

THE COST OF

Coming Out
Losing Home

By Elizabeth Clare

#125 MAY 1997

FREE
AGENDA

ANN ARBOR'S ALTERNATIVE NEWSMONTHLY



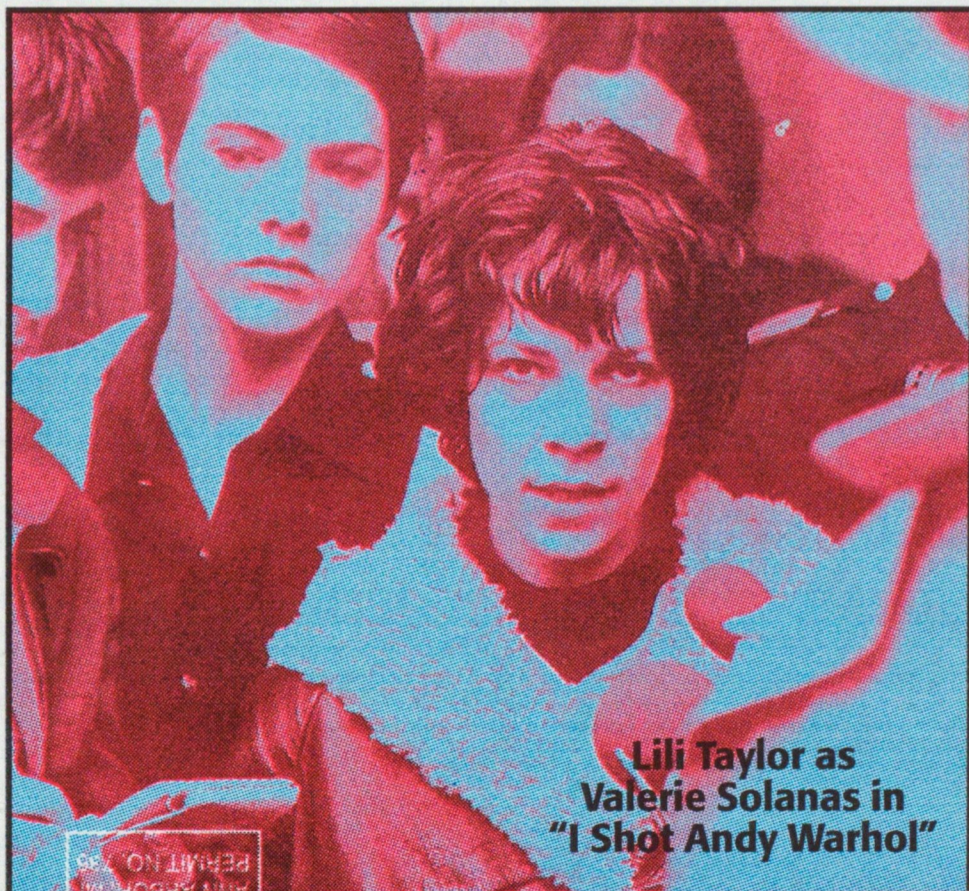
Photo by Jennifer Givard

TRIBUTE TO
ALLEN
GINSBERG

In Memory:
Allen Ginsberg
By Arwulf Arwulf

"We Will Miss
You, Allen"
By Kathleen Laritz,
Jewel Heart

INSIDE...



Lili Taylor as
Valerie Solanas in
"I Shot Andy Warhol"

ARTS:

De Kooning, Gorky, Pollock, Nationalism
& Creativity — Jacques Karamanoukian
Arts Calendar

MUSIC:

Steve Leggett • Folkin' A-Squared
"A2 Speaks" — Goldsmith
Leftover Salmon • Blue Mountain — Shea

BOOKS:

Junk Memoir: "Permanent Midnight"
— Agnew
Literary Events Calendar

SCREEN:

"I Shot Andy Warhol" & "The Godfather, Part II" — Cantú

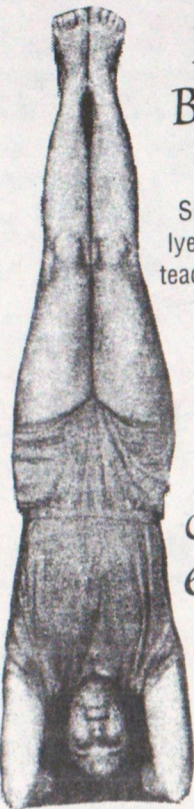
"THIS MODERN WORLD" — Tom Tomorrow • FOR YOUR INFORMATION (F.Y.I.) • COMMUNITY EVENTS CALENDAR

BULK RATE
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
ANN ARBOR MI
PERMIT NO. 755

Yoga Classes

with
**Laurie
Blakeney**

Certified
Sr. Intermediate
Iyengar instructor,
teaching since 1977



Call for info:
663-7612

Lessons in traditional
Postures (asana) and
Meditative Breathing
(pranayama)

DRAGON'S LAIR FUTONS

2691 Oak Valley Dr. • Ann Arbor • 761-1828



CELEBRATE MAY AS BETTER SLEEP MONTH

with savings on a new futon

Let us make **33% of your life 100% better**



Super

3" Foam Core
Cotton Layers
Top and Bottom
Twin, Full or Queen

NOW \$99



Premier

2 Jumbo Convuluted
Foam. Cotton Layers
Top and Bottom
Twin, Full or Queen

NOW \$125



Premium

Alternating Layers of Foam
and Cotton Layers, with
3 Pieces of 2" Foam
Twin, Full or Queen

NOW \$165



Spring Sleep*

10 year warranty.
Inner Spring Flanked with
Endorolator Pad, 1.8" Den-
sity Foam and Cotton Layers.
Twin, Full or Queen

NOW \$175

*Perfect for bi-fold
convertibles

All other Futons
20-30% OFF

All Platform Beds
20-50% OFF

All Convertible Frames
20-50% OFF



CELESTIAL FUTONS

217 N. Main • Ann Arbor • 665-4646

Natural Gourmet.

There's more to natural foods than tofu and rice. At Arbor Farms, you'll find every-
thing you need to prepare a wholesome, natural feast. Whether you're making *North
African Cauliflower Soup* or *Mango Salsa*, you'll find the best, all-natural ingredients
here at Arbor Farms. Because there's more to natural foods than organic carrots and
veggie burgers. (Of course, we have those, too).



Arbor Farms

Natural Foods Market

STAY HEALTHY.

2215 West Stadium near Liberty, Ann Arbor Monday-Saturday 9-9 pm Sunday 10-6 pm 313-996-8111

LETTERS

AGENDA wants to know what you think! Send letters to: Editor, AGENDA, 220 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, MI 48104. Please include your address and phone number (not for publication). AGENDA reserves the right to edit (for length) or reject any letter.

Just For Free Shoes?

I am writing in response to AGENDA's March 1997 cover story, "'M' Goes Swoosh! U-M's 'Great Fit' With Nike," by Michael Betzold. It is disturbing that this University which emphasizes diversity, ethics and betterment of society, is allowing the Nike representatives to convince our faculty and coaches that this contract will benefit the school.

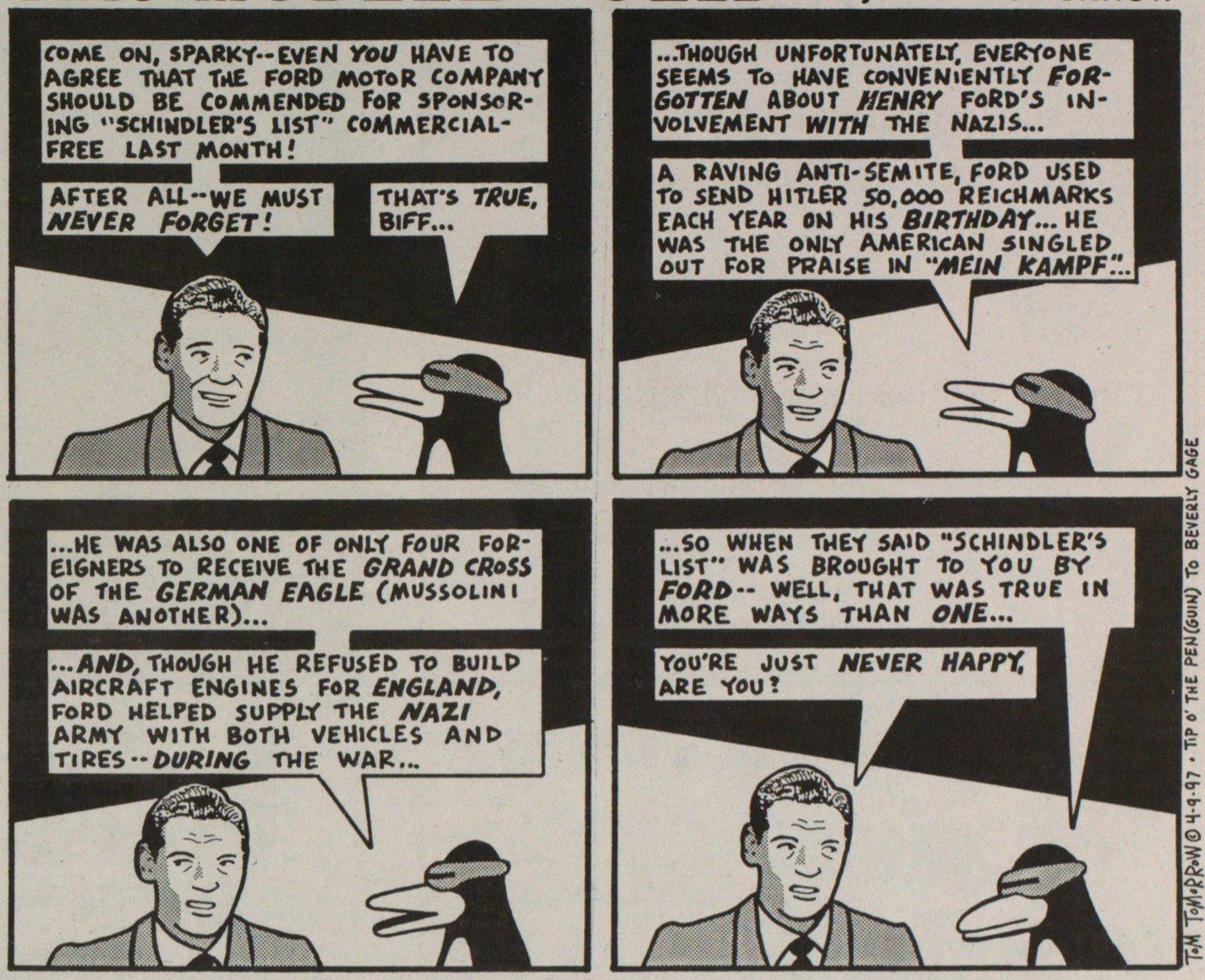
"The deal with Nike greatly benefits U-M athletics, university officials say." All 23 varsity teams will receive free shoes and uniforms, scholarships, and "base compensations" will be given to the football and basketball coaches. That is great for athletes and coaches, but what about the rest of the University community? We do not see free shoes or free money; no, we see the mark-ups on "swoosh" gear and "authentic" U-M apparel. Our community does not benefit; not only are we allowing our officials to choose our University's fashion, we are allowing the University of Michigan to support Nike's "slavery in the 1990's" factories. I find that it is embarrassing and contradictory that the University has signed this unethical contract with the Nike Corporation.

Not many students, faculty, athletes, and/or coaches can imagine what slavery is like, since in the United States it has been outlawed for over 100 years. Yet, in Third World countries like Indonesia, forms of slavery are part of everyday life to the Nike factory worker. These factories that produce the University of Michigan's "authentic" gear pay workers less than minimum wage, have mandatory overtime, and have one bathroom break in an eight-hour shift. Workers occasionally get beaten or abused for imperfect work, are not allowed to form unions or ask for raises, and are not allowed any days off. These workers, usually women ages 15 to 28, live below government poverty levels, are undernourished, live in one-room shanties, and have no chance to improve their living conditions.

All of this, just for free shoes, I ask? The damage has been done; the University is happy with the stipends given to the coaches and free shoes for the players. What I am asking for is awareness. I want students and faculty to know that they pay hundreds for "authentic" U-M gear, for example, shoes that cost upwards of one-hundred dollars cost Nike only \$2.60 for labor. Starving people that work the Nike

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW



TOM TOMORROW © 4-9-97 • TIP O' THE PEN (GUIN) TO BEVERLY GAGE

factories do not see these profits! These profits are landing in the hands of multi-millionaire CEO's who think that nothing is wrong in the Indonesia factories. In fact, Nike is "proud of the role [they] played in helping to build economies in developing nations."

Our University is supporting a \$6 billion a year sports industry made from high markups and cheap labor. Get with it U-M! Admit to your "ignorant fashion" and do something about it. I pay top dollar to attend this public university and I expect that the University perform with a little more dignity.

Emily Richards
U-M Student

ROTC in the Arb

I very much enjoyed your article on trees "Giants Among Us" [April 1997]. We are interested in opening a public discussion on ways to preserve a voice over the appropriate uses of significant public spaces in our community. Nichols Arboretum is currently being used to conduct "search and destroy" military training [ROTC] exercises. This nature preserve is within a brief walk from campus, downtown, and the inner tier neighborhoods of the city, with 100,000 visitors a year. It is partly owned by the University of Michigan and partly by the City of Ann Arbor.

The issue is preserving a voice for the community in determining appropriate use. Citizens have much more say when the city, answerable to the City Council periodically up for re-election, manages public property to make sure residents of Ann Arbor can continue to use and enjoy this public space.

I personally think that the use of Nichols Arboretum for military training exercises is inappropriate because of safety concerns, the incompatibility with other users and the harm caused to the plant specimens.

I know that the City, the University and

F.Y.I.

Please send items for F.Y.I. to: F.Y.I. Editor, AGENDA, 220 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, MI 48104.

Easy As Mailing A Letter

The National Association of Letter Carriers, in conjunction with the U.S. Postal Service, the AFL-CIO, and your local United Way, will be collecting non-perishable food items on Saturday, May 10 for distribution to needy families in our communities. Last year a record donation of 45 million pounds of food was donated for needy families and individuals. Please place a food donation by your mailbox on Saturday, May 10. Your letter carrier will pick it up and deliver it to the food bank.

Human Rights Workers Needed

The National Coordinating Office on Refugees and Displaced of Guatemala (NCOORD) seeks people for Guatemala Accompaniment Project (G.A.P.) accompanier trainings to be

Ann Arbor Public Schools are currently considering the issue of transferring the City's property interest in the Arboretum to the University, effectively ending any opportunity for Ann Arbor residents to have a voice in determining the appropriate uses of this intimate nature preserve in the heart of the city. The time to act is now. Nichols Arboretum. Trees, and a whole lot more. Think. Act.

Ron Holzhacker
Ypsilanti, MI

For The Record ...

I am writing to you about a brief article that appeared in the April FYI section of AGENDA.

That article implies that the HIV/AIDS Resource Center (HARC) either supports or is

held in July and October. G.A.P. matches trained individuals, sponsored by U.S. communities, with returned refugee and displaced communities requesting human rights accompaniment. Accompaniers observe, share in everyday life, provide training as requested, and help develop an ongoing community-to-community relationship between a U.S. community and a Guatemalan community.

For more information or to become involved, contact: NCOORD - Guatemala Accompaniment Project, HC 60 Box 50, Charlestown, NH 0363-7606 tel: 603/542-5017; email: <ncoordgao@igc.apc.org>.

Free Anxiety Disorder Screening Day

Mental Health professionals from Huron Valley Consultation Center will offer local residents the opportunity to learn about anxiety disorders, and to participate in free screenings as part of National Anxiety Disorders Screening Day (NADSD), Wed. May 7, 1997. The free program will be held at 11 am at the clinic's east side office, 2750 Carpenter Rd., Suite 1, Ann A2. For more info., call 662-6300.

affiliated with a program called "Hug-A-Bus." We do not support this program nor are we affiliated with it in any way. In fact the proposed program has been completely rejected by those persons charged with meeting the care needs of individuals with HIV disease as exploitive, costly and unnecessary. If the press release that you apparently received would have included the entire 3 million-dollar budget perhaps you would have seen the suspicious nature of the plan. HARC has no previous contact or history with the organizer of "Hug-A-Bus" and in fact learned about it probably at the same time that you did.

Patrick Yankee
Exec. Dir. HIV/AIDS Resource Center
Ypsilanti, MI

AGENDA

EDITORS—Ted Sylvester, Laurie Wechter
CALENDAR EDITOR—Sarah Kaufmann
ARTS EDITOR—Jacques Karamanoukian
MUSIC EDITOR—William Shea
GRAPHIC ARTS—Rod Hunt, Sarah Kaufmann
DISTRIBUTION—Jeff Alson, Amanda Pringle, Vincent Delgado

AGENDA is an independent, nonaligned newsmonthly published by Agenda Publications, 220 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, MI 48104, 313/996-8018, ISSN 1047-0727. Vol. 12, No. 2, MAY 1997, Copyright © Agenda Publications. Subscriptions: \$15/year U.S., \$30/year international.

20,000 copies of AGENDA are distributed at the beginning of every month from over 300 locations in the Ann Arbor Metro Area.

E-MAIL: agenda@bizserve.com

TO ADVERTISE—CALL 996-8018

Make a Difference!

Volunteer at
SOS Community Crisis Center



*feed a hungry child

*help a homeless family find a place to live

*be there for someone who needs to talk

Training Starts Soon
Call Donna or Nicole at (313) 485-8730

DREAM ON FUTON

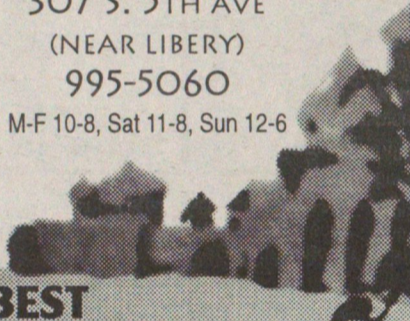
- Frames
- Futons
- Covers
- Yoga mats & more!



