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ALTERNATIVE
NEWS
OPINION
EVENTS
ART & MUSIC
RESOURCES
LIFESTYLE
REVIEWS

The Great McCloud Water Caper of 2003

*The Swiss Way: When Neutrality Works
This Well, War Is Obsolete*

Half A Billion Gallons of H2O Per Year Up For Grabs

The Nestle Waters North America website hasn't apparently been updated since 2003. That is probably why it says nothing about the subject of this article – Nestle's bald-faced attempt to circumvent the California Environmental Quality Act (CEQA) by ramming through a secret contract to buy 1600 acre-feet of water per year from a tiny community resource agency in Northern California – the McCloud Community Service District (MCSDD). How much is an acre-foot? That's one acre, one foot deep, which is a lot of water – 325,851.427 gallons. Multiply that by 1,600 and you get 521,361,600. That's over a half-billion gallons of water each year. I bet even in McCloud a bottle of Calistoga will still cost two dollars. So, aside from the costs of pumping, bottling and transportation, Nestle, a Swiss corporation, will pull out a vast amount of nature's finest product, drawn from the watersheds and snowmelt of countless square miles, so they can sell it back to Americans. And you thought we were smart here in the USA.

continued on page 3



**October 17, 2005
Harvest Moon
Edition**

Second Annual Free Speech In The Park Day Draws Citizens and Community Leaders Together

The theme of the Second Annual Free Speech in the Park Day was "What the Bleep Is Happening To Ashland?" Both the crowd and community leaders had their say on the topic, and everyone was heard who wanted to speak. Even the guy who stands silently with the Jesus sign wherever people rally in Ashland garnered a round of applause from the crowd when invited to do so by the MC – Thomas Paine. Paine made an appearance due to a time warp that he said whisked him out of his prison cell in the Bastille, allowing him to visit the country he helped found two hundred and thirty years ago. Paine expressed pleasure that some of his books, "Common Sense," "The Rights of Man," and "The Crisis" are still in print to this day, but also said he was very troubled by the transformation of the U.S. flag from an emblem of freedom to a symbol of tyranny. He urged the audience to exert themselves to re-establish the meaning that the founders of the nation intended it to proclaim – the freedom and dignity of all individuals. Paine then put himself at the service of the crowd, ferrying a wireless microphone to anyone who wanted to speak, and speak they did.

continued on page 4

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- R. Donatelli, C. Hurlbert, D. Conaway, R. St. Pierre, "Biomechanical Foot Orthotics: A Retrospective Study," Journal of Orthopedic and Sports Therapy, 10(6):205 (1998).

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Editor's Note

The Ashland Free Press is a news and opinion monthly published in Ashland, Oregon. AFP seeks to provide a mirror for the community to reflect upon where we are, who we are, and why we are here. AFP will report with factual integrity on issues of local concern and issues of global concern from a local perspective. AFP is premised on the idea that people in the local and global community have the creativity, desire, and energy to make a better world, starting here, where we live. AFP actively solicits submissions from the public, and will publish works with attribution or under the author's chosen pseudonym.

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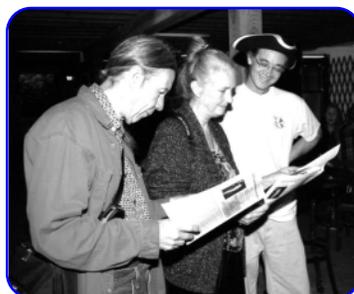
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The Ashland Free Press Release Party, September 22. Visit ashlandfreepress.com for more pictures and the full story.

Table of Contents

The Great McCloud Water Caper	1
Free Speech In The Park	1
Crank, Crap & Cruelty	5
Dayton & Kucinich	6
Local Spotlight -- Los Gordos	6
Romance Forgery Review	8
The War Prayer	8
PB&J With The Judge	9
The President Who Cried Wolf	10
Book Review: <i>Ubik</i> by Phil Dick	11
Music Reviews	15

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The Great McCloud Water Caper, continued from page 1

The World's Largest Food Producer Is Thirsty

Nestle's website says it's the world's largest bottled water company, serving H2O under seventy-seven brands in a hundred and thirty countries world-wide. They're so proud of selling all this water, you'd think they'd invented the stuff. Or maybe it's just the money that makes them so comfy. Quoting from the company website:

"From 1998 to 2003, Nestlé Waters North America has seen its revenue increase from \$1.2 billion to \$2.6 billion, sustaining a volume share (all channels) of nearly 26.0 %. Nestlé Waters is, in turn, a division of Nestlé S.A., the largest food company in the world. Sales of total Nestlé S.A. increased one percent over the previous year to CHF 88 billion. Nestlé headquarters is located in Vevey, Switzerland."

The Swiss: Masters At Working All Sides Against The Middle

In summer 2002 I was in Vevey, one of the loveliest stops along our boat-trip around Lake Geneva, with a very splendid view of Mont Blanc. The Swiss have scenery to kill for. We also stopped at a dungeon on the lake that had been designed with Swiss efficiency – the icy winds off Lake Geneva served to torment with cold, and the uneven stone floors gave prisoners nowhere to rest or seek shelter. Upstairs from the dungeon, a court fit for dancing parties was devoted to displays of arms. Starting as the first European mercenaries, the Swiss were loyal so long as they were paid and not asked to fight other Swiss. They still bodyguard the Pope. They invented bank secrecy, laundered Nazi gold and immense amounts of money stolen by oligarchs from the coffers of the poorest nations. The Swiss have the largest standing army per capita in the world, and produce as hard goods some of the priciest – chemicals and drugs. The Swiss are a libertarian nation if you will, where it is explicitly not their business whether you are evading taxes in another country as long as you are paying them in Switzerland. And they don't make farmers bend over to please the tourists. One morning, we were wakened in our lovely little second floor hotel room with the lakefront view by an extremely aggressive bug-eyed crop-dusting helicopter buzzing the beachside vineyards hour after hour, spraying bio-cide. We repaired to Vevey for the day.

McCloud – Terra Incognita

Although I looked at Switzerland firsthand, I have never been to McCloud, and have driven past the McCloud exit on I-5 more times than I can count. My friend Rogelio, with whom I practiced Chinese martial arts in the late seventies, told me it had been nasty and brutish living as a short, Hispanic logger in McCloud. So I viewed McCloud, without ever seeing it, as a snowy sinkhole of poverty ensconced in useless mountain beauty. A place where pickup trucks rust next to unpainted buildings, and they probably still don't sell a lot of natural food in the stores. Perfect for Nestle to swallow whole without any hint of indigestion.

A Little Lawsuit In Shasta County

I had occasion to revisit my view of McCloud recently when I saw a young lady at the Bloomsbury coffee shop reading a big stack of typewritten papers that she was underlining in red. She said it was the record of a public meeting about a lawsuit down in

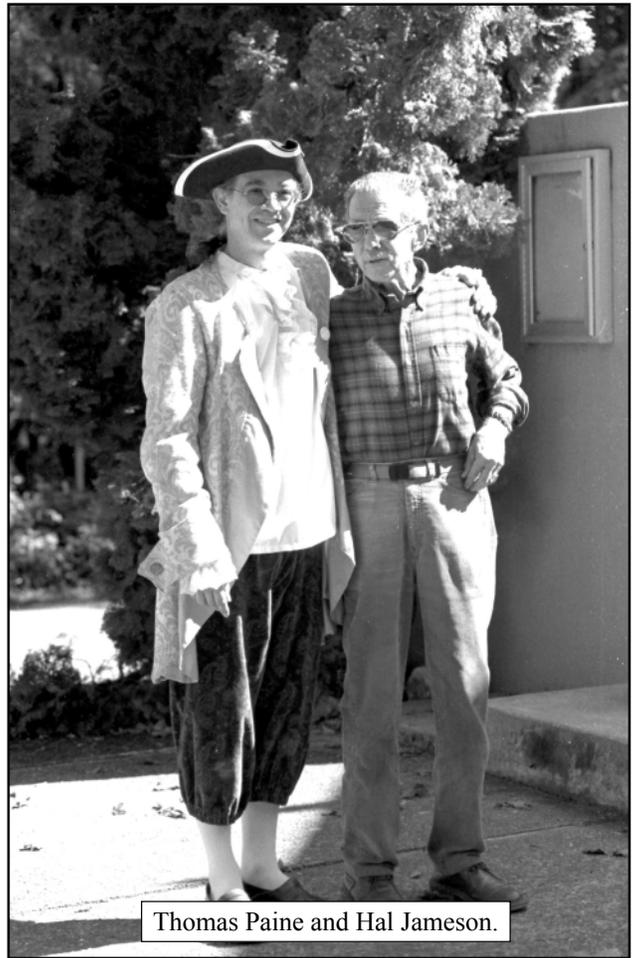
continued on page 5

Free Speech In The Park, continued from page 1

Among the community leaders who appeared to speak were State Rep. Peter Buckley, Police Chief Mike Bianca, KSKQ Radio representative Suzia Aufderheide, Walk In Peace founder Steve Traisman, and JPR radio host Jeff Golden. Buckley lead off, telling giving his constituents a report on the maneuverings going on at the statehouse up in Salem, and expressing his appreciation for being able to represent Ashland there. Admitting that he couldn't afford to buy his house again at current Ashland prices, he touched on an issue that many people returned to – affordable housing and city services that make the town a place where regular folks can live.

