritage Festival 10 am-11 pm (see 16 Fri)

Free HIV Antibody Testing: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 10 am-2 pm (see 3 Sat)

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 3 pm, \$20 (see 1 Thu)

"Some Things You Need to Know...": Performance Network 8 pm (see 14 Thu)

Lillie Fox, Ben Wood, Timothy Monger: Gypsy Cafe 9, 10, & 11 pm, 214 N. 4th Ave. Three different local musical performances on the hour. 994-3940

Psychic Night: Crystal Clear Expressions 9 pm (see 9 Fri)

Ron Brooks Trio: Bird of Paradise 9:30 pm (see 16 Fri)

The Prodigals: Heidelberg 10 pm, 215 N. Main. Surf band, \$3. 663-7758

18 Sunday

21st Michigan Womyn's Music Festival (see 13 Wed)

Living History Encampment: Ypsilanti Heritage Festival 10 am-5 pm (see 16 Fri)

Swimmers: A2 Queer Aquatics Swim Team 10 am (see 2 Fri)

The Raisin Pickers: Upstairs at Borders 1 pm, 612 E. Liberty. String band par excellence from Manchester. 668-7652

Bluegrass & Old-Time Country Music Jam Sessions 1:30-5 pm, Ypsilanti Freighthouse, Depot Town. Rain or shine, acoustic music only, \$2 donation. 930-2680

Meeting: Parents, Families & Friends of Lesbians and Gays/PFLAG Ann Arbor 2-5 pm, First Unitarian Universalist Church, 1917 Washtenaw. Program: "The A2 AIDS Memorial Quilt Display - Remembering Lives - Educating Minds." 741-0659

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 2 & 7 pm (see 1 Thu)

Sunday Jazz: Del Rio 6 pm (see 4 Sun)

Services for Lesbians, Gay Men & Bisexuals 6 pm (see 4 Sun)

"Some Things You Need to Know...": Performance Network 7 pm (see 14 Thu)

II-V-I Orchestra: Heidelberg 7 pm (see 4 Sun)

Meeting: Ypsilanti Lesbian, Gay Men, & Bisexuals' AA 7:30 pm (see 4 Sun)

A2 Bluestage: Blind Pig 9 pm (see 4 Sun)

Jazz Jam Session: Bird of Paradise 9 pm (see 4 Sun)

19 Monday

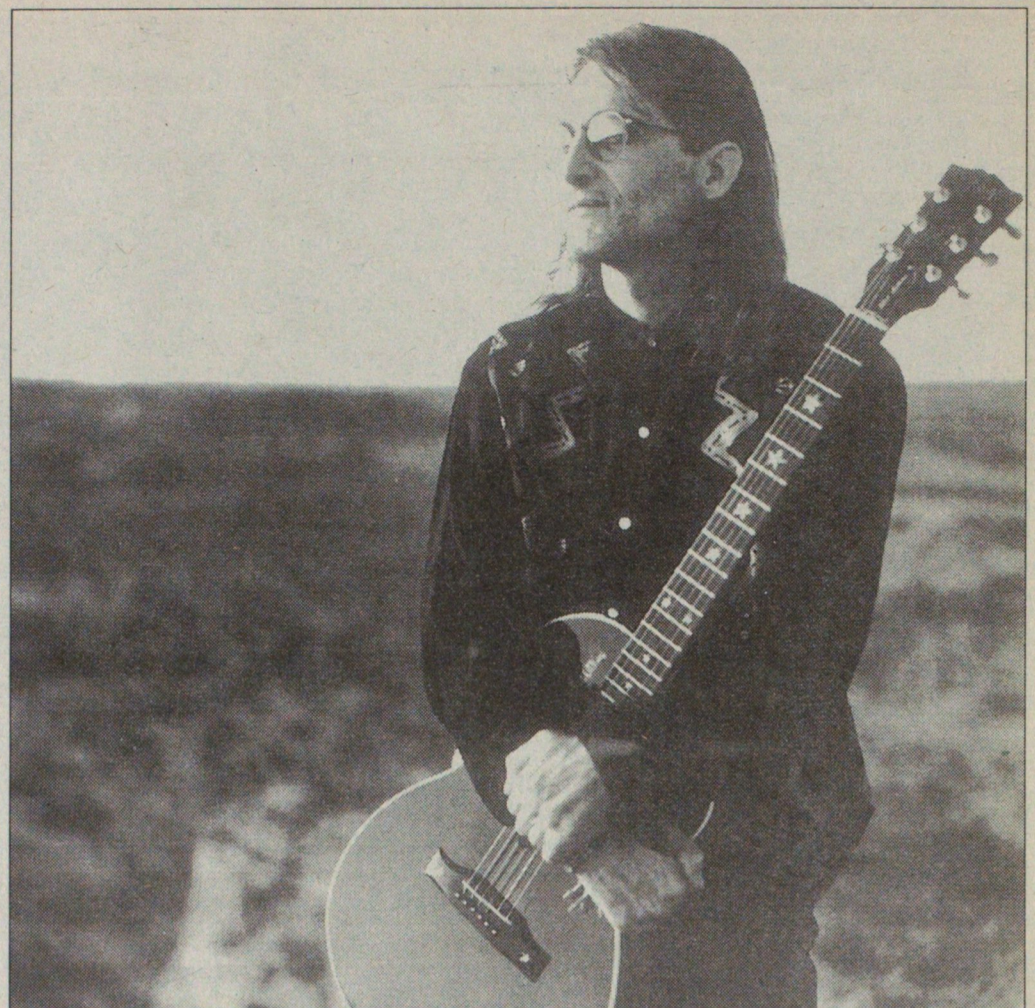
Women's Support Group 5 pm (see 5 Mon)