Hours: Mon.-Sat. 11-7 & Sun. noon-5
303 S. Ashley, Ann Arbor 313-913-8866

Jerusalem Garden

307 S. 5TH AVE
(NEAR LIBERTY)
995-5060
M-F 10-8, Sat 11-8, Sun 12-6



VOTED BEST

MIDDLE EASTERN RESTAURANT BY CURRENT & THE MICHIGAN DAILY
BEST CHEAP EATS BY CURRENT

Now with Outside Seating • Phone-in Orders Welcome • Catering Available

BIRKENSTOCK®

The original comfort shoe.™

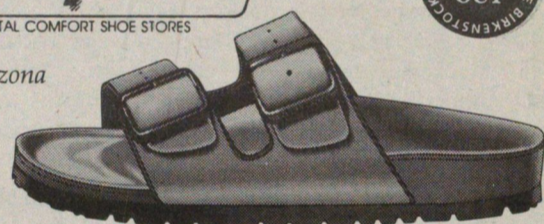
Footprints

THE TOTAL COMFORT SHOE STORES



- New styles and colors
- Repair service available

Arizona



322 E. Liberty 662-9401 • 1200 S. University 994-9401

© 1997 Birkenstock is a registered trademark

Krazy Jim's BLIMPY BURGERS



551 S. Division at Packard • 663-4590
Monday-Saturday 11-10 • Sunday 12-8



Palette Pleasing Produce and Distinctive Groceries

\$3.00 OFF

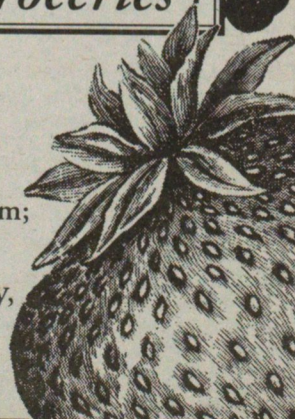
any purchase of
\$30.00 or more
Limit one per customer per purchase
Not valid with any other offer
Coleman's 4 Seasons
offer expires 6-15-97 A

\$2.00 OFF

any purchase of
\$20.00 or more
Limit one per customer per purchase
Not valid with any other offer
Coleman's 4 Seasons
offer expires 6-15-97 A

Convenient
Free Parking
Fast Checkout

Mon.-Sat. 9 am - 8 pm;
Sun 10 am - 6 pm
2281 West Liberty,
Call 662-6000



The Cost of **Coming Out**

"Losing Home"

By Elizabeth Clare

Editor's Note: The following essay by Elizabeth Clare is reprinted from a newly published anthology, "Queerly Classed: Gay Men & Lesbians Write About Class," edited by Susan Raffo (South End Press, 1997). The book contains 22 pieces, mostly essays, but there are poems and two dialogues as well, all centered around the themes of queerness and class. "Queerly Classed is intended as a workbook," writes Raffo in the Introduction, "as part of an ongoing conversation rather than an endpoint."

Elizabeth Clare is a poet, essayist, and activist living in Ann Arbor (transplanted from Oregon). Her contribution to the book, "Losing Home," is the first essay in the anthology. Elizabeth's poems and essays have been published in a variety of anthologies and periodicals, including *Sojourner: The Women's Forum*, *Sister Wisdom*, *The Disability Rag*, *Hanging Loose*, and *The Arc of Love: An Anthology of Lesbian Love Poems*. Readers may also be familiar with Elizabeth's writings from earlier articles published in *AGENDA*, "Clearcut ... Not So Clearcut" (August, 1996), or from her preview of the play, "In the Heart of the Wood" (January, 1997).

I must find the words to speak of losing home. Then I never want to utter them again. They throb like an abscessed tooth; *homesick* is a platitude. I need to grab at seemingly unrelated words. *Queer. Exile. Class.* I reach for my red and gold *American Heritage Dictionary* but restrain myself. I know the definitions. I need to enter the maze created by lesbian identity, class location, and rural roots.

Let me start with *queer*, the easiest point of entry. In its largest sense, queer has always been where I belong. A girl child not convinced of her girlness. A backwoods hick in the city. A dyke in a straight world. A gimp in an ableist world. The eldest child of a poor father and a working-class mother, both teachers who pulled themselves up by their own bootstraps, using luck and white skin privilege.

In its narrower sense, queer has been home since I became conscious of being a dyke. At age 17 I left the backwoods of Oregon with a high school diploma and a scholarship to college, grateful that I didn't have a baby or a husband. A year later, after months of soul searching, I finally realized that I was a lesbian and had been for years. Since then, I have lived among lesbians and created chosen families and homes, not rooted in geography but in identity.

Our collective dyke household in Oakland with its vegetable garden in the front yard and chicken coop in the back. The women's circle on the Great Peace March from Los Angeles to Washington, D.C. The Women's Encampment for a Future of Peace and Justice outside the Seneca Army Depot. Lesbian potlucks in Ann Arbor, where I now live. Whether I've been walking across the country for peace or just hanging out listening to lesbian gossip, learning to cook tofu or use red-handled bolt cutters to cut fence at the Army Depot, being a dyke in dyke communities is as close as I've ever felt to being *queer*. And still I feel *queer*.

Exile. If *queer* is the easiest, then *exile* is the hardest. I lie when I write that home is being a dyke in dyke communities. Rather, home is particular wild and ragged beaches, specific kinds of trees and berry brambles, the exact meander of the river I grew up near, the familiar sounds and sights of a dying logging and fishing town. *Exile* is the hardest because I have irrevocably lost that place as actual home. Let me return to *queer*.

Queer people—using the narrow definition—don't live in Port Orford, or at least I have never found them. And if we did, we would have to tolerate lack of community, unspoken disdain, a wicked rumor mill, and the very real possibility of homophobic violence. Now if I moved back and lived quietly, never saying the word *lesbian* but living a life centered upon women, no one would shoot at my house, throw stones through my windshield, or run me out of town. Muscles Smith at the cannery, Bonnie Wagner at the one-room library, and Dick Tucker at the lumber mill would just shake their heads and talk about Bob Johnson's oldest back from the city. As long as I maintained the balance—my unspoken lesbianism weighed against their tacit acceptance—I would be fine.

Urban, middle-class queer activists may mock this balance as simply another "don't ask, don't tell" situation contributing to queer invisibility. While I agree that it isn't the ideal relationship between queer people and straight people, it is far better than the polite and disdainful invisibility bestowed on us by many middle-class, liberal heterosexuals. If you don't believe me, let me take you to my maternal grandfather's funeral. At the service I sat with family, my sister to the right, my great aunt Esther to the left, my aunt Shirley in front of us, her long-time

lover to her right. Marge is an African American dyke, unmistakable whether or not she's in heels and a skirt. I am quite sure my aunt has never introduced Marge to Uncle John or Aunt Esther, Uncle Henry or Aunt Lillian as her partner/lover/girlfriend or explicitly come out to them. Yet Marge is unquestionably family, sitting with my grandfather's immediate relatives near the coffin, openly comforting my aunt. My grandfather was a mechanic in Detroit; his surviving brothers and sisters are Lutheran corn farmers from southern Illinois. Most of them never graduated from high school, still speak German at home, and have voted Republican all their lives. They are about as "redneck" as middle- and upper-class urban folks could

of frat boys yells "hey lezzie" at me or the man sitting next to me on the bus whispers "queer" and tries to feel me up, I'll defend myself in whatever ways necessary, knowing chances are good that I'll never see these men again, or if I do, they won't remember me. On the other hand, in Port Orford if someone harassed me—the balance somehow broken, some invisible line overstepped, drunken bravado overcoming tacit acceptance—I would know him, maybe work with his wife at the cannery, see his kids playing up the river at Butler Bar, encounter him often enough in the grocery store and post office. He would likewise know where I lived, with whom I lived, what car I drove, where I worked, and so on. This lack of anonymity is

collecting welfare. What remains is the meager four-month-a-year tourist season and a handful of minimum-wage jobs—pumping gas, cashiering, flipping burgers. The lucky few work for the public school district or own land on which they run milk cows and sheep. In short, if I moved back, I probably wouldn't find work. Not only are jobs scarce, but my cerebral palsy makes jobs that require a lot of manual dexterity—such as cashiering or flipping burgers—difficult or impossible. And if, miraculously, I did find work, the paycheck probably wouldn't stretch around food, gas, and rent.

To leap from economic realities to class issues in Port Orford holds no challenge. The people who live in dying rural towns and work minimum- or sub-minimum-wage jobs, not temporarily but day after day for their whole working lives, are working-class and poor people. There are some middle-class people who live in Port Orford: the back-to-the-land artists who grow marijuana for money, the young teachers whose first jobs out of college bring them to Pacific High School, the retirees who have settled near Port Orford, lured to Oregon by cheap land. But these people don't stay long. The artists burn out. The young teachers find better jobs in other, more prosperous, towns. The retirees grow older and find they need more services than are available in Curry County. The people who stay are poor and working-class. I left because I didn't want to marry and couldn't cashier at Sentry's Market. I left because I hoped to have money above and beyond the dollars spent on rent and food to buy books and music. I left because I didn't want to be poor and feared I would be if I stayed. I will never move back for the same reasons. My loss of home is about class.

.....
I lie when I write that home is being a dyke in dyke communities. Rather, home is particular wild and ragged beaches, specific kinds of trees and berry brambles, the exact meander of the river I grew up near, the familiar sounds and sights of a dying logging and fishing town.
.....

ever imagine (*see footnote). Here in this extended working-class family, unspoken lesbianism balanced against tacit acceptance means that Marge is family, that Aunt Shirley and she are treated as a couple, and that the overt racism Marge would otherwise experience from these people is muffled. Not ideal, but better than frigid denial, better than polite manners and backhanded snubs, better than middle-class "don't ask, don't tell," which would carefully place Marge into the category marked "friend" and have her sit many pews away from immediate family at her lover's father's funeral.

At the same time, it is a balance easily broken. In Port Orford I would never walk down Main Street holding hands with a woman lover. That simple act would be too much. It is also a balance most readily achieved among family or folks who have known each other for decades. If I moved back and lived down the road from a dyke—closeted or not—who hadn't grown up in Port Orford, whose biological family didn't live in town, who was an "outsider," I would worry about her safety.

It isn't that outside the bounds of this fragile balance these rural white people are any more homophobic than the average urban person. Rather, the difference lies in urban anonymity. In Ann Arbor if a group

a simple fact of rural life, one that I often miss in the city, but in the face of bigotry and violence, anonymity provides a certain level of protection.

If I moved back to Port Orford, the daily realities of isolation would compete with my concerns about safety. Living across the street from the chainsaw shop, I would have to drive an hour to spend an evening at a lesbian potluck, three hours to hang out at a women's bookstore or see the latest queer movie, seven hours to go to a lesbian and gay pride march. I don't believe I could live easily and happily that isolated from queer community, nor could I live comfortably while always monitoring the balance, measuring the invisible lines that define safety. My loss of home is about being a dyke.

It is also about class. If *queer* is the easiest, and *exile*, the hardest, then *class* is the most confusing. The economics in Port Orford are simple: jobs are scarce. The life of a Pacific Northwest fishing and logging town depends on the existence of salmon and trees. When the summer salmon runs dwindle and all the old-growth trees are cut, jobs vanish into thin air. Fishermen now pay the mortgages on their boats by running drugs. Loggers pay their bills by brush cutting (gathering various kinds of ferns to sell by the pound to florists) and



Leaving is a complicated thing. I left with a high school diploma and a scholarship to college, grateful to be leaving, but this is only half the truth. The other half is that everyone around me—my parents, teachers, classmates, and friends, the women who cashiered at Sentry's Market, the men who drove logging trucks—assumed I would leave, go to college, and become "successful." No one expected me to marry a week after graduation and move up the road from my parents, to die in a

(SEE NEXT PAGE)

Kerrytown Concert House 

JAZZ!

Sat. May 3 • 8PM

ANGE SMITH gospel/ jazz vocals

Charles Boles piano
Ken Kellett bass
Bert Myrick drums

A Benefit for Ann Arbor Community Center Summer Camp Fund. \$15/ \$35 / \$50
Sponsored by **Wolverine Temporaries, Inc.**

CLASSICAL


Sponsored by **Dobson-McOmber, Agency, Inc.**
Thurs. June 12 • 8PM

Great Lakes Chamber Music Festival presents **RUTH LAREDO & JAMES TOCCO** pianists



\$10/ \$15/ \$25 **JEFFREY MULTER** violin
VERONIKA STRING QUARTET
Brahms Waltzes for Four Hands
Schumann Piano Quintet
Corigliano Sonata for Violin and Piano


For Reservations
(313) 769-2999
www.peus.com/kch



AMERICAN CATHOLIC CHURCH


THE CHURCH FOR THE REST OF US

INDEPENDENT SACRAMENTAL APOSTOLIC OLD CATHOLIC RITE



If you have been denied sacraments for any reason call

Father Margaret Schaut, OSM
Rectory (313) 480-0665
e-mail amcat3@aol.com



Fellowship communities forming

(FROM PREVIOUS PAGE)
drunk-driving car accident or a high-speed game of chase down Highway 101, to have a baby and drop out of school at 15. A high school diploma and a college scholarship were givens in my life.

This is all about class location. In Port Orford, my family and I were well off: we always had enough to eat, my father was securely employed as a high school teacher, my mother bragged that she had the only Ph.D. in town. We eventually owned a big wooden house. Books and records filled my childhood, not only those we borrowed from the library but also those we bought and lined our house with. We always had health care. I grew up among people for whom none of these things were givens. On the other hand, we wore hand-me-downs and home-made clothes, rented tiny two-bedroom houses, owned one beat-up car, and balanced dental bills against new school shoes. I didn't know that in a middle-class town or neighborhood these things would have marked my family and me as something other than well off.

Who left and who stayed measured in part the class differences at Pacific High School. My best friend from sixth to twelfth grade was poor. Judy's father had lost his arm in a mill accident, and they lived on his disability checks. She and I spent high school together in college-prep classes, pouring over pre-calculus problems and biology experiments. We both wanted to go to college, to leave rural Oregon, and yet in our senior year as I filled out college applications, Judy made plans to marry her boyfriend of four years. I know now that her decision arose out of financial desperation—her father had just died, and her family was falling deeper into poverty—but at the time, I thought Judy was coping out. I walked away, glad to be leaving Port Orford behind me. Or so I thought.

Only later did I understand what I lost by leaving. Loss of a daily sustaining connection to a landscape that I still carry with me as home. Loss of a rural, white working-class culture that values neighbors rather than anonymity, that is both tremendously bigoted—particularly racist—and accepting of local eccentricity, that believes in self-sufficiency and depends on family—big extended families not necessarily created in the mold of the Christian right. Loss of a certain pace of life, a certain easy trust. I didn't know when I left at 17 that I would miss the old cars rusting in every third front yard. Miss the friendly chatting in the grocery store, the bank, the post office. Miss being able to hitch hike home, safe because I knew everyone driving by.

In leaving, I followed in my parents' footsteps. My father, raised poor on a dirt farm in North Dakota, and my mother, raised working-class in Detroit, both left their families to go to college. Their departures were part of an upward scramble toward the middle class, a scramble that my siblings and I inherited. Our grandparents were farmers, gravediggers, and mechanics; our parents, teachers; and we were to be professors, lawyers, or doctors. As I try to sort this tangle out, knowing I can't dodge the question of my own class location much longer, I have to ask, does this upward scramble, this endless leaving, work? Instead of professor, lawyer, and doctor, my brother is a high school teacher, my sister, a low-level administrator, and I, a bookkeeper. Did my parents become middle-class in their scramble? Did my siblings and I?

And what about the loss? For decades my mother missed living in a big industrial, working-class city; my father would drive every day to the ocean just to see a long, flat horizon like the one he left behind in North Dakota. My brother has returned to rural Oregon, my sister dreams of leaving Seattle for some small town in the North Cascades, and I entertain fantasies of a rural dyke community. Is the upward scramble worth the loss? To answer these ques-

tions brings me back to being queer, brings me to the next question: is queer identity worth the loss?

▼▼▼▼▼
Queer identity, at least as I know it, is largely urban. The happening places, events, dialogues, the strong communities, the journals, magazines, bookstores, queer organizing, and queer activism are all city-based. Of course rural lesbian and gay communities exist, but the people and institutions defining queer identity and culture are urban.

For me, coming into my lesbian identity and untangling my class location have both been rooted in urban life. In moving to an urban private liberal arts college, I found what I needed to come out as a lesbian: the anonymity of a city, the support of out lesbian-feminist activists, and access to out books and music. In that same move, I also found myself living among middle-class people for the first time. Because in Port Orford my family had always defined itself as middle-class—and in truth we were well-educated people who fell somewhere between the working-class loggers and the middle-class retirees—I believed the class differences I felt in my bones amounted to my being a country bumpkin. I assumed my lack of familiarity with trust funds, new cars, designer clothes, trips to Paris, and credit cards was the same as my lack of familiarity with city buses, skyscrapers, one-way streets, stop lights, and house keys.

Even now the two, the lack of familiarity with city buses, which I've lost in a decade of urban living, and my lack of familiarity with trust funds, which I have not, are hard to separate. I am remembering the first time I went to OutWrite, a national queer writer's conference.

.....
Queer identity, at least as I know it, is largely urban. The happening places, events, dialogues, the strong communities, the journals, magazines, bookstores, queer organizing, and queer activism are all city-based. Of course rural lesbian and gay communities exist, but the people and institutions defining queer identity and culture are urban.
.....

From the moment I walked into the posh Boston hotel where the conference was being held, I gawked, staring unbelievably at the chandeliers, at the shiny gold railings, at the ornate doors, in the same way I used to gawk at twenty-story buildings. Saturday night before the big dance party, which I couldn't afford to go to, I had dinner with an acquaintance and a group of her friends, all white lesbian writers from New York City. We ate at the hotel restaurant, where I spent too much money on not enough food, served by brown-skinned men who were courteous in spite of our ever-changing party and ever-changing food orders. Jo and her friends were all going to the party after dinner and were dressed accordingly, in black plastic mini skirts and diamond earrings, three-piece suits and gold cufflinks, hair carefully molded and shaved in all the right places. In my blue jeans and faded chamois shirt, I felt conspicuous and embarrassed.