Citizens tossed out many alternative ideas on how to organize the life of the town. Michael Washington, bicyclist, spoke about living without an automobile. Montana, of Ashland Homeless Alliance, and others addressed the issues of livability for people who have no roof to sleep under. Walker recited a poem from memory about the town called “The Purse Shaped Party” that was heard and absorbed in absolute silence. It was a warm and beautiful day, and wound down with a flute and drum performance and a closing invocation by Chief Bianca. The Warstars took the stage to rock the dispersing crowd, and as things quieted down and darkened up, fire dancers heated up the night until the promised closing time of 8 p.m. Thomas Paine, watching a lithe young woman twirling blazing brands, remarked that he had never seen anything like it, even in Paris.

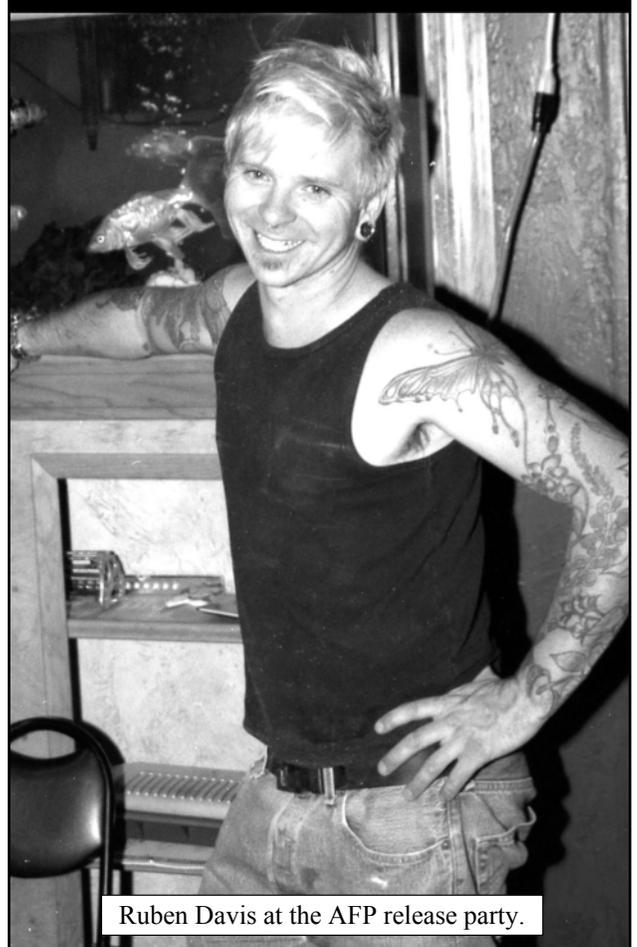
Lo-Fi Nikita



Thomas Paine and Hal Jameson.



Moksha Mokma, distributing the Ashland Free Press.



Ruben Davis at the AFP release party.

The Great McCloud Water Caper, continued from page 3

McCloud where the people had to sue to get their water back from Nestle. The court order she showed me had been signed by Judge Roger Kosel of Siskiyou County Superior Court, and it did indeed invalidate a contract for the sale of water from the people of tiny McCloud to Nestle, the multibillion-Swiss-franc colossus. The text that got my attention was this:

“The agreement commits the McCloud Community Services District to an option contract with Nestle for the purchase of up to 1600 acre feet per year of District spring water for a period of 50 years with a guaranteed right to extend the term for an additional 50 years. This option is irrevocable for a period of 5 years on the District's part. The potential environmental impacts to the water supply are foreseeable and obvious... The approval of the agreement amounts to the creation of an entitlement for Nestle and commits the District to a definite course of action.”

The Superior Court concluded that because *“the agreement creates an option for the purchase of ... drinking water ... potentially ... out to 100 years ... it is an abuse of discretion not to proceed with CEQA compliance prior to approval of the agreement.”* What is CEQA compliance? Just a matter of public involvement. As Judge Kosel ruled, *“the purpose of CEQA is to ... inform governmental decision-makers and the public about the potential, significant environmental effects of proposed activities.”* Therefore, it would seem obvious to all but Nestle and the MCSD, that *“compliance should occur prior to the approval of the agreement.”* There was no environmental study, no public hearing until Nestle and the MCSD brought the matter up at a single public meeting, and of all the questions raised by the surprised public participants, none received adequate answers. Instead, the MCSD approved the contract despite having no access to legal counsel, scientific advice, or apparently anything but the pushy Nestle lawyers to advise them.

A Mighty Sweet Deal

Why was there such a hurry to rush this contract through? Well, for the same reason rape and pillage are always done in a hurry – once caught in the act, it is more difficult to complete it. According to the McCloud Watershed Council, that formed to overturn the sweetheart deal, and apparently convinced Judge Kosel of the truth of their contentions, the contract provides for:

- A 50-year term, renewable for another 50 years
- The right to take 1,250 gallons per minute of spring water
- The right to take qualified water on an interim basis from district's springs for bulk delivery to other bottling facilities located in Northern California
- The right to construct pipelines and a loading facility
- Use of an unknown quantity of well water for production purposes
- Exclusive rights to one of the Springs
- One hundred years of exclusivity, during which time no other beverage business of any type may exist in McCloud
- Use of an undisclosed, perhaps unlimited amount of ground water
- The right to take 1600 of acre feet of spring water annually
- The right, from time to time, to request purchase water in excess of the maximum take

continued on page 7

Crank, Crap & Cruelty

A Review of Eric Schlosser's "Fast Food Nation"

It may only take a village to raise a child, but it takes an entire planet to build a Big Mac. That's the message of Eric Schlosser's nonfiction thriller, "Fast Food Nation." Nonfiction, as in every line of it is true. Thriller, as in, money, power, drugs, oceans of spilled blood and shit, and a runaway train loaded with biological weapons set to destroy the entire planet. It's a cliffhanger, a role-playing story for all humanity. It turns out that, a couple of million years after we left the trees and conquered the savannahs with our omnivorous appetites and tool-making ways, it's time to return to eating like gorillas.

Just the Facts, Ma'am

Schlosser is a big magazine writer, but don't let that turn you off. He writes like a good cop thinks. His style is tuned like a Kawasaki 1000 police motorcycle and he investigates like he's got a grudge against corporate evil. He chases down the bad actors other reporters call boss for the same reason every muckraker rakes muck – he hates what he sees because what he sees is ugly as hell. But he's a diligent professional. He doesn't babble jargon like a zealot. He builds his case. He bags and tags his evidence meticulously, unobtrusively footnoting his extensive sources. Then he presents it all in a very detailed and convincing exposition that reveals a complex criminal conspiracy operating an ongoing criminal enterprise. By the time you're done reading, you'll be ready to issue indictments.

We're a long way even from defunding the fast food industry, much less indicting it for its crimes. Our parents didn't eat the way we do. We don't know why we're eating corporate burgers, munching oil-soaked fries, and downing vats of iced sugar soda. We don't know why we eat in plastic environments built like school cafeterias, attached to plastic playgrounds. We don't know why we don't find fresh foods attractive, why antacids are the most popular over-the-counter medicine.

Knowledge is power, and knowledge is often difficult to acquire, which may be why so few people have any power. This book makes acquiring vital knowledge easy, with crisp chapter titles and a story that starts at the beginning, studying the deeds of four old white guys -- Walt Disney, Ray Kroc of McDonalds, Carl Karcher of Carl's Junior, and Colonel Sanders of KFC. These four men each streamlined their products, automated production, marketed uniformity, and anonymized their employees to proselytize their visions of life and commerce. Although Kroc approached Disney solicitously with a plan to operate McDonalds restaurants in Disneyland, and was painfully rebuffed, Ronald McDonald is now far better known than Mickey Mouse. Indeed, the surrealistic purveyor of Happy Meals is giving Santa Claus, the number one imaginary being, a run for the money.