Fasting & Detoxifying with Food & Herbs: Whole Foods Market 7-8:30 pm, Key Bank conference room, E. Stadium at St. Francis. With Cindy Clement (Miller). Call to register 971-3366

HIV & Recovery: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 7:30 pm (see 5 Mon)

Bird of Paradise Orchestra 9 pm (see 5 Mon)

Group: Monday Night Out 9 pm (see 5 Mon)



JIMMIE DALE GILMORE will be at The Ark (see 17 Saturday)

20 Tuesday

Tenant Talk: WCBN 88.3 FM 6-6:30 pm (see 6 Tue)

Free HIV Antibody Testing: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 6-10 pm (see 6 Tue)

Teen Les/Bi/Gay Support Group 6:30 pm (see 6 Tue)

Swimmers: A2 Queer Aquatics Swim Team 7:30 pm (see 2 Fri)

Living With HIV: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 7:30 pm (see 6 Tue)

Acid Jazz Night: Bird of Paradise 9 pm (see 6 Tue)

Portuguese Rodeo Clown Co.: Gypsy Cafe 9-10:30 pm (see 6 Tue)

21 Wednesday

Library On-Line Catalog Instruction: A2 District Library 8:30-10 am, West Branch, Westgate. Workshop for beginners, especially those who mourn the loss of the card catalog. Registration required. 994-1674

Services for Lesbians, Gay Men & Bisexuals 6 pm (see 7 Wed)

Gay Radio Hour: WCBN 88.3 FM 6 pm (see 7 Wed)

Meeting: Huron Valley Greens 6:30 pm, Espresso Royale, 214 S. Main. Member of the Green Party USA continuing actions to support the Ralph Nader presidential campaign and other projects. 663-3555

Lesbian Survivors Support Group 6:30 pm (see 7 Wed)

Men's Support Group 7 pm (see 7 Wed)

Shamanic Journeys: Magical Education Council 7:30 pm (see 7 Wed)

Living With HIV: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 7:30 pm (see 7 Wed)

Meeting: Latin American Solidarity Comm. 8 pm (see 7 Wed)

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

Portuguese Rodeo Clown Company: Mainstreet Comedy Showcase 8:30 pm (see 7 Wed)

Ron Brooks Trio: Bird of Paradise 9 pm (see 7 Wed)

22 Thursday

Meeting: Homeless Action Committee 5:30 pm (see 1 Thu)

A Taste of Greece: Whole Foods Market 7-8:30 pm, Key Bank conference room, E. Stadium at St. Francis. Cooking class with Chef Sirka. Call to register 971-3366

Druid's Coffee Hour: Shining Lakes Grove 7-9 pm, Sweetwaters Cafe, 123 W. Washington. Topic: favorite recipes. 665-8428

Positive Women's Group: HIV/AIDS Resource Center 7:30 pm (see 8 Thu)

"Some Things You Need to Know...": Performance Network 8 pm (see 14 Thu)

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

II-V-I Orchestra: Soup Kitchen Saloon 9 pm (see 1 Thu)

Meeting: Queer Unity Project 9 pm (see 1 Thu)

Ron Brooks Trio: Bird of Paradise 9 pm (see 7 Wed)

Jennifer Smith, Adam Druckman, Rollie Tussing: Gypsy Cafe 9, 10, & 11 pm, 214 N. 4th Ave. Three different local musical performances on the hour. 994-3940

Bubblicious: Heidelberg 10 pm (see 1 Thu)

23 Friday

"Friends" on Friday: LGBPO noon (see 2 Fri)

Meetings: Lesbians, Gay Men, & Bisexuals' AA & Alanon 7:30 pm (see 2 Fri)

Meeting: Queer Asian/Pacific Islanders 7:30 pm (see 2 Fri)

"Some Things You Need to Know...": Performance Network 8 pm (see 14 Thu)

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

Swimmers: A2 Queer Aquatics 8:30 pm (see 2 Fri)

Five Guys Named Moe: Cafe Zola 9-11 pm, 112 W. Washington. Live acoustic swing. 769-2020