At some point the conversation turned to gossip about queer writers not at the conference. Cathy, an editor for a well-known lesbian press, started in on one of "her" writers, a novelist from rural Oregon. Having earlier heard me talk about growing up in rural Oregon, Cathy turned

to me and asked, "When Laura asks me to send stuff to her P.O. box because during the winter rains the mail carrier might not be able to navigate the dirt road to her mailbox, is she serious?" I wanted to laugh. I wanted some clever retort to slide off my tongue. Instead, I politely explained about dirt roads and months of rain. What this New York femme didn't know about rural living didn't offend me; rather, it was the complete urban bias of the evening that did. Was I uncomfortable, feeling conspicuous and embarrassed, because of class or because of urban/rural differences? I can't separate the two.

Experiences like this one have brought me to needing words for my class location. Sometimes I say I'm mixed-class, living somewhere between working-class and middle-class in a borderland rarely, if ever, acknowledged or defined. Other times I feel like a bridge, one foot working-class, the other middle-class, spanning the distance, able to sit in a posh Boston hotel with well-dressed New York butch and femme dykes and not feel *shame*, only *embarrassment*. Or is it as simple as still feeling like a country hick—with all of its class implications—in the city? In any case, it leaves me feeling queer in the queer community.

The 25th anniversary of the Stonewall Riots (Stonewall 25 in media shorthand), which if one were to believe the mainstream media and much of the queer media, was a defining event of queer identity in the 90s. I didn't go. I can't tolerate New York City: its noise, crowds, grime, heat, concrete, and traffic. I inherited my father's rural fear of a city as big and tall as New York. I've gone to Lesbian and Gay Pride marches for the last decade, but Stonewall 25 was a commercial extravaganza of huge proportions. From the reports I heard, the tickets for many of the events cost outrageous amounts of money. Who could afford the benefit dance at \$150, the concert at \$50, the t-shirt at \$25? I know that at the 1993 March on Washington trinkets and souvenirs flourished. Not only could one buy 14 different kinds of t-shirts but also coffee mugs, plastic flags, freedom rings, posters, etc. I can only assume this proliferation was even more astonishing at Stonewall 25. And sliding scales? They're evidently a thing of the past. Stonewall 25 strikes me not so much as a celebration of a powerful and life-changing uprising of drag queens and bull dykes fed up with the cops, but as a middle- and upper-class urban party that opened its doors only to those who could afford it.

Why does the money that creates Stonewall 25 and events like it rarely find its way to working-class and poor queers? Why does the money stay urban? What about AIDS prevention programs, gay/lesbian/ bi/transgendered youth services, hate-crime monitoring, queer theater in the mountains of rural Oregon, the cornfields of rural Nebraska, the lowlands of rural South Carolina? Have we collectively turned our backs on the small towns in Oregon that one by one are passing local anti-gay ordinances? Are we in effect abandoning them to the Oregon Citizens Alliance, the Christian right coalition that spearheaded the outrageously homophobic Proposition 9 in 1992 and which after losing that vote, has directed its attention toward local initiatives? Will we remember and support Brenda and Wanda Hansen of Camp Sister Spirit, white, rural, working-class lesbians who are building and maintaining lesbian and feminist space in rural Mississippi, when the homophobic violence they face—dead dogs in their mailbox, gunfire at night—no longer makes the headlines?

▼▼▼▼▼
In "Rural Organizing: Building Community Across Difference," Suzanne Pharr writes:

If we cannot do rural organizing around lesbian and gay issues, then rural lesbians and gay men are left with limited options: leaving our roots to live in

cities; living fearful invisible lives in our rural communities; or with visibility, becoming marginalized, isolated, and endangered. Not one of these options holds the promise of wholeness or freedom. (*Sojourner: The Women's Forum*, June 1994)

If we do choose to engage in rural organizing, to effectively build queer communities and foster queer identity in the backwoods, I want us to follow the lead of rural poor and working-class queers. I want urban activists to take a backseat, to lend their support—financial and otherwise—as rural lesbians and gay men build and strengthen community among themselves. This will be the easy part for urban, middle-class queers to support. The harder part will be understanding the alliances queers—urban and rural—need to create with straight rural people, the same folks urban people call “rednecks,” “hicks,” “clods,” and “bigots.” Building and supporting these alliances will entail many different kinds of organizing. At the heart of this work needs to be a struggle against economic injustice, since most people—queer and straight—living in rural communities (with the exception of resort towns and retirement enclaves) are poor and working-class. This means confronting unemployment, inadequate food and housing, unaffordable and inaccessible health care and education, issues that queer activists have largely ignored. It is neither easy nor glamorous work, sometimes as simple as lending support to a strike or a family out of work, other times as complex as fighting for health care reform that serves the needs of both rural and queer communities. It will be slow work, creating queer visibility and acceptance by building community among rural lesbians and gay men most accustomed to isolation and by finding common cause with the very people cast as the country's biggest, most backwards homophobes. But it is exactly this kind of work that will erode rural homophobic violence.

Consider for example the eight months I lived at the Women's Encampment for a Future of Peace and Justice in rural New York. As a community of women, mostly lesbians, protesting the existence of the largest U.S. Army nuclear weapons storage site in the world, the violence we faced from the local community had several sources. The Army Depot was the primary source of jobs for the people in Romulus, and we were a clear and absolute threat to those jobs. We mouthed the rhetoric of economic conversion but never seriously worked on the problems of economic injustice, never asked the hard question, “What happens to the people who work at the Depot after it closes?” Because we—mostly middle-class, urban activists working within the context of the women's peace movement—never asked the question, much less worked toward an answer, we lived in a community that never stopped being angry at us. That anger most typically came out as homophobic violence. By the very nature of activism, activists encounter anger and resistance all the time, but in Romulus, by not addressing the economic issues, the chances of diffusing the anger and working toward true justice were decreased. In addition, the chances of lesbian activists living in comfortable co-existence with the people of Romulus were zero.

Alongside the issue of economic injustice was the ever-present fact of our lesbianism—both perceived and actual. In its first two or three years, thousands of women visited and lived at the Camp, and the homophobic violence they encountered was virulent and, for a while, unrelenting. By the time I lived there, seven years after the Camp's founding, our numbers were smaller, and we had settled into a less volatile but still uneasy co-existence with Romulus. To arrive at this relationship, Peace Camp women had worked hard to build alliances with local people—farmers, business owners, the waitresses at the one restaurant in

town. One of these alliances was with Bill, the county sheriff. He and his co-workers had done everything from arresting Peace Camp women to issuing us parade permits to helping diffuse violence directed toward us. During my time at the Camp, I became Bob's contact, a role which, because of my cynicism towards the criminal justice system, made me uncomfortable. I also knew that an alliance with Bill, not as our protector but as a local whom other locals respected, was important to the Camp. While other Peace Camp women were scornful, rude, or hostile toward Bill, I developed a cordial working relationship with him. I understand the scorn directed toward a burly, uniformed white man toting a gun. But in a rural community, developing an alliance with a sheriff who is willing to go knock on doors to find the people responsible for homophobic violence, as Bill had done on more than one occasion, is part of nurturing a rural dyke community. The women with whom I lived understood my discomfort and ambivalence about our relationship with the county sheriff but not my willingness to maintain it, to stand out on the porch and talk about the weather, the corn crop, and the Peace Camp with Bill.

I want all of us to listen to Suzanne Pharr's words, because wholeness and freedom need to be at the center of queer identity and activism. If queer activists and communities don't create the “options that hold the promise of wholeness [and] freedom” for all queer people, rural as well as urban, working-class and poor as well as middle- and upper-class, we have failed. And if we fail, those of us who are rural or rural-raised, poor and working-class, even mixed-class, will have to continue to make difficult choices, to measure what our losses are worth.

.....

I know that living openly in relative safety as a lesbian among lesbians, living in a place where I can find work, living with easy access to books and music, movies and concerts, when I can afford them, is lifeblood for me. But I hate the cost, the loss, the measure.

.....

▼▼▼▼▼

There are no real answers for me in the measure. My leaving gave me a lesbian community but didn't change my class location. I moved from being a rural, mixed-class dyke-child in a straight, rural, working-class town to being an urban-transplanted, mixed-class dyke activist in an urban, mostly middle-class dyke community. Occasionally I simply feel as if I've traded one disjunction for another and lost home to boot. Most of the time, however, I know that living openly in relative safety as a lesbian among lesbians, living in a place where I can find work, living with easy access to books and music, movies and concerts, when I can afford them, is lifeblood for me. But I hate the cost, the loss, the measure.

The disjunction of never belonging has become an ordinary condition in my life, only noticed when I meet new people or travel to new places. Some years ago, a friend and I took a trip to lesbian land in Oregon, visiting WomanShare, Oregon Women's Land (OWL), and the Healing Ground, hanging out with dykes, hiking in the mountains, splitting firewood, and planting trees. As we left WomanShare heading north to Eugene, Janice told us about a dyke-owned natural food store in Myrtle Creek and asked us to say hello to Judith if we stopped. Two hours later we pulled off Interstate 5 into a rickety little logging town. My friend, a Jewish dyke who grew up in suburban Cleveland and suburban

Detroit, noticed the John Birch sign tacked under the “Welcome to Myrtle Creek” sign, while I noticed the familiar ramshackle of Main Street, the hills checkered with overgrown clearcuts, the one-ton pick-up trucks with guns resting in their rear windows. We parked and started to make a shopping list: fruit, bread, cheese, munchies for the road. I could feel Marjorie grow uncomfortable and wary, the transition from lesbian land to town, particularly one that advertised its John Birch Society, never easy. On the other hand, I felt alert but comfortable in this town that looked and smelled like home. In white, rural, Christian Oregon, Marjorie's history as an urban middle-class Jew and mine as a rural mixed-class gentile measured a chasm between us.

As we walked into the grocery store, the woman at the cash register smiled and said, “Welcome, sisters,” and all I could do was smile back. Judith wanted news from WomanShare, asked about Janice and Billie, answered our questions about Eugene, already knew about the woman from Fishpond who had committed suicide a week earlier. News of her death moved quickly through this rural dyke community; as we traveled north, we heard women from southern Oregon to Seattle talking about and grieving for this woman. As I stood in Judith's store, I began to understand that OWL and WomanShare and Rainbow's End and Fly Away Home and Fishpond and the Healing Ground weren't simply individual, isolated pieces of lesbian land, created and sustained by transient urban lesbians, but were also links in a thriving rural lesbian network. When Judith asked where I was from, I tried to explain what it meant to discover this network a mere hundred miles east of my inarticulated dyke childhood. But all I could really do was smile some more as Judith told stories about being a dyke in Myrtle Creek, stories interrupted as she greeted customers by name and exchanged local gossip and news. Marjorie and I left 45 minutes later with a bag of groceries and a pile of stories. As we drove north, I reached out to my ever-present sense of disjunction and found it gone for the moment.

I certainly don't believe that I can cure my sense of disjunction with a simple move to the Oregon mountains where I could live at OWL or WomanShare and shop in Myrtle Creek. The problems highlighted by the intersection of queer identity, working-class and poor identity, and rural identity demand long-lasting, systemic changes. The exclusivity of queer community shaped by urban, middle-class assumptions. Economic injustice in the backwoods. The abandonment of rural working-class culture. The pairing of rural people with conservative, oppressive values. The forced choice between rural roots and urban gay and lesbian life. These problems are the connective tissue that brings the words *queer*, *class*, and *exile* together. Rather than a relocation back to the Oregon mountains, I want a redistribution of economic resources so that wherever we live—in the backwoods, the suburbs, or the city—there is enough to eat, warm, dry houses for everyone, true universal access to health care and education. I want queer activists to struggle against homophobic violence in rural areas with the same kind of tenacity and creativity we bring to the struggle in urban areas. I want rural queers, working-class queers, poor queers to be leaders in our communities, to shape the ways we will celebrate the 50th anniversary of Stonewall. I want each of us to be able to bring our queerness home.

*FOOTNOTE: In her brilliant essay “Whenever I Tell You the Language We Use is a Class Issue, You Nod Your Head in Agreement—And Then You Open Your Mouth” about working-class culture and class oppression, Elliott maps out three definitions of the word *redneck*. Its denotation: “A member of the white rural laboring class....” Its connotation: “A person who advocates a provincial, conservative, often bigoted sociopolitical attitude characteristic of a redneck....” And lastly its usage by progressives, including many lesbians and gay men: “1. Any person who is racist, violent, uneducated and stupid (as if they are the same thing), woman-hating, gay-bashing, X-tian fundy, etc. 2. Used as a synonym for every type of oppressive belief except classism.” (*Lesbian Ethics*, 4:2).



“Fresh Mex”

Voted Ann Arbor's
Best Mexican Food

Michigan Daily 1993-94

◆ STARTERS

Chips and Homemade Salsa
Nachos

◆ SALADS

◆ BURRITOS

Spiced Shredded Chicken
Spiced Shredded Beef
Pinto Beans
Veggie (red peppers,
zucchini and onions)

(Choice of extra ingredients)

◆ QUESADILLAS

◆ TACOS

◆ BURRO SANDWICH

◆ DESSERTS

CATERING AVAILABLE

619 E. WILLIAM

(CORNER OF S. STATE) ANN ARBOR

994-1888

fax: 994-7172

Mon.-Thurs. 11-9:30

Fri.-Sat. 11-11 • Sun. Noon-9:30



Adam's
Garden of Eden



Ann Arbor's
Source for Indoor
& Hydroponic
Gardeners

10% OFF
with this ad
Complete Lighting
Systems!

Metal Halide
or High-Pressure Sodium
expires 5/31/97

OPEN 7 DAYS

203 N. Fourth Avenue
313.997.7060

Free parking in our lot at Fourth & Ann

In Memory: Allen Ginsberg

By Arwulf Arwulf

3:30 AM, sixteen years old, apex of powerful acid journey, hiding under trees in the darkest corners of central campus, sipping wine and reading Ginsberg's *The Fall of America* listening to Allen's voice in my reader's head, pages damp with rain. Grasping the 188-paged City Lights edition glyphed fulla visions, feeling a presence always happy to advise younger men: *Be pretty, intelligent, attentive, delicately deranged.* Useful lunatic guidance. Freedom is when you put on the dress. Reject outmoded patterns of conformity. And please learn not to die so fast and gruesome. Kerouac's *Big Sur*, the DT journals, a timeless plea for clear water detox.

However confusing or miserable one's life may seem, every moment is potential for poems. Take good notes, do not panic. Never lose track of the happiness given at birth. Meanwhile, the very fabric of loneliness and alienation can, could and did serve as spore and seed for creative expression. *Kaddish*, Allen's struggle with his own mother's insanity and death, is an even better example of this principle, but at sixteen I hadn't seen that yet. These things come haphazard.

First encountered *Howl* as set to music by the Village Fugs, who sang, in their stone freak yodeling way, William Blake's *Ah Sunflower, Weary of Time*, instigator of Ginsberg's own cosmo-awakening (see *Sunflower Sutra*). It took time to digest, to compost as I grew. Only by surviving and paying attention did the threads come together in the weave which today warms the brain and protects the heart against ugly-assed, unimaginative pop culture. This Uncle kept me sane, still helps.

Today I have that same battered copy of "The Fall of America," pages stained with red wine, blue annotative ink and traces of long since vaporized rainwater. And America contin-

ues to fall. Twenty-four years later, still invariably moved by the long-running strudel of descriptions which I've only recently learned were transcribed off of cassette tapes covering many miles of on-the-spot voice reporting as Allen rode in the back of a VW microbus, tooling south from Canadian Border to San Francisco with Gary Snyder. Everything is admissible in this court of *samsara*. All that has happened resonates in all directions. None of this superfluous, nothing ruled out. Raunchy poem bearing the title GRAFFITI 12TH CUBICLE MEN'S ROOM SYRACUSE AIRPORT 11 NOVEMBER 1969 — still utterly relevant.

We honor you, Allen Ginsberg, for your own brave takes on the Truth. Welcome, ghost of Lenny Bruce: "When I'm interested in a truth, it's really a *truth* truth, one hundred per cent. And that's a terrible kind of truth to be interested in." This is an American tradition. One which we should always celebrate.

And for speaking openly, without hesitation, of that which was real to you, never for a moment holding back, in fact risking your life calling the C.I.A. out on their madness, avarice and sociopathic narcotics trafficking; for your own brave takes on the Truth, we honor you, Allen Ginsberg. Every time we see the bumper sticker: "DARE to Keep the C.I.A. Off Drugs," think of Allen happily singing his "C.I.A. Dope Calypso." Brazenly, out loud. This our tradition of American discourse in spite of the Lie. William S. Burroughs says Allen stood for coming out of all the closets.

1957: *Howl* confiscated as obscenity, warrant for the arrest of Lawrence Ferlinghetti just for handling the thing. Like Lenny, the outspoken one struggles with a culture seriously strung out on Denial. Today in 1997 *Howl* can be found safely esconced in the Third Edition of the Norton Anthology. Uncensored. And this was the honest descriptive of

what you lived. Broken, the false shell of euphemism; torn down, the scrim of not-to-say-it; shattered, the artifice of somebody else's prescriptive shame. *I am not ashamed. This is my life, these are the lives of those I have met and known.*

This is an inheritance from our poetic ancestors. Walt Whitman scaring the 19th Century shitless with his honesty. Ezra Pound devising a cryptic personal system of historical reflective mayhem. William Carlos Williams, the source of a principle: Cut the crap and speak clearly, no unnecessary frills, thank you. "There's no reason why every line must begin at the left hand margin. A silly habit, as if all the thoughts in the brain were lined up like a conscript army..." *Paterson*, Williams' cut-and-paste masterpiece of modern poetic, includes three letters from a young Ginsberg, coming up in New Jersey, devising his own way of seeing. Honesty like never before in print.

Language honored as magic. Anne Waldman, introducing her poem, *Iovis*, writes: "Words are used here with awe, dread, submission, humor, cheek, as if they were sacred creatures — pulsating, alive, mocking. As such they are little mirrors." Clear language for running the changes anew. Allen was part of a circle of minds similarly willing to innovate according to these principles. Diane di Prima, Philip Whalen, Lew Welch, Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche. Gather more names, place them in a spiral on the ceiling. Remove clothing, light candles, dance.