The Mechanization of Food Production

Kroc didn't invent Ronald McDonald out of whole cloth. The original McDonald brothers operated a massive drive-in burger joint in San Bernardino, complete with young waitresses bringing trays of food to those enormous rolling fortresses they called cars. The cars were filled either with families or young men looking to hit on the carhops. The business was very successful, but the brothers tired of hiring platoons of carhops and replacing broken glasses and stolen silverware. So they closed the place for retooling, installing

continued on page 7

Dayton and Kucinich Bills Create Department of Peace

On September 28, 2005, Senator Mark Dayton (D-MN) introduced The Department of Peace and Nonviolence legislation into the Senate today. This legislation is the counterpart to the house version (HR 3760) introduced by Congressman Kucinich on September 14th 2005. Speaking from the Senate floor, Dayton said, "If we are to remain the world's leader, and if we are to lead the world into a more secure and more prosperous future, we must become better known and more respected for our peacemaking successes than for our military forces. Peace, to have any lasting value, must be advanced, expanded and strengthened continuously. Doing so requires skill, dedication, persistence, resources, and, most importantly, people." The legislation creates a Cabinet-level department focused on developing alternatives to violence domestically and internationally. Dayton's office stated: "The Department of Peace and Nonviolence would serve as a preventive counterpart to the Department of State and the Department of Defense, which resolve international conflicts and defend the nation from attacks. Currently, the U.S. spends \$400 billion on national defense, not including the hundreds of billions being spent

on the Iraq War. The Department of Peace budget would be \$8 billion annually, equivalent to 2 percent of total defense spending." See this article at ashlandfreepress.com for links to the original legislation and updates to this story.

Local Spotlight: Los Gordos

Ashland is growing so fast it has celebrity cooks and celebrity diners to go with its two-block traffic jams. But mostly on an ordinary day, we don't feel like celebrities and it is a delight to hang out in the early afternoon, drink cold beer and eat nachos with fresh guacamole and salsa. At times like that, you will want to go straight over to the Underground Shops on the corner of 3rd Street and East Main, down the stairs, and present yourself at Los Gordos. It's across the main drag from Evos, nextdoor and downstairs from Lowdown, for those of you who navigate by landmarks.

Los Gordos' owners Steve and Diane Sumrell serve fresh-cooked natural Mexican food from a galley-sized kitchen that Steve captains skillfully, keeping up with the line and getting your food to you as quick as he can. Diane makes sure you have everything you need, and the place is warm and

friendly. Steve is kind of a no-frills guy. You come to eat -- he feeds you. He's also fired up a free Wireless network, and the feng shuei is perfect for getting away from the whole freakin' zoo. A cool countertop with barstools overlooking a big open floor. It's style people emulate when they realize how cool it is. And if you want a latte, Steve will understatedly make you a good one, using Sal Mellello's locally roasted coffee.

Me, I enjoy breakfast for a late lunch, and a beer before dusk. Steve's scrambled eggs a la mexicana, with some fresh beans and hot tortillas, are just the meal to attack along with a frosty pint of local ale, or a bottle of Negro Modelo, Corona, Bohemia, or one of the other Mexican beers Steve stocks. The Los Gordos burritos are heartily constructed, the salsa bar is varied, and during the daily happy hour featuring local microbrews for \$2.50 each, it's a good place to while away the afternoon and come away well-nourished. During the middle of the week, you don't even have to go home. You can stick around for the Open Mike, hosted each Wednesday night from 7:30 - 10, and pretend it's your living room, complete with an endless supply of nachos, beer, and local talent. My advice is come enjoy it before the place is totally overrun. *Yola Tengo*



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The Great McCloud Water Caper, continued from page 5

- The right to transport bulk water from spring sources, other than the Springs, for bottling at the bottling facility (see contract details)
- The right to choose exclusive use of either Upper or Lower Elk Springs as an exclusive source for Spring Water
- The right to require the MCS D to dispose of process waste water
- The right to require the MCS D to design, construct and install one or more ground water production wells on the Bottling Facility site for Nestle's use as a supply for non-spring water purposes.

The benefits to Nestle in this agreement are outrageously imbalanced against the detriments to the community of McCloud. But we may also properly ask why McCloud should have control over so much water that they don't have any use for? If the MCS D can sell over half a billion gallons a year and not miss it, why not give McCloud other vast resource tracts to sell to the Swiss, or to the Saudis for that matter? Why not sell Lake Shasta to the Sultan of Brunei. He's really thirsty. He can ship the lake to his country in oil tankers and on the return trip, make payments in oil. The way the Swiss are pricing water, it's already twice as expensive as gas, so we should make bank!

Of course, the anti-American lawyers who get payment in Swiss francs (stronger than the dollar for three years running now) aren't going to give up. With the natives now rejecting the pittance in beads they were offered in exchange for this vast, unused natural resource, they will have to go the appellate courts to drag things out, cause more expense, and possible even reap a victory. CEQA is no doubt an endless problem for business interests, foreign and domestic. Perhaps the appellate judges will approve of circumventing its provisions. Perhaps an initiative can be floated to repeal it. Perhaps the endless flood of billions will bear Nestle along to success, and we will be free to buy back the resources we sell the Swiss at whatever price our poor, thirsty little mouths will compel us to pay.

Or maybe you have had enough. Maybe you thought Bolivia was the only country multinationals would roll over with their contracts and their big fat wallets. Maybe you want to help out the people of McCloud, and help pay for their one lawyer, Donald Mooney of Davis, California, to keep up the good fight. Maybe you want to vote with your pocketbook, by taking these Nestle water brands off your list forever:

Arrowhead, Calistoga, Deer Park, Great Bear, Ice Mountain, Ozarka, Poland Spring, Zephyr Hills.

Maybe you don't want to keep quiet about it, and you'd like to send an email to the CEO at Nestle' Waters North America Inc. I thought you might, so here's his contact information.

Kim E. Jeffrey – President and CEO
777 W. Putnam Ave.
Greenwich, CT 06830-5091
Phone: 203-531-4100
Fax: 203-863-0297
E-mail: <http://www.nestle-watersna.com/faq/submit.asp?id=1>

Charles Carreon

Crank, Crap & Cruelty, continued from page 5

bigger grills and a burger production line, so skilled cooks were no longer needed. They threw away all the glasses and silverware, and henceforth served only foods that could be wrapped in wax paper or sucked through a straw. They ditched the carhops and made everybody line up at the window, but the burgers were cheap and business took off like a rocket. Kroc, then a traveling salesman in his early fifties, admired the McDonalds operation because they bought enough mixers to make forty milkshakes at one time.

The formula that Kroc bought from the McDonalds and franchised to the masses was a hit, and others followed the trend toward assembly-line food preparation. Carl Karcher copied McDonalds because they were just twenty miles away from his successful barbeque restaurant down in Anaheim, and Karcher knew the future when he saw it. Harland Sanders reinvented himself as a Southern gentleman, adopting the string tie and white suit as a marketing gimmick, and achieved his goal of putting at least two drumsticks in every bucket by adopting the new method of mass-produced cooking pioneered by the McDonalds brothers. Southern California loved the new way of eating, that fit perfectly into the seventy-mile an hour lifestyle, and soon the era of monumental sign architecture began to mark the landscape. Kroc built Golden Arches so big they dwarfed the stores, but they could be seen from a distance in time to let freeway drivers maneuver to the next exit. Eventually, the profile of the fast food industry has come to loom equally large over our entire civilization. Schlosser summarizes the numbers: "In 1970, Americans spent about \$6 billion on fast food; in 2001, they spent more than \$110 billion. Americans now spend more on fast food than on movies, books, magazines, newspapers, videos, and recorded music – combined."

The mechanization of food production turned people called cooks and waitresses into something much less dignified – burgerflippers. Burgerflippers are underpaid, and generally work a job less than six months. Small wonder. The job is statistically incredibly dangerous, like late night cashiering in a gas station or liquor store. Bet you didn't know that the largest cause of employment death today is homicide. That's because security at your average McDonalds sucks, because the money handling system is as uniform as the food, and sometimes angry employees come back to take their share of the loot they used to count, and sometimes decide to even the score with an assistant manager or two. Schlosser interviews one McDonalds employee who matter of factly packed a pistol to work and expressed no concern about a possible holdup, since he intended to act proactively in any armed encounter.