Nick Strange & The Bare Naked, Lisa Waterbury & Joe, Roger Miller: Gypsy Cafe 9, 10, & 11 pm,

214 N. 4th Ave. Three different musical performances on the hour. 994-3940

The Jeff Ray Quartet: Bird of Paradise 9 pm, Bird of Paradise, 207 S. Ashley. Members of the Toledo Jazz Orchestra, \$5. 662-8310

Psychic Night: Crystal Clear Expressions 9 pm (see 9 Fri)

Chaoas-O-Matic Heidelberg 10 pm, 215 N. Main. E. Lansing jazz band, \$3. 663-7758

24 Saturday

Canoe Afternoon Older Lesbians Organizing (OLO) Events and activities open to women of all ages. Jan 428-8824

Old French Town Days Festival: Alliance Francaise de Toledo 10 am-5 pm, Hellenberg Park, Monroe. Featuring hundreds of costumed participants portraying British, Colonial & Native Americans, Canadians, and French, \$1-\$3 (parking donation requested). No phone # avail.

"The Harmony Codes": Purple Rose Theatre 2 pm (see 1 Thu)

Basic Witchcraft: Magical Educational Council 6 pm (see 10 Sat)

"Some Things You Need to Know...": Performance Network 8 pm (see 14 Thu)

Psychic Night: Crystal Clear Expressions 9 pm (see 9 Fri)

The Jeff Ray Quartet: Bird of Paradise 9 pm (see 23 Fri)

25 Sunday

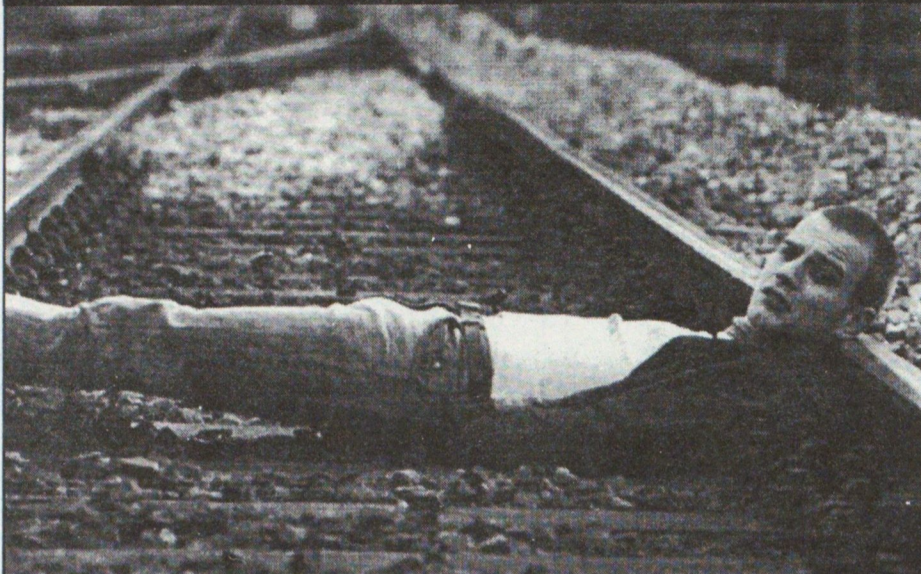
Swimmers: A2 Queer Aquatics Swim Team 10 am (see 2 Fri)

6th Annual PFLAG Walk-A-Thon & Picnic: Parents, Families & Friends of Lesbians and Gays/PFLAG Ann Arbor 10:30 am registration for 5K walk, noon picnic (potluck), Hudson Mills Metropark, River Grove picnic area, \$3/car. 741-0659

The Keller-Kocher Quartet: Upstairs at Borders 1 pm, Borders Books & Music, 612 E. Liberty. Local jazz group playing tunes from their new release, "Pipe and Slippers." 668-7652

Sunday Jazz: Del Rio 6-9 pm (see 4 Sun)

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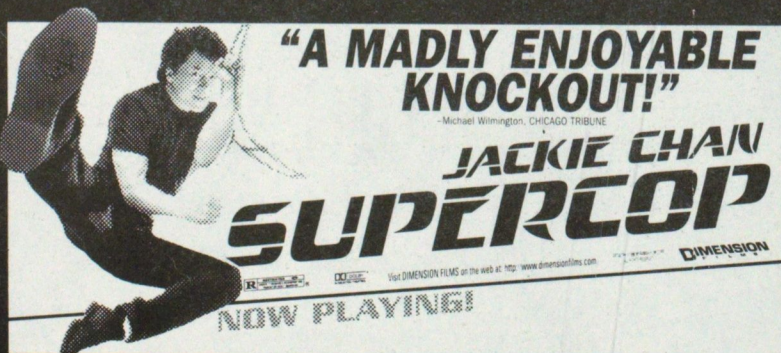


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PHARAOH SANDERS /
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SUNDAY, SEPT. 15
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