There is no separation. Indra's web, a bejewelled connective net; we felt it everywhere as we adjusted to the news that Allen had left his body. Winds howled mightily that week over the face of our land; Michigan's Winter was reluctant to ebb away. Allen's nature, I feel, is covering the Earth, even as the spirits of percussionist Tony Williams and the mighty songstress Laura Nyro inhabit the crest of our atmosphere. Anyone may sense these presences. But not by using the internet, which is a shoddy imitation of Indra's weave. Turn that thing off and look instead at the night sky over our town.

Ann Arbor has had a fairly consistent relationship with Allen Ginsberg. I'm thinking of his appearance at the John Sinclair Freedom Rally at Crisler Arena, the readings at Rackham Auditorium, Hill Auditorium, our up-close time with him at Shaman Drum Books and in

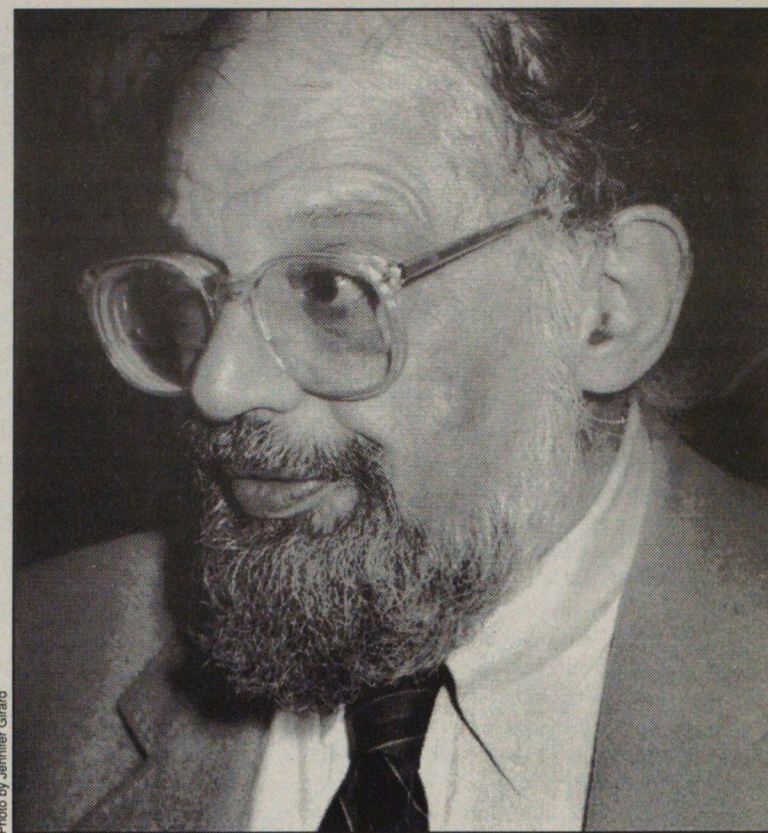


Photo by Jennifer Girard

the friendly space at Jewel Heart. In a broader, deeper sense, Allen had a lot to do with Ann Arbor's stratified countercultural reality. He inspired a willingness to do things differently. So much has been opened for us. So possible now to carry on with the work of seeing to it that boredom and conformity do not drive our people out of their minds, into premature, unnecessary destruction. In many ways, however, (as I watch the faces of giggling, drunken suburbanites on Main Street, Saturday night), our task is as challenging as ever.

Following the principles of cut-and-paste, we include this fragment of intercepted E-mail sent by schoolteacher Mike Rains, remembering a Ginsberg book-signing at "Ann Arbor Jewel Heart Luminous Store" 1/7/97: "I said what I wanted to say. That the life he lived was full and good for me to see. He had helped me, and thanks. 'Well ... I've been having fun' He drew a picture with the letters A.H. in the center of a flower that had a stem that curled down and up as a snake that rose and encircled the blossom ..."

Ginsberg leaves me with a willingness to combine materials and inspiration from all directions and time periods. Check his little booklet: "Your Reason and Blake's System" (1992 Hanuman Books): "Blake's imagination and the imagination of Tibetan poetics and painted

Thangkas are oddly similar, both in the same realm of mind-projection and exercise of three-dimensional visualization. The Tibetan and Blakian traditions deal with extremely rarified, subtle and very definite worlds of imagination. Both Blake's and Tibetan symbols serve as fixed images for meditation and contemplation of psychological archetypes."

And as always clear ethics form the basis of action. This from Gelek Rinpoche, Allen's last teacher and vital motivating force behind Ann Arbor's Jewel Heart Center (from *Love and Compassion*, a weekend course, 1992): "Do kindly generate a pure motivation. The word pure here means we are not doing something just for the benefit of our material life, but to gain a better benefit for all sentient beings ..."

As for Wulfie, my chant is henceforward to Tara, in all her colors, the Goddess in all of her aspects. To walk alone through the park at dawn breathing deeply to voice aloud in cycle: OM TARA TU TARA TURESVAHA and work in the wake of all who've come before, harming none, providing a fertile bed for the truth to flourish. Breathe Allen, sing Allen, loving grace in all directions Allen, change is the principle here, and Allen's just keeping with the program.

**Viva,
La Click-ka!**

May 15 - June 1
8 pm Thurs - Sat
2 pm & 7 pm on Sun

Performance Network
THEATRE RICH IN SOUL

408 W WASHINGTON
ANN ARBOR 663-0681
<http://comnet.org/PNetwork>

LSAT • GMAT • MCAT

Achieve Your Maximum Exam Score!

At EXCEL, we focus upon the key distinctions that result in great scores. You will score higher because you'll know what the test is looking for. More than shortcuts and test-taking techniques, you'll master the principles of the test.

LSAT begins: Thur., 5/8 & Mon., 5/12	GMAT begins: Sat., May 10th	MCAT begins: Tue., 5/20 & Mon., June 2
--	--------------------------------	--

EXCEL

Test Preparation

1100 South University
996-1500

"We Will Miss You, Allen"

By Kathleen Laritz, Jewel Heart

Gelek Rinpoche [spiritual director and founder of Jewel Heart] received word, late Saturday, March 29, while out of the country, that Allen Ginsberg was trying to reach him. They had been in constant touch since Allen had not been well. Now, recently hospitalized, Allen was going through many tests including a liver biopsy.

Reaching Rinpoche on Sunday, he reported in his typical manner: "Rinpoche, Allen Ginsberg here. I have been diagnosed with liver cancer and the doctors tell me I have one to four months to live. Judging by the weakness of my condition, however, I do not think I will be here that long. I am surprised to see how calm I am."

Later Rinpoche shared that it took him two days to accept the news. Allen offered to read to Rinpoche what he said was his newly written funeral poem "Gone, Gone, Gone". Rinpoche asked Allen not to read him the poem. Philip Glass, who was visiting him at the time, later listened as Allen read in a weak and delicate voice.

Allen could see his own loft bedroom from his hospital bed just two blocks away as he continued writing poems, conducting business, and phoning friends to inform them of the recent developments in his health, asking if they had any needs. Days later, Rinpoche would be startled to hear Allen had made arrangements for the care of all his friends and obligations, including the request that in lieu of flowers, all gifts in Allen's memory be sent to Jewel Heart. Allen continued giving office instructions to Bob

Rosenthal and Peter Hale for work to be done, as he phoned friends around the world and slept frequently upon his return home Thursday.

Friday morning, Bob arrived at the loft earlier than usual, sensing a need to be there. He found Allen had apparently suffered a stroke and slipped into a coma sometime during the night after finishing his calls around midnight. That morning, Rinpoche received a call from Bob and immediately made plans to fly to New York along with Dakpa Gyaltzen, Loden Jigme, and Geshe Ngawang Sherab (who had just flown in to Detroit on Thursday afternoon from New York). He made calls to Chicago and St. Paul arranging for others to come to New York as soon as possible. He spoke with Philip, who was only blocks away, asking him to sit with Allen.

Upon entering Allen's loft, Rinpoche walked directly to Allen, holding his hand and speaking softly to him. The loft was rich with Allen, home to an extensive library, photos of and prints by beloved poets, and memorabilia from the many travels to the many lands and the many hearts whom he had touched. Family and friends sat with Allen or visited with each other while a nurse from the hospice care of Beth Israel sat near the end of his bed. At the other end of the loft, down a short hall covered with nude photos of Allen and friends from his earlier days, Bob Rosenthal, Peter Hale and Bill Morgan continued with Allen's personal and office affairs as the phone rang constantly.

Rinpoche along with the monks and sangha friends, began reciting Lama Chopa continuing late into the night. Departing after midnight, Rinpoche was roused from his sleep at 2:45AM with a call from Bob at the loft saying Allen was gone. Patti Smith, who had been with Allen at the time, said that at 2:39AM, Allen had moved a couple of times as though having a little seizure, opened his eyes for the first time since entering the coma, closed them and then stopped breathing.

Rinpoche along with the monks arrived by 3:00AM and began Vajrayogini self-initiation seated in front of Allen's altar upon which sat pictures of both Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche and Gelek Rinpoche, his two teachers. Rinpoche continued prayers through the night and into the early hours of the morning, when he gave Allen the Vajrayogini initiation. Throughout the day, they proceeded with the Chakrasamvara self-initiation prayers and practice. Rinpoche occasionally observed Allen for signs that the dissolving process of the inner elements had been completed. Rinpoche pointed out that the moment of apparent death is not truly the time of death, mentioning that Allen appeared to be in the "NBB" state, wherein one's own consciousness joins with the consciousness of the enlightened.

At 11:30PM, Allen's consciousness left the body. Rinpoche explained that "at the time of Allen's death, there was no negativity. Allen had a very

successful life and a very successful death." The funeral parlor then came to collect and prepare Allen's body for the private funeral service to be held the next day, Sunday April 6th at 5PM at the Jewel Heart Center in New York.

At the Center, Geshe Ngawang Sherab, carrying a white scarf and incense, walked before the wooden casket which was draped in colorful brocade as it was rolled into the room by Philip Glass, Chuck Lief, John Cobb and Bob Thurman and placed before the altar. Jewel Heart sangha and friends chanted Namomahamudraya with the Mahamudra Lineage Prayer. The group then recited Lama Chopa, pausing after the Dakini Song for Bob Rosenthal to read Allen's funeral poem, "Gone, Gone, Gone." Upon Rinpoche's request to present the poem, Bob shared that he had never heard it read by Allen and was unsure of its delivery. Philip remarked later that to his amazement, Bob had read the poem exactly as Allen had just one week earlier in his hospital room. The only difference was the strength of Bob's voice. At the close of the Lama Chopa, friends gathered to share their thoughts and feelings about Allen's passing.

The next day, Monday, the 7th of April, a public funeral service was held at the Shambala Center, also in Manhattan. Once again the space was filled to capacity, with Allen's family as well as his friends from all walks of life being represented. Rinpoche continued with the self-initiations he had begun on Saturday, now doing the Yamantaka self-initiation. David

Rome of Shambala invited various people representing Allen's many circles of friends to speak in memory of Allen. The importance of openness and candor, gifts we have all received from Allen were remembered and appreciated as everyone laughed and occasionally became teary-eyed listening to the stories being shared about Allen.

For the next seven weeks, Jewel Heart Centers will meet on Friday evenings at 7:30PM to say the Lama Chopa and dedicate all positive merit gained towards the fulfillment of Allen's wishes. As Rinpoche calculated the 49th day of Allen's passing (the maximum time for the close of the bardo) he discovered the day to be May 24th. This was the date that Allen had earlier selected for the annual Jewel Heart Benefit held in Ann Arbor. At this time, the benefit turned memorial has been expanded to include both Tibetan Buddhist and Jewish religious services previous to the performances of Patti Smith, Natalie Merchant, and others.

Allen Ginsberg has touched and positively influenced the lives of countless numbers of people. We feel very lucky for the times he has shared with all of us and will remember him with love. We will miss you, Allen.

This article was reprinted with permission from Jewel Heart's Spring 1997 issue of their newsletter, "From the Heart." For subscription information write: Jewel Heart, P.O. Box 7933, Ann Arbor, MI 48107-7933.

Jewel Heart Mission Statement: "Jewel Heart is dedicated to the preservation of Tibetan Buddhism and to the practice of this rich tradition within the context of contemporary life."

"PUBLIC STATION OF THE YEAR"

—Michigan Association of Broadcasters
February 25, 1997

"FIRST PRIZE FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE"

—Michigan Associated Press
March 18, 1997

"MOST SUCCESSFUL SPRING FUND DRIVE IN STATION HISTORY"

—Michigan Radio Listeners
April 4-10, 1997

MICHIGAN RADIO

WUOM 91.7 FM Ann Arbor
Public Radio from the University of Michigan
<http://www.umich.edu/~wuom>

JEWEL HEART ALLEN GINSBERG MEMORIAL 1926-1997

SAT. MAY 24, 1997

TIBETAN BUDDHIST AND
JEWISH MEMORIAL SERVICES—7PM
CONCERT & POETRY READINGS—8PM
featuring:

PATTI SMITH

NATALIE

MERCHANT

AND SPECIAL GUESTS
HILL AUDITORIUM
U of M, ANN ARBOR, MI
TICKETS \$10, \$15, & \$20
U OF M TICKET OFFICE 763-TKTS,
SHAMAN DRUM - STATE ST, ANN ARBOR,
MAYFLOWER BOOKSHOP - 12 MILE, BERKLEY,
THE JEWEL HEART STORE
208 S. ASHLEY, ANN ARBOR

POETRY CONTEST

Contest Rules:

Content: Poetry that celebrates and/or commemorates the life and times of Allen Ginsberg

Entries must be received by May 15, 1997 • Mail 3 copies to JEWEL HEART, 208 S Ashley, Ann Arbor, MI 48104 • Limit of 1 work per entry no longer than 100 lines-include name, address, & phone • Winners will be notified by phone May 21, 1997

FIRST WINNER WILL READ WINNING POEM ON STAGE AT 24TH MEMORIAL+ 6 TICKETS
THREE RUNNERS UP WILL HAVE THEIR POEM PRINTED IN THE EVENT PROGRAM + 2 TICKETS

Judges: John Hinchey, Thom Jurek & Keith Taylor

For more info call JEWEL HEART 313-994-3387



arts agenda

De Kooning, Gorky, Pollock, Nationalism and Creativity

BY JACQUES KARAMANOUKIAN

"In the past [de Kooning] has turned down a number of bids for retrospectives. 'They treat the artist like a sausage,' he once said, 'tie him up at both ends, and stamp on the center Museum of Modern Art, as if you're dead and they own you.'"

—Thomas B. Hess taken from his catalogue introduction for the Willem de Kooning exhibit at the Museum of Modern Art in 1968 (my emphasis).

Willem de Kooning, one of the icons of modern art, passed away on March 19, 1997, in Easy Hampton, NY at the age of 92. The long struggle was over for this immigrant (illegal) born in Rotterdam, Holland in 1904.

It is very hard to speak of Willem de Kooning without mentioning Arshile Gorky (born Vosdanig Adoian in Armenia in 1904 as well). Gorky, although largely self-taught in art, was for a long time (Gorky died in 1948) de Kooning's mentor, and he always deferred to Gorky, "I'm glad that it is about impossible to get away from his influence. As long as I keep it with myself, I'll be doing all right." This is the kind of kindness and humility only the very greatest can show. De Kooning was one of the very best in the pantheon of modern art.

The third artist I'd like to associate with Gorky and de Kooning is Pollock. He was born Jackson Pollock in Cody, Wyoming in 1912. He died in a car accident near his home in East Hampton in 1956.

Most people have heard of Jackson Pollock because of the big "splash" (no pun intended) he made with his "drip" paintings in the early '50s. Not as much has been said or written about the preceding period (late '30s, early '40s) during which he produced some of my favorite paintings such as: *The She-Wolf* (1943), *Pasiphae* (1943) and *Totem* (1944). These five pieces show the influence of such artists as Picasso, Masson, or Miró. As Gorky and de Kooning had done — especially Gorky — these artists were smart enough to learn from the very best modern artists of the time. It is almost impossible (is it wishable?) to avoid influences. The

great artists know where to go when looking for mentors. De Kooning's "Woman" series is, in my opinion, the best attempt to "compete" with Picasso. I regard the work of that period as de Kooning's greatest accomplishment. Jackson Pollock was a man of relatively few words and this is what he said on that topic:

American painters have generally missed the point of modern painting from beginning to end ... the ideas of an isolated American painting, so popular in this country, during the thirties, seems absurd to me, just as the idea of creating a purely American mathematics or physics would seem absurd ... And in another sense, the problem doesn't exist at all; or, if it did, would solve itself: An American is an American and his painting would naturally be qualified by that fact, whether he wills it or not. But the basic problems of contemporary painting are independent of any one country.

—Art & Architecture, 2/94

This statement very well illustrates a point: the "folly" of nationalism when

it comes to creativity. And yet, it is appalling to see how art and nationality are intertwined. One speaks of the "French School" or the "School of Paris," or "American Art" or "The School of New York." This is sheer stupidity and sheer imperialism. To illustrate this point, I will list a few names on both sides of the Atlantic. Some of the most famous artists living in France were Pablo Picasso (born 1881 in Malaga, Spain), Joan Miró, (born in 1893 in Barcelona, Spain) Marc Chagall (born in 1887 in Vitebsk, Russia), Amadeo Modigliani (born 1884 in Leghorn, Italy), Chaim Soutine (born in 1893 in Smilovitch, Lithuania), Wassili Kandinsky (born in 1866 in Moscow, Russia), and Alberto Giacometti (born in 1901 in Stampa, Switzerland). These are some of the few artists who composed the "School of Paris."

On this side of the Atlantic, most artists moved to the United States because of World War II, although Gorky and de Kooning made it to America in the '20s. Some of these artists are: John Graham (born Ivan Dombrowski in 1888 in Kiev, Ukraine), Mark Rothko (born in 1903 in Dvinsk, Russia), Sebastian Matta Echaurren (born 1912

in Santiago, Chile), Wifredo Lam (born 1902 in Sagua la Grande, Cuba) and Max Ernst (born in 1891 in Bruhl, Germany). Other artists emigrating from Europe were: Nicolas Vasilieff, David Burluk, Raphael Soyer, etc. This is just a small sampling of the variety of nationalities existing in Paris or in New York.