The Cruellest Business

The philosophy and method of manufacturing fast food turned into a machine with such tremendous money-moving power that today, when McDonalds says "jump," the meat industry says "how high?" For years the USDA has been unable to obtain clean ground beef for the school lunch program, and it still can't. But when McDonalds saw European store sales falling off the chart, and Jack In The Box demanded clean meat for its restaurants, the meat packers fell into line. Fast food ground beef at Jack and Mac's are much cleaner than the cow crap laden meat that the nation feeds to its schoolchildren. And it make them sick, by the thousands. Food poisoning is far more common and deadly than you would think, afflicting 200,000 Americans every day, sending 900 to the hospital, and 14 to the morgue. For those whose eyes glaze over when they see latin names like Salmonella, Listeria, Staphylococcus, Clostridium or E Coli, Schlosser boils it down into "a simple explanation for why eating a hamburger can

continued on page 9

Romance Forgery Rocks The Vinyl Club

It takes hardware to rock, and more than just sound equipment. You need a bar with good, cheap drinks, a cool bouncer named Max, and some bands that'll shake the fillings in your teeth. Oh, and a tiny little dancefloor where no one is more than twelve feet away from anybody else or the band itself. Gee, that perfectly describes the Vinyl Club on the last Sunday in September, where Romance Forgery played the second of two gigs in one night. I'd caught them earlier over at the A Street Marketplace, where Elena, the vocalist-songwriter who fronts the band, no doubt surprised some listeners who attended Craig Wright's Katrina Benefit by singing in Spanish, very intensely, and with more emotion than many Ashland citizens are likely to feel in a week. That was fun to see, so after catching a few bluegrass tunes by Craig Wright & Friends, I migrated over to the Vinyl Club to hear Romance Forgery's amplified set.

The show was opened by The Glossines, a San Diego power trio of regular chicks dressed in light blue waitress smocks splattered with red and aprons bearing the logo "Hell's Diner," who did real good in the three-chord monte department, getting the small crowd on its feet. With titles and refrains like "I Don't Wanna Talk About You" and "I Don't Think I Like You Anymore" tacked onto familiar girl-punk riffs and rhythms, these girls twirl the dial back to the days of fake IDs. They are welcome back to this town anytime.

Then for a shift in attitude and intensity, on came RF, and we moved from the garage to the stage, from fun to earnest, from packaged to unpackageable. Aaron Hoppe, lead guitarist, imposes his will on his instrument with samurai intensity. Elena loves to keep a strident rhythm with a clean tone wanging out of her sherbet-green electric. With Sean Rogers on upright bass, Andrew Barnes on the trap set, Romance Forgery fires up like an aircraft engine, lifting Elena's vocal delivery outside ordinary ranges into an intense, hypnotic realm. Sometimes I was in the clouds, watching lightning flashing, other times I found myself walking under jolting powerlines dropping arcing cascades of sparks. I found myself confronted, provoked, pushed, pulled, compelled to witness frenesis, and then they let loose another type of magic. Dropping the tempo to a strolling pace, Elena swung into a slow Spanish number with the refrain "voy a perder" - "I will lose." On this song, Elena's voice is vulnerable, admitting in a foreign language what every latin lover knows - we will lose. To lose gracefully, lose everything.

In a little pre-show interview, I learned a few things about RF, an art-rock band with serious skillz. They will be doing some recording in Tucson, Arizona this fall with Soiled Gold, a media collective, and Loveland, Nathan Sabattino's independent studio. They'll also be playing at the renowned Rialto in Tucson on November 6th, the day after the Day of the Dead, a Mexican festival that is celebrated with particular fervor in Tucson. Since Romance Forgery hasn't put out a CD yet, the Tucson hegira should help them cross that milestone. I think they're ready to make the trip. *Carlos Ramone*

The War Prayer

It was a time of great and exalting excitement. The country was up in arms, the war was on, in every breast burned the holy fire of patriotism; the drums were beating, the bands playing, the toy pistols popping, the bunched firecrackers hissing and spluttering; on every hand and far down the receding and fading spread of roofs and balconies a fluttering wilderness of flags flashed in the sun; daily the young volunteers marched down the wide avenue gay and fine in their new uniforms, the proud fathers and mothers and sisters and sweethearts cheering them with voices choked with happy emotion

continued on page 12

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Crank, Crap & Cruelty, continued from page 7
now make you seriously ill: There is shit in the meat.”

The meat is full of crap and the meatcutters are tweaking on methamphetamine, aka “crank.” Crank is the drug of choice for immigrant slaughterhouse workers that have to “make a knife cut every two or three seconds, which adds up to about 10,000 cuts during an eight hour shift.” The pace of production is insane, surpassing any prior known levels of cattle butchering: “The old meatpacking plants in Chicago slaughtered about 50 cattle an hour. Twenty years ago, new plants in the High Plains slaughtered about 175 cattle an hour. Today some plants slaughter up to 400 cattle an hour – about half a dozen animals every minute, sent down a single production line, carved by workers desperate not to fall behind.” No matter how much meth you do, though, there is no way to gut and extract the gastrointestinal system of a cow that fast and not make a regular mess of it, spraying shit all over the beef that is destined for America’s dinner table.

What’s A Prion?

In an afterword entitled “The Meaning of Mad Cow,” Schlosser updated his first edition of *Fast Food Nation*. In the afterword, Schlosser establishes that the destructive power of the meat machine has not been fully unleashed, because the truth about mad cow disease – its causes, vectors of transmission, and incubation period, are still unknown. Similarly unknown is how many people in the USA have in fact eaten meat infected with “prions,” the nearly-indestructible protein-based agents for the transmission of Bovine Spongiform Encephalopathy (“BSE”). The answers to these unknowns will determine the number of victims and the scope of the cattle-destruction effort that the USA will have to undertake. The answers are lacking of course, for the same reason we don’t know how many Iraqi civilians have been killed in our liberation operation – bureaucrats aren’t good with big numbers.

Since the date of Schlosser’s afterword, published in 2002, we have been treated to a continuing coverup by the USDA about the extent to which BSE has afflicted the American cattle population. In case you thought your meat was cleaner because you live in the Pacific Northwest, where everything is better, it’s time to take a reality check. On August 20, 2005, the Associated Press reported that “slaughterhouses in Oregon and Washington have been cited at least eight times for breaking federal rules to protect against mad cow disease, putting the Northwest above average for violations.” The federal rules to protect against mad cow disease don’t require testing to be sure that BSE-prions aren’t in the meat, they just forbid the meatpackers from feeding people any “tonsils or small intestines,” or if the cows are over thirty months old, “the ban extended to the brain, skull, eyes and parts of the spinal column,” because these parts are “the most prone to mad cow infections.”

Are you surprised that the USDA tells you there’s no risk of BSE turning your brain into a mass of spongiform encephalopathy, but it still doesn’t test to see if cows have it? Well don’t be! It would be way too much trouble to test every one of those cows for mad cow disease. What’s a priority with our current President, as he made clear in one of his “State of the Union” addresses, was testing athletes for drugs, because an athlete on drugs would be far more dangerous than a hamburger full of BSE. Hmmm, now that I think about it, “athlete on drugs” describes California governor Schwarzenegger pretty well, and may be a good description of Bush himself. It just goes to show, politicians often know what they’re talking about.

More Than The Meat Is Rotten

Speaking of politicians, it’s not just the food supply that’s contaminated, my friends. The consolidation of food production forced by the

continued on page 14

PB&J With The Judge

Most people know Allen Drescher from his role on the bench as the Ashland Municipal Court Judge. I have known him since 1978, when he gave me my first paying job in town, peeling linoleum off the floor of a basement room in his office building in downtown Ashland. Another lawyer, Jim Osher, had given me a place to stay in exchange for cleaning his house, and had recommended me to Allen for an afternoon’s work. Allen paid a fair wage for my somewhat unsuccessful efforts at linoleum removal, and I formed a good opinion of him based on that, and on Jim Osher’s positive remarks about his fellow liberal lawyer. Osher, as I recall, also had been to a fine back east law school, sported a beard, sometimes cackled with zesty glee, and ran his office out of a tiny room in a house that he’d built out extensively to house young people up to the rafters. Allen, I understood, wore wide ties, but was more mainstream than Osher.

I got settled with my family and lived in and around Ashland for six years, picking up an English degree at the college, and only once appearing before Judge Drescher for not quite stopping as I rolled downhill on Granite onto the main drag. He gave me a break, as I remember it, cutting the fine to a bearable level in response to a genuine plea of poverty. In 1983, I moved to LA for law school and a stint in the fast lane, and in 1993 returned to Ashland. After becoming an Oregon attorney and opening a practice in Ashland, I only once crossed swords with Allen in litigation, and he referred the matter to a local litigator, with whom I resolved the case with a quick settlement that made no one any richer except on paper, as I recall.

I’ve represented a handful of clients in Ashland Municipal Court over the years, and found it easy to work with Judge Drescher. He is cordial to a fault, considerate of my clients’ concerns, and respectful of my arguments. One cannot, however, make an omelette without cracking a few eggs, and dispensing justice is similarly destructive in the service of a positive goal. Over the years, I had heard my share of stories about Judge Drescher’s sentences, some of which seemed creative. As a Deputy District Attorney, I occasionally heard of Ashland jail sentences being summarily commuted by the jail staff to a one-night stay, because the gravity of the convicted person’s crimes often paled in comparison with those of other “lodged individuals.” Put simply, Ashland criminals weren’t bad enough to keep in jail for more than a night.

So it was that the years had rolled by, and I had never really had a chat with Allen about anything besides the legal matters before us. Last month I requested an appointment to interview him, and after we discussed my expected topics, he agreed. We picked a date, and I offered to take him to lunch. In reply, he offered this quotable clue to his character: “Since I became a lawyer, I have made it a habit to eat a peanut butter and jelly sandwich in my office for lunch.” I perfectly understood. I had eaten a sandwich in my office plenty of times, so I said I’d bring my own PB&J, and we both marked our calendars. Then I wondered if he really only ate peanut butter and jelly, or if he sometimes ate other sandwiches.

When we got together and settled at the oval conference table in his quiet, comfortable office, Allen extracted his PB&J from a paper bag, and I had no further doubts on the matter. No cheese sandwiches or hoagies for this man. He seeks to embody Yankee simplicity, I decided, even if he was born in the Midwest. Sitting next to Allen, I realized he was genuinely enjoying this most recent in a long sequence of identical, yet unique sandwiches, roughly equal in their number to the number of days he had been practicing law. I understood the poetry of it, and felt the mad indiscipline of my own

continued on page 11



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Socrates Now!

The President Who Cried Wolf

In her Ethics book *The Moral of the Story* Nina Rosenstand points out that one of the oldest—if not the oldest—morality tale on the planet is the story of “the boy who cried wolf”. Nearly every culture, ancient or modern, recounts this unsettling story to its young ones, perhaps not in the same format as when our parents read the story to us, but with the same intent. And what is that intent? To pass on a deep, cultural lesson on morality. You see, when you lie to others, bad things happen to you...like being eaten alive!

Some ethicist’s consider the telling of the truth, and more specifically the bond of trust which truth-speaking engenders, the core of civilized society. Without this implicit trust between people, normal social interactions cannot take place. Well, they could, but many of our basic manners would have to change. If I am introduced to someone and he tells me his name and profession, I would hate bothering him for identification, transcripts, and certification, but it might be wise to do so. When I go to the fish market, I trust the scale hasn’t been tampered with, and that I’m paying a fair price for my dinner. When I catch the butcher with his thumb on that scale, I’m upset. Even though we are all susceptible to being lied to and deceived, our first presumption is that we’ll get a fair shake from people. When this doesn’t happen we’re a little shocked, and we can feel our implicit trust in our fellow human beings ebbing away.

So when former President Clinton was caught having illicit sex in the oval office with an intern, it’s not surprising that people were upset. However, it wasn’t the tawdry sex that allowed the public mood to swing towards impeachment. It was the President’s blatant lying. People get sex. Every voting citizen was a teen-ager at one point in his or her life, so understanding how sexual impulses can overcome even the most ardent prayers to remain chaste is within everyone’s grasp. But lying, and on such a massive, public scale, is fundamentally unpardonable...unless you go the Tammy Faye and Jimmy Swaggart way and cry for people’s forgiveness.

President Clinton never did ask for forgiveness (although by reading his facial expressions it appeared he was close to dropping to his knees in supplication), and even though he ultimately escaped the hangman, not even his own party wants to socialize with him anymore. Why? Because the perception is that the sacred trust between him and his political constituency has been violated. He didn’t just lie...e was caught telling a whopper!

A similar morality tale is developing with our current President Bush. Even though sex is not presently an issue (presumably he only has sex with his wife), lying and loss of public trust are definitely becoming areas of concern within this Presidency. It began with his original denials of arrests and drug use some fifteen or so years ago (the current story has changed.) It moved on when he fabricated his patriotic role in the Viet Nam war (turns out he was AWOL for at least a year). But all of these little fibs reached a crescendo when the public debate centered around the deeply moral issue of invading Iraq.

The majority of the American people trusted that our President was telling us the truth about Saddam Hussein, his links with terrorism, and Iraq’s development of weapons of mass destruction. The public judgment that we were entering a “just war” was based predominately upon the information passed on to us by the President and his emissaries. As it turns out, a President has been lying to us once again. He cried “Wolf!” but there wasn’t even a scroungy old dog to be found.

continued on page 12

PB&J With The Judge, continued from page 9

ways. I bit into a scone from Dave's coffeehouse and began taking notes.

Allen was born and raised in Michigan. He went to Columbia during years of serious student unrest, graduating in 1968. He went on to graduate from Columbia Law School, then and now one of the top schools, in 1972. He spent 1970 in Eugene, taking a break from law school, and after he graduated, he moved to Portland, where he worked in Legal Aid for a year in 1972 practicing civil rights law under Laird Kirkpatrick, now on the faculty at U of O Law School, and the author of the fundamental treatise on Oregon Evidence. In 1973 Allen accepted a job to establish a Legal Aid office for Coos and Curry Counties. He'd fallen in love with the Oregon coast during the summer, so it was inevitable that the day he moved into his new home, it would start raining, and not stop for thirty days. After setting up the office as he'd agreed, he opted to move to drier places inland, and settled in Ashland in 1975. In 1976 he was elected to a City Council position, the same year Jim Sims, another progressive lawyer, ran for mayor.

In 1978, Allen was elected to the Municipal Judge position. Since then, he's run successfully for re-election every four years. Being a lawyer, but never a judge, I've of course contemplated how pleasant it might be to have the last word in every argument, to always be the person who, by definition, is right. While judges are sometimes reversed on appeal, it is undoubtedly an extremely rare occurrence for Judge Drescher. His judgments go largely unquestioned and are effectively unquestionable. It is total power in small matters.

I asked Allen to describe his philosophy of judicial independence, and he responded that having to stand for election every four years, and being re-elected each time, had given him a sense of confidence that his judgments in court met with community approval. Roughly half of his judicial races have been contested ones. The elective process has put a fine point on his efforts to do the job well. As he stated, "The people who you are judging are going to come around and judge you next election." I found this interesting, since it is usually thought that judicial independence is best secured by granting judges lifetime tenure, as is done with all federal judges appointed by the president. There is no doubt that lifetime-tenure system has produced some very independent-minded judges, and also some monsters. It was interesting to hear that the voice of public opinion, coming from the ballot box, can provide a different kind of independence. The risk of losing the next election didn't deter him from convicting the guilty or imposing fines, he explained, but it caused him to exert himself in performing the job of judging.

"The hardest thing," the judge noted, is to "really apply the presumption of innocence" in a criminal prosecution. He reminisced about a DUI defendant who had been using an alcoholic mouthwash to treat the hole he'd pierced in his tongue for his new ring, noting that while he couldn't recall how he'd resolved the issue, "People do dumb stuff, but dumb stuff is not always against the law." When, I asked him, do attorneys ask for a jury trial? Very rarely, he responded, about once a year. And why do they ask for a jury instead of trial before a judge? Because, he admitted wryly, they stood a better chance of acquittal if tried by a jury. In a jury trial, he said, "My role is to be stonefaced and not give them a clue what I think."

Volunteering an answer to a question I hadn't asked, Allen explained that he hadn't sought to climb the judicial ladder, and had enjoyed the caseload of misdemeanors and traffic infractions. "I like dealing with the people. Most often, in municipal court, there are no attorneys. I like not getting the orchestrated, filtered version. They

just say it from their heart and mind." Further, he observed although the cases concern small matters, "to the people involved, it's important."

Turning to the subject of political activity and citizen participation in government, he said that he believed democracy does work in Ashland, and we can "save our schools and playgrounds." As I pressed further, though, I asked him to remark on the difference between the seventies, when we both arrived in Ashland, and the mood these days. He agreed that inspiration is lacking, and explained why it was different then: "I was inspired by JFK. He really appealed to my generation in a powerful way. The Vietnam war affected us directly. We were being killed. The cultural revolution of the sixties – long hair, strange clothes, the Beatles message of love and peace, that really had an effect on a whole generation. You can't overlook the effect that cultural movements have on how people relate to society. So a whole generation felt it could make a change, and we did. The kids I see in municipal court are not getting a message from the top – national leaders are so cynical. People believe the government does bad stuff. It's powerful and you don't want to go there. It's 180 degrees from the 1960s and 70s. The music's not inspiring. Once I heard Martin Luther King speak to a mixed-race audience, and it was so inspiring. We've achieved racial equality and some people are doing great, but some people got left behind. We have an underclass and we're not helping them."

With the larger problems of the world looming over our discussion, we turned again to the place we call home, and the town that calls Allen its judge. He returned again to the theme of listening to people and their problems. He expressed satisfaction with many young people who have successfully completed drug and alcohol education programs, and praised Jan Janssen's work helping young people to meet the challenges of growing up in Ashland today. Allen spoke contemplatively, "Maybe I can help individuals. I can get them when they are still young and still amenable to change."

The interview actually turned from one lunch into two, and the second time I didn't even bring a scone, just coffee. Allen had his PB&J, though. Some things don't change, and maybe that's how we like them.