Thus labels like "School of Paris" or "American Painting" are misleading and reflect an "imperialist" spirit which tries to "grab" everything of quality without giving credit to these "small nations." Art is universal and from a long chain of contributions large or small. All should be acknowledged appropriately. This is what Willem de Kooning had to say on the topic of nationalism in 1963:

I feel much more in common with artists in London or Paris. It is a certain burden this American-ness. If you come from a small nation, you don't have that ... I feel sometimes an American artist must feel like a baseball player or something — a member of a team writing American history ...

—BBC interview

What seems to me much more exciting is the creative process. And again I will let de Kooning and Pollock talk beautifully about what they know best: ART. This is what Jackson Pollock said in 1956:

I don't care for 'abstract expressionism' ... and it's certainly not 'non-objective' and 'non-representational' either. I am very representational some of the time, and a little all of the time. But when you're working out of your unconscious, figures are bound to emerge ... I guess I've been Jungian for a long time ... Painting is a state of being ... Painting is self-discovery ... Every good painter paints what he is.

I can only agree with such a clear statement as I believe that most of the feud between "figurative" or "non-figurative" art misses the point entirely, although it is an easy way to classify art and artists; oversimplification always leads to false conclusions. Art at the highest level is too complex to be "explained" by a few simplistic formulas.

Willem de Kooning did also make a few interesting statements about the creative process: "I used to be so nervous I got palpitations. Now I don't have that trouble. I see the canvas and I begin ... I have to change to remain the same" (interestingly cryptic) but; he added, "you have to keep on the edge of something, all the time, or the picture dies." This last statement in particular tells me that risk-taking is essential in art. There has to be a tension keeping the creative process from falling apart. The most interesting art happens on the borders on the edge, in that zone where conscious and unconscious merge.

Finally I will quote from Pollock's "Possibilities" in the late '40s:

When I am in my painting, I'm not aware of what I'm doing. It is only after a sort of 'get-acquainted' period that I see what I have been about. I have no fears about making changes, destroying the image and so forth because the painting has a life of its own. I try to let it come through. It is only when I lose contact with the Painting that the result is a mess. Otherwise there is pure harmony, an easy give and take, the painting comes out well.

This is a classic statement about the creative process in modern art. I find it very liberating and very inspiring.

visual arts calendar

STILL SHOWING

"Evolution" Pierpont Commons Atrium, N. Campus. An exhibit by students of Vickie Veenstra's color photography class (thru May 5). 764-7544

"Images in Ivory: Precious Objects of the Gothic Age" Detroit Institute of Art (thru May 11). 313-833-7900

Gifts of Art U-M Hospitals. Doris Malfese and Keith Matz, photography; Csaba L. Martonyi, ophthalmologic photography; The Potters Guild, ceramics; Leslie Masters, paintings; Linn Williams, collection of mother and child sculpture; Jean Lau, watercolors (thru May 15). 936-ARTS

"A Visit with our Elders" 3-6 pm, Clare Spittler Gallery, 2007 Pauline Ct. Life-size portraits by Joanna Katz and small mixed media works made by the elders portrayed (thru May 27). 662-8914

1996-97 A Challenge Claire Spittler Gallery (thru May 27). 662-8914

WCBN Radio Free Ann Arbor 25th Anniversary Exhibit U-M Graduate Library, N. Main Lobby. Material spanning 50 years of campus radio broadcasting (thru May 30). 763-3501

"3 European Artists" Galerie Jacques, 616 Wesley. Graphic Art (thru May). 665-9889

"Floating Pictures" U-M Museum of Art. A specialty of the Museum's Asian collection (thru June 1). 764-0395

Women & Gender in Ancient Egypt: From Pre-history to Late Antiquity U-M Kelsey Museum of Archeology. Artifacts regarding the construction as well as biology of gender from sites excavated in the '20s & '30s (thru June 15). 764-9304

2 FRIDAY

"Time Lapses": Media Union Gallery Opening 6-9 pm, U-M N. Campus. Ceramic and mixed media installation by Rebecca L. Horning (thru 14 Wed) 764-7544

3 SATURDAY

Exhibition: Works of the U-M Art Faculty U-M Art Museum, 525 S. State. 764-0395

4 SUNDAY

First Sunday Free 1-5 pm, ArtVentures, 117 W. Liberty. Indonesian art projects. 994-8004

20th Century Art Tour 2 pm, U-M Museum of Art. Docent-led. 764-0395

6 TUESDAY

"Artists Among Us" 7 pm, Brecon Room, Saline District Library. Meredith Bixby presents his magical marionettes. 429-0008

"Expanded Visions" Pierpont Commons Atrium, N. Campus. An exhibit of black & white photos taken by children, presented by the Urban Institute for Contemporary Arts (thru May 31). 764-7544

Watercolor Monotypes Pierpont Commons Gallery Wall, N. Campus. Works by Jane Farrell (thru May 31). 764-7544

7 WEDNESDAY

Artvideos 12:10 pm, Media Room, U-M Museum of Art. "Painting & the Camera." 764-0395

8 THURSDAY

Exhibition: Kerrytown Concert House 6-8 pm, 415 N. Fourth Ave. Opening for Robert Wilson, photography. 769-2999

Artvideos 7:30 pm (see 7 Wed)

9 FRIDAY

"Morning Tea": matrix gallery 6-8 pm, 212 Miller Ave. Collaborative & individual works by Margaret Kimura and Masha Ryskin (thru May 25). 663-7775

10 SATURDAY

Walking Tour of North Campus Sculpture: New Art League Second Saturday 11 am, Slusser Art Gallery, Art & Architecture Building. Martha Keller guides this hour-long walk. 764-0395

The Museum Collects: 20th Century Works on Paper (Part II) U-M Museum of Art. Representational to abstract nudes, self-portraits and animals (thru Sept. 14). 764-0395

11 SUNDAY

"Floating Pictures" Tour 2 pm, U-M Museum of Art. Docent-led. 764-0395

14 WEDNESDAY

Artvideos 12:10 pm, Media Room, U-M Museum of Art. "Nudes & Women." 764-0395

15 THURSDAY

Artvideos 7:30 pm (see 14 Wed)

16 FRIDAY

Friday Tea 3 pm, U-M Museum of Art. Conversation with artist Fred Sandback, \$5. 764-0395

17 SATURDAY

Through the Looking Glass: Sculpture by Fred Sandback U-M Museum of Art. Realms of space are created from yarn (thru Sept. 28). 764-0395

18 SUNDAY

U-M Art Faculty Tour 2 pm, U-M Museum of Art. Docent-led. 764-0395

19 MONDAY

Gifts of Art U-M Hospitals. Doris Malfese, photography; The Potters Guild, ceramics; Bette Pruden and Ellen Wilt, paintings; Sculpture Guild of Michigan, sculpture; Susan Argiroff, Paper Marbling (thru June 26). 936-ARTS

21 WEDNESDAY

Artvideos 12:10 pm, Media Room, U-M Museum of Art. Program: "Painting & Possessions." 764-0395

22 THURSDAY

Artvideos 7:30 pm (see 21 Wed)

"The Many Dimensions of Asian Sculpture" 7:30 pm, Media Room, U-M Museum of Art. The sculpture of India, China and Japan, \$5 non-members. 764-0395

25 SUNDAY

"Floating Pictures" Tour 2 pm, U-M Museum of Art. Docent-led. 764-0395

Japanese Tea Ceremony 3 pm, U-M Museum of Art. 764-0395

28 WEDNESDAY

Artvideos 12:10 pm, Media Room, U-M Museum of Art. "Painting & Advertising." 764-0395

29 THURSDAY

Artvideos 7:30 pm (see 28 Wed)

30 FRIDAY

"Shouting": Dianna Sperka Opening 6-8 pm, Ann Arbor Art Center. An installation inspired by the artist's visit to Jerusalem (thru June 22). 994-8004x122

OPPORTUNITIES

Call for Artists 11th Annual Detroit Festival for the Arts, Sept 19-21. All media. Application deadline, May 23. 313-577-5088

Call for Artists Space downtown seeks 2-3 works to show on consignment. Send up to 20 slides, resumé/bio and SASE to Output Solutions, 209N. Main, Ann Arbor, MI 48104.

Mini-Grant application deadlines May 23 for projects beginning between June 1-Sept 30, 1997; June 13 for projects beginning between Oct 1, 1997-Jan 31, 1998. Non-profit organizations are encouraged to apply for up to \$2,000. Washtenaw Council for the Arts, 76 N. Huron, Ypsilanti, MI 48197. 484-4882

Creative Artists Grant Program Deadline is June 3, 1997 for projects for individual artists of all disciplines. Send SASE (\$1.25) or pick up an application at Washtenaw Council for the Arts, 76 N. Huron, Ypsilanti, MI 48197. 484-4882

Art solicited by Ann Arbor Art Center for display and sale next Christmas (Nov 22-Dec 31). Contact: Holiday Gifts Review, Liz Lemire, A2 Art Center, 117 W. Liberty, A2, MI 48104. 994-8004

I'M IN THE PROCESS OF WRITING A TELEPHONE BOOK. MAY I HAVE YOUR NUMBER?

A BETTER WAY TO GET SOMEONE TO PUCKER UP. PUCKER, THE SWEET & SOUR SENSATION. CHERI-BERI, GRAPE OR SOUR APPLE.

LOCAL MUSIC

The View from Nowhere

By Alan Goldsmith

Well, the forces of darkness have won another battle. The Sunday night **Bluestage** jam session at the Blind Pig, which has graced Ann Arbor for nearly four years while providing a vital focal point for the south-eastern Michigan blues scene, has been bounced by the so-called 'hip' music venue. During it's run by bluesman/organizer **Jerry Mack**, blues lovers, musicians and just smart people looking for something to do on a Sunday night, had a well produced showcase for scores of amazingly talented local artists of the down-home persuasion.

The death of the Bluestage makes you wonder why in the hell doesn't this Paris of the midwest have ONE damn hip, comfortable home for kickin' local blues shows? **The Tap Room** is still carrying the torch, of course (Ypsilanti is rapidly becoming way more fun and dangerous in an artistic sense these last few months) but, it's sad, pathetic and no fun to have so few bars in town with enough guts to book real live blues.

And, one more rant ... If the Blind Pig isn't going to live up to its artistic roots that go back to the days of the early 1970s when Boogie Woogie Red, Roosevelt Sykes, Walter Horton and other great African-American artists were creating some of the best American music of the century, then perhaps a name change is in order. I won't give any suggestions (there are so many, what with an idea tossed around by the owner a few years back of turning the place into a topless bar which pretty much summed up where THEY were coming from ...) but ... light a candle for Jerry Mack and his Bluestage to return somewhere/someplace in the near future.

Steve Leggett, who is perhaps the coolest unknown singer/songwriter in

town, has an amazing new CD just out, "A Tiny Speck In A Ruthless Universe," under the name of his former backup band, the buzzrats (on the California-based Dirty River label) and it's filled with such great stuff, it's hard to find a place to start. The 15-track collection of originals just glows and shines with a fresh, poetic power and is so stark and original, a reviewer could fill pages with valid praise. Leggett as a solo singer/songwriter was parked in the center of the Dylan Memorial Parking Structure that's for sure, and wrote tons of complex tunes with a literary edge to match the catchy chords. But on this new buzzrats recording, it's the leap from great local guy to something much more important.

You can still toss out Dylan and early Springsteen (sort of) because of Leggett's sandpaper voice and his sense of being so abstract in what he's trying to tell you with the words. But, the band takes everything to the roof. Sometimes it's an early Pink Floyd riff or a Neil Young and Crazy Horse feel, others times the ghost of Allen Ginsberg seems to be stopping by for a few words of musical advice for the band.

All of these things blend into this intense, power pop THING that slips up on you like a dark cloud. Steve Leggett was good before ... but this CD ... wow!

Sure, we hate the Blind Pig this week, but toss all of your moral principles out the window and check out the new **Folkin'-A-Squared Presents** series the first Wednesday of the month for a megadose of folk type stuff. The series has been showcasing three cool acoustic acts each night and on May 7th, singer/songwriter **Jen Cass** will be performing her last A2 gig before moving to Seattle. "Brave Enough To Say," her CD from this year will no doubt end up on lots of Seattle's Best Of The Year Top Ten Lists as she heartlessly departs the local folk circuit, but life is like that sometimes. Besides Cass, ex-Deadbeat Society leader David Mosher's new band, **The Second Hand String Band** will be doing a set, as will songster **Jim Roll**. Check it out and be sure to bitch loudly to everyone

NEW RELEASES

By William Shea

Leftover Salmon • "Euphoria" • Hollywood Records

Every now and then a recording comes across my desk that jumps from the CD player, simply grabbing me by the ear and leading me around the room. Leftover Salmon's latest recording, "Euphoria," is such a record. This five-piece outfit from Boulder, Colorado plays reggae-tinged, New Orleans-style second-line rhythms over bluesy, electric slide-guitar licks and bluegrass mandolin/banjo crosstalk (not to mention the dynamite vocal harmonies). The musicianship, catchy eclectic tunes and good clean production makes this CD a listening treat.

Featuring Vince Herman on vocals and guitar; Drew Emmitt, vocals, mandolin and fiddle; Mark Vann on electric banjo; Michael Wooten, drums; and Tye North on the five-string bass, this group has caught the eye of some pretty powerful musicians. They've enlisted bluegrass veterans Sam Bush and Pete Sears to play fiddle and piano and Drew Emmitt's wonderful tune "Muddy Water Home" has been covered by Alison Krauss and the Cox Family.

This is not a bluesgrass album. Their work is too diverse. Opening with "Better," a rollicking up-tempo reggae tune featuring Vince Herman's Duane Allmanesque slide guitar work, the

(doorperson, bartender, waitstaff) about the death of the Bluestage while you're there too.

Oh, sure, folk music and jazz and blues is nice and all, but ... my favorite tape of the month has to be "It's Hale-Bopp" by **Darwin and His Time Warp Commandos**. Fronted by the ex-guiding force behind the legendary Tulsa City Truckers (another beautifully strange performance project) the one-track cassette is Iggy and the Stooges meets Alvin and the Chipmunks with a tune that's twisted, funny and in major

record never lets up. Although the tempo slows on Drew Emmitt's "Highway Song," the country drive of the drums and Sam Bush's eerie fiddling carry the same energy of the opener into the next southern rock-groove tune "Baby Hold On."

Three tunes stand out on this exceptional recording. "Mama Boulet" is straight from the Caribbean side of New Orleans. Replete with a hint of kettle drums, this tune pulses and pushes one on to the dance floor. "Cash on the Barrelhead" is a mid-'50s Louvin Brother bluegrass tune. Instead of covering it straight, Leftover Salmon mixes a few things together such as a James Burton (Ricky Nelson, Emmylou Harris, Elvis) guitar lick with a Duane Allman feedback-laced line. The results is a guitar lover's dream — good picking and great sounds. "Euphoria" is a throwback to the jug-bands of the early '60s. Although there is no actual jug being played, the energy and sentiment of those early folkies is apparent, which seems to fit in just fine with this entire recording.

The last time Leftover Salmon was in town was a couple of years ago, around Hash Bash time. Until they get here again, pick this up today.

Blue Mountain • "Dog Days" • Roadrunner Records

You gotta love a group who writes a toe-tapping square dance song called "Jimmie Carter," sends a CD and an invite to a performance of the song to Carter who responds saying he and Rosalynn couldn't attend but he espe-

bad taste. Toss in a lyrical nod to the Turtles and you have some sick fun ... but you can dance to it.

Back to being serious. You really should pick up the new CD "**Ann Arbor Speaks**," a collection of spoken word pieces by ten of A2's best poets (with a touch of music here and there). The 32 cuts are diverse enough that you're bound to find something amusing. Some are powerful — Elise Bryant's "For The Love of A Working Man" is first class, and Steve Marsh's "Chain Gang Song" is a song for ghosts that echoes

cially enjoyed "the song about the peanut farmer." This is what Blue Mountain, the Oxford, Mississippi-based roots-rock trio has the *chutzpah* to do. Based on this alone, they'll probably go far.

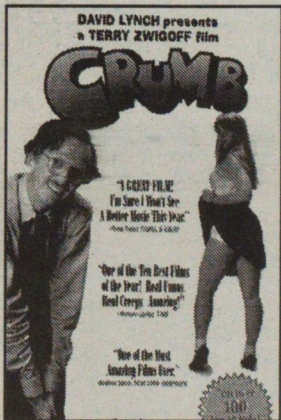
But besides bravura, this is one of the strongest lyrical recordings I've heard in quite some time. One can hear in this excellent recording strains of the late great band Uncle Tupelo (and current incarnate Wilco), early Jayhawks, and an occasional tinge of Neil Young. Their authentic sound is loose, fun, tender and boisterous, more rock than country but more country than grunge. Consisting of Cary Hudson, vocals and guitars; Laurie Stirratt, bass and vocals; and Frank Couch, drums, their point of view is very Southern, in sound and sentiment. Their repertoire ranges from the rocker called "ZZQ" dedicated to a late-'70s, now defunct Jackson, Mississippi punk and hard rock radio station; the slow delicate popish "Blue Canoe," and the stunning electric version of blues legend, Skip James' "Special Rider Blues."

Lyrical one of their strongest songs is the beautiful acoustic folk-gospel, somber yet creepy, mythic ballad "Epitaph." About the early days of Elvis, its allusions to the dead brother Jessie, the days in Tupelo, and the life in a "shot-gun shack" brilliantly convey a reverence only someone who intimately understands the region could capture. This recording is worth repeated playing.

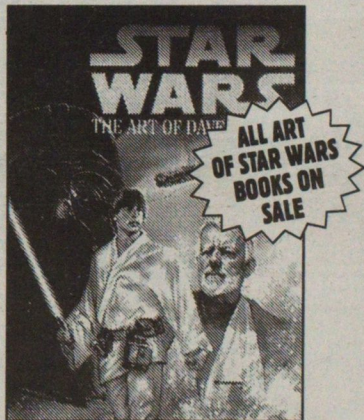
long after the track is over. Others are funny as hell (most of the Decky Alexander pieces crack me up and Michael Myers should be on a Poetry Slam version of *Saturday Night Live*, and Todd Spencer's "4 am at Meijer" had me laughing). But my favorite was the way Lisa EO Mueller paints these beautiful, emotional landscapes on all three of her works. A project that deserves your support. **The View From Nowhere**, AGENDA, 220 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, MI 48104 or e-mail: Alan Goldsmith@compuserve.com.

TOWER RECORDS/VIDEO

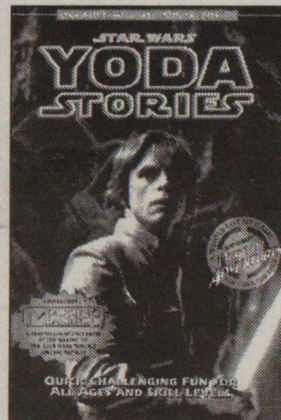
Selection Is The Difference



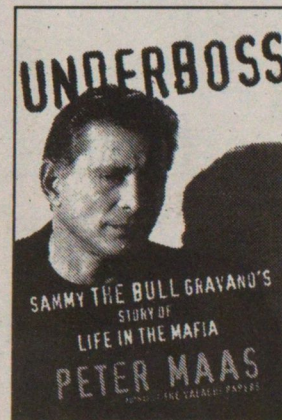
Crumb
On Sale \$14.99
Reg: \$17.99



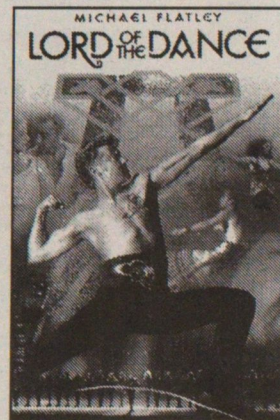
The Art of Star Wars
On Sale \$16.99
Reg: \$24.95



Yoda Stories CD-ROM
On Sale \$16.99
Reg: \$19.99



Underboss
On Sale \$17.50
Reg: \$25.00



Lord of the Dance
On Sale \$16.99
Reg: \$22.99

Above items on sale through 5/31/97

ALL LASERDISCS NOW ON SALE!

— Sale ends May 30 —

DVD SOFTWARE COMING SOON

— Call us for details —

TOWER
RECORDS • VIDEO • BOOKS

ANN ARBOR

South University Galleria
1214 South University Avenue, Upstairs
(313) 741-9600

1000s & 1000s OF BOOKS • BESTSELLERS 30% OFF!
FULL SERVICE NEWSSTAND!

1 HOUR VALIDATED
PARKING



Send your Literary Events for the JUNE issue of AGENDA by May 15 to: AGENDA, 220 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, MI 48104.

1 Thursday

Reading and Book Signing: Shaman Drum Bookshop 8 pm, 315 S. State. Reception for LINDA NEMEC FOSTER and her new book of poems, "Living in the Fire Nest." 662-7407

2 Friday

Reading and Book Signing: Borders Books 7:30 pm, 612 E. Liberty St. RICK MOODY will sign his book "Purple America." 668-7652

Lecture: Shaman Drum Bookshop 8 pm, 315 S. State. MICHAEL ASIMOW, UCLA law professor and author of "Reel Justice: The Courtroom Goes to the Movies," will give a talk complete with film clips about courtroom movies. 662-7407

3 Saturday

Children's Story Hour: Little Professor Book Company 11 am, 2513 Jackson Rd. PAM CRISOVAN, aka Mama Moon, will have Mother's Day stories and a present to make. 662-4110

Children's Story Hour: Borders Books 11 am, 612 E. Liberty. Angelina Ballerina visits Children's Hour. 668-7652

4 Sunday

Kerry Tales: Kerrytown Shops 2 pm, Workbench, 2nd floor children's furniture, 410 N. 4th Ave. Sing a song of springtime with Mother Goose. 769-3115

Reading and Book Signing: Shaman Drum Bookshop 2 pm, 315 S. State. Reception for DEBORAH BAYER and her new chapbook of short prose, "Jailer's Inn." 662-7407

Rhythm Writers: U-M Museum of Art 2 pm, 525 S. State. Today's program: "Fiction: Tales Told, Sung, Danced." 2 pm CHARLES BAXTER, Director of U-M MFA writing program introduces students from that program; 3 pm STEPHEN DUNNING & others will read fiction while U-M dancers perform the stories; 3:30 pm Open mic, Flash fiction & song by graduate writers. Donations accepted. 1-810-652-8568

5 Monday

Reading and Book Signing: Shaman Drum Bookshop 8 pm, 315 S. State. Reception for NORA OKJA KELLER and her new novel, "Comfort Woman." 662-7407

6 Tuesday

Children's Story Hour: Borders Books 11 am, 612 E. Liberty. Storytime with Tom. 668-7652

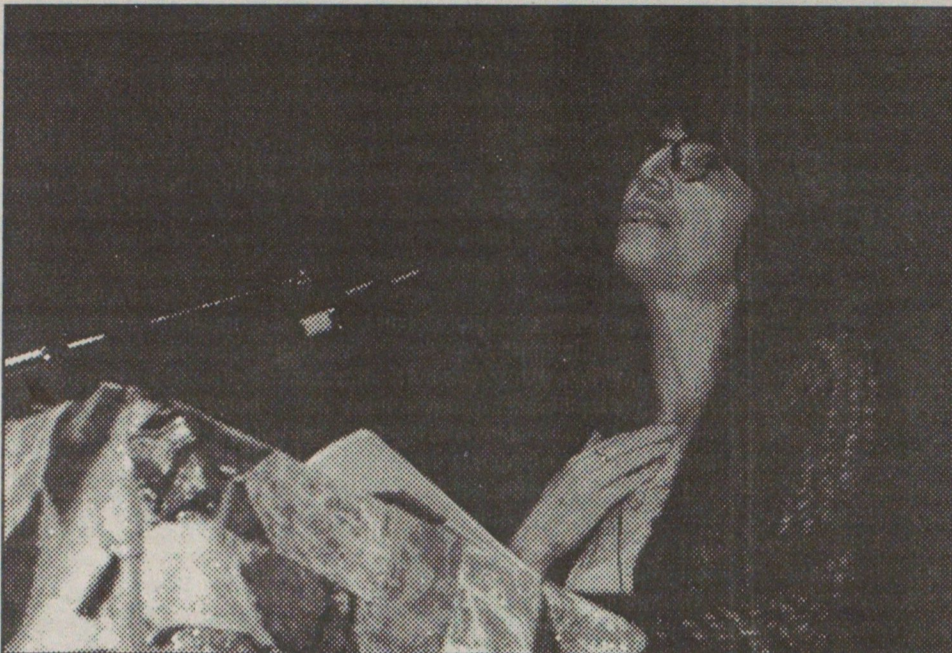
Reception: Shaman Drum Bookshop 4-6 pm, 315 S. State. Celebrate the publication of Michigan Feminist Studies, No. 11 "Gender & Health." Topics include breast cancer, AIDS, Alzheimer's. The Journal's contributors & editors will be on hand. 662-7407

Poetry Slam: Heidelberg 7 pm, The Heidelberg Club Above, 215 N. Main. No featured poet for May. Last month to qualify for Grand Slam, \$3. 426-3451

7 Wednesday

Reading and Book Signing: Shaman Drum Bookshop 4-6 pm, 315 S. State. Reception for BETTY GOSLING and her new book "Old Luang Prabang," an illustrated exploration of the ancient royal capital of Laos. 662-7407

The African-American Book Club: Little Professor 7 pm, 2513 Jackson Rd. Discuss selection for May. Veleria Banks 942-6013



Poet/Musician PATTI SMITH, along with Natalie Merchant and other luminaries, will be reading their poetry in a Memorial Tribute to Allen Ginsberg at Hill Auditorium (see 24 Sat).

8 Thursday

Book Signing: Borders Books 4-7 pm, 612 E. Liberty St. KEN KESEY & THE MERRY PRANKSTERS and their bus, FURTHER, stop in Ann Arbor promoting their new book, "I Want To Take You Higher: The Psychedelic Era, 1965-1969." 668-7652

9 Friday

Reading and Book Signing: Shaman Drum Bookshop 4-6 pm, 315 S. State. Reception for ELEANOR MANNIKKA author of "Angkor Wat: Time, Space, and Kingship." 662-7407

Reception: Little Professor 6-8 pm, 2513 Jackson Rd. Welcome Tom Grace,

author of industrial espionage thriller, "Spyder Web." 662-4110

Reading and Book Signing: Borders Books 8 pm, 612 E. Liberty St. NEAL SHUSTERMAN will sign his book "The Dark Side of Nowhere," a young persons' novel. 668-7652

10 Saturday

Read & Bleed: Little Professor 10 am-4 pm, 2513 Jackson Rd. 3rd annual blood drive. pre-register 662-4110

Eating and Booksigning: Borders Books 10-3 pm, 612 E. Liberty St. THE JUNIOR LEAGUE offers samples from their new cookbook, "The Bountiful Ann Arbor." 668-7652

Children's Story Hour: Little Professor Book Company 11 am, 2513 Jackson Rd. 662-4110

Children's Story Hour: Borders Books 11 am, 612 E. Liberty. Wonderful Moms & Grandmas honored today. 668-7652

Book Signing: Little Professor Book Company 5-7 pm, 2513 Jackson Rd. Dr. Robert Davis celebrates his first thriller, "Plutonium Murders." 662-4110

11 Sunday

Booked for Murder Club: Little Professor Book Company 5-6 pm, 2513 Jackson Rd. Discuss "Into Thin Air" by Thomas Zigel. 769-3362

13 Tuesday

Children's Story Hour: Borders Books 11 am, 612 E. Liberty. Storytime with Tom. 668-7652

Book Signing: Shaman Drum Bookshop 4-6 pm, 315 S. State. Reception for KATHRYN HORSTE author of "The Michigan Law Quadrangle: Architecture and Origins." 662-7407

Cover To Cover: A2 District Library 7-8:30 pm, 4th Floor Conference Room, 343 S. 5th Ave. Discuss "Awakenings" by OLIVER SACKS with leaders VICKI BROWNE and SUE BUDIN. pre-register 994-2335

14 Wednesday

Reading and Book Signing: Borders Books 7:30 pm, 612 E. Liberty St. ANNE LAMOTT will sign her book "Crooked Little Heart." 668-7652

17 Saturday

Children's Story Hour: Little Professor Book Company 11 am, 2513 Jackson Rd. MADELINE visits immediately following story hour. 662-4110

Children's Story Hour: Borders Books 11 am, 612 E. Liberty. LOIS MILLER tells stories. 668-7652

18 Sunday

Rhythm Writers: U-M Museum of Art 2 pm, Leonardo's Coffehouse, Pierpont Commons, Bonisteel Blvd. Today's program: "Poetry As A Career?!" Seek Professional Advice." Donations accepted. 1-810-652-8568

Stilyagi Air Corps Club: Little Professor Book Company 5 pm, 2513 Jackson Rd. The science fiction club's book for discussion can be found on the web at www.stilyagi.org or call Chad Childers at 390-2369.

Reading and Book Signing: Shaman Drum Bookshop 8 pm, 315 S. State. JAMES HYNES reads from his newest

BOOK SIGNING!

SHARAN NEWMAN will sign

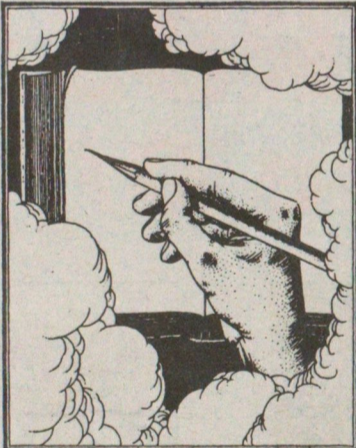
"STRONG AS DEATH"

and her other medieval mysteries featuring Catherine LeVendeur

Wednesday, May 7th 5-7 pm

only at

Aunt Agatha's 213 S. Fourth Ave. 769-1114



From the NORM to the extreme in 'zines



MAIN STREET NEWS

Your connection to the world

Ann Arbor's most complete selection of magazines and newspapers

HOURS: M-Th 7:30am-10pm • F & S 7:30am-midnight • Sun. 7:30am-8pm

220 S. Main—across from After words

phone: (313) 761-4365 • e-mail: mainnews@aol.com

NEAHTAWANTA INN

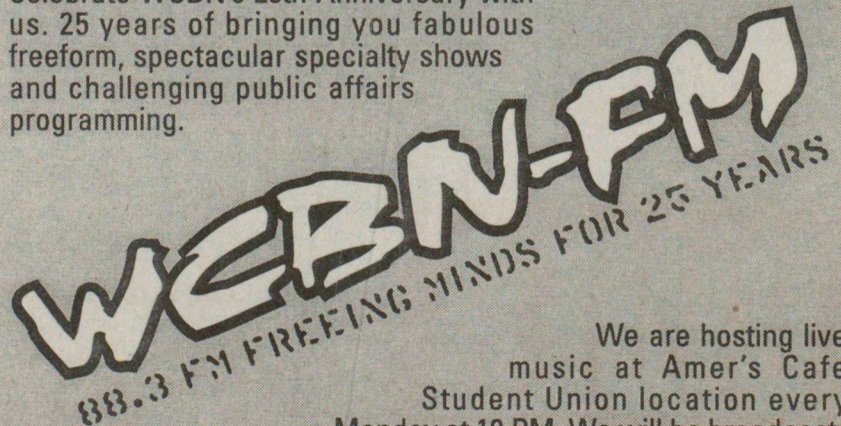


a bed and breakfast on Grand Traverse Bay

- Yoga available • Cherry blossoms & wildflowers
- Peaceful & relaxing • Gift Certificates

Neahtawanta Inn • 1308 Neahtawanta Rd. • Traverse City, MI 49686 (616) 223-7315 • inn@traverse.com • www.oldmission.com/inn

Celebrate WCBN's 25th Anniversary with us. 25 years of bringing you fabulous freeform, spectacular specialty shows and challenging public affairs programming.



We are hosting live music at Amer's Cafe Student Union location every Monday at 10 PM. We will be broadcasting live on 88.3 FM. Check it out!

book of witty and spooky novellas titled "Publish and Perish: Three Tales of Tenure." 662-7407

20 Tuesday

Children's Story Hour: Borders Books 11 am, 612 E. Liberty. Storytime with Tom. 668-7652

22 Thursday

Reading and Book Signing: Borders Books 8 pm, 612 E. Liberty St. JON KRAKAUER will sign his book "Into Thin Air: A Personal Account of the Mt. Everest Disaster." 668-7652

Reading and Book Signing: Shaman Drum Bookshop 8 pm, 315 S. State. Poet STEVEN CREAMER reads from his newest collection, "Dialogue For the Left and Right Hand." 662-7407

24 Saturday

Children's Story Hour: Little Professor Book Company 11 am, 2513 Jackson Rd. "F is for Fun" with CHARLES LEWIS. 662-8381

Children's Story Hour: Borders Books 11 am, 612 E. Liberty. It's time for bed! So early? 668-7652

Allen Ginsberg Memorial: Jewel Heart 7 pm, Hill Auditorium. Tibetan Buddhist & Jewish Memorial services are followed by a poetry reading featuring Patti Smith, Natalie Merchant among others, celebrating the life of Allen Ginsberg, \$10-\$20. 763-TKTS

27 Tuesday

Children's Story Hour: Borders Books 11 am, 612 E. Liberty. Storytime with Tom. 668-7652

29 Thursday

Reading & Book Signing: Borders Books 7:30 pm, 612 E. Liberty. Catch rising star JOSHUA HENKIN with his new novel "Swimming Across the Hudson." 668-7652

Reading and Book Signing: Shaman Drum Bookshop 8 pm, 315 S. State. Reception for JANET KAUFFMAN and her new book "Characters On The Loose." 662-7407

30 Friday

Reading & Book Signing: Borders Books 7:30 pm, 612 E. Liberty. NORMAN CANTOR signs copies of his new book, "The American Century: Varieties of Culture in Modern Times." 668-7652

31 Saturday

Children's Story Hour: Little Professor Book Company 11 am, 2513 Jackson Rd. PAM CRISOVAN (aka Mama Moon) salutes cherry blossom season with tales from Japan & Geisha Puppets. 662-4110

Children's Story Hour: Borders Books 11 am, 612 E. Liberty. Once upon a time—stories of long ago. 668-7652

OPPORTUNITIES

Contest: National Library of Poetry 1 Poetry Plaza, Owings Mills, Maryland 21117-6282. Submit one original poem, by mail or e-mail. Over 250 prizes awarded. Deadline for North American Open Amateur Poetry Contest is April 30, 1998. E-mail www.poetry.com. 410-356-2000

May is the last month to qualify for the Ann Arbor Grand Slam. The top four qualifiers will be eligible to represent Ann Arbor in the National Poetry Slam, to be held this August in Middletown, Connecticut. 426-3451

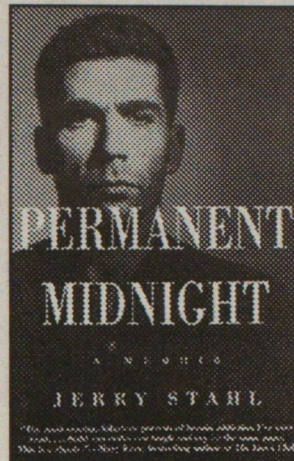
Poetry Contest: Jewel Heart Commemorating the life and times of Allen Ginsberg. Winners will read at May 24 Memorial. Due May 15. Call 994-3387.

JUNK MEMOIR

PERMANENT MIDNIGHT

By Jerry Stahl
Warner Books
371 pages, \$12.99 paperback

By Jamie Agnew
Owner of Aunt Agatha's



Drug use, they say, is cyclical, and if that's the case, we must be at the end of one cycle (and the beginning of the next) because a lot of junk books like "Permanent Midnight" by Jerry Stahl have been coming out lately. The constituents of the just completed cycle could be called "punk junkies," a fair designation for a music/culture movement whose archetype, Sid Vicious, and apotheosis, Kurt Cobain, were both addicts.