Charles Carreon

A Book Review of *Ubik* by Phil Dick

Joe Chip has a problem. He went to the moon with his boss, and got killed in a terrorist bomb attack. Or his boss was killed. He's not sure, but either way, it's a problem. It's 1992 in a world a little different from ours. It's still earth, and earth is still populated by people. But there are lots of psychics on the planet now, and the moon is colonized.

If Joe himself is dead, he must be in cold-pack in a Swiss half-life "moratorium," where dead people can spend their half-life in a dreamlike space, and occasionally visit with relatives through a sort of psychic intercom. It's a common thing to have relatives in cold-pack, and Joe's boss, Glen Runciter, still meets to discuss business matters with his lovely dead wife Ella, who half-lives in the exclusive Beloved Brethren Moratorium, a Swiss facility that is supposed to be among the best. Ella Runciter died in her twenties, but Glen Runciter thinks so highly of her that he has never considered remarrying, despite his wealth.

Runciter Associates is a psychic security company, and Joe Chip is Glen Runciter's top man. Although Joe was always broke, his life wasn't entirely crazy until he met his new girlfriend, Pat Conley. Everything went crazy shortly after Joe introduced Pat to Runciter.

continued on page 12

The President Who Cried Wolf, continued from page 10

Documents that purportedly verified Saddam's nuclear weapons program were known to be forgeries at least a year before they were offered both to American public and the United Nations as "proof" of Iraq's evil ways. In his State of the Union Address President Bush stated that in a recent Atomic Energy Commission report Sadham's effort to build nuclear bombs was nearing completion, and he could have a useable weapon ready within six months to a year. Within a week of that address the president of that very same Atomic Energy Commission came forth with his own statement, denying that any such report had ever been handed to the President. Simple logic insists that they can't both be telling the truth.

The list goes on, but at this point the media and the public is calling all of these contradictions "exaggerations" or political manipulations. British Prime Minister Blair, our President's ally in this war, was first being accused of "sexing up" government reports regarding Saddam's objectionable activities. Now the British press has moved on to calling the Prime Ministers reports "deceptions" and even outright lies. Mr. Blair is currently fighting for his political life, and the only question that remains here in America is when we will stop characterizing our President's lying and deception as a form of excusable "political spin". When and if that day comes, President Bush will find himself in a similar situation. He'll probably wonder why nobody is running to his aid as he cries "Wolf!" one last time. If he is finally eaten alive politically, it will be because he broken a fundamental moral law, and his characterization of himself as a leader "with character" will be shown for what it is.

Our government knew many details about Iraq's biological and toxic weapons programs, since we had provided him with many of the necessary ingredients back when Iran and Iraq were at war and Saddam was still a bad man, but not so evil that we wouldn't give him the "all clear" sign when he wanted to use toxic chemicals on the Kurdish uprising after the Gulf War.

Socrates Now! is a regular column authored by Mitch Frangadakis, local philosopher who is also found at www.socratesnow.com.

A Book Review of Ubik by Phil Dick, continued from page 11

Although both Joe and G.G. Ashwood, a renowned psychic talent scout, agreed that Pat had a powerful psychic talent, Runciter questioned whether he should even hire Pat, because he usually hired "inertials," who block the psychic talents of "precogs" and "teeps" hired by Runciter's nemesis, the Hollis organization of criminal psychics. But Pat wasn't a psi-blocker. She displayed a new type of talent, the ability to change the future, not just foresee it. She could send people on alternative reality trips, to places a lot like the present, but with important differences.

Runciter had always refused to take jobs on the moon because of the security risks inherent in being away from earth, far from help. However, ever the businessman, he broke his rule to pick up a big contract job working for Stanton Mick, a plum client Runciter was eager to sign up for a very fat fee. Stanton Mick had told Runciter he needed immediate, massive assistance to block the efforts of a band of psychic spies who were invading the privacy of his lunar planned community. But shortly after Runciter and his inertials arrived, Mick came to meet Runciter in a conference room. Mick acted and talked strangely in a metallic voice in a grandstanding manner, setting everyone on edge. Slowly, it dawned on Runciter and Joe Chip that this wasn't Mick; rather, it was an android made in his image. Alas, they didn't figure this out until the android floated off the floor to gain destructive altitude, and an instant later, detonated.

continued on page 14



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The War Prayer, continued from page 8

as they swung by; nightly the packed mass meetings listened, panting, to patriot oratory which stirred the deepest deeps of their hearts, and which they interrupted at briefest intervals with cyclones of applause, the tears running down their cheeks the while; in the churches the pastors preached devotion to flag and country, and invoked the God of Battles beseeching His aid in our good cause in outpourings of fervid eloquence which moved every listener. It was indeed a glad and gracious time, and the half dozen rash spirits that ventured to disapprove of the war and cast a doubt upon its righteousness straightway got such a stern and angry warning that for their personal safety's sake they quickly shrank out of sight and offended no more in that way.

Sunday morning came -- next day the battalions would leave for the front; the church was filled; the volunteers were there, their young faces alight with martial dreams -- visions of the stern advance, the gathering momentum, the rushing charge, the flashing sabers, the flight of the foe, the tumult, the enveloping smoke, the fierce pursuit, the surrender! Then home from the war, bronzed heroes, welcomed, adored, submerged in golden seas of glory! With the volunteers sat their dear ones, proud, happy, and envied by the neighbors and friends who had no sons and brothers to send forth to the field of honor, there to win for the flag, or, failing, die the noblest of noble deaths. The service proceeded; a war chapter from the Old Testament was read; the first prayer was said; it was followed by an organ burst that shook the building, and with one impulse the house rose, with glowing eyes and beating hearts, and poured out that tremendous invocation: *God the all-terrible! Thou who ordainest! Thunder thy clarion and lightning thy sword!*

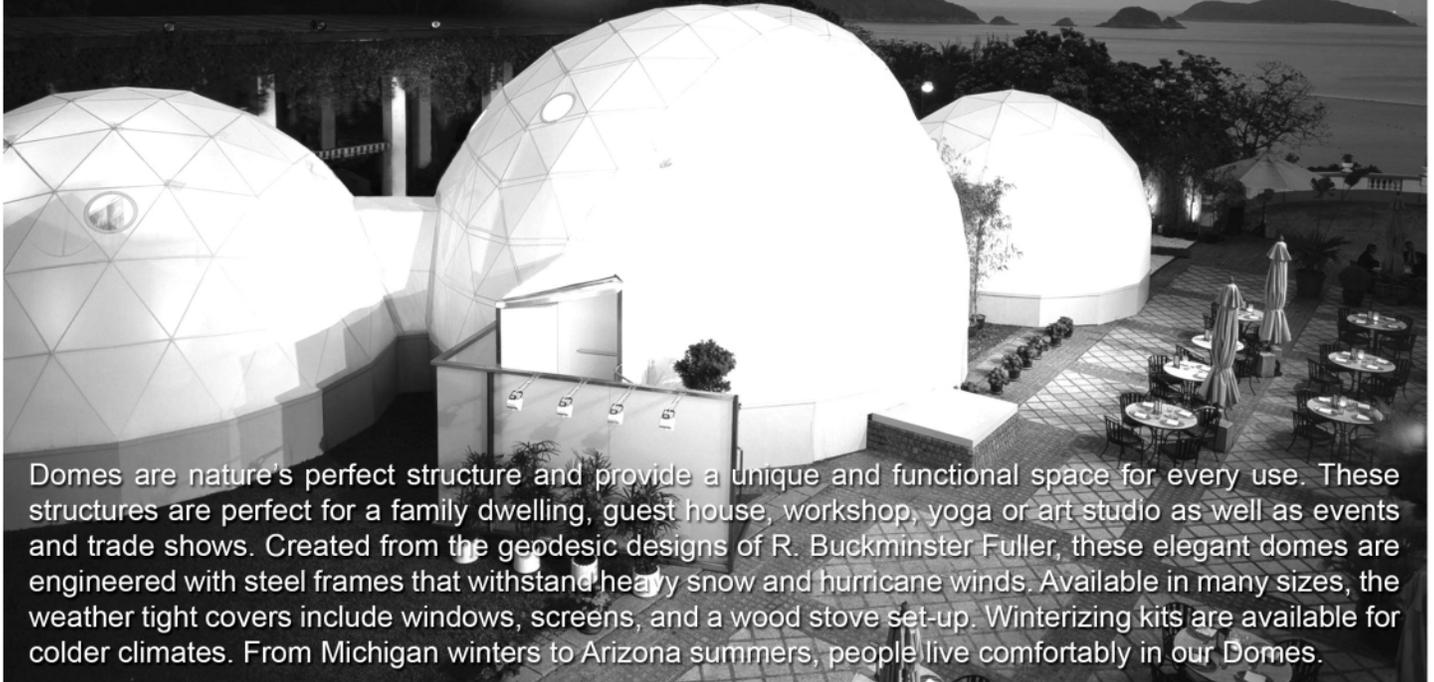
Then came the "long" prayer. None could remember the like of it for

continued on page 15



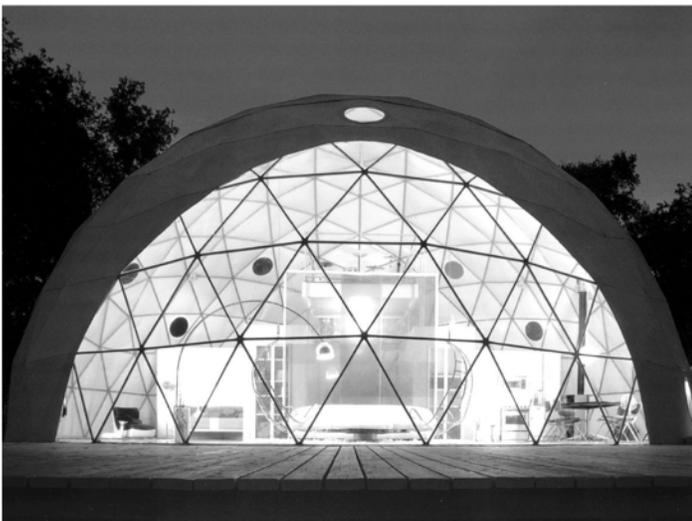
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Crank, Crap, & Cruelty, continued from page 9

fast food industry's demand for uniform goods has turned potato production, beef production, chicken farming, and flavoring production into highly concentrated industries, each dominated by a handful of corporations that fix prices, suppress wages, and jointly wage a pitched battle against government regulation. But for the European ban on "Frankenfoods," genetically engineered potatoes would be in every bag of French fries, and Taco Bell would still be feeding people corn that was meant for animal feed only. We know more about the industry's insane drive to act as a law unto itself due to the heroic efforts of a couple of London Greenpeace activists who defended themselves, with almost complete success, against a libel suit McDonalds filed in England, by proving the truth of their harshest accusations. After eight years of litigation and a trial, Justice Rodger Bell concluded, in an 800 page judgment, that McDonalds advertising exploited children, McDonalds food endangered diners, McDonalds wages were unreasonably low, and McDonalds was to blame for animal cruelty violations by its suppliers. Through the litigation, the Greenpeace activists learned that their London group had been infiltrated by at least seven private detectives hired by McDonalds, so many that sometimes half the people at Greenpeace meetings were working for the Big Clown. At trial, Sidney Nicholson, a former South African policeman who supervised the Greenpeace spying, testified that McDonalds enlisted Scotland Yard's Special Branch to track Greenpeace as a subversive organization, who then passed the information on to McDonalds.

Time To Take 'Em Down

Like cancer, the fast food industry has taken over the productive capacity of the planet, and is busy reproducing its own cells at the expense of the entire organism. Like the tobacco companies, the fast food industry has been attacked for its policies, but has more successfully controlled the media and obtained government protection. Of course, when you can get a fat pig like Limbaugh to ridicule lawsuits filed by obese people, you've got a pretty good weapon. The fast food industry and its minions, agribusiness and the cattle and chicken tycoons, contribute disproportionately to publican candidates, seeking and obtaining the deregulation that makes the assembly lines move faster, keeps the crap in the meat, the grease in the fries, and all of their workers underpaid, uninsured, and at risk of violent death. Fortunately, Schlosser notes, we can vote with our feet. Here in Ashland, the voting has already started. A&W shut down a decade ago, McDonalds closed last year, and last month, we bid adieu to Dairy Queen. Perhaps 2005 will mark the high-water point for the industry that currently sits astride the world's population like a huge, gross parasite. Do your part. Eat beans.

Charles Carreon

A Book Review of Ubik by Phil Dick, continued from page 12

Immediately after discovering that the blast had apparently killed Runciter, Joe Chip assumed control of Runciter Associates. He chartered a rocket and flew the survivors to Switzerland with Runciter's body, where they booked him into the Beloved Brethren Moratorium, and tried to set up a half-life session. But Runciter wouldn't revive into half-life, and Joe experienced the pain of losing his father figure.

After Runciter's death Joe struggles to run the company, but he has some impediments. Like Philip K. Dick, Joe Chip finds himself habitually broke, and regularly abused by the his coin-op apartment door, which won't let him out without depositing a poscred, and makes nasty remarks when he loses his temper. Sometimes he has to call friends to come by and visit, and pay to get in. Then he can borrow money from them to get himself out. But these problems are small, because one by one Joe's friends are dying, turning into mummified ragbags of bone and hair. This horrific transformation occurs within a few hours after each individual quietly separates themselves from the group, seeking solitude and stillness.

Not only are Joe's friends turning into mummies, all mechanical objects, except his apartment front door, are regressing to older models and falling apart. His TV turns into an old tube radio. The elevator in his building regressed from a modern self-serve box to a tiny lift with an accordion steel grate, and seemed to silently suggest: "Take the stairs." Joe's car turns into an old car, and even as he negotiates to sell it, the car ages into an even older model of jalopy that is virtually worthless. When he goes to the airport, all he can find to fly is an old biplane.

Due to a series of messages from Runciter that mysteriously appear on bathroom walls and elsewhere, Joe Chip learns that he is probably dead and merely half-living in the Beloved Brethren Moratorium, where Ella Runciter is also in half-life. To reverse the decay of all forms, and prevent himself from turning into a mummy, Runciter tells Joe to get UBIK in the aerosol can. Unfortunately, every time Joe is close to getting a can of aerosol-spray UBIK, he finds only old-fashioned, regressed versions of UBIK that contain toxic ingredients, or in one case, a substantial quantity of pure gold suspended in mineral oil. Fortunately, this last form of UBIK is worth a lot of money in the half-life realm, and Joe is able to trade it for a plane flight for Des Moines, Iowa, where Runciter's funeral is happening. Joe is still not sure that he is dead, so he of course wants to attend Runciter's funeral.

After Runciter's funeral, one by one, Joe's friends just keep disappearing, hiding themselves from their friends so they can turn into psychic tumbleweeds and blow away into the void. The only one who isn't dying is Pat Conley, Joe's strange girlfriend. She thinks she's doing the whole weird trip with her powers, thinks she's immune from the death that's stalking him, and drenches Joe with passive-aggressive cruelty while observing Joe's painful effort to just go to his room and die. But Joe makes it to his room, where Runciter is waiting for him with a can of UBIK aerosol:

"Opening a drawer on the vanity table, he hastily brought out a spray can with bright stripes, balloons and lettering glorifying its shiny surfaces. 'Ubik,' Runciter said, he shook the can mightily, then stood before Joe, aiming it at him. 'Don't thank me for this,' he said, and sprayed prolongedly left and right; the air flickered and shimmered, as if bright particles of light had been released, as if the sun's energy sparkled here in this worn-out elderly hotel room."

Shortly after this rejuvenating Ubik experience, Joe meets his true antagonist - Jory, a malevolent psychic juvenile delinquent who haunts the moratorium's half-life realm. Jory is a projective psychotic who generates deceptive "realities" that seduce half-life dwellers into unreal realms and consumes the dregs of their half-life vitality. Dick's description of Jory's psychic attack on Joe Chip is bluntly physical and eerily frightening: "Snarling, Jory bit him. The great shovel teeth fastened deep into Joe's right hand. They hung on as, meanwhile, Jory raised his head, lifting Joe's hand with his jaw; Jory stared at him with unwinking eyes, snoring wetly as he tried to close his jaws. The teeth sank deeper and Joe felt the pain of it throughout him. He's eating me, he realized. 'You can't,' he said aloud; he hit Jory on the snout, punching again and again."

Shortly after the Jory encounter, from which Joe barely escapes with his life, he sees a pretty girl going down the street, and in a desperate hope to have one last pleasant moment, he strikes up a conversation with her and asks her to dinner. You can almost see Phil Dick counting his Dexedrine pills, getting hungry for a burger after days of speeding and typing, and figuring out he'd better finish this story up quick, before he consumes the last of his inspiration. The story picks

continued on page 15

The War Prayer, continued from page 12

passionate pleading and moving and beautiful language. The burden of its supplication was, that an ever-merciful and benignant Father of us all would watch over our noble young soldiers, and aid, comfort, and encourage them in their patriotic work; bless them, shield them in the day of battle and the hour of peril, bear them in His mighty hand, make them strong and confident, invincible in the bloody onset; help them to crush the foe, grant to them and to their flag and country imperishable honor and glory --

An aged stranger entered and moved with slow and noiseless step up the main aisle, his eyes fixed upon the minister, his long body clothed in a robe that reached to his feet, his head bare, his white hair descending in a frothy cataract to his shoulders, his seamy face unnaturally pale, pale even to ghastliness. With all eyes following him and wondering, he made his silent way; without pausing, he ascended to the preacher's side and stood there waiting. With shut lids the preacher, unconscious of his presence, continued with his moving prayer, and at last finished it with the words, uttered in fervent appeal, "Bless our arms, grant us the victory, O Lord our God, Father and Protector of our land and flag!"