Even the guy who named the movement punk in the first place, Legs McNeil, has assembled an oral history of the scene called "Please Kill Me," in which he seems to argue that the only real music of the era was made by gutter-hugging junkies in a main line from Lou Reed to Iggy Pop to Johnny Thunders to Dee Dee Ramone.

Another hero of that book (and the one who supplied McNeil his title), Richard Hell has written his own uneven but fitfully brilliant needle novel, "Go Now." Add to that a just published novel of addiction from a woman's point of view, "The Story of Junk" by Linda Yablonsky, and recent curiosities

rating to the point that when he does have the chance to do some cool TV like *Twin Peaks*, he's too fucked up to operate.

One of the book's most affecting scenes takes place when Jerry stumbles into a Rave full of Ecstasy-inspired color and empathy, and slowly realizes that his black clothes, long sleeves and bad attitudes are now hopelessly dated — what a bummer when his habit isn't even hip anymore.

"Permanent Midnight" is full of such moments, telling, moving, but often a little too pat, too cute — another too-smooth junkie con. That really bothered me until I realized that drug experience is largely about context, and that junk books from the time of the first and best, De Quincey's "Confessions Of An English Opium Eater" (itself the subject of "A Genealogy Of The Modern Self: Thomas De Quincey and the Intoxication of Writing" a new, densely argued academic tome by U-M professor Alina Clej, which declares, among many other things, the centrality of De Quincey, opium and intoxication to modern thought), have really been about those crazy poppy dreams the user's intoxicated brain weaves from cruel reality. Thus De Quincey transcribes romantic, gothic fantasies over a social landscape with no safety net, punk Godfather William Burroughs chops up outrageous deadpan sex and crime routines over the bland Eisenhower pudding, and Stahl blends his pipe dreams from TV Guide, National Enquirer and Penthouse.

It wasn't until I lost my usual concerns about veracity and probity when reading an autobiography, and let the book roll over me like some perverse, hopped-up episode of *thirtysomething*, that I really started to get off on it. And it is just in this way that Junk Memoirs are truly subversive — the reader starts to see with junkie eyes. The heroin world is a dark parallel one inhabited by subterranean men and women who have no need for the common conformities. It's deeply democratic too, with rich and poor, black, white and yellow all banging cheek to jowl. In a way a junkie's found a solution to life's complexity, a sovereign music for all desires, a way back to when there was just hanging out, waiting for all the good stuff coming down the umbilical cord. The problem is to somehow remain alive enough to score.

From De Quincey on, junk memoirists have also agreed that the pains of the poppy far outweigh the pleasures, and one of the pleasures of reading them is the knowledge that at least your life isn't as bad as theirs. But heroin is just another pain killer after all, and we all face, as Stahl says, "The hell of being fucked-up on drugs or the hell of being fucked-up without them."

"Permanent Midnight" is certainly a killer read, a piercing mirror casting junkie reflections in the darkest corners of our landscape.

CRAZY WISDOM

Ann Arbor's Wholistic Metaphysical Bookstore.

206 N. Fourth Avenue
665-2757

Partners Press, Inc.

410 W. Washington Ann Arbor, MI 48103 (313) 662-8681

newsletters—brochures—envelopes—posters—programs
booklets—doorhangers—color inks—carbonless forms

Wooden Spoon
ANN ARBOR'S OLDEST USED BOOKSTORE!

NOW CARRYING
Collectible Jazz and Other LPs
40,000 Books
New Inventory Daily

Monday-Saturday, 10 am-8 pm
Sunday, noon to 6 pm

200 N. Fourth Ave. • Ann Arbor, MI 48104 • (313) 769-4775

West Side Book Shop

Fine Used & Rare Books
Bought and Sold

113 West Liberty
995-1891

Beth Henley's

PTD PRODUCTIONS
PROUDLY PRESENTS...

Crimes of the Heart

The Riverside Arts Center
76 North Huron St., Ypsilanti, MI

Tickets: \$12.⁰⁰ • Students/Seniors: \$9.⁰⁰
For more information call (313) 483-7345

Thursday • Friday • Saturday • Sunday
May 15-18 • 8:00 pm

Thursday • Friday • Saturday
May 22-24 • 8:00 pm

Produced by special arrangement with Dramatists Play Service

SCREEN SCENE

By John Carlos Cantú

RATING KEY

- ☆ Acting
- ☼ Cinematography
- ☞ Direction
- ✂ Editing
- 👉 Narrative
- 🎧 Sound
- ⊠ Special Effects

When a symbol appears following a title, it implies that the corresponding category is a strength of the movie.

I SHOT ANDY WARHOL

[1995. Directed by Mary Harron. Cast: Lili Taylor, Jared Harris, Stephen Dorff. Orion Pictures/Orion Home Video. 103 mins.]



There are three sorts of film performances: First, the performance that, if sufficiently iconic, can be labeled as star-making material; second, the award-winning performance that quite often defines the actor's career; and finally, the performance that's so internalized and impassioned, it goes beyond what could be reasonably expected.

Lili Taylor's incendiary turn as playwright and social theorist Valerie Solanas in *I Shot Andy Warhol* is so intense it defies star or type-casting. Taylor breathes a fiery passion into her performance that's so overwhelming at times she transcends what one customarily expects from film acting.

Indeed, Taylor's portrayal of Solanas is so uncompromising and so relentless, she effortlessly dominates what might have otherwise been a better balanced film biography. Still, of the recent portraits of Andy Warhol we've been given recently, Mary Harron's *I Shot Andy Warhol* seems the best interpreted insight of this often misunderstood modern master.

As played by Jared Harris, Warhol's cooler-than-thou philosophy is definitely ripe for caricature. Warhol intuitively understood through both his two-dimensional art and three-dimensional posturing that a little underplaying could go a long way in the right circumstance. His dedicated engendering of popular images — an aesthetic leading directly to the playfulness of today's post-modernism — is something that was only grudgingly acknowledged as art during his heyday. Warhol's blend of life as art — and art as ... well, little else — was as misunderstood then as it is now.

Harron picks up on this peculiarly jaded and contradictory public persona by even-handedly exposing Warhol's private dweebness against his social lionization. Her film makes Warhol the ultimate mass media victim — through his fame; through his near-assassination; and, ultimately, through this film biography — by her shrewd dissection of what made him tick. But rather than tell his story from inside the world of art — which is where some attempts, such as the recent, flawed *Basquiat*, have quite simply failed — she's

wisely chosen to give us a view of what this fame would have looked like from the inside out.

Valerie Solanas is the perfect foil for Warhol's supposed glamour and glitz. The commensurate outsider's insider, her slow descent into insanity is as persuasive as she was apparently psychopathically driven. Author of the celebrated radical polemic *S.C.U.M. Manifesto* — and the equally polemical feminist play, *Up your Ass* — Solanas' "Society for Cutting Up Men" was light-years beyond what the woman's liberation movement of the Swingin' 1960s had in mind.

Likewise, Warhol was both light-years ahead (and paradoxically) light-years behind his own celebration of celebrity. Harron's shrewd depiction of Warhol's "Factory" and his intimate group's snub of the obsessed Solanas inextricably leads these two over-the-top characters towards their shared date with infamy.

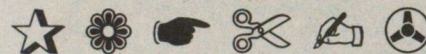
For as a contradictory profligate and idealist, Andy Warhol was a victim waiting to be picked upon. But the various hangers-on crowding him in his lengthy fling with fame were no match for the martial looniness Solanas brought to the table. In the signal scene of the film, Warhol and Solanas sit together warily on a couch in his loft observing the lunacy taking place during one of the Factory's interminable all-night parties. Neither he nor she fit in comfortably with the pseudo-hipness of the scene ... and both know it.

Yet of the two characters, Solanas was not in the least anesthetized. She willingly chose her countercultural marginalization and she used her marginal social status as a catalyst to vent her frustration with the status quo. Bursting with rage and rejection, Taylor's Valerie Solanas gives us a sense of the futility this quite intelligent, but equally misplaced, writer must have felt.

I Shot Andy Warhol captures the hip pretensions and predictable follies of the 1960s NYC arts scene like a pointblank slug to the gut. It only requires Lili Taylor to deliver the goods like she was born to play the part. She does.

THE GODFATHER PART II

[1974. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. Cast: Al Pacino, Robert De Niro, Diane Keaton. Paramount Pictures/Paramount Home Video. English, and Spanish and Italian with English subtitles. 200 mins.]



Francis Ford Coppola's masterwork may be among the rarest films ever produced. In a business where "Part Two" is supposed to trade on the familiarity of the already established product, *The Godfather Part II* broke nearly every rule in the movie handbook. For not only does it improve upon its predecessor — a seemingly impossible task to begin with — but it does so with a psychological depth that is more associated with the theater than with cinema.

Indeed, in almost every way — except, perhaps, for the sheer exuberant thrill of old-fashioned Hollywood moviemaking — *The Godfather Part II* is superior to its antecedent. It is, in fact, such a remarkable piece of work, it made the long awaited third part of this cycle superfluous two decades later.

The Godfather left Michael Corleone (Al Pacino) in control of his father's New York City criminal empire shortly after World War II. By the time Part II takes place in the late 1950s, Michael's obsession with consolidating the Corleone family's fortunes have destroyed his wife, Kay's (Diane Keaton) peace of mind; alienated his older surviving brother, Fredo (John Cazale), and sister, Connie (Talia Shire); and empowered his family's informally "adopted" counselor, Tom Hagen (Robert Duvall).

The internecine soap opera warfare of the second generation Corleone family would probably have been enough to carry any subsequent installation of this saga. But Coppola easily exceeded the public's expectations by also telling Vito Corleone's (Robert De Niro) backstory. Crafting an intricate set of bookends to *The Godfather*, Coppola and author, Mario Puzo, made this latter story both a prequel and sequel to the original film.

By repeatedly shifting his story's timeline over the course of a half-century — from the sun-drenched hills of turn-of-the-century Sicily to the debauched haunts of pre-Castro Havana and wildly extravagant Las Vegas — Coppola not only deepened the melodrama of *The Godfather*, he also hammered out a psychological analysis of this criminal mentality worthy of the name of tragedy.

For not only has Michael Corleone got to contend with traitors in his criminal and immediate families in *The Godfather Part II*, he also has to contend with legitimating himself with the times of his era. And when viewed through the story of his father's silent passage through Ellis Island as an orphaned immigrant youth, it becomes readily apparent that the elder Corleone's apology in the first film that there hadn't been enough time in his life to allow Michael to become a Senator or Governor rings tragically true. Michael Corleone's story is the tale of a man of potentially great leadership falling ever-so-short of himself ethically and morally.

Perhaps as close as American film will ever come to unfolding the unyielding allure and hidden shadows of America's promise, *The Godfather Part II* stretches the bounds of popular narrative. Viewing the emotionally deadened Corleone sit passively at the conclusion of the film brings us as close to a backhanded coming of age as our cinema is ever likely to evoke.

STATE THEATRE

On State at Liberty — Adults \$6.00 Students w/ID \$ 4.00
Bargain Matinees — Daily — Shows before 6 pm — only \$ 4.00

"Not Since 'Schindler's List' Or
'The Bridge On The River Kwai'
Has There Been So Much Power On The Big Screen!"

Don Stotter, ENTERTAINMENT TIME-OUT

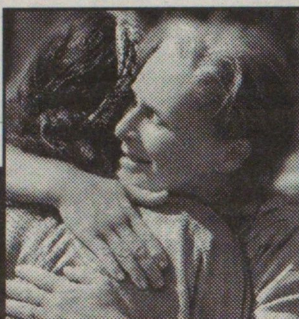
"Emotionally Poignant!"

Bruce Beresford Is A Master..."

Christine Spines, PREMIERE

★★★★★!
Glenn Close's Best Work Yet."

Harvey Burgess, CNN



GLENN CLOSE FRANCES McDORMAND PAULINE COLLINS JULIANNA MARGULIES
PARADISE ROAD

BRUCE BERESFORD THE DIRECTOR OF DRIVING MISS DAVIS



STARTS
MAY

16

SHOWING

ANACONDA

IT WILL TAKE YOUR BREATH AWAY

PG-13

COLUMBIA PICTURES

Mo	Tu	We	Th	Fr	Sa
80's Retro & Alternative with DJ ROGER LORDS OF ACID MOBY MINISTRY REVOLTING COCKS THE CURE SISTERS OF MERCY AND MORE!	GAY NIGHT DJ ROGER Cheap Drinks 9-10 pm DRINK SPECIALS ALL NIGHT LONG \$1 Beers NO COVER	DISCO/RETRO PARTY VILLAGE PEOPLE 'GREASE' DONNA SUMMER 'CAR WASH' 'STAYIN' ALIVE' SHEILA E. 'COPACABANA' GLORIA GAYNOR 'YMCA' '99 LIFTBALLOONS' BANANARAMA CINDI LAUPER AND MORE! NO COVER WITH DISCO & OVER CARB GET IN FREE! DJ TONY	EURObeat EURObeat EURObeat EURObeat EURObeat EURObeat EURObeat DJ RENO TECHNO HOUSE EUROPOP	△ GAY NIGHT △ DJ ROGER	DJ ROGER presents 70's & 80's Dance Rock DRINK SPECIALS 9-11PM NIGHTLY

NECTARINE

516 E. Liberty St. Ann Arbor • Club Info Line 994-5436
Check us out on the web: www.nectarine.com • Fax 994-4020

MAY

LITERARY EVENTS

Book & Poetry Readings, Publication Parties, Writers Groups, etc. are listed in the LITERARY EVENTS Calendar (page 12).

VISUAL ARTS

Art Exhibitions, Workshops, Artist Opportunities, etc., are listed in the VISUAL ARTS Calendar (page 10).

Unless otherwise noted, all events in this Calendar are FREE and open to the public

To publicize June Calendar events, send information by May 15 to AGENDA, 220 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, 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

Positive Women's Group: HIV/AIDS Resource Center Meets alternate Thursdays. Group for HIV-positive women. Call for referral. 800-578-2300

Gifts of Art Gospel Music: U-M Hospitals 12:10 pm. Univ. Hospital Lobby, Floor 1. With gospel group, The Voices of Healing. 936-ARTS

Lavender Graduation: LGBPO 4-6 pm, Pendleton Room, Mich. Union. Annual recognition ceremony and reception for this year's grads. 763-4186

Open Challenge Recertification: A2 Parks & Rec 6-9 pm, Mack Indoor Pool, 715 Brooks. Re-certification opportunity for lifeguards whose certificates are current or have recently expired, \$25 res., \$35 non-res. 994-2898

Frontrunners & Walkers 6:20 pm & 6:30 pm, Furstenburg Park (just west of Gallup on Fuller). Runners and walkers, various paces and distances. 434-4494

Druidic Worship Circle: Shining Lakes Grove 7-9 pm, 1325 Rosewood. 434-7444

"Keeping in Touch with Your Mental Health": Chelsea Community Hospital Family Education 7:15-8:30 pm, Chelsea Partial Hosp., 955 W. Eisenhower Circle, Ste. H. Topic: "Advances in Treatment of Schizophrenia and Psychotic Disorders." 475-6051

Widespread Panic: Prism Productions 7:30 pm, State Theatre, Detroit. \$17.50. 810-645-6666

"Open" Open Mic: Oz's Music 7:30-9:30 pm, 1920 Packard. Open stage—all genres—with host Lili Fox. 662-8283

"Dance/Partners": Performance Network 8 pm, 408 W. Washington. Choreographers and media artists/composers combine dance, music, video & interactive performance, \$9-\$12 (Thur. is pay what you can day). 663-0681

"The Hot L Baltimore": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm, 137 Park St., Chelsea. Pulitzer prize-winning playwright Lanford Wilson's original script, \$15-\$20 (thru May 18). 475-7902

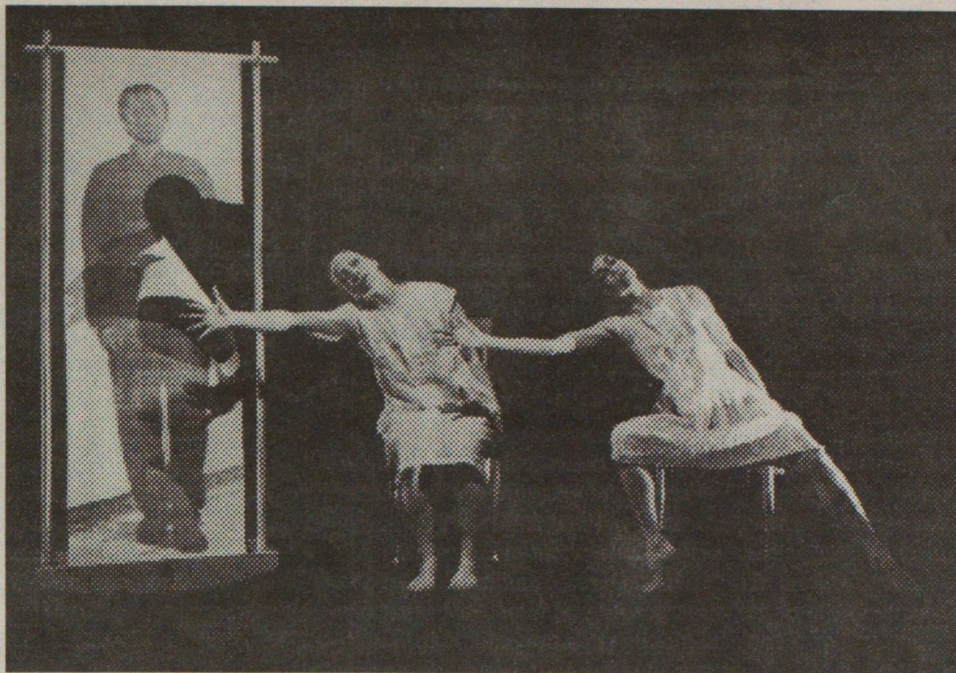
Live Call-In: Peace InSight 9 pm, CTN, Cable Channel 9. Hosted by Thom Saffold, Pres. ICP&J. 769-7422

AI Hill & the Love Butlers: Arbor Brewing Company 9 pm-12 am, 116 E. Washington. Delta Blues/boogie woogie. 213-1393

Chris Duarte Group: Blind Pig 9:30 pm, 208 S. First St., \$10.50. 971-2469

2 Friday

Swimmers: A2 Queer Aquatics Swim Team call for time and place. Kelly 663-0036



SANDRA KOPELL and PATRICIA PLASKO are the principal dancers in "Dance/Partners," at the Performance Network thru May 4 (see 1 Thu).

Summer Clothing Give Away: A2 Parks & Rec 9-11 am, Bryant Comm. Center, 3 W. Eden Court. Clothing for children will be available, donations are welcomed. 994-2722

Disarmament Group Meeting: Interfaith Council for Peace & Justice noon, Memorial Church, 730 Tappan St. 663-1870

Group for Women Therapists: Soundings—A Center for Women 2:30-4:30 pm, 4090 Packard. Networking, case conferencing, & occasional presentations. 973-7723

"The Great Social Security Score: Peace InSight 7 pm, CTN, Cable Channel 9. U-M econ. prof. discusses the solvency of the Social Security Fund. 769-7422

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

Richard Buckner: The Ark 7:30 pm, 316 S. Main. Live music, \$7.50. 761-1800

"Dance/Partners": Performance Network 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"The Hot L Baltimore": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

Secrets of the Heart: Natural Healing 9 pm, Creative Arts Studio Classes, 410 W. Washington. An evening of Sufi Chanting, Meditation and Association. 930-9807

Jean Agopian: Espresso Royale Cafe 9-11 pm, 214 S. Main. Traditional Flamenco dance & guitar accompanied by Glenn Bering on the doumbek. 668-1838

Friday Dance Jam: People Dancing 10:30 pm, People Dancing Studio, 111 Third St. Eclectic, recorded dance music (bring your own tapes). Smoke-and alcohol-free, children welcome, wheelchair accessible, \$2. 459-8136

3 Saturday

Volunteer Stewardship Workday: A2 Parks & Rec 10-1 pm, Hansen Park, (meet at east side of park, off Maple Rd.). Volunteers will remove non-native shrubs and plants and clean up litter from the park. Dress for field work. 996-3266

Creative Expression Group: LGBPO 1 pm. Teens interested in exploring issues of sexual orientation and gender identity. No artistic experience necessary. Allies also welcome to participate. 763-4186

Beltaine Ritual: Shining Lakes Grove 2-5 pm, Botsford's Recreational Preserve. Potluck, raffle. Rain date, Sunday May 4. 434-7444

"The Hot L Baltimore": Purple Rose Theatre 3 pm (see 1 Thu)

Annual Benefit for the A2 Community Center: Kerrytown Concert House 8 pm, 415 N. 4th Ave. Concert fundraiser to send kids to summer camp featuring gospel vocalist Ange Smith, pianist Charles Boles, and bassist Don Mayberry, \$8-\$50. 769-2999

Greg Brown: The Ark 8 pm, 316 S. Main. Celebrating the release of "Further In," \$13. 761-1451

First Saturday Contra Dance: AACTMD 8 pm, Pittsfield Grange Hall, Ann Arbor-Saline Rd. No experience or partner necessary, \$6. 913-2076

"Dance/Partners": Performance Network 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"The Hot L Baltimore": Purple Rose Theatre 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

Secrets of the Heart: Natural Healing 9 pm (see 2 Fri)

4 Sunday

Meeting: Unscouts-22+ Bisexual Women's Group For bi or bi-friendly women, 22 years and older, call for location and time. 763-4186

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

Wildflower Walk: Shining Lakes Grove 10 am, Chili's parking lot, 3795 Washenaw Ave. 434-7444

Wedding March—A Ticknor Family Celebration: A2 Parks & Rec 1-5 pm, Cobblestone Farm, 2781 Packard. Authentic reenactment of a 19th-century wedding, \$1.50/adults, \$1/youth & seniors. 994-2928

"The Great Social Security Score: Peace InSight 2 pm (see 2 Fri)

"The Hot L Baltimore": Purple Rose Theatre 2 pm (see 1 Thu)

Silent Auction: Domestic Violence Project 4 pm, Webers Inn. With honorary guest Sue Guevara, head coach of U-M women's basketball. Auction items include restaurant gift certificates, a week in a U.P. cabin, massages, and more. Auction preview and



* Well Drinks & Local Beer

thursday

DOLLAR DRINKS*

friday

HOT FUN! HOT MEN!

saturday

DOLLAR DRINKS*

ALL DAY - ALL NIGHT

sunday

THE WEEKEND CONTINUES!

WHEN IN DETROIT,
GO WHERE THE MEN GO!
MENJO'S

928 W. McNichols • Detroit • 313-863-3934

TINY'S TEAM SPECIAL

T-Shirts as low as \$7

Includes numbers on one location
(team name/logo add \$3)



FREE SCREEN SET-UP

MINIMUM ORDER 12 PIECES

TINY'S ON MAIN STREET
220 S. MAIN ANN ARBOR

994-9898

Now open: ELMO'S TIE DYE!

beautiful stuff collectors items

404 E. LIBERTY at Division • 769-3100

OPEN Tues-Sat, 11am-5pm Say hi to Uncle Jimmy & Aunt Beggie!

Organic Seedlings
vegetables
flowers
herbs

— from —
Frog Holler Farm
— available at —
People's Food Co-op
& the **Ann Arbor Farmer's Market**
(Stalls 14-16)

May Semi-Annual Special • May Semi-Annual Special

Precision

50% off
16" x 20"
custom color prints!
(Regularly \$33—Now \$16.55)
through May 1997

Precision Photographics • 830 Phoenix Dr. • 971-9100

May Semi-Annual Special • May Semi-Annual Special • May Semi-Annual Special • May Semi-Annual Special

Fourth Ave Birkenstock
"Service that brings you to your feet."®

BIRKENSTOCK SPECIALTY STORE

Expert Fitting & Repair

209 N. 4th Ave. 663-BIRK
Near Farmers Market • Mon-Sat 10-6, Fri 10-7

BIRKENSTOCK
The original comfort shoe.™

DEXTER BOWLING ALLEY

Baker Rd., Dexter
426-4707

THIS AD IS GOOD FOR ONE FREE GAME EXPIRES 6/1/97

reception 4-5 pm; Open bidding and brief remarks from coach Guevara 5-6 pm, \$25/ reception or \$10/auction alone. 973-0242 x202

Meeting: Gay & Lesbian Buddhist Fellowship 4-6 pm, call for location. Meditation, a Dharma talk, discussion, and socializing. 313-283-6568

"Dance/Partners": **Performance Network** 4 pm (see 1 Thu)

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. 485-3922

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

Kneset: Arbor Brewing Company 9:30 pm, 116 E. Washington. Live jazz. 213-1393

5 Monday

Rehearsal: Out Loud Chorus call for time and place. A Lesbian Gay Bi and Trans chorus open for all. Every Mon. 741-8000 x140

HIV & Recovery: HIV/AIDS Resource Center Every Monday. For HIV-positive men & women who are chemically dependent. Call for referral. 800-578-2300

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

Women's Support Group: LGBPO 5 pm, LGBPO Lounge, Mich. Union 3rd Floor. Every Mon. Open to all women. 763-4186

"Healthy Yards for a Healthy Environment": **Washtenaw Co. Solid Waste Program** 6:30-9 pm, Pittsfield Twp. Community Center, 701 W. Ellsworth, at State St. Workshop topics include grass cycling, mulching, composting, and yard water reduction. "Munch & Mingle" with Master Composters at 6:30 pm. 994-2398

Mondays in Leonardo's: Pierpont Commons 7-9 pm, 2101 Bonisteel, N. Campus. Randy Napoleon & friends play jazz, classic & original tunes. 764-7544

Forever Endeavor: Arbor Brewing Company 9 pm-11 pm, 116 E. Washington. Folk music. 213-1393

6 Tuesday

Support/Social Group: LGBPO Call for time, 3rd floor Mich. Union. For transgenderists, transsexuals, cross-dressers, Third Genders, intersexuals, and those questioning their genders. 763-4186

Living With HIV: HIV/AIDS Resource Center Every Tue. & Wed. Support group for men & women. Call for referral. 572-9355

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

Tyke Program—"Springing Into Spring": A2 Parks & Rec 10-11:30 am, Leslie Science Center, 1831 Traver. Ages 4-5 will learn about

Calendar INFO
To publicize JUNE Calendar events, send information by MAY 15 to AGENDA, 220 S. Main St., Ann Arbor, 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.



Local folkies **JIM ROLL** and **JEN CASS**, along with **THE SECOND HAND STRING BAND**, play *The Blind Pig* (see 7 Wed).

nature in springtime, featuring stories, hikes, snakes and snacks, \$25/child for 4 Tuesdays. pre-register 662-7802

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

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

Meeting: The Revolutionary Anti-Imperialist League 6 pm, Fishbowl, Angell Hall. Open to all interested in exposing American imperialism. 930-6452

Frontrunners & Walkers 6:20 pm (see 1 Thu)

Pre Bike To Work Week—Maintenance: A2 Parks & Rec 6:30-8:30 pm, A2 Cyclery, 1224 Packard Rd. Clinics teach basic bike repair; bring your bike, \$5. pre-register 761-2749

Meeting: Teen Les/Bi/Gay Support Group 6:30 pm. Every Tue. Call Alan or Joe for location. 662-2222

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

"A Call for Justice in the Global Economy, Part II": **Peace InSight** 7 pm, CTN, Cable Channel 9. Second in a series of talks on the impact of multinational corps. and the World Bank on the global economy. 769-7422

Women's Pick-Up Basketball: LGBPO 7 pm, CCRB. All skill levels, just show up. anmarier@umich.edu

Druidic Lore & Magic Tradition: Shining Lakes Grove 7-10 pm, Ancient Formulas, 1677 Plymouth Rd. Topic I: "The Year Wheel." Topic II: "Magical Practice I, and Dreams." pre-register 485-8632

Peach Mountain Intermediate Contra Dance 7-9:45 pm, Chapel Hill Condominium Clubhouse, 3350 Green Rd. Folk dancing for those who know the basics, \$4. 913-0395

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

Dyke Discussion Group: Sappho Gamma Phi 9 pm, 2nd Cooley Lounge, East Quad. Weekly meeting dealing with dyke-related issues. 763-4168

Mood Indigo: Prism Productions 9 pm, Bird of Paradise, 207 S. Ashley. Acid jazz with DJ Bacchus, \$3. 810-645-6666

New Frontline: Arbor Brewing Company 9:30 pm-12 am, 116 E. Washington. Jazz quartet. 213-1393

7 Wednesday

Living With HIV: HARC (see 6 Tue)

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

"The Hot L Baltimore": **Purple Rose Theatre** 3 pm (see 1 Thu)

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

Volunteer Naturalists Needed—Breeding Bird Inventory: A2 Parks & Rec 7-9 pm, Leslie Science Center, 1831 Traver. No experience necessary. Sign up and information session, optional training provided. 996-3266

Men's Support/Discussion Group: LGBPO 7 pm, LGBPO Lounge, Mich. Union. Every Wed. 763-4186

"Opus New Works": **Opus Mime Theatre** 7:30 pm, Craft Auditorium, Community High. Collection of mime dramas incorporating live music, poetry, singing and drumming. Pay what you can. 665-5134

"City Of Angels": **A2 Civic Theater** 8 pm, Lydia Mendelssohn Theater. Musical comedy portrays Hollywood in the late '40s, and the adventures of a Chandler-esque private detective, \$18. 971-2228

U-M Folk Dancing Club: Pierpont Commons 8-10:30 pm, Leonardo's, 2101 Bonisteel, N. Campus. Learn a variety of international dances. Beginners welcome, no partner needed. 662-4258

"The Hot L Baltimore": **Purple Rose Theatre** 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

Ann Arbor Irish Ensemble: Arbor Brewing Company 8:30-11 pm, 116 E. Washington. Acoustic Irish music. 213-1393

Reggae Cowboys: Prism Productions 9 pm, Magic Stick, 4140 Woodward, Detroit, \$7. 810-645-6666

Jen Cass, The Second Hand String Band, Jim Roll: Folkin' A-Squared 9:30 pm, Blind Pig, 208 S. First St. A monthly acoustic music series featuring Detroit/Ann Arbor area artists, \$3. 971-2469

8 Thursday

Positive Women's Evening Group: HIV/AIDS Resource Center (see 1 Thu)

Racial & Economic Justice Meeting: Interfaith Council for Peace & Justice noon, call for location. Plan anti-racism work, welfare simulations and non-violence training. 663-1870

Gifts of Art Modern Dance: U-M Hospitals 12:10 pm, Univ. Hospital Lobby, Floor 1. All City Dance Company performs. 936-ARTS

Frontrunners & Walkers 6:20 pm & 6:30 pm (see 1 Thu)

Pre Bike To Work Week—Maintenance: A2 Parks & Rec 6:30-8:30 pm (see 6 Tue)

Meeting: A2 Co-Housing Group 7 pm, Little Professor, Westgate. Update for members and interested parties on the local Co-Housing project. 998-7969

Business Meeting: Shining Lakes Grove 7-9 pm, Guild House, 802 Monroe St. 665-8428

"Keeping in Touch with Your Mental Health": **Chelsea Community Hospital Family Education** 7:15-8:30 pm, Chelsea Partial Hosp., 955 W. Eisenhower Circle, Ste H. Topic: "Understanding Psychiatric Medications." 475-6051

Board Meeting: Parents, Families & Friends of Lesbians and Gays/PFLAG Ann Arbor 7:30-9 pm, First Unitarian Universalist Church, 1917 Washtenaw. 741-0659

Songwriter's Open Mic: Oz's Music 7:30-9:30 pm, 1920 Packard. With host Jim Novak. Perform or listen. 662-8283

"Opus New Works": **Opus Mime Theatre** 7:30 pm (see 7 Wed)

"City Of Angels": **A2 Civic Theater** 8 pm (see 7 Wed)

"The Hot L Baltimore": **Purple Rose Theatre** 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

AI Hill & the Love Butlers: Arbor Brewing Company 9 pm (see 1 Thu)

9 Friday

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

Summer Clothing Give Away: A2 Parks & Rec 9-11 am, Bryant Comm. Center, 3 W. Eden Court. Clothing for children will be available. Donations are welcomed. 994-2722

"A Call for Justice in the Global Economy, Part II": **Peace InSight** 6 pm (see 6 Tue)

Jere Stormer: PJ's Records Free Concert 7-8 pm, PJ's Records & Used CDs, 617-B Packard. In-store performance. Blues-inspired singer, songwriter, with just-released CD, "Available Space." 663-3441

Empatheatre: Kerrytown Concert House 7:30 pm, 415 N. 4th Ave. Improvisational situations acted out at audience's request, \$6-\$12. 769-2999

"Opus New Works": **Opus Mime Theatre** 7:30 pm (see 7 Wed)

Second Friday Discussions: Older Lesbians Organizing (OLO) 7:30-9:30 pm, Common Language Bookstore, 215 S. 4th Ave. Topic TBA. 663-0036

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

"Blues Mamas Benefit": **Riverside Arts Center** 8 pm, 76 North Huron St., Ypsilanti. Alberta Adams and her Detroit Allstars opens for the 'Uppity Blues Woman', Ann Rabson. Benefit for the Riverside Arts Center, Ypsilanti's new non-profit center for the arts, \$12.50. 480-2787

"The Hot L Baltimore": **Purple Rose Theatre** 8 pm (see 1 Thu)

"City Of Angels": **A2 Civic Theater** 8 pm (see 7 Wed)

Bardic Night: Shining Lakes Grove 9-11 pm, ICC Education Ctr., 1522 Hill St. Drumming, singing & fun. 665-8428

Ethnic Connection: Espresso Royale Caffè 9-11 pm, 214 S. Main. Klezmer and Eastern European Folk Music. 668-1838

Jimmy McGriff: Prism Productions 9 pm & midnight, Bird of Paradise, 207 S. Ashley. Hammond B-3 legend, \$15. 810-645-6666

Secrets of the Heart: Natural Healing 9 pm (see 2 Fri)

10 Saturday

Water Fair: A2 Water Utilities Department 10 am-4 pm, Water Treatment Plant, 919 Sunset Rd. Tour the renovated plant, enjoy games, prizes, exhibits, refreshments, dunk tank and interactive displays by groups involved in protecting and teaching about water. Fun for the whole family. 994-1005

Free HIV Antibody Testing: HARC 10 am-2 pm (see 6 Tue)

SUPER COUPON

Value Village

YOUR AFFORDABLE FAMILY DEPARTMENT STORE

Memorial Day SALE

4 Days Only:

SUN - MON - TUES - WED

May 25-28



50% Off ON ALL CLOTHING!

SUPER SAVINGS FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY!

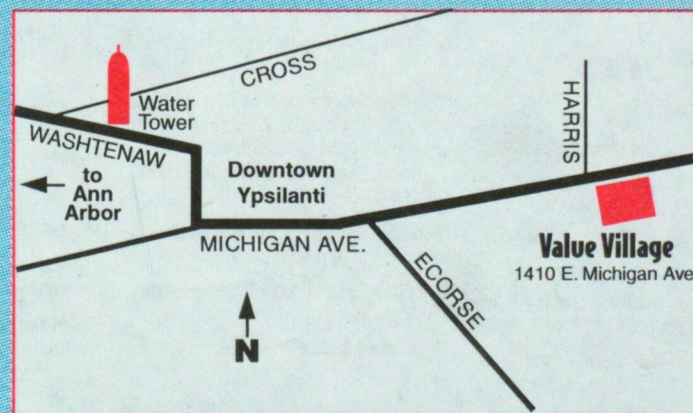
Restocking over 6,000 garments daily

— Ypsilanti location only —

1410 E. Michigan Ave.

Must present coupon. Expires May 28, 1997

Zip Code: _____



SHOP EVERY DAY — Monday-Friday 9am-9pm • Saturday 9am-7pm • Sunday 10am-6pm

SUPER COUPON

SUPER COUPON

SUPER COUPON

SUPER COUPON