The stranger touched his arm, motioned him to step aside -- which the startled minister did -- and took his place. During some moments he surveyed the spellbound audience with solemn eyes, in which burned an uncanny light; then in a deep voice he said:

"I come from the Throne -- bearing a message from Almighty God!" The words smote the house with a shock; if the stranger perceived it he gave no attention. "He has heard the prayer of His servant your shepherd, and will grant it if such shall be your desire after I, His messenger, shall have explained to you its import -- that is to say, its full import. For it is like unto many of the prayers of men, in that it asks for more than he who utters it is aware of -- except he pause and think.

"God's servant and yours has prayed his prayer. Has he paused and taken thought? Is it one prayer? No, it is two -- one uttered, the other not. Both have reached the ear of Him Who heareth all supplications, the spoken and the unspoken. Ponder this -- keep it in mind. If you would beseech a blessing upon yourself, beware! lest without intent you invoke a curse upon a neighbor at the same time. If you pray for the blessing of rain upon your crop which needs it, by that act you are possibly praying for a curse upon some neighbor's crop which may not need rain and can be injured by it.

"You have heard your servant's prayer -- the uttered part of it. I am commissioned of God to put into words the other part of it -- that part which the pastor -- and also you in your hearts -- fervently prayed silently. And ignorantly and unthinkingly? God grant that it was so! You heard these words: 'Grant us the victory, O Lord our God!' That is sufficient. The *whole* of the uttered prayer is compact into those pregnant words. Elaborations were not necessary. When you have prayed for victory you have prayed for many unmentioned results which follow victory -- *must* follow it, cannot help but follow it. Upon the listening spirit of God fell also the unspoken part of the prayer. He commandeth me to put it into words. Listen!

"O Lord our Father, our young patriots, idols of our hearts, go forth to battle -- be Thou near them! With them -- in spirit -- we also go forth from the sweet peace of our beloved firesides to smite the foe. O Lord our God, help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to drown the thunder of the guns with the shrieks of their wounded, writhing in pain; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending

A Book Review of Ubik by Phil Dick, continued from page 14

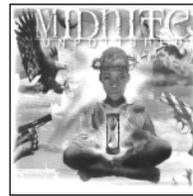
up pace immediately after the unexpected encounter with the girl, which leads to the hasty revelation that she is Runciter's dead wife. Ella Runciter tells Joe that his friends have been killed by Jory, but that, good news -- he's been granted a perpetual supply of UBIK. She explains to him that an aerosol can of UBIK is actually "A portable negative ionizer, with a self-contained, high-voltage, low-amp unit powered by a peak-gain helium battery of 25kv. The negative ions are given a counter-clockwise spin by a radically biased acceleration chamber, which creates a centripetal tendency to them so that they cohere rather than dissipate."

Immortality in a spray can? What else would we expect from Phil Dick?

Carlos Ramone

Music Reviews

UNPOLISHED by MIDNITE



Fierce rhythm skank, deep bass lines, hard one drop drumming and in your face lyrical dexterity! Committed vocals and sweet harmonies. Fans of 70's & 80's roots bands, from the twinkle brothers, to misty in roots will find delight in Midnite. Play this record next to any vintage record from the likes of Spear, Marley or

Tosh. Original, crucial music for the heavens, the heart & soul. See Midnite performing live @ The Old Ashland Armory Friday October 21, 2005!

ANSWERS by UI

Bass heavy math rock. This is a very good album from beginning to end. Sort of reminds me of Tortoise. No lyrics, just textural soundscapes. Put this album on and stare into space, yeah!



HORNS & HALOS by ANDRE NICKATINA & EQUIPTO



This is one of those rare rap albums that you will love no matter what. Equipto creates a hypnotic soundtrack thick with substance. The legendary Andre Nickatina needs no introduction and is in top form, his lyrics are works of art by themselves. Get this album and expand your horizons.

J. Carreon

widows with unavailing grief; help us to turn them out roofless with little children to wander unfriended the wastes of their desolated land in rags and hunger and thirst, sports of the sun flames of summer and the icy winds of winter, broken in spirit, worn with travail, imploring Thee for the refuge of the grave and denied it -- for our sakes who adore Thee, Lord, blast their hopes, blight their lives, protract their bitter pilgrimage, make heavy their steps, water their way with their tears, stain the white snow with the blood of their wounded feet! We ask it, in the spirit of love, of Him Who is the Source of Love, and Who is the ever-faithful refuge and friend of all that are sore beset and seek His aid with humble and contrite hearts. Amen.

(After a pause.) "Ye have prayed it; if ye still desire it, speak! The messenger of the Most High waits!"

It was believed afterward that the man was a lunatic, because there was no sense in what he said.

Mark Twain

A DUI arrest doesn't mean you are guilty.

Peter Carini
PJC Law Group



Do you drive? Do you drink socially?

Do you take medication?

Then you must be a better gymnast than the average citizen...or you will fail the police coordination exercises and get arrested! If you drive and value your liberty you must either learn your rights or sign up for gymnastics lessons.

Do you know what to do if the police officer asks if you have been drinking?

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Medford - Beaverton

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You Drink. You Drive. You Lose...Another Government Lie?

It is legal to drive a car after drinking alcohol. That said, you may be arrested anyway because of the factual distortions and omissions taught to our local police by mandatory training and testing on the written materials provided by the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration (NHTSA). When truth and science gets in the way of the agenda of Mothers Against Drunk Driving, NHTSA yields. MADD definition of drunk driving is driving after drinking any amount of alcohol...period. In essence, this is what our police are instructed to believe, and why you will probably be arrested if you admit to drinking alcohol...even though you are fine! To that extent you do lose, but you shouldn't.

DUI is considered by some to be the witch-hunt of the new millennium. If you thought that the public had been riled up against citizens accused of being communists during the McCarthy era...think about what the governments "public service announcements" have done to strip us of the presumption of innocence in DUI cases? You Drink. You Drive. You Go To Jail! If You Drink And Drive You Will Lose More Than Your License! You Drink. You Drive. You Lose! These government paid for, MADD endorsed, advertisements are pure scare tactics and have an insidious, subconscious effect on potential jurors. This increased hysteria and the "dumbing down" of the definition of what is an "impaired" driver to include responsible social drinkers has logical yet absurd ramifications. Based on the current police officer (MADD endorsed) definition of the term "impaired", some people (logically) are asking why it isn't a crime to drive while fatigued, or ill, or old, or on the cell phone, or with screaming children in the car, or animals in the car, or eating, or drinking, or smoking, or taking allergy medication, or taking prescribed medications even when you doctor says it is O.K. to drive, or speeding...because each one of those driving factors cause the same if not more "impairment" than the social drink. Should those folk go to jail? THINK IT OVER. Do we have to drive with the precision and coordination of Air Force fighter pilots on pure, military grade, methamphetamines in order to be deemed "safe" drivers by law enforcement?

"Mother Against Drunk Driving may soon have to change its name to Mothers Against Any Drinking Whatsoever - that is if it wants to avoid false advertising." Washington Times.

"At the forefront of the neo-prohibitionist movement is MADD (Mothers Against Drunk Driving)," Dr. Thomas J. DiLorenzo of Washington University and Dr. James T. Bennet of George Mason University.

"Mothers Against Drunk Drivers has decided to wage war on social drinkers." Radley Balko, Fox News Columnist.

"MADD has morphed from an anti-drunk-driving organization into an anti-alcohol organization." Jim Reynolds, writer.

Mothers Against Drunk Driving "engages in a form of neoprohibitionism." Christian Restifo, Carnegie Mellon University.

Although Prohibition ended 70 years ago, "a new agenda of temperance is alive and well today at Mothers Against Drunk Driving (MADD)." Charles V. Penna, MADD's former North Virginia Chapter Executive Director and now Director of policy studies at The Cato Institute.

Mothers Against Drunk Driving's "ongoing push to compel states to adopt ever lower standards for being legally drunk, is becoming a prohibitionist jihad driven by hysteria, not medical reality. Washington Times.

A "prohibitionist movement (is) propagated by MADD." National Motorist Association.

"We believe their (MADD's) true agenda is prohibition." Talk Left.

MADD has become "overzealous." Candy Lightner, founder of Mothers Against Drunk Driving.

(541) 734-7001

By Peter Carini, PJC Law Group.